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"Ah," continued the great reformer, "and yet the cure is so easy, why! I have determined to cure this, to open 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, cream colored, which he held out about two inches in front of my nose, as if its special 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 "The 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 Grand Building, 2306, Bond 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 Culture ^{in part} to anyone who sent two dollars with each ^{note} to defray postage of letters.

"The cure is here I say, but what (more might I not say!) what more corruptions ~~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 ^{in general} about them, & that my knowledge of woman was limited. This was a most unhappy remark.

On the first of last month it was my unhappy lot to have to visit the house of my wealthy friend Mr. Jinks, as an unteam photographer, in order to take a group of himself and family. It was the first time that I ~~decided to~~ subjected the family of such a distinguished gentleman to the too severe gaze of the camera, and I naturally felt embarrassed. Mr. Jinks was distinguished because he had money; Mrs. Jinks was distinguished because she was stupid; the misses Jinks, three in number, were distinguished because they were uninteresting; finally, the masters Jinks, number unknown, were distinguished for all the qualities their mother and sisters possessed, highly magnified and embellished in their unprepossessing frames.

On my arrival at the house, after spending a quarter of an hour in evading the onrushes of Mr. Jinks' dogs, I announced myself by the way of the bell and was warmly greeted by my distinguished friend. The next half hour was passed in pretending to listen to Mr. Jinks's opinions on the Fiscal Question and in watching with an agonized eye my camera which I had left near the door and the mysteries of which one of the dogs was attempting to investigate. At length one of the misses appeared and endeavoured to entertain me with a minute account of her school affairs which so far interested me that I not remember listening to anything else.

The garden was the place chosen for the photographic operation. After much giggling and chattering about these multitudinous ~~subjects~~ matters of which the man of talent can speak so little and therefore so much, chairs were brought down. ~~I was about~~ So was I, having tripped over one of the inevitable dogs. So was the camera, having apparently tripped itself over the youngest production of Mrs. Jinks. The family at length sat down and I got up, having been in a sitting posture for some time, doing to the evident determination of my causerie friend that I was much better thus than in my ordinary vertical position.

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