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Have You a Snake Voice or a Bird Voice?

THIS — WITH THIS — MAKES — THIS

If You Can Sing, You Have Both—For Science Shows That the Human Vocal Apparatus Is a Composite of That of Birds and Reptiles, and Here Is a Girl Who Uses the Bird Part Only



Miss Katherine Minahan, Who Has Cultivated the Bird Part of Her Voice to the Exclusion of the Reptile and Human Elements, Studying the Tones of a Frilled Lizard.

THIS is partly to inform the Carusos and Tetraxinis, and also the baritones, contraltos and basso profundos of grand opera of their indebtedness, not only to the birds, but to snakes, frogs, lizards and other reptiles, for their ability to extract annual millions from the pockets of music-lovers.

Any musician will tell you that the twittering of birds is not singing, and probably you don't need to be told that the croaking of frogs is not music. You will therefore be surprised to learn that the musical human voice is the result of nothing more nor less than the anatomical combination in the human vocal apparatus of the widely differing mechanisms which enable birds to twitter and reptiles to croak or hiss.

You see, it is like the case where the chemical union of two very different elements produces chloride of sodium—common salt, a most useful, even indispensable, article—and which can be obtained in no other way. Equally, without both the bird element and the reptile element in your voice, you can't sing.

Science—physiology—understands this, but it was left for the inquiring mind of a vocally talented little girl, a student of birds and frogs twittering and croaking in their native haunts, to drive the lesson home in a popular way. This she is doing—

for she's grown up now—behind the scenes of a big New York theatre tonight, and it seems to the delighted audience that living birds in the fairy play are responsible for the chirps and twitterings which add so much to the realism of the scene.

But it all comes from the throat of the girl behind the scenes—Miss

Katherine Minahan, a pretty New Jersey girl, daughter of Colonel Minahan and a protégée of the former Mrs. Frank Gould. It has taken Miss Minahan six or seven years to separate the bird element of her voice from the reptile element—as chemists resolve compound substances into their elementary constituents—and develop it to the point where it deceives even the birds themselves.

No text book or professor of anatomy had told her about the structure of the human vocal apparatus being a composite of those of the bird-kind and the reptile-kind. She had listened to and practised the croaking of frogs and the twittering of birds in the Jersey groves and meadows, and thought it out for herself. One day early in her teens she astonished her family by delivering a brief lecture on the subject, in substance as follows:

"There are three kinds of voices. Last night we heard the frog croak in the meadow—that is the first kind. This morning we were awakened by the twittering of the birds—that is the second kind. A little later, when Hans, the Bavarian fruit pedler, came down the street, he was singing, yodeling—that is the third kind of voice. But it is made up of the other two. Whenever a person sings I can hear in his tones both the frog-voice and the bird-voice. More than that, I ought to know for I have all three kinds—and I can prove it."

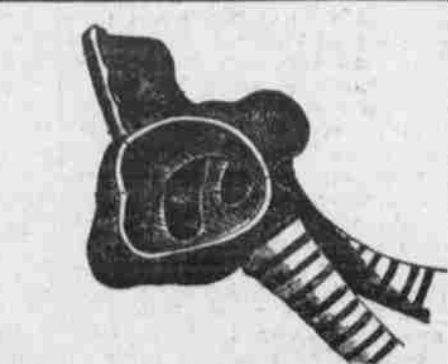
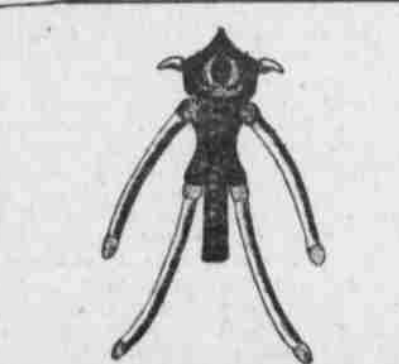
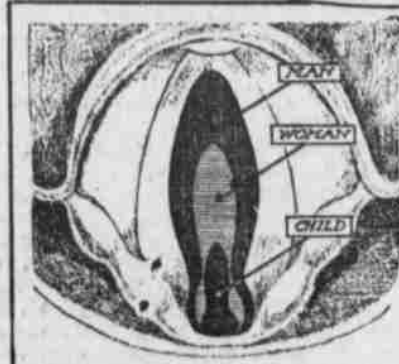
Which she did, by croaking like a frog, by twittering like a wren and by singing like herself.

Eventually little Miss Minahan's strange accomplishment, and her remarkable discovery, were bound to get into the newspapers. She had

kept up her practice of bird-notes, had acquired quite a repertory of the twitter-phrases of all the familiar songbirds, and when, with the patronage of society leaders, she gave a recital at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, her services came into considerable demand for such occasions. The benevolent Countess Leary added her influence to that of other persons who helped smooth the way for the development of a talent so unique.

Apparently there is as vast a difference between a frog and a bird as there is between their voices. Yet fossil remains of ancient birds and reptiles indicate plainly their common origin and that the bird tribe is evolved from reptile species. From crawling and hopping about on the ground and burrowing in the mud of ponds to sailing through the blue ether was a pretty long step for the species of reptiles who achieved their ambition to become birds, and the transformation it brought about in their voices was equally remarkable.

Anatomy shows that in the reptile state the voice is produced almost wholly by organs in the head—as the croaking of frogs and the hissing of snakes yet these same organs are indispensable in producing the pure, carrying tones of the musical human voice. In the bird state, however—contrary to the general impression—vocal sounds proceed from the larynx, and are actuated and controlled by the lungs and the



Vocal Organs of Bird, Reptile and Man. From Right to Left—The Bird's Larynx and Lungs Are Highly Developed, Producing Clear and Powerful Tones Without Reliance Upon Sounding Cavities in the Head; the Reptile Relies Solely on Its Upper Throat and Head for Its Limited Vocal Powers; in Man the Bird's Throat and Thoracic Organs and Those of the Reptile's Head Form a Composite System Which Makes Human Song Possible.

diaphragm, as in the case of man. But the bird is able to vocalize with brilliancy and great carrying power with very little dependence upon the resonance cavities of the skull and nasal structure, so necessary in giving the human voice quality and resonance.

So it appears that the little New Jersey songstress and student of the vocal methods of frogs and birds was right in her theory that it takes both the vocal organs and methods of the reptile and the bird to produce the human singing voice. Now comes the story of her oppor-

tunity to take these truths out of the hands of scientific circles and demonstrate them to the general public.

It was David Belasco, dramatist and producer of plays, who is always looking for new and useful stage effects, who gave Miss Min-

"Whenever a persons sings I can hear in his tones both the frog-voice and the bird-voice. I have all three kinds, and can prove it."

Miss Minahan, Demonstrating Her Bird-Voice in Rivalry with a Canary, to David Belasco, Who Promptly Engaged Her to Furnish Bird Notes in His Fairy Play

han this opportunity. Having read of her theory and her accomplishments, occasionally during several years he assigned someone from his staff to hear her and report on her progress. These reports grew in enthusiasm. It was a bird-voice—no doubt about that.

At length, a few weeks ago, when Mr. Belasco was worrying over fairy-like atmosphere for his forthcoming production of "The Good Little Devil," he suddenly issued the order:

"Get the girl with the bird-voice. Go at once—bring her to me, here."

Willingly she came to the theatre, sang a dozen bird notes and by them soothed the worried manager as David by his fresh voice cast the troublesome spirit out of Saul.

"Exactly what I need. I knew I should need you some day," he said. "I am worried about this play. There are many difficulties in the way. I want you to sing those bird notes when the fairies gather about a little blind girl. Will you?"

The day after "The Good Little Devil" was produced in New York, all the critics spoke of the delicious sounds proceeding as though from a flock of song birds.

Back in the "wings" stood a slender girl in a black tailor suit, her chin uplifted showing a beautifully full and deliciously curved throat, her lips pursed in the form of a beak, thrilling, warbling, whistling, carolling.

Few people who read the announcement of the bird songs rendered by Miss Katharine Minahan, as heard in Juliet's garden scene in "The Good Little Devil," have any idea of the method by which these effects are produced.

Various explanations are given by the audience for this effect, some claiming that it is mechanical, others that a real nightingale has been captured and held subject to the genius of Belasco. But for the benefit of the curious it may be of interest to know that these are the real bird notes, though produced quite naturally by a young woman.

Unlike most attempts at this sort of thing, these bird notes are not mere imitations. They may be said to be the real bird notes, or as near to them as the human throat is capable of producing.

In other words, this is really the music of the feathered songsters. These are songs sung as the bird sings. For in this respect Miss Minahan produces the tones just as the bird does—with the same throat formations and same use of the breath—copies, in fact, from the birds themselves.

The interesting scientific point, however, is that for the first time it has been proved possible for a human vocalist to separate the reptile part from the bird part of her voice and to develop the latter to the exclusion, not only of the former but of their human composite.

My Secrets of Beauty-No. 218-Is Your Skin Lazy? By Mme. Lina Cavaleri, the Most Famous Living Beauty

THIS is the season when a woman looks into the mirror with more than the usual misgivings. Her anxiety concerns her skin.

The greater amount of food partaken and the heavier nature of it for six months have probably mottled the skin with the red of pimples or the brown of liver patches. The cold has drawn the oils from the skin and left it dry, and you are fortunate if fine lines have not been etched upon it for Winter is an expert with skin for material and wrinkles as the marks of his craftsmanship. The social activities of some and the study and work by daylight of others have caused the muscles to shrink away from the skin, and the skin has acquired a flaccid, dragged, loose-hanging appearance. The texture of the skin has also coarsened, as it always does in Winter.

This is the crisis, the condition. What is to be done? You must awake the skin from its sleep, arouse it from its laziness. You must set it to work. The lazy skin is like the lazy body. If left unexercised it grows flabby and unlovely, and is liable to be afflicted with disease. Make the skin perform its chief duty, which is elimination of the waste of the body.

Tea open the closed pores of the outer covering. Open them until the skin is sieve-like in its porosity, so that refuse matter can freely pass through it.

There is a deep, changeless truth in the old adage: "We scarce begin to live ere we begin to die!" But we need not be mournful about the ancient saw. It refers to the fact that life is a flux, a continual change. The body is as a house that as fast as it is built it is torn down and rebuilt. This building up and tearing down medical men term metabolism, so don't fancy that you are afflicted by any incurable disease if a doctor mentions it when discussing your Spring cold or your Summer heat stroke.

To impress upon you the need of the skin casting off quantities of matter every day let me remind you what is the ash (or waste) of the body. First, there is carbon dioxide, the ash left by the burning up of the tissue. There is urea, formed by tissues that have decomposed; there are salts, there is much water resulting from the transformation of the food taken into the body into fluids. There is general effects that is dead matter.

These are cast into the life stream—the blood—as timbers are flung into a river. The three great eliminative organs—the lungs, the skin and the kidneys—should rid the body of most of this waste. But part of the waste remains if the skin is lazy. The results are pimples and a muddy, yellowish skin. So set your skin to work. Do this by two means—exercise and baths. Every skin is an artful dodger that does not freely perspire.

If it must be taught over again to perform this function, as a person



Mme. Lina Cavaleri.

long ill has to learn again how to walk, you can begin by a few Turkish baths, perhaps by a course of them if you have the time and money. But warm baths at home will further the work, especially if you stimulate the skin by pouring into the bathtub a 5-cent bag of washing soda will help to rip open

the pores, though this remedy is barred to tender skins.

A coarse flesh brush or a rough hand or rough towel rubbed vigorously over the parts of the body you can conveniently reach and drawn across those less accessible, as the back, will coax the tight pores to open.

Much fruit eating and water

Beauty Questions Answered

F. A. J. says: "Will you please give me full instructions for developing the bust and tell me what results I can expect and how long it will take? I am 5 feet 7 inches tall and weigh 133 pounds and I am almost as flat-chested as a child."

I will wager you are a shallow breather. Breathe from the abdomen deeply and many times a day. I know an instance of a chest expansion gaining seven inches in a year in that way. Coconut oil patted light into the breast should be an aid, but nothing can take the place of deep breathing as a chest expander.

"Will you kindly let me know in next Sunday's paper what to do for a yellow complexion?" asks M. P.

"Set your lazy liver to work by exercising more out of doors. Slap the body lightly but firmly on that side. Drink copiously of water and eat freely of fruit."

C. S. writes of her experiments

with all the depilatories and complains that the hair comes back.

I have said over and over again that nothing removes superfluous hairs except electrolysis, and that that sometimes fails. When the root of the hair is destroyed the hair will grow no more.

E. H. sends the plaint: "Will you kindly print directions to make my hands soft and white? I am eighteen years of age and do no hard work of any kind, such as housework. Yet my hands are very red and rough. I cannot understand it."

Avoid tight sleeves and gloves. Bath your hands neither in warm or cold water, but tepid. The best cosmetic for the hands is made of equal parts of rose water and glycerine. I wash my hands in it after washing them in warm water and soap and before they have been thoroughly dried by a towel. I allow the rose water and glycerine to dry on or into the hands.

drinking will aid the work of causing perspiration. But teach the skin this habit, for to use the intelligent phrase of a Turkish bath attendant who waited upon me in London: "No sweat, filth inside, bad skin!"

Surprised.

IT was the yearly inspection of the school, and the inspector, a tall, thin, wisen-faced gentleman, was questioning on the meanings of words contained in the reading lesson.

"The specter from behind him rose," quoted he. "Point to the eyes upon a girl in the front desk, he asked: 'What is the meaning of 'specter'?"

The little girl's face paled as she rose.

"Please, sir, I don't know," she admitted, shamefacedly.

"Just think, girl," he said. "The man was dreadfully frightened by the specter rose behind him" and frightened him still more."

"She was going to say something, but stopped."

IN ONE THING.

"I'm glad to find you as you are," said the old friend. "Your great wealth hasn't changed you."

"Well," replied the millionaire, "it has changed me in one thing. I'm now eccentric where I used to be impolite, and delightfully sarcastic where I used to be rude."