CHICAGO HAS 5,000 POLICEMEN ATHLETES

BY WILLARD W. GARRISON

EAST of Pittsburg they look upon the man who goes to Chicago as brave. A woman visitor is hailed as a heroine upon her return. They regard Chicago as the frontier of the United States, teeming with wild holdups, ghastly murders, the mecca for confidence men and desperado gangs.

Such is not the case to-day. Perhaps it was a quarter of a century ago, but the present-day Chicago is perhaps the most carefully guarded city in the country.

The why and wherefore of this greatly improved condition is 5,000 policemen-athletes. And the reason for the athletic force is the civil service law with its physical requirements, which the man who would become a "cop" must equal or excel to become a full-fledged minion of the law.

He must have a perfect chest, heart, lungs, his muscles must be strong, his bones well knitted, he must be at least five feet eight inches in height, and not more than six feet five inches. Applicants in taking physical tests must tip the scales between 150 and 250 pounds.

Obesity, muscular weakness and poor physique are insurmountable barriers to the man with a craving for a place among the "finest." Every muscle in the body undergoes a test, which is made by the use of machines and weights. The Chicago policeman must be able to carry himself well, he must be shifty on his feet, quick to think and act. His eyes and ears must be perfect and his family tree must be absolutely devoid of hereditary diseases.

In fact the Chicago force to-day is one which demands that a man be a soldier, athlete and minion of the law combined. During certain months each year examinations are conducted and during the fiscal twelvemonth 6,000 men were examined. Of this number about one-half were successful. First the doctor looks over the applicants, then the physical examiner takes the men in hand and puts them through the most rigid tests required anywhere in the world. After that the written examination is given in which each applicant's education is brought to the fore.

Civil service tests are severe and absolutely honest. It is up to the applicant himself to pass the tests. You cannot be appointed upon the Chicago police force by possessing acquaintance with a man "with a pull." So great has been the success of the system installed by President Elton Lower of the civil service commission and his aides—E. D. Fargo and M. L. McKinley—that today every city of any size in the United States has its eyes focused upon the details and methods employed by the Chicagoans.

Since President Lower became the leading light in the work of giving Chicago an efficient police force, great strides have been taken by the city toward making its citizens absolutely safe from criminals.

Physical Examiner Edward G. Westlake is in a measure responsible for bringing out the best bodily qualifications in the men who are turned over to him for inspection.

Says Examiner Westlake:

"Stage fright during the physical examination is one of the worst setbacks which the tests meet. When a man becomes 'flustered,' knowing that a good job depends upon his every movement, it is quite natural that the best he knows will not push itself to the surface. Hence it is the duty of the examiner to allay the fears of the applicant as much as possible.

"Consequently I have found that it helps men to do their best by applying suggestions and occasionally allowing a man to lay off for a few moments until he can compose himself. When the period of embarrasgment passes, as it invariably does, the best that is in the applicant is bound to come out. The men take the tests purely upon their own merits and perhaps the most severe of the weight-lifting requirements is that of lifting a 30-pound dumb-bell from a lying posture, the weight being held back of the applicant's head. This is to test stomach muscles. It does not seem difficult to the observer, but try it just once and you'll feel that passing the physical test is far from easy."

Mr. Westlake is a newspaper man on the staff of the Chicago Evening Post and his 20 years in the newspaper business, part of which was spent in knocking about in police districts as a reporter, taught him much regarding the needs of the department. Before he entered a newspaper office, he served as a railroad fireman. The constitution which that rigorous vocation gave him, along with an enviable muscular development, has stood him in good stead in demonstrating the use of the tests before admiring gatherings of would-be "cops."

Firemen and stationary engineers are also included in the civil service physical tests and today Chief Horan of the fire department is working hard with the civil service officials to have the standards raised so that an even sturdier force may be secured to battle with Chicago conflagrations. Following is a table, showing what is required in the way of height and weight before the strength and agility tests are given:

Height.	Minimum Weight.	Maximum Weight.	Minimum Circumference of Chest Quiescent.
5 feet 8 inches	150 pounds	190 pounds	35 inches
5 " 9 "	155 "	195 "	35½ "
5 " 10 "	160 "	200 "	36 "
5 " 11 "	165 "	205 "	37 "
6 " "	170 "	215 "	37½ "
6 " 1 "	175 "	220 "	38 "
6 " 2 "	180 "	230 "	39 "
6 " 3 "	185 "	235 "	40 "
6 " 4 "	190 "	240 "	41 "
6 " 5 "	196 "	250 "	42 "

Before the applicants face Physical Examiner Westlake, they are scrutinized by physicians and records show that 60 per cent. are rejected. To show some of the men's overestimation of their qualifications it is recorded that recently 1,500 filed applications in a bunch and of this number only 370 succeeded in emerging unscathed from the medical, physical and mental tests.

Mr. Westlake lays out a table of tests, showing the figures which indicate meritorious performances. The table:

	Strength Test.
Capacity of lungs	296
Strength of back	245
Strength of legs	500
Strength of upper arm (R. P.)	80-10
Strength of fore arm (R. L.)	68-67
Pectorals	92
Traction pull	57
Durfh Delia	50
Abdominal muscles	50
Adductors	50
Rope	145
Ladder	100
Agility	100
Condition (Excellent, Good, Poor)	100
	Good

Successful applicants must be able to expand their lungs about four inches, exhibit strength of back, legs, upper and lower arm. Then there is a test of the pectoral muscles, a traction pull, the lifting of dumb-bells weighing 60 and 70 pounds, testing of the abdominal muscles by the lifting of a 30-pound weight behind the head from a prostrate to a sitting posture.

Following these tests come rope and ladder climbing, which, with the agility examination complete the physical work. Then the applican's condition is marked "excellent," "good," "poor."

As a result of the requirements of the civil service law the Chicago police, fire and stationary engineers' departments now have a standing eligible list, the number of names running up into the hundreds. Hence neither Chief of Police Shippey nor Fire Marshal Horan are ever worried about securing good, sturdy men. They are always on hand ready to report for duty at a moment's notice.

Scarcely a month passes but that new themes of work are suggested to the civil service commission, tried out and either accepted or rejected. It was the civil service body which gave the impetus to the move for an ideal police force and which eventually resulted in the formation of Chicago's famous "beauty squad" of coppers under the direction of Maj. Boudet, a soldier who has seen service in the Cuban campaign in the Spanish-American war.

Maj. Boudet and his "beauty squad" head the list of Chicago policemen-ideals and the force is proud of them. The beauty squad pays more attention to soldierly tactics than other sections of the force and is perhaps something of an experiment in the proposition of introducing military tactics into the work of the policemen.

Maj. Boudet's charges perform a manual of arms, which, if anything is more complicated than that which the soldier is compelled to learn. One of the prettiest sights imaginable is the series of evolutions which these policemen carry out. There are some tax-paying Chicagoans who scoff at pretty evolutions, but they, Maj. Boudet claims, are not of the far-seeing class. He points out that the drilling of policemen in this manner teaches them to handle themselves with grace and ease and makes them abler in the duties they perform.

Only recently the beauty squad, about 100 strong, gave militiamen of the First Illinois infantry, stationed at Chicago, a drill exhibition in the big First Regiment armory. So perfect were the evolutions that even the soldiers were awed. The policemen formed revolving wedges, hollow squares, five-pointed stars, circles and other ingenious formations, the perfection of which had taken them months to accomplish.

The squad is formed on the order of a military company. There is Maj. Boudet at the head, a first and second lieutenant and the regulation number of sergeants and corporals.

Gaining a place on the Chicago police force today is perhaps as difficult a feat as the average man of middle age would care to attempt, and for that reason the department is composed of the best physiques that the city can furnish. The same is true of the fire department, the efficiency of which is evidenced by the fact that during the past fiscal year every conflagration in Chicago was put under control before the fire could spread to adjacent buildings.

The medical test, which firemen as well as policemen undergo, follows:

Is THE RESPIRING MURMUR clear and distinct over both Lungs?.....
Is the character of the Respiration Full, Easy and Regular?.....
Are there any indications of Disease of the Organs of Respiration or Lung Hemorrhages?.....
IS THE CHARACTER of the Heart's action Uniform, Free and Steady?.....
Are its Sounds and Rhythm Regular and Normal?.....
Are There any indications of Disease of this Organ or of the Blood Vessels?.....
IS THE SIGHT Good?.....
Is the Hearing Good?.....
IS THE APPLICANT subject to Cough, Expectoration, Difficult Breathing, or Palpitation?.....
ARE THE FUNCTIONS of the Brain and Nervous System in a Healthy State?.....
Has the Brain or Spinal Cord ever been diseased?.....
IF THE APPLICANT has had any serious Illness or Injury, state what effects, if any, is perceptible in the Heart, Lungs, Kidneys or other Abdominal Organs, or the Skin, Eyes, Ears, Limbs, etc.
Has applicant been successfully vaccinated?.....
Any TUMORS or Evidences of Surgical Operation?.....
ARE KIDNEYS normal?.....
HAS THE APPLICANT any predisposition, either hereditary or acquired, to any constitutional disease, as Syphilis, Scrofula, Rheumatism?.....
HABITS use of Stimulants and Tobacco.....

Maj. Boudet's men are also trained in the use of the pistol and rifle and are required to be expert marksmen. Each man must qualify with the pistol at the police range at least once a year. Every man on the force is required to be a member of the police relief association, which provides for the payment of $5 a week to any member who is injured in the performance of his duty. The association also provides for the payment of $1,000 to the family of any member who is killed in the performance of his duty. The association has been in existence for 20 years and has paid out $200,000 which has been set aside for loans at two per cent.

The original idea was to provide these homes for workers aged 50 or 60 years. But it has been decided to give younger people a chance—for instance, soldiers having completed their service—who will marry and bring up a family on the land.

Example is more powerful than precept; whereof you reprove another be unblamable yourself.—George Washington.

HOMESTEADS OF SMALL SIZE

French Government to Aid Workingmen to Provide for Future.

There is no country in the world where the land is so subdivided as in France. Nevertheless, the rural districts are being deserted for the larger cities, and now thoughtful politicians, headed by M. Ribot, are trying to plan for getting the population "back to the land."

A bill passed in the chamber last spring is now beginning to come into operation. Its object is to give town and country laborers an opportunity to acquire on easy terms a plot of land and a homestead. This plan, it is argued, is a better provision for the evening of life than any old age pension fund.

The plot of land must not cost more than $240, its extent being limited to a little over half an acre. The intending purchaser must be the possessor of 240 francs ($48); which if he has it not, is provided by the state, and the moment he deposits the money he becomes proprietor of the holding. He must insure his life and must undertake that he and his children will cultivate the land. Each district has its own "guarantee" company and intermediary which act for the state. Each company must have a capital of $40,000, of which half is to be held in reserve. A capital of $20,-

SHE LIKED THE SMOKING ROOM.

Unexpected Approbation of the Woman's Club from Aunt Mary.

The girls brought Aunt Mary into town in the motor and stopped at the woman's club to clean up, says the New York Sun. It was really to see this famous place that the old lady, who rarely got nearer New York than the summer home of her family on Long Island, had been eager to come to the city.

"Do we dare show her the smoking room?" asked one of the younger women. "You know she never heard of anything like that in the woman's club in Brattleboro."

"Maybe she will be fearfully shocked," answered the other, "and we'll regret that we ever did it. But just let's wait and see what happens at the moment."

Aunt Mary was delighted with what she saw. She was bubbling over with comments of delight on the trig maid in the dressing room who helped her to remove the stains of travel by motor. She was just as pleased with her lunch, grew enthusiastic over the gymnasium and swimming pool and could not restrain herself when the party stood somewhat abashed before the door of the smoking room.

"How convenient," observed the old lady with approval as the two younger women exchanged surprised looks, "and how well arranged for the purpose."

That Aunt Mary should show so much approbation of the smoking room was more than the younger women could understand, as she represented all that was most conventional in the old-fashioned view of women's conduct. She was emancipated up to the toleration of a woman's club, but that she should admire the smoking room when she never failed to express her disapproval of that habit in woman was beyond them.

"So you see," one niece said rapidly to the other as they walked away from the door, "you see, you never can tell."

That night they sat after dinner on the piazza discussing the visit to town.

"One thing I did not see in the club," Aunt Mary observed, "was any needles and thread."

"Needles and thread?" repeated her grandniece. "Why, I think the maids always have them."

"I know, dear," Aunt Mary went on, "but I mean in the sewing room. I mean that nicely arranged sewing room, with the tables and the comfortable chairs. Everything for sewing was there except any needles and thread. Where are they kept?"

So it seemed, after all, that Aunt Mary's enthusiasm over the smoking room had been founded on a misapprehension. Yet it seemed a shame to destroy the illusion.

"Oh, I understand, aunty," answered one of her two escorts to the club, "the smo—sewing room. I suppose all the members of the club who go there to sew take their needles and thread along with them. I'm sure it's the rule if they must do that if they want to sew there."

Eastern Ideas of Religion.

In describing the curious commingling of religions in Macedonia and other parts of the Balkans a traveler writes: "I found an educated Mohammedan at Serajevo who had been in the Austrian government service. He was descended from a notable family of Bogomils, those early Protestants of the conquest, became the most fanatical of Mohammedans. My friend and I engaged this man as dragoman and started out with him on the first day with a modest lunch, largely of ham and whisky, with sufficient food for the true believer. We hashfully produced the ham, fearing to offend him, but to our great disgust he proved even fonder of the ham than ourselves, as also the whisky. It appeared that, though a Mohammedan, he was what he called a liberal. I have been an Albanian chief, nominally a Mohammedan, who attended the mosque on occasion, but also maintained in the precincts of one of his castles a small orthodox monastery, which guarded a medieval Christian chapel, and here he maintained a Greek monk in virtual captivity."

Dropsical Oysters.

With a sneer the oyster opener pointed to a brownish smear upon a Saddlerock shell.

"Some fool," said he, "has been trying to fatten oysters. I call of Saddlerocks with cornmeal. You might as well try to invigorate flowers with cornbeef hash.

"But it is a common error to believe that cornmeal or oatmeal will fatten oysters. I continually find oysters with their shells stained with those grains. It makes me laugh.

"As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as fattening oysters. All you can do is swell them up with water, precisely the same as water swells a sponge. You put them in fresh water, which, being less dense than the salt they are accustomed to, by the principle of osmosis penetrates and distends their tissues—gives them, as you might say, dropsy.

"For my part, I don't like fattened oysters. I want water in my oysters no more than in my beer."

The Gospel of Hope.

Perhaps there is something scientific in "psychotherapy," the big word by which doctors of medicine who also believe in the mind cure describe their practice. But it is as old as the race and probably older than medicine. To be of good cheer, to have courage, hope and faith, to be able to "brace up" and never say die, had before science made use of them. Many a man has been scared to death by a doctor, and not much grace, charity or peace is found in religion of the dismal type. Every good physician and every true minister of religion understands this truth now, and there have been men in all ages who preached and practiced it.

Of Course.

"What do you think of these nitrates?" inquired the first physician.

"I think we ought to raise 'em," answered the second physician. "It's worth something to get out of a comfortable bed."—Washington Herald.

WOULD SEE JUDGE

VENERABLE JURIST'S JOKE IN THE FACE OF DEATH.

Importunate Disturber Left to Extract What Comfort He Could from Promise Made Regarding the Coming Conference.

Over the house a strange hush had fallen. Servants walked with noiseless tread and blinds were drawn close. It needed no words to tell one that death was within the doors. The news that the venerable Justice Tenney was fast sinking had spread over the town. It was no secret that his hours were numbered.

Suddenly the silence in the house of death was broken by a violent ring at the doorbell. A servant made haste to answer it lest it should be repeated. At the door stood a man in the greatest state of excitement.

"I want to see Judge Tenney," he burst out the instant the door swung open.

"S-h-h-h," warned the servant in a stage whisper. "Please don't make so much noise; the judge is dying."

"Yes, I know he is," insisted the caller. "I heard about it only five minutes ago on the street. But I absolutely must see him before it is too late. It is so imperative that I can't take no for an answer. You just hurry to the judge and tell him that Jim Perkins is here and must see him."

After no little hesitation the faithful old family servant ventured to the room where the old man lay dying. Leaning over close to the venerable jurist's ear he gave him the message. It seemed to arouse the flagging faculties of the dying man.

"Jim Perkins? Jim Perkins?" he muttered in a voice that was barely audible to the waiting servant. "Oh, yes, I remember him now," he added a moment later. "Yes, let him come up; I'll see him."

Presently Mr. Perkins tiptoed into the death chamber and stood at the foot of Judge Tenney's bed.

"Judge, I'm profoundly sorry to hear you are in such a bad way," he began.

"Yes, Jim, I've about reached the end of my journey," murmured the dying man. "Can't last much longer."

"I regret sincerely, judge, that I must bother you at such a time," went on the caller apologetically, "but you doubtless recall that decision you and Judge Wallace handed down against me last April, ordering me to pay Silas Hummer $500 damages."

"Oh, yes," replied the judge, "I remember it."

"Well, before Judge Wallace died in June I talked it over with him and he acknowledged that an error of judgment had been made in the case. He said he was convinced that I should never have been compelled to pay the money. Now, if you would agree also that the decision was wrong it would be easy to get the judgment set aside."

"Did Judge Wallace tell you that?" whispered the dying jurist after a minute's silence.

"Yes, judge, he told me that a great wrong had been done.

"Well, all right, Jim, I'll consider the case," murmured the old jurist. "I expect to see Judge Wallace in a little while and I'll talk it over with him Good-by, Jim."

No Nature Fake.

"You certainly run up against funny things in the country," said the young man who had just returned from down state, where his uncle has a large farm. "On the way up to my uncle's house I had to pass the stock yards, where he kept a lot of pigs. As I passed those hundreds of pigs seemed to be having a regular stampede or panic of some kind—they were rushing madly about, apparently looking for something. I watched them for quite a while, but could see nothing but a small woodpecker sitting on the fence. When I got to the house I asked Uncle Jim what on earth was the matter with the hogs, they seemed so excited.

"That so? Well, it was this way—there was a spell back some weeks when I had a bad cold, lost my voice, and couldn't call those critters to their feed, so I got the idea of bringin' them to the troughs by tappin' my stick on the wooden fence, and ever since them pesky woodpeckers came round the hogs just ornery, thinkin' I'm callin' them to give them somethin' to eat."

The Bryn Mawr House in Wales.

About half way between Dolgelly and Barmouth, in Wales, we found a house that interested us very much. It is called Bryn Mawr, and is the home of the man who founded the town of that name in America. The house is a square stone structure, standing back from the road and is now converted into a kind of wayside inn where tea is served to the traveler. It is said that after a residence of some years in America, he became so homesick that he returned and made a replica of the old house. It seems passing strange that two of our leading colleges should be thus linked with the old world. No American man ever omits to pay his tribute of respect to John Harvard's house at Stratford-on-Avon, and the American woman should feel a similar interest in this Bryn Mawr of the Welsh hills. —Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Making It Realistic.

"Bagley thinks he has a great invention."

"What is it?"

"You know they are teaching languages by talking machines?"

"Yes."

"Well, Bagley contends that the system isn't as good as it should be, because there is no teacher to encourage and drive the pupil to his best efforts."

"Quite right. And how does Bagley expect to overcome the difficulty?"

"He is going to accompany the phonograph with a moving picture showing a stern, old professor scowling and grimacing and waving his arms while he terrifies the class with an abstruse lecture."

The Egoist.

Mistress—Bridget, it always seems to me that the greatest mistresses get the best cooks.

Cook—Ah, go on wid yer blarney!—London Ideas.

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

He—I fear the worst.
She—What's happened, George?
He—Your father has paid back that $25 he borrowed.

What the Rod Was For.

Mose Fowler was observed by his pastor with a long fishing rod in his hand.

"My goodness, Mose Fowler!" exclaimed the minister, "is yo' goin' fishin' at yo' age?"

"No, I ain't goin' fishin', suh," protested Fowler. "I know it ain't seemly, suh, but yo' sermon las' Sunday on sparin' de rod made sich an impression on me, suh, dat I done borrer dis rod off Dick Perkins, an' I'se goin' t' stan' mah whole thirteen chillen in a row, suh, an' jes' make one good job outer it, so's they won't spile; an' den I kin return de rod wif a clar conscience, suh."

The Second Wife.

Little Dorothy could not have paid her father a higher compliment or better expressed her love for him than when she said: "Papa, I would like to tell you something if you won't tell mamma."

"Why don't you want mamma to know it, daughter?"

"Well, you tell her things I say, and she laughs at them, and I don't want her to know this."

"Let papa hear what you have to say, anyhow."

"Well, I have often thought that if mamma were to die I would like to marry you."—Delineator.

Woman Chosen City Alderman.

Mrs. H. J. Gates has just been elected one of the six aldermen of Magee, Tenn. For several years she has taken an active interest in the educational work of the town and wanted to be elected alderman because it would help her in this work. She is reported to have made about the most aggressive campaign ever witnessed in Magee, if not in Tennessee. The town people seemed pleased with her election, and every one who voted against her believe she will make a first-class alderman.

Eagle Lost Its Prey.

Eagles still hover over the crags that make the Cumberland narrows noted. John H. Horchler, an engineer, found a pheasant fluttering in his yard at Cumberland and observed a large eagle dying away. The eagle had dropped the pheasant and made frantic but unsuccessful efforts to recover it, flying into the yard, but was frightened away by the presence of Mr. Horchler, who found the pheasant fluttering with jagged holes in its neck from the eagle's talons.—Baltimore News.

ASTONISHED THE DOCTOR

Old Lady Got Well with Change of Food.

A great scientist has said we can put off "old age" if we can only nourish the body properly.

To do this the right kind of food, of course, is necessary. The body manufactures poisons in the stomach and intestines from certain kinds of food stuffs and unless sufficient of the right kind is used, the injurious elements overcome the good.

"My grandmother, 71 years old," writes a N. Y. lady, "had been an invalid for 18 years from what was called consumption of the stomach and bowels. The doctor had given her up to die.

"I saw so much about Grape-Nuts that I persuaded Grandmother to try it. She could not keep anything on her stomach for more than a few minutes.

"She began Grape-Nuts with only a teaspoonful. As that did not distress her and as she could retain it, she took a little more until she could take all of 4 teaspoonfuls at a meal.

"Then she began to gain and grow strong and her trouble in the stomach was gone entirely. She got to enjoy good health for one so old and we know Grape-Nuts saved her life.

"The doctor was astonished that instead of dying she got well, and without a drop of medicine after she began the Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.