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My Secrets of Beauty No. 149

What the Doctor Recommends

By Mme. Lina Cavaleri, the Most Famous Living Beauty.

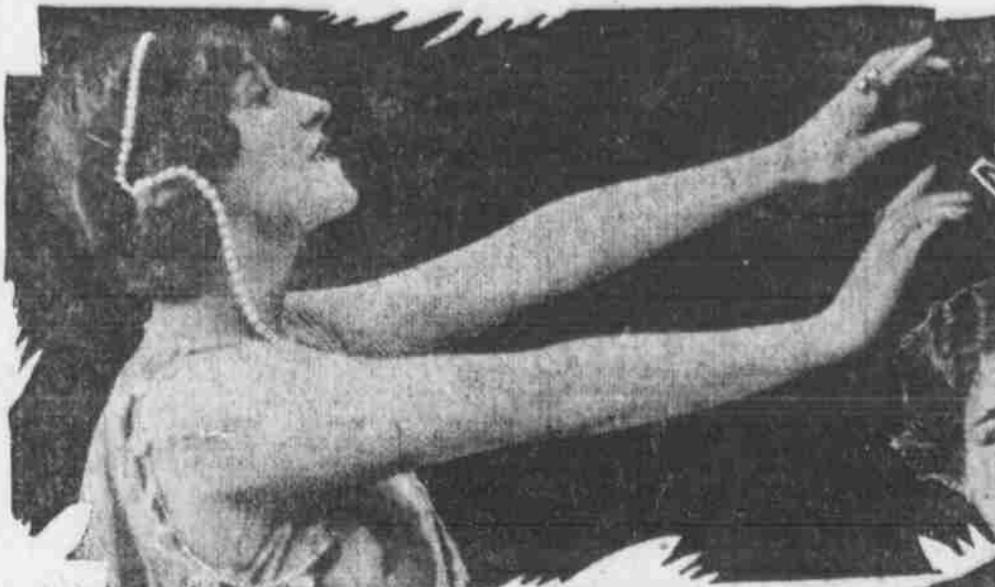


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My physician is one of the wise men of this world, and I doubt not that when he leaves this plane he will be one of the wise men of another. Strange to say, I have learned from him to rely little upon medicines.

He, with many other clever physicians, hates drugs. Said he to me one day, when I told him that it seemed to me every muscle, bone and nerve in my body ached: "Don't ask me to give you any poisons, my dear mademoiselle. I wish you to cure yourself. It is the greatest of all cures."

Then he began questioning in his calm, judicious way: "Where is the pain?" he said: "Everywhere," I tearfully answered. "But where is most of it?" he persisted. "About the knees," I answered. Said he: "Then stretch them." He told me that the knees should be free. When they felt stiff or imprisoned all was not well with them, and that I could cure the stiffness and gain the freedom simply by stretching the knees. It was quite simple and easily learned. Will not you who read this page try it?

Bend the leg quickly and vigorously at the knee joint. Raise the leg slowly until the upper part of the leg is on a straight line with the thigh, the foot, so to speak, dangling. Do the same with the other leg. Alternate and repeat ten times.

"It is," I said laughingly to the doctor, "like a soldier marching very high and fast." "Precisely," answered he.

In a few minutes I, who had felt the weight of lassitude, who felt as I have heard some say in the United States, "more dead than alive," began to feel better. The blood flowed through my languid limbs. I felt alive again. It was quite simple. The knee stretching had started renewed circulation, not only in the limbs but in the trunk. Begin the exercises with six movements. Then increase to eight and ten.

Before singing had expanded my lungs and enlarged my chest I had narrow shoulders and a contracted chest. Doctors less wise than the one, told me I was going into a decline; that I had incipient tuberculosis. But this wise doctor saved my life—and how, do you suppose? He said: "I cannot cure you. You must cure yourself."

"But how?" I asked. Then he taught me arm circling, that salvation of so many who are clasped with the tubercular doomed. It frees the tightened and half useless shoulder joints; it widens the chest space; it teaches the lungs to do their work well. It trains to

"For aching muscles of the leg imitate the marching of a soldier, lift the limbs very high and fast."

right breathing.

Clench the hands, and, holding the arms at the sides and slightly in front of the body, move them behind you, and raising and swinging them slowly, make circles in the air. Raise the arms as high as you can, then bring them as low as you can without bending the body; next, holding your hands behind you, raise the arms, bringing them forward, forming the same circles. This should be repeated many times a day, beginning with eight of the circlings and increasing to twenty.

There is a state of body, and quite as much of mind, when to use a common phrase, we "feel our bodies." It is a commonplace way of saying that the spirit feels the weight of the body as an incubus. This state makes for ill health and awkwardness. For it is characteristic of the strong and active, and especially of the graceful person, that he or she is little conscious of the body. Perhaps I will make this condition clearer to you if I tell you that the term "general debility" applies well to it. Sometimes it leads to greater weight. Sometimes to paralysis. But in its lightest degree it is uncomfortable, if not dangerous. This doctor of mine, when I complain of your Amer-



MME. LINA CAVALIERI has an eminent physician who never prescribes drugs except as a last resort. When she complains of aching muscles he orders exercises for those muscles. Pain, he believes, can be driven away, in most instances, by stimulating the circulation. How she obeys this advice, and with what results, Mme. Cavaleri interestingly tells on this page.

foot, swing the leg in a circle. Do this three or four times at the beginning. After the muscles become accustomed to the new exercise you can repeat the exercise six, eight, ten or twelve times. It is well to alternate.

It was this wise physician of mine who taught me self cure of one of the signs of poor circulation, cold feet. Also the exercise I am about to describe to strengthen weak ankles.

Holding the leg out before one, swing the foot clear of the ground, and holding it thus lifted, work the foot up and down by means of the ankle joints. Also swing the foot round and round. This can be repeated many times a day and each



"A good resting exercise is to swing the arms backward and forward with a long, free movement.

lean term for the complaint is "loginess," says: "Cure yourself again, maidmolelle. Pretend that you are a mower." It is great release for the body and amusement for the mind to fancy yourself holding a scythe and mowing the grass that grows to your knees and waist. With the windows of my room wide open I have fancied that I was actually mowing the lush grass I have seen growing in the green valleys of my native bella Italy.

Use a broomstick instead, or an umbrella, or a cane, if you like. Grasp it with both hands and make long, swinging movements of cutting the grass. The raising and sinking of the body, the long, free, parallel movement of the arms, employs nearly every muscle in the body, and the quickening of the circulation is at once felt. Swing first to the right a half dozen times, then to the left a like number of times. As the body becomes accustomed to the vigorous exercise the number can be increased to two dozen. I have known the exercise to cure a case of curvature of the spine at its beginning. A little girl who was growing round shouldered by bending over her desk at school was kept at home by her mother and taught to mow, always on the side opposite to the curving inward of the delicate little backbone.

For indigestion he prescribed turning far around as I could, standing upright, and remaining squarely on my feet, yet twisting the upper part a far from side to side as I could without straining a muscle. Placing the hands at the sides, palms against the waist line, encourages in what seems to the beginner foolish procedure. For beneath the palms you can feel the enormous play of the muscles, and you will realize that stagnant circulation, the cause of most of the bodily ills, is being vigorously stirred. Persist in this, and in drinking much water and fresh fruit juice, and your indigestion will probably vanish.

If the hips are disproportionately large, leg circling, steadily followed, will reduce them. Place the palms at the waist and raising the right

THE MANICURE LADY.

"It seems to me that for a girl which has just returned from Europe," declared the Head Barber, "you take a whole lot of extra holidays."

"I was to home with an attack of neuralgia," said the Manicure Lady. "The doctor thought for a while that I would never be able to talk again."

"That would have been fierce!" exclaimed the Head Barber. "I should hate to think how awful it would be for a girl of your years to look forward to one of them long, Dummy Taylor existences. It would be bad enough for you while you stay single, but think how fierce that that malady would seem if you happened to get married. Think of a married woman that can't talk! Oh! Oh!"

"Men talk more than women," replied the Manicure Lady. "Men first, barbers second and ladies third place. But as I was saying about my neuralgia, George, it was sure a fierce ordeal to go through. As the novelist says, for weeks I lay tossing on a bed of pain, but my splendid constitution and splendid nerve finally pulled me through."

"Your splendid nerve might have pulled you through," replied the Head Barber. "How did the family take it?" Made Her Grouchy.

"Kind of hard, George. Mother and sister Mayme was a lot put out, of course, because I help a lot evenings with the housework, and brother Wilfred felt bad because the pain made me kind of grouchy and kept me from coming across with the touches that he has been making regular on me since I got my inheritance."

ling bawled out the way he deserved by mother, I used to interrupt by telling something funny that happened down here to the shop, and the war would be over almost before you knew it. But after my jaws got so sore from neuralgia that I couldn't talk, then mother knew and seen her opportunity, and the way she was laying down the law to father was a crime. If there was anything the old gent had did for a year back, all the way from joining a fake lodge to singing 'The Little Black Bull Came Down the Mountain' on the front step at 3 a. m., well, I would like to know what it was."

"Sometimes I feel kind of sorry for the old gent at that. When it comes to an argument with mother, he is always more won against than winning, and it is getting so that the only things mother allows him to swallow is things called food-stuffs, so called because they are far different from the old gent's former diet. It seems a kind of shame to me, George, to see a gent in his declining years being denied all them little comforts and luxuries which made his early years so rosy."

"But to get back to my neuralgia, George, I am sure glad that I ain't going to lose my voice. Sometimes even now I wake up in the night and think of the awful possibility of losing my voice."

"Don't stay awake on the account, kid," said the Head Barber. "Get your sleep. You're safe."

MUTUAL.

Mother—You have accepted George? Why, you know very well that I don't approve of him.
Daughter—That's all right, mother. Neither does he approve of you.

FOILED.

Office Optimist—Anyway, boarding houses are not so bad. At ours, for instance, we can eat as much as we like.
Cautious Crank—So can we at ours, but there never is anything we can possibly like!

movement from fifteen to thirty times.

If you are tired and there is yet work to be done, my doctor recommended this:

Swing the arms backward and forward with long, free movement, the clenched hands meeting in front and at the back being on a level with the shoulders.

It is rest through different activity.

G. S. writes: "My hair is very thin and I am not able to make it curl. I may add that the crude oil and bay rum you recommend made my hair stop falling out, but I should like to raise a new crop. Massage your scalp every day unless the scalp becomes too tender. Avoid eating sweets or pies. I know of no way of making straight hair curly except by using irons, which I disapprove, or curlers wrapped in kid, which are less harmful to the hair."

A. R. writes: "Will you kindly advise me what to do for my nose? The least long, free movement will turn it very red. It is certainly most unbecoming. I have used almost all kinds of cold cream, also a prescription by my physician."

Do you wear your corsets, your collars, your sleeves or your shoes of your stockings too tight? Either of these might cause your nose to be red. If not, try this lotion, which soothes irritated surfaces: Cherry laurel water.....2 oz. Powdered calamine.....1/2 dram Glycerine.....1/4 dram Zinc oxide.....1/4 dram Apply with a soft cloth or ab



"A good exercise to restore vigor when one is tired out." Mildred writes: I am nineteen and altogether too fleshy. Please tell me an internal remedy for reducing my weight. Fasting always makes me so sick and weak.

I am opposed to obesity remedies that are taken internally, for they disturb the digestion and make a person thinner by reducing the amount of

her vitality. The best internal remedy you can take, my dear, is to eat less food. I do not advocate fasting, but I do favor eating less. Try eating a third less than usual for two weeks. Then half as much as usual for a month. Exercise freely during those six weeks, especially walking before breakfast. Drink water freely, especially at this time. It will make it possible for you to get on with less food.

For indoor exercise the punching bag is useful. It will reduce the fat girl, for the extra amount of air it causes her to take in to the lungs will burn up the waste fats.

"For the heavy feeling called 'loginess' make long, swinging movements with a broomstick, cane or umbrella."

What He Meant

A PARTY of four, just returning from the theatre, called in at the fashionable restaurant. The prim old maid, who was the guest of the evening, was charmed with everything, especially the music.

While the waiter was standing by the table, she asked him to find out the title of the piece the orchestra was playing. And the willing waiter promised.

But other duties claimed him for a time, and when he returned the lady had completely forgotten her request.

When he bent toward her, and softly whispered something in her ear, she recoiled in horror. Then, recovering from the shock, she turned with cold, relentless fury upon the hapless man who waited.

"How dare you!" she cried. "How dare you!"

And it took the terrified waiter quite a time to explain why he had merely breathed the title of the piece so softly: "What Can I Do To Make You Love Me?"

His View

THE circus proprietor was bewailing his bad luck and poor takings. "What I want, gentlemen," he observed to a small group gathered in the smokeroom of the Royal Hotel, "is a real, live attraction. Something will have to be done. If I could persuade a gentleman to enter the lions' den I should get a good advertisement, and things might take a turn for the better."

"I'll go into the lions' den," said the quiet man of the party. The proprietor could hardly credit his sense of hearing. With tears he assured the gentleman that things

SOME CLASS.

"My boy John writes me that he is supplied at the best hotels," remarked Mrs. Corn.

"Is he a commercial traveller?" "No. He's drivin' a parcels delivery van."

"Raising the foot swing in a circle to reduce the size of too large hips."