



~~Essay on Poetry~~ -

I personally knew Jinks. He was, if I remember well, a man of noble appearance, honest glance and of a Greek beauty of countenance, qualities which all combined to overawe me and give me some sense of my littleness. When he spoke his voice was sensuous and tender, his gesture studied and cultured. ~~All~~ But all this was of little importance. Jinks was known to me as he is known to you and to all (men) as "a great benefactor of mankind." His work was always noble, pure, healthy, leading to the good, physical, moral and mental elevation of man, woman and child: Jinks was the editor of an American magazine which was planned for the express purpose of correcting vice and overthrowing society. The great aim of Jinks was not to get money or to get glory; he merely desired the general uplifting of mankind. Physical culture, plain speaking, mental agency were things taught and used by Jinks.

My one great meeting with Jinks I can most certainly remember; it was a ~~to~~ cheap café to which I had adjourned on a hot day. I had been pointed out to him as a possible case and as a unit of mankind whom he could very maternally benefit. He came up to me and, introducing himself, sat down at the table as I.

"You stoop," he suddenly remarked.
I was slightly confused but, being deflected by about 45 degrees, I admitted the imputation.
"I don't" remarked Mr. Jinks. "Moreover you are tired."
I said that I was tired.
"I am never tired" Mr. Jinks went on, regarding the lemonade I was drinking as something poisonous, while he ordered a concentrated Essence of something particularly healthy and pure.
After a few preliminary remarks we soon arrived at the important point, namely, the work, the pure and noble work, of Jinks.
"Yes, yes," Jinks cried ferociously, "look at the state of modern society - corrupt, putrid, against nature and art. Corruption of all sorts invades the purest things in the world - love, marriage, purity and health, perfect manhood and womanhood! The most horrid vices creep in everywhere, and the world fosters them - fosters them, rolling in sloth and vice! rolling in sloth, in indecency, in vice!" repeated Mr. Jinks swinging his arms about in a most dangerous way and fixing his eyes on me as if I comprised and in myself was answerable for all those vices he had denounced.
I hastened to assure him that those vices were ^{not} of my making.

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I hastened to assure him that those vices were none ^{/not\} of my making.

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"Ah," continued the great reformer, "and yet the cure is so easy. Why! I have determined to cure this, to oppose this to death all this the deathblow; the cure is here..." and at this juncture the great man drew from his pocket a fairly thick book, crown octavo, which he held out about two inches in front of my nose, as if its especial health & purity were to be tested by smelling it. When Jinks had thrown the book on the table I perceived it to be a treatise on "Man and Woman" or "Modern Society" or "Modern Evils" which was to regenerate the world and could be obtained from Professor William K. Jinks, 23 and 24 Crank Buildings, 2306, Bandit Street, New York, for the human price of two dollars. On the back of the said book was also said that Prof. Jinks would give free Physical Tuition ^{to} anyone who sent two dollars with each ~~letter~~ ^{note} to defray postage of letters.

"The cure is here I say, but what more might I not say! ~~What~~ ^{How many} more corruptions ~~are~~ ^{are} there are! Tobacco, alcohol, drugs, patent medicines and... good heaven! What do you think of corsets?"

I answered with some warmth that I knew nothing about them and preferred to think nothing about them, ^{that} ~~that~~ my knowledge of woman was limited. This was a most unhappy remark.

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I answered with some warmth (magazine corset portrait) that I knew nothing about them and preferred to think nothing about them, and that my knowledge of woman was limited. This was a most unhappy remark.

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