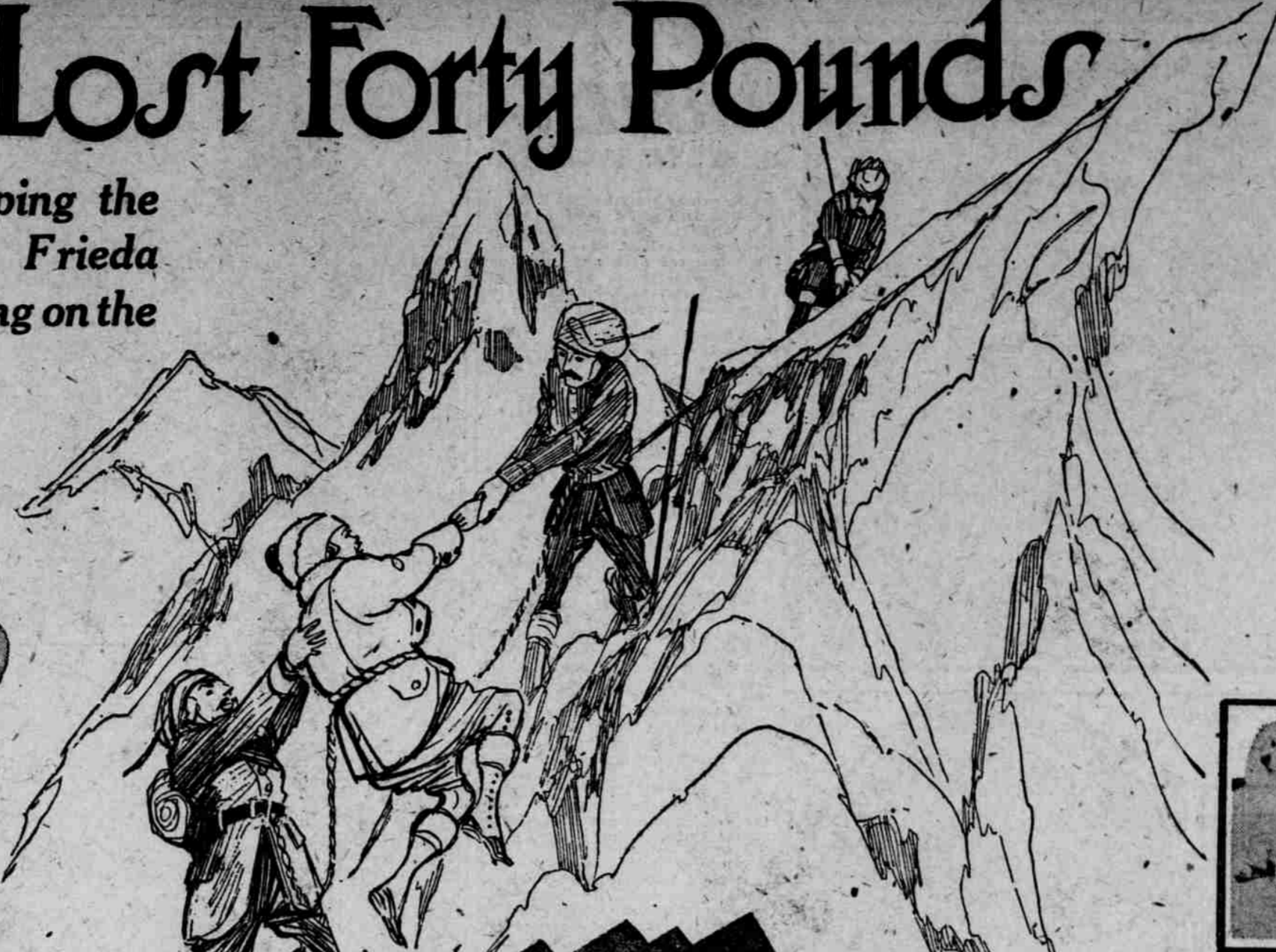


How I Lost Forty Pounds

Climbing and Creeping the Alps Did It, Says Frieda Hempel, and Creeping on the Floor Is Her Prescription for the Plump.



AFTER—Frieda Hempel, having taken the heroic treatment of climbing Alpine slopes, found that she was able to tip the scales at 130 pounds, thus accomplishing a reduction of 40 pounds.



room I am good and tired; but I always creep an exercise. I only wish I had known about creeping the summers I was at Lake Placid, in the Adirondacks. There was such an adorable baby there I used to sing lullabies to every afternoon. Think what that baby might have taught me!

"I would make a fat woman thin to answer personally the hundreds of letters I received asking me how I did it. I don't consider them inquisitive—how to be slender is something every woman should know. It means much more than looks—it means that wonderful 'slender' feeling—the feeling of having your body lithe and free. It means cleaner thinking, too. Every released muscle opens up a new brain area, they say, and perfect freedom of the muscles means a mind active, alert and full of the joy of thinking.

Creep and Be Thin!
"I am strongly inclined to recommend creeping for the voice as well as for the figure. I gave my voice an absolute rest this summer, and when I began to practice I could scarcely believe my ears. There was no 'getting' in voice. My scales and trills were there just as though I had been practicing every day, and never before had it been so easy to sing."

"There will be no more creeping over trails this winter, but I suppose in my long opera and concert tour I shall mingle carpets in many hotels, and how I wish there were a good creepway in Pullman cars!"
"I never felt so well in my life. And whatever happens, I never shall allow myself to get fat—NEVER—as long as I can creep."
And so the secret is out at last. Every woman will be glad to know about it. Dozens of methods have been advocated from time to time as the only sure-fire way in which to dispense with superfluous flesh and regain the perfect figure. Women have starved themselves, boiled, baked, grilled, broiled, stewed, roasted and roasted, walked, rolled and even resorted to methods of compression. Some of these treatments, while successful in isolated cases, have had, in others exactly contrary effects to the particular one desired.
Frieda Hempel avoided all of these. She tried creeping instead. Fortunately for her, she had Alps to creep up and down. Other women, less fortunate, may have to content themselves with creeping up and down stairs at home. It will be found equally as exciting, less dangerous, but none the less precarious.

BEFORE—Miss Hempel weighed an unwelcome 170 pounds previous to her Alpine adventures.

doors than in the house, as the unevenness of the ground makes the exercise more beneficial.
"Some of the trails I went over this summer and so uneven I used to think one trip over them would make any figure perfect. It didn't, of course, but it all helped, and I kept at it faithfully every day. Just two days before I started for home, I weighed and measured just as I should, they told me.
"That wonderful mountain air was as exhilarating as wine, and what an appetite it gave me! But I was firm.

If I ever caught myself weakening, I thought of Jenny Lind and her wonderful gown that Calot was copying for me in Paris—ivory satin with morning glories trailing over it—the loveliest thing, and I knew I just had to get thin. Think how funny a fat lady would look in crinolines!

out seams and saying consoling things. I got cross with my mirror and changed it—and then I changed my mind. I realized the fault was all mine, and I resolved to reduce.
"The resolving part is easy, but finding a satisfactory method is a great problem. I would not take reducing medicine, for I know such drastic methods must be fundamentally wrong. I'd rather be a nice even fat than have my flesh as ill-fitting on my bones as old clothes are on a scarecrow.
"I did not know what more I could do in exercising, for I have long had a wonderful set of exercises I go through daily. I can turn somersaults and stand on my head against the wall and do all sorts of circus stunts. I play golf and tennis and love to swim as well as a fish does. There seemed nothing left for me along those lines.
"And it is about the same when it comes to diet. I say 'Thank you, no' to butter and cream and sugar and potatoes, and all such delicious things, just as though I really did not want them. Shall I starve myself to death? Think what is expected of an artist! Can a prima donna trill like a golden canary, sing like a nightingale and recall the lark at morn, when she is as hungry as a bear—and probably as cross as one? I will not ruin my health and disposition to save my figure.
"I was getting quite desperate, and steadily fatter, when along came an authority, with a view to gods, goddesses and physical culture and common sense, and told me to CREEP. And now I creep, morning and night, and some times at midday—I take an extra turn around the room.
"It isn't just plain creeping or careless creeping; it is creeping with a purpose, with a great result in view. Creeping not only with your hands and feet and knees, but with your mind and soul as well. It is concentrated creeping. I creep slowly, intentionally, I think every move I make, and by the time I get around my

REDUCED the most natural way in the world—by creeping. I lost 40 pounds this summer creeping over the Alps.

the Alps. The first thing I rushed out for a climb over the wall-remembered trails. Just automatically, I dropped down on my knees and began to creep. Oh, how it hurt my poor knees; and how shocked the members of my family were! They threatened never to go hiking with me again unless I promised not to creep. Finally, I persuaded them how important it was to me, and they agreed to go with me regularly as a guard if I would follow the less frequented paths and choose the lonely hours.
"The next day I got a regular football outfit, shin guards, knee cushions and everything. Then creeping over the Alps was real fun—far more difficult than indoor creeping, but much more effective. The trouble with most prescribed exercises is that it is made to be easy. To get the great results, one must exercise against obstacles. Personally, I prefer a natural gymnasium to the best equipped indoor one. I believe doctors are inclined this way. I know they count it better for a child to walk out of

CONCENTRATION COMES HARD AMID MODERN SURROUNDINGS

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE.
I HAD been reading one of those editorials which tell you how to succeed. The way to succeed, the editorial said, was to concentrate. If I could shut all distractions out of my mind, and devote it exclusively to the thing I was doing, I should get it done. If I got everything done I was trying to do, provided they were all good and useful things, I should succeed.
It struck me that there was a good deal in that editorial. It stood to reason that distractions were disturbers of mental traffic.
If somebody had rushed in just as Eli Whitney was groping around for the idea of the cotton gin and told him he had been summoned for jury duty, he probably would have lost the idea, and the average suit of all-wool clothes would still be selling for around \$360.
If when Sir Isaac Newton was still rubbing his head over the falling apple had hit it, the building belonging to the orchard had stepped out and frowned at him, we should still see nothing remarkable in the fact that balloons go up instead of down.
If when James Watt—but I had proved my own point. Concentration was a great thing.
So thereafter I tried to concentrate. But it wasn't half so easy as it sounded. I became wonder how the man who wrote the editorial had learned



to do it. After I had practiced it for a week without getting the swing I began to wonder if he ever had learned it, and was about to write and ask him, when another of his editorials on the same subject came along.
This one was a sort of sequel to the first one—a second lesson, so to speak. It admitted that concentration wasn't acquired without a struggle, and advised people who hadn't any

theory. If by concentration, however induced, I could make my own figures and those of the bank agree, it would prove that I could concentrate. After that success would be mine with practically no trouble at all.
So, taking my check book, my fountain pen and a pad of scratch paper, I retired to an attic room and began to concentrate.
I was getting along fine when the telephone bell rang.
Thinking, of course, somebody downstairs would answer it, I continued to concentrate. But they didn't answer it. It rang again—three short rings this time. There was a pause. I sat back and waited. Perhaps Central would give it up and tell whoever was calling that the party didn't answer, or that the line was out of order.
But she didn't. She rang again. She rang for 18 seconds, which is a very long time. Still nobody answered, although I could hear them moving about downstairs.
Followed a silence. I had long ceased to concentrate by this time, and had begun to wonder if the telephone message might not be important. The more I wondered the more I thought it might be. At last, able to address the suspense no longer, I slammed down the check book and started down the stairs. When I got to the telephone I found a man there. He was from the telephone company. He was making central ring the bell to see if it worked all right. I could have told him that, and I wouldn't have needed the aid of concentration to help me work out the answer, either.
I went back upstairs and resumed my labors. There was a weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth below stairs three minutes after I started.

Mummified Bodies of Sacred Ibis Discovered.

Cases Composed of Thousands of Written Documents on Papyrus.
PARIS, Dec. 18.—Thousands of mummified bodies of the sacred ibis have been found by the French savant, M. Lacau, in the underground necropolis under the famous ruined temple at Dair Medineh, Egypt.
Each bird was in an elaborately decorated vase of earthenware embedded in a sort of cardboard formed by a conglomeration of papyrus which totaled hundreds of thousands of written documents.
M. Lacau said the find was one of the most important of the late discoveries in Egyptology. The work of deciphering the documents will take years.
"It is the wastepaper basket of ancient Egypt," said one of those charged with the work.

Siberian Sables Escape.

SEATTLE, Wash.—Hunters are patrolling Elliott bay, that part of Puget sound on which Seattle is built, for two Siberian sables. They escaped from a trading vessel that had arrived recently from Kamchatka. They were being held here pending shipment to an eastern fur farm. It is said that less than 100 persons in the United States have ever seen a live sable whose skin is rated as being valuable in the fur market.

To Soften Vegetables.
Use a teaspoonful of sugar to the water in which you boil vegetables which are hard. It will help to bring out the natural flavor.

For Disney Clothes.

Put a teaspoonful of cream of tartar to a quart of water and soak articles over night. If you have many pieces use that proportion and you will find the results are excellent.