

TEN CENTS

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MARCH
1896



THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

THE CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA., GENERAL AGENTS

Hosted by Google

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Vol. XIII, No. 4

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1896

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, ONE DOLLAR
SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER



"The werewolf . . . skulked for a moment in the shadow of the yews, and . . . Yseult plucked old Siegfried's spear from her girdle"

* THE WEREWOLF

By Eugene Field

Author of "A Little Book of Western Verse," "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," etc., etc.

DRAWING BY HOWARD PYLE



IN the reign of Egbert the Saxon there dwelt in Britain a maiden named Yseult, who was beloved of all, both for her goodness and for her beauty. But, though a many youth came wooing her, she loved Harold only, and to him she plighted her troth.

Among the other youth of whom Yseult was beloved was Alfred, and he was sore angered that Yseult showed favor to Harold, so that one day Alfred said to Harold: "Is it right that old Siegfried should come from his grave and have Yseult to wife?" Then added he, "Prithee, good sir, why do you turn so white when I speak your grandsire's name?"

Then Harold asked, "What know you of Siegfried that you taunt me? What memory of him should vex me now?"

"We know and we know," retorted Alfred. "There are some tales told us by our grandmas we have not forgot."

So ever after that Alfred's words and Alfred's bitter smile haunted Harold by day and night.

Harold's grandsire, Siegfried the Teuton, had been a man of cruel violence. The legend said that a curse rested upon him, and that at certain times he was possessed of an evil spirit that wreaked its fury on mankind. But Siegfried had been dead full many years, and there was naught to mind the world of him save the legend and a cunning-wrought spear which he had from Brunehilde, the witch. This spear was such a weapon that it had never lost its brightness, nor had its point been blunted. It hung in Harold's chamber, and it was the marvel among weapons of that time.

Yseult knew that Alfred loved her, but she did not know of the bitter words which Alfred had spoken to Harold. Her love for Harold was perfect in its trust and gentleness. But Alfred had hit the truth: the curse of old Siegfried was upon Harold—slumbering a century it had awakened in the blood of the grandson, and Harold

knew the curse that was upon him, and it was this that seemed to stand between him and Yseult. But love is stronger than all else, and Harold loved.

Harold did not tell Yseult of the curse that was upon him, for he feared that she would not love him if she knew. Whensoever he felt the fire of the curse burning in his veins he would say to her, "To-morrow I hunt the wild boar in the uttermost forest," or, "Next week I go stag-stalking among the distant northern hills." Even so it was that he ever made good excuse for his absence, and Yseult thought no evil things, for she was trustful, ay, though he went many times away and was long gone, Yseult suspected no wrong. So none beheld Harold when the curse was upon him in its violence.

Alfred alone bethought himself of evil things. "'Tis passing strange," quoth he, "that ever and anon this gallant lover should quit our company and betake himself whither none knoweth. In sooth 'twill be well to have an eye on old Siegfried's grandson."

Harold knew that Alfred watched him zealously, and he was tormented by a constant fear that Alfred would discover the curse that was on him; but what gave him greater anguish was the fear that mayhap at some moment when he was in Yseult's presence, the curse would seize upon him and cause him to do great evil unto her, whereby she would be destroyed or her love for him would be undone forever. So Harold lived in terror, feeling that his love was hopeless, yet knowing not how to combat it.

Now, it befell in those times that the country round about was ravaged of a werewolf, a creature that was feared by all men how'er so valorous. This werewolf was by day a man, but by night a wolf given to ravage and to slaughter, and having a charmed life against which no human agency availed aught. Wheresoever he went he attacked and devoured mankind, spreading terror and desolation round about, and the dream-readers said that the earth would not be freed from the werewolf until some man offered himself a voluntary sacrifice to the monster's rage.

Now, although Harold was known far and wide as a mighty huntsman, he had never set forth to hunt the werewolf, and, strange enow, the werewolf never ravaged the domain while Harold was therein. Whereat Alfred marveled much, and oftentimes he said: "Our Harold is a wondrous huntsman. Who is like unto him in stalking the timid doe and in crippling the fleeing boar? But how passing well doth he time his absence from the haunts of the werewolf. Such valor besemeth our young Siegfried."

Which being brought to Harold his heart flamed with anger, but he made no answer, lest he should betray the truth he feared.

It happened so about that time that Yseult said to Harold, "Wilt thou go with me to-morrow even to the feast in the sacred grove?"

"That can I not do," answered Harold. "I am privily summoned hence to Normandy upon a mission of which I

shall some time tell thee. And I pray thee, on thy love for me, go not to the feast in the sacred grove without me."

"What say'st thou?" cried Yseult. "Shall I not go to the feast of Ste. Ælfreda? My father would be sore displeased were I not there with the other maidens. 'Twere greatest pity that I should despite his love thus."

"But, do not, I beseech thee," Harold implored. "Go not to the feast of Ste. Ælfreda in the sacred grove! And thou wouldst thus love me, go not—see, thou my life, on my two knees I ask it!"

"How pale thou art," said Yseult, "and trembling." "Go not to the sacred grove upon the morrow night," he begged.

Yseult marveled at his acts and at his speech. Then, for the first time, she thought him to be jealous—whereat she secretly rejoined (being a woman).

"Ah," quoth she, "thou dost doubt my love," but when she saw a look of pain come on his face she added—as if she repented of the words she had spoken—"or dost thou fear the werewolf?"

Then Harold answered, fixing his eyes on hers, "Thou hast said it; it is the werewolf that I fear."

"Why dost thou look at me so strangely, Harold?" cried Yseult. "By the cruel light in thine eyes one might almost take thee to be the werewolf!"

"Come hither, sit beside me," said Harold tremblingly, "and I will tell thee why I fear to have thee go to the feast of Ste. Ælfreda to-morrow evening. Hear what I dreamed last night. I dreamed I was the werewolf—do not shudder, dear love, for 'twas only a dream.

"A grizzled old man stood at my bedside and strove to pluck my soul from my bosom.

"What would'st thou?" I cried. "Thy soul is mine," he said, "thou shalt live out my curse. Give me thy soul—hold back thy hands—give me thy soul, I say."

"Thy curse shall not be upon me," I cried. "What have I done that thy curse should rest upon me? Thou shalt not have my soul."

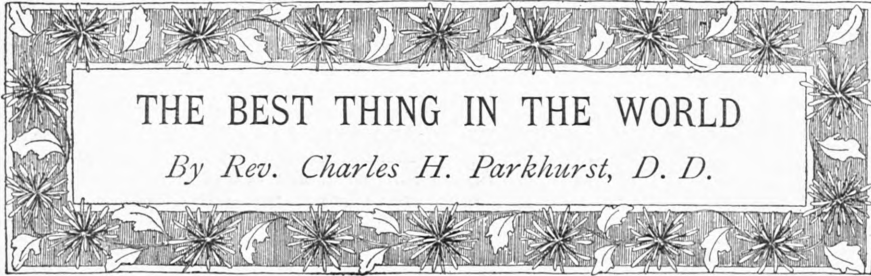
"For my offense shalt thou suffer, and in my curse thou shalt endure hell—it is so decreed."

"So spake the old man, and he strove with me, and he prevailed against me, and he plucked my soul from my bosom, and he said, 'Go, search and kill'—and—and lo, I was a wolf upon the moor.

"The dry grass crackled beneath my tread. The darkness of the night was heavy and it oppressed me. Strange horrors tortured my soul, and it groaned and groaned, gaoted in that wolfish body. The wind whispered to me; with its myriad voices it spake to me and said, 'Go, search and kill.' And above these voices sounded the hideous laughter of an old man. I fled the moor—whither I knew not, nor knew I what motive lashed me on.

"I came to a river and I plunged in. A burning thirst consumed me, and I lapped the waters of the river—they were waves of flame, and they flashed around me and

*"The Werewolf" was originally written by Mr. Field in 1884, but did not altogether please him, and he laid it aside until 1885, when he again revised it. Within the succeeding ten years he rewrote and revised it seven times. His last revision pleased him, and he decided to give it out for publication. After his sudden death it was found among his effects, and submitted to the editor of this magazine, who now presents it exactly as it left Mr. Field's hands.



THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD

By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.

NO thorough handling of the matter with which this series of papers is concerned can afford either to ignore the body or to treat it with mere cavalier regard. There is what might be called an intellectual superciliousness, that prides itself on its disdain of what is physical, and that affects to maximize the personal element in our make-up by minimizing the dignity and authority of the body. The fundamental thing to be said about all this matter is that so far from the material part of our nature being an accident, or even a necessary evil, it is a substantial ingredient of our manhood. When God wanted to make the best thing He knew how to make. He composed it of one part spirit and one part matter—one grain of deity to one of dust. There is nothing in the history of that transaction to indicate that man without body is man, any more than man without spirit is man. All such reference to the body as that it is a casket for the occupancy of the jewel, or a cage for the temporary retention of the imprisoned spirit, is sheer gratuity, and is like the language that the more favored classes sometimes use of those less favored, who forget that those who are at the top are so in considerable degree because those who are underneath furnish the foundation and make the opportunity. Animalism is an ingrained factor, and we shall be a great deal more sensible and far better off if we accept the situation with serenity. The whole doctrine of the resurrection is a way that scripture and the church have taken to record the importance they attach to the body as an inalienable element of our being.

THE body is so framed in with the other elements of our being that they will not be at their best unless it is at its best, which will not be the case except as consequence of the respect we show it, and dignity we accord to it. Any man who regards his corporeal self as a mere accident, and an awkward appurtenance that has to be temporarily endured, will consider indifference to its requirements as almost a religious duty, and physical excesses as scarcely savoring of the immoral. Asceticism and debauchery are companion branches sprung from one stalk. It is interesting to notice how with characteristic thoroughness scripture comprehends the entire matter when it says, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" The body is the fundamental thing in manhood; and it is one of the facts that ought to arrest and fasten attention that the apostle who did more than any other to build men up was the one who held the regard of his followers to the physical basis upon which such upbuilding could securely rest.

My main contention is, then, that the body is the groundwork upon which the edifice proper has to be reared, and that, as in the case of structures in general, that which is laid at the bottom determines and conditions whatever is afterward put upon it. It is a fact, to which it behooves every earnest reader to give heed, that however far the process of mental or spiritual development may be carried there is little likelihood of its escaping the limitations imposed by the physical premise. So that a sound body is the first prerequisite to a vigorous intellect, a pure heart, and general wealth and ennoblement of spirit. In manhood, as much as in house-building, the foundation keeps asserting itself all the way from the first floor to the roof. The stones laid in the underpinning may be coarse and inelegant, but, even so, each such stone perpetuates itself in silent echo clear up through to the final. The body is in that respect like an old Stradivarius violin, the ineffable sweetness of whose music is outcome and quotation from the coarse fibre of the case upon which its strings are strung. It is a very pleasant delusion that what we call the higher qualities and energies of a person maintain that self-centred kind of existence that enables them to discard and condemn all dependence upon what is lower and less refined than themselves, but it is a delusion that always wilts in an atmosphere of fact. Climb high as we like our ladder will still require to rest on the ground; and it is probable that the keenest intellectual intuition, and the most delicate throb of passion would, if analysis could be carried so far, be discovered to have its connections with the rather material affair that we know as the body.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The second of a series of articles by Dr. Parkhurst addressed to young men, which began in the JOURNAL of February, 1896, and will continue throughout the year.

IT is, I believe, conceded that those various anomalies of intellect classed under the general term of insanity have their grounds in some abnormal condition of the physical organism. It is presumable that there is no such thing as mental derangement apart from some correlative derangement of the physical factor. Now that which holds in cases of extreme anomaly it is safe to suppose holds as accurately and fixedly where the intellectual aberration is slight or even infinitesimal, and that every mental idiosyncrasy is the reflection of some probably unsuspected derangement having its seat in the body proper. In all this I am seeking only to set forth in a way to be appreciated the delicacy and intimacy of connection subsisting between what we are as animals and what we are as persons, the dependence of the latter upon the former, and the distinct necessity we are therefore under of making the body the prime and persistent object of regard if we have any ambition of a sort that looks higher than the body and transcends it. Not only is there a recognition of this dependence of intellect upon physical conditions, but considerable of what used to be known as wickedness pure and simple is coming to be referred to the body, and recognized as bodily defect or bodily degeneracy. Without trespassing in any dangerous way upon the domain of ethics it is still prudent to say that there is a very true and serious sense in which alcoholism, for instance, is a disease, and in which sensuality in all its varieties is a good deal more matter of the body than it is of the heart. I am not in this apologizing for sensuality, and am going no farther than seems warranted by the plain interpretation of the seventh chapter of Romans. My only purpose in all these references is to have it felt that whatever is distinctive of man in the higher range of his possibilities is bound back into material grounds, and largely limited by those grounds. That is true here which is true in architecture, that the character of the foundation decides both the horizontal and the vertical dimensions of what can be put upon it. Wherever we look, delicacy in the finish has to stay itself upon something corporeal in the start. Camilla Urso and Ole Bull could melt an audience to tears because the wooden case upon which they strung the vibrating catgut was made of Alpine pine. The object I have in this is not to intimate that musical sensibility is any the less fine for being stirred into passion by coarse implements, or that a man's intellectual action or æsthetic or religious enthusiasm means any less because depending for its support upon the foundation of animal body. My only concern is that those who are thinking about the superstructure of earnest intelligence and an elevated and vigorous personality should never forget the fact of such dependence, but should, with sagacious and conscientious fidelity, devote themselves to bone, flesh, muscle and blood as measuring the possibilities of personal power which human animalism is appointed to support.

IF we needed any further illustration of this principle it would be furnished by the familiar fact that physical conditions are continually asserting themselves, and sometimes very imperiously, in the complexion which the world wears to our eyes, and the aspect under which realities, particularly of the finer sort, address themselves to our thoughts, tastes and consciences. Hardly more does the condition of the body determine the quality and strength of our appetite for food than does that same condition determine the zest with which we appropriate the bestowments that reach us from the realms of the beautiful, the true and the good. The body is a kind of sleeping partner in every act of cognition, appreciation and faith. It is an interesting fact that all of those to whom Christ made His revelations were out-of-door men—men, therefore, presumably whose anatomy and physiology were not of a kind to interfere confusingly or becloudingly with their apprehension of the realities tendered to them. Temperament is almost as important a factor in opinion as is the mind itself, and temperament is an affair of the body. Any man who is himself in any degree the subject of tidal oscillation knows that his own little world is liable to have its day marked off from its night by a transition almost as sharp as that which cuts in two the twenty-four hours of the terrestrial day. I am not saying that this latter is a natural or a necessary order of things, but that it is a

common order, and that it is only one of the many ways in which mind's dependence upon body asserts itself. For a man to be told under such circumstances that he ought to break loose from the body's domination would be a good deal like telling a man who wears blue glasses that he ought to mutiny against the domination of his spectacles and have the indigo eliminated from his perceptions.

IT is a little singular, moreover, that the higher the range which thought takes the more dependent upon physical conditions its action seems oftentimes to be, something as the higher a house is carried the more evident becomes any deviation which the foundation makes from the line of horizontal. Whether a man has a sanguine or a melancholic temperament will make little difference with his apprehension of the multiplication table, but will make a world of difference with his appreciation of Isaiah and St. John. What we know as old-schoolism and new-schoolism has its roots neither in piety nor in mentality, but in physiology. It will be interesting to discover what effect will be produced upon doctrinal divergences by fitting out the saints at the resurrection with a new set of bodies. It is almost comical to imagine what the effect would be in the next world if those who are radical here should be furnished with conservative resurrection bodies and *vice-versa*. Doctrinal contractedness and sour piety are principally a matter of the liver: they are another and more euphonious name for biliousness that has struck up into the region of doctrine and experience.

Now there is only one conclusion that can be reached from all this illustrative preliminary, which is that the body is the key to the entire situation. I do not mean that taking care of the body is itself the promise of intelligence, or of personal vigor and proportion, any more than any other substructure guarantees an appropriate superstructure, but it is the one only thing that makes such educated, vigorous and wholesome personality perfectly possible. Fidelity to physical conditions is the first thing for a man to think of who has any ambition to be a personal success, and not only the first thing for him to think of but the thing for him to seriously continue thinking of.

IT is, therefore, encouraging that our schools and colleges are making physical culture obligatory; and the encouragement lies less in what such institutions have already done in the way of cultivating the body than it does in their making it part of academic confession of faith that a man can never altogether get over being an animal, that there is no inconsistency between intelligence and dust, and that the more a man wants to make of himself in the upper strata of human possibility the more careful he must be to keep in wholesome condition of repair the platform of tissue and blood corpuscle, into which, as so much bud into so much stock, later unfoldings are inseparably knit. I should be sorry to have this interpreted as an approval of all or nearly all of what passes under the name of college athletics. It is one thing to train the body for the sake of the man, and it is another thing to train the body for the sake of the body. I regret that there is so much tendency among college authorities to shape the physical curriculum to the end of producing physical experts—foot-ball, base-ball, rowing-match professionals. That kind of thing is a craze at present, and it is a pity that among our college presidents, trustees and professors so many have so far succumbed to the mania as to be willing to endorse it as a form of advertisement and as a drawing card. Venerable institutions of learning ought not in this way to go into the catering business. Any emphasis given to academic gymnastics that goes beyond the point of developing a man's animalism for any other purpose than to give the best possible support to his enlargement as a rational and moral possibility is a perversion of the purpose of human discipline, and to that degree blocks the wheels of all proper college intention. Nevertheless, the real animus of the athletic tendency is wholesome, marks progress and is a wholesome augury of a better breed of men.

I have not attempted to prepare a schedule of hygienic rules. I am both indisposed and incompetent to prescribe a system of diet, exercise or rest. My only purpose has been to crowd home to the practical regard of young men the truth that whether they do or do not relish the idea of being fundamentally animal, that is their condition and it is probably their destiny, and that how much they will be able to become, over and above that, will in very serious measure be determined by the amount of dignity they accord to the animal factor, and the virtuous respect they show it as basis of those more distinguished capacities and faculties which the body is ordained to sustain.

C. H. Parkhurst

“1856”—
“1896”

Forty years ago the advertising of the American Waltham Watch Co. made the fame of *Waltham* watches worldwide. A generation has passed—Forty years of progress and improvement—Seven million *Waltham* watches made and sold. Now the Company propose to advertise *Waltham* watches to the people of today. Watches more perfect than ever and far cheaper. These trade-marks specially recommended—the “*Riverside*” and the “*Royal*”—will last a lifetime and are within the means of every one. All retail jewelers have or can get these movements together with any priced case in various sizes for ladies or gentlemen.

The “*Riverside*” movement is as perfect a time-keeping machine as it is possible to make. You can get no better, whatever you pay.

IT'S SO SIMPLE



that we do not charge you anything for our **Orchestral Attachment** operated with four pedals on the

CROWN PIANOS

from \$350 up

but simple as it is, it is

Worth \$1000

because it enables you to perfectly reproduce the tones of thirteen stringed instruments that would cost you more than that sum to buy. It adds to the durability and prolongs the tone life of our Pianos, so that we now guarantee them for **ten years instead of the five years' guarantee** usually given by other makers, and formerly by us. All the expert opinions of the world endorse this statement.

GEO. P. BENT, Manufacturer PIANOS and ORGANS

BENT BLOCK, Washington Boulevard and Sangamon Street, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Our Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue tells the whole story. Mailed Free

BOYS' SUITS “Our Combination” Suit, with extra pants and cap. Great variety. Nothing but all wool fabrics. No shoddy. No deception. Money refunded if not satisfied. Suit will be sent you samples of cloth, tape measure and catalogue, all free. PUTNAM CLOTHING HOUSE, 117 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.