

GRIP YOUR SOLAR PLEXUS, A NEW HEALTH SLOGAN

FOR WOMEN

Advice to those Who Seek Grace and Domestic Happiness.



Madame Jutta Bell-Ranske, Exponent of New Science.

WOMEN, take a firm grip on your solar plexus as you go through life, and you will be healthy, graceful, happy.

Coming from the lips of no less notable a person than Madame Jutta Bell-Ranske, the famous Norwegian singer and health expert, this admonition cannot fail to make a deep impression.

It is not a joke. Its author hopes every woman in America will learn of it, grasp its meaning and profit by it.

Do not preconceive some outlandish new health fad, like walking on all fours. It's only mentally that you are advised to grip the abdomen.

For that part of the anatomy at which the prize fighter usually aims is really the seat of a second nervous system—some advanced scientists are calling it a "subconscious brain"—and by patient practice you can train your cranial brain—the old-fashioned one that you are sure you have—to harness this lesser mind and make it work for you like a loyal Trojan, even while you are asleep.

And once a woman has accomplished this, what?

Why, she is assured that her home life must be happy because her added grace of mind, speech and movement will charm her husband; her work will be a pleasure; tasks which she once considered clumsy will perform be artistic; she will—

Well, she won't be at all the same woman that she was before she took that grip.

WHO is Madame Bell-Ranske? For many years, in her native land, Norway, where systems of physical culture of world-recognized value have been developed, she was regarded as an authority on matters of the voice and anatomical development.

In England she was showered with honors; her books published there met with wide popularity.

In America she has been eagerly received by the highest physical experts of the East; she is at present instructing classes composed of persons wealthy enough to claim her high services.

During a lecture at Philadelphia a few days ago she voiced that curious note which may yet become the slogan of a great health movement—"Take a grip on your solar plexus."

Uninitiated persons left the lecture room dumfounded. Grip your solar plexus! Visions of woe-begone-looking creatures walking about with hands on abdomen, as if in the throes of pain, loomed up before many of them.

One auditor, who had read reports of prize-ring encounters, but had not thoroughly digested them, placed a dainty hand on her arched throat, under the right ear, and asked innocently, "Isn't this the place where the solar plexus is?"

Requested to give further information on the subject, Madame Bell-Ranske revealed a most fascinating theory—yet it appears to have passed the stage of theory—as to the causes of most of the ills that flesh, and especially woman flesh, is heir to, and how to eradicate them.

Her explanation makes that reference to the solar plexus seem more reasonable than at first blush.

In the human anatomy are many kinds of plexuses—the various systems of intricate nerves, vessels and fibers come under that head—but none to compare with the solar plexus, the "abdominal brain."

A NERVE EXCHANGE

It is the largest, and is situated at the upper part of the abdomen, behind the stomach and in front of the aorta. It consists of an intricate network of nerves, and is merged at the vertebra with the nerve system having its center in the cranium.

This point of juncture one might picture as a sort of telephonic exchange, where messages between the two most important "business centers" of the body are transferred.

But it's a big improvement over the telephone system, for the reason that not only is the exchange automatic, but the attendant who receives the message is always on hand, never misunderstands, and will carry out instructions to the letter.

Abdominal breathing, moreover, we are told, massages the solar plexus, thus keeping it keyed up to a healthy degree of efficiency.

Of course, every woman would like to be healthy for her own sake. But Madame Bell-Ranske gives a new reason why one owes it to one's self, one's family, the world at large, to be healthy.

For she makes it clear that one's physical condition affects every one with whom one may come in contact—that persons in a diseased or discouraged condition throw out radiations of poisonous character which stab those about them as surely, as deadly, as arrows dipped in putrefaction.

And, by the same token, when healthy, happy, you spread a good magnetism, as powerful as the sun's rays, which makes every one about you comfortable, happy.

As good magnetism is more powerful than bad, you may get a monopoly on the whole magnetic business of the world, and that is the sure way to increase your friends, to keep your husband's love, to make him happy.

Doesn't it sound wonderful—visionary? One thing, though, must impress one looking into this science, no matter how skeptical he may be. It is that Madame Bell-Ranske herself is a glowing example of the value of her theories. She possesses all the merits she claims for her advanced health methods. She sincerely believes she secured them through these methods alone.

Five feet seven inches tall, she is lithe, willowy of figure; her yellow hair surmounts a face, oval, placid, expressive of cheer. Her every line has been formed by the well-planned building of character, and in this lies its charm.

When she smiles or encompasses you with her eyes it is in no haphazard manner, but with a confident spirit, as if knowing just what effect the magnetism of health



Solar Plexus



Sweeping May be Play or Work.



Dreaded Dish Washing Task Easy with Solar Plexus Grip



dispensed by those organs will have. And the effect is always positive.

But it is principally with respect to her carriage, her form, that she is different from the type of woman of the fashion experts of the day accept as graceful, beautiful.

The accepted type is well known—wasp-like waist, copious bust girth, and all that.

When the average woman breathes she expands the upper lungs, but moves the abdominal cavity not at all—her corset wouldn't permit it, even if she tried.

Before explaining her method of breathing, Madame Bell-Ranske informs you that she doesn't wear the corset of commerce. Yet she wears a corset. It's one prepared especially for adaptation to correct breathing—closely encircling the waist line, supporting the abdomen, but in no measure retarding the full expansion of the abdomen in breathing.

"You know," she explains, as she prepares to inflate her chest, "that the ordinary person, the 'rib breather,' as we must call him to distinguish him from a correct breather, doesn't use half the air cells in his body. For more than half the cells are down in the abdomen, surrounding the solar plexus—the real seat of health."

Now she inhales. You see, or feel certain, that the air is going into her nostrils in a goodly stream, and yet her chest doesn't expand a particle. Instead, her abdomen expands!

This continues while you slowly count five or six. Then, gradually, the upper lungs expand, until you count five or six more.

By this time her lungs are plentifully supplied with air—she has taken in three or four times the amount that the average person in fair health inhales.

THE BEST BREATHING EXERCISE

For ten or twelve seconds the air is retained. Then it is expelled. Another anomaly. Instead of the chest falling with the exhalation, the abdomen falls. Then the chest.

It is explained that you must breathe this way if you would make use of all your air cells. For, if you should first fill your lungs, it would be impossible to afterward fill the abdominal space; and the exhalation is simply the logical reversal of the process.

It isn't easy to learn. You are told that it aids greatly if you practice breathing with your hand on your abdomen. The action is an aid to the cranial mind in centering its attention on the muscles of the abdomen and causing them to expand with oxygen.

Then, after awhile, it becomes mechanical; you do it without thinking. For the subconscious brain, once it has been taught by the conscious brain to do a thing, goes on doing it without being told.

"Do you always breathe that way?" "Oh, no," replied Madame. "It would be impossible to take these long breaths in the course of conversation. Besides, if one should breathe that way ten times in succession, one would become dizzy-headed, would experience intoxication from an overabundance of oxygen."

"But at intervals during the day I take deep breaths; in fact, I take them unconsciously whenever I need them or have the opportunity. I always manage

to keep enough oxygen in my system, and, by breathing, to keep my solar plexus massaged sufficiently to make me active, alert, cheerful.

"Whenever I go on the stage to give a lecture—and I am lecturing almost daily—I grip my solar plexus—



and pluck fresh gowns from the fig trees.

Think of it, ye wearied slaves of modistes and men tailors—a new dress every morning, and always in style!

DRESS! At the word women's eyes light ecstatically, their hearts palpitate with joy, their voices quiver with unutterable enthusiasm!

Mention the word to your wife. She will lean forward, clasp her hands and whisper, incoherently, "You're going to get-me-a-new-one—John!"

Dress! Why, in that word are voiced the weal and woe of humanity; the desire of woman from the cradle to the grave, the terror of men from marriage until death—or divorce.

The English collector of Malabar, British India, like many other husbands, had trouble in clothing his wife. Now it's a little more difficult to get mauve satin, ethereal lawns or valenciennes lace in India than in a big city, where the department store may be readily visited.



The Correct and Incorrect—Solar Plexus vs. Rib Breathing

once, soothed the mind, but now palpitating from the noise of the busy street, without.

Environments affect the solar plexus. But in a greater sense control of the solar plexus affects environments.

For instance, if you can grip that elusive, mysterious muscle, your kitchen table, with the soapy dishes strewn about, with the cat and a child dragging at your skirts, is transformed to a palace parlor; the clanking of the china becomes the sound of sweet music, the smell of the cooking becomes pleasing aroma.

That is, they become so to you—so much cannot be expected for the baby and the cat, they not having learned about the solar plexus.

Seriously, it does make a difference. You are optimistic because of the health that your faithful servant down in your abdomen is radiating to all parts of your body, and nothing can look unpleasant to you.

Moreover, you are graceful, for nothing which you could do when you are in such an excellent state of health could be other than graceful.

Suppose you see a piece of twine on the floor. You stoop to pick it up. If you have been breathing with your upper ribs only, you bend the body clumsily, your abdomen caves in, you grunt from the exertion.

But suppose you have been breathing properly. The motion is rhythmical, the body bends with a sweeping motion; instead of doubling up like a jackknife, you have the string in your hands, and are on the way to the stove with it, unconscious that you have done anything unpleasant.

And, moreover, you are not apt to get absent-minded and throw a \$5 bill into the fire instead of the string, as is the woman who has no control of her second brain.

CONTROL YOUR NERVES

"Whether you have a floor to scrub or an epic to write, you will do it with expression if you have your nerve system under control," is one of Madame Bell-Ranske's epigrams.

She has declared that harsh, strident voices on the part of woman have been responsible for much strife and discord in the home, and declares it is a wife's duty to so train her vocal organs that, with a gentle voice, she may, so to speak, lay a hand softly on the soul.

"Suppose you are a clerk in a store," she said. "A woman rushes up to the counter, asks for something. You tell her that you are engaged. She shrieks: 'I cannot wait; I must get it this minute!' Do you accommodate her? No, you punish her by making her wait longer than necessary."

"But suppose she answers, 'Very well, I can wait; in a soft voice—don't you suppose you would hasten to please her?'"

And so, she declares, it is in the house. The husband comes home tired, nervous, and requires soothing conversation, not nagging, bantering. To be sure, the wife is recommended to wait equally well when reversed to apply to the stern sex; but Madame Bell-Ranske doesn't usually lecture to men.

It is easy for her to demonstrate, by running up a scale, that perfect control of the solar plexus is a valuable aid to a singer. She sings with a clear, open throat. The sound comes far down in the throat.

This is because she breathes deeply, because she takes enough air into her lungs at a breath to carry a note to any required height and still have plenty of breath left to preserve her equilibrium.

She likens the vocal organ to a flexible reed instrument, the lungs being the bellows, the vocal lips or cords the reeds, and the throat, the pharynx, the mouth and the nasal cavities the resonator.

Strident, she declares, is the most important part of song, since it is the element which operates the instrument; and since life is breath, song becomes an overflow of life.

Let a first secure anatomical adjustment by getting control of their solar plexus, then spiritual adjustment by virtue of the nerve forces which this training makes possible, and they will be happy—they cannot be otherwise."

This is one of Madame Bell-Ranske's favorite sayings.

Where Fig-Leaf Gowns are Still in Style

DO YOU know that there is a place on this wonderful old earth where women never bother their husbands or fathers for clothes? Never heard of it? Fact. There women still cling to the raiment that Mother Eve adopted after moving day in Eden; each morning they wander quietly forth into the forest

and pluck fresh gowns from the fig trees.

Think of it, ye wearied slaves of modistes and men tailors—a new dress every morning, and always in style!

DRESS! At the word women's eyes light ecstatically, their hearts palpitate with joy, their voices quiver with unutterable enthusiasm!

Mention the word to your wife. She will lean forward, clasp her hands and whisper, incoherently, "You're going to get-me-a-new-one—John!"

Dress! Why, in that word are voiced the weal and woe of humanity; the desire of woman from the cradle to the grave, the terror of men from marriage until death—or divorce.

The English collector of Malabar, British India, like many other husbands, had trouble in clothing his wife. Now it's a little more difficult to get mauve satin, ethereal lawns or valenciennes lace in India than in a big city, where the department store may be readily visited.

One day a native approached the collector and whispered in his ear.

"Holy jumping Jupiter Plovius!" he shouted, clapping his hands enthusiastically. "Bah, Jove, don't you know?"

The Englishman gave vent to several popular London expressions of joy and made immediate preparations for an expedition. He had been told of a tribe where women never harassed the men about clothes. Simplicity in dress—that was what he was looking for.

With a body of servants he boldly plunged into the jungle, braving death from wild beasts, determined to stick his finger fearlessly into a lion's eye, if necessary, but intending, by fair means or foul, even in the face of death, to reach North Malabar, where, on a hill, known as Mount Dolly, lived the women who had new garments every morning and never bothered their husbands.

The collector met neither wild beasts nor lions, and one bright morning he saw the village of mud and thatched huts rising before him. He felt as the Spaniard does when he gives vent to a "Car-r-r-amba!"

But, unwittingly, as he went ahead of the party, the doughty Britisher came across a native making making her morning toilet. Ah! Gallant man that he was he quickly placed his hands over his face—and looked through his fingers.

There, arrayed in the habiliment that Eve adopted shortly after her discovery that dress was one of the evils to follow the Fall, was a demure Indian maiden, clothed in fresh green fig-leaves.

"Fig-leave! It was all clear to him. The Britisher groaned. Yet in that moment a revelation came to him—that it is only in the Eden style of dress that men and women can be freed from the tyranny of clothes.

The young woman had arrayed herself gracefully in a circle of fig leaves, tied to a girdle and dangling from her waist. Around her neck she had strung a circle of leaves tied to a string. And about her dainty ankles dangled other circles of small fig leaves.

"It was one of the most poetic sights I ever saw," the Englishman declared afterward. "There, kneeling on the ground, was this splendid maiden, attired in leaves, and arranging her hair as she looked into a stream. She curled her stiff tresses, she smoothed them proudly, and in the meanwhile looked at herself in the water with all the vanity of woman shining from her eyes. I felt that I had gone back six

thousand years and saw Eve regarding herself in a lake."

To the village of Eramum Amahom the Britisher made his way. He became acquainted with the Vetusians, the tribe, and on his return declared that he found perfect conjugal happiness reigning in the households. He said the husbands were free of millinery bills and dressmakers' visits. While the men slept in the morning the women arose early and went out into the jungle, where, with rare taste, they selected the most exquisite leaves and made fresh costumes that were perfectly stunning.

Of course, the leaves had to be arranged "just so," and a woman's social position was fixed by her artistic arrangement of leaves. To be on the visiting list of the lady of the biggest mud hut a woman had to display the greatest modesty in dress.

To do this it was necessary for her to keep out of the sun all day if there was to be a reception in the evening. For the fig leaves wither, and to attend a banquet in a dried-up costume was considered a breach of jungle etiquette. And to get two costumes in one day was regarded by the men as a sheer waste of time.

The British collector found that the women did all the work. And while they arrayed themselves in foliage every morning and regarded themselves in brooks and pools, they all entertained a hope that in their next incarnation they would be born men—with whom dress was optional.

How far a cry is this from Paris, New York, Philadelphia or Chicago!

Mrs. John Lane, an English woman, wrote recently: "I remember the despairing cry of a woman, looking hopefully through her wardrobe: 'I would have been a better woman if I had been born with feathers.'"

What would the fig-leaf Hindoo girl say if she were shown the nuptial costume of a bride-to-be of New York society, which is said to have cost \$250,000?

Miss Morison, of New York. It is said, spends \$200,000 a year on her clothing outfit. It has been estimated that this sum would clothe the three most extravagantly dressed women in London society a year. Question: How many women would it keep clothed in a daily new dress of fig leaves?