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"Three times a day in my rower."

"Then the cold bath."

"Always the lemon."

"And the midnight crawfish."

"And I stand SO—not like these other women."



How I Lost 30 Pounds in 6 Weeks with

An Indoor Rowing Machine!
Twelve Lean Crawfish Tails!
Half a Lemon in Every Drink!

Mary Garden Tells How She Fought Successfully

MARY GARDEN is almost the only prima donna of high rank who is not fat, or if not fat, bulky. Her figure, admired as much as her acting—and often more than her voice—sculptors say, is the most superb of modern times.

She wears, as Louise, the same skirt she wore when, fourteen years ago, she made her debut in that role at the Opera Comique. It has not been altered by an eighth of an inch. Who else can report such remarkable stationariness of figure? Miss Garden is not fat, she says, because she will not permit herself to grow fat.

Here she tells how she rid herself last Summer in six weeks of thirty pounds of superfluous and unwelcome flesh.

By Mary Garden

LAST Summer I surveyed myself in the mirror and decided that I was too fat. Normally and usually I weigh 135 pounds. I found I weighed thirty pounds more. This is how I did it:

As soon as I rise in the morning I take my place on the bench of a rowing machine, seize the substitute for the oars and row, row, row. I do not row by schedule, for I have one purpose in this rowing, that is to force myself to perspire. I manipulate the fake oars until I am in a profuse perspiration.

When I feel that my pores are dripping I spring out of the machine, toss off my night robe and plunge into the ice cold bath my maid has prepared. Sometimes this half liquefaction requires twenty minutes of rowing. Sometimes it takes less, occasionally more. In the late Spring when the body is heavy from the rich foods and bodily inactivity of the Winter and tired with exhausting work, it is harder to bring about perspiration than in the Summer when nature aids.

Last Summer, wanting to rid myself of that heavy feeling, I literally bent myself to the oars. I rowed in the morning when I rose. After attending to my correspondence, reading the newspapers and making my plans for the day, I rowed again, and again I went, profusely perspiring, under a cold shower.

After my drive on the Bois I disrobed and again took my row and followed with the shower. Before retiring, once more came the rowing and the shower, this time tepid, for the cold shower shocks the nerves and makes one wakeful.

So much do I believe in the mechanical rowing that I think my excess thirty pounds might have disappeared with only this help, but I gave nature more.

My doctor told me that I would always keep in form, and by in form I mean light and slender; if I never drank a glass of water unless I squeezed half a lemon into it. I drink a great deal of water and always have the juice of half a plump lemon squeezed into it.

I have never been out to an after-theatre supper in my life. My first thought after a performance is to get home. When I get to my rooms I eat a small piece of chicken, drink a glass or two of water with the lemon juice in it, and go to bed. When I vary this light supper it is for my favorite dish of crawfish. I am served with a dozen of them and only eat the tails.

To these three rules, the daily rowing, the inevitable lemon juice in the water I drink, and the light, unfattening supper before going to bed, I attribute my loss of thirty pounds last Summer, and my ability at all times to keep my figure from thickening.

But besides these, I am careful not to do many things that are the hall mark of the woman who is too fat.

I never drink anything stronger than water. I like beer and stout, but I never drink either.

Alcohol in any form is fatal to slenderness.

I do not take much exercise out of doors because I have not time. But I am always active after I leave my bed. I am always walking about. When I sit I sit, I do not lounge, as I have seen so many women do, especially in America, I sit perfectly upright, using my spine for a support, as nature intended it, not as a cushion. I never lop about in a chair. When I am restless I move about the room.

I have taught myself to stand correctly, and when a woman stands correctly the parts of her body arrange themselves in the right proportions.

She does not look baggy nor fat.

American women don't, as a rule, stand well. They lean front or side wise. Some of them do this on purpose to give the impression of languor and indifference. How unutterably silly! A woman is at her best when she is most alive. Magnetism is simply the power to move others. That is to be like an electric dynamo. It is to live tremendously while you live.

Against Her Too Rapidly Increasing Curves



BEFORE

10 Rules for Thinness

By Mary Garden

- 1—Do what the policeman says, "Keep moving," and never grow fat.
- 2—It is not necessary to be mountainous to be a prima donna.
- 3—Never eat between meals. Nibbling makes fat.
- 4—Don't be bored; it makes you fat.
- 5—Alcohol kills slenderness.
- 6—Never drink a glass of water without the juice of half a lemon.
- 7—The line from chin to bust is noticed first, and gives the stamp of your personality.
- 8—A woman is at her best when she is most alive.
- 9—Magnetism is simply the power to move others.
- 10—Life is not from the body, but from the mind.

older, and feel twenty pounds heavier. If you want to keep young and thin, don't let yourself be bored.

An invariable rule of mine is to never eat between meals. Nibbling and age-making. I know a woman who says she eats when she is lonesome. She shouldn't be lonesome. There is so much to do, so much that can be found to do, if it isn't ready at hand, that no one need fatten herself by unnecessary eating.

Let me give you a bit of curious anatomical history: In 1887, when I made my debut as Louise, I wore a narrow little black skirt that fitted me well. Whenever I sing Louise I wear the same skirt. It has not been altered a particle. That means that in fourteen years my hips have not varied an iota in size. But in that time my chest has expanded twelve inches. That change has all been due to my vocal lessons. In fine, the lower half of my body is as God made it. I do not know many singers, so do not know how they live. But I think they grow so large because they lie in bed too much. It is not necessary to be a prima donna.

The policeman gives humanity, and especially women, good advice: "Keep moving." If we will follow it we will never grow fat.

AFTER

The Loss of Mary Garden's Thirty Pounds is Shown Plainly in This Photograph of Her as "Natoma" Last Season and This Exclusive One Just Taken.

Alaskan Furs More Valuable Than Gold

WHAT is royalty going to do for ermine? The supply of this valuable fur has been obtained hitherto from Siberia, but the little animal that furnishes it is well-nigh exterminated, and pretty soon it will practically cease to exist, commercially speaking.

There is only one answer to the question. Kings and their consorts will be obliged to fall back upon the ermine of Alaska, which animal, though a nearly related species, produces a fur very inferior to the Siberian. Its pelt is worth to-day only one dollar, whereas that of the ermine of Northern Asia sells at from ten to fifteen dollars.

Seal alone excepted, the most important fur-bearing animal in Alaska is the mink. During the last year 23,738 mink skins, valued at \$108,

588, were shipped out of the Territory. Next comes the muskrat, with a production of 223,893 skins for the twelve months of 1910—worth \$75,248.

The Kuskokwim and Yukon valleys furnish the bulk of the muskrat output. The natives of those regions use vast numbers of muskrat skins every year for clothing and in barter with other tribes. Their value is steadily increasing, and, as a result, the animal is hunted more vigorously each season—so much so, indeed, that extermination would soon threaten it, but for the fact that the Federal Government has now made Alaska a game preserve, and will establish adequate protection for this and other fur-bearing creatures.

The total quantity of furs shipped out of Alaska in the last year represented a value of \$917,625—not including the skins sent out by mail, or carried out among the personal effects of tourists and other travelers. Of these pelts, 5,567 were marten, 2,047 lynx, 2,002 beaver, 1,861 land otter, 2,002 white fox, 1,154 blue fox, 53 silver fox and 2 black fox. A skin of the black fox, in first-class condition, is worth \$1,000.

The Telephone Girl Who Asked a King for a Kiss—and Got It!

If a cat may look at a king, may a telephone "central" girl ask for a royal kiss over the wire and get it?

"Yes," is the answer, and from no less a king than Victor Emmanuel of Italy—and thereby hangs one of the most charming romantic tales in which royalty figures in these practical, prosaic times.

The heroine, one of the prettiest telephone girls in Rome, is Signorina Maria Carrubetto. She has scarlet lips and a cloud of smoke-colored hair. There is a curve of the lips and a sparkle in the dark eyes which proclaim that the Signorina is of a merry disposition, as ready as any of her comrades, upon occasion, for flirtatious repartee with the telephone company's patrons.

Now, it happens that Maria's "central" is the one which makes connections for the Quirinal—all the departments of the king's establishment in Rome, including the royal stables. As it is not usual for royal personages to do their own telephoning, Maria had never heard Victor Emmanuel's voice.

Like the young King of Spain, Victor Emmanuel can be easy and democratic in his manners when he so chooses. That is usually his mood when he makes a visit of inspection to the royal stables. The groom's salute him on this account, and none of them more than does the youngest and most debonair of them all, whom the king is accustomed to greet with a friendly smile, by name, Giuseppe, and ask how he is getting on.

Not long ago Victor Emmanuel was inspecting his stables, with Giuseppe in close attendance, when he suddenly remembered a neglected communication due to one of his ministers.

"Giuseppe," said the king, "conduct me to the telephone booth."

At telephone central Signorina Maria was in a particularly cheerful mood that morning. Only the day

before, Giuseppe, employed at the royal stables, whom she had met more than once at some working people's ball, had sent her a whole volley of ardent kisses over the wire.

"B-z-z-z." Aha! the royal stables again. Probably more electric kisses from Giuseppe!

But the voice that demanded connection with a certain number was not the voice of Giuseppe. Moreover, it was saying, a bit impatiently: "Pronto, pronto," the Italian equivalent for "ready," meaning that the one who calls is waiting to begin the conversation.

"Aha," thought Maria, "Giuseppe is gay this morning. He is disguising his voice, thinking to fool little Maria." So, with her lips close to the receiver, she called crisply over the wire:

"Basta, Giuseppe. Non mi fai scherze." (Enough, Giuseppe! Quit your kidding.) And then, archly:

"Non vuol baciar tua?" (Colloquial Roman for, aren't you going to give me a kiss?)

Just a second of silence, and then over the wire into Maria's delighted ear came the unmistakable "cheep" of a telephone kiss. But the kiss was followed by this startling bit of information, in the same strange voice:

"It is with the compliments of your King, Victor Emmanuel."

Hearing which, Signorina Maria Carrubetto promptly fainted. She had to be excused for the day.

"Giuseppe," said the king when he emerged from the booth, "the operator at central has a very sweet voice."

"Yes, Your Majesty," said Giuseppe, blushing.

"You have heard it often, Giuseppe?"

"Nearly every day, Your Majesty." Giuseppe was growing pale.

"She called me 'Giuseppe,' and asked for a kiss."

"Oh, pardon, Your Majesty!" And Giuseppe fell on his knees.

"Giuseppe, are you acquainted with this girl—have you met her?"

"Oh, yes, many times, Your Majesty. Only pardon—"

"Do you love each other?"



Maria Carrubetto, Who Was Kissed by a King by Wire.