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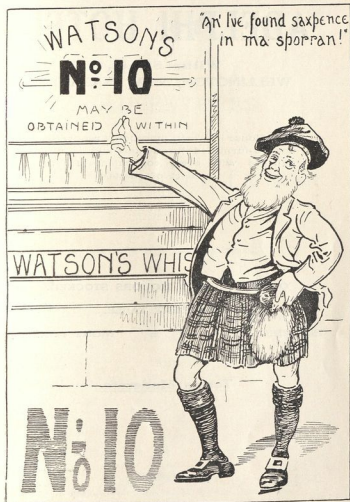
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AND

ADVENTURES

OF

MISS FLORENCE LE MAR

WITH FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS.



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EMPEROR
THEATRE
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INTRODUCTION.

My purpose in writing this little book, is, in the main to arouse interest in the defensive art of Ju Jitsu, and, as a secondary consideration to show my fellow men and women how easily they may put themselves on a perfect physical equality with persons possessed of thrice their strength, by a careful and practical study of this fascinating art.

Though written as an appeal, chiefly to that large section of my sex, which, for some reason or another has inherited or acquired feelings of nervousness, not to say actual fright, when faced with physical danger, my appeal goes further. It is an urgent and earnest exhortation to all parents to arm their children—and especially their girls—with this wonderful weapon of defence, and, if need be, offence, Ju Jitsu. It is a melancholy truth that one can rarely pick up a newspaper nowadays without reading an account of some outrageous assault upon timid and unoffending women or young girls. Sometimes these assaults have been committed by drunken parents and husbands, and frequently they have been prompted by the vilest motives, by a certain type of "men" who regard their women as fair sport for their evil designs. The villain with designs upon the chastity of young girls is confined to no particular land or clime. It is the duty of all parents, therefore, to see that their

daughters are instructed in the rudiments, at least of this fascinating art, in order that they may be able to go about fearlessly, and, if molested, not only be able to defend themselves without danger of life and limb to themselves, but find themselves in the happy position of being ready to visit with condign punishment their would-be molesters.

Now, I do not propose to enter upon a learned dissertation on Ju Jitsu. We all know what it is—namely, a scientific application of forces and counter forces, to the most vulnerable portions of an enemy's body. The methods of attack adopted by desperadoes are practically innumerable, yet they can be usually grouped under certain well-defined heads, and separate exercises need not be learned to combat any fanciful form of attack.

REMEDY FOR OBESITY.

As already stated, I am sending this book out in the hope that it will fulfil a public need, mainly as a useful weapon for the self defence of my sisters, but I should like to state that the practice of Ju Jitsu is a simply marvellous health-giver and promoter of physical strength. As a corrective of over-stoutness it is without parallel. It is impossible to pick up a magazine nowadays without finding innumerable advertisements where (for a fee) the stout can be made lean, and slender busts be made to blossom into becoming amplexness by swallowing some nostrum or other. The gullibility of women when the question of their personal appearance is under review, is simply appalling, and the "magazine" women of every country keep a host of parasites who batten and fatten on their follies, in luxury and ease. In ninety-

nine cases out of every hundred the women and girls who use the salves, washes, pills, powders, "foods" and other fallals "prescribed" by the advertising harpies never benefit one whit for the money they have expended. There is a cure for nerves. There is a remedy for fatness. There is a cure for flat chests and flat feet. That cure is a course of Ju Jitsu. If honestly persevered with the over-fat man or woman will speedily replace his superfluous adipose with sinews and muscles of steel. The over-lean girl will so vastly improve her digestion that life will be enjoyed with added zest. Her form will fill out and without becoming stout she will become bonny. Her carriage and general poise will be such that she will literally become a new creature. Her complexion will clarify and the rose bloom of health will so flush her cheek that she will blush indeed as she recalls the days when her only road to a healthy complexion was by way of a rouge pot, or one of Madam Quackem's cure-alls.

A GREAT TONIC.

Physical culture systems are now legion. Many are commendable, and undoubtedly strength-giving. Others merely pile up mountains of muscle, or over-develop certain portions of the body. None of them combine at the same time body-building and the power to keep the body secure from harm if attacked. Ju Jitsu alone fulfils all the conditions of a perfect system of physical culture. It is indeed the finest tonic in the world. It gives self-confidence, which, of course, means vastly increased will power: it tones and braces up the system as no course of drugs ever did or can do. Universally adopted by women it would make them mistresses of the situa-

tion whenever attacked or insulted by thrice their weight, and physically many times stronger.

Incidentally, the knowledge that women were almost universally armed with a knowledge of Ju Jitsu would act as a most powerful preventive of crime. It would allay the fears of countless parents, and eventually create a race of self-reliant womanhood, able at all times to defend itself, and willing upon occasion to mete out retributive justice.

MY LIFE'S WORK.

As the New Zealand and Australasian public generally may know, I travel with my husband, Mr. Joe Gardiner, as joint exponent with him of the art of Ju Jitsu. I acquired a knowledge of the art when quite a young girl, but it was only some four years ago when I met, and married Mr. Gardiner, that I determined to make the spreading of the uses and advantages of Ju Jitsu my life's work. My husband had qualified under various famous Japanese experts, and together we have perfected our knowledge of the art, so that we are able upon the vaudeville stage to give a representation which has invariably been well received by an appreciative and generous public. Our great ambition, however, is to arouse the public to the extreme value of Ju Jitsu as a means of self-defence and, as mentioned previously, the feminine portion of the public, in particular.

MY BOOK'S AIM.

The following anecdotes are true in every particular and if upon perusal they appear to be somewhat egotis-

tical I claim the indulgence of my readers, as it is almost impossible to avoid this fault when writing what is really a brief autobiography. Each anecdote compact in itself illustrates some phase of this fascinating subject. The work has been copiously illustrated, and I have endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to avoid the guide-book style of imparting instruction in my art. Nothing bores people so much as pieces of information doled out like doses of medicine. I once heard a parson say that you could get people to assimilate any doctrine if only you wrapped it up in a hymn. Furthermore, if nobody cares about swallowing pills, but if concealed in a bon-bon the bolus is readily taken. Similarly through the medium of these brief anecdotes I have endeavoured to impart some instruction, always, dear reader, with the hidden motive that you may be coaxed into acquiring a knowledge of my art for yourself. If you do, I assure you that you will never regret it.

Just one other personal matter before I go on to my story. I am fortunate in possessing the ladies' swimming championship of Otago, New Zealand, and while in Dunedin, New Zealand, I obtained another championship for graceful roller-skating and bare-foot skating. I mention these matters, not from any motives of self-glorification, but in order to show the benefits of Ju Jitsu upon my body and constitution generally. Before I came before the public with my husband as a Ju Jitsu expert, I enjoyed by no means robust health. The success I have gained in these other branches of athletics I owe almost, if not entirely, to the suppleness and fearlessness wrought in me by Ju Jitsu. I trust, therefore, that a perusal of the following pages will not be profitless. Such a perusal will, I

believe, do much to prove that no girl need hereafter be the victim of pure circumstance. On the contrary, she will have opened out before her eyes avenues of power and usefulness never dreamt of by her hitherto.

Yours for health and power,

FLOSSIE LE MAR

(MRS. JOE GARDINER.)



Miss Flossie Le Mar



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Miss Florence Le Mar.

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Mr. Joe Gardiner

CHAPTER I.

I ASSIST THE POLICE.

I AM an Australian, and as such proud of my forbears, yet I recognise that we have our faults like other nations. One of the most disconcerting growths upon the Australian body politic is the spread of larrikinism. Rowdies are bred in every city. In Paris they are called apaches, in America, hoodlums, every large city possesses them. They are the bane of the police and an almost ever present terror to timid men and women who may find themselves belated after dark. But Sydney possesses rowdies of both sexes, who for violence, not only in language but physically also, have gained an unenviable notoriety throughout the world. In no city of the world is it more imperative for girls to acquire a thorough knowledge of Ju Jitsu than in that queeny city.

Some years ago, when I had scarcely passed from the tyro stage of my art, I was returning to Darlinghurst with a lady friend after attendance at a concert which came out rather late. The last tram had gone and we had reached the top of William Street and had turned down Bayswater Road in order to proceed to our hotel in Rushcutter's Bay. It was near the stadium where the Johnson-Burns fight took place that the following elegant expression assailed our ears: "Put the boot into the — Bill." "Bill" evidently needed no second bidding, for a vicious kick followed by a heavy groan was the next order of events. The young lady who was with me, and

who for purposes of this story I shall call Miss Payne, a strong, athletic girl, by the way, who has since become greatly in vogue as a physical culturist, immediately rushed forward, exclaiming as she ran: "The cowardly curs, let us call the police."

I had not at that time the command of nerve which I have since acquired; the spot was dark and the district had been terrorised by a gang of roughs for a very long time. Thinking, therefore, that discretion would be the better part of valour, I hurried after my friend, intent upon avoiding a fracas if possible. But I was too late. As I plunged into the darkness I discerned my friend kneeling beside a dark object on the ground from which most piteous groans were issuing. "Ere, unless you wants the same," came a voice, more like a snarl than anything else, "drop that dog's head and let's get that package off his back." At the same time the ruffian seized Miss Payne by the shoulders and threw her violently to the ground. I raised my voice to encourage the girl, and the fellow, a burly type of brute, turned with a hiss of hate upon me. The other man, however, turned tail and bolted towards Woolahra as fast as his legs could carry him, but not before he had made a grab at a dark object which appeared to be fastened to the body on the ground. He was greeted, however, by a snarl so savage and unearthly that he relinquished his plan and shot away into the darkness like Tom O'Shanter with the devil after him. My friend had by this time regained her feet. She was a girl of spirit and did not mean to allow the cowardly blow which had been dealt to go unchallenged. "I don't know who you are, Mister Blackguard," she said, "but I do know that you are a cowardly brute to treat that dog as you have done. The poor creature is dying from loss of blood, while you have almost kicked its head to atoms. I'll follow you and give

you in charge even if I get mauled for my pains. Here Flossie," she continued, "let's shriek at the top of our voices." Just then a break in the clouds disclosed the moon, and, incidentally the sinister features of our desperado. He advanced threateningly towards Miss Payne, heaving a curse over his shoulder at me, and a warning punctuated with disgusting oaths, not to interfere at my peril. "I'll cut your cackling tongue out, yer baggage," he snarled as he launched himself at the brave girl, who covered her face with her hands and screamed in deadly fear.

At that moment the dog who was entering upon its death pangs raised a wail of canine lamentation. The double noise disconcerted the ruffian somewhat and he paused in delivering the blow he had intended for my friend and kicked savagely at the dog. My chance had come, and I seized it immediately. In a trice I had gripped my man with a most effective armlock, and as he shot up his arm in an effort to free himself I bent his digit finger and almost dislocated his thumb as I forced him to the ground. He strove to break his fall with his free arm, but the arm fell upon the dying animal's head. An extraordinary series of events followed. The dog, maddened with pain, gripped the hand of his dying master and sunk his fangs into it. Hetty—Miss Payne—screamed loudly as lights were seen approaching from the water's edge at Rushcutters' Bay. My prisoner writhed and cursed with the double pain of the Ju Jitsu leverage and the dog's teeth. His yells were greeted with answering ones from shorewards, and in a few minutes I had the satisfaction of handing my prisoner over to the Sydney water police. "So 'twas a woman that tak ye, Nat, at last, was it?" said the sergeant, facetiously, the while the manacled man cursed horribly. "And how did you manage it, Miss," said he,

half admiringly, half critically, as he turned to me. "Oh, simply by the judicious use of Ji Jitsu," I replied, "anybody can do it with practice. It is a matter of skill rather than of strength."

At this stage the dog gave a dying whimper and a constable stooped over it. A gruesome spectacle it was, to be sure. A hind leg had been bitten off just above the joint and the flesh was torn as by the teeth of a saw. Furthermore, the head was almost a shapeless mass where my scoundrel or the other beauty had kicked him. "This is no mystery to me, Miss," said the sergeant as he rapidly unslung a large box from the poor animal's back. "This box is full of smuggled opium and our prisoner had trained the dog to swim out to ships in the harbour, where a confederate loaded him with the drug. The pitcher that goes to the well too often eventually gets broken. This poor dog was nipped by a shark to-night while on his errand for his master. Kicks and cuffs and curses were the sole thanks the poor brute got for his fidelity. Good-night, young ladies, we shall want you later, possible. And now, my man," turning to the prisoner, "come along quietly and no monkey tricks. I can promise you one night's lodging at least at His Majesty's expense."

There is little to add. My friend was not much hurt. We left Sydney next day and were never subpoenaed. Our quondam prisoner owned up to extensive opium smuggling frauds, and the police eventually destroyed the whole nest of smugglers.

For some time I had no new adventure, but when it came, I had reason to remember it.

CHAPTER II.

ADVENTURE WITH A MADMAN.

ENGLAND is a land of great contrasts. On any day one may walk up the Thames Embankment and find ladies in costly furs rubbing shoulders with folk whose stock-in-trade of wealth is represented by an apology for trousers held up by rotting string, or with men—or what once were men—craving a crumb by sweeping the crossings for their "betters." The flood of charity is stupendous, but as this charity never seems to check the flood of poverty, people at last grow callous, and refuse to give. I am not a political economist, but a Ju Jitsu expert, and am not out to air the grievances of the poor, however much I may feel for them.

Yet, it was while walking along the Thames Embankment near Cleopatra's Needle, that I fell in with Lady Dusley, the widow of a wealthy brewer, and one, who, hoping for further social distinction, interested herself in various charities. Her ladyship was exceedingly stout, and as one day in November, 1910, when the thoroughfare was exceptionally thronged, I was fortunate (or unfortunate) to stumble against her man who was carrying her pet pup, just after I had alighted from the inner circle train at the Marble Arch station. I was all apologies, of course, and her ladyship, who was as benign as she was portly, accepted my apologies in the spirit in which I tendered them. I was able to offer her the use of my smelling salts, and the acquaintance thus

begun, speedily ripened into quite a friendship. She invited me to spend a week at her residence in Holland Park Road, near Shepherd's Bush, and inveigled me into a mild enthusiasm in her various charities. A fortnight or so later, she invited me to accompany her to a private asylum situated in North London. It appeared that an intimate relative of hers, a man, had been perforce incarcerated therein, suffering from the delusion that he was not a man at all, but a grizzly bear. On all other points he was perfectly sane, and, if humoured by his keeper for an hour or two daily, would spend the rest of his time in reading or sleeping, or in any other rational manner. At seven o'clock in the morning it was the keeper's custom to bring him a honeycomb and a bag of nuts. He would then put a light chain around his neck and lead him around the dormitory, the nuts and honey being secreted under one or other of the beds. The poor lunatic would sniff and grub about for the dainties with every imaginable bearish attitude, and would show his pleasure in discovering the concealed goodies by numerous grunts and other bear-like antics. He would then consume the nuts and honey with the greatest gusto. Subsequently he would be taken for exercise into the compound, where he would attempt to scale the flagstaff. He would playfully hug any casual visitor who happened to come near him, and although he never really hurt anybody, he invariably managed to instil considerable feelings of alarm by the weird purs and grunts with which he expressed his satisfaction. Humoured in this way, our lunatic was comparatively harmless, and my good friend, Lady Dusley, never felt the least alarm when she paid her relative her periodical visits.

It was a cold day in early winter when we journeyed to the asylum. We had some difficulty in locating our lunatic at first, but eventually we discovered him hiding

under a mass of fallen leaves in the garden. He explained that as the winter season was drawing on, he meant to hibernate until the spring, and was exceedingly vexed to have been roused from his winter's repose. Lady Dusley pacified him by calling him the king of beasts, and by proffering a piece of honeycomb as a peace offering. Our friend then became perfectly tractable, and I strolled off through the grounds to admire the well-kept flower beds and lawns, leaving Lady Dusley in the company of her relative. And now an event happened which went near to costing me very dear. It appears that the head keeper of the asylum was possessed of a pair of goats which he was accustomed to harness into a little goat-cart, and which used to pull his little twin sons about the grounds, much to their enjoyment. The goats were beautiful silky Angoras and I paused to admire them, and to speak to the children as their little carriage drove past me. At that moment Lady Dusley and her companion emerged from the shrubbery, and she too drew near, spoke to the children kindly, and patted and stroked the goats, who were perfectly tame and made no attempt to butt. All of a sudden an extraordinary change came over the face of our lunatic. Never in my life have I seen a countenance so distorted with friend's rage and fury.

"How dare you take notice of goats," he shrieked, "Am I not the king of all the beasts? See, I will devour the animals before your eyes, and hug you all to death." He suited the action to the word, and hurled himself upon the nearest animal, burying his teeth in the frenzied creature's back. For the moment the madman was engaged and I shouted to Lady Dusley to run with the children, who had, of course, fallen out of the cart, and who were almost paralysed with terror and weeping bitterly, to bolt for shelter, and bring warders without delay.

"Never mind me," I cried, as I saw Lady Dusley's hesitation, "I can take care of myself alright. Run, for God's sake, or this madman may do for all of us." Lady Dusley gathered up her skirts, and, seizing one child in her ample arms, and with the other child trailing and sobbing behind her, she ran as fast as her by no mean lean legs would allow her to. I wager that her ladyship blessed me that day for the Ju Jitsu exercises I had taught her, which had so reduced her fat that her portly presence had been brought down to reasonable limits. She did a sprint which would not have disgraced a college athlete, and, despite my perilous position, I could scarcely restrain myself as I watched the dear old soul waddling away with her charges for dear life.

Meanwhile the struggles and bleating of the goats and the antics of the lunatic arrested my eye. The off goat, a big "billy," had broken the traces and was vigorously butting the posterior of the lunatic, who on his part had fastened his teeth in the throat of the other animal, and was actually drinking its blood. I shuddered involuntarily and confess to feeling more frightened than I had ever done before in my life.

Upon feeling the blows from the "billy's" horns, the madman withdrew his teeth from the other prostrate animal's reeking neck and seized the other by the horns. With a strength I should not have believed possible, he swung and twisted the writhing animal as an athlete swings a pair of Indian clubs. He swung and twisted the beast until its neck was dislocated, and finally used the carcass to belabour the body of the prostrate animal he had been tearing with his teeth. I looked anxiously round but could see no warders in sight. I had no desire to face this excited madman and was contemplating flight, when he suddenly ceased belabouring the goats, both of which were now dead, and turned his green eyes

and staving jaws in my direction. His eyes were full of the low cunning of the madman, and I knew that he meant to do me a deadly mischief if it were possible. What should I do? Should I await his attack, or should I attack him first, and pit my knowledge of Ju Jitsu against his demoniacal strength? This was no moment for indecision. I must act, and that quickly.

The madman had disengaged himself from the carcasses, and, covered with blood, advanced towards me. "Come and be hugged by the king of the Rocky Mountain bears," he said, crouching as though ready to pounce upon me. I delayed no longer and literally flew to meet his embrace. Ducking beneath his deadly arms, I secured my throat hold and in a trice had thrown my madman. He raised a horrible yell as he fell on his back. Then I drove my heel into his solar plexus, knelt on him, put the "agony" in him by nearly breaking his thumb and dislocating his finger joints and then began to kneel with all my weight upon his stomach. A pretty comedy followed. The madman, still with the light of lunacy in his eyes, squealed as I applied the torture to his fingers. "I am the great elephant of the woods," I said, "and, of course, you are the great bear. Now the elephant's foot is going to crush you to death, eh? Or shall we prowl about the woods together and be monarchs of all the animals?" Slowly I watched the light of madness wane from his eyes. He smiled craftily. "Come." I said, "before the keepers look for you. I will hide you in under your leaves and you can sleep until the spring, when we will leave together." I released the poor madman and conducted him on tip toe, with great ceremony, and pretended secrecy to his bed of leaves. He plunged into them, and I quickly covered him up. "Hush," I said, "don't snore or wake up until I call you." He winked at me slyly, and was soon fast asleep.

in his bed of leaves. Hurrying to the institution I met a big squad of warders, who returned with me, and quickly secured the "sleeping bear." All parties concerned were loud in their praises of my plan, but I explained that I had only done what any other girl could have done who had thoroughly acquired the art of Ju Jitsu. Lady Dusley, especially, simply overwhelmed me with kindnesses, and it always pains me to reflect that her poor relative eventually developed such dangerous forms of his madness that he had to be placed in a padded room. Eventually he died, his place in the institution being filled with others cursed with disordered minds.

Many girls would have so lost control of themselves that they would have fallen an easy prey to this madman's fury. Yet a capable knowledge of Ju Jitsu would have made them as completely master of the situation as I was upon this occasion.



CHAPTER III.

THE ACID THROWER

THE chemical formula, H_2SO_4 , means little or nothing to most people. Really, it is two parts of hydrogen gas, combining with one of sulphur and 4 of oxygen, to produce one of the most corrosive acids known to chemistry. This acid is used in countless commercial enterprises, and incidentally is employed by vicious-minded people desirous of inflicting permanent injury upon their enemies. If thrown upon the body, it will eat away the skin, flesh and bones, and cause most excruciating agony and permanent disfigurements. In the hands, therefore, of an unscrupulous person, this acid becomes a formidable weapon which few would dare to face. With this preamble I proceed to my tale, which illustrates, as the whole of this series of stories is intended to do, the extraordinary adaptability of Ju Jitsu to most of the hazards and dangers of ordinary life.

We happened to be in the American city of Brooklyn in August, 1912, my husband and I being guests of a gentleman who was a candidate for the presidency of one of the big companies in the Southern States greatly interested in the tobacco industry.

As my readers will recollect, there have been stirring times of late in these parts, chiefly connected with the struggle of the big tobacco kings to secure a monopoly of the trade. As a result, families have been rent asunder, and a war has been waged worthier rather of a

strife for some great principle than of a sordid grab for gold. But this, by the way. A big tobacco convention was being held in the city of Brooklyn, and partisan feeling was running very high, when I and a friend dropped into it, with no desire to participate in the general troubles brewing, but simply to witness the sights of the city. Now, I have dealt with persons armed with every weapon under the sun, from empty beer bottles to revolvers and meat axes, and, I may say, thanks to my knowledge of Ju Jitsu, managed to extricate myself from quite a number of disagreeable situations; but then, in the quiet dining hall of a restaurant in a sober city, I met with an experience which I shall always look back upon with sentiments the reverse of pleasant.

I had been doing some shopping in the Broadway, and had turned into the eating house in question for a snack, and was enjoying a dish of clams and buckwheat cakes, when a lady entered in great agitation and took a seat at the table directly opposite to myself. As she appeared to be greatly flurried, and could scarcely give a coherent order to the negro waiter who was quickly on the scene, I ventured to introduce myself to her.

She kept tossing her head from side to side in a manner which clearly showed that she anticipated interruption in her repast, and as the big swinging doors opened from time to time to admit new customers, she grasped hysterically at the tablecloth. "You seem worried some," I said, hazarding a snub. "My trouble's this," was the reply. "My husband has got a divorce from me in Nevada, and I swear it's no good in this State. I sued him to-day in the Court and have got a verdict for maintenance, sure. He has property in this city, and my lawyers have got a lien on it. Furthermore, my dad and his dad have got land in Virginia South and both grow tobacco. They don't see eye to eye

worth a cent., and there's bad blood between them. He's after me now, and swears he'll do for me unless I go to Nevada and consent to become a turned-loose woman. Well, my lot came out here in the 'Mayflower,' and I don't——" I was getting interested when a lump of a man entered the restaurant and took a seat a few tables away. He speedily had the negro waiter bustling. "Mule steak, you dog," he said to one of them. "Nigger's whiskers fricasseed," he said to another. "Get me a monkey's brains, or your own—'tis the same thing," said he to a third—and so on, until the poor niggers were unable to say whether they were standing on their heads or their heels.

Eventually the fellow settled down to sample a choice morsel of canvas-back duck, liberally washed down with mugs of lager beer.

The attitude of my companion, however, during the man's tirade was anything but reassuring. Indeed, she showed distinct symptoms of a desire to get underneath the table. Meanwhile, the fellow, having seemingly sucked the last drop of nourishment out of his bird, and having ostentatiously wiped his grimy hands on the spotless napery, produced a "gun" and a bottle of harmless looking fluid from his pockets. A nigger with a broad grin on his face was standing immediately behind his chair. The customer withdrew the stopper from the bottle, poured half a wineglass into a tumbler and ceremoniously asked the nigger to drink with him. The nigger, thinking that his customer was half drunk, and scenting a tip, like all his kind, readily accepted the offer, thinking that the beverage was a cocktail. The room was full of diners, many being society women and their beaux. The negro sipped the beverage and then let up a yell enough to wake the dead. "Massa, massa, de debil hab me fo' suah," he yelled, the while his customer

howled and rocked himself with delight, at the same time placing the flask by his side. Next, the negro seized a bottle of water which was handy and drew copious portions from it, while, at the same time he hung out his red and blistered tongue and started pouring the olive oil from the table cruet on to it. The guests were sympathetic rather than otherwise, but one nigger's troubles more or less don't count for much in America. But a bloody sequel was in store. "Don't mind that black swine," yelled the customer. "She whom I want is over there. I'll spoil her dial some before I'm done." With these words he rose from the table and advanced menacingly towards the one occupied by my companion and myself, flourishing his revolver in one hand and the bottle of sulphuric acid (for it was nothing else) in the other. "Ye thought I hadn't seen yer, lass, did yer?" he said, as he crept towards us. "I've not only got rid of you, but I'll spoil yer dial so that yer tiberaccer dad will never know yer again." Now, I hate women when a crisis arrives, as they are so apt to lose their nerve. My companion was no exception. She shrieked "Save me," and clasped me around the legs, twisting me round so that she sheltered behind my skirts while I had to face her infuriated husband. "Twon't help you, lass," he shouted, brandishing his Lee-Wesson, and, holding aloft his fearful bottle, threateningly. "You've got to 'ev either or both, or come back to Nevada with me." Visions of the havoc wrought upon people's complexions when bespattered by this terrible fluid floated before my eyes. His wife was moaning piteously behind me, and what could I do. I simulated, and pretended to burst out crying. "Oh, sir," I said, "spare this poor girl, and she will do all you wish." At the same time I kicked the poor girl violently on the shins to make her understand that she was to do all I wished. She moaned and

cried, "I will do all you wish, Arthur, if only you will 'drop' your gun and that dreadful stuff. He was mollified for the moment, and, snarling viciously to warn all would-be interferers to keep a safe distance, he laid the formidable weapons on the table by his side.

I gripped his wife's fingers in a Ju Jitsu twist, such that it would have been agony for her to use, and hissed to her to lie quiet. Then I addressed her husband. "It's this way, mate," I said, "I don't profess to know anything about your quarrels, but you've got to give up those weapons of yours before you talk business. I'm not a nigger, anyway, and I don't intend either to swallow your limejuice or digest your bullet." My words had their intended effect. The ruffian grasped his gun and his bottle in a trice and leered savagely at me. "It's no use, old man," said I, "you're too late, while you were playing up the telephone called the police, and there are half a dozen behind you at this moment just come to arrest you. So your name's mud, eh?" The fellow turned, as I thought he would, and in that moment I had sprung across the intervening space, gripped his wrists and before he knew where he was had exploded his repeater in the air. The bottle of acid was a harder matter, as I was by no means anxious to get any of its horrid contents over myself. Raving with baffled fury, the bully turned on me, but his revolver arm, now being harmless, I was able to devote my whole attention to the acid bottle. As my illustration further will show, I put a certain clutch on to him and twisted his wrist until his arm and hand were vertically over his head. Then, using my wonderful Ju Jitsu leverage I forced his hand forward until, drop by drop the deadly acid dropped on to his bullet head and trickled down his nose. As the corroding fluid got to work, the ruffian raised one piercing

shriek after another. I did not feel in the humour to spare, and never relaxed my grip until his smouldering head was a sheet of seething fumes. Then I let him go.

His wife had fainted. "Never mind," I said, as eager hands restored her to her senses. "I will make you again. There are some 20 smart U.S.A. pressmen in this restaurant, and your beauty will never face the music." Nor did he.



CHAPTER IV.

AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

This episode is a short one, and I recall it mainly because I consider that such a simple incident as I have to record here, might fall to the lot of any of my sisters.

We all know, we women, how oftentimes our blood his boiled over when we have witnessed injustice, and yet our lack of confidence in our (as we have thought) physical weakness, has deterred us from taking that active part which our higher feelings have often prompted us to take. Here now is a case in point. The incident is more or less trivial, but it tends to show the extraordinary value of Ju Jitsu in the ordinary happenings of life.

The days have long gone by when knights in belted armour, with cuirass and spear rode abroad to defend the helpless and oppressed. These days have given place to more modern methods. But the ruffian and the bully and the assaulter of females still exist, and while they do, it behoves all girls to be forewarned and forearmed. Cads of all sorts abound and many are not above stealing a penny from a child sent by its mother to buy a loaf of bread. Of such a trifling incident as this I propose to treat. I want in so doing to show how my art can help noble-minded girls, and also to exemplify what cowards bullies usually are:—

I first began to write these reminiscences in Palmerston North, New Zealand, and it was there that the incidents I relate occurred. There are few sights in the world more distressing to a man or woman than a little child weeping. I "struck" one during my visit to the town with my husband on vaudeville business, this year (1913).

Of course, most people think that we vaudeville artists have the easiest of times, and never work except at night. I could enlighten them otherwise, but that would not affect this incident I have to relate.

It was in Main Street that I met this sweet little lassie: crying as though her heart would break itself, and being human, I stopped and asked her trouble.

She was only five—think of it—and she was sobbing—child's tears. For some time her paroxysm of grief was so great that I could get nothing out of her, then she told me, in her baby way, that her mother had given her sixpence to buy bread with, and that there would be a penny change with which she might buy some "lollies" for herself. What more natural! She added—still with sobs—that a "man" had stopped her on the road and had told her to wait while he purchased the bread and lollies for her. Of course the hound had appropriated her sixpence and, as it appeared, had told her to wait until he came back. The poor little lass had been waiting for more than half an hour, and still her accoster had put in no appearance. "Which way did he go, dear?" I said. "He went into that building over there," she replied, pointing to a hotel close by. "And I'll swear he's there still," was my muttered rejoinder. "Now, little one," said I, proceeding, "just run across the road with me into this big house, and see if you can pick the man," I said. "Here is your sixpence,"—I gave it to her—"and I will take you home safe and sound to mummy

with your loaf and lollies too. Don't worry, you'll be all right with me." The little one laughed, pocketed her sixpence and tucked her hand into mine. We entered the bar of the hotel. "That's him," said the child, "the man with the red head; he stole my sixpence." The bar was half full, as it was lunch time. The landlord, a merry-hearted Irishman, leaned across the bar and guffawed. "You're under age, lassies," he said, "but you must have a raspberry ale with me, if only to match those blushing cheeks," he said. I interfered and told the story quite simply as the little girl had told it to me. "Well, of all the mean hounds I have ever met," said the good-hearted boniface, "I reckon that the man who would rob a little kid for beer takes the complete and absolute biscuit. Here, lassie! (turning to the child) can you pick out the man in my bar?" At this, the child pointed out a big red-headed man who was at that moment burying his evil-looking face in a pint pot. "That's him," she said, "the man who stole my sixpence." The fellow turned abruptly and made for the swinging doors. "Softly, softly, my friend," said a burly blacksmith, interposing his bulky frame in the doorway. "Run, one of you chaps, and fetch a policeman. A worm like this wants showing up." The fellow started to curse and swear and attempted to force his way out, but met a beautiful fister from the blacksmith, straight from the shoulder, which laid him flat on his back. With a snarl he was up on his feet in a trice, with an ugly-looking knife gleaming in his hands. Things began to look ugly and the ruffian lunged at the smith, who still barred the doorway. I considered that the time was now opportune for me to take a hand. I sprang behind the man just as his hand was raised to strike the blacksmith and pressed my fingers violently into the cavity behind his ears, causing him to yell with pain.

His pain was quickly increased, as the others in the bar wrenched the knife from the miscreant's clutch and the smith drove home a staggering blow on the jaw. The fellow sobered up, but had no relish for gaol and wheeled around to face me. I changed my hold in a jiffy, seized his thumbs and forefingers and by applying a well-known Ju-Jitsu screw brought the coward to his knees.

The customers fairly howled with delight as I, a comparatively weak woman, put the "acid" on and compelled him to grovel and weep in front of the child he had robbed. Meanwhile the crowd jeered at the fellow, and asked him how he enjoyed being trounced by a woman. At last I determined to let him get up, as I considered that he had been sufficiently punished. But the others were not to be so easily appeased. "Let's duck him in the horse trough!" said one. No second bidding was needed. The trough was all in readiness, just outside the hotel door, and willing hands soon gave the fellow a cooler. Then they let him go—a sadder and a wiser man—and I hope, a convinced believer in the merits of Ju Jitsu. At any rate, I made a number of converts in the hotel and I was quite overwhelmed with embarrassing compliments and attentions.



CHAPTER V.

I SAVE TWO LIVES.

THE following story may not be quite as exciting as some which have preceded it, but I assign to it a position of great importance, as it illustrates the great value of Ju Jitsu as a life-saver when drowning persons are concerned.

Indeed, Ju Jitsu promises to revolutionise the art of life saving in this direction, for the life saver who is an expert in the Ju Jitsu art runs none of the risks of being himself drowned as people following the usual methods do. As an illustration of what I am trying to make clear, I may say that only a few months ago I had a most exciting experience at Stewart Island, N.Z. A lady friend and her husband and I had been out fishing for blue cod, which abound in those waters. The weather was quite calm, and the sea like a millpond when we set out, but when we had been angling almost an hour and had anchored almost a quarter of a mile from the shore a sudden squall sprung up. Our boat was a snug, tight little craft and there was really no danger to be anticipated, but, as is likely to happen to anybody, both of my friends became suddenly sea-sick. (I mention this fact because it has a distinct relation to the episode which follows.)

Personally, I am a capital sailor, and as the fish were biting well I was thoroughly enjoying myself, being indeed more amused than otherwise as I observed my friends gradually becoming more and more silent and

their complexions taking on the greenish blue of the sea. However, my friend, whom I will for the purposes of this story call Milly, though that, of course, is only an assumed name, suddenly became so ill that I drew up the lines and stepped over to the stern sheets of the boat where she had been sitting. Meanwhile her husband, whom I will call Jack, also became ill, and as the wind was freshening, I thought that we could not do better than row back to the beach facing the hotel at which we were staying. Jack said he would take the oars, as he thought that the exercise would tend to diminish his sickness. I, on my part, was doing the best I could to ease the sufferings of Milly. We pulled up the anchor and prepared for a stiff pull homewards. Jack was a tip-top oarsman, but all his rowing had been done on the placid waters of the Avon at Christchurch, so that, sick as he evidently was, I could see that we were not likely to make much progress. We had about two miles to row, but there was a beach just about a quarter of a mile from us, and, fortunately as it turned out for us afterwards, the wind was blowing dead on to it.

Jack had pulled ahead for about five minutes when he suddenly caught a crab, he lurched heavily to the boat's port side, and as he did so it happened that I was supporting his wife's head over the side at the exact moment of the "crab." The result was that the combined weight of the three of us was suddenly thrown on my side and in less time than it takes to tell it we found ourselves precipitated into the water, the boat, however righting itself and beginning to drift on to the neighbouring beach. Jack was an excellent swimmer, as I am (in fact, as I mentioned in the introduction, I hold the ladies' swimming championship of Otago, N.Z., but Milly could not swim a stroke. Thus when precipitated into the waters she behaved just as all people who cannot swim and who find themselves in a similar plight invaria-

bly do. She began to throw her arms wildly about, to shriek and grab wildly at anything or anybody handy. Jack immediately swam to his wife's assistance and tried to support her without himself being dragged under, but in her frenzy Milly grabbed him round the neck and almost before I realised what had happened both had disappeared beneath the waves.

I determined to save them if I could. I knew that they must rise in a few moments, and I utilised that time in kicking off my shoes and working my way out of my skirt. Hardly had I succeeded in freeing myself from these encumbrances when the unfortunate couple rose to the surface for the first time.

Milly was apparently lifeless and Jack appeared to be in his death agonies. They were clasped tightly in each other's arms so tightly, in fact, that it would have been impossible for me to release them, or for Jack to get free from Milly. Fortunately, they rose to the surface quite close to me. I swam to them and pressed my two fingers underneath the chin of the struggling man. He speedily lapsed into unconsciousness, and then to my joy I observed the boat drifting down upon us compelled by the breeze.

After desperate efforts I managed to support the heads of the drowning couple until the boat was upon us, then I grasped the gunwale of the boat and allowed it to tow as towards the shore. I was almost exhausted when at last I felt the craft bump against the shingly beach. Meantime, the accident had been witnessed by a coastguard's man and he and two mates were already breast high in the water intent upon relieving me of my precious burdens.

There is little to add. Vigorous treatment for the apparently drowned was applied, and after half an hour's hard work both sufferers recovered sufficiently to be

assisted to a fishermen's cottage. On the following morning they were well enough to be rowed home and in the afternoon of the same day were quite all right again.

I take no credit for boating at all, and my object in putting down these facts is simply to show the uses which Ju Jitsu can be put to. Milly has since become an ardent convert to the system, and she writes me that she has, assisted by her husband, opened a lucrative cafe in New York. Good luck to her, and to the magnificent system which saved their lives.

For myself, I have had my reward in having been of service to them, and exemplifying the great advantages of my art.



CHAPTER VI.

THE CHEATS.

LORD Playdon was a "mug." He was, from all reports, the butt of his fellows at college, and while at Oxford University gained a reputation for "squeensability" which made him the most popular man in the institution.

Playdon took a past degree, which only served to increase his vanity, and he became a well-known figure on racecourses, where "shrewdies" without number preyed upon him for thousands. Playdon, although a peer's son, was not a gentleman. He became the sort of Johnny which humble actresses are accustomed to be accosted by when they leave for their homes when the evening's entertainment is over. Playdon indeed was a man with a purpose, and that purpose is better guessed at, than written about where women are concerned. At any rate, he made the pace (as the elder son of a peer, he had lots of the "ready"), and, like all of his kind, the time eventually came when he found himself at his wits' end to make ends meet.

Needless to say, he had hangers-on by the score, who played up to him for all he was worth, and incidentally fleeced him of moneys he had never earned, nor had the brains to earn.

Now, every big city boast of its swell mobsmen, and in London, they jostle the "mug" at every corner, and frequent every hotel likely to be patronised by people of the Playdon type. Playdon fell in, as they all do, and made the acquaintance of a "sport" named Alf. Dacre.

Dacre was out for keeps, and Playdon was a fair mark enough.

Playdon was a greenhorn of the callowest type, and Dacre reaped a good income by introducing him to jewellers and money-lenders, who fleeced him unmercifully, the meanwhile the cunning Dacre drew a handsome income in commissions. Dacre had his wicked head screwed on the right way, and after hearing (in confidence, of course) from his toady that "funds" were getting very low, did not drop his friend as other less astute sharpers might have done, but informed him that the way to resuscitate his failing fortunes and bank account—was to gamble.

In the West End of London, not far from Earl's Court is a gaming house kept by a titled lady, whose secrecy and influence has been sufficient for many years to keep the police off her track.

I had the entree here, as the lady keeping the place was none other than my friend, Lady Austey (a false name, of course).

Being the son of a legislator, young Playdon had no difficulty in securing an introduction, and then regularly after a few preliminary wins, he lost about £40 a week playing poker.

This new venture on the part of Lady Austey was a revelation to me. To all outward appearances her ladyship was a portly dame intent on reducing her weight by Ju Jitsu exercises, and must confess that she had made remarkable progress in the art, even after four weeks' practice and with the most beneficial results to herself. It was, therefore, at her invitation that I accompanied her to the gambling saloon under notice one evening in June, 1911. To all appearances a festive party was in progress. A Hungarian band was discoursing sweet

music on the lawn, and as the local policeman on his beat passed the time of night with the housemaid he had no doubt that everything was all square and above board. It is wonderful what a pint of good ale and a few roast sausages will do for a policeman in England. But as the evening drew on, the guests seemed to lose interest in the dancing, and before Big Ben at Westminster had tolled forth the opening hour of the new day, the revelers had betaken themselves to an upper room in the mansion where the real business of the gathering was to be conducted.

I followed like the rest of the initiated, and presently found myself in a room fitted out in every respect for the business of gambling. Now, I am no prude and do not intend to discuss the merits or demerits of gambling, yet I come from a stock which likes to see a man or woman have a fair run for his or her money. The way the people thronged to the card tables showed in a moment that the proceedings downstairs had only been a make-believe. The lust of gambling was in every eye, and the American games of poker and faro were soon in full swing. A silence fell upon the gathering, the sort of silence which comes when men and women are in deadly earnest. Now and then a stifled curse or exclamation of delight might be heard according as one player or another found himself in funds or ruined. Champagne flowed like water, and, seeing that every gambler had earned his seat by a preliminary fee of £100 (for so Lady Austey had confided in me), the indulgence could be well afforded. At about 2 a.m. Lord Playdon and his friend strolled in, drank some wine and were introduced to me. Dacre excused himself for a moment, and presently returned accompanied by a handsome huzzar named Major Danvers.

I declined play myself, but promised to prove an interested spectator. Dacre went away again, and pre-

sently returned with a "sharp-flat" of the Playdon type in tow. Play was suggested and, needless to say, the cutting of the cards was so manoeuvred that the gallant huzzar and Dacre were pitted against Playdon and Danvers. Lady Austey and I retired to a sequestered corner and for a time play was quiet. If anything, Danvers and Playdon had the best of the play, for at the end of half an hour they were quite £50 apiece in pocket. Meanwhile, Dacre and Danvers, although drinking very moderately themselves kept plying their opponents with "fiz." Now, Lady Austey, although a "sport" in the very best sense of the word, had confided in me that although she was making a handsome thing out of the tables, she loathed and detested anything savouring of cheating or funny business. Consequently, as a disinterested spectator, but yet one with the interests of Lady Austey at heart, owing to many personal kindnesses received, I made it my business to watch the play of this quartette very acutely.

What I had expected actually happened. The two younger players, flushed with temporary success, suggested play for higher stakes. For a while they won consistently, to the assumed desperation of their opponents.

The inevitable happened, however. The cards were dealt and the stakes mounted in the "kitty."

"I'll raise you £50," said Dacre.

"Fifty and fifty better," was the reply.

"A hundred better," said Danvers.

"And I'll raise that £100," said Tracy, the newly-introduced mug.

Dacre pretended to hesitate. "If you are game to see me without a rise, Playdon," he said, "I'll raise it £500 more." By this time the high stake had robbed

the other tables of all their lookers on, and all waited breathlessly to see the outcome of the bout.

Playdon flushed and smiled to himself. "Sorry I can't accept those terms, Dacre," he said, "but I'll raise you another £500 in your proposal if you are game to see me."

"All right," was the reply, and the notes rolled on to the table, Tracy and Danvers throwing their cards in.

"What have you got?" said the sharper.

"Oh, four aces and queen high," was the reply, as the young peer flung his cards on the table, exultingly; "and you?"

"Oh, four jacks and the joker," was the cool retort, as the sharper proceeded to collect his small fortune.

The young peer rose, sick and pale, and gulped down a glass of champagne. Then I took a turn. Dacre was just on the point of picking up the notes and gold when I sprang on to the middle of the table and planted myself upon the pile of money. Knowing that I was a bosom friend of Lady Austey's the company burst into a roar of laughter, in which Dacre himself joined.

He put out his hand playfully as though to draw the notes from underneath me—which was just what I wanted him to do, when I seized his wrist in a Ju Jitsu grip, bent it back and forced him violently back into his seat. Then in a trice I had locked his other hand, and before the eyes of the astounded spectators drew two aces and a joker from the inside of his cuff. There was a howl of rage and young Playdon, who was no coward, seized the fellow. I then turned my attention to Danvers, the huzzar, and who was already receiving

quite unwelcome attentions. He had nothing up his sleeve, but immediately opposite him was a mirror in which he had been able to see his partner's cards and bet accordingly. Also there was a very suspicious bit of elastic fastened to his wrist band which had a very "fishy" appearance. In fact, the two beauties were thoroughly concerned.

Now Danvers and Dacre had for months been levying toll on the liabilities of the place and the men in the company contemplated speedy and strenuous vengeance. I had long been anxious to show these wasters the properties of Ju Jitsu, and now a chance offered which I was loth indeed to forego.

The two rascals concerned tried to vent their fury upon me and both rushed me at the same time. Dacre gripped me around the throat and Danvers attacked me from the front, but I was ready.

"No, don't interfere," I cried, as several gentlemen hastened to my rescue. "I will teach these men a lesson they are never likely to forget." I ducked suddenly and shot my right foot forward and sideways; at the same time I gripped both men by the ankle, brought them across each other, and by the use of their own weight and leverage broke the leg of each. They rolled over relinquishing their hold of me and wallowed on the floor, swearing horribly.

The company started back aghast. I made the beauties empty their pockets. The two mugs were recuperated for their losses and the whole plot was shown up in its true colours.

Upon being searched by eager hands a complete assortment of swindling apparatus was found upon each sharper.

Cabs were being called and the men were facetiously asked whether they preferred to call the police or be taken to a private hospital. They chose the hospital. Now, dear reader, I did nothing which any girl of nerve, a thorough mistress of Ju Jitsu, might not have done.

Isn't it worth your while to learn the rudiments of the art, at least?



Ju-Jitsu Demonstrated.

In the following pages my husband, Mr. Joe Gardiner, and myself have posed before the camera in a few of the most effective Ju Jitsu locks, holds, and throws, and also to demonstrate how to cause insensibility by pressing on the nerves of your assailant's head. There has been no attempt at literary embellishment, but a plain, yet graphic description is given of each method. Technical words have been avoided, and every endeavour has been used to furnish a series of brief articles which will be readily understood by the merest novice. A careful study of each illustration will prove a ready means of grasping the idea of the method being described.

If studied earnestly Ju Jitsu will prove not only invaluable as a means of defence, but will be a healthy recreation to those who are interested in this fascinating system. Once the primary difficulties have been overcome the pupil will experience a new feeling of confidence even against attack by the strongest of men. It is certain, it is unfailling, and whenever a lock, hold, or throw is applied properly the result is never in doubt. This new feeling of strength in the possession of knowledge such as Ju Jitsu provides, renders one fearless and confident when danger threatens.

THE HANDSHAKE.

This grip is recommended when the hand of an assailant is easily got hold of, but, if necessary, the assailant may be induced to extend his hand by offering to shake hands with him.

It is always advisable to be cool when threatened with danger. Confidence and quickness are indispensable and ensure success with the use of Ju Jitsu. When the stranger approaches in a dark street and waylays you, as is frequently the case with persons unprotected, the situation and plan of defence should be coolly thought out without hesitation.

The stranger may extend his hand, maybe to catch hold of you, but if his hands are held back an offer to shake hands as though you are under the impression you are acquainted with him will result in the capture of his right hand. The moment you grip his hand you have him at your mercy. With your right hand you smartly twist his hand half over using your left hand to grip his thumb, and then place your right hand in his palm. Now you have him in your complete power and may force him to the ground to apply the several locks, of which the one recommended is the following method, known as the "armlock."

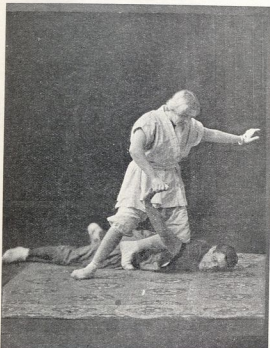


The Handshake

THE ARM-LOCK.

WHEN the assailant has been thrown to the ground from the "handshake" place your left knee on to his shoulder blade; catch firmly hold of the fingers of his right hand and pull his arm upwards, and pressing his fingers backwards you dislocate his shoulder and break his wrist at the same time.

It is obvious that it is not necessary to inflict actual injury unless your assailant attempts to escape. Yet you must not relax your vigilance nor hold his arm too loosely. A moment of carelessness may undo the lock and result in the escape of your assailant. The main thing is to assure your captive that if he attempts to get free you will dislocate his shoulder. If through carelessness on your part or you are deceived into believing that you are inflicting terrible pain and slacken your hold, thus enabling the man to escape, the next method to be used is the "ordinary armlock," frequently used by the police, as shown in the following article.



The Armlock.

THE ORDINARY ARM-LOCK.

FIRSTLY, grab your assailant firmly by his right wrist, turn quickly, place your own left arm over his captive arm well above his elbow, catching hold of your upper right arm with your left hand and at the same time turn the back of his right hand towards your body, exerting a downward pressure with your right hand. By standing erect or walking he is quite in your power. If he resists you can cause him much pain by pressing his right hand down, thus exerting a severe leverage on his elbow, which you can easily break. If he endeavours to strike you with his free hand you should apply a greater leverage on his right arm and keep your head well up.

This armlock is a capital method of bringing a burglar to the police station or compelling your prisoner to go wherever you desire, for, by applying a little more leverage on the captive arm he will gladly go with you instead of enduring the pain you cause, or of having his arm broken.



The Ordinary Armlock.

THE HIP-THROW.

This is a "surprise packet" for any one unfamiliar with Ju Jitsu, and is marvellously effective in the case of an assailant going to place his arms around your neck. The method to pursue is that of grasping one of his wrists with either hand and to quickly turn your back to him. Then stoop forward and in order to get the centre of his weight on your shoulder, jerk his arm quickly downwards in front of you, thus throwing him a complete somersault over you on to his back on the ground. This is one of those throws in which quickness is everything or else the attempt will fail.

The "hip-throw" would be useful to a lady when attacked by a ruffian who grasps her around the neck from behind, when he will be in a ready position for a fall without the lady requiring to turn round. There is, however, another means of dealing with such a method of attack if you fail through lack of judgment, and this is exemplified in the "foot-throw." The following article demonstrates how to deal with this emergency.



The Hip-Throw.

PREPARING FOR THE FOOT-THROW.

In the event of your assailant evading the "hip-throw" he will most probably endeavour, by grasping you around the waist from behind, to dash you to the ground, as shown in the opposition illustration. You must make up your mind instantly to apply the "foot-throw."



Preparing for the Foot-Throw.

THE FOOT-THROW.

SIMPLICITY itself, the "foot-throw" is probably the most astonishing trick that can be applied to anyone attacking you from behind. You disregard his arms, which the average person unfamiliar with Ju Jitsu would endeavour to disengage from his body, and instead you attack him where he least expects it.

You stoop down smartly and with both hands between your legs grasp his nearest ankle and jerk it up towards your chest, and at the same time quickly stand up straight. If this is done with celerity your assailant cannot possibly save himself with his hands, but will fall heavily back on to his head and will be stunned by the fall. This is another advantage, because if he is unconscious you will have ample time to summon the police.

If you do not stun him by the "foot-throw," perhaps on account of the ground being soft, "you can apply the "ground arm-lock" as demonstrated in the next article.



The Foot-Throw.

THE GROUND ARMLOCK.

HAVING THROWN your assailant to the ground, as shown in the preceding articles, you can make him a helpless captive with the most effective method yet discovered, known as the "ground arm-lock." This "lock" is positively infallible and a frail girl with a knowledge of Ju Jitsu can hold prisoner the strongest hooligan no matter how heavy he be.

In the first place, you catch hold of his right wrist, fall over him flat on your back and while falling place your left leg across his throat, your right leg across his chest; force his upper arm across your thigh with the palm of his hand upwards, and press his forearm down towards the ground. This causes him excruciating pain, and, as happened to a sailor who came on the stage at the Opera House, Christchurch (New Zealand), recently to test this lock, may break his arm with the greatest ease. At all events, the man is absolutely unable to move an inch if you apply the leverage properly.



The Ground Armlock.

THE HEAD-THROW.

REVERTING to the attack from behind another means of combating it is the "head-throw." Attacks from behind are probably more frequent than from the front, as the average criminal believes that he has a greater advantage by this method. Therefore, like the "hip-throw," the "head-throw" is an important means of defence.

By forcing your shoulders back against the chest of your assailant, allowing his chin to come over your shoulder, you are able to place both your arms around his head. Immediately you have his head between your arms lock your both hands tightly together, draw his head firmly on to your shoulder, and then quickly stoop forward so that he turns over as he falls into sitting position in front of you. As in many other throws, your feet should be kept apart with toes slightly turned out so that you have proper balance and control of the body.

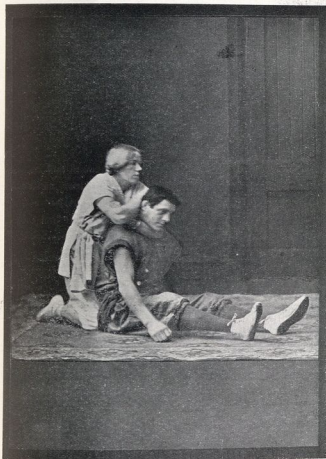
The next article will describe the "strangle lock," the method of dealing with your assailant after disposing of him by the "head-throw."



The Head-Throw.

THE STRANGLE-LOCK.

AFTER being thrown to the ground by the "head throw," your assailant will be seated on the ground. Lose no time in applying the "strangle lock," as shown in the opposite illustration. This is a very simple but vice-like lock. Smartly throw your left arm across his throat and then with both hands grasp the upper portion of opposite arms just above the elbow joint, the right forearm pressing against the back of his head as depicted in the illustration. When applying the tightening of the lock the left forearm presses upwards against his throat while the right forearm presses tightly downwards against his head. When the lock is tightened it is impossible for the man to get his head free, and if it is applied severely he will be senseless in 10 or 12 seconds.



The Strangle-lock.

THE SINGLE LEG-LOCK.

As Illustrated on the Front Cover.

Once you have your assailant on the ground and he lies with his face down, quickly seize his left foot, as shown in the illustration opposite, place your right foot at the back of his left knee joint and bend his left foot down towards his body, at the same time turn his toes towards his right side. By increasing the pressure on your own right foot you increase the leverage and increase the pain felt by your captive. As an extreme measure, in the event of your assailant endeavouring to struggle violently, you can easily dislocate his knee-joint and his ankle joint by merely increasing the pressure on the man's knee-joint with your foot and bending his left foot down to his body. It is readily seen that this is a very simple but at the same time powerful lock.



The Single Leg-lock (As Illustrated on the Front Cover.)

THE SINGLE LEG-LOCK, HOLDING WITH
ONE LEG.

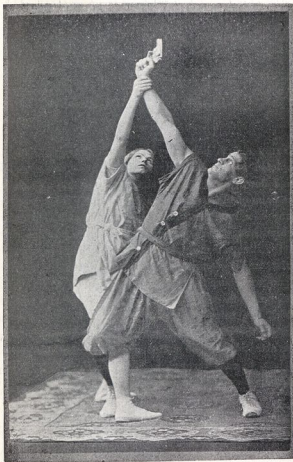
If you desire to hold your assailant in a position more comfortable to yourself, and to give you an opportunity of attracting the attention of someone to assist you, the "single leg-lock, holding with one leg" is to be recommended. As in the "leg-lock," place your right foot at the back of his left knee-joint and, seizing his left foot, force it behind your right calf, at the same time bend your leg towards his body. By increasing the slant of your leg you add to the leverage and cause your captive much pain. As shown in the illustration opposite you now have both hands free and are able to stand up while holding the man prisoner with comfort to yourself and much discomfort to him.



The Single Leg-lock, holding with one Leg.

TO AVOID BEING SHOT WITH A
REVOLVER.

SCARCELY a week passes without mention in the papers of armed burglars, or highwaymen, sticking up defenceless people by day or night, and not infrequently women find themselves confronted with this danger. This is essentially an instance in which coolness and presence of mind will ensure victory for you. The assailant invariably orders his victim to hold her hands up, which she should readily comply with in order to permit him to come within easy reach. He may not at first go close enough to her, but she should wait coolly and the opportunity of suddenly upsetting his plans will be available sooner or later. When he is close enough (within about two or three feet), she should quickly seize the hand in which he holds the revolver (the right hand in the case illustrated on the opposite page), at the same time while forcing his hand high upwards she should place her leg against the back of his right calf so that he cannot turn on her. Probably he will accidentally fire the revolver off in the air, which will attract assistance and may tend to his immediate capture. But there is another way of dealing with the man, as shown in "Disarming a Burglar," which is described in the following article.



To avoid being shot with a Revolver.

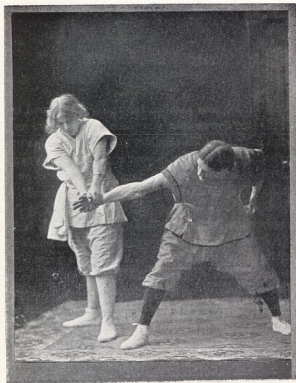
DISARMING A BURGLAR.

HAVING a firm hold of your assailant's right hand, as depicted in the last illustration, you quickly pull his hand down, at the same time twisting his arm so that the palm of his hand is turned upwards. Then you place your own left arm across his elbow, and step quickly behind him, thus bringing you into the position shown in the illustration opposite, your left hand gripping his wrist, and by pulling his hand towards his shoulder-blade you cause him much agony. You will thus find him only too eager to relinquish hold of the revolver, which you seize with your right hand. You can now fire off the other cartridges in the air in order to call the attention of the police and to render the revolver useless, in case through accident or your lack of judgment he breaks loose from your grip.

*Disarming a Burglar.*

THE WRIST-LOCK.

As an alternative to the lock described in the last article, when desiring to hold your assailant till the police arrive the "wrist lock" may be used with complete safety. You turn his right hand downwards and twist it backwards until the back of his hand faces downwards, using both of your hands. With your left hand you grip his thumb and with your right hand you grip the palm of his hand, your finger tips pointing upwards and your thumb pressing between his thumb and first finger. By twisting his hand you can hold him in the position illustrated on the opposite page, until the arrival of the police. You can severely sprain his wrist with this lock or else you can apply sufficient pain to make him stand still. If you desire to punish him further you can force him down on the ground and apply the "elbow lock," as described in the following article.



The Wrist-lock.

THE ELBOW-LOCK.

HAVING forced your assailant down on the ground lying with his face downwards, you place your left foot on the ground in front of his shoulder and then force his upper arm, holding his wrist with your right hand back against your right knee, as shown in the illustration on the opposite page. He is quite unable to free himself, and if he attempts to struggle all that you have to do is to apply more leverage on his arm and he will immediately desist. It is quite a simple matter to break your assailant's arm with this lock, and if you warn him of that danger and apply a little more pressure he will realise the futility of struggling. He can be kept in this position with only slight exertion on your part until the arrival of the police.

*The Elbow-lock.*

CAUGHT BY THE HAIR.

SOME scoundrels imagine that if they seize a woman by the hair she is easily forced to go wherever they desire, or to do whatever they tell her. No doubt a woman's hair being long offers a good grip, and one easily grasped, but there is quite an easy way of dealing with this manner of attack. As previously pointed out in other locks and throws, coolness and presence of mind will play an important part in also combating an assailant who grips your hair as shown in the illustration on the opposite page. The assailant would grasp your hair on the fore part of your head, and his hand with which he grips your hair is within easy reach of your two hands. One of the most effective methods of repelling an assailant who adopts this plan of attack will be demonstrated in the following article on the "wrist throw."



Caught by the Hair.

THE WRIST-THROW.

WHEN an assailant grips you by the hair, with your left hand quickly grasp his thumb tightly, twist his thumb backwards thus turning the palm of his hand away from your head, then quickly place your right hand in his palm and with both hands quickly twist his hand over causing him to release his hold. He is then easily thrown backwards off his balance down on his back, as depicted in the illustration on the opposite page. The work **quickly** is used in each instance, as it is necessary to act with celerity if success is to be achieved. No matter how tightly he holds your hair he will readily let go when you twist his thumb backwards. When you have thrown your assailant on his back there is an effective means of holding him there and that is by applying the "wrist lock while on the ground," as dealt with in the following article.



The Wrist-Throw.

THE WRIST-LOCK WHILST ON THE GROUND.

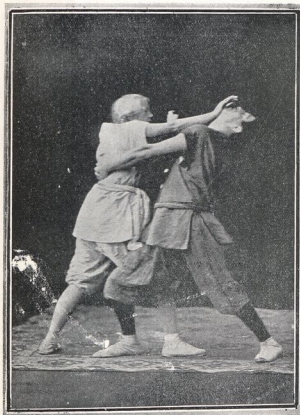
Your assailant having fallen flat on his back (you having retained hold of his hand as required in the "wrist lock") all that is necessary to keep him in that position is to force his arm firmly on the ground with the palm upwards. Then with both of your hands tightly gripping his hand you bend it with considerable force towards his own arm. It is necessary in order to exert the greatest leverage to also press the back of his wrist very firmly on to the ground. He will not try to get up more than once, as only a little extra pressure is required to cause him excessive pain. A word of caution informing him of your intention of increasing the strain every time he attempts to get free will no doubt help to convince him that if he moves he is in danger of sustaining a severely sprained wrist. You can keep him captive with very little exertion on your part until the police arrive.



The Wrist-lock whilst on the Ground.

TO AVOID BEING THROWN.

ONE of the commonest forms of attack upon a woman is to seize her around the waist in order to throw her on the ground. At first this appears to be an almost irresistible hold, but although your assailant may be much stronger and taller than yourself you can easily prevent him from throwing you. His first effort will be directed upon lifting you off your feet, but all you do is to smartly push his chin back with the palm of your right hand. He now stands as shown in the illustration on the opposite page. He is quite unable to lift you, nor can he throw you. He will realise that he has no power to carry out his intention, and will relinquish hold of your waist. This is the opportunity you desire, for, with a sharp push against his chin while he is releasing his hold of you will send him flat on his back, as he has lost his balance. The push should be given at the very moment he loosens his hands, and the impetus you should be sudden so that he is taken quite unawares.



To Avoid being Thrown.

THE DOUBLE LEG-LOCK.

YOUR assailant's first impulse when he falls on his back is to turn over and then attempt to get up. Do not wait till he tries to rise to his feet, but the instant he has turned over force his left leg back and at the same time place your right knee at the back of his left knee-joint, enabling you to get considerable leverage. Twist his left foot towards his right and force his left leg across to the back of his right thigh. Then quickly with your right hand pull back his right foot so that his right leg presses hard down on his left leg. Next grasp his left heel with your right hand and force his left foot downwards, while at the same time you link your arm round his right foot (as demonstrated in the illustration) and press firmly downwards. By applying excessive force you can dislocate his left knee-joint and break his right foot at the same time. This is not by any means a difficult feat but is a very effective lock and can be made very painful if the leverage is applied properly. Your prisoner cannot escape and will quietly yield under your pressure.



The Double Leg-Lock

EVADING A PUNCH.

It is a very common occurrence for an assailant to strike at his victim with his left fist, and sometimes if the blow is not expected it is liable to result in the assaulted person being disabled or rendered unconscious. The assailant very frequently strikes at the face, as the point of 'be jaw is a most vulnerable spot. It is well known that a strong blow delivered on the chin point will cause unconsciousness. That is the "knock-out" blow of the prize ring, and is very effective if sufficient force is used. The concussion affects a nerve at the base of the skull, and the jar on this nerve renders the victim insensible. A person punched hard on the point of the chin falls like a log, and then all knowledge of Ju Jitsu is quite useless. However, an assault of this nature is not easily committed without the victim having some warning if able to see the assailant. The attacker must draw back his clenched fist and give other indications of a contemplated assault. You must at once realise his intention and prepare to act as described in the next article in dealing with "the wrist, arm and shoulder lock."



Evading a Punch

THE WRIST, ARM & SHOULDER-LOCK.

WHEN your assailant strikes at your face shoot up your left hand and grip him firmly by the left wrist, at the same time draw back your head slightly to prevent the blow touching your face. Thrust his fist high upwards and change your hold of his wrist so that your right hand grips his left wrist. Lower his imprisoned hand and at the same time throw your left arm over his upper left arm. Grip his left forearm with your left hand, and then twist his left hand backwards until the palm is upwards. Turn at the same time towards your right, and by applying an increase in the twist of his left hand he must stoop down, as shown in the illustration on the opposite page. He cannot break away because his arm is now securely locked, and he is in a decidedly painful position. You can hold him thus as long as you desire without much exertion, but if you decide to do so you can force your captive down on the ground, as explained in the following article on "A Severe Arm Lock: Breaking the Arm in Three Places."



The Wrist, Arm and Shoulder Lock

A SEVERE ARM LOCK, BREAKING THE ARM IN THREE PLACES.

(Simultaneously fracturing the Shoulder, Elbow and Wrist).

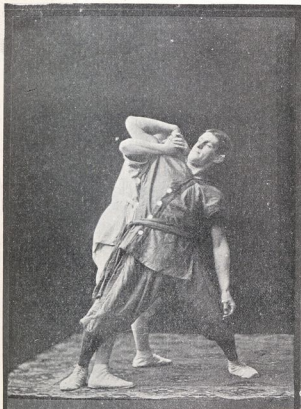
WITH your assailant held in the "wrist, arm and shoulder lock" it is not a difficult matter to force him flat on to the ground with his face downwards. You lean the weight of your left shoulder on his left shoulder blade and he is compelled to sink to the ground. You lie down beside him with your back towards the back of his head. Your left arm is thrown across his shoulder joint, and your left hand grips him under the left elbow. You press heavily on his shoulder with your body, push his elbow upwards with your left hand, and with his elbow turned upwards you bend his left hand with the palm facing towards his forearm until his wrist is bent to breaking point. You apply a sudden jerk and you snap his arm at the shoulder, elbow and wrist. You may not desire to go to this extremity, but in the event of your assailant being a very dangerous character it may be advisable to inflict the worst punishment within your power.



A Severe Arm-lock, breaking the Arm in three places. Simultaneously fracturing the Shoulder, Elbow and Wrist.

A COMBINED ARM & WRIST-LOCK.

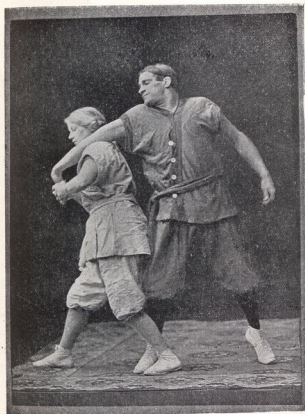
From an attempted blow it is possible to force your assailant's right arm upwards over his shoulder by gripping his wrist with your left hand. Then throw your right arm across the front of his shoulder, and grip his hand so that the palm of his hand faces towards his forearm. You bend his wrist towards his elbow by pulling firmly with both your hands. He is quite unable to use his left hand, for, if he attempts to do so you inflict considerable pain by increasing the pressure on his right wrist. He cannot bend, nor can he move away, and you can detain him in this position with comparative ease to yourself. If his hand slips from the grip of your right hand through perspiration he is still within your power, for his wrist cannot slip from your left hand and you can deal with him by applying the "elbow and wrist lock," as explained in the following article.



A combined Arm and Wrist-Lock

THE ELBOW & WRIST LOCK.

As stated in the foregoing article your adversary cannot slip his right wrist from your left grip, but your right hand having slipped through accident he is able to straighten his arm. The action on his part you take advantage of, retaining a very firm hold of his wrist with his palm upwards you place your shoulder under his upper arm, as shown in the illustration on the opposite page. You now seize his right hand with both hands, his palm still being upwards, and you pull his hand back with his knuckles towards your chest. By exerting force you exercise considerable leverage at his elbow, the pain forcing him to stand on tip-toe to lessen his sufferings. If you wish to inflict actual injury you must suddenly jerk his hand further towards your chest, which action will severely sprain his wrist and break his elbow simultaneous, thus rendering him incapable of further use with that arm.



The Elbow and Wrist-Lock

OUR ORIGINAL TOE-HOLD.

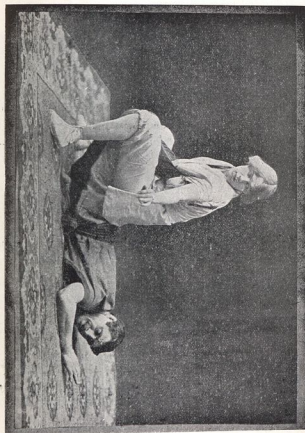
IN this hold we claim to have invented one of the most punishing holds possible in Ju Jitsu. As shown in the illustration on the opposite page, you have your assailant face downwards, which is brought about through one of the throws explained in previous chapters. You stand beside your assailant, quickly raise his right leg (grasping him by the foot) as high as possible, place your right leg between his legs and your left leg over his right leg. With your both hands grasping his foot (as depicted in the illustration) you twist his foot with the toes pointing towards his left side and at the same time press his foot downwards towards his shoulders with his calf against your thigh. It is quite impossible for him to break away, as the terrible pain you can inflict with this hold will serve to discourage any resistance or unruliness on his part. If you desire to detain him till the arrival of the police without inflicting any injury to your captive, and at the same time holding him with comfort to yourself, the "double leg and foot lock" is recommended, as shown in the following article.



Our Original Toe-Hold

THE DOUBLE LEG & FOOT-LOCK.

YOUR assailant, as explained in previous articles, has come to a position face downwards on the ground. If you wish to keep him down without much exertion and with comparative comfort to yourself you step smartly across his body. His legs are now between yours, and you have your back towards his head. Stoop forward, seize his two feet and draw them towards your armpits. Place his insteps under each of your armpits, and having them securely held there you throw yourself back into a sitting position. He is now securely held, but if you desire to punish him you can do so by leaning backwards a little further. The pain will cause him to lie still, and he will be only too glad to submit to capture sooner than endure the agony you can inflict. If you wish to injure him all you have to do is to lean still further back, and you dislocate both of his knees and sprain both insteps.



The Double Leg and Foot-lock

AVOIDING A STAB.

A DANGEROUS form of attack is when your assailant uses a knife. The danger is readily conceivable, for the slightest touch might completely disable you, or probably render you a cripple for life, even if you are not fatally injured. The average person has no idea as to the way to deal with such an emergency, and would doubtless fall an easy victim to a desperate assault by an assailant armed with a knife. Some people imagine that a struggle is inevitable unless they are fortunate enough to escape by flight. In seeking safety in flight you run a terrible risk, as you present your unprotected back to your assailant. If he happens to be fleetier than yourself you have thrown away all means of defence, for he now has easy access to vulnerable places in your body and can readily kill you in one stab. Ju Jitsu, however, comes to your rescue when you are in such a predicament, and this is clearly shown in the "overbalance," as explained in the following article.



Avoiding a Stab

THE OVERBALANCE.

Your assailant, if armed with a knife, will raise his right arm to stab you. His intention is immediately recognised. Without hesitation smartly stoop down, with your left foot forward, and with your right hand grip his right ankle; then jerk his foot up to your waist so that the jerk throws him off his balance. He leans backwards and cannot summon sufficient power to stab you owing to the awkwardness of his position. You must, of course, throw him to the ground, and this is effected by the slightest push with your left hand on his chest. He is just overbalancing when you have his foot raised to your waist, and the merest touch will now send him backwards. You retain hold of his ankle even when he falls to the ground, and you can now deal with him by applying the "double arm lock," as described in the following article.

*The Overbalance*

THE DOUBLE ARM-LOCK.

WHEN your assailant falls backwards, as shown in the previous article, he will, almost for a certainty, attempt to rise by turning over on his face. But you need not wait till he turns over, for you can make him do so by twisting his foot which you still retain hold of. You can twist his foot either side and it will cause him to turn over. You immediately relinquish hold of his ankle, and smartly grasp both of his wrists, which you pull backwards, with the palms of his hands turned inwards. At the same time you kneel heavily on his shoulder blades, thus forcing his chest on to the ground. You bend his fingers towards his head, his thumbs pointing inwards and then force his upper arms against the sides of your knees, while you bend his hands downwards. This exerts the leverage of six different locks simultaneously and with a little more pressure of his upper arms against the sides of your knees can sprain both shoulders, dislocate both elbows and sprain both wrists at the same time.



The Double Arm-Lock

THE WRIST-LOCK STANDING UP.

A HANDY method of leading a prisoner along is the "wrist lock standing up." This lock is sometimes used by those police who are acquainted with the practice of Ju Jitsu. It is invariably an easy matter to seize hold of an assailant's hand or wrist. Seeing that there are so many methods of making use of a strong grip on an assailant's wrist it is a safe rule to first grasp your attacker's wrist when there is an opportunity to do so. The moment you seize your assailant's right wrist, quickly throw your left arm across his right upper arm, turning at the same time with your back towards him, as depicted in the illustration on the opposite page. Squeeze your left elbow tightly to your side, thus holding his right arm firmly under your arm-pit and enabling you to get the proper leverage when you pull his hand downwards and backwards with his palm towards forearm. Also incline your head towards your right shoulder in order to prevent him striking you on the side of the face with his left fist. If you wish to hold him on the ground with comfort to yourself you can compel him to lie down by bending his wrist almost to the angle of dislocation and as he subsides keep his wrist firmly until he reaches the ground. You sink to the ground with him and have an opportunity of using the "double lee lock," as shown in the following article.



The Wrist-Lock standing up

THE DOUBLE LEG-LOCK.

Your assailant having been forced to the ground, as demonstrated in the preceding article, you release your grip of his wrist the instant he lies on the ground. Then quickly pull his left foot across the back of his right thigh, using your left hand. Next place your right foot on his right ankle to press it firmly down. You now seize his left foot with your right hand and pull it smartly back, while at the same time you twist the foot till the toes point towards his right knee. His left calf now presses on your right instep, which rests on his right ankle. By forcing your weight on his left foot you use considerable leverage on his left knee-joint, and by a little extra pressure on his left foot you can dislocate his left knee-joint and sprain his ankle. He will not endeavour to escape once you let him feel the power you have over him. A simple way of holding your captive once you have convinced him of the futility of trying to escape is to use the "doubleleg lock without using the hands," as explained in the subsequent article.

*The Double Leg-Lock*

THE DOUBLE LEG-LOCK WITHOUT USING THE HANDS.

AFTER you have used a little extra pressure on the left leg of your captive, as demonstrated in the foregoing article, it is preferable to rest yourself by using the "double leg lock without using the hands." You force the toes of his left foot behind your right calf. Then when his toes are well hooked behind your calf bend your right leg towards his body. This action causes leverage on his left knee-joint, and renders it impossible for him to disengage his left foot from the back of your leg. The pressure you exert on this left foot also stops the circulation of the blood from the back of his left thigh to his left foot. You need not deal with severity unless your captive threatens to attempt to escape and then, of course, a little more leverage and consequent pain will suffice to bring him to a more reasonable frame of mind. In this position you can hold him without almost any effort on your part until the police arrive.



The Double Leg-Lock, without using the Hands

AVOIDING A BLOW FROM A STICK.

To deal with an assailant who intends to strike you on the head with a stick is a most serious proposition unless you have knowledge of Ju Jitsu. A stick can inflict a terrible injury, and there is great risk of being rendered unconscious, even if you do not sustain a fractured skull. As in most other cases of emergency, presence of mind and good judgment count a great deal. You see him lift the stick to hit you on the head, and except that you raise your arm, which may be fractured by the blow, you are a certain victim, unless you pursue the following instructions. The moment his right arm is back ready to deliver the blow you make up your mind that the blow must pass to the left of you. Do not hesitate a fraction of a second, for celerity of action is indispensable. Step quickly about one foot to the right and then act according to the method described in the "Avoiding a blow from a stick; second movement," as explained in the following article.



Avoiding a Blow from a Stick

AVOIDING A BLOW FROM A STICK.

(Second Movement).

You have not a fraction of a second to waste after side-stepping as described in the foregoing article, but as his right hand descends to strike you on the head with the stick you ward off the blow by knocking his forearm to your left with your left forearm, as demonstrated in the illustration on the opposite page. Simultaneously you step smartly forward with your left foot and then bring your right calf round the back of his knee while you also shoot your right palm underneath his chin with a jolt. He is now completely off his balance and the slightest push with your right hand will send him on the flat of his back, causing his head to strike the ground with more or less force according to the energy you use in jolting his chin backwards. If on hard ground or a pavement he will be rendered unconscious by the fall. If the ground is soft you can quickly apply one of the various locks previously described.



Avoiding a Blow From a Stick, Second movement

PRESSING NERVES TO CAUSE INSENSIBILITY.

A SCIENTIFIC method of causing insensibility by a means discovered by ourselves, and known generally only to the medical fraternity, is that of "pressing nerves to cause insensibility." A hooligan who attacks you from the front offers many opportunities of applying this method of rendering him unconscious, but it is advisable that you do not attempt it unless you are well practised in applying this, the most effective weapon of all in capturing an assailant. But if you attempt this method and perhaps, through a surplus of fat around that portion of the neck you have to press upon, you are not successful in causing unconsciousness, you still have achieved something, for by pushing his head back into the required position you have rendered his arms powerless. If an assailant places his arms round your waist you push your thumbs into the hollow under each of his ears, and by pressing firmly you squeeze a main nerve that passes through the neck to the brain. The application of the pressure from six to ten seconds causes insensibility. If successful your assailant's eyes turn back and he will immediately drop to the ground, where he will lie for fully ten minutes, thus enabling you to hand him over to the police.



Pressing Nerves to cause Insensibility

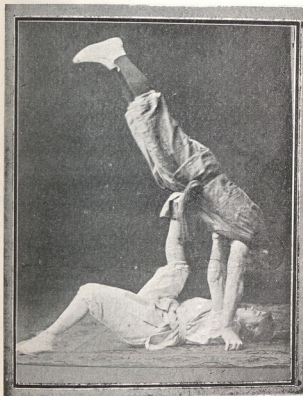
AVOIDING STRANGULATION.

If you are unsuccessful in rendering your assailant unconscious through your inexperience, or through excess of fat on the neck of your assailant when applying pressure on the nerves, as explained in the foregoing article, or if he breaks away, probably the first thing he will do is to endeavour to strangle you. He would grip you by the throat with both hands and you would fall an easy victim to this dangerous effort on his part. The sensation you will experience when he seizes your throat is alarming, but you must not lose your presence of mind, for freedom is yours in a few moments if you follow the instructions as given in the concluding article on the "stomach throw." Do not endeavour to struggle with your assailant, for the following method will surprise and defeat him in a most scientific and infallible manner.

*Avoiding Strangulation*

STOMACH THROW.

This throw is the most ingenious and successful method of disposing with an assailant who believes that he has you hopelessly within his power by gripping your throat in an endeavour to strangle you. You seize him securely with both hands by the lapels of his coat, and immediately sink backwards on to the ground. While sinking backwards you place one of your feet right in his stomach, as shown in the illustration on the opposite page. You fall on your back holding firmly on to his coat, and immediately you touch the ground you give a severe jerk with both hands while you thrust your foot straight upwards. This causes him to fall right on to the top of his head with quite sufficient force to render him insensible. You could even fracture his skull, or break his neck, by using excessive force. The frailest woman would be able to accomplish this feat when attacked even by a heavy man, as with all other locks, holds and throws described in this book.

*The Stomach Throw*

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