

Daily Magazine Page for Everybody

SECRETS OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

Why the Natural Use of a Singing Voice Is Very Rare

BY DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A. M. D. (Johns Hopkins University.)

"Nothing is so rare as a singing voice, used naturally." There is a great truth in this assertion, of which parents are too often in ignorance. When a child lightly draws his breath in spontaneous song some mothers and fathers, wise in their own conceit, force the little voice to teach the child "to show off before company."

The pitch of a singing may be raised in three ways. Its tension may be increased by tightening or raised by shortening and its weight and thickness may be lessened. All three factors are available to raise the pitch of the human voice. The "voice-box" or windpipe contains all the possibilities this apparatus.

The "voice-box" or vocal cords are flaps of tapalike curtains, which are attached to the gristly walls of the windpipe. A vocal muscle runs parallel to the cords and helps to control them.

If the soft palate in the roof of the mouth rises as tones are produced, the tension thus obtained interferes with the action of the vocal muscle, and the pitch to be raised must be increased by tension of the vocal cords.

A tremendous strain is put upon the various muscles of the throat with the result that new sets of muscles are brought into play as the voice ascends. This brings about breaks between registers, the bugbear of the singer and the audience.

The correct and natural use of the practiced voice has the throat passive and the palate at rest. Then, with comparatively little effort, the voice is even throughout. The throat muscles are thus left free to do their proper work by varying the form and the size of the resonance cavities for purposes of articulation and tone coloring.

A coloratura soprano has almost perfect control and wonderful flexibility in this respect. Correct breathing then becomes a matter of the utmost importance, since the singer's power over his voice, as far as nuance and the maintenance and sustaining values of tone as well, are concerned, is thrown almost wholly upon the chest-throat-breath.

Nasal resonance, emphasized as very necessary for the production of beautiful tones with the soft palate drawn up and the back of it blocking the posterior nasal entrance, is a physical impossibility. This produces the obnoxious "head tones," which are anathema to the best singing art.

Things To Guard. When a string or a tight vocal cord vibrates as a whole it produces the pitch fundamental tone. But it also vibrates in segments, one-half, one-third, one-fourth and so on. These are the overtones which are also heard by the human ear. Only well-trained musicians distinguish these partial tones as unfused with the main tone.

It is these overtones that give variety, fulness, character and richness to the note. The voice is not a wind instrument or "reed" organ, as sometimes is said. Its overtones are in a series and not like a clarinet with its first overtones two and one-half octaves above the fundamental and higher than the fifth overtone actually found in the human voice.

If you will then grant once for all that there is no means of re-enforcing the singing voice by the vibration of the overtones and the air in the lungs, throat, mouth and nose cavities it is of the utmost importance that these never be blocked with mucus, tonsils, adenoids, tumors or congestions of any sort.

Answers to Health Questions

SKINNEY. Q—I am very thin, and would like to gain weight. Will you please advise me how?

A—Your weight may be obtained by 12 hours sleep in the 24 in a well-ventilated room. Water or liquid of any kind drunk with meals helps to fatten. Sugars, starches, butter, puddings, fatty meats, rich soups and gravies are fattening. Take but slight exercise, be outdoors as much as possible and keep the bowels active.

M. N. Q—My hair has been coming

LIVER TROUBLE AND HEARTBURN CURED BY MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become hard and constipated.

The symptoms are a feeling of fullness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the epigastric region, passing between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, floating specks before the eyes, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, heartburn, water brash, etc.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effects and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver.

Mrs. A. Cummings, Manchester, Ont., writes: "I have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills some time, and can faithfully recommend them to anyone suffering from heartburn and liver trouble. I tried a great many other remedies, but they only relieved me for a time. I believe that these pills to be a valuable remedy for all sufferers from liver troubles."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

HER PROBLEMS



Illustration by D. M. B. B. B.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF WORLD-FAVORITE WOMEN

BY GRACE THORNCILFFE

How Lucy Stone's Wit Turned an Enemy Into a Friend.

Among the women who did much to keep alive the agitation that culminated in the abolition of slavery in this country was Lucy Stone. She, also, was one of the earliest and among the foremost champions of women's suffrage. Before the civil war she was a devoted wife and mother, but she was also a woman of great courage, ability and a quick mind that made her a power in her day.

Lucy Stone's childhood was spent in a household in which the father's rule was absolute. Francis Stone was a good business man, and as husbands and fathers went in those days, was a good husband and father, but he stood firmly by the Bible classification of a man's wife with "his man-servant, or his maid-servant, or his ox, or his ass," and he believed just all the laws that then tended to woman an identity of her own.

Francis Stone read in his Bible, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule thee," and felt that he had a scriptural right to exercise a tyranny over the women of his family. Lucy Stone read the same text, and she read it in a different spirit. She believed that if the Bible gave man this right of master it was because man had translated the Bible and had distorted this passage to his own advantage, no she determined to go to college, to study Greek and Hebrew and to get at an understanding of the original text for herself.

Her father had just helped put her brother through college, but when his daughter expressed a desire for an equal education with his son the father's eyes opened in amazement and he fairly gasped, "Is the girl crazy?"

Lucy Stone, however, was not to be deterred aside from her purpose. The only college open to women at that time was Oberlin, and Oberlin was a long way from Massachusetts, where Lucy lived. It would take money to make the trip, and as her father was firmly set against giving any aid whatever, the young revolutionist

started by picking and selling blackberries and chestnuts, then she taught in minor schools, and finally when she was 23 years old she had saved \$70 and she started for Oberlin.

Lucy Stone's childhood was spent in a household in which the father's rule was absolute. Francis Stone was a good business man, and as husbands and fathers went in those days, was a good husband and father, but he stood firmly by the Bible classification of a man's wife with "his man-servant, or his maid-servant, or his ox, or his ass," and he believed just all the laws that then tended to woman an identity of her own.

Francis Stone read in his Bible, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule thee," and felt that he had a scriptural right to exercise a tyranny over the women of his family. Lucy Stone read the same text, and she read it in a different spirit. She believed that if the Bible gave man this right of master it was because man had translated the Bible and had distorted this passage to his own advantage, no she determined to go to college, to study Greek and Hebrew and to get at an understanding of the original text for herself.

Her father had just helped put her brother through college, but when his daughter expressed a desire for an equal education with his son the father's eyes opened in amazement and he fairly gasped, "Is the girl crazy?"

Lucy Stone, however, was not to be deterred aside from her purpose. The only college open to women at that time was Oberlin, and Oberlin was a long way from Massachusetts, where Lucy lived. It would take money to make the trip, and as her father was firmly set against giving any aid whatever, the young revolutionist

started by picking and selling blackberries and chestnuts, then she taught in minor schools, and finally when she was 23 years old she had saved \$70 and she started for Oberlin.

Lucy Stone's childhood was spent in a household in which the father's rule was absolute. Francis Stone was a good business man, and as husbands and fathers went in those days, was a good husband and father, but he stood firmly by the Bible classification of a man's wife with "his man-servant, or his maid-servant, or his ox, or his ass," and he believed just all the laws that then tended to woman an identity of her own.

Francis Stone read in his Bible, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule thee," and felt that he had a scriptural right to exercise a tyranny over the women of his family. Lucy Stone read the same text, and she read it in a different spirit. She believed that if the Bible gave man this right of master it was because man had translated the Bible and had distorted this passage to his own advantage, no she determined to go to college, to study Greek and Hebrew and to get at an understanding of the original text for herself.

Her father had just helped put her brother through college, but when his daughter expressed a desire for an equal education with his son the father's eyes opened in amazement and he fairly gasped, "Is the girl crazy?"

Lucy Stone, however, was not to be deterred aside from her purpose. The only college open to women at that time was Oberlin, and Oberlin was a long way from Massachusetts, where Lucy lived. It would take money to make the trip, and as her father was firmly set against giving any aid whatever, the young revolutionist

started by picking and selling blackberries and chestnuts, then she taught in minor schools, and finally when she was 23 years old she had saved \$70 and she started for Oberlin.

By Annette Bradshaw



HER BEST FOOT FORWARD

Shall Paris's newest fad for sandals really change all of her high-heeled ideas?

DIARY OF A FASHION MODEL

BY GRACE THORNCILFFE

She Learns How to Make a Bridesmaid's Bonnet.

Weddings are as common as daisies in a field these days. Madame is kept busy designing bridal robes and bridesmaids' frocks and hats. She had scarcely finished planning the costumes for Miss Delfadell and her attendants this afternoon, when Mrs. Stuart Warden bustered into the studio with her eldest daughter, Aileen.

"Unless you prove yourself to be a friend in need I don't know where to turn for help. We are in a terrible dilemma. This child has decided to be married on Wednesday of next week. It is such an unfortunate time to be having one's wedding—with everything so overshadowed by war—but we'll have to make the best of it," sighed Mrs. Warden resignedly. "Will it be possible, Madame, for you to costume the bridal party—there will be five attendants—in so short a time?"

"If you will be satisfied with very simple, well, since Scott Weyburn is a major, why not use the national colors in your decorations? We will make the bridesmaids' frocks of white tulle over satin with sashes of bright blue fallie ribbon. Their bouquets of American Beauty roses will complete the color scheme."

"The bodies of the frocks will be very simple, something like this," with a few swift strokes of her pencil on the lid of a cardboard box Madame sketched a bodice with a rounded neckline, topped with a shirred tucker and short, puffed sleeves trimmed with narrow, pleated fringe.

"The skirts ought to be quite full and trimmed with five or six rows of frilling, arranged to form a wide border about the hem. With the sashes tied at the back with long ends the frocks will be extremely girlish and sweet. Does this ideal appeal to you?"

Miss Warden was wildly enthusiastic and launched into all sorts of plans for table decorations, favors, souveniers and lighting effects to be carried out in red, white and blue.

"Since we have settled the question on this particular shade of red is equally becoming to both types. How shall I ever be able to show you that I am truly very grateful to you for doing all this for me?" asked Miss Warden as she went out of the door.

"By looking your prettiest in your bridal gown, and sending me a rose from your bouquet," Madame answered, "I'll be happy to do it."

"But I don't like the rainy days!" cried Polly. "The flowers and trees and the grass all love me, and you love them, so why not try to love me, too?"

"Oh, please, don't cry!" exclaimed Polly, putting her arms around her guest. "You see, I didn't know my being cross would make your list so long. You could I wish to turn so ugly. Don't cry—tell me how I can help you."

"Why I've never seen you before!" cried Polly. "You're not hurt?"

"The queerest little old woman Polly had ever seen hobbled out from the fireplace. Her hair was snow white, hanging around a very ugly brown face that was so wrinkled it reminded Polly of an old dried-up apple."

"How very much thought Polly. 'Yes, I know you think I'm ugly, but I know your fault,' cried the little old woman."

"Why I've never seen you before!" cried Polly. "You're not hurt?"

"The queerest little old woman Polly had ever seen hobbled out from the fireplace. Her hair was snow white, hanging around a very ugly brown face that was so wrinkled it reminded Polly of an old dried-up apple."

"How very much thought Polly. 'Yes, I know you think I'm ugly, but I know your fault,' cried the little old woman."

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What New Menace Is Contained by the New Anonymous Letters?

Letters?

"You look a wreck, Madge. What have you been doing to yourself?" This was Lillian's greeting as I came into her living room four days after Mother Graham's accident.

"I have been having rather a strenuous time," I admitted. "You see—"

"Not a word until you've had a cup of tea," Lillian's kindly superior tone was one with which I was familiar. There was no combatting it. I watched her as she crossed the room to ring the bell for Betty with the feeling of restfulness, of transferring my problems to her, which the very sight of her always brings to me.

"Now you're going to lean back and shut your eyes and rest until the tea comes," she said, returning and taking off my hat and coat as deftly as a trained maid would have done, and putting me into a big chair with the important secret paper concealed in the back of the specially designed wrist watch Lillian had substituted for the one Dicky had broken for her. I knew what minute he might take it into his head to examine the watch I wore and discover the substitution.

In a piteous smile. Dicky, filled with anxiety for his mother, hadn't left her since I had summoned him home with news of her accident. And his constant presence in the house had kept me in a perpetual state of nervous tension. But my remembrance of Lillian's admonition concerning the paper kept me constantly worried for fear fire or thieves or accident would break in and destroy it. I had so much sleep in worrying about it that it was no wonder Lillian called me a "wreck."

I was thankful indeed to have reached her with the paper again held safely in the secret compartment of the wrist watch. Mother Graham had wished me to attend to some business for her in the city, and I had eagerly seized the opportunity to bring back the document to Lillian.

The entrance of Betty with the tea wagon and the muffin stand roused me from a dose into which the restful silence of the room had drawn me. I started up and looked at Lillian a trifle wildly. There was something infinitely piteous in the smile with which she answered my look, something intangible, too, as if she knew something which I did not. She gave me no time for speculation, however.

"Where is Lillian?" "Think this quickly," she said, handing me a cup of the steaming tea. "You poor child, you're 'dead upon your feet'! I think I shall put you to bed and take care of you. Dicky phoned that his car had broken her arm, but that any reason why you should be in a state like this?"

Lillian's tone was warmly indignant. It always is when any of her children are in any way inconsiderate of me. I always feel when with her as if I had reached the side of a fiercely protecting older sister.

"Mother Graham has been terribly ill, Lillian," I said. "Her heart, you know. And then, besides—Where is Katherine? I broke my arm, but I don't see any reason why you should be in a state like this?"

"Lillian's tone was warmly indignant. It always is when any of her children are in any way inconsiderate of me. I always feel when with her as if I had reached the side of a fiercely protecting older sister."

"Where is Lillian?" "Think this quickly," she said, handing me a cup of the steaming tea. "You poor child, you're 'dead upon your feet'! I think I shall put you to bed and take care of you. Dicky phoned that his car had broken her arm, but that any reason why you should be in a state like this?"

Lillian's tone was warmly indignant. It always is when any of her children are in any way inconsiderate of me. I always feel when with her as if I had reached the side of a fiercely protecting older sister."

"Where is Lillian?" "Think this quickly," she said, handing me a cup of the steaming tea. "You poor child, you're 'dead upon your feet'! I think I shall put you to bed and take care of you. Dicky phoned that his car had broken her arm, but that any reason why you should be in a state like this?"

Lillian's tone was warmly indignant. It always is when any of her children are in any way inconsiderate of me. I always feel when with her as if I had reached the side of a fiercely protecting older sister."

"Where is Lillian?" "Think this quickly," she said, handing me a cup of the steaming tea. "You poor child, you're 'dead upon your feet'! I think I shall put you to bed and take care of you. Dicky phoned that his car had broken her arm, but that any reason why you should be in a state like this?"

Lillian's tone was warmly indignant. It always is when any of her children are in any way inconsiderate of me. I always feel when with her as if I had reached the side of a fiercely protecting older sister."

"Where is Lillian?" "Think this quickly," she said, handing me a cup of the steaming tea. "You poor child, you're 'dead upon your feet'! I think I shall put you to bed and take care of you. Dicky phoned that his car had broken her arm, but that any reason why you should be in a state like this?"

Lillian's tone was warmly indignant. It always is when any of her children are in any way inconsiderate of me. I always feel when with her as if I had reached the side of a fiercely protecting older sister."

"Where is Lillian?" "Think this quickly," she said, handing me a cup of the steaming tea. "You poor child, you're 'dead upon your feet'! I think I shall put you to bed and take care of you. Dicky phoned that his car had broken her arm, but that any reason why you should be in a state like this?"

Lillian's tone was warmly indignant. It always is when any of her children are in any way inconsiderate of me. I always feel when with her as if I had reached the side of a fiercely protecting older sister."

"Where is Lillian?" "Think this quickly," she said, handing me a cup of the steaming tea. "You poor child, you're 'dead upon your feet'! I think I shall put you to bed and take care of you. Dicky phoned that his car had broken her arm, but that any reason why you should be in a state like this?"

Lillian's tone was warmly indignant. It always is when any of her children are in any way inconsiderate of me. I always feel when with her as if I had reached the side of a fiercely protecting older sister."

"Where is Lillian?" "Think this quickly," she said, handing me a cup of the steaming tea. "You poor child, you're 'dead upon your feet'! I think I shall put you to bed and take care of you. Dicky phoned that his car had broken her arm, but that any reason why you should be in a state like this?"

The Origin of Famous Sayings

Sir Robert Walpole, 1676-1745.

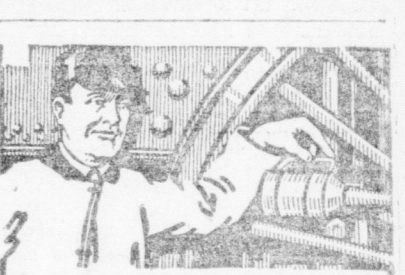
Flowers of the earth he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said: "All those men have their price."

—Memoirs of Walpole.

NUXATED IRON

Increases strength of delicate, nervous, run-down people 100 per cent in ten days in many instances; \$100 forfeit if it fails. Ask for it in large article soon to appear in the Nuxated Iron.

Used and highly endorsed by former United States Senators and Members of Congress, and by prominent physicians and former Public Health officials. Ask your doctor or druggist about it.



Railroad Men

These men know from experience that Sloan's Liniment will take the stiffness out of joints and the soreness out of muscles—And it's so convenient! No rubbing required. It quickly penetrates and brings relief. Easy to apply and cleaner than many plasters or ointments.

Always have a bottle in the house for rheumatic aches, lame back, sprains and strains.

Generous sized bottles at all drug stores.

Sloan's Liniment

MADE IN U.S.A.

HORLICK'S

Malted Milk for Invalids

A nourishing and digestible diet. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract. A powder soluble in water.

Shall It Be Hair or No Hair

Then you need a winter tonic to keep up your blood-strength and nerve-force. For fifty years physicians have prescribed

SCOTT'S EMULSION

because it is a true food and an active tonic, easily digested and free from opiates. If you are run-down, if night finds you tired and sleep is not refreshing, get Scott's Emulsion today. You need it.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 17-51

DO YOU WORK INDOORS

Then you need a winter tonic to keep up your blood-strength and nerve-force. For fifty years physicians have prescribed

It Is Up to You And Cuticura

A Well-Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Grey Hair With a Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Asthma

Asthma and hay fever, even of long standing and of the most distressing severity, are robbed of their terror by this reliable remedy.

Dr. J.D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

Two Sizes 25c. and \$1.00.