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## How is Your Figure?

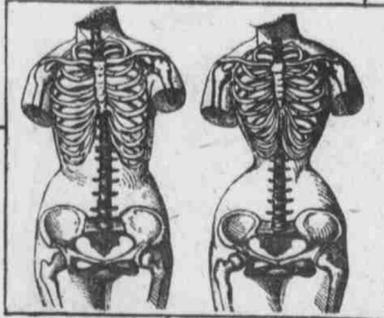
First of a Series of Practical Lessons in Health, Especially Prepared for American Women by Miss F. Christian Miller, the English Expert.



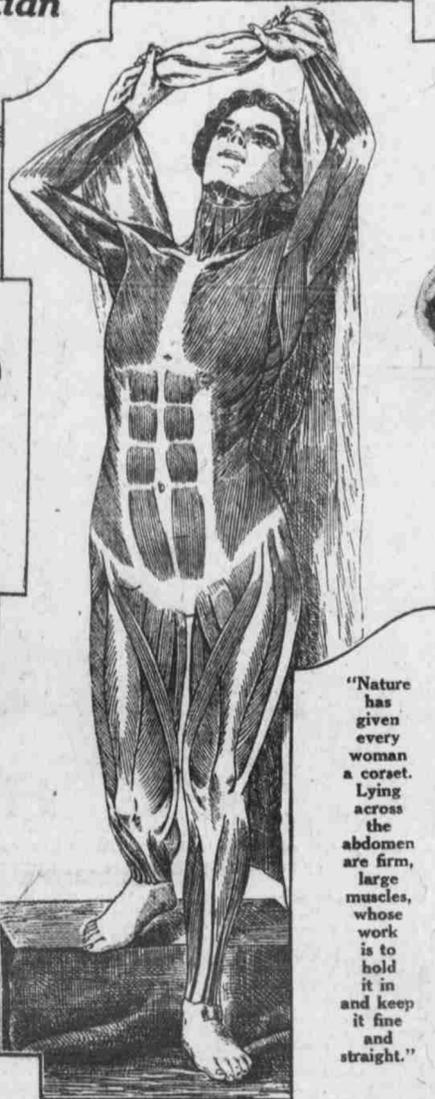
"Stretch and yawn and notice how the muscles of the abdomen tighten."



"Fancy yourself lifting a heavy weight and you'll feel as though heavy hands were pressing on the abdominal muscles."



"Note the body that is held in place by the natural corset and the one dwarfed by artificial stays."



"Nature has given every woman a corset. Lying across the abdomen are firm, large muscles, whose work is to hold it in and keep it fine and straight."



Miss F. Christian Miller, F. C. I.

MISS F. CHRISTIAN MILLER is one of the staff of the Conn Institute in London. She was first a pupil, then a teacher, and was finally placed on the staff of advisers of that well-known school for smart women who desire to improve their health and appearance, and for the training of young girls to become beautiful women.

She has been sent by the Conn Institute to this country to teach posture and grace, while teaching health. Already she has become the fad in New York, as the Conn Institute is in London. Smart women desiring to improve themselves have gone to her for instruction. Morning lectures at the Waldorf and her drawing-room talks in homes have become features of the fashionable season in New York. Miss Miller, who is a Fellow of the Conn Institute and entitled to the letters of her degree, has been engaged to write a series of articles for this newspaper.

By F. Christian Miller, F. C. I.

A NOBLE Englishman, who had grown from a weakling boy into a sturdy man, who lived to be eighty, believed that the human race could be made strong and beautiful through right care and exercise of the body. He believed that the future of the race depended upon the women, because they are its bearers. His slogan throughout the British Empire was "Give us strong, beautiful women." He founded an institute to teach women how to make themselves strong and beautiful. It was his bequest to the world. When Sir Frederick McCoy passed from this world Mrs. Joseph Conn took up his work. The Conn Institute has become a household word in London.

I have come to this country to spread the principles of that institute. American women I find attractive, indeed charming, but the

figure and carriage of many show serious errors. It is my purpose in these articles to point out those faults. We are seeking perfection on both sides of the water, and to point out faults is to bring about perfection.

Many American figures I have seen have three serious faults. The abdomen is balloony. The hips are too large. And the body is so laced that the flesh, which has to go somewhere, is pushed up toward the chin, giving the "hunched" look, which is so disfiguring.

Now, as to the first point, the balloony abdomen. No woman can ever be beautiful, nor elegant, who has that paunchy look. If she looks as though a pillow were strapped about her circumference, she is, no matter what her other attractiveness, a sorry sight. And so with what some one of your clever Americans have aptly termed the sign of the spreading hips. No woman, no matter how babyfaced, looks young if she is disproportionately large hips. Both of these unsightly appearances must be banished.

The third point, the pushed-up, hunched look, is most unbecoming. That, too, must go. Handsome women I see on your streets look as stiff as a soldier on parade. Their shoulders are too high. And they move as though walking were not the fine, free exercise it is, but an effort that must be, somehow, gotten through.

What is the cause of all this? Corsets. And I plead for their banishment. I should like to see them banished from the young girl's wardrobe. If a woman over thirty has worn corsets since she was a young girl, she must keep on wearing them. But if the young girl be trained in time, beginning,

the natural corset and the one dwarfed by artificial stays."

say, when she is fourteen, there will be absolutely no need of her ever wearing them.

For nature has given every woman a corset. If she takes care of that she never needs any other. Round about the abdomen, lying diagonally across it, are firm, large muscles whose work is to hold in the abdomen and keep it fine and straight.

But few women know about this corset, and some ignore it. What is the result of this? The abdominal muscles are not trained to do their work. The muscles that are

not used weaken. Fat forms in the weakest parts. Therefore, the unpleasant protruding abdomen and the ever-widening hips.

Now, how to prevent this? I was once the victim of such accumulation of flesh. I weighed two hundred and twenty-four pounds. In six months of training down, by exercise alone, I reduced my weight to one hundred and fifty-four, where it has remained for three years. It is as low as I wish it to be, because I believe that a woman should have curving hips. In other words, a man's ground plan is the pyramid

or wedge, while a woman's is a succession of soft curves.

One of the exercises that rapidly lessens most figures that are of too generous size about the middle is that of pushing. Fancy yourself lifting a piano, if that were possible. Or imagine yourself pulling a tight cork from a bottle. What would you do? Lean forward and pull with all your might, would you not? Suppose you are doing either. Use your strength and what happens? You will feel the muscles of the abdomen tighten, as though strong hands were pressing down upon it.

At the same time that you are trying to lift the imaginary piano or pulling the cork from the bottle of your fancy, you will find yourself drawing deep breaths from the very pit of your abdomen. That, too, contracts the balloony abdomen. In a word, it tightens the laces and hardens the whalebone of nature's corset.

Rolling has the same effect, but do not roll until you have had your physician's consent. For if your heart is weak rolling might be most dangerous.

Walking is of dubious value in reducing the paunchy outline. It is of value in the sense that fast walking causes you to breathe more deeply, and so take more oxygen into the body. The more oxygen there is taken into the body the more quickly the fat vanishes. Much walking produces an appetite that makes one desire and

consume more food.

Stretching and kicking are each most valuable for bringing the middle of the figure back to its original girlish outlines. You know how, when you are tired, you yawn and stretch, and how delightful is the sensation. Stretch and yawn and notice how the muscles of the abdomen tighten. Again nature's corset is being drawn up and tightened.

Kicking in any way you like has the same effect. While you are sitting on a couch or lying in bed, or resting in a rocking chair, or standing, kick with little spiteful motions, or with a long, swinging movement, or with waggish little side motions—but kick.

And while you are sitting sit upright. Never lounge. The moment you lop in your chair the abdomen is thrust forward. The muscles sag. Nature's corset strings are loosened, and you have started on the way to what you Americans forcibly, if not elegantly, describe as a "sloopy figure."

Let us may not quite accept what I, a stranger, tell you, may I quote to you what W. Arbuthnot Lane, the famous British surgeon, says of nature's corset? "The most effectual means of keeping the viscera in the right place and properly packed is to exercise a sufficient pressure, exerted appropriately on the lower abdomen. The English corset is disastrous, for it exaggerates the downward displacement of the viscera."

## War's Latest Terror--- Bomb-Dropping Aeroplanes

THE problem of dropping bombs accurately from aeroplanes in motion has been solved at last. The value of the aeroplane in war was greatly limited by the fact that it was quite impossible to drop explosives from a great height with any certainty that they would hit the target aimed at.

cannot fall to hit precisely as it is aimed.

By using this device the man in the aeroplane need no longer shoot by guess, but can aim as surely as a gunner on terra firma with a range-finder.

That this device is invaluable as an adjunct to the aeroplane in war needs no lengthy explanation. It becomes essential to the war aeroplane and increases its efficiency as an implement of war manifold. The aeroplane will be used, not merely to spy on the enemy, but to drop a bomb in the camp or on the deck of a warship, for it can be used with absolute accuracy.

The peculiar aerial bombs which will be used with Lieutenant Scott's device are carried in canvas slings and the guides used are rather suggestive of arrow heads.

The speed of the aeroplane, its altitude, the acceleration of the missile due to gravity, the wind-drift, the atmospheric conditions were all important factors to be considered and the need of some scientific method, based upon the laws of mechanics involved and allowing for the other influences affecting the flight of the projectile has long been felt.

Such a method has been evolved by an American, Lieutenant Riley E. Scott, a graduate of West Point.

Lieutenant Scott has invented a device consisting of a number of rings, so mounted that the inner ring is always horizontal, like a ship's compass. At the centre of this inner ring a telescope is so mounted that it is always aimed at right angles to the ring. The projectiles are carried in this ring, so that they are always in a fixed position with relation to the ground.

It is well known that a projectile, when falling from the moving air craft, describes a parabola, determined by the height and speed of the aeroplane.

The operator looks through the telescope, which is so arranged that, when it has the target in full view, the projectile will fall at that point.

The whole secret then lies in setting the telescope right, and this is done very simply by the aid of some diagrams and tables which Lieutenant Scott has worked out for all heights and speeds of aeroplanes.

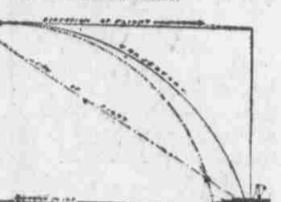


Diagram Showing How the Flight of the Bomb is Calculated with the Aid of a Telescope.

Lieutenant Scott's device has been thoroughly tested by the United States Government and will undoubtedly be adopted by the military authorities. The inventor is now abroad trying to interest European governments.

In time of peace, as well as in time of war, this device may be found useful. Aeroplanes have already been used for carrying mail, and when aerial transportation of small parcels becomes more general some method of delivery without stopping the machine would save considerable time and labor.

With the aid of the new device it will be quite practicable to provide receiving stations for such packages into which the aerial expressman or mail carrier may shoot his packages in transit without fear of injuring their contents or of striking any one.

These receiving stations would naturally be mounted on springs or some other elastic device having the "give" necessary to eliminate shock,

## An American Girl's War on the Foreign Grand Opera Trust

AN American girl, a prima donna of native training, has declared war on a foreign domination of opera in America. She has sued Henry W. Savage, producer of Puccini's opera, "The Girl of the Golden West" for forty-one thousand dollars for alleged breach of contract, but she asserts friendship for the famous manager and says that the suit is really a battle against the Milan dictators of music matters in this country. Miss Showalter's proclamation of war follows:

By Edna Blanche Showalter

I HAVE instituted a lawsuit against Henry W. Savage, not only to recover damages for the loss I have sustained in being dismissed after two performances of "The Girl of the Golden West," but to thoroughly air the abuses that exist, because in this land of the so-called free, America tamely submits in all matters of music to the domination of other countries.

We are free—and yet we allow alien music publishers, acting under contract with a clique of managers and composers in Milan to control the operas of this country.

We are free—yet we permit alien managers and conductors to say to American singers: Go to the rear of the stage. Sing in the second rate cities. Take the skim milk of achievement and leave the cream to us.

We are free—and yet we permit a despotism on the operatic stage as great as that which caused patriots to dump a cargo of tea into Boston Harbor and bring about a seven years' war.

We vaunt our freedom, and yet we never for a moment really assert it.

My story told now and later, more fully, in court, will prove all I have said. All my music training has been in this country. I neither went abroad for instruction nor did I sing in Milan to ask the endorsement of the over-sea critics upon my voice and my methods. Therein I wrote my doom, or so the Milan music clique thought they had decreed. But I, an American girl, mean to give them a taste of American spirit, and I predict that the taste will be bitter.

Reginald DeKoven has lately shown how the influence of this Milan opera trust has stifled and thwarted the American composer. Charles

Henry Melizer, the critic, has told but lately how the Milan influence reaches far, even to the extent of dictating to the managers and directors of grand opera productions all over Europe what singers shall be engaged for certain operas—and the favored artists must be those who are in favor at Milan.

My experience as a prima donna in Mr. Savage's English production of Puccini's opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," is both interesting and important to the American musical world. I think that all American singers, and all who aspire to careers in grand opera, should know exactly what chance an American has in a field virtually controlled by a clique of Milan managers and producers.

Last Spring I signed a contract to sing ninety performances of the role of Minnie in this opera, having been assured by Mr. Savage and his general manager, Mr. Madison Corey, that as possibly the only American prima donna among their principals, I would naturally be featured to the fullest extent, and that every condition would be made pleasant for me, so that I could give a great performance of the part of the American girl.

I expressed to some of Mr. Savage's office managers some apprehension as to what chance an American prima donna would have with a foreign conductor who would be pretty sure to have the traditional contempt for everything American except money. I was told not to worry—that this was to be a production in English, and that at the first sign of discrimination against me the Italian conductor would be shipped back to Italy forthwith—that, as a matter of fact, they fully expected that I did not need them—that I was perfect in the role—that the others needed and must have the rehearsals.

I was then sent to small halls in different parts of the city to rehearse without scenery and "props," while the other principals were under Mr. Fulvaco's personal direction at the Manhattan Opera House. A daily schedule of the hours and plans of the rehearsals would be made out in Mr. Savage's office; and according to these

schedules, I should have had my share in the latter weeks of the rehearsals at the Manhattan. As a matter of fact, when I would report for my rehearsals I would have to sit for the rest of the day—and usually evening—and listen to the rehearsals of the foreign prima donnas.

My debut was arranged for a matinee at Bridgeport. I was given a conductor with whom I had never rehearsed. The newspapers in Bridgeport had been given tickets for the night performance and supposed that my debut would be made at night.

However, my debut in the role at the matinee was a success. A small audience showed real and unmistakable enthusiasm and approval. I was personally congratulated by Mr. Savage after the performance.

"You got every word, every syllable over," he said. "I could hear you perfectly." Mr. Polacco between the acts came back to congratulate me.

I was finally on the following Thursday night given another performance—this time at Syracuse. Mr. Polacco conducted, but I was given a cast of principals with whom I had never rehearsed. Again I succeeded. I gave a better performance of the part than at my debut, of course, and sang the music of Minnie as I had planned to do, making it real music, as I believe Puccini intended it to be, rather than mere sound and screaming, as it is so often rendered. Several agents won my audience unmistakably. Several times during the performance Mr. Polacco sent me messages of congratulation, by Mr. Fugilla, the general stage manager. Yet on going to my dressing room, flushed with a genuine operatic triumph, I was given a message by two shamefaced and embarrassed business managers for the Savage Company, telling me that from that moment my engagement (which had been for ninety performances), terminated.

When I asked why, I was stammeringly told that they believed that it was said that I was a lyric soprano. Of course, everybody concerned in my engagement knew that I was a lyric soprano.

But it would not be permitted that an American artist, wholly independent of this clique, should really make an instant success in an Italian production.

And I predict that Mr. Savage has discovered this domination and will, with American spirit, soon resist it. Like me, I believe he will soon cry America for the Americans, even the American operatic stage.



Miss Showalter as the Shepherd Boy in "The Children at Bethlehem."