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A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Beauty

Beauty Secrets for Everywoman



In this Issue
By THE WATERS of BABYLON

SEPTEMBER - 25¢

KOTEX



Sold everywhere —
from Maine to California

Small town stores of today carry the necessities just as city stores do.

Thousands of women on vacation trips this summer will ask by name for Kotex—and will find it in village stores during their summer travels.

Indeed to women who have discovered the safety and comfort of Kotex, these sanitary pads solve a difficult problem. For Kotex are always the same—in New York or Maine, Wisconsin or California, Canada, or anywhere. So long as it is KOTEX one asks for and receives, there is an end to this problem of personal hygiene.

It is best, of course, to order a supply before starting from home. Then they are instantly available without further thought. But it is a great convenience that they are sold wherever stores serve women.

Being made of fine gauze and Cellucotton (a wonderful absorbent material) Kotex are easy to dispose of and cheap enough to throw away. Ask for them by name.

At Drug, Dry Goods and Department Stores

Copyright 1923, Cellucotton Products Company, 166 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 51 Chambers Street, New York City; Factories at Neenah, Wis. Canadian Office, No. 45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

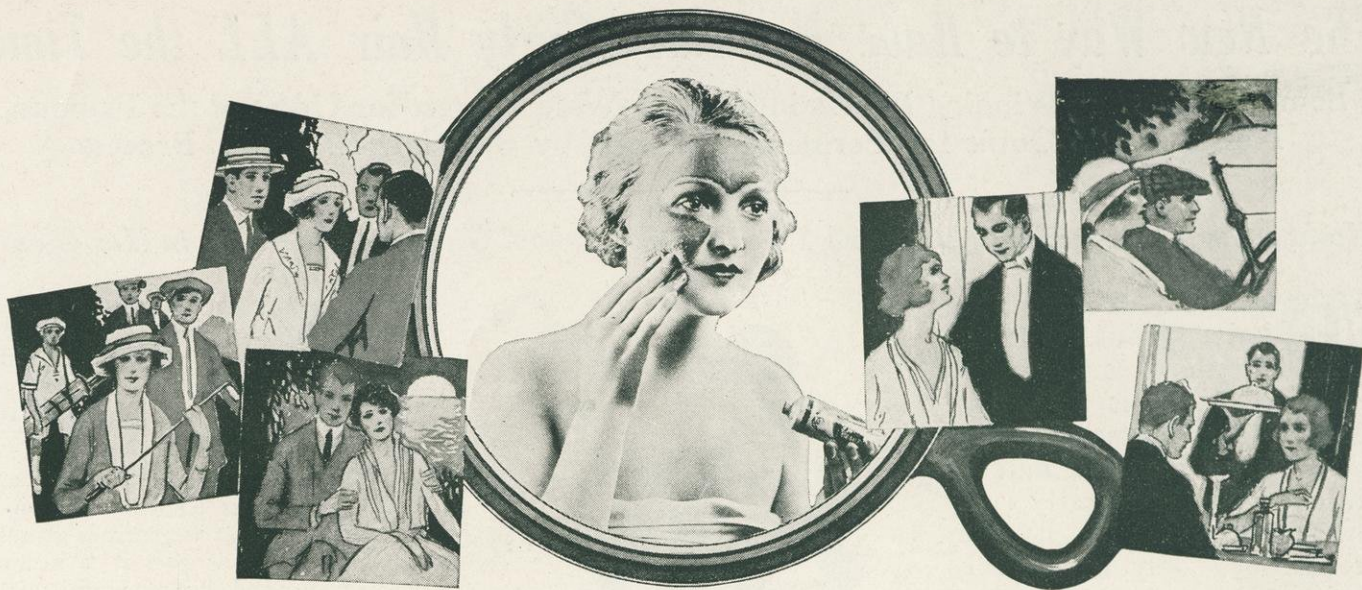


Regular Size 12 for 65c

Hospital Size 6 for 45c

Kotex Cabinets are now being distributed in women's rest rooms everywhere — hotels, office buildings, restaurants, theatres, and other places — from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, in plain wrapper, for 10 cents.

INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX



At thirty every woman reaches a crossroads Will she develop—or merely age?

LET your imagination play with those two sentences, the title of an article by Ethel Barrymore which recently appeared in *McCall's Magazine*. Sit down in front of your mirror and honestly analyze your appearance.

Fine lines about the eyes and lips—a skin losing its freshness and vitality—these are the every day tragedies that make maturity regarded with fear and hostility.

Modern Women Stay Young By Using Clay

You can prevent age from settling on your face. Even if its devastating work has begun, you can overcome it. The way is so simple, so logical.

Clay is the answer. Not ordinary clay, however, but *Clasmic Clay*—

Boncilla

Beautifier

—imported clay of most remarkable smoothness, compounded with the finest known East India balsams — the purest, blandest clay you have ever seen.

Do This For Your Complexion Tonight

Wash your face in warm water and then gently spread *Boncilla* Beautifier over face and neck. The very first sensation is delightful—refreshing, invigorating, soothing.

While this fragrant *Clasmic Clay* is drying, the rejuvenating balsams penetrate the pores, flushing

them, cleansing them, stimulating them, removing every impurity; while its gently "pulling" action builds up drooping facial muscles and restores a firm, rounded facial outline.

When *Boncilla* Beautifier is dry, just remove it with a wet towel.

Now Your Face Is Alive!

Now you can look in your mirror unafraid. Note your smooth, firm, satin-soft skin, delicately radiant, free from the slightest suggestion of blackheads or pimples, or aging lines. Your face is young!

Take Advantage of This Remarkable Free Offer!

So that you may know for yourself that *Boncilla* Beautifier *Clasmic Clay* is just what you want, we want to send you a trial tube of *Boncilla* Beautifier absolutely free. Just mail the coupon below, with your name and address, and we will send you by return mail, our generous trial tube of *Boncilla* Beautifier, containing enough *Clasmic Clay* for two facial packs. Mail the coupon now.

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Please send me introductory trial tube of *Boncilla* Beautifier free.

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City..... State.....

The New Way to Have Naturally Curly Hair ALL the Time

Some More Prize-Winning Photos in Country-Wide Contest for Users of the Famous Nestlé Home Outfit for Permanent Waving by the New LANOIL Process

Mother Curls "Three Daughters and Two Nieces" School Girl "Waves Seven in Her Class"

THE famous New York hair genius, Mr. C. Nestlé, has created a sensation with his wonderful Home Outfit invention, which makes the straightest hair on child or adult naturally curly and wavy—NOT to stay for "seven days" only, but for ALWAYS, through every test of rain, shampoo, perspiration or fog.



and waves are not as you expect, you need only return the Outfit, and the entire \$15 will be refunded immediately without deduction for postage, free trial supplies or the use of the Outfit.

Over 65,000 Home Outfits have gone out to over 65,000 homes since last August with this generous guarantee. Wherever it goes it is making women, girls and children with straight hair happy with natural, silky-bright permanent waves and curls. Remember that the Nestlé LANOIL Outfit will last a lifetime, and can be used on as many heads as you desire. Do away with your straight hair troubles today, by sending immediately for this wonderful little invention.

Mother LANOIL-Waved Sick Daughter's Hair

"This little girl was ill in bed when I waved her hair with your clever invention," writes Mrs. LLOYD, mother of Elva, from Walla Walla, Wash. "Her hair is bobbed and medium thick. We are simply delighted with her curls."



The Nestlé LANOIL Home Outfit in Use

A single application gives you naturally curly hair. No breakage, frizz or harshness is possible. The waving is comfortable and quick, the results are permanent and lovely.

Illustrated booklet sent free on request

Should you like more particulars before ordering the Home Outfit on trial, write for our free interesting booklet on Nestlé Waving by the LANOIL Process.

NESTLÉ LANOIL CO., Ltd.,
Established 1905
Dept. B, 12 and 14 E. 49th Street,
New York City
Just off Fifth Avenue

In June, we published several photographs of prize winners in the recent LANOIL waving contest. We here publish additional ones to illustrate the results which you too may expect with your hair. Unless you can come to the great Nestlé Establishments in New York, where over 200 waves are given daily to New York's smartest women, the Nestlé LANOIL Home Outfit is the only way you can get genuine, naturally curly hair.



LANOIL-Waved Three Months Before This Photo

MISS LENA M. MATTICE, of Cornwall, Ontario, Canada, writes, "I have had wonderful waves—soft, long and lustrous for three months now and am thankful to you Mr. Nestlé."



Her Hair Was Perfectly Straight

MISS LEONA BINGMAN 118 Spring St., Keyser, W. Va., says, "My hair was perfectly straight and very fine. When I curled it seven months ago, I had no idea it would last so long. Everyone thinks it is beautiful, and I am perfectly satisfied."

Illustrated booklet sent free on request



Her Husband Helped LANOIL-Wave Her Hair

"My husband likes small waves and helped me get this effect in 3 1/2 hours," writes MRS. AMY KILLE, of Arlington, R. I. "We consider LANOIL a great discovery."

Illustrated booklet sent free on request

Curling fluids cannot do what the Nestlé Home Outfit does. Their work is easily defeated by perspiration, rain, fog, shampoo, or bathing—influences which act just the opposite way on hair treated by the Nestlé Home Outfit. For all humidity makes such hair curlier instead of straighter.

The dainty apparatus which will give you such hair is perfectly safe, and fun to operate. We do not ask you to take it on our word. We will give you free supplies and thirty days to test it on your hair, and we will take all responsibility.

Gladly Sent on Thirty-Days' Free Trial

Send a money order, check or bank draft for \$15 today. Or, if more convenient, deposit it with your postman when the Outfit arrives. It is distinctly understood that should you decide within 30 days' test that your curls

AGENTS WANTED—We now have several hundred women and girls who make a tidy independent income by selling the famous Nestlé Home Outfit in their own neighborhood, and we are ready to employ more. If you are interested, full particulars will gladly be forwarded.

Fill in, tear off, and mail this coupon today

NESTLÉ LANOIL CO., LTD.,
Dept. B, 12 and 14 East 49th Street,
New York City, N. Y.

I would like you to send me the Nestlé LANOIL Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. It is distinctly understood that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Home Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of \$15.

I enclose \$15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.

I prefer to deposit the \$15 with my postman when the Outfit arrives.

OR, check here, . . . if only free booklet of further particulars is desired.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Beauty

Beauty Secrets for Everywoman

"I want to help you to grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when he made you first."

VOL. II

SEPTEMBER, 1923

No. 8

Beauty's Ten Commandments

I. Thou shalt cultivate a love for the beautiful, and make thyself look thy best at all times.

II. Thou shalt strive with infinite care to preserve the beauty that nature hath given thee, and strive always to add what nature has neglected to give.

III. Thou shalt not forget that fresh air and sunshine, right living, and right thinking are the first requisites of health, and that good health is essential to beauty.

IV. Thou shalt so order thy time that each day shall be spent to advantage, never neglecting to give the mind and body the daily repose and rest that they require, particularly sleep—"nature's sweet restorer."

V. Thou shalt assist nature whenever possible by the use of cosmetics and other remedies, remembering that we live unnatural lives, and therefore must adopt artificial means to preserve and enhance the beauty that nature hath given.

VI. Thou shalt not disgrace nature by imitating it in an exaggerated manner, or one that appears to be artificial; for otherwise it becomes grotesque and thou wilt appear a caricature.

VII. Thou shalt strive to be natural and look natural, just as nature would have made us had we lived always under the smile of her sunbeams and in her pure, invigorating atmosphere.

VIII. Thou shalt never expose thyself to public view when assisting nature by artificial means, but shalt always do so in the privacy of thy chamber. "Art that conceals art" shall be thy motto, and modesty thy password.

IX. Thou shalt carefully remove thy make-up every night before retiring, thoroughly cleansing thy face, hands and neck, and gently massaging them with the palms and fingers, and then applying such unguents as thy complexion needeth, so that thou shalt fall into a pleasant and gentle slumber, and awake next morning refreshed and revived for the day's duties.

X. Thou shalt always remember that true beauty comes from within; that thy inward thoughts are reflected on the countenance; that kind thoughts, good deeds, a sweet temper, and a sympathetic heart form the best foundation cream for the finishing touches that cosmetics will give thy countenance.—*Selah.*

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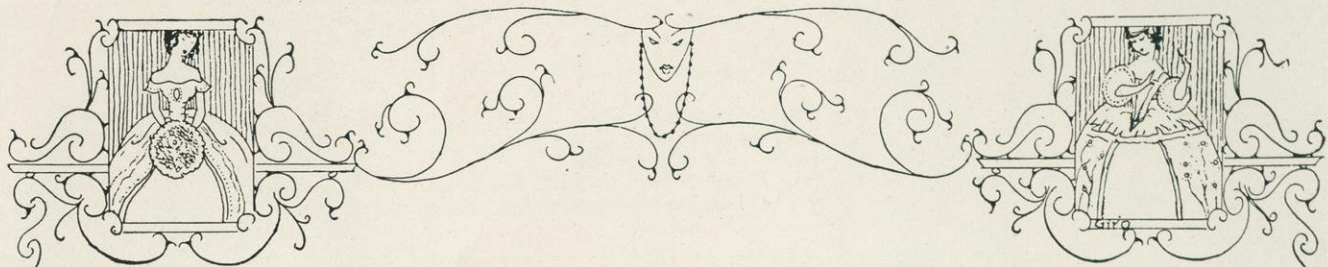
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Maurice Goldberg

DOROTHY FRANCIS

Now pursuing her merry way in Henry W. Savage's
ever popular production "The Merry Widow"



I DO—or, I MUST?

ON Main Street in my home town, in a beautiful, old colonial house whose lawn is bordered by a narrow old-fashioned bed of lavender and pink larkspur and surrounded by just the right number of cedar trees, lives Mary Smith, the charming and cultured President of the "I Do" Club.

And just across the street in another white house that seems to lack something in proportion, beauty and that priceless look of coziness lives Mary Jones, the President of the "I Must" Club.

Mary Smith has never had quite so many opportunities as Mary Jones, but she has taken full advantage of the ones she has had. She has never had quite so many clothes either but the ones she has are of exquisite taste, well cut, and have something about them that makes them seem much more attractive than the clothes Mary Jones wears.

They are both really delightful girls to know, with an equal amount of charm and personality, but Mary Smith's company is always in greater demand.

I watched them both for some time, knowing their circumstances, but I could not solve the perplexing problem until one day I heard them talking together.

Mary Jones said, "Did you hear Madame B's recital last week. It was perfectly wonderful! I *must* keep up my music—all I ever knew is simply flying away from me."

Mary Smith said, "I *do* keep mine up as well as I possibly can. I have so many things I am keeping up, even down to brushing my hair one hundred strokes every night, that I find my time pretty well taken up."

Mary Jones answered, "I *must* begin a regular system and do all of those things too—it is so much satisfaction."

The clubs these girls preside over are both very popular but I fear the "I Must's" have the larger enrolment. They are a fine crowd of girls taken all in all but they aren't quite so stable and dependable as the "I Do's." Sometimes they are rather petulant over trivial things but they seem to ease their way thru life in a fashion. Their president told me one day that the only requirement for membership is an uneasy mind and the ability to whisper the password "Procrastination" in a sister member's ear.

The "I Do's" are always accomplishing some worth while improvement that seems to help everyone in our town. Their faces have a sort of radiance that is beautiful. I know they are a healthier, happier lot, and most people concede that they are much more attractive than the "I Must's."

I have always wanted to become actively interested in clubs but really believed I couldn't spare the time. Imagine my surprise when I realized that I was a charter member of the "I Must's."

Promptly I left their organization, and joined the "I Do's." I find that I have a great deal more peace of mind than heretofore. There is no doubt that I am becoming more interesting too, because people have told me recently how much better and prettier I am looking.

Our coat of arms is a beautiful thing. It is a triangle with appropriate figures in the center, surrounded by the words: Accomplishment—Peace of Mind—Beauty.





Thyra Samter Winslow, whose amazing short stories have been issued in a volume called "Picture Frames," says that her favorite heroine is always her last one



Left—Rachel Crothers, playwright, author of eighteen successful Broadway productions, has an unusual standard of feminine pulchritude

Photo by Russell Ball

The Beauty of the Story-Book Princesses

As outlined by five of their very modern godmothers

By Ruth Waterbury

"AS beautiful as a story-book princess." Of course you know that phrase, just as I did, and accordingly you can fancy the formula of beauty I was expecting when I sought out five of the modern creators of these present-day story princesses. You have experienced that half sad little thrill one gets when reading the description of the heroine, that sense of far-off loveliness, a beauty whose exquisiteness fairly sings, features that are always faultless, bodies with the perfect symmetry of grace and expression—ah, you know all that if you are a reader.

But I wanted a formula — the exact description of the coloring, the lines, the flair that give heroines their magic charm. So I started out on a little journey of discovery and went to call upon five of our best-known story writers.

I wish I could sketch to you each one of those women first. There was about them, even in their output, no similarity,

Photo by Pach

save that they all wrote beautifully. In their environment, in their natural equipment, in their experience of life, tho, they were very far one from the other. Yet uniting them all there was a vividness, an awareness of life and its beauty, an active joy, a quick tumbling of their words, the flash of nervous hands, the lilt of sharp laughter, that invigorated one, making you happy and unafraid. And that was the first great truth that they all portrayed, that when one has found one's work, a rare completeness of creative self comes and with it, great beauty.

First there was Sophie Kerr. She lives in a lovely old house just off Park Avenue, New York City. To step from that garish street to her drawing-room is the quick transition from materialism carried to its highest point to



Rita Weiman, with dozens of stories and moving-picture scenarios sold in one year, believes that personality can be beauty if the woman who possesses it wills it so

beauty handled in its gentlest fashion. It is a room that looks out on a garden.

That ought to be the privilege of all rooms, but this is doubly blessed. It is filled with satinwood furniture and soft colors and a great open fireplace. Miss Kerr's typewriter was tapping away when I was announced, about to give forth a story, perhaps for the *Saturday Evening Post* or one of the women's magazines, or possibly a novel like "Painted Meadows" or her latest book "One Thing Is Certain."

"My ideal of beauty?" asked Sophie Kerr. "Well, really, it does not always suit my heroines. Personally I like beauty that suggests a certain subtlety and I particularly admire black-haired women with olive skin and big dark eyes, only they must be young. This brunette type is not beautiful as it grows older.

"I do not like blonde beauty at all unless it is the very, very rare so-called ash blonde, with great masses of lovely silvery-gold hair and the peculiar rose-flushed complexion and delicate features that usually accompany it. I have never seen but two of these and I assure you they were overwhelming in their effect.

"Most of my heroines are not beautiful, but some day I am going to write a story about a beautiful girl whose beauty was a real curse to her because on account of it people forgave her so much that otherwise she would have trained herself to possess. Beauty is so rare and so satisfying that we are bound to excuse it if it lies, or is stupid, ignorant or bad-mannered, or if it does not cultivate the talents it possesses."

There, I felt, was something. Miss Kerr had at least proved that mere external beauty was very little. But that certainly wasn't a formula, so I went to see Thyra Samter Winslow, whose amazing short stories have just been issued in a volume called "Picture Frames."

"My favorite heroine is always my last one," Mrs. Winslow told us quickly. She is essentially a swift and dynamic person. "My current



Photo by C. H. Edwards, Pembroke, Ontario

Top, Montanye Perry, whose short stories with lovely heroines are always flashing upon one from the pages of the better magazines

Bottom, Sophie Kerr, author of "Painted Meadows" and "One Thing Is Certain," believes that external beauty counts for very little

heroine is called 'Orphant Annie,' the name of my story that will run soon in 'Smart Set.' I've described her, as I remember, something like this: 'She was, as she is now, a little thing, slender, with grey eyes set wide apart. Altho she is, in a way, even plump, because she is small-boned she has always given the impression of extreme fragility. She was, and is, pale, too, tho her mouth is full and ripe-looking. Her face is a bit broad, her cheek-bones a trifle high for artistic perfection. Her skin is smooth and delicate-looking and her hair an unnoticeable light brown and straight. Her nose is slender and straight with just a suspicion of a tilt to it, and tho her hips and waist are slender, her breasts are well rounded.'

Well, certainly Mrs. Winslow had given me different ingredients for a heroine than Miss Kerr had. I thereupon thought I'd try a playwright. It would seem that the writer of eighteen successful Broadway productions ought to have some high standard of feminine pulchritude. Therefore in the murky gloom of "behind the scenes" I sought out Rachel Crothers.

"I'll tell you about Mary the 3rd in this current play of mine," promised Miss Crothers. "Mary the 3rd is very different from Mary the 1st, her grandmother, or Mary the 2nd, her mother. Mary the 3rd is twenty, slender and straight as a boy. She wears a slip of a frock that leaves her free and she vibrates with vitality and eagerness. She is rather dynamically interested in her own affairs. She is the type of girl who pitches her hat into a chair as she comes into a room.

"It is this boyishness of Mary which expresses her frankness, her directness and her charm. She is different from all other girls because she is herself, not patterned nor formed on other people's ideas. This makes her clear eyed, earnest and daring—or perhaps it would be more exact to say unafraid. She is without pretence. She looks everyone and everything, including life, straight in the eye and tries desperately to understand it all. And of

(Continued on page 66)



Measure in the Dance

By Teresa Cerutti

"O Lyre of gold! . . .
The cadenced step hangs listening on thy chime;
Spontaneous joys ensue;
The vocal troop obey thy signal notes;
While sudden from the shrilling wire
To lead the solemn dance thy murmur floats
In its preluding flight of sound."

PINDAR.

THE old Greek was governed by the lyre, as the ancient Egyptian was led on by his shaking sistrum; and those old dynasties are linked to us by our own sacred chimes of bells. For musical measure is everlasting, just as the past ages are linked together by the successive seasons and the alternate night and day, in the rhythm of the elements.

Measure governs all things by its rhythm, and leads the dance by musical measures along a blazed trail, which guides not the steps of the dancer only, but the minds of the spectators to a better understanding of the beauty of the dance.

Musical measure in dancing is synonymous with rhythm. In the dance this musical or rhythmic measure is an indispensable part, either actually in the music or in the mind, even tho we find in all ages dances that were given to the mere accompaniment of clapping hands. And, vice versa, all movements to music or to any rhythmic accompaniment may be called dancing.

Edward MacDowell adds his testimony to that of many writers when he states that dancing is not only more ancient than either music or poetry, but that dancing steps were the sources of musical measures and poetic cadence. In fact, poems are composed foot by foot as the dance is developed step by step along the same musically measured way. Music and poetry are written down on paper, while the steps and figures of dancing are drawn — designed upon the stage, that is the only difference; for all express poetic beauty.

The basis of rhythm is repetition, simple in its origin; but even the simplest rhythmical measure can become artistic by development, and carries in itself a force inherent, the power by repetition of the same or similar sounds to place one under the spell of its mystic magnetism. And this rhythm is the recurrent wave-movement which can carry a meaning, which, even in its simplest form, can translate a degree of emotion in the dance.

In the dance itself the first stressed beat of the measure is called the accented beat, and the rhythm of the dance is based on this first note. The notes that follow are unaccented beats, and altho secondary in rhythm, they serve to develop the steps in action form. One should always try to start off on the first beat of a musical measure, which is accented by a striking sonority, and one should do this by a more or less low bending of the knees, a movement from which one rises into the action of the dance. This stressed beat is the best key to dancing in time.

It is by rhythm that the dance-steps are counted and their execution is controlled; it is, then, indispensable to know perfectly this elementary start-off on the measure to be able to follow out the dance; altho this is but a systematic means, a tool, without it no dance can be really well danced. To be sensitive to musical measure is a gift, without which one is hampered from the start. In this respect a dancer can be compared to a singer; if a singer sings out of key or tempo she will hurt the ears, and a dancer who dances out of measure will hurt the eyes. A dancer who dances out of measure is deserting the very principle of dancing to music, as I have often seen in modern ball-rooms; she had better not dance at all. So we say of a dancer or a pupil, "she is lacking in measure," which ordinarily means that she will never, even at her best, be more than a fairly good dancer.

The sentiment of
(Cont'd on page 61)



Photo by Louget

TERESA CERUTTI



JOHN HOFMANN

From a water color by John Hofmann

"An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books
Ease and alternate labor, useful life"



CONSTANCE TALMADGE

From an original painting by Dennis

"Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinklin down her swan-like neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck"

Edna Albert, The Girl Who Hung On

The fourth of a series on beauty and brains

By Betty Shannon

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Our readers have asked us for success stories, stories about business women. "We know that women of the stage and screen take pains to remain beautiful," they say, "because it is a part of their job. But what about business women who are really doing big things? Do they think about their personal appearance? Does it really matter so much how a woman looks if she is clever and successful?" We believe this series will prove, that business women do care about their personal appearance, that any one of them would say, if asked, that good grooming, correct dressing and whatever charm they may cultivate and retain has helped to make their success.

"GOOD looks simply mow down difficulties before them. They smooth out a woman's way, break down barriers, open doors, turn hard hearts, and act like oil on troubled waters. An attractive appearance makes everything that a woman has to do, whether she is in business or at home, so much easier—that it is surely worth every woman's time to cultivate her good points, and make herself as charming as possible."

The speaker was a slim, graceful, girlish young woman, one essentially feminine in appearance, with large, engaging eyes and luxurious hair which she certainly knew how to wear. She looked like a woman of leisure with nothing more exacting on her mind than tea at the country club or a game of bridge.

And yet she wasn't a woman of leisure at all—not at all! And she wasn't a clinging vine, tho her clothes were as appealing as those of the clingiest of clinging vines one might well imagine. On the contrary she was one of the busiest little woman executives known to the business world, and the president of a corporation involved in a voluminous world trade.

She was Mrs. Edna Murphey Albert, of Cincinnati, Ohio, founder, organizer, and president of the Odorono

Company. And she was a woman who had probably had as many hard knocks, and ups and downs as any women in the workaday world. Only that you would never know it from her appearance and her manner.

Mrs. Albert has had a vast experience in dealing personally with women—both women customers and saleswomen, and I had asked her of what importance she considered beauty in the feminine scheme of things.

"I do not believe that anyone could overestimate the importance of beauty in the life of any woman," she continued. "The woman who puts the longing to be lovely out of her life, who no longer cares what she looks like and how she must appear to others, brings hardship on herself, and shuts away from her a great deal that is joyous and pleasant and that is hers by right. How can she be happy? An appreciation of beauty and a desire for it is fundamental with all of us—and no woman, I am sure, will be able to maintain year after year a successful flirtation with her husband, or will

be able to keep on growing and expanding with a purely commercial job unless she permits and aids herself in expressing her own sort of individual beauty in her appearance.

(Continued on page 73)



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Mrs. Edna Murphey Albert, of Cincinnati, O.

Power and Poetry of Breathing

A Series of Lessons on Psycho-Physical Culture

2. How to breath and acquire a youthful figure

By Penelope Knapp

Said the ancient philosopher, "A woman should not be all soul—part of her should be figure."

It was Victor Hugo, however, who voiced the crying need of women when he said, "If we would have a strong, powerful, healthful and mighty nation, we must educate, develop and beautify the mothers and grandmothers of future generations."

Women of today, analyze yourselves and determine your state of health and your personal appearance. Remember you were placed here for a definite purpose. You are the makers or the breakers of the lives of men and women yet unborn. Determine whether or not you are living up to the highest and best that is yours for the effort of obtaining it—whether or not you are robbing yourself and your unborn children of health, beauty and longevity.

Weigh well your duty to the world and come to know that generation after generation of



Exercise I and II

oxygen-starved, sickly, deformed mothers, cannot produce a nation of stalwart, healthy men and women. One generation of normal parents would regenerate the entire race and make disease and disfigured bodies so rare as to be looked upon as a crime.

When we stop to consider that each of us is a separate organism, and that organism is entirely dependent upon the atmosphere for at least four-fifths of the constituents which go to make up and to sustain life, we should understand that a grave responsibility rests with the respiratory organs.

We have been taught to associate breathing with the lungs only; this is a grave mistake—the entire organism should be taught to breathe. When the whole being breathes, the air circulates thru-out the body, reinvigorating, attuning and strengthening every cell and tissue.

The chest breather receives into the system from one-third to

Corrective Breathing Gymnastics

Poses by Florence Brooks, Directed by Penelope Knapp. Photography by Russell Ball.

Exercise I. For Chest, Digestive Organs and Abdomen

Sit erect in chair. Exhale thru mouth, completely emptying system of air. Place palms over abdomen, thumbs pointing backward. Inhale strongly, inflating abdomen to utmost and confining all thought to this member. Count twenty and exhale explosively—that is to say, with one, big, powerful movement—at the same time stretch trunk of body upward and contract abdomen, pressing it inward with palms. Come to normal position. Repeat several times. Next place palms

flat over lungs, thumbs in armpits. Inhale till lungs are filled with air and stretch chest outward, accordion fashion. This movement will tilt the head backward till face is turned to ceiling. Now turn torso to right and left alternately, stretching waist muscles in all directions. Repeat several times. Next treat chest walls same. This combined gymnastic proves beneficial in strengthening the torso muscles and bringing all the vital organs into requisition.

Exercise II. For Overcoming Abdominal Inactivity

Same position as exercise one. Inhale thru nostrils, filling chest walls and abdomen with fresh air. Keep lungs from playing any part. Place palms flat over abdomen and push muscles upward, until air is felt passing into lungs. Stretch body upward, wriggling and twisting the abdomen in all directions, at the same time massaging it vigorously. This treatment will help to loosen the taut muscles and assist in burning adipose tissue from this member. Exhale explosively

—the explosive movement acts as a sort of massage and proves highly effective in toning the abdominal muscles and stimulating the vital organs. Grasp flesh upon abdomen and pinch, massage and rotate till the blood comes to the surface. Do not depend upon the hands to do all of the work. Compel the abdominal muscles to do their part. Thruout this exercise think of Oriental dancers and try to emulate them in muscle control.

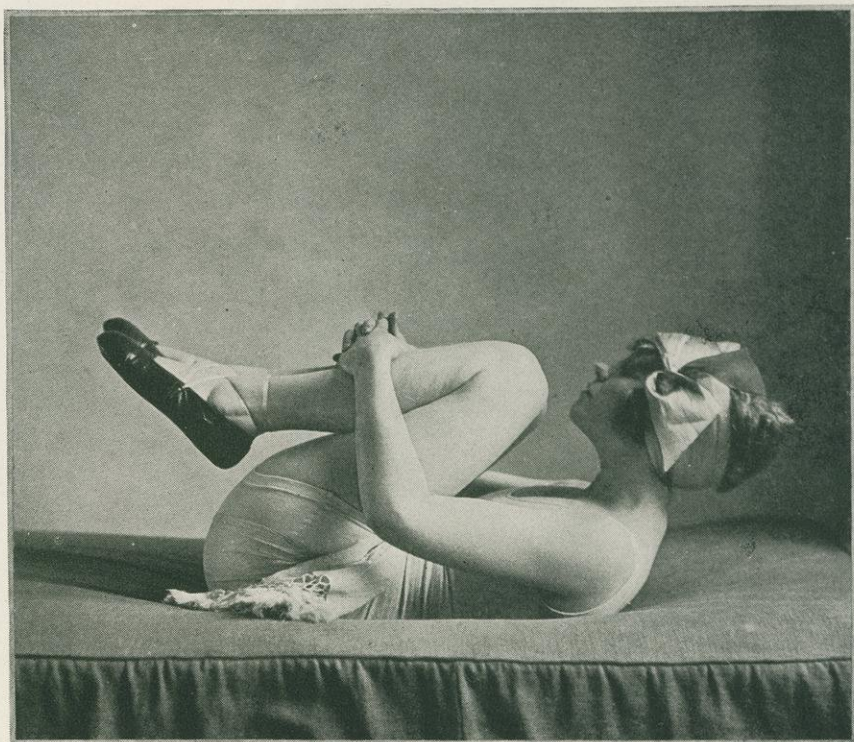
Exercise III. For Abdominal Reduction. (See illustration)

Lie prone on stomach. Push arms forward, straight outward, palms flat on floor. Stretch legs backward from body, toes pointing. Exhale and inhale slowly, at the same time drawing palms toward body—as palms (flat on floor), come nearer to body, raise torso upward and stretch, till abdominal and stomach muscles pull strongly and the spine seems ready to break. This brings the head far backward, face turned to ceiling and neck muscles elongated. Stretch body in all directions, inhaling and exhaling rapidly. When full benefit is derived from this exercise, a buzzing sensation will be experienced in the ears and all the muscles of the body will sting. This gymnastic is called the Seal—it should be practised several times each day, when rapid abdominal reduction is desired. Caution must be used, however, to not overdo and so not strain the torso muscles. This gymnastic aside from reducing the abdomen, develops the muscles of the torso, stimulates the liver and aids digestion; incidentally it tones the neck muscles.

Exercise IV. For Abdominal Reduction and General Elasticity. (See pose)

Lie flat on back. Exhale, forcing all air from system. Inhale, filling lungs and chest walls to capacity—at the same time contract abdominal muscles and make sure the abdomen does not store air. Draw knees toward body. Clasp arms about knees, locking fingers. This action will raise the head until chin nearly meets knees. Rock body in all directions—and keep repeating, the words, "I am burning adipose tissue from the body. I am making my body an instrument of my mind. I am building a supple, strong, youthful figure."

During this gymnastic a stinging sensation will be felt in the back and the abdominal muscles. This is one of the best gymnastics for burning fatty tissue from the abdomen and promoting elasticity of the spine. The compression of the thighs against the abdomen causes massage, which tends to free the muscles, reduce the abdomen and overcome constipation. Use caution to not overdo.



Exercise IV

rhythmically, indrawing the atmospheric supplies and prolonging life with every breath. The chest breather inhales and exhales rapidly, spasmodically, excitedly—and at least three times to the normal breather's once.

one-half less air than the normal breather. The normal breather inhales and exhales slowly,

Bad breathing habits weaken all the vital organs, but especially do the digestive organs suffer loss. When the digestive apparatus is impaired, foods taken into the stomach ferment and decay, poisoning the system. This because the physical equivalent known to chemistry, as the taking in of oxygen and the eliminating of carbonic-acid gas, are not equally balanced.

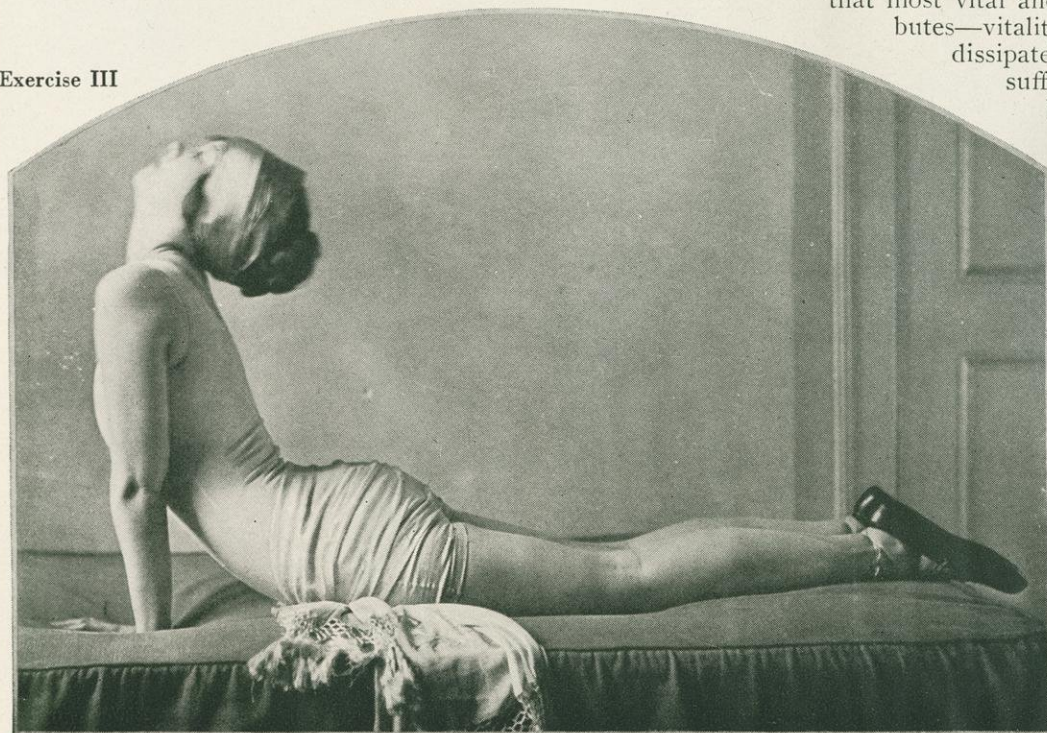
To the chest breather, the oxygen-starved, may be ascribed the sins of torpid liver, weak back, indigestion, nervous breakdown—and numerous other diseases, to which women alone are heir.

The chest breather is a profligate and waster of that most vital and essential of all attributes—vitality! When vitality is dissipated, the whole system suffers enervation—it soon becomes depleted—and the figure then loses its natural lines and curves.

Directly at the waistline is a powerful muscle called the diaphragm. When healthy and unrestricted, this member acts as a bellows for the whole body; the system is regularly replenished with fresh air supplies and the blood is carried to every cell, both near and remote, thruout the organism. Also by this means the

(Continued on page 72)

Exercise III



Beauty Abroad

Three pleasing members
of Continental society



Lady Ashburton, wife of Major Lord Ashburton, before her marriage Miss Frances Donnelly, of New York, is one of London's most beautiful titled women

Photos by
Kadel and Herbert



Mme. Joseph Kranz, wife of the Austrian industrialist, Dr. Joseph Kranz, a famous society beauty



Mlle. Agnes Souret, latest photo of the well-known Parisian beauty

Photo by
Edith Barakovich



Miss Sylvia
Lathrop,
daughter of
Benjamin G.
Lathrop, of
San Fran-
cisco, recent-
ly presented
to the King
and Queen
at Bucking-
ham Palace,
London

*Photos
by Albert R.
Dupont*



Beauty At Home

Society makes her bow

Right — Countess
Edward Zichy, *née*
Charlotte Gardner
Demarest, of New
York City. Photo
by Charlotte Fair-
child



Miss Louise Clews,
granddaughter of
the late Henry
Clews, one of the
patrician and beau-
tiful debs of the
season



"Good news, Maisie. Too good to be true. It just cant be! Such things happen in the movies or the newspapers—but they dont happen to me!"

By the Waters of Babylon

A Story in Two Parts by Montanye Perry

Illustrations by Eldon Kelley

PART I

"I BELIEVE I'll just drop it all. It's really an extravagance. They keep putting the prices higher and higher, and lots of women *do* get along without any of it!"

"But they dont look as you look when they go out with their husbands," said Willette, her deft fingers, coated with cream, making little rat-a-taps around Mrs. VanSkelton's temples. She took more cream and switched to a rotary movement. You could see the tiny wrinkles at the corners of the eyes vanish and the taut muscles of brow and throat relax. Willette waited for the moment when Mrs. VanSkelton yielded wholly to the warmth, the steady, magnetic movements of the perfectly trained hands, the faint, exquisite odor of the cream. Then she spoke again:

"Dont you like this new cream? It's the first day we have used it. A French preparation, all blended by hand in the queerest old convent. It certainly has the most wonderful effect. Cant you just *feel* it sinking into the pores? Of course, your skin is so delicate it responds instantly to treatment. Some women would have to use this for a month before they would feel the change. Now, just a minute and I'll show you."

Hot, moist towels. A bit of ice flying over the skin with tingling, energizing strokes. Warm, dry towels now; a fluff of powder; the careful touch of a brush to eyes and lashes; quick pats and touches on the hair where a few threads of silver only intensified the shining bloneness.

"There! Isn't that lovely?"

The hand mirror did show a very lovely face. Mrs. VanSkelton was just past fifty and looked just under forty. A little, unwilling smile pulled at the corners of her mouth. She tried to speak indifferently.

"Very good. I noticed a difference the instant the new cream touched my face. But, of course, my skin *is* sensitive."

"Just like a baby's," murmured Willette. She was pencilling hieroglyphics on a pad now. "Charge this, Mrs. VanSkelton? Oh, and we have to ask fifty cents more for the new cream. It costs us almost twice what the old kind did."

"The idea!" protested the lady, settling a blue and gold turban above the gold and blue of hair and eyes, and enjoying the effect immensely. "Fifty cents extra for a dab of the same cream with a different perfume in it, I suppose. You are all robbers, you know."

But her voice was light and her eyes were pleased. No woman facing what Mrs. VanSkelton faced in that mirror and remembering the tired lines and faded skin of an hour before could be anything but at peace with the world. "I ought not to come here any more, really. We're not rich, you know. But my husband insists that I keep it up."

"Of course you'll come. With a husband who just adores you. If all women kept themselves looking as you do, we wouldn't read these fearful stories of faithless men," laughed Willette with just the right min-

gling of playfulness and deference. She dropped into a chair as Maisie, carmine-cheeked, black-lashed, permanently ear-puffed, drifted in on the wave of the mink-and-velvet exit.

"You said something!" Maisie declared. "You gotta get a move on to keep a man interested these days. I'll say she's a different-lookin' dame than when she come in. I did her nails while she waited for you to finish the brunette vamp. She always says, 'I'm going to do them myself, after this once. It's ridiculous, spending so much money!' But she always comes back. Once a woman gets the beauty parlor habit she'll rob the baby's bank before she'll give it up."

She hung around restlessly as Willette began to remove cuffs and apron and pat her own hair. The closing bell had whirled and most of the girls were scurrying into their wraps. The big department store resounded to the tramp of outward-bound feet. Willette glanced at Maisie curiously.

"What's on your mind, little one? Lost your purse?"

"No. Say, sit down," pushing the easiest chair toward her. "I got something for you. It was handed me and I thought I'd better wait till you finished with your customer. Dont be scared—prob'ly nothing bad."

From the front of her blouse she fished a yellow envelope. Maisie belonged to the world where a telegram spells sudden disaster. Willette smiled a little.

"You're a thoughtful child. But I think it must be from my brother. He's been talking of stopping off to see me this trip. Dont look so worried!"

Willette read—and the bright color left her face, the yellow slip fluttered to the floor. She sat perfectly motionless, staring at nothing. Maisie touched her, timidly.

"It's bad news, after all. I'm so sorry. Can I do anything?"

The color rushed back to Willette's cheeks. "No. Good news, Maisie. Too good to be true. It just cant be! Such things happen in the movies or the newspapers—but they dont happen to me!"

Maisie lifted the yellow slip and at a nod from Willette read it. "My goodness!" she exploded. "Five

thousand dollars. Is there that much money in the world? I'll say that's some news. Who's Mrs. Hawtree, anyhow?"

"A rich old woman up home. My father tended her lawn and garden and I used to read to her and run her errands and shampoo her hair and do it up. She paid my board down here while I learned this business. And now she's dead, and tucked five thousand dollars in her will for me, just like anybody hands out a tip."

"Some luck! I'm awful glad for you. What'll you do now? Quit work?"

"One doesn't live a life of idle luxury on the income from five thousand, little one!" Willette was fastening her coat and adjusting a veil now. "But I'll do something I've wanted to do for the last three years. And if it turns out well, I may send for you, child. For you probably are the world's best manicurist, if you do rouge and chew gum on the sly."

"She's going in for herself," thought Maisie rather sadly, beginning to apply rouge, lip-stick and eyebrow pencil impartially the instant Willette left her. "She'll do well. There's something *different* about her."

There was a little frown between the manager's beautifully shaped brows as she listened to Willette's news.

"Dont frown, please," begged Willette. "I'm not going to become a competitor. I wont take my customers with me. I dont want them, up in the country."

"In the country? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. The country. That's where I'm going. Did you ever live in the country, Miss Gary?"

"Did I? Millersburg, Pennsylvania, is where I

spend old home week. I never saw New York until eight years ago—and if you could have seen me then. I was fat and coarse-skinned, with straight, stringy hair and the most awful clothes!"

Just for an instant Willette gazed incredulously at the slim, graceful woman whose hair, complexion, gown and manner were the acme of good taste and perfect grooming. Then she gave a triumphant nod.

"You illustrate my argument perfectly," she cried. "You were a typical country girl who neglects

(Cont'd on page 50)



The hand mirror did show a very lovely face. Mrs. VanSkelton was just past fifty and looked just under forty



Marcia Stein

MME. GEORGETTE LEBLANC MAETERLINCK

"I had only to listen to her words, to follow her with my eyes—for to do so was to follow the words, the movements, the habits of wisdom itself"

Beauty and Mysticism

As discussed by Mme. Georgette Le Blanc Maeterlinck
with Lucinie Thayer

"I HAD only to listen to her words, to follow her with my eyes—for to do so was to follow the words, the movements, the habits of wisdom itself"—these words in which Maeterlinck described the inspiration he had found in Georgette Le Blanc came into my mind as I entered her presence in the anteroom off her small theater on Washington Square South.

The serene dignity, mobility of expression and poise of this remarkable woman give forth a sense of power and force that one cannot help but feel.

She was dressed in long flowing robes of dull gold and blue; a veil was caught around her head with a metal band, its lines flowing into the costume and the whole effect throwing into powerful relief her vivid and beautiful face; there is a certain resemblance to Sarah Bernhardt but the blue eyes are larger and more pronounced.

She sat by a small table under a soft-colored light and around her were grouped a circle of friends who esteem greatly the privilege of a few moments of her leisure, rare moments in an existence whose motto is "*la travaille et encore la travaille.*"

How with her life of achievement, of appearing year after year before the most critical audiences in Europe in operas, in plays, creating new rôles and besides writing and illustrating, and keeping abreast with the modern composers and painters with whom she is continually collaborating, could this woman still retain the figure and skin of a young girl?

"What, Madame Maeterlinck," I asked her, "do you consider the greatest factor in a woman's life, for her beauty and for her happiness, to conserve and to increase them?"

"To live by the spirit," she answered at once; "everything else is but superficial—*la travaille et encore la travaille*, but of course I understand work in the sense of the artist, varied and intensely interesting activities; a harmonized activity of spirit, mind and body." She spoke in charming English in a rich low voice using an occasional French phrase.

"I do not mean at all by this to disparage all the little *soins* that always mean so much to the French-woman, creams, powders, cosmetics, nor the value of sports which I consider one of the most admirable things in American life and one which the French would do well to copy, as indeed they are doing more and more each year. But when I was a young girl, especially in the little provincial town where I spent my youth, sports were unheard of; we should do all that helps to maintain and advance the perfection of the body—this is right—but it has its limits; these we should define with exactness for whatever may trespass beyond must infallibly weaken the growth of that other side of ourselves that Maeterlinck calls, 'the flower that the leaves around will either stifle or nourish.' This choice we are too ready to relegate to chance, destiny or the caprice of temperament, instead of guiding these mind forces that like the leaves should be discreetly active, sustaining and nourishing or deeply selfish and destructive of all noble effort.

"This one sees readily in the little provincial towns in the lives of the bourgeois with their eternal daily round of the same small duties, nothing to arouse the spirit, to stimulate the mental faculties—one sees how much more quickly these women fade than the artist.

"For example, I will tell you of a period of extreme activity in my life—how I spent my day—and for many months at a time. We were living then in the mountains outside of Grasse some distance from Nice. I was rehearsing there two plays every day.

"In the morning I arose at seven and after a very light repast rode on my bicycle to the station from which the tram went into Nice. This tram took four hours and during the trip I memorized parts in two Ibsen Plays; I took with me a light lunch, for I had no time for a restaurant, and arrived at the theater a little after one. Then we rehearsed the two plays all afternoon—rehearsing is itself quite strenuous exercise. I then would motor back to the little house in the mountains to dine with Maeterlinck and after that rest and talk perhaps an hour. The rest of the evening I practised my singing until perhaps eleven, at which time I started writing, making notes of events for future reference, things I would use in my work, organized my days and working on the book about dogs which I also illustrated and which was published later—this until perhaps one or two in the morning."

"No," in answer to a question, "I did not feel tired, nor do I now. This was one of the happiest periods of my life. Perhaps my vitality was unusual—there cannot be rules about such things—it is necessary for each one to experiment and find what is the best routine for him or herself.

"Frequently I have sung two rôles in one evening—thus I sang 'Thais' at one time in Nice and after the curtain descended at about eleven-thirty, we then gave 'La Wavraise.'

"Here in New York I have sung every evening for four weeks—I do not know of any other artist who has done this."

Madame Maeterlinck believes that she owes her power of endurance to a system of breathing taught her in Paris ten years ago by an Indian priest—so marvelous have been the benefits she has experienced from this system that she says—"I do not believe there can be any perfection of health and spirit without some part of this science of breath but also this is what I mean by a life of the spirit, for we will surely be directed to all means helpful to our aspiration. There are many excellent books on the subject of oriental breath culture but persistent practice is necessary."

Some one then asked Madame Maeterlinck what she thought of Coué and she told us that she considered him a person '*très amiable*,' that his system was effective, valuable, but very elemental and was for those who had not given much thought to the inner life. "When conviction has become experience, then we understand these things."

I told Madame that American women would naturally be interested to know what especial care she gave to
(Continued on page 63)



Photo by Edwin F. Townsend

GERALDINE FARRAR

Picturesque study of the well-loved star of opera and cinema

Flappers and Flaptrap

By Mr. Paris of Troy

Paris of Troy, a legendary Greek hero, was be-sought by three goddesses of his time to decide who was the most beautiful. As a reward the winning goddess gave Paris possession of Helen of Troy, the fairest creature on earth at that time. At the time of the founding of BEAUTY, a present-day mortal succeeded in getting in communication with the spirit of Paris who welcomed the opportunity to give his views. Thus the beauty authority of legendary history and the beauty authority of the present day are brought together.

SO much has been written in criticism of the flapper, so much abuse has been laid upon her young shoulders, so much innuendo and cal-low gossip have been aimed at this charming and daring modern type, that the language needs a new word: *flaptrap*.

Flaptrap is claptrap concerning flappers; it is that flood of unsympathetic, old-maidish denunciation which is being directed at the modern young girl.

Now I do not give my unqualified endorsement to the present-day miss of eighteen summers, not I, Paris of Troy, whose approval the Greek goddesses sought thousands of years ago. No, I look over the



I look over the current models of girls, and I write "O. K. with corrections"

I am pro-flapper, and I am pro-knees.

Never was there a more sensible, comfortable movement than the short-skirt campaign combined with the custom of rolling your own. There is nothing to blush about in the exposed human knee. The whole excitement on the matter is merely that showing the knees is a newly revived social custom. You need but to look at the pictures of Greek dancers to see the kind of costumes that I have been used to gaze upon, and very sensible costumes, too; giving free opportunity for movement, for the physical development which is everybody's birthright. And that leads me to another outcry against the modern deb and subdeb. "She doesn't wear corsets!" they shriek.

Oh me, oh my, oh mercy.

Look at the statues of the three graces.

Consider the famous sculpture, Venus de Milo.

To the ancient Greek mind corsets are an abomination, and the thick strong waist is the style to be admired. I don't wonder that the drooping, fainting, weeping violet of 1870 to 1910 needed a metal lattice-work or stockade to hold her together. But the present-day flapper, active and athletic, has a figure that needs little in the way of artificial support. Certainly she does well to discard the monstrous strait-jacket sort of thing which I am told they used to wear.

Then Dame Grundy says Flapping Fanny is a "hooch hound."

(Continued on page 70)



Never was there a more sensible comfortable movement than the short-skirt campaign

current models of girls, and I write "O. K. with corrections," but I do say that I am bored to the limit by the ceaseless carping against the young things for those very

acts which prove them to be brave, progressive, and charming.

Compared with any other group on earth today, compared probably with any class of women that ever existed, the flapper type leads the field, tho personally I would like them just a bit more mellowed. One cannot, however, I suppose, look for the snap and fire of youth, and expect to find also a great deal of the moderation and restraint which age is expected to bring.

But right here I want to say—and I hope every pillar of self-righteousness hears me—

Is Your Coiffure Correct?

By Elizabeth Acaster

Transformations from Manuel

Illustrations by Claude, Paris

a beautiful, rippling head of waves. And there are always satisfactory permanent waving methods in abundance!

In story books, heroines are never without "hair that shines like spun gold, coiled bewitchingly at the nape of the neck," or, "an alluring curl peeps from behind one ear," if she be a blonde. The brunette has "hair that glistens like coal in the sunlight" or, if auburn, it is like "rustling red-brown leaves on a crisp October day." And the grandmother invariably has "waving white hair that falls softly over the dear old lady's ears!" Personally, we are in favor of an author's note at the beginning of each novel telling how they got that way!

It is our belief that nature made and understands our hair. She will take care of it if you will but give a little aid in a world that she did not anticipate being



Photo by Nickolas Muray
Lois Wilson

ONCE upon a time, when we were young and small enough not to realize what a deceitful world it is, someone told us that if we ate all our bread crusts we would have curly hair. The result was a loss of confidence in human beings in general and an avid dislike for bread crusts. But it never did cure our desire for curly hair.

If there is one thing every woman desires above every thing else in life, it is curls—why, I do not understand because some women look positively absurd with even one little ripple.

However, in this day and age with everything from rags to waving lotions obtainable, one hardly needs to worry if a kind Providence has neglected giving one



so full of dust and destruction. If you are born to have thick, luxuriant hair you will have it—sickness may interfere for a little while but it will right itself; you are born with a thick or thin wrist, and you are born with thick or thin hair. Take care of it and nature will do the rest.

Exercise and cleanliness are two most essential things relative to proper treatment and care. Have two hair brushes, with long pliant bristles, and wash one of them each day after using it. Your combs must have as scrupulous attention.

Every few days a cleansing tonic should be applied to the scalp with a bit of absorbent cotton used like a sponge. Part the hair, beginning in the center and

Becomingly arranged hair possesses a witchery that makes a plain face beautiful. Do you dress your hair to suit the particular character of your face? Write us, describing form of face and features. Better still, send a photograph. We will tell you how to bring into relief your best features and to reduce the prominence of the worst

making the parts not over three-quarters of an inch apart; dip your cotton sponge in the tonic, squeeze it out a little so that the tonic wont go all over the hair and rub it lightly on the parts. When you have it all over the head, take a soft hand-towel and dry your head just as you would after a shampoo. Then give your scalp a little massage to get the circulation up and the scalp loose. Separate your hair into strands and brush, always brushing upward and outward from the scalp, not down flat against it, and with long strokes that go to the end of the hair.

The cleansing tonic can be used every day if the hair is in very bad condition, either too oily or too dry or sick with dandruff. Brushing not only cleanses the hair and the impurities the scalp sends off, but it polishes it and gives gloss.

Shampooing can best be decided by the individual



but we are firmly convinced that shampooing is not necessary more than once a month or every six weeks, as our own hair became healthy and fluffy from the above method.

Dressing the hair properly so that it will bring out your best features is an art. One may have a delicious tip-tilted nose, and the most adorable, yielding chin, yet the contour of the hair may cause the former to look merely prying and the latter to appear insignificant.

Study your nose and the curve of your chin and the line from your shoulder to your neck and the side of your head. It is the hardest thing in the world to get away from the way you are used to. Remember that when you look at yourself you see only one or



Photo by Nickolas Muray

Miss Lamont of the "Greenwich Village Follies"

possibly two angles—everyone else sees your whole head. You may be doing your hair so that it is a very nice front view or profile but the line of the whole head is faulty. Not only must you think of your whole head but your body as well. If you are short, your hair should be dressed to make your head small, unless, of course, you are stout.

Remember that the charm of your hair is its softness and gleam. Simply dressed hair, like a soft befriending frame around the face, is the thing that inspires poets and sways young men to matrimony.

There are several good spots on your head where your chignon can be and there is always at least one spot

(Continued on page 78)



Stars of Beauty



Photo by Dorien Leigh © E. O. Hoppe

Miss Joan Clarkson, the English actress who scored a triumph in "The Happy Ending" at St. James Theater, considered the most beautiful actress in England



Photo by Kadel and Herbert

Madame Balaskova, famous Russian dancer and beauty, formerly of the Royal Opera House, Moscow, now dancing in Paris in Russian ballets

Mme. Yvonne Printemps, beautiful and distinguished French actress, wife of Sacha Guitry, eminent playwright



Photo by Florence Vandamm

Three
Fascinating
Favorites of
the
Continental
Stage



The School of Beauty

Beginning a series of lessons on Health and the Adornments of Beauty

1. The Chemistry of Food

By Guy Otis Brewster, M. D.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Dr. Guy Otis Brewster has had a wide experience in the field of medicine, and not content with general medical practice has devoted his lifetime in medicine to the study of several special branches. He has taught and written Anatomy, Physiology and Pathology, and for a number of years, in New York City, confined his practice to the exclusive Fifth Avenue set. His research in Dermatology and Chemistry has enabled him to develop many features in the care and treatment of the skin and complexion, which, together with his knowledge of general medicine, hygiene and physiological research, increases his appreciation and understanding of the factors in life which can add to the beauty and health of humanity.

SECOND QUESTION: Why do we eat so many kinds of food?

ANSWER: Because no one food contains all the materials necessary for the repair of the body.

THIRD QUESTION: I have been told that different kinds of food when taken together helped digestion, and other foods if taken at the same time hindered digestion. How can this be possible?

ANSWER: The reason different foods have an effect on digestion when taken together is the effect of stomach secretions upon them. The sugar and starchy foods cause stomach secretions to flow freely but they do not use the secretions and pass rapidly into the small intestine for digestion. The lean meat takes up all the stomach secretion that flows in like a dry sponge dropped in a bowl of water, and this effect causes considerable digestive changes in the meat before it leaves the stomach; you see therefore that sugar and starchy foods work well with lean meat, but fat does not work so well when taken with the other foods because it decreases the flow of stomach secretions and is digested very slowly as it reaches the small intestine. This is the reason why meat and butter have not been taken together by some of the

older races in civilization, and bread, which is a starchy food, was taken with butter instead.

FOURTH QUESTION: What do you mean by the chemistry of food?

ANSWER: The word chemistry means change, and we use it to mean the change of form in the foods we eat.

We must realize that we are made up of the food we digest and distribute to our tissues each day.

Literally, by saying "chemistry of food" we mean the changes which occur in food when it is

THE first matriculate in our school asked if beauty could exist without health.

It cannot, for our senses are dissatisfied if the object called beautiful is withered and sickly, and we are correspondingly pleased with evidences of vibrant health regardless of regular or irregular features.

We are influenced by smell, touch and voice sounds as well as by sight, more than we realize, and the persons we at first deemed beautiful to our vision, lost their attractiveness when judged by our other senses and found to have bad breath and a hoarse voice.

As the first course concerns the chemistry of food, we will take up the subject in the simple order of question and answer from the first members joining.

The school will come to order:

FIRST QUESTION: How many forms of food are there and how are they divided?

ANSWER: There are three forms of food, they occur as, (a) Carbohydrates, which is the chemical name for sugar and starchy foods. (b) Hydrocarbons, which we commonly call Fats. (c) Proteids, or lean meats, and the protein material in vegetables.

The School of Beauty

Do you want to know the magic combination which unlocks the vault that holds the secret formula of beauty?

Enroll in the School of Beauty. It is free to all, we ask only your co-operation and your careful attention.

Write us your particular problem—what interests you most in the suggested Health Course. Have you other suggestions?

Send in your questions at any time and they will be answered in conjunction with the next article and lecture, so that you will have plenty of time for thought and practice between courses.

We open the door to the wide spaces and city dwellers alike. All are welcome to the post-graduate course of health and adornment in the School of Beauty's Garden. Write us *now*.

taken apart or disintegrated and changed into another form.

FIFTH QUESTION: Will you explain the chemistry of digestion?

ANSWER: The first stage in the chemistry of digestion is answered in question three of this series. The second and most important stage takes place in the small intestine. The food passes from the stomach to the small intestine in small quantities with a balance of acidity in the stomach and alkalinity in the intestine. This regulation permits the powerful intestinal and pancreatic secretions which are alkaline in reaction to complete digestion, or food changes so that the food can be taken into the blood in the regular order in which it is needed by the tissues of the body.

SIXTH QUESTION: I have a heavy feeling in my stomach several hours after eating, with a slight headache, and my skin is dry and rough in places, is this due to wrong eating?

ANSWER: Take smaller quantities of food and less fat. The sugar and starchy foods should leave the stomach in ten minutes to one hour, the lean meats and vegetables in from one to three hours, and it takes the fats as long as eight hours to reach the small intestines. By regulating the diet and limiting the quantity taken, you will shorten the time of stomach digestion and find the heaviness, headache and skin conditions all improved. It is a good general rule to take starchy foods for breakfast, with no meat or fats. At luncheon take a little meat or eggs with bread or salad, and at dinner take the combination of fats, meat and vegetables, because a longer interval for digestion is possible between dinner and breakfast.

Very few individuals drink too much water and many folks drink too little.

It is a good plan to eat small portions of food as there is a limit to our digestive capacities, and we obtain more nourishment from small quantities well digested than from greater amounts incompletely changed.

Incomplete digestion means food changes of an injurious character which typify themselves in skin changes which no cosmetics can disguise.

The class now arrives at the crux of the food question as it pertains to health and the effects of the chemistry of food upon beauty.

When the class assembled in Beauty's Garden for its preliminary lecture, the secret formula for health and beauty was announced as *Balance*.

Let us learn to balance our diet so that we eat just enough and not too much for perfect digestion. We stated that no law was to be given which would deprive anyone of the good things they liked to eat because of the differences in climate, water, size and age. With a little knowledge of the effects of different combinations of food and varying quantities of the same, compared with the other factors stated, and the amount of exercise and work performed, requiring repair changes in the body, we can adjust dietetics to suit our individual cases.

When the least doubt arises concerning results, you may transport yourself in imagination to the Garden School and ask the direct questions pertaining to your individual case in a letter to BEAUTY. Tell as much as you like about yourself and your condition and you will find your answers in a following lecture in the Garden, with no direct reference to you as an individual.

If you wish to know about Dress, Bathing and Sleep also, include your questions on those subjects at the same time.

As soon as the class passes satisfactorily thru this course of study in beauty-making, we will proceed with the many further aids to adornment which can be discussed with you in the following course of Cosmetic Aids to Beauty which

I am sure you will understand and apply to greater advantage with the knowledge gained in the fundamental course of health as a first essential to physical attractiveness.

As a last word to the class before leaving the Garden, I would like to call attention to the pleasurable satisfaction everyone derives from the preservation of their good looks and youthful charm as the years pass along.

You can readily understand the need of good digestion and lithe, strong bodies as birthdays come and go, if you are to deserve the compliments of old friends who tell you that you are not looking a day over twenty-five when nearly twice that age.

Youth is the most priceless possession on earth, its loss the greatest sorrow.

Join our School and learn to preserve your youth.

The Universal Spirit

By NATALIE MACMURDY

"Beauty is Spring!" Youth cried in fine disdain,

"Bright daffodils, fresh cheeks, and first love's pain!

Beauty is bud, and blossom; in her train Trips April, in a bridal-veil of rain!

How can warm Beauty stay with winter years?

How can she shine in eyes that have known tears?

Beauty is Spring!"

"My son," the wise man smiled, and shook his head,

"Beauty fades not because the rose is dead!

Nay, she is royal then; a Queen in red, With Autumn's glowing grapes beneath her tread!

Beauty, full-blown, mature, is not less fair!

Her face may change, but she is everywhere,

In everything!"



Fashion

Edited by
Margery Wells

Draping dignifies
the modern
Evening gown

Photos by
Style Service Syndicate



It is the quality and intricacy of the weave of the modern fabric that fits it for the construction of the smart evening gown. It must be heavy, it must be in every sense pliable, it must be extremely colorful, tho the colors are subdued by silver and gold overlying threads, and it must be soft enough to drape into any lines that harmonize with the contour of one's figure. All of this being the case, only the merest touch of trimming is needed in addition

Fluffy feather around the crown of a white felt hat and a softly becoming fox fur worn 'round the shoulders, and the girl of today is fixed for dining out in a most becoming way



Photos by
Style
Service
Syndicate



Furs That Bridge the Distance Between Summer and Winter

A grey fox skin (above) makes any costume take on an extra air of smartness. It is becoming to almost any type of face and certainly it is one of the most popular of modern furs. Price \$35.00

The fluffiest of skins is a brown wolf (upper right). It is wide and rich and handsome-looking, and the girl who is slim is the one who just naturally looks her best in a fur of this sort. Price \$25.00



Two skins of stone martin add style and smartness to any outdoor costume, and they are always becoming when strung round the neck even when more dressy frocks are worn. Their color is a light cream streaked with darker tones of brown. Two skins for \$55.00. One skin, \$27.50. (The dress of blue tricotine with lingerie collar, \$39.50)

For Dinner, Dance and Informal Parties

Beauty's Shopping Service

Thru this service you can buy any of the smart new clothes pictured on Beauty's fashion pages and have them sent directly to you. If you choose a frock, coat or wrap, be sure to send correct measurements. Send check or money order to Beauty's Shopping Service, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and your order will receive prompt attention.



Chiffon is handled here in the most girlish of manners, for the wide tucks outlined with fringed beads only accentuate any youthfulness of character and the simple little ribbon sash adds to the unpretentiousness of the effect. Price \$40.00



Black chiffon velvet will be one of the smartest of materials for the coming fashion season. This gown is made along period lines and is trimmed with lingerie embroidered organdy. Price \$55.00



Fluffiness of lace draped over the brim of a little hat becomingly shaped as to its brim is one of the best ways of tuning the comfortable hat to evening affairs where a hat is a part of the costume equipment. The one is made of all black and is suitable to wear with many sorts of frocks. Price \$15.00

The Earliest Fall Coat and Hat

*Photos by
Style Service Syndicate*



A plaid woolen fabric in shades of brown and tan makes one of those useful coats that can be used for motoring, outdoor wear of any sort, and equally well for the street. It has its plaids arranged in interesting designs accomplished by means of straps and folds. Price \$30.00

Ostrich, they tell us, will be moving in the best circles this fall and winter, and on this smart little black satin hat it droops over the back and down both sides in an unusually sweet-looking manner. Price \$25.00



The first of the winter coats! It is made with all of the new lines and graces incorporated in its design. It is of black, velvety cloth with a wide and luxurious-looking fur collar, and is lined with silk. Price \$49.50

Black taffeta for the hat (it may be dark blue or brown if you wish it) trimmed with a taffeta rosette that is fastened by a buckle of brilliants. Here you have smartness of shape, fine quality of line, and a youthful frame for the face which should be the highest ambition of any hat. Price \$10.00



The top coat of polo cloth is always good. This one is made according to all of the detailed restrictions of the best of the newer ones and will be just the thing for a service coat for a year to come. Lined with silk thruout. Price \$19.75





Choose Your Type

A course in outward beauty as expressed in clothes

6. The "cream-puff" girl and the matron

By Laura Kent Mason

DO you know the Cream Puff? She is one of the most attractive types in the world. Perhaps you do know her under another name. The Cream Puff has a touch of Old-Fashioned Girl to her, and just a taste of Vamp, too, but most of her charm is her own and not borrowed from any other type of girl. The Cream Puff is modern, so modern that, as a type, you may not recognize her. Yet she is a type that I feel sure will never go out of style.

The Cream Puff is of medium size or small. The Vamp and the Picturesque Girl may be tall. The Athletic Girl may be a trifle tall, too. The Tailored Girl may be of Junoesque proportions. But the Cream Puff is "little-girl size." She may be plump. She may be of medium height and proportion. The most successful Cream Puff is rather small.

The Cream Puff has fluffy hair. It may be bobbed straight as a young Renaissance page. It may be "shingled-bobbed" and waved. It may be long. But it is always a bit fluffed around her face. It is always fresh-looking. It is the kind of hair you want to touch with your fingers.

The Cream Puff uses make-up. She is always powdered. The Cream Puff never allows her nose to get shiny, even in difficult weather. The Cream Puff plucks her eyebrows occasionally. She rouges, just a little. Her lips are always touched up, but never too much. She never uses a startling shade of red. In fact she prefers the new orange rouges and lip-sticks.

Are you a Cream Puff? The color of your eyes does not matter, really. You may even touch up your lashes a bit, if you like. Your face may be oval, but it should not be thin. You may have a round face, too, and be a good type of Cream Puff girl.

The Cream Puff is always dainty. She wears fresh, frothy things. Occasionally she wears a tailored blouse but she always wears it as an affectation and shows by her fluffy hair and not too tailored hat that she isn't trying to be a Tailored Girl at all.

For street wear, the Cream Puff wears a coat cut in a new but not extreme style. For winter, she should wear squirrel, mole or seal. These may be cut in any of the new manners, but need not be plain. If the Cream Puff cannot afford a fur coat, or does not care

for fur, she might choose a cloth coat in grey or dark blue, with collars and cuffs of squirrel. Her hats should be of an odd shape and color, but a trifle small in size. Orange, green, blue and black are good colors of hats for her. If the Cream Puff chooses a black hat, she should see that it is of a distinctive cut and it might have a bit of color or an odd buckle or pin as part of its trimming.

For day dresses, the Cream Puff may choose silk or serge in winter. These should be dainty dresses, with a bit of lace at the throat, perhaps, or an odd touch of embroidery. Her separate blouses should be of silk or chiffon.

For evening wear, the Cream Puff can wear nearly every color. These should not be so startling as Vamp clothes nor so plain as those chosen by the Athletic Girl. Red or orange chiffon is good for the Cream Puff. She can wear white chiffon to advantage, too. A corn-colored chiffon, trimmed with a girdle of gold and bits of colored fruit, gold-colored slippers and stockings and a hair-band of gold would make an attractive Cream Puff evening costume. For "dress-up" afternoon wear, the Cream Puff might wear dark blue velvet, in winter, with a collar of cream lace and a vestee of colored embroidery.

For summer wear, the Cream Puff may revel in dozens of soft, fluffy dresses. She should not wear linen very much. Instead, she may wear lawns and organdies and thin crêpes. For summer, a pink organdie, with a big bow of the organdie in the back, a white floppy hat trimmed in pink wild roses and white slippers and stockings would make the Cream Puff look "good enough to eat," I'm sure.

The Cream Puff should always look as if she were just about to go out to a tea. She may choose the most frivolous of colored handkerchiefs. Her shoes and stockings should always be dainty and in fashion. She may use any delicate perfume. For jewelry she should wear rather simple things, an odd but not too-elaborate jade or pearl chain, one or two odd rings, a simple pin. Her charm will depend on her daintiness, her fluffiness, her all-round attractiveness and "hugableness." The Cream Puff is, at bottom, the sort of girl a modern mother wants her son to marry. Surely that

is recommendation enough. If you are a Cream Puff you are lucky. Develop your type all you can. Dont make a mistake and turn it into another type, instead. The modern Cream Puff girl is coming into her own very fast. She is one of the most attractive girls of our generation.

8. THE MATRON

Again, we change abruptly. Yet, after all, there isn't so much difference between the Cream Puff and the Matron. For the Matron is the type into which a Cream Puff develops. In fact, when you come to that, every type becomes a Matron, as time goes on.

When is a Matron a Matron? That is a question I cant answer. I do know one thing, tho. There are hundreds of women, striving in vain to be Vamps and Flappers and Cream Puffs who really belong in the Matron class. If they would give in, without any further struggling, and take their right place in the gallery of types as a Matron instead of a Near-Something-Else, they would become immediately far more attractive and charming—and popular.

I know half a dozen women who are of the Matron type. They dont know it. Occasionally they ask my advice about a hat or a gown. I give my advice and they say, "Oh, that's far too old for me. I want to look young." Poor things! I dont dare tell them that in the far-too-young gown they look but a pitiful imitation of what they *want* to look. In a more suitable garment they would look younger and prettier and more attractive.

Dont strive after youth. This does not mean that you shouldn't try to look young. That, of course. But, after youth is really and truly gone, dont fool yourself into thinking that you look years and years younger than you are. I happen to have a husband who is, sometimes unfortunately, too truthful. Occasionally, women ask him to guess their ages. Perhaps a woman of thirty-five, who *thinks* she looks twenty, asks him to guess.

"Do you want the truth?" asks tactless Friend Husband.

"Oh, yes," he is assured, untruthfully.

"Well, I should guess you are around thirty-five," guesses Friend Husband.

There is a subdued shriek, followed by perpetual coolness. The woman knew she was thirty-five. She had fooled herself and her friends had fooled her into thinking she looked much younger. Today, all of us look younger than our grandmothers did at our ages, usually. This simply means that we do less strenuous physical labor. All of us look younger, so the real age-appearance does not change. When a woman is thirty-five she usually looks her age. Her age may

not show in wrinkles. It may not show in the color of her hair. It does show. Perhaps, her throat line has altered. Perhaps there is a line in her neck that she has never noticed. Perhaps there is a shadow under her eyes. In some way, in nearly every case, the real age of the woman is apparent.

What to do? Ah, that's just it. Use cold cream, of course. Apply make-up in moderation. Dont look frumpy, just because youth has gone. But dont deceive yourself, either. Some place about thirty-five, a woman steps from the Cream Puff or Athletic Girl or Vamp type into the Matron Type. That's all there is to it. The change may come a few years earlier or a few years later. But come, it does. Make the best of it. Change your type as your age changes.

It really isn't so bad, being a Matron, these days.

This doesn't mean black clothes and sit-by-the-fire. Far from it, it just means *moderation*. Modify your type. That is all. Give up your most brilliant, most flashy clothes. Buy a black hat instead of a red one. Wear small earrings instead of huge carved affairs. For evening wear, wear a gown of pastel chiffon instead of one of brilliant brocade. For street wear, choose a plain gown and leave plaid skirts and gay sweaters to the Flapper.

If you are a Matron, give up exotic perfumes. Choose the good, simpler odors, instead. Give up elaborate head-dresses. Nothing ages a woman so much as an ornamental band of gold or silver or jewels. Keep your hair soft and fluffy around your face. Pull it closer to your eye-brows, perhaps, so as to hide the wrinkles that are probably in your forehead, even if you do not see them. Give up elaborate wavings of hair and head bands and great, heavy hats. Wear simple hats of a more subdued color.

I dont want you to look old and dowdy. I want you to look your best. You cant look your best if you are a caricature of youth, when you might be a charming portrait of middle-age. Dont wear elaborately youthful slippers. Simple shoes or slippers, in correct, good lines are best.

Give up elaborate jewelry. A few good pieces are best for you. Dont go to extremes in earrings or rings—or clothes. Simple things, in good taste, will conceal your age far more than things that are too young for you. The woman who is wise is the one who modifies her type to that of a dignified and charming Matron, after the middle thirties are upon her. She can keep her daintiness and attraction in no other way.

Our "type" lessons are over. Have you found your type? Are you following it? I hope each of you, in finding your type, has added to your attractiveness, charm and happiness.

Laura Kent Mason

What Beauty Means to Me

A MERE MAN SPEAKS

I'm not a movie star
Nor a director,
Only a very humble person,
And I haven't been asked,
But all the same
I should like to give you my idea
Of what constitutes beauty in woman.
A woman to be really beautiful must have
A natural love of human beings
In spite of all the badness in the world
She knows there's lots of good in everyone.
She does not wear a chip on her shoulder
To be knocked off by every passer-by,
But counts each one
A friend and not an enemy.
She doesn't show a Cheshire smile or thundrous frown,
Just a happy medium of pleasant expectancy,
That says "something nice is going to happen to me."
(And it always does.)
She likes little children and smiles at them
And they like her and smile back.
Motherly old ladies look at her
And wish she were their daughter.
Her features may not be the kind
To "launch a thousand ships."
But still she doesn't have to search for
beauty—
She has it.

The Confessions of Forty

A time for retrospecting, introspecting—a time to ponder and to wonder if it *is* worth while to try to keep young

By Louise Morris

TOMORROW I shall be 40! That little 4 and that round 0! To a woman those small numerals signify so much!! Now if I were a man, I should give a large dinner party, and have my friends drink my health in—cider? Instead, I belong to the date-hating tribe. So here I sit retrospecting, introspecting, feeling blue and out of it. Oh youth, youth, you go before we know you've arrived. Young people do not take their youth at the proper valuation. They accept every pleasure, the source or the ending is not questioned. When youth leaves us, we hold out eager hands to clasp it to us, but—a breath and it's gone.

When we're young, we're just young. We never seem to realize that fact. Ah, the pity of that. It's a tragedy, this getting-old business to us women. Such a terrific struggle to keep in the swim! At forty we reach the top of the toboggan slide, then down, down we go into the ice fields of oblivion, and plenty of good hard knocks do we get on our journey. Ah, for the good old days when our placid mothers reached the forties. Sweetly and uncomplainingly they faced the world in all the glory of bonnets with large wide bows that charitably hid time's earmarks, either of a surplus chin or a neck like a dead chicken's. Little did *they* worry over either fact. They were forty, therefore—shelved. And so on went that awful headgear over smooth grey hair, dolmans to swathe the figure, flat heels, flat hopes, everything flat in that long ago.

But now! the difference! Fox-trotting—changing silhouette—youthful-dressed, silk-stockinged days are



CLEO DE MERODES

Kadel and Herbert

who twenty-five years ago was acclaimed the most beautiful actress in Paris. Her profile is again here shown as beautiful as ever

here. No more elderly women. *Everyone young* (at least from the back), and we all have to get in line, follow the crowd or else get jostled and pushed aside. Up-to-date, wide-awake, alert, that's what we all have to be. Instead of large wide bows of ribbon to hide our tell-tale throats, we put around our necks juvenile strings of beads. Instead of making our clothes fit the shape that Nature intended it to be, we make our shape fit our clothes.

Tom Hood's wonderful woman-toiler in shirts with her "Stitch, stitch, stitch," was a seven hour-a-day worker compared with us poor time-obliterators of these days.

Well, this is my confession; for some years I've been having a hand-to-hand encounter with Mr. Time. He's a hard man to wrestle with, and oh how often have I had a knockout blow, but, up I come again smilingly. When I reached thirty-five I saw my first grey hair! Ah,

the pitiful tragedy of that little white strand. Then I began to see tiny wrinkles. Now, when a woman has had good looks and admiration, she is going to fight very hard to keep them. And I did. It is indeed a very serious thing to have a "fall" face and a "spring" heart. Autumn leaves are very lovely in their way, but I'll wager they would joyfully exchange their brown and red glory to be a beautiful bunch of *June roses*. After I had passed the thirty-fifth milestone, I yearned to be a June rose again. My autumn tints were beginning to verge into the sere and yellow leaf-time. "Grow old gracefully," I preached to myself. "Just let nature do her own will." *But no*, I was not going to let that arch-

(Continued on page 64)

Our Popular Vote Contest

From the many beautifully written letters received this month we have selected the following subjects: Lillian Russell whose beauty lives on in the hearts of all who knew and loved her, and our own well loved Ethel Barrymore



Photo by Mary Dale Clarke

ETHEL BARRYMORE

First Prize Letter

DEAR Contest Editor:
Looking over the names of the women you have listed, I see one who, in my humble opinion, is the most beautiful woman of my time. Of course, there are some whom we, in this day, have never seen, just read about, others whom we have only seen on the stage or screen. But Lillian Russell, about whom I write, I saw not only on the stage, but many times elsewhere.

After many years of admiring her photographs and seeing her across the footlights, where her perfect features (those of a Greek Goddess), her stateliness and poise, her winsome smile, her singing and speaking voice, had always been a delight to me, as they were to thousands of others, I had the natural curiosity to see her off the stage and at close range. One day after the matinée I was privileged to meet her. At close range all those attributes I had so admired in her across the footlights were intensified and she was more charming than ever. Her manner was delightful and she gave one a firm clasp of the hand and spoke as if she were the one being honored by the introduction instead of the one meeting her.

It was during the war that I had many opportunities to see and study her. She gave her entire time to war work, and her selling of Liberty Bonds and recruiting

for the Marines were carried on with the youthful enthusiasm of a woman half her age. My most vivid recollection of her will always be as she stood on a chair one day in a department store, speaking for one of the Liberty Loans. I was within but a very few feet of her and as she stood there, speaking in that wonderful voice of hers, I thought her the most beautiful thing in the world. Her firmly rounded cheeks, with a skin of the fine texture of a baby's (and *not* enameled as some of the iconoclasts would have us believe); her perfectly formed nose; her prettily shaped mouth and her grey-blue eyes sparkling with the fervor of youth. There was just enough evidence of

(Continued on page 79)



Photo by Apeda

LILLIAN RUSSELL

The Transformation of Mrs. Prettyman

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

Complete in Six Instalments—Part Six

Illustrations by Harry L. Taskey

The Story Ends

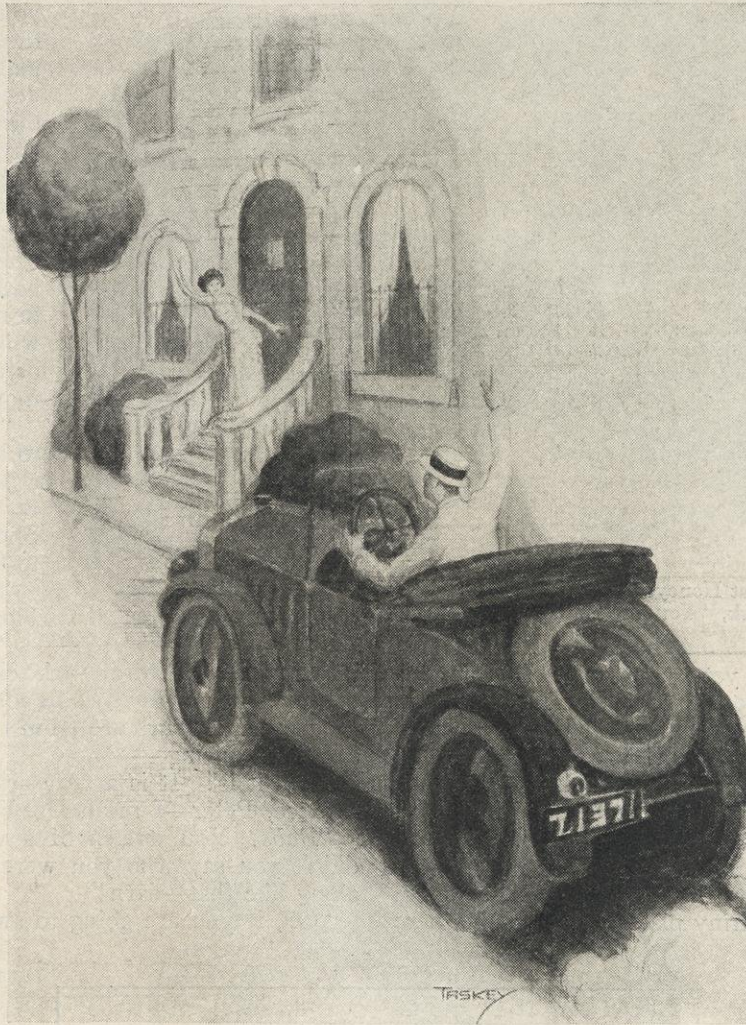
JOHN could not find her. Two days and two nights are short shrift for a blind hunt like that—in town and out. Cant be done, tho he did his best. Along at the first of it the man was nearly frantic with worry, but after a bit he calmed down to a philosophic optimism. Reasoned things out: that moving from one house to another had been done before; Honey had done it before. That more than likely this time she'd felt as if she and the three babies had imposed on even the best of friends about as long as was decent, babies being babies. So she'd moved herself and the three babies. And, doubtless to forestall objections, had omitted to disclose her destination to the "best of friends" till a little later on. Simple

enough, when you reasoned it all out instead of getting good and wrought up over it.

He even achieved a certain cheerful acceptance of the situation. If Honey hadn't *got* his two letters, as of course she hadn't, how was she to blame? By now, probably a letter from her was half way to California. With the new address in it: "Dear John, we've moved again. Address to So-and-So Street."

"Lord, I wish I knew where this So-and-So Street was!" he sighed. But, not knowing, what was there to do but *sail* when sailing-time came? Mighty near it now. His engagement over there in Europe was too important, meant too many dollars and cents for the family, to be broken. Honey'd say that fast enough. "For heaven's sake, *go!* Dont stop for us!" he managed a small laugh there, "We'll find ourselves!"

A man is not expected to be patient. But John Prettyman approximated to that state of mind to a really astonishing degree. Honey, so he told himself modestly,



She was there, daintily lovely in her outdoor things. She waved before he reached her

would be proud of him. He was proud of John Prettyman! Plenty of husbands would have ramped and roared.

"I'll cable to her to cable to me—hold on, I'm getting nutty! How in the name of Pete do you cable to So-and-So Street!"

That name-of-Pete was unfortunate. Of all names in creation the name of Pete—

Peter Farrell.

Now where was this saintly patience of this one husband in a hundred? There boiled up, sizzled up, within John Prettyman a hot and unsaintly rage. It sizzed and boiled for a full ten minutes before he had the grace to be ashamed of it, and to almost eagerly cram it back where it came from. It was an insult to Honey. He had trusted Honey so far—well, he would keep right on trusting her. So much for all the Petes!

But half way across the Atlantic John found himself reflecting that if he had swallowed his pride (no, sir!) and "cherchez-ed" Peter Farrell he might have—cherchez-ed Honey. The reflection was disquieting. He had to smoke three cigars very fast before he cooled again, altho there had been no mistrust in the thought—merely that Peter Farrell might have been better acquainted with Honey's whereabouts than anyone else, having so recently been in her company at that darned reception place. It was the memory of the replies to his inquiries—"I certainly saw her here with Peter Farrell"—freshly brought to his mind, that had needed those three cooling cigars. John was a dear, tho.

Barbara Wells had done no hunting, wisely deciding that it would only be a waste of time and good nerve tissue. In Honey's own due season she would get a letter. She was tried with Honey but she loved her.

And the letter appeared in Honey's due time. The new address was plainly written at the top of the sheet.



Emmy was troubled about Honey Mother. She had been making little sallies to her side to ask, "You are sure nothing aches, Mother?"

"Have you got over it yet, poor dear? I know perfectly well you ground your teeth. But I had a brain storm and had to run, so I ran. And Emmy ran and Babeums ran, caught in the storm! We stayed with Mrs. McCosh that first night—Babs, you ought to have seen her nice homely face when I told her about Littlejohn! Funny, but I bet nobody thought about Mrs. McCosh's because that was the likeliest place! Like never looking for John's overcoat on the hook where it belongs! Do you remember that farmy place out of town where we took the babies for a picnic once? Well, they're having a picnic there now every day! 'With Jersey cream on it,' Emmy says. If anything will fatten that child up, this will. And Babeums plays on real grass without any 'Keep Off' on it.

"You know, Babs, last night I got so horrified looking at myself in the glass that I about decided to give poor John to you! You make such a perfectly beautiful Mrs. John Prettyman—'For heaven's sake (John's sake, I meant) let her keep right on!' I said, and that creature in the glass never smiled. I believe she'd have done it, too, that minute, if she

could have, and gone to bed a martyr! She looked the part! John certainly *needs* a you and not a me. And let me tell you, Barbara Wells, you'd be the fortunatest creature on God's earth—well, laugh away. Perhaps I wont give him to you after all! I'll look in the glass again tonight—martyrs have done as heroic deeds as that! I deserted him, didn't I, so the law part—Oh, Babs, no, I'm *not* laughing either, I'm crying! You can do either you please. Honey."

Barbara did a little of both. Funny Honey! But beneath the whimsical words Barbara read the actual tragedy of that moment before the glass.

"Well, I'll give him back to her! I'm not in need of a John. Tho who can tell, if I hadn't a Peter——" She laughed and went away to telephone to Peter.

"Hullo. Is this Peter Farrell?"

"Dr. Farrell, yes. I am

in considerable hurry—who is it, please?"

"Someone who wishes to consult——"

"My office hours are from two to five. Unless it is a case requiring——"

"Oh, it is! It is a very critical case. Please come at once, Peter—I mean Dr. Farrell."

"Babs! You wretch of a witch! Why in thunder didn't you say who you were! Letting me maunder along like that—darn!"

"Oh, if you are going to swear——"

"I swear I am coming there the minute I can crank 'er up!"

"And take me on a nice long ride out of town? It will be what I need in my 'case.' Peter, I've heard from Honey and she has given John to me."

This had the sound of swearing in earnest. Then she heard Peter laugh.

"But I am not sure I'll take him. Not if you are a dear and come right over. I'll be waiting on the doorsteps."

She was there, daintily lovely in her outdoor things. She waved before he reached her.

"Babs, I've got to get behind a door somewhere and kiss you! It's

The Story Begins

John Prettyman unexpectedly receives from a stranger an offer to substitute for a movie actor who is ill. The opportunity means the difference to John between thirty dollars a week and the one hundred dollars a week which he is offered. John Prettyman realizes what it will mean to his wife and two babies. "Honey" had planned that night to tell him the secret which she felt she must not keep from him any longer. However, when she realizes that it might keep John from his new opportunity, she decides not to tell him. Reaching home after having seen her husband off on the train, "Honey" is told that she must give up her apartment because the landlord is returning from a long absence and will not tolerate children. "Honey" sets out to find a new home. Becoming exhausted and discouraged she sinks on a nearby doorstep just as the owner, Barbara Wells, comes out. "Honey" and the baby are carried inside and the whole story is poured into Barbara's sympathetic ears. She decides the Prettyman family must come to live in her big house. As time passes, John Prettyman writes glowing accounts of his success in the movie world. "Honey" is delighted until there comes to her an invitation to attend a banquet. She is terrified at the thought of appearing at this very formal dinner. However, after much worry, the problem is solved. Barbara goes in her place as Mrs. Prettyman. And there she meets Peter who falls in love with her. Peter is a doctor who arranges for a Vienna specialist to see "Littlejohn," "Honey's" youngest child who cannot use his legs. Then comes news that John is coming home. He arrives unannounced and is taken to a party where he is told his wife awaits him. Barbara, impersonating "Honey" at the party, sees John and rushes home to tell "Honey." She finds that "Honey" has disappeared with the babies because she had not the courage to face her husband. When John arrives, Barbara tells him she does not know where his wife is.

your own fault. If you will look so distractingly lovely——”

“I’ve lost my chaperon. Not even behind the outside door, dear! But we’re going out where the chaperon lives——”

“Get in! Get in! She’s all wound up. The sooner we round up that chaperon the safer. Or I shall have to drive with my eyes shut. What’s all this about giving away Johns?”

She read him her letter as they rode away thru the city suburbs. Two beings still young and avid for life, finding it rather difficult to keep their minds on poor Honey’s little sacrificial letter. But Barbara insisted upon reading to the pathetic end. Insisted on discussing Honey and her John.

“You know, while I was there on the steps waiting for you, Peter, I decided what must be done.”

“You can decide in precious little time. I came a-flying.”

“My idea came a-flying. It is a lovely idea, Peter—Peter, aren’t you listening? Look, there is a *very* shady spot ahead of us. If I let you do it just once there, dear, will you listen to my idea then?”

“Six times,” he bargained. “No, seven for luck. Those are my terms.”

“But it isn’t—isn’t a seven-kiss spot, Peter,” she objected, but her objections were overruled. Peter would not come down.

Beyond the shady spot, when they had their breath again, Babs outlined her plan. She had actually divided it into its component parts, arranged the minutiae of it, all in that waiting-space of time while Peter was flying to her. If she had been able to command the necessary paper and pencil she would probably have reduced the “idea” to black and white for Peter’s better grasping now. Peter liked black and white ideas.

“Say it again,” he sighed. “You went so fast, dear. Why do women think men can understand them, anyway?”

“Men are stupid,” agreed Babs cheerfully, “but I thought you were different. Honey says if I take John—I wonder if John is stupid?”

“Cut John out! I’ll be bright from now on. Give me another chance.”

“Well, then put your mind (dear mind) right on every word I say! I’ll begin all over again,” and refused to hear Peter’s muffled groan. It was really a startlingly ambitious plan and one only a courageous soul would dare to promulgate. But Barbara was a courageous soul.

“You see, Honey is good *material*,” she ended. “It will work, Peter,”

“Well, I’ll kiss you for luck,” he offered

kindly. “It’s the best thing I can do!” stopping the car to make arrangements.

They found Babeums playing on the real grass and Emmy superintending the play. Honey Mother sat a short distance away with the new baby asleep on her knees. Honey Mother’s face was grave and only managed a smile in answer to Emmy’s frequent waves. Emmy was troubled about Honey Mother. She had been making little sallies to her side to ask, “You sure nothing aches, Mother?” And Honey Mother had always smiled reassurance. But something ached.

“Mother! Mother! here comes Lady Barbara in a automobile an’ a man!” Emmy came running and pointing. Babeums scrambled over the grass.

“Hullo, folks! Honey, you—wretch, you! How do you expect me to keep young and beautiful if you worry my hair grey!” Lady Barbara was young and beautiful still notwithstanding worries. She stooped to kiss her friend and murmured something in her ear: “I cant accept your kind offer, dear, for I *have* a John already. His name is Peter.” In a louder voice: “Peter! come and be introduced!—Peter, Mrs. Prettyman. Mrs. Prettyman, Peter. I hereby return to my former—er—incarnation; I am henceforth Mrs. Wells, plain Mrs. Wells.”

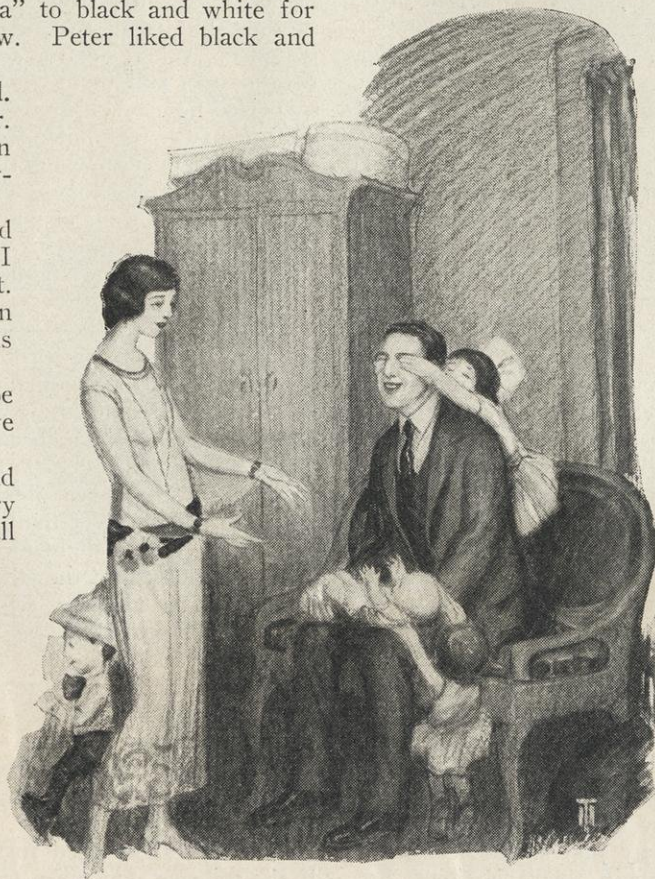
“Henceforth nothing! She is *neither*—henceforth, Mrs. Prettyman! You have only to look at her to see she isn’t ‘plain,’ and I have only to whisk her off in my car to a parson to see that she isn’t Mrs. Well——”

“Peter, go and play with the children! A good way off, please; I dont wish to be distracted. Honey and I want to talk business.”

She drove the three of them away without waste of time and herself transferred the new baby to her own knees. Because, said she with wisdom, not even so tiny a distraction as he was to come between this Honey Person and perfect attention.

“I have the floor—dont speak, dear! Listen! I have decided to be the mother of four babies, one of them at present in the hospital but soon to come *walking* home! I have never had four babies and I think it is about time. I shall retain you as part-time nurse, but only part time. You are to go into training to become the beautiful young Mrs. John Prettyman. Youth—complexion—clothes—all the perquisites. That may not be the word I need but it is a lovely word! All this I decided while I waited on the doorstep for my John whose name is Peter. All these things are *decided*. Did I hear you speak?”

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Two small cool palms shut down over John Prettyman’s eyes. “Dont open ’em, daddy, till I count three. One—two—thuh-ree dont drop him!”



Foot Notes

The beauty of the face is very often not skin deep, but foot deep

By Annabel Wood

A WELL-KNOWN beauty specialist said to me recently, "If women only realized the importance of the care of the feet in the quest for beauty, and gave them the attention that they require if they are to give the best service with the minimum wear and tear on nerve and muscle, there would be little need for us. For in the matter of wrinkle production and line tracing the tight shoe and attendant foot troubles have time and worry backed right off the boards. The beauty of the face is very often, not skin deep, but foot deep."

Every woman knows that her feet should be dressed with care and in the daintiest and most alluring hose and shoes that she can afford. But few of them realize that the feet should have as definite a course of care as the hands. In olden times when women wore sandals and the feet were exposed to the gaze of the world, they were cared for by visiting pedicures who served their regular clientele. This care was so much a matter of course that when guests were being entertained they were treated to a half hour with the pedicure just as today a caller would be passed a cup of tea. Foot troubles were unknown, yet what woman is there today who has not had her quota of corns, callouses, strained muscles and falling arches which make her days miserable and keep the taxi drivers in business when the exercise which she thus deprives herself of is just what her health requires?

The care of the feet is indeed simple and it is instantly rewarded with comfort. They should be bathed and powdered each day, using some good foot powder. Twice or three times a week they should be treated to a prolonged bath in hot water and some good foot soap. If foot soap isn't available, use ordinary washing soda. In either case you will be surprised at the result. No matter how much they have ached, that tired feeling will slip away just as tho it were a sock drawn off; they will regain their elasticity, become soothed and cool. After a few treatments you find that callouses and corns are not giving quite so much trouble and the distances that you can cover on

foot without fatigue or ache will surprise you. Even if you have never known foot comfort, if your trouble has been for any other cause than ill-fitting shoes, you will know it now.

Rub the feet with witch-hazel upon retiring or use glycerin, if you prefer. Glycerin not only rests and soothes, but is an excellent treatment for feet which perspire. When starting out on a hike or before going to a dance, rub them with glycerin and you will be surprised how much more service they will give. This treatment was recommended by specialists for the army during the period when the boys were still unaccustomed to the long hikes, with excellent results.

Be sure that the shoes fit. This is so important that no woman can afford to sacrifice one jot or tittle of care in the matter of taking time to be fitted properly when she buys her shoes. Nowadays specialists are in attendance at the best shops whose business it is to see that customers are properly fitted from every point of view. The wise woman allows them free rein even if she believes that they will give her a shoe longer than the one she has been wearing. What does an added number in the size matter where comfort is concerned? If the shoe is longer, the chances are that it may also be narrower than the old one and better looking in spite of the slight increase in length.

Be sure, too, that the stockings are long enough. A tight stocking under a well-fitting shoe creates havoc on its own account. The foot stretches in the action of walking and both shoe and stocking should be long enough to allow this action to take place without restraint.

Did you ever watch a baby exercise its feet by stretching the toes this way and that? Did you ever see one spread his toes fanwise and wriggle them as far as they could reach? Your feet, after the confines of the shoe, need just this exercise, for in spite of the mileage you make each day, there are countless muscles which remain unused.

Change the shoes and stockings frequently and by
(Continued on page 82)

When the Princess Opened Her Lips . . .

A true story

By Luliette Bryant

SOMETIMES I think the old fairy tales are the truest of all true stories.

There was the tale of the beautiful princess whose lips, when she spoke, dripped pearls and diamonds. That story was built on a deeply significant truth. Yet, as a child, I did not grasp its lesson. I thought that pearls and diamonds fell from the lips of the princess because she was so very beautiful.

Now I know that *the princess was beautiful because pearls and diamonds fell from her lips.*

Yesterday, in a crowded crosstown car in Manhattan, a young girl edged her way forward until she stood directly in front of me. Her straight little slip of a frock was well tailored and immaculate. The organdie collar was crisp and spotless. The hair that curled from under a cunning brushed-wool hat had the golden sheen that nothing but cleanliness and vigorous brushing can impart. Rose and cream skin, cherry lips, long, dark lashes, showed no evidences of make-up. Mentally I classified her as a well-born, well-bred girl from one of the dignified homes or the exclusive schools in Park Avenue or the upper Seventies. I wondered what she was doing, alone in a street car. I glanced around to see the teacher or the maid who must be hovering somewhere near.

It wasn't a teacher nor yet a maid who hovered near. It was a tall, fairly presentable youth, with shifty eyes and a twisted smile. My mind leaped to possible danger for the girl, out of her element, swayed perhaps by youthful impulsiveness, lack of judgment, impatient with restraint...

But right here the girl opened those cherry lips, disclosing a row of pearly teeth—and this is what she said.

"Say, ain't it the limit? Here the boss sends me all the way from Fifty-seventh Street to the ferry to meet some swell dame that's goin' to buy a million dollar

outfit for a party over in Joisey, and I gotta stand every inch of the way. I'll tell the world it's some job I got! Folks think bein' a model is the cat's whiskers. Let 'em try it! 'You got it so easy, dearie,' Ma says to me this mornin'. 'Shut up,' I says, 'you make me sick and so does Pa.' Honest, if it wasn't for havin' to pay board anywheres else I wouldn't stay home another week!"

Poor child! In the smart little shop in Fifty-seventh Street she had learned to look "like a lady." But the instant she spoke, the illusion was shattered. Her lips dripped ignorance, coarseness, ill-breeding. Tho she had none of the finer instincts, why did not her brain tell her, if only as a matter of business, to learn to clothe her speech as well as her body in the habiliments of beauty and good taste.

The car ran down to a wharf where an ocean liner had docked an hour before. Standing in the edge of the jostling throng was a grey-haired, shabby little woman, a worn suitcase beside her. She had a slip of paper, evidently with a written address on it, and as I looked I saw her hold it up to a cab-driver and ask a question in French. He looked at the paper, grinned at another driver who stood near, opened his cab door and motioned her in. She hesitated, looking around anxiously, fingering her little purse in a way that showed how much the few coins in it meant to her. Again she asked a question in her own tongue, her voice shaken with anxiety. Tho I do not understand French, her dilemma was perfectly evident and I started toward her. But

someone was ahead of me—a young girl, stocky and rather awkward, in a plain little suit and a sailor hat.

She took the slip of paper from the woman's hand, read it, and turned an indignant face on the cabman.

(Continued on page 78)



Photo by Abbé

Dolores, a famous beauty

Setting Your Own Stage

By Ruby Douglas

NOT every woman is beautiful at all times and in all places. Not every woman is at her best under all conditions. But every woman should be intelligent enough, should have enough understanding of her own charms, to have learned *when* she is most beautiful. And, having learned this secret, she has but to set her own stage and never appear except as a scintillating star upon it.

For instance, you know, Fair Woman of Forty-Odd, that, in the searching light of the morning sun, the little wrinkles that you have tried so hard to eradicate will show up. You know that the too-silver threads in your otherwise lovely, youthful head will shine forth. You know that the inlays in your teeth will be detected when you smile in the bright sunlight. You know that the chin that curves so prettily and softly in a subtler light will have tell-tale creases in God's spotlight.

Then, if you would be always beautiful, if you would have your friends retain their ideal picture of you in all your loveliness, be careful not to join them when you know conditions will not be right. Rather forego the gayest of parties if it is to be the means of letting your beauty totter from the high place which it has held in the eyes of your friends.

If you are lovelier in candlelight, be careful to keep your surroundings thus lighted. If you look prettier in soft clingy house frocks, tea gowns, billowy chiffons of evening shades that make a picture in themselves, see that your stage is thus arranged for you when you have an important impression to make. Let your beauty reign supreme on your own stage, set with your own well-chosen props.

If it be starlight or firelight or candlelight that is most becoming to you, never appear among those to whom you would remain most beautiful except in these kindly lights.

Green- and blue-shaded lamps usually give a ghastly tone to any face, and to the woman who has a few lines they are a tragedy. If anyone ever throws salt on the fire and you are sitting beside it, move away because the light cast by such flames is most unbecoming. It might happen at this moment that your most ardent admirer were looking and in that instant he might be disillusioned. For such is the illusion of beauty—so ephemeral a thing is it, to be sure.

Some women never play golf because they know that they do not look well in sports clothes. They might have a wild passion for the game, but they would never sacrifice their reputation for beauty in order to indulge in it.

And it is the same with bathing suits and riding breeches. If you are at your best in these togs, try to see that the stage on which you are playing your individual game of life consists of seashores, watering places, swimming pools or horse shows, bridle paths or society circus rings.

Perhaps you are most beautiful, most appealing in a studious, rather serious part in life. Then your stage is set as study or studio. You affect your horn-rimmed glasses to look collegiate and only remove them to let your audience drink in of the real, unveiled beauty of your serious eyes.

There are many ways of setting your stage. Be your own stage manager and remain ever the star of Beauty.

"Loosen Up"

By Frances L. Garside

STEP into any family circle, and cry out, "Loosen up," and the masculine member instinctively tightens his hold on his purse. But it is not to him these words of greeting are addressed. It is to the one who sits at that end of the table where the teapot stands.

Let us look at her, if you please. The years have brought their duties and worries. You can tell by the way she does her hair just when her last child was born, for it was then her duties and worries so engulfed her she ceased all attempts at a becoming coiffure.

Let's see: Eunice, the youngest, is twenty. Twenty years ago they began wearing the hair in a loose coil on top of the head. Mother dressed her hair that way. But loosely coiled hair is a difficult adornment when there is too much work and there are babies, and gradually the coil grew tighter, and tighter.

Mother's hair is soft and pretty. It is beautifully grey, and would soften her face if she would permit it to come anywhere nearer her face than the roots from which it grows. But Eunice was a fretful child. There was no time for soft curls and becoming waves between the wails of Eunice, and Mother acquired a habit that is not at all beautifying now. So the words of greeting are addressed to her; "Loosen up!" Comb the hair so that it hangs more loosely around the fore-

head; resist the temptation to give a tight twist to that knot, coil it loosely, go back to crimping irons, curl papers, and all other little aids which are more needed today than they were needed twenty years ago when the face retained the freshness and beauty of youth.

Loosen up! Sometimes one does not approve of the younger generation, and there is a snap judgment that reacts in tight little lines about the mouth. Tight little lines that would not be there if opinions were more charitable, if one were more sympathetic.

Loosen up! There are tight little creases in the forehead, growing out from a tight little brain that prefers to forget one's own follies of youth, harboring resentment of the follies of the youth of today.

Loosen up! Ever notice that when one is uncharitable, a tight little look comes in the eyes?

Loosen up! Arms unpleasantly large look smaller in a loose-fitting sleeve. Waists that have crawled up are put in their proper place by loose, straight-line gowns. Even the feet cry out in protest against the shoe that fits too snugly.

Loosen up! It is a process to be applied spiritually, as well as sartorially. They are the two words that the woman engrossed in the care of a home, the needs of her family, seeing life only thru her kitchen window, needs for her daily reminder.

My Lady's Boudoir

Tan, Sunburn and Freckles

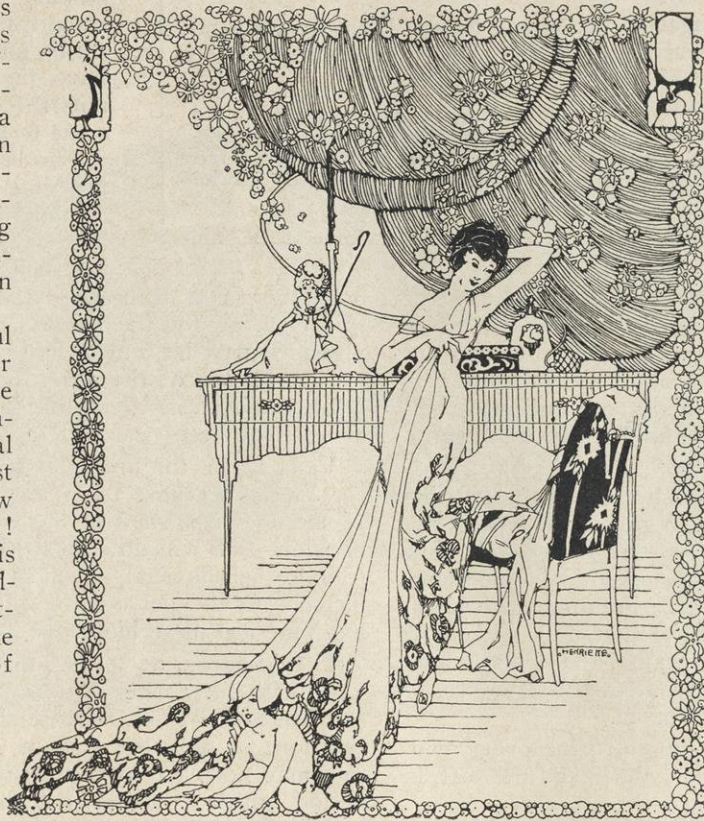
By Anne Arden

TAN, like various other afflictions, is easy to get but difficult to remove. A sunburned nose may be a treasurable possession in the country, at the seashore, lakes or mountains, but back among one's friends and business associates it's an affliction.

It may be delightful to sit on a big boulder that dots a sandy waste and feel one's skin turning a beautiful, poetical olive tint. One must have something to show for a summer vacation! The result, however, is usually a red-eyed, red-nosed, flaky skinned little person whom one would never suspect of having rollicked thru weeks of mid-summer joys. Her nose is blistered, her complexion is harsh and rough from lack of care, it is bespeckled with freckles and covered with a deep layer of golden brown tan that is anything but poetic.

Prevention is always easier than a cure, and the liberal use of creams will prevent a great many complexion ills. It will keep the dirt and grime from the pores of the skin when you are motoring, it will prevent the dryness that comes from salt water if you use it liberally on your face, neck and arms before you go in bathing. If you use it instead of water when you come in from walking or driving in the sun, it will clean the skin and leave it soft and cool. But if you have neglected this, the only thing you can do is to go painstakingly to work to repair the ravages of neglect as best you may.

Beauty specialists recognize, instantly, the "automobile skin"—tiny wrinkles at the corners of the eyes, a dry, tightened skin and dusty eyebrows. This comes from constant exposure to sun and wind over dusty roads, without the proper



the muscles, rubbing with a circular motion. Close the eyes and cover with pads of cotton wrung from ice water. Let remain for several minutes, changing often.

And, by the way, speaking of wrinkles, makes me think of the little grimaces, pouts, smirks and frowns that one sees on so many faces. Of course a face cannot be charming without life and animation. But there are tricks of the face that are pleasant to see

and tricks that aren't. Tricks that engrave charming lines of living on one's face and tricks that deposit worried wrinkles, mocking furrows or peevish lines around mouth and eyes. But whether they come from nervous worry, irritableness or eye strain, give them the "before" treatment of prevention and then, if necessary, add the "after" treatment that aims to cure.

Many times the tiny wrinkles at the corners of the eyes come from eye strain and can be prevented by wearing goggles or colored glasses when driving in the sun over sandy roads, or it may come from too much squinting on the hot tennis court or golf field. Lenses with a soft yellow tinge will remove the strain on the eyes. If, however, you have already acquired the wrinkles, massage with cream in a gentle rotary motion around the eyes. Wipe off the cream and apply ice, to stimulate

Things to Remember

Prevention is always easier than cure, and the liberal use of creams will prevent a great many complexion ills.

Tiny wrinkles at the corners of the eyes can be prevented by wearing goggles when driving in sun on sandy roads.

Bathe frequently with warm water, pure soap, then a cold spray to tone up the muscles, and be provident with the talcum powder during hot summer months.

Dont forget the clay treatment. If used twice a week, it will do much to remove the ravages of wind and weather.

And, if you want to be beautiful all summer long, eat plenty of fruit, drink literally quarts of water (not iced) every day, rest all you can and dont worry.

And of course there are external and internal remedies. Keeping the

(Continued on page 79)

A Department on Perfumes for Personalities

2. Perfumes for the Clinging Vine Type

Conducted by Avery Strakosch

THE Clinging-Vine type of woman today no longer exists in great numbers. But she is here, even tho her numbers have diminished: and because of her modern brains, she has placed that elusive quality of dependence in a charming niche, all her own.

The Clinging-Vine fares forth to the perfumer, very shy and charming, a violet-like personality that fades into the background. Indeed, this fragile type has a way of evoking memory, a memory of some evanescent aroma, like lavender flowers on a street corner in Rome, or some frail breath of an old-fashioned hot-house where demure little pots hold sprigs of mignonette.

And so, because she envelops herself in the trusting care of those she loves, the Clinging-Vine type is apt to be absorbed, that is to say, lost in the crowd. She therefore needs some sort of an introductory perfume, some fragrance that will tend to impress those about her, when she enters a room, so that they will know she is there! This does not mean that the scent used by her must be one of those sharp, stifling odors, so incorrectly affected by many women.

Quite to the contrary. The Clinging-Vine's very modesty should be enhanced by the somber and the soft, in the realm of flower odors.

To begin with, there is the violet and the pansy. Sweet, soft odors are given off by girofle, reseda (mignonette), the sweet-pea and petunia. The taller the woman of this type, the lesser amount of perfume she must use; and the opposite holds good, if she is petite. The practised perfumer knows full well that when the ingredients are given the correct proportions in combining, there need be no fear of the use of too great a quantity of perfume for the small-statured woman.

It is a sad fact that the average person does not know the correct way to smell perfume. One should inhale the odors as if from the back of one's head, with the brain, instead of taking violent whiffs. Stand several feet away from your uncorked perfume bottle to get the proper effect, and inhale the fumes experimentally, cautiously.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Every woman is interested in perfume—especially her own individual perfume. The writer of this article is an expert on this subject and we have secured from her a series of talks on types and perfumes. Write her, care of BEAUTY. Your letter will receive careful attention

The Clinging-Vine type should never "go after," so to speak, any perfume. One should have the feeling that she permits the odor of her perfume to come to her!

The blonde type of the Clinging-Vine species, will do well to combine her white violet with lilac. Not the white lilac, but the delicately shaded lavender

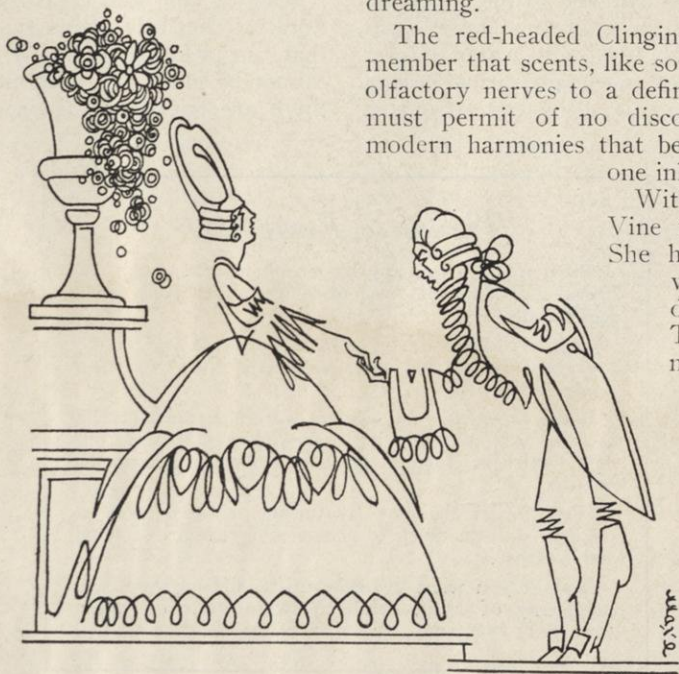
one—there is a difference. Then, if carefully done—this is work for the expert blender—a bit of sweet alyssum may be added with much effect. Perhaps Vivian Martin of the silver screen, and Margalo Gilmore, the actress, exemplify the blonde Clinging-Vine at her very best.

Viola Dana, the brunette type, may or may not use the lovely perfume from the dog-tooth wood violet. If she does not, she—or the woman of this particular division—she will do well to try it or the odor of the Chinese bell-flowers. A most gracious, colorful supplement to the personality of the dark-haired Clinging-Vine are these blossoms.

Then follows, of course, that *rara avis*, a Clinging-Vine with the copper tresses. Frankly, the perfumer sees but little of her, because she is really a temporary creation, in only the cocoon stage of her existence. She may not care to chose the white lily during this period, altho it would suit her well. Perhaps, her imagination will be caught, however, in the suggestion of a dash of sandalwood? It has come down thru the ages that sandalwood is the very perfume with which the Queen of Sheba scented her letter to Solomon. Sandalwood gives the feeling—mental, not physical—of early night, twilight, drowsiness and dreaming.

The red-headed Clinging-Vine will do well to remember that scents, like sounds appear to influence the olfactory nerves to a definite degree. Therefore she must permit of no discord in her perfumery, no modern harmonies that become almost intolerable as one inhales them.

Without doubt the Clinging-Vine type of woman is unique. She has something that allures, whether she be tall or short, dark or light, or red-headed. The scent of her personality must be made as reminiscent as possible. It should be like a haunting promise, in which things are half imagined. The Clinging-Vine has charm in the hollow of her hand really, and she may best realize it as she looks about at the
(Cont'd on page 83)



The Younger Sister of the Moon

By Zahrah E. Preble

SO accustomed are we to attribute to the Goddess Venus the controlling interest in Beauty, when concerned with the feminine half of the world, that it is perhaps a little bit startling to realize that right here in the United States of America there exists even today—for so it is believed by the Zuni Indians of the Southwest—a goddess fully as potent, and perhaps a little more picturesque, known as the “Woman of the White Shells,” or “The Younger Sister of the Moon,” who centuries and centuries ago first taught maidens how to make themselves beautiful and entrancing by the use of cosmetics!

It is so easy to overlook the flowers about our own doorstep, that many of us have never realized that the original Indian inhabitants of this country have a wealth of fascinating lore which rivals the ancient mythological tales of Ancient Greece, Rome, and Egypt.

Long before the roving foot of Columbus ever tingled with the itch for adventure and discovery, the story of the Zuni Goddess of Beauty and Grace was so old that its origin had been lost in the mazes of antiquity. And that this goddess still exists is evidenced by the fact that an icy wind still blows from the portals of the place of her dwelling—a deep cave in the volcanic mountain which rises out of the depths of the gloomy Lake of the Dead, miles west from the present town of Zuni, in New Mexico.

This cold wind is the guard the Beloved Beings—or gods—have furnished to keep curious mortals from defaming the sacred presence of the Younger Sister of the Moon. For no Indian would think of facing its icy blasts to crawl into the dark passage which leads to the unknown glories and beauties of the interior dwelling cavern of the goddess. Instead, he makes reverent obeisance when he passes the opening, and feels the cold air upon him, and prays that his daughters will be blessed by the goddess residing therein.

As the main staff of life to the Pueblo Indian is corn, that precious “seed of seeds” figures prominently in all their tales, and when one has seen the lovely colored varieties which they grow, and the beautiful and delicious food products made from the yellow, white, blue, red, black and speckled ears, one does not wonder that the Indians attribute to various gods and

goddesses as first teachers, their knowledge and skill in handling the precious corn.

Long, long ago, the legend runs, the Moon Mother sent her Younger Sister, the Woman of the White Shells, from the Great Ocean, where she had been dwelling, to live in the cavern by the Lake of the Dead, where she

could better watch over and teach her enticing ways to maidens of men, of the great desert region of the Southwest.

In those far-away days she once appeared to some maidens who passed near her dwelling. She took on the mortal form of a very lovely young woman, clothed in garments of the whitest cotton, like the winter snows. As the maidens passed, she beckoned them to climb

up to the high rock whereon she was seated. Curious, and somewhat awed by her rich apparel and beautiful appearance, they obeyed, and sat beside her, with their hearts beating fast with excitement.

Very kindly, however, she spoke to them, and showed them how to fashion from the lava rock about her a beautiful, flat grinding stone. Then, with a piece of sharper stone, used as a chisel, she cut from a firmer-grained rock a piece which was flat and slightly beveled, and long enough to reach across the grinding stone, or what is now called a metate. The rubbing stick, or molina, was made very smooth, and of a size to be easily grasped by the hands.

The maidens watched these strange manipulations with interest and awe, for by now they had guessed that they were being taught by a Beloved Being, and were indeed blessed among maidens.

The Woman of the White Shells then took from a bag in her girdle some snow-white shells, and kernels of white corn, and placed them on the big piece of smoothed lava. With the rubbing-stick she ground the shells and kernels to a fine powder, moving her arms and body with such grace that the maidens held their breaths because of the beauty of her. Never before had they seen such lovely movements, and each in her heart resolved to remember and practise these alluring motions when they returned to their people.

But the goddess had not yet taught them all the graces which she wished them to know, so she stopped

(Continued on page 71)



Photo American Museum Natural History

Scene in New Mexico. Casa Maria's wife grinding corn

Hand Habits

OUR hands are constantly talking about us. Their movements, our habitual use of them, indicate character, temperament, condition of health—many things. Even their repose is significant.

Most well-bred persons conquer the tendency to gesticulate much, but over-use of the hands as a help to the tongue is not the only mistake we make with them; sometimes twirling thumbs, an over-tight grip on a chair or an unconscious effort to hide the hands indicates a more serious lack of self-control and nervous poise than useless gestures do.

What to do with the hands seems to be a vexatious problem with many persons. To ask a nervous person to stand with hands at sides in a perfectly natural position and talk or listen quietly, is a tall order. The very naturalness of the posture—or rather the consciousness that it must appear natural—makes the attitude *unnatural*, for the time. The hand-on-hip pose looks affected, and usually shows the hand at its worst.

One of the biggest mistakes you can possibly make with the hand is to pick at or rub your face. Besides being a decidedly inelegant habit, it is likely to emphasize any defect of color or smoothness in the hand.

Another habit to avoid is "hold the face" when sitting. Particularly the person who finds it embarrassing to talk, is likely to try to hide the mouth behind a hand. Elbow on chair arm, chin in hand, was the habitual talking attitude of a friend of mine, and the only way he could break the practice was to avoid arm-chairs.

Smooth, graceful movements of the hands depend mostly on supple, pliable wrist joints. No degree of beauty in contour or color of the hand can compensate for stiff, rigid wrists. Grace is really controlled

strength, and the exact measure of the required effort to do a thing; and the only way to acquire strength and niceness in its use (exact control) is thru exercise. Ask a woman to hold a scarf in front of her, then lift it over her head to its proper place on her shoulders. If her wrists are supple, the movement will be smooth, graceful, beautiful; but if they are stiff, and she grips the garment as a baseball player holds a bat—well, maybe you have seen such movements; I have.

Here are a few exercises to improve the suppleness of your wrists. Place your palms together, fitting your fingers precisely, those of right hand against those of left. Now press with the fingers of right hand, bearing left hand as far back as bend of wrist will permit. Now relax with right hand, and push it backward with the left. Alternate thus, rather rapidly, until fingers and wrists are a bit tired.

Close the right hand loosely and bend it inward toward the front of forearm. Place the left palm over it firmly. Now straighten the right wrist against the left hand's resistance. Exercise the left wrist similarly. Begin carefully, as this employs some weak cords.

Procure a round stick about three feet long and of a diameter to allow you a comfortable hold. Grip it with your right hand, with your small finger near one end. Straighten out your arm, shoulder height, palm of hand up. The stick is now at a right angle to your arm. Now, without lowering your hand, lever the stick over. This rotates the whole arm, but particularly the wrist. A little weight should be tied on the end of the stick and increased occasionally. On each side let the weight go down as far as it will, then slowly lever it back over.

Fan Fragrance

By Catharine Oglesby

EVERY wise woman knows that the subtle aura of perfume graciously enveloping her personality lends an added air of elegance and greatly emphasizes her individual charm.

However, if the perfume be placed directly on her person or apparel, the constancy of its scent depreciates the allure. Whereas a whiff of fragrance exhaled now and then exerts a mystic fascination quite compelling.

Now the problem of faint fragrance is delightfully solved by that favored fancy of the day's mode—the fan.

The fan, ever the ally of femininity. The innocent interpreter of moods and emotion, the shield of thought,

the servant of caprice. Thru the centuries it has revealed the delectable delicacy of hundreds of desired hands, emphasized the allure of eyes, expressed languid charm or piquant coquetry, temperament or temper, welcome or boredom, and now the fan adds the charm of fragrance.

For the very latest charm secret of the élite is to spray their favorite perfume on a fan. The fragrance slumbers amid the glistening spangles or billowy ostrich until that auspicious moment when to stir a sullen breeze (or revive a truant interest) the fan is gently waved. Then the perfumed zephyr arises and spices the air with a "little dust of charm." Irresistible!

Beauty Briefs

Dont lie down or sit down immediately after eating. Stand or walk slowly for at least twenty minutes.

Dont bite your nails. This habit will cause them to become coarse and broad. Biting the cuticle is even worse. Avoid these nervous traits, and remember that proper care of the hands and nails is as essential as proper care of the face.

Dont read while traveling on trains or street cars. Neither should you read in dimly lighted rooms. Eye-strain takes the sparkle from the eye and leaves it dull and lessened in beauty.

Dont massage the soft skin directly below the eyes. It will cause wrinkles. Better to use a mild astringent, care being taken not to get it in the eye.

The Female Form

6. How Weak Is Woman?

By L. E. Eubanks

I HAVE been contending for a number of years that women are far stronger than men commonly believe them. Popular attitude rather than actual facts created the expression "weaker sex." I am not denying that women are weaker in a number of ways, but the term is a misnomer in that it implies total weakness, and a much greater difference in man's favor than actually exists. It used to be said that woman had the best of man in but one test, her ability to talk longer; but any well informed physician of today will tell you that women have greater tenacity of life (live longer), and that the average woman stands pain better than the average man.

The typical American woman in easy circumstances is not one-third so weak as she thinks herself. When she reads of the work done by the peasant women of Europe, she believes them creatures of a different mold. Probably if we should put her in their position and place one of them in her home, she would in a year be as strong as the working woman—perhaps stronger, because the American woman has greater physical possibilities than the average run of peasant women. And further, the transplanting would doubtless have a pronounced effect on the immigrant too; she would soon grow weaker as a result of her reduced effort.

Popular opinion is a mighty force. With the whole world telling her she is immeasurably weaker than her brother, what could be expected from the girl or woman? I have seen numerous examples of the inhibition exercised by this suggestion. I learned in gymnasium class work that I had to segregate the sexes if I wished to get a reliable test of the girl's strength. As might be expected, the boys often did better because of the girls' observation; but almost always the consciousness—the auto-suggestion—that they were sure to be surpassed by the boys, kept the girls from doing their very best. Repeatedly, I have seen a girl give up in a contest with a boy; then do twice as well the next day, when pitted against a contender of her own sex.

I once proposed an "arm out" contest, when the party consisted of five men and three women. My own wife was one of the women, and I was sure that it would take more than a mere difference of sex to defeat her. Now holding the empty hand at arm's length, shoulder height, requires no momentary strength to speak of; but it does require endurance, and endurance is the woman's chief physical asset. My wife beat all five of the men, but it is significant that all five of the men beat the other two women. Mrs. Eubanks had not trained on the stunt, for I do not believe in that sort of work as an exercise;

but she had been trained on the "show me" attitude, had been taught not to give up just because there was a man in the contest. The other women were dumfounded, they could hardly believe it possible that one of their sex could successfully compete with masculine strength.

In contests involving bodily contact a man has great advantages—height, weight, and greater contractile power of the muscles. Even tho, to illustrate, a woman might be able to wrestle longer than a man, his superior momentary power, ability to exert greater effort than she, would end the contest before her endurance had a chance to give her the mastery. Of course, too, in such a contest she is doing heavier work than he, because of his greater bodily weight. Danger of injury to the breasts is another reason why it is not quite fair to match a woman against a man in tests requiring bodily contact.

But there are other tests of strength. I cannot endorse the statement made by some writers that endurance is the only real measure of physical strength, but I do heartily agree that it is a very useful, practical form of power, a highly valuable asset to anyone. As I have said, physically, woman is at her best on the sport or work requiring staying power—something involving comparatively light but repeated contractions of the muscles. Swimming is one of the very best examples. I could not begin to enumerate the women and girls who shine in water sports. An acquaintance recently reminded me that but two or three persons had ever swum the English Channel and that the successful ones were men—that no woman had shown the nerve even to attempt the Channel swim. I believe

he was right in the first part of his argument; but it is not true that women have not tried. Numerous women have attempted it, and I well remember that Mrs. Arthur Hamilton came very near succeeding. She was in the water twenty hours, and did not give up until within three miles of her goal.

The same relation of abilities is seen in the sport of running; women have not the contractile power to sprint with men—tho I almost retract this or say "generally," when I recall that Miss Marion McCartie recently covered sixty yards in seven and three-fifths seconds. In long distance running the women have done well; but they are not so good at running and walking as they might be with more perfect feet. In the water their pedal defects are no handicap, and this, with the fact that they carry more fat than men (in proportion to total weight), makes swimming the greatest sport for women. On the

(Continued on page 76)



Do You Have Beauty Problems?

This page may help you to solve them

WHOLESONE food and good health, combined with proper care of the scalp, are three essentials if one wishes to possess beautiful and luxuriant hair. The use of dyes and bleaches is a dangerous practice, and usually adds nothing but a look of artificiality which the true seeker of beauty tries to avoid. Dress the hair in a manner most becoming to the contour of your face, and at all times keep it free from dust and excessive oil.

Anæmia, one of the frequent causes of dull eyes and dark circles under the eyes, has quite often been mistaken as a sign of departing youth. If you are anæmic, the best plan is to consult a reliable physician and obtain a tonic. A diet of beets, string-beans, eggs, spinach and all foods containing much iron, will prove rebuilders, and with the addition of plenty of sleep and an abundance of outdoor exercise, much can be done to overcome this condition, obliterate the dark circles, and bring back the sparkle to the eyes.

A sparing diet, composed chiefly of fruits and liquids, will do much to clear the complexion. Use water copiously as a beverage. Use hot and cold cloths alternately to the skin to help clear it. Keep the liver active and exercise in the open air. Wetting the face with diluted glycerine, and covering with a mask of chamois will also help. Should the diluted glycerine irritate the skin, almond or olive oil may be substituted.

Most beauty specialists agree that blackheads should not be squeezed out, but should instead be bleached. They will in time be removed by the face pack or facial steaming. A noted beauty advises the use of a face bath composed entirely of a four per cent. solution of borax, and then drying the face soon afterwards with a soft towel. A second bath of

rose-water will soften the skin, and keep it smooth.

For the blonde who wishes to retain and bring out the prettiest hues of her light hair, the following wash will be found unequalled: To one quart of water, add one ounce of salts of tartar and the juice of three lemons.

Drink two or three glasses of cool water immediately upon arising in the morning to clear the stomach for its day's work. If the juice of a lemon is squeezed into it, it will help clear the complexion. Avoid drinking water with a meal, but drink plenty of it between meals. *Never* drink ice water, as it chills the stomach and is apt to cause untold trouble.

When the face assumes a mottled appearance, one may be sure that it is caused either by eating too much food of all kinds, or that too much rich, sweet or greasy food is being consumed. The obvious treatment is to cut down the food and change it to a simpler diet. Eat one moderate meal a day—preferably dinner in the evening—and content yourself with fruit and salads

for the earlier meals. Drink much water between meals and avoid sweets.

For the woman who wishes to be her own masseuse, one general rule must be remembered. The movement must be in the opposite direction from the line. For the lines running from the sides of the nose to the corners of the mouth, the lines of the brow, and the little lines at the corners of the eyes, more familiarly known as "crow's-feet," the rotary motion should be used, always with an upward and outward stroke. The lines that run vertically in front of the ears should be massaged with a firm, upward motion. Always use a good nourishing cream and one

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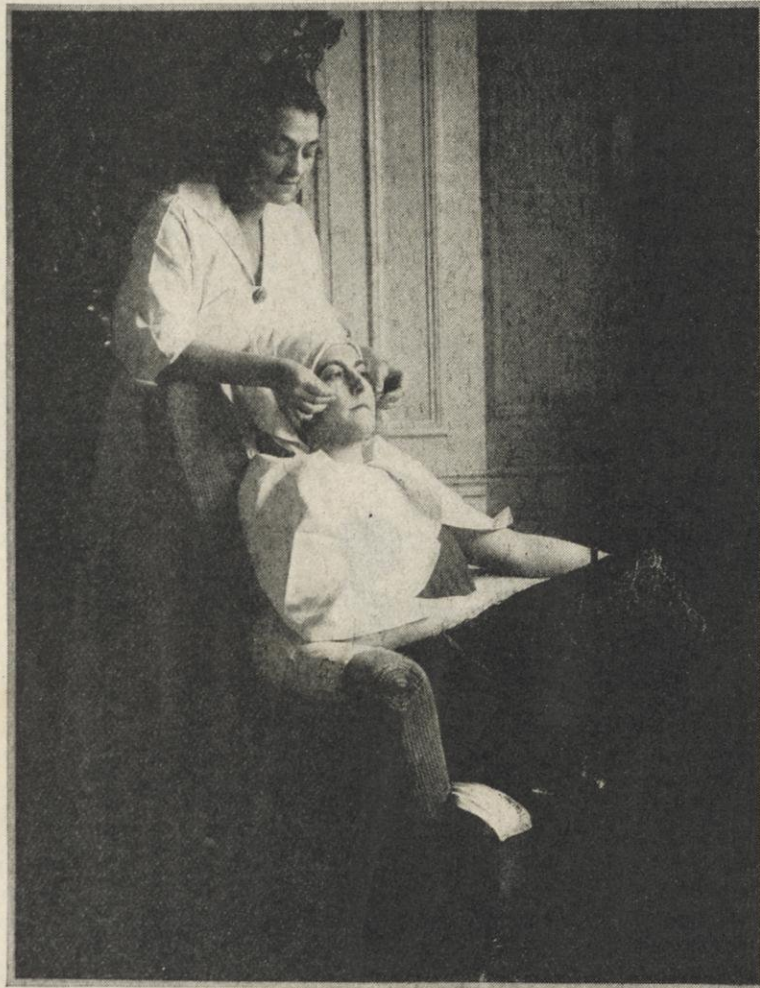


Photo by Kadel and Herbert
Marie Pozot, a Parisian beauty specialist



The Diary of a Beauty Specialist

Edited by Anne Shirley Molloy

IT'S queer how much of our lives depends on trifles, and how sometimes the turn of a conversation will give an inspiration that means much.

A chance experience of Jeanne's has given me an idea to use in my beauty shop which will give it another touch of that "different" note that my chic American clients tell me it possesses.

Jeanne, whom I brought with me from Paris, is my favorite helper in the Beauty Shop. She came in this morning a few minutes late, her hat awry but a triumphant gleam in her eye.

"I had a time but I did get it," she said excitedly waving a package before my eye.

"A bargain in clothes is only a bargain when it is vastly becoming," quoted the impish Jeanne, striking an attitude, rolling her snappy black eyes up to heaven and holding a delicious deep green overblouse by the tip of either sleeve.

"Marie writes me that no one in Paris thinks of wearing a blouse that tucks in," she said. "I have known how attractive overblouses were on our chic clients here, but oh, Mlle. Musette, when I heard they were the thing in our dear Paris I had to have one!"

"But, *mon Dieu*, Mademoiselle," she confided to me, "the fat women and the short women who were buying overblouses made with a band around the hips like this one! It is for those who are slim, but *nevaire*, *nevaire* for the women who are *grosses*." This was accompanied by wild gesticulations, during which she drew in the air with her finger a grotesque figure meant to represent "the women who are *grosses*."

"I helped one woman on the road to slim hips today," Jeanne continued. "If she doesn't have them now, it won't be my fault. She asked me if I thought she could wear an overblouse she liked. It was dark red with a round neckline, just the wrong kind for her, and it was slightly gathered into a band that went around the hips like mine—again the wrong kind for her figure."

"And you told her what?" I asked.

"I told her red was not her color because her eyes were too pale, and never to attempt anything with a deep band at the lowered waistline until she'd grown at least three inches slimmer thru the hips," answered the truthful Jeanne.

This was when my inspiration came to me and it continued to grow as Jeanne talked.

"You see I told the *grosse* woman that I'm your assistant beauty specialist, Mlle. Musette," Jeanne said. "She immediately became as amiable as a lamb and asked me what she could do to reduce her hips."

Jeanne put her hands on her hips and started swinging one leg as far up to the front as she could, then out to the side as high as possible, and then as far back as she could.

"I gave her this old faithful leg swinging exercise," she said. "I know the good woman will be panting for breath until she grows accustomed to it. I told her six times to the front with each leg, six times to the sides and six times back."

"You might have added that when she feels more dead than alive from the unaccustomed fatigue she should lie on her back on the bed and cycle, as if she were riding a bicycle upside down," I told Jeanne.

Jeanne's readiness to help, and her enthusiasm to do anything that tends to bring more that's harmonious and beautiful before the eye is always pleasing to me. It brought me back to my inspiration.

"Jeanne," I said, "what do you think of our imparting a bit of our French knowledge of clothes to our American beauty clients who need it? Now I may be prejudiced but I believe our chic Parisiennes owe their world-famous success in dressing to their knowledge of playing up to their own particular types."

Just here a "victim" in the guise of a client came in.

It was little Mrs. Martin who has blue eyes that

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By the Waters of Babylon

(Continued from page 19)

herself. Now you are a typical city woman who cares for herself. But the difference in you wasn't wrought by your moving to the city. It was your learning what to do for yourself that made the change. Everything you learned, the bathing, the care of your hair and skin and hands, the correct corseting and tasteful dressing could have been done just as well in Millersburg as here. Only you didn't know how, when you lived in Millersburg. Why, up there with all outdoors to do your deep breathing exercises in, with beautiful things to look at when you took your walks, with fresh rain water for your shampoos, with the lovely sunshine to dry your hair, you could have improved a lot faster than you did down here. If you had known how. That's the point. You needed a beauty-instructor. That's what I'm going to be."

"In a small town?" Miss Gary asked, visibly interested now.

"No, indeed! In the regular country. Way out in the suburbs of a weentsy vil-

lage. Where there'll be green meadows with daisies and buttercups and Jersey cows and brooks all around me, and a wide old road with clover all along its edges running past the house and after a while turning into a Main Street with a post office, a store, a hotel, a blacksmith shop and two churches—there are always *two* churches at least—on it. My house will be little, and white, with green blinds, and flower boxes on the porch. There'll be an apple tree in the yard, and rose bushes, and pansies set along the edge of the path that comes up to the door. And a robin will make a nest in the apple tree, and a humming bird will make love to the roses. And I'll have a grey kitty—"

"To eat the birds," interrupted Miss Gary. "Very pretty, but how do you live—after you have spent the five thousand?"

"A thousand dollars will pay my rent for twenty years—if I dont decide to buy my little nest for a few hundreds, after my plan gets to working. Another thousand will make my improvements and buy my stock. The rest goes in the bank for my old age."

"And your stock will be?"

"Everything that helps women to be beautiful. Corsets. Well-fitting, sensible ones, but pretty, as well. I shall learn to fit them. You know how important that is. Patterns, for underwear and for dresses. I'll be a pattern agency. No capital required for that. Also I'll be an agency for dainty fabrics and laces—the pretty, reasonably priced kinds that wash well. I'll give advice about what to buy and how to make it up. Then I'll have a whole line of toilet goods and show the women and girls how to use them. Oh, and I could have a class in calisthenics maybe, with those phonograph records."

"Farmers' wives and daughters dont need calisthenics so much," said Miss Gary rather drily. "I've been one. But you could teach them a lot about taking care of themselves—and you'd be a living ex-

ample. But those women dont have much money to spend for shampoos, nor for facials, nor even for cold cream and lotions to use on themselves."

"They have things I could live on," said Willette, not in the least daunted. "A loaf of home-made bread and a little pat of butter, in exchange for a facial. How's that? A pail of milk, a head of cabbage, a peck of potatoes, some wood for my fireplace—why, they have everything I need. And they'd be my friends—that would be the best!"

Something in Willette's face—a wistfulness, a dauntlessness, and a touch of little-girl eagerness—brought a sudden mist to the older woman's eyes.

"You really love the country, dont you, child?" she said.

"I just adore it! I've always been so homesick down here. I want to be where folks know me and are interested in me and care for me."

"Where the mail-carrier knows who your letters are from and if you get a

shabby, and its roof leaked; its pump was broken, and its chimney smoked; but it had wide fields and the apple tree, the rose bushes, and the brook. The daisies and buttercups were warranted to appear in due time and the robin was already moving in, so as Willette said, the essentials were all there.

The road ran past, too, right down to the tiniest of villages, most inappropriately named Babylon. It had all the industries Willette had specified, only, strangely enough, there was but one church. That seemed queer enough, for, as everyone in this land of many creeds knows, one church usually brings others. But here was a community where everyone went to one church, presided over by the Reverend Jeremiah Wiseheart.

"Just the Baptists had a church here and he came to preach in it," exclaimed Andy, the boy who spaded up Willette's flower beds. "The Meth'dists met in the schoolhouse, and the Pres'terians in the grange hall. But when he got here he

just made everybody get together. He calls it a Union church now. My pa he says this place is just clean run by the Reverend Jeremiah Wiseheart."

"Mercy, what a name!" laughed Willette. "I must go to church sometime and see him."

"He'll come to see you if you dont," prophesied Andy. "He makes *everybody* go to church, he does. Pa says he's the bossiest preacher he ever did see."

"Domineering old thing," thought Willette, forming one of her quick mental pictures of the Reverend Jeremiah—tall, spare, grey-haired, with a high forehead, a forbidding frown and a tendency to reminisce about the superiority of things and folks when *he* was young. "I shall be quite too busy to think about church before May first," she told Andy, and was annoyed at his

grinning "wait till *he* gets after you!"

But the Reverend Jeremiah forbore to call while Willette's repairs and house-cleaning were in progress. By the first of May she was ready for her "opening" and it had been widely advertised. Things travel fast and far by word of mouth when there isn't much else to talk about, and Willette had cleverly managed to let a few of the best talkers see her new home and hear a bit of her plan. She sent out a whole flock of little cards, too, announcing that Miss Willette, Beauty Specialist, would be at home on Saturday afternoon, May first.

"Everybody's talkin' about you," Andy reported. "The men folks say you've come up here to learn our girls to paint and powder and bob their hair. But the women they say *you* dont look painted. Them as has seen you says it. Anyhow, everybody's comin' to see how you look and what you do."

Willette certainly didn't need rouge when she stood in her doorway looking down the road on that first Saturday afternoon. Her cheeks were flushed with

(Continued on page 80)

The Memoirs of Mme. Vavara

The story of a woman of the world as set down for the guidance and instruction of a flapper godchild

This new serial by Stanton Leeds, which begins in the October issue of BEAUTY, is a story with a wide appeal. If you are a young girl standing at the threshold of life, the frank confessions of a woman who has lived deeply will be as guide posts on your journey thru the world. If you are a mature woman you will appreciate more fully the wisdom and truth embedded in the account of Mme. Vavara's life as written by herself to her youthful ward in a French convent. This clever woman, famous for her beauty and brains, does not hesitate to conceal anything in her own life which she believes will tend to guide and instruct the life of this young girl. What she believes to be the fundamental truths of life she reveals in an amazingly clarified way. A story to enjoy and to remember.

telegram the operator tells everyone in town what was in it," said Miss Gary, a bit mockingly.

"I'd rather have every one in town know about my telegram than to get a telegram and have nobody *care* what was in it," flashed Willette. "When my mother died the telegram was sticking under my door when I got to my room, and I couldn't get a train until morning and not a soul came near me all night. And when I got home at last the station agent and the mail-carrier and the hack-driver came and shook hands and *looked sorry* and I could have kist every one of them, it seemed so good to see a friendly face."

"You'll go up there?" suggested Miss Gary.

"No. I *couldn't!* There's no one left, you see. But I'll go to some country place. I *will!*"

And of course, being a maiden with a snap to her blue eyes and a very determined little chin, Willette went. By the first of April the little house was hers, for a yearly rental of fifty dollars which she paid down in advance. It was rather

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Our Letter Box



This department is for you. We invite your criticism—and welcome suggestions. Won't you write us frankly what you think of BEAUTY, its various features and departments? And send us, with your letter, a picture of yourself. We will use on this page, each month a few small cuts. You may be one of the chosen ones! Your full name and address are required, but only initials are used for publication.

DEAR EDITOR: I wish to express my deep appreciation for your splendid magazine BEAUTY. What a blessing BEAUTY is to women! Is it not the desire of every woman to be beautiful? Yes, so it is. And much thought is employed and much expense incurred in order to preserve and improve personal appearance and to endow it with new charms.

Beauty and strength of body are acquired by attention to physical needs—just as character is added to intellect—by taking thought. The magazine BEAUTY comes to our aid—it tells us *how!* How to make the most of our God-given attributes!

Beauty is what all of us are seeking and the way seems not so difficult to know, tho it be hard to attain—but if we press on higher, ever higher up the path of the mountain, BEAUTY becomes the beacon, supplying to us the fuel of experience, the oxygen of suggestions and ideas, until the smoldering embers become a tower of flame lighting our way.

Sincerely,

MISS M. A., El Paso, Tex.

Thank you. Your letter is a real inspiration. That is what we are striving to create—a beacon that lights the way to beauty.

DEAR EDITOR: I certainly did appreciate your personal reply to my inquiry about reducing, and also your inquiry as to what part of BEAUTY I like best. Now, I read it, every page, and reread it too. I must say The Whispering Page and Beauty Secrets are what appeal to me most. I get many ideas, too, from the letters from correspondents.

I have always been such a busy woman, from morning until night—so many duties to perform, that I simply neglect myself. I am a business woman, a builder of homes—always on the go—but now I am trying to remake myself, and BEAUTY is helping me. I get it every month from my dealer, but somehow have missed the May number. If you have a copy, will you please send it to me?

I take pleasure in telling my friends about you.

Very sincerely,

N. G. W., Atlanta, Ga.

Splendid! Now let other readers tell us what most appeals to them.

DEAR EDITOR: Pardon my boldness, but here's just a little helpful suggestion. Don't you think it would be a bit more convenient for your readers to be furnished with an index in your magazine? On the cover of your July number you have printed "In this issue—the second of a series on 'Beauty and Brains.'" In order to find it, as was my case, one must

turn page by page until you get to the article. An index would save all this trouble.

Trusting to find an index in next month's issue, I am

Very truly yours,
B. W., Baltimore, Md.

Thank you for your suggestion. It is a good one, and it is quite possible that we shall follow it in the near future.

DEAR EDITOR: I want to take this opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy BEAUTY. I buy it every month and keep the copies at hand and glance thru them frequently, as many points are missed with only one reading. There is so much of interest and true educational value.

Have you ever thought of a department for young mothers? Personally, I have been taught from a tiny child by my mother to take care of myself by exercise, careful diet and habits of cleanliness. Many young girls are motherless, and often after marriage and the first baby, neglect themselves. If they could find the way, I am sure many of them would be only too glad to follow it.

I adore my baby boy and my husband, but I always find time somehow, somewhere, to spend a little time on myself. I don't want to go to seed and I won't. Don't you agree with me? I am kept very busy, as I do all my own work—but I try to make the exercise necessary to housework help towards keeping me thin. I walk a couple hours, or more daily, and I'm not fat—I always had a horror of it. I weigh one hundred and twenty pounds and am five feet five inches. Perhaps some young mothers would like to be the same. I am sure BEAUTY can help them as it has helped me. I enjoy every word.

I. K., Long Beach, Cal.

This subject is open to discussion. How many of our readers are interested in more articles along this line? You are wise indeed to take time to take care of your looks.

To Our Readers

Do you want to know about clothes, colors, how and where to shop, about health, diet, exercise, do you have special hair or skin problems? Write us—we assure you prompt attention and expert advice. To simplify matters, address all letters to The Service Editor. Each letter requiring a personal answer should be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Remember—

The Service Editor, BEAUTY,
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your check for the contribution of "Thick Lips." I also wish to announce that I am a constant BEAUTY reader since last fall and I am sorry that BEAUTY doesn't come out more than once a month. There is really little to criticize about your magazine, but I think it would be a good idea to have a series of articles on "color combinations" and color schemes for different types of complexions, hair, eyes and so on, which I am sure other readers would enjoy immensely and derive benefit from.

Hoping that you will favor some of the BEAUTY readers in the near future with "color topics," and wishing success to BEAUTY, I remain

Your faithful reader,

L. A. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Just in time! Read article in this issue, "Color Harmony in Dress."

DEAR EDITOR: I want to take this opportunity also to let you know what I think of BEAUTY. I have been looking for some such magazine for a long time and certainly welcomed it when I saw it. Your "Beauty Box" has a wealth of ideas. I have such trouble these damp summer days keeping my bobbed hair curled but last night I tried two of your secrets for keeping hair nice, one a curling fluid and the other to hold in the ends and today, which would ordinarily make my hair look hopeless, I have the prettiest fluff you'd wish to see. I am also trying a mole remover found in "Beauty Box," but they have not had time to go away yet. Really if BEAUTY were in the hands of every American woman and girl, what a healthy and splendid race we would have! Every girl wants "18 Carat Beauty" and when you show them how to get it, there will be less of this make-up. If your magazine had been out about four years ago, I might have saved a beautiful head of hair. Your advice to Juniors is fine.

Wishing you all future success, I am

Yours truly,

H. G., Ridgefield Park, N. J.

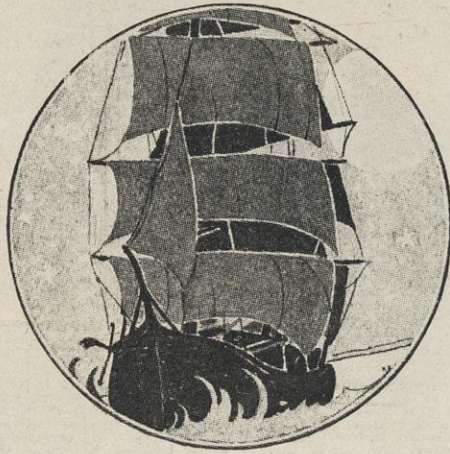
That is our big ambition—to know that Beauty is in the hands of every American woman and girl.

DEAR EDITOR: I think BEAUTY is wonderful because I have gotten many invaluable suggestions from this magazine. I enjoy immensely the article on "Health," and also your "Beauty Secrets." I have a suggestion. Why not have an article on "How to Beautify and Promote the Growth of Eyebrows and Lashes."

Faithfully yours,

A. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.

This subject is always interesting, and we will run an article along the line you suggest very soon. Watch for it.



When Your Ship Comes In

YOU will want it loaded down with all the treasures that your heart desires; things of rare beauty and richness; works of art to delight a connoisseur.

Are you ever tempted to satisfy your artistic longings without waiting for your ship to come in?

Why not gratify that desire now by letting SHADOWLAND bring you the things you want?

There will be lovely pictures in color; stories of art; articles on drama, literature and music; charming verse and short plays.

SHADOWLAND is full of beautiful things. Make them your own by securing a copy of the magazine and losing yourself in its maze of loveliness.

Advocate of Self-Expression

What Čizěk, famous painter and revolutionary pedagogue, is doing in his school is told by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun.

When Harris Met Gorky

An account by Herman George Scheffauer of the time when Frank Harris attempted to interview the great Maxim Gorky

Play-Going Pests in Paris

George Middleton writes humorously of the difficulties encountered by Americans in Paris on their first trip to the theater.

Why Do We Misbehave?

Is there more lawlessness than there used to be because there are more laws and easier ways to break them? John H. Anderson discusses this.

These, Too, Will Delight You

A reproduction in full color of a painting by Leon Gaspard and a discussion of his work by Edgar Cahill; two pages of humorous sketches by August Henkel; paragraphs gleaned from the writings of the French columnist, Sebastien Dudon; extracts from "The Diary of a Small Boy," by Lydia Steptoe; a one-act play, "Red Hair," by Helen Woljeska.

SHADOWLAND

For September



The Beauty Box

By
Corliss Palmer

To my readers: I want to serve and please you in every way and as promptly as possible, but all answers must appear in their turn. Unless very confidential, I cannot answer letters by mail, in which case a stamped, self-addressed envelope should accompany letter. As evidence of good faith, every inquiry must contain the name and address of the sender, which will not be printed. I urge you to read all answers and to file them away for future reference.



A READER.—Am sorry, but we cannot print addresses in this department. I think it would be a good idea if you were to consult a physician about your feet, as they seem to be too tender and sensitive to be in normal condition. Of course bathing frequently helps and the addition of alum in the water has a tendency to harden the soles and make them less tender, and salt in the water in which you bathe your feet is also helpful.

STELLA.—I am glad to know that you find BEAUTY so interesting. I do not think it is necessary to use lanolin on your breasts unless they need developing. The best thing is to use plenty of cold water several times a day. I think deep breathing exercises will help you too, and be careful to carry yourself very erect. The lemon cream is very good. If your skin is too oily in the morning, it might be well to bathe in soap and water, rinsing well and using very cold water or ice at the last. A few drops of tincture of benzo in the rinsing water will help to close the pores.

CAROLYN.—Of course there is no need to say that you should not have married at the age of 17. You realize that by now and the only thing to do is to make the best of it. As you are so very young there is a great deal in life for you and you can make a life of your own if you go about it in the right way. I cannot see that taking a position is going to make matters any worse—in fact, I think it is a step in the right direction. I believe the best solution of your problem to be work and plenty of it. It will help you to think less of your own troubles and will give you an incentive to go on by yourself.

MRS. J. B.—If you are a reader of BEAUTY, you must have noticed the articles "Dietetics as an Aid to Beauty" also "Eating for Beauty." If you will read these carefully you will gain considerable information about over- and under-weight. You say you are fond of sweets and pastry. It is too bad, for you certainly will have to overcome this liking if you wish to reduce. However, you will find it comparatively easy if you use patience, perseverance and common sense. I do not know about white henna. I would not advise the other preparation you mention for that purpose. Try using the juice of lemon in the rinsing water after a shampoo.

AN ADMIRER.—There are many remedies for superfluous hair advertised in

the reliable magazines. You need have no fear in using them. Also, we are using a formula in the Whispering Corner this month, which is harmless if used according to directions.

JUNE.—Read answer to Mrs. J. B. about dieting. I certainly would not advise you to take any kind of drugs for reducing. Do not use soap and water on your face. Use a cleansing cream and you will find that it cleanses perfectly and relieves the dry, drawn feeling. Perhaps you need a change of diet. Eat more fruit and vegetables and get as much outdoor exercise as possible. You must keep the blood well circulated if you expect to have a clear skin. If you are in the best of health, your lips should have natural color. However, you may use a lip-stick, not too dark, and of course use it very carefully. I think blue is your best color and of course you can wear black effectively. You may wear earrings but I would not advise the large conspicuous kind. Thank you for your suggestion about an article on "What Makes a Girl Popular." It is a very good one.

DOROTHEA.—The best advice I can give you about colors is to choose colors as near the color of your eyes and hair as possible—different shades of blue, also yellow, and I think you can wear jade nicely. Yes, almond meal is used as a cleansing agent for the face. You simply use it in place of soap, with warm water. For the blemishes on your back the only thing I can advise is perfect cleanliness, diet and exercise, that will keep the blood in perfect circulation.

HANNAH.—I am glad you think enough of BEAUTY to buy it every month. I think the lessons on Psycho-Physical Culture will help you and I believe you will find a short article in this number or the next as to how to reduce the ankles.

RUTH.—I do not believe there is any way to make a long upper lip shorter. Of course you must use lip-stick very sparingly, as a too vivid red would tend to accentuate the length of the lip. As to making it thicker, I can only recommend that you massage the upper lip every night with a good skin food.

L. M. B.—I believe a warm bath has a greater tendency to reduce than a cold one. Epsom Salts is recommended for reducing. Dissolve a quantity of the salts in the water in which you bathe. This is not harmful in any way. Fol-

low this by a cold shower or sponge. This tends to make the flesh firm. An ice rub is used on the face for the same purpose, to tone up the muscles and make the flesh of the face fresh and firm.

LUCETTE.—I would not advise using reducing tablets unless I was very sure they contained no harmful ingredients. We cannot recommend preparations by name in this department, but either one of the creams you mention is good if it agrees with your skin. I think your oily skin is probably the reason you have trouble with your make-up. It is necessary to keep the skin very clean, and if I were you, I would use a very thin layer of cream under the powder. Apply this carefully, blending it well into the skin. Try to correct the oily skin by a careful diet and plenty of water.

HELEN C.—It is hard to know what causes the white pimples in your particular case, as conditions vary. Generally speaking, the best thing to do is to keep the pores of the skin thoroly cleansed. Use warm water and soap with cold water and an astringent to close the pores, or use cleansing cream and an astringent, whichever agrees best with your skin. Sometimes it is necessary to open these pimples, in which case apply a drop of camphor afterward.

VICTORIA.—You certainly should not have wrinkles under the eyes at twenty-five. You say you do not know where to buy lanolin. It can be purchased at any drug store. Pat it gently into the skin under the eyes before retiring. Of course the wrinkles may be due to eye strain and it might be best to consult an oculist. About exercises I can advise nothing better than the series of lessons on Psycho-Physical Culture now running in BEAUTY.

L. K.—Read answer to Lucette. You seem to be using the right treatment for your face. Be sure that you do not use too many creams, as your skin is oily, with enlarged pores, and after the cold water use an astringent to close the pores. Use the beauty clay strictly according to directions. Six or seven glasses of water a day is splendid. You should resolve next to eliminate oily foods from your diet.

C. F. D.—As your skin is fair, use a flesh color or cream powder, and I think that with your black hair a shade of rouge darker than orange might be more effective.

(Continued on page 66)



Wrinkles Shatter Dreams

A WRINKLED skin not only destroys beauty, but denies you the happiness of life. Many a dream has been shattered, many a heart has been broken, because of these ugly furrows. *But it is now possible to prevent them and remove them.* Why submit to the horror of a wrinkled skin when it is so easy to have a clear, radiant, wrinkle-free complexion?



The Famous Ego Beauty Chart
Here is a new and simple device that will help you wonderfully in the quest for beauty. Send for it—you just moisten the corners and place it on your mirror. Study your face with the help of the chart and its simple directions. The chart has been declared by experts to be the greatest single step toward beauty culture. It will be sent to you without cost. Ask for it.

wrinkles a new way. It is based on a knowledge of the cause of wrinkles. Wrinkles come from facial habits causing folds in a starved and dry skin that remain as wrinkles. First the skin must be softened and made pliable. Then the cells and tissue must be fed and strengthened, and finally the lines must be ironed out and the skin held in its wrinkle-free position long enough so that the tissues may become fixed in their new position. This is what Ego does. This is why it is possible for us to guarantee Ego Wrinkle Remover. It always succeeds—even when other methods have failed.

A Marvelous New Treatment Removes Wrinkles by Removing the Cause

Ego Wrinkle Remover, a new discovery, removes

Dip a handkerchief into water. As the fibres are softened, the creases vanish just as wrinkles disappear under the softening treatment of Ego Wrinkle Remover.



Spread the handkerchief against a window pane to dry. The creases vanish.

What the pane of glass does to the handkerchief, Ego Wrinkle Remover does to the skin by holding it taut until the "true skin" sets in place.

Grace M. Anderson
V. VIVAUDOU, Inc.

Dept. 1309, 469 Fifth Ave., New York

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The Exclusive
Beauty Treatments

Get the Ego products that meet your requirements

There is an Ego preparation for every beauty need—each one the finest and most successful treatment obtainable and each guaranteed to do what it claims to do.

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Ego Perspiration Regulator 1.50	Ego Skin and Pore Cleanser 5.00 3.00
Ego Dandruff Remover and Hair Beautifier 10.00 5.00 .50	Ego Hair Curling Cream 3.00
Ego Shampoo 1.00	Ego Pimple Cream 2.50
Ego Nail Polish35	Ego Depilatory 5.00

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EGO BEAUTY
CHART—FREE**

Write Miss Anderson for the famous Ego Chart. It will help you on the road to beauty. Do you know whether you have wrinkles or not? The Beauty Chart will tell you. Write today.



Grace M. Anderson,
V. VIVAUDOU, INC.

Dept. 1309,

469 Fifth Ave., New York

Enclosed please find \$5.00—check, cash, or

money order—for which please send me one tube of

Ego Wrinkle Remover, together with full instructions.

I am privileged to return the tube of Ego Wrinkle Remover and

have full money refunded should I not be pleased with it in every way.

(If ordering other preparations enclose money and list of products you wish on separate sheet.)

Paris **VIVAUDOU** New York

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



Whispering

Corner



TO OUR READERS: Here are a few of the hundreds of beauty secrets received, simple little recipes handed down, some of them, no doubt, from grandmother to mother, and to the younger generation. As announced, we will print, each month, the best of these beauty secrets. For each one accepted we will pay one dollar. The contributions must be accompanied by the correct name and address of the sender, and should not exceed five hundred words in length. No manuscripts can be returned. Address, The Whispering Corner, BEAUTY, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A HAIR TONIC

This wonderful remedy being handed to me, I felt that others should benefit by it as I did. I have spent a small fortune on hair treatments and tonics and never received any results. Being very much disgusted, I assure you, and altho I vowed never to try another thing, I was convinced of the following tonic, which can be made for very little money and the results are most wonderful.

- 1 Package Garden Sage
- 1 Package Mountain Sage
- 3 Ounces Bay Rum
- 1 Tablespoon Sulphur

Pour two large cups of water with the mountain and garden sage and let boil until one cup remains. Then pour in a bottle, adding the sulphur and bay rum, and let stay a few days before using. I use this about three times a week, massaging it well into the scalp, and find it a remedy for dandruff, grey hair and oily as well.—Miss S. R. G., Los Angeles, Cal.

A BASE FOR POWDER

Being a most enthusiastic reader of your valuable magazine, I don't dare to miss a page. So may I whisper that my favorite powder base is good old-fashioned glycerine and rose-water, applied with a piece of soft cloth. Just allow it barely to dry and then apply your powder. This will not clog the pores as vanishing cream does with some, and at the same time keeps the skin smooth and soft and holds the powder as well as anything I have tried.—Mrs. L. H., Petaluma, Cal.

FOR TAN, SUNBURN, ETC.

Buy three ounces of Orchid White at any drug store or toilet counter. Squeeze into it the juice of two lemons, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best bleaching and skin-whitening lotion and complexion beautifier, at very small cost. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms, and hands each day

and see how tan, redness, sallowness, sunburn and windburn disappear, and how clear, soft, and rosy-white the skin becomes. This is harmless, too.—J. S. P., Lewisburg, W. Va.

HAND LOTION

Here is a recipe for a hand lotion which I make myself. I like it very much and recommend it to the readers of BEAUTY.

Take one ounce of quince seed and cover with three cups of water. Boil till it is about the consistency of thick cream. Strain thru a cloth and add one ounce of glycerine, one ounce rose-water and a drachm of your favorite perfume. Pour into bottles, cork tightly and keep in a cool place.

This will keep the hands soft and smooth.—Mrs. M. C. S., Toronto, Ont.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

Here at last is something that will make your complexion clear, soft and satiny to the touch, right before your very eyes! Just get ten or fifteen cents worth of Spirits of Camphor from the druggist. Cleanse the face thoroly, then apply camphor freely, gently massaging until all moisture disappears, and I'll guarantee you'll be more than surprised at the results. Repeat this as often as you like, for with each application the skin improves.

This makes an excellent base for powder, plays havoc with enlarged pores and other skin eruptions, and is very healing for tender, chapped skins. I have never found its equal yet, and I've worked in Beauty Parlors for nearly five years.—Mrs. C. B., St. Paul, Minn.

FOR HAIR BETWEEN EYEBROWS AND ON UPPER LIP

For anyone who has heavy eyebrows growing down between the eyes, or hair on the upper lip which makes one look so unsightly, here is a simple remedy which has proved successful and so much more effective than plucking.

Make a solution of Chloride of Lime, about one-half teaspoon to a cup of water, and daub on the place with a bit of cotton. Be careful to keep the solution from getting into eyes or on a sore. Do this a few times and you will find the hair will entirely disappear and will not grow again. The skin may become a little red or irritated from using the lime on that spot, but apply a little cold cream and in no time it will be smooth

and white and entirely free from unsightly hairs.—E. A., Grimsby, Ont., Canada.

TO BANISH COLD-SORES

An annoying thing is a cold-sore, and I have come across an easy and speedy way to rid oneself of them. Squeeze a little Pepsodent or Pebecco, which is a very powerful antiseptic, upon it and let it remain until the sting is all out. It will then go away without the usual long drawn out healing.—M. D. H., Denver, Colo.

FOR CONSTIPATION

For constipation try the salt water cure. Rise early and prepare a quart of warm water in which one tablespoonful of salt has been dissolved. Drink this entire quart of water and do not eat until results have been obtained, which will usually take place in from ten minutes to forty-five, due, of course, to state of constipation you experience. Many people find they cannot take the entire quart of water without becoming nauseated. Those persons are more in need of it than others. I take the entire quart every morning and after my internal bath no one could feel better or more refreshed than I. It cannot hurt you, for it passes thru your system at once, removing the impurities as it goes.—F. R., Houston, Texas.

TRIM ANKLES

To develop the legs, place a book, one or two inches thick, upon the floor. Place your heel upon the floor and the ball of your foot upon the book and lift the entire weight of your body until you are standing upon the book. Gradually let your weight down until your heel touches the floor again. Do this ten times with each foot, then with both feet. As your ankles become accustomed to the strain, choose a thicker book and raise your weight upon that. This will develop the calves of the leg and will make the ankles trim.—F. R., Houston, Texas.

FRECKLES

I have used about every freckle bleach on the market and find a preparation of my own the best. I especially recommend it for heavy tan and freckles on the arms. It is also fine for the face and if used regularly for a few weeks, it will remove them. It is very inexpensive, as you can have a large bottle put up at the drug
(Continued on page 76)

Little Did This Young Lady Dream That She Would Be Adjudged The Most Beautiful Girl in America



"Way down in Virginia" lives Florine Findley de Hart, winner of the American Beauty Contest recently closed. Far from confident of her leadership, Miss de Hart nevertheless, sent her photograph to the contest Judges and lo and behold she now finds herself heralded as the most beautiful girl in America.

Every day new beauties are being discovered. Women who never before appreciated the wealth of personal attractiveness they possessed are coming to the front with rightful claims for attention. A little touch here—a little twist there, and you wouldn't know it was the same girl. Today, she may be as plain and unattractive as can be. And tomorrow—the most admired of her entire set.

There is no girl or woman alive who cannot be attractive if she only will. With such a true and helpful counselor as BEAUTY MAGAZINE to guide you in bringing out your natural charm, you can grow more attractive in every way, every additional day of your life.

Not a thing has been left undone by the Editors, in making BEAUTY the most authoritative, interesting and helpful magazine published on the subject of individual beauty culture. First comes the care of the face, hair and figure. And last but not the least by any means, comes attention to the clothes you wear. On the title page of BEAUTY here is what you will read as the motto of this magazine. "I want to help you to grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when he made you first." That BEAUTY is faithfully living up to and fulfilling the obligations entailed by this motto is proven by the thousands of appreciative letters received each day, a few of which are given below.

"I could not do without BEAUTY."—Mrs. A. T., Colorado.

"I am a constant reader of BEAUTY and find your advice very helpful. I consider myself fortunate in having such a magazine to guide me."—Miss M. B., Minn.

"BEAUTY is a wonderful magazine. I am especially grateful for the personal attention given to my letter seeking advice."—Mrs. F. K. D., Calif.

"Your article on ankle reducing in this month's issue, interested me very much. BEAUTY becomes better and better with each new issue."—Miss E. McC., Maine.

"Please renew my subscription to BEAUTY. I find your magazine so helpful that I do not want to miss a single issue."—Miss E. E., Calif.

SPECIAL FEATURES in Beauty

Question and Answer Box
Pictures of Famous Beauties
Authoritative Articles
Beauty Suggestions from Readers
Delightful Fiction
Shopping Service
Fashions
Suggestions from Beauty Specialists

Advisory Board

Elsie Ferguson Pauline Frederick
Corliss Palmer Katherine MacDonald
Alla Nazimova Jeannette Pinaud

"I read BEAUTY every month and I think it is a wonderful magazine."—Miss R. R., Missouri.

"The article by Laura Kent Mason entitled 'Faces Made To Order' is just what I have been in need of. Now I'm more enthusiastic than ever over BEAUTY. It is my most valued advisor."—Miss M. D., New York.

"I have been getting BEAUTY for a long time and think it is a wonderful magazine. I can hardly wait for the next issue. I especially appreciate the personal attention given to my direct questions."—Miss S. G., New Jersey.

"I want to thank you very, very much for the wonderful help you have rendered in my endeavor to choose the proper style and colors for my summer outfit."—Miss P. R., Texas.

BEAUTY is unquestionably the leading magazine in its particular field of periodical publishing. Being a BREWSTER PUBLICATION, it is sure of having the best that money and brains can produce. BEAUTY is everywoman's magazine and everywoman should have it.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER FIVE MONTHS FOR \$1.00

BEAUTY is never more welcome than in the summer. Suit your own taste about acquiring a coat of tan but whatever you do, let BEAUTY help you in preserving the fine texture of your skin.

BEAUTY is to be had no matter where you may live nor what the state of your purse may be. We offer you a trial subscription at a special price, a yearly subscription, a two years' subscription, or you may obtain a single issue from any news-stand. Which will it be? Place your order at once for the August number.

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Pin a Dollar Bill to this coupon and receive the next five big numbers of "Beauty" Magazine. Mail at once to BEAUTY, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The Transformation of Mrs. Prettyman

(Continued from page 39)

She heard Honey speak many bewildered, contradictory words, among which negatives predominated. But she waved them all aside calmly and continued, herself.

"I have made all the lists for the—perquisites (I love it!) in my mind's memorandum. I will recite 'em:

Signora Franchini—skin expert.
Mam'selle Fidèle—hair lady.
Jane's Shop—manicuring; hands made over while you wait.
Lady Babs—snappy clothes shopper!

A very good list to start with. Then, of course, Daily Dozen Doctors and such. Dear lady, this may have a scary sound but think of John—isn't John worth suffering and dying for? Honey, it will be *fun!* Stop looking like that, dear! Look like this!" all smiles. "I tell you that you can be perfectly lovely by the time your Movie Man comes back! I promise! Honey, now speak."

"But all my hair's coming out and my skin is *muddy*—ugh—and I've ruined my hands and I don't believe in miracles—" Honey's breath gave out there. But she was sitting up very straight and two soft pink spots had blossomed in her cheeks. If—if she only did believe in miracles! If John could come back to a 'lovely' wife! If—if—if—

"But miracles don't happen, that's *that*," she added, "Give me the baby. Anyway, he's coming back to a lovely baby! And Littlejohn's legs. I was going to write you another letter, Babs, and take John back! I've got the John habit and I'm too far gone to be cured of it. He'll have to make the best of me."

"Oh, my gracious" sighed Babs "have I got to begin all over again! For, my dear, what I set out to accomplish I accomplish! I intend to accomplish you! Setting aside the mere matter of not being invited, I am coming out here to board, too,—baby, baby, you will love your new mother, wont you? You'll let her kiss all your little dimples? Honey Mother, do you realize I never kissed a warm bare baby in my life! Never heard a child say its little 'Now I lay me'—never combed an Emmy's 'mouse's nest' out and tied a little hair-ribbon? Well, I'm going to do them all now! It's my chance. While Mother Honey has *her* chance."

Strange how things, that cannot possibly happen and you know it, get, after a while, a little less impossible, then a little less still, until the first thing you know you are wondering if they *won't* happen!

And they do.

"Clothes, now,—” argued Babs, "They don't 'make' the woman, but I'll be hanged if they don't make people believe they make her! Wait till people—wait till John-people see Mrs. Johns in smart little go-abroads and adorable little stay-at-homes and a *goldy-spangly duck* of a dress to dance in—"

"*Dance!*" gasped Honey. Babs really was going the limit.

"Of course, you and the Movie Man," calmly "I must put a dance expert on my list. Look here, dear, do you know of any nicer way to spend some of that movie money your John's been lavishing on you than in making your darling self as lovely as the Lord started out to have you? Well!" there being something decisive and clinchy about that 'Well.'

Three solid months to work miracles in.

But Barbara insisted that they lose no time in beginning. She began now.

"Take the baby. I'll get Peter. I'll pack the rest of your things with mine tonight and come out on the trolley tomorrow afternoon. I want to talk first to the director of the biggest gym I can scare up, about the best setting-up exercises—I bet he'll say walking! I got too fat once and they made me walk—"

"Do I understand you to infer that I am fat?" demanded Honey.

"Why, of course, in spots. Not so anyone'd notice it especially, but we aren't taking any chances! Oh, Honey, I could kiss you for the dear-darling way you are going to look! 'Dear-darling'—you're always applying it to the babies; somebody is going to apply it to you 'after taking'—my prescriptions! Peter!"

He came bearing Babeums aloft and looking beautifully tumbled and happy. Emmy followed 'on the back seat,' as she hastened to explain.

"He's a automobile and I had the terriblest time cranking' him, Mother! Hear him honk!"

Peter honked obediently. "There's no room for anybody else in this flivver," he said severely. "We're not taking anyone in along the road."

"No!" carolled Emmy joyously, "it's engaged. We're going after Littlejohn!"

"Peter dear, you shall come back and play with my babies every day. But I'm obliged to tear you away now. I had him first, Emmy."

It was not a sudden flash-in-the-pan success, in the least. Honey would have told you that with a little groan. She might have shown you her scars. But with a kind of slow magic there unfolded from the fagged and faded little wife of handsome John Prettyman a kernel of new, young Honey. And the kernel, as kernels do, grew and expanded and Barbara Wells, watching the process, hugged herself and rocked with glee and pride.

The program was carefully thought out. Every day, for a goodly portion of it, Honey fared forth in search of loveliness. So many miles she walked in the clear country air, breathing deep of its medicinal tonic. So many hours or half hours she spent with the "experts" on Barbara's list, riding to and fro in the open trolleys or sitting sometimes beside Peter, when his visits were rightly timed, in his smooth-rolling car. She seemed never before to have fathomed the joy of outdoors, of luxurious handlings by soft expert fingers, of buying lovelies for *herself*—of rest. It rather intoxicated Honey and intoxication was very becoming.

The shoppings were occasions of keen delight to both women. They secured the services of a competent and recommended person to take charge of the babies on those days, and then—as Babs said—let themselves go. And not the least of the delights to Honey were the little luncheons in dear-darling places, with the dearest-darlingest things to eat!

"I'm forgetting what you do at an automa-t," Honey said. "Poor John, I've always insisted so on automats! Watch me never insist again!"

And always the day held a visit to Littlejohn at his hospital. Always they found him "doing splendidly," his doctor and nurse said enthusiastically. But even so they

were not prepared for the beautiful thing they were told one day. That—but it was Littlejohn himself told it in his own way:

"I'm are un-casted! An' my legs go! Tell Emmy."

"Not walking quite yet," supplemented the nurse smilingly, "but he's on his way!" And she drew back the white covers and let him give a small demonstration. Honey Mother's very soul leaped within her when she saw the actual motions of the little legs that had so long been piteously inert. She bent down and kissed one of the baby knees. John! John! It was of her Big John she was thinking at that moment of ecstasy.

"I'm are a-goin' walk to mine daddy an' tell him this are me!" said the proud possessor of the legs that moved. "For 'cause mine daddy wou'n't never—nev-er—know," chuckled he.

Meanwhile while the astonishing miracle was working before Honey's own eyes, as she gazed in awe thru her looking-glass, another miracle was working that Peter Farrell's eyes discovered one day. He had come out in his car to play with Barbara's babies, according to her invitation. A number of weeks had intervened since his last appearance; he had been obliged much against his inclination (what business had a doctor with an inclination!) to make another trip to a distant state. Today he had scarcely allowed himself time enough to get into fresh clothes and smooth out the travel wrinkles in his good, plain face before he started for Babs, and came unheralded upon his miracle.

Babs was needing no assistance in playing with her babies. She was down in the grass among them and her clear laugh greeted Peter. But it was the miracle-laugh. He had never heard this laugh before. And this Barbara—this was the first time he had got a close-up of her. A Barbara not quite so specklessly dainty in apparel, not so smooth of soft hair—even a tousled and spotty Barbara.

"Baddy Babeums—no, baddy Ann Martha! See all the Ann-Martha fingerprints on godmother's clean dress, and what's this bright red spot—"

"That's his thum'-print to see if he stealed—stole the automobile—it isn't really red ink; it's strawb'ry ink—"

"Emmy Prettyman, what are you talking about!"

"It isn't really a thum'-print, but I thought his toe would do—"

"Emmy, you are hopeless but I love you! Now begin again at the beginning, dear."

"Well, it's a new play I thought up when I's eatin' oatmeal at breakfast. The new baby's a auto-bugger an' ste-stole Babeums' tin automobile an' I'm the p'lice *trailin' him!* They make toe—I mean thum'-prints when they want to find out. I've cleaned out the dog house for a jail. Can we put him in, if the p'lice arrest him? That's why I took him instead o' Babeums, because he fits the dog hou—"

"Emmy! Is it possible in my short reign I have brought you to this! But I never *have* mentioned thumb-prints and auto-buggers'—"

"No, but that person did that taked—took care of us one day. She said her son's automobile'd been ste-stoled." "Emmy's past tenses always troubled her but they all seemed to be past tenses today.

(Continued on page 81)



WHO IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OF ALL TIMES



What would be your answer if you were asked this question? If you were to let your mind travel thru the ages where beautiful women, like milestones, mark the history of the world, which woman would you choose and why would you choose her?

tures that conformed to a set standard of beauty that required a certain measurement for eyes, nose and mouth? Or do you believe that real beauty in a woman is charm—that intangible something that bears the same relation to her that the perfume does to the flower or the flavor to the fruit?

Would you base your choice on fea-

List of Famous Beauties

- Nell Gwynn
- Mary Queen of Scots
- Madame Pompadour
- Madame Du Barry
- Marie Antoinette
- Madame Récamier
- Mona Lisa
- Empress Eugénie
- Lily Langtry
- Mary Anderson
- Lillian Russell
- Fay Templeton
- Queen Marie of Roumania
- Lillian Gish
- Alice Joyce
- Pauline Frederick
- Katherine MacDonald

BALLOT

CANDIDATE

CHOSEN BY

ADDRESS

.....

List of Famous Beauties

- Elsie Ferguson
- Gloria Swanson
- Mary Astor
- Corliss Palmer
- Marion Davies
- Agnes Ayres
- Mary Pickford
- Olga Petrova
- Lina Cavalieri
- Theda Bara
- Clara Kimball Young
- Ethel Barrymore
- Mary Garden
- Eva Balfour
- Gladys Cooper
- Lady Diana Manners
- Pola Negri

BEAUTY'S NEW CONTEST

BEAUTY is starting a contest in order to find out what woman has the popular vote of being the most beautiful of all times. We want you to write us who you think

she is and tell us why you made your choice. Any woman famous for her beauty, whether she lived hundreds of years ago or is alive today, may be selected.

TWO PRIZES EACH MONTH

A prize of ten dollars will be given each month for the best letter received in which is given the reasons for selecting the woman which the writer believes to be the most beautiful. A second prize of

five dollars will be given for the second best letter. The prize-winning letters will be published each month together with portraits of the women who are chosen by the writers. This contest begins *now*.

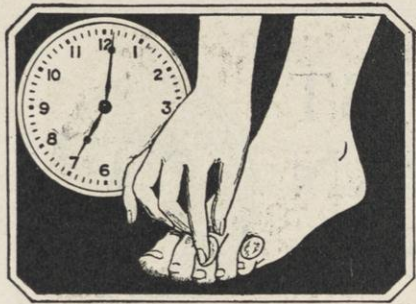
MAKE YOUR CHOICE AND SEND IT IN YOUR LETTER MAY WIN A PRIZE

Fill out the coupon, taking care to write plainly, and send it in with your letter. The coupon is your ballot in voting for your candidate. Start your campaign now and get your friends to help. Is the woman of

your choice among these recognized beauties? If she is not, send us her name and it will be added to the beauty roll. Each month we will give a list of famous beauties and the number of votes each has received.

Send Your Vote Now

Address, The Ballot-box, Beauty, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York



CORNS stop hurting in one minute

For quick, lasting relief from corns, there is nothing like Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They stop the pain in one minute by removing the cause—friction and pressure.

Zino-pads are thin, safe, antiseptic, healing, waterproof and can not produce infection or any bad after effects. No strong acid* or caustic that "burns" out the corn. Three sizes—one each for corns, callouses and bunions. Fine for blisters and tender spots caused by new shoes. Get a box to-day at your druggist's or shoe dealer's. Cost but a trifle.

Put one on—the pain is gone!

BUNIONS

This special shape eases the pain of bunions.



CALLOUSES

This size quickly and safely relieves callouses.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

There's a Dr. Scholl Foot Remedy
for every foot trouble

Tips For Beauty

Care of the Nails

By Beryl Cummings

FINGER-NAILS are of small importance compared to some other things in life, but what a great deal of difference it makes when they are broken and one tries to pick up pins or needles—something like catching mice with a St. Bernard dog!

There was a time when finger-nails were nothing more than animal claws and were used for protection only, but even then they received a great deal more care than the average person of today spends upon them.

In Oriental countries it was once the custom to push organic dyes under the nail to color it various tints. In fact, the shape, design and color of one's nails indicated the social status of a person, and a great many of the old Asiatics were accustomed to paring down their thumb nail to use for a pen, but that isn't quite up to our present self-fillers and starters!

Horace, the old Roman poet, described a man of high social finish—*politus ad unguem*—meaning polished to the nail point. Horace had quite a clear insight on things in his day but I do not believe he would successfully recover from a day in a Fifth Avenue beauty parlor.

The care of the nails is not only a means of adornment today, it is really a science as there are some manicurists who can tell by looking at your nails what is wrong with you—if anything is. She can't treat you with medicine but she can, quite often tell you where the trouble lies, for the nails quite readily indicate the physical state of the owner.

Unkempt nails are as obnoxious as a smudge of dirt on the face and a great deal more noticeable than dirty hands. A homely pair of hands can be made to look really beautiful with properly treated nails. Care of the nails is something that everyone should know. It is an asset in the general scheme of one's existence.

First the nails should never be clipped unless it is absolutely necessary. It is much better to trim them with a file after soaking well in warm water to make them pliant.

They should be filed to a shape that is most becoming to the individual hand. Anyone can experiment with their own nails in shaping them until they have found the shape that is best suited to their hands.

A sharp instrument that will scrape the nail in uneven ridges should never be used to clean underneath. Absorbent cotton wrapped around an orange-wood stick is

the best thing. This same swab can be dipped in a bleach and then swabbed down the entire length of the nail to remove any discoloration or foreign stain.

Use the flat end of an orange-wood stick to push back the cuticle, taking care

that the fingers are wet while this is being done to prevent tearing of the dry cuticle. Care should be exercised to prevent injury to the tender skin; rough edges that remain can be trimmed away with a cuticle knife or scissors.

Then taking a small buffer dip it into some nail powder and rub it briskly over the body of the nail in a lateral direction, never from the base to the tip. This operation will usually make the nail matrix tingle and bring the blood forward and color the nail deeply. This is to be desired as it gives it vitality and improves the growth of the nail.



After washing all loose powder from the hands, dry thoroughly and rub a little nail polish over each nail with the tip of your finger. Again dip the nail buffer in nail powder and buff or polish each nail from side to side, using a lighter touch this time. Dip the hands in warm water, dry them thoroughly and then rub a little powder on the palm of your hand and use this for a buffer in the same fashion as before.

Although polishing the nails is the best possible thing for their growth and beauty care should be taken that when the operation is completed one does not have fingertips that will dazzle the eyes of a casual on-looker. A dull polish is the correct and proper finish under all circumstances.

Wipe the nails with absorbent cotton to remove any loose particles of polish and you should have a very satisfactory manicure.

If your nails are dry and break easily, apply a little linseed oil at night.

Children who bite their nails should have aloes rubbed on the end of their fingers. The bitter taste will aid their will in correcting this bad habit.

Frame the following set of hand rules in your mind so that you will not forget them:

Manicure your nails once every twenty-four hours.

Trim the nails to suit the shape of your finger-tips.

Never cut the nails with a knife.

Do not let your hands grow thin and rough.

Bleach away the yellow skin tints as soon as they appear.

(Continued on page 82)

Measure in the Dance

(Continued from page 10)

right musical measure, the sense of registration of rhythm, should be natural to every human being, yet we have found those who seem unable to appreciate it. I believe that this is a nervous limitation, which can be remedied only by the pupil's own will and perseverance; indeed, of the three requisites for a dancer—taste, grace, and will, I cannot insist enough on the last. The will to master one's imperfections is the greatest of our gifts, and in the dance, as in other arts, there is a progressive way by which one may acquire proficiency thru study, and pass on to real accomplishment. In this case of musical measure the first study is to stick to a piece of music until one has assimilated it, by going over and over it again; then, when the student has realized all the flexibilities of the rhythm, the variations of measure in this chosen piece, she will be ready to start dancing afresh—from the right foot this time.

If one is intelligent or ambitious, and very few women are lacking in both these qualities (for if she lacks in one she will be sure to shine in the other), then one can make these vie with each other, both battling for musical measure, and with perseverance surely one of them will win. . . .

(First rights only)

The Sheep's Offering to Beauty

By Helen June Drew

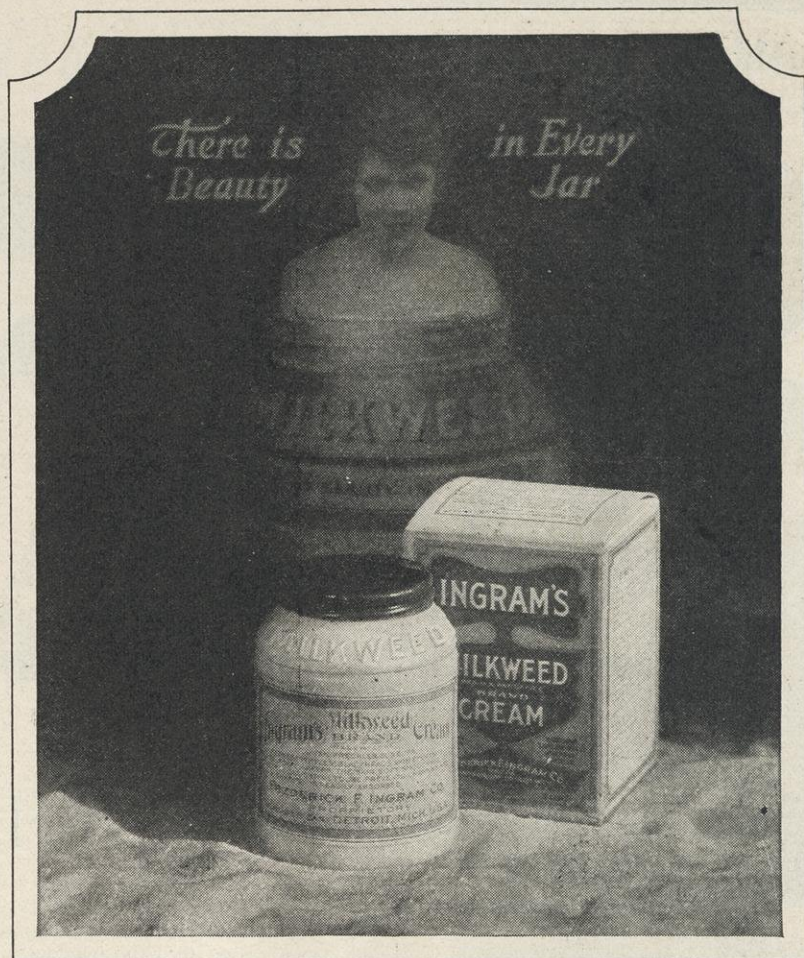
IT does seem a far cry from the humble sheep to beauty, doesn't it? But from the wool on the outside to the fat on the inside he furnishes many essentials to beauty.

One of the best skin foods is made from wool oil as the nearest thing known to the oil in the human face.

There is nothing so healing, soothing or softening for the skin, face, neck, hands or feet as the fat, or tallow. A piece of tallow, that any butcher will gladly give you, about the size of an egg, should be melted and strained. While it is cooling, whip into it two teaspoonfuls of glycerine; and remember it cools very quickly, add two scant teaspoonfuls of glycerine slowly, drop by drop, and beat well into the tallow. When this is done, add ten drops of benzoin. If you find the odor offensive, do not add perfume, as that will not mix with the fat; but add a quantity of talc powder. The trouble you take is well repaid when you see the fine texture it gives the skin. Apply this at night before retiring.

Tallow is excellent for tired, tender or calloused feet. Bathe your feet in water as hot as can be borne, with a pure soap; while the foot is still warm, rub the tallow in well, either the prepared tallow, or have a jar on hand melted without the benzoin or glycerine. Pull a pair of white stockings on to protect the bed-clothing, wipe off the tallow in the morning when you arise, and you'll be amazed at the comfort.

We are sure if women realized the value of tallow it wouldn't go into the trash barrel, but into a pan to be melted into a marvelously inexpensive essential to a healthy "happy feeling" complexion.



There is Beauty in Every Jar

You, too, can improve your complexion, just as thousands of women have done

BEGIN today the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream — there is beauty in every jar.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a skin cleanser, more than a powder base, more than a protection against sun and wind. It is an actual beautifier of the complexion. No other cream is just like it.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive, an individual therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up"—revitalize—the sluggish tissues of the skin. It soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections, heals and nourishes the skin cells. Used faithfully, it will help you

to gain and retain the beauty of a clear, wholesome complexion—just as it has helped thousands of attractive women, for more than 35 years.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in either the 50 cent or the \$1.00 size—the dollar jar contains three times the quantity.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM Co.

Established 1885

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Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario. British residents address Sangers, 42A Hampstead Rd, London, N. W. 1. Australian residents address Law, Binns & Co., Commerce House, Melbourne. New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghuznee St., Wellington. Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36½, Havana.

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Send ten cents today for Ingram's Beauty Purse

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Gentlemen: Enclosed please find ten cents. Kindly send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an elderdown powder pad, samples of Ingram's Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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Pyorrhea Comes to Four Out of Every Five



Bleeding gums? Trouble ahead

Pyorrhea follows tender, bleeding gums. Take no chances. It strikes four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, too.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's For the Gums. If used consistently and used in time, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress, and keep the teeth white and clean and the gums firm and healthy.

It is pleasant to the taste as well. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company
New York
Forhan's, Limited
Montreal



Reflections

THE light that shines in some women's eyes comes thru the window or from a reading lamp, but the light that makes for beauty comes from within.

the broom of enthusiasm and sweep them down.

* * *

A few drops of glycerine put on a bit of cotton will remove dirt from the face like magic.

Pumice stone, either powdered or in tablet form, is excellent for removing stains from the hands. When supplemented by lemon juice, there are no discolorations it will not dissipate.

* * *

Our interest in life is derived from our capital of good health.

Sweeping is one of the best methods of rounding the arms as well as giving correct poise to the figure. Sway the whole body with each stroke.

* * *

A combination of soda and orris root mixed in equal quantities, makes a desirable bath softener. One handful is sufficient for a bath. Keep the mixture in a glass jar tightly closed.

Patent or varnished leather should never be worn in warm weather if the feet are tender.

* * *

The face is the mirror of the mind and the quality of your thoughts will be reflected thereon.

Keeping a stick of orris root in the powder jar imparts a fresh pleasant fragrance to the powder.

* * *

Diluted lemon juice rubbed over the skin not only acts as a cleanser but serves to remove tan as well.

If you expect to reap a harvest of beauty, you must first plant the seeds. Begin now.

* * *

For dandruff, mix one dram of boric acid and two and one-half ounces of lavender water and massage into the scalp every other night.

The woman who does her own work will find a pot of vaseline on the sink as important as a cake of toilet soap for use on her hands while working.

* * *

If there are cobwebs in your mind, take

Perhaps it is a woman's curiosity that makes her interested in beauty secrets.

Beauty and Mysticism

(Continued from page 21)

her complexion, and she replied that she always used a good cream at night to remove the ravages of the day, her own being made by a well-known French parfumeur but that there were many excellent creams on the market. However, she considered a careful study of the needs of the skin indispensable to guide one in one's choice and that she really only had one beauty secret. "This preparation I have made, and the receipt was found in an ancient Chinese manuscript belonging to a collector in Paris—it is a sort of cleansing tonic and astringent and I have used it daily for many years—but I am not at liberty to give its ingredients except to a few close friends, as this was the condition under which it was given me.

"I am not one to consult about the fashion," Madame said in response to another question; "always I have believed in dressing to suit the individuality and I can show you photographs taken twenty years ago that are much the same as the gowns I wear today, but strangely enough they are not unlike the fashion of today either. I think there never has been a time when women have had more opportunity to indulge their personal tastes and yet follow the mode.

"Enfin, I consider it the supreme duty of women to be beautiful and that they should search and study mind, body and soul with this in view, for to be really beautiful includes all these things."

As she spoke, I was impressed by the effect of reserve force that was hers; she sat so quietly, so relaxed, it seemed as if she was resting even while carrying on this conversation with the circle around her.

I talked with her companion, Made-moiselle Serure, a Belgian, who had gone all thru the German Occupation and lost sight of her beloved Georgette during the war. "One does not talk of the war, Madame," she said, "but after it was over, how glad we were to find each other! Then Madame knew I was alone and asked me to come with her and go to America. She is so good, so thoughtful and everywhere people love her so; frequently after the performances she rehearses until six in the morning, sleeps only until ten and then is active all day."

Madame was asked to speak of Sarah Bernhardt and told many interesting anecdotes of this great personality who had been a warm friend. It was shortly before the amputation which Sarah Bernhardt was forced to undergo, some years ago, and while she was suffering greatly that they played "Pellias and Melisande" together in Paris, and this will always be one of Georgette Le Blanc's cherished memories.

It is very amazing to listen to and watch this woman who shows no sign of fatigue or strain and then consider the numerous cases one knows where a small shopping trip or any slight exertion seems a momentous affair. One realizes that she has indeed made the life of the spirit the very fibre of her being.

It is to her that was dedicated Maeterlinck's "The Treasure of the Humble," and it is she who made for him most of the psychic experiments that he has written of from time to time. Therefore it is natural that she would be deeply interested in these subjects which have swept into world-wide thought and discussion.

It is with the idea of continuing her investigation that she has planned a tour of the Orient, especially India, to be made within a few years.

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—" "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose—. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times. Your nose may be a hump, a hook, a pug, flat,



long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Trilety can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Model 25, U. S. Patent, corrects now all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in nose shapers and surpasses all his previous Models and other Nose Shaper Patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited Testimonials are in his possession, and his fifteen years of studying and manufacturing nose shapers is at your disposal, which guarantees you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.

CLIP the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. Trilety, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, is his guaranty.

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1918 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Please send me without obligation your booklet which tells how to correct ill-shaped noses.

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town.....

State.....

A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU



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Lowest in Price—Highest in Merit—Winner of GOLD MEDAL

SEND NO MONEY

There is a period in every person's life when the muscles get lax. This may occur at any age. Due to acute or chronic illness or naturally weak muscles, there is a tendency for all muscles to sag. With many people this tendency affects the nose.

The bone always remains the same, but the flesh and cartilage become soft and droop or spread. This makes the bone look humpy because flesh and muscles sag away from it. If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER. In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. No need for costly, painful operations. ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER shapes while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. The ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is the ORIGINAL nasal supporter, highly recommended by physicians for fractured or misshapen noses. Self adjustable—no screws. No metal parts. GENTLE, FIRM and

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An illustrated article showing the effect that the movies have had on the primitive women of Peru. For centuries the style of clothes worn by them remained the same until the coming of the cinema—now they are imitating our clothes.

The Genius of Gesture

Faith Service interviews Joseph Schildkraut, the young actor who has been so successful on the stage and who is entering the ranks of the silent drama.

The Story of "Trilby"

The fictionization of the picture "Trilby" which is being made from Du Maurier's novel by Richard Walton Tully and featuring Andrée Lafayette. The story is illustrated with stills from the picture.

CLASSIC

for SEPTEMBER

That "Different" Screen Magazine

The Confessions of Forty

(Continued from page 35)

enemy of the middle-aged woman, wrinkles and grey hair, subdue me. If I could not be a duckling, at least I would not be an old quacker!

Now perhaps there are vast quantities of people who would say life has more serious problems than trying to keep young. Of course there are, millions of things, houses, husbands, children, charities, books, art, but—deep, deep down in the heart of a woman lies the love of the beautiful and the desire to please. We all know there is more to a dinner than the dessert, but—dont we all love the sweet fluffy things! So we women want to go on trying to look our best, but Ah the long hard road it is to travel.

Now that I am turning over the page and tomorrow am leaving the semi-young thirties behind me, and getting onto the car that leads to crow's-feet and obscurity, I pause to consider if it really is all worth while. I look young, I act young, and some days I feel young, but—age, like blood, will tell, and the little tale bearers of aching back, creaking joints and the general feeling of let-go-ness, makes one realize the bitter truth, *that we're getting old*. The strenuous effort it is sometimes to be spring lamb and mint sauce when we feel in the mood to be boiled leg of mutton and caper sauce. Spring to me for the last few years has not meant altogether sunshine and flowers. Oh dear no. It also has meant *another new shape*. Some years ago, just as I was comfortably getting used to being a "perfect straight-front," presto! change! along comes the slouch figure, and I had to take myself to pieces and start building all over again. Reducing, starving, getting myself in proper condition for a new model. Exercise, till my middle-aged bones cracked. Starve till I nearly collapsed. People say of women who keep their attractiveness, "What a wonderful woman she looks," but they dont know how horrible she *feels*—some day!

In the country last summer I saw a comfortable old-fashioned type of woman, about forty-five years old, all heart and hips. No worry for her what silhouette was the latest, no need for her to trouble over the length of her skirt or the cut of her sleeves, just phlegmatic and lymphatic (with the accent large on the "limb" and the "fat"), calmly content to go thru life with a frankly protruding stomach and no waistline, belonging to the flannelette forces, with no yearnings to get into the crêpe de Chine and silk stocking brigade, and I envied her—her mind—but *not her shape*.

But, women like myself are not content to be plain hems on life's lingerie, we want to be frills, and we have to pay dearly for our desires. We pay in the coin of self-denial, in sacrifices of creature comforts, in doing without sufficient sleep, delicious dishes, comfortable clothes.

If only some of us could wear ourselves inside out and show our souls and our brains, what a glorious display many women would make in a fashion parade—but, alas!—we can make a bluff at knowledge, but youth is hard to counterfeit. *By their necks shall ye know them!*

All we can do then is to make the supreme effort to keep up the semblance of youth. Indian summer does not make the wheat grow, but, it is bright and pleasant and it looks like the real thing. So here's to our Indian summer!

Temptations to fall back are many, to us poor strugglers. Ah, the trials of

(Continued on page 67)



Our Limerick Contest

Prizes awarded to three

First Prize

A man with considerable hauteur,
 Remarked to his pretty, young dauteur,
 "Hang your clothes on a limb,
 Darling, dont be so primb;
 You'll see many limbs in the wauteur!"

—AMY R. MILLER, St. Louis, Mo.

Second Prize

Said a burglar to old friend Dutch,
 "I dont read the BEAUTY's ads much,
 But a purse made of skin
 And a bank roll within,
 That's the skin that this 'Bo' loves to touch."

—MRS. J. S. CRUGAR, Evanston, Ill.

Third Prize

Said she, who was all camouflage,
 To a suitor as she tried to dodge,
 "I just kiss my brothers,
 And not any others,"
 Said he, "What's the name of your Lodge?"

—AMY D. ATKINSON, New York City.

Honorary Mention

Our joyial janitor Barney,
 The crimson-faced cook liked to blarney.
 He'd say "Sure, me love,
 You're a lily-faced dove,
 Now stew me some chili-con-carne."

—GLADYS R. SWINNEY, St. Louis, Mo.

A matronly lady named Kim
 Prayed to the Gods to be thin
 Now she hikes many miles
 Aids digestion with smiles
 And spends all her time at the "gym"

—LUCILLE VAN WINKLE, Duluth, Minn.

A young lady who used vanishing cream,
 She used it, oh yes, to extreme;
 She used it so much
 With a light, airy touch
 That she vanished; how queer that does seem!

—EDWARD B. HALL, Point Richmond, Cal.

A young beauty with beach suit so grand,
 Took a bath in the sun on the sand.
 What's the use getting wet,
 When she always can get,
 All the poor fish she wants on dry land.

—MRS. P. LIEBERT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A young lady named Katy De Trix
 Got herself in a very bad fix—
 Tried to color her hair,
 Now it makes people stare,
 For instead of one color, it's six!

—FRANK KENNETH YOUNG,
 Traverse City, Mich.

There once was a maiden unique
 So homely she'd make people shriek,
 But she went on the screen
 As a comedy queen,
 Now she's getting a thousand a week.

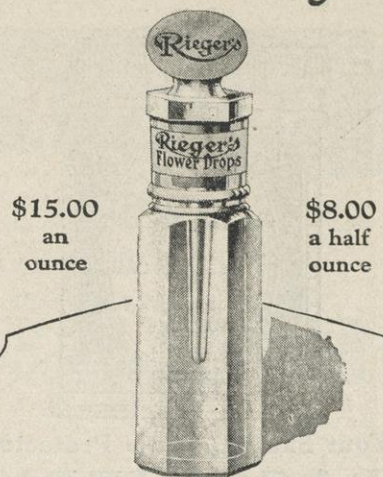
—RUBY WILKINS, Los Angeles, Cal.

You May Win a Prize

For the best limerick sent in each month, BEAUTY will pay five dollars; for the second best, three dollars, and for the third, two dollars. The right, however, will be reserved by the editors, to publish any limerick not winning one of the three prizes. Credit will be given in each case to the author.

READ CAREFULLY

We prefer the subject matter of the limerick to center around beauty or beautiful women, tho it is not absolutely essential. More than one limerick can be sent in by the same person. Please write plainly. No manuscript will be returned. Address letters to The Limerick Editor, BEAUTY, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.



\$15.00
 an
 ounce

\$8.00
 a half
 ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is \$15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample 20¢

Other Offers

Direct or from Druggists

Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks:
 Lilac, Crabapple, \$1.50
 Lily of the Valley, \$2.00
 Rose, Violet, \$2.00
 Romanza, \$2.50
 Above odors, 1 oz. \$15
 1/4 oz. \$8
 Mon Amour Perfume, sample offer, 1 oz. \$1.50

Souvenir Box

Extra special box of five 20c bottles of five different perfumes \$1.00

If any perfume does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return and money will be refunded cheerfully.

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made. Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

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Lily of the Valley Rose Violet
 Romanza Lilac Crabapple

Name.....

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Souvenir Box—\$1.00 enclosed.

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Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.



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PASQUIER'S
 FRENCH BLEACH PACK

is now replacing Mud Pack everywhere. Of purest ingredients—

PASQUIER'S BLEACH PACK clears and improves even the most delicate complexion.

Removes Freckles and Tan—Wonderfully soothing for sunburn. If applied immediately after sunburn, prevents soreness.

Your Skin Can Breathe—All impurities, blackheads, etc., are removed and a good healthy color becomes natural.

Results are immediate, and visible after one application. Try it to-day at your beauty parlor or send coupon below.

Pasquier's Solid Brillantine makes your hair curly, wavy, and lustrous. Adds life and charm to permanent wave. Special offer for September—75c per Jar. Regular price \$1.00.

—SEND THE COUPON NOW—

PASQUIER, COMPANY,
 4246 B. Third Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please send me full size jar of **PASQUIER'S BLEACH PACK.** (75c for full size jar **Pasquier's Solid Brillantine.**)

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Address.....

City..... State.....



Could YOU
 Fascinate
 This Man?

Perhaps he isn't your ideal, but if he were, would you know how to win him? Would you know what to do to attract his attention, to make him genuinely interested in you, to increase that interest step by step until there would be, for him, no other girl in all the world but you? Would you, like ninety-nine out of a hundred other girls, depend upon haphazard luck or accident, or would you, like the one girl in a thousand who is genuinely fascinating, know exactly what you are about, understand just what to do to win this man's attention to make him forget all the other girls he knows, and arouse the feeling within him that here is the one girl for him?

The really charming woman knows all this. She understands man's psychology, his human nature, his susceptibilities and frailties, and knows just what to do to fascinate any man she chooses. When her ideal comes along, she doesn't depend upon chance or accident, but follows a well-planned method of procedure that is sure of success.

Knowledge is power. The woman who knows man's human nature has a power to charm him that no other woman can equal. Our **FREE** book, "**THE SECRETS OF FASCINATING WOMANHOOD**," will give you the key to man's human nature, show how he is attracted and charmed, the different methods required for different men, and what makes a woman fascinating to them. Just a letter with ten cents (10c) to cover cost of packing and mailing will bring it to you (in plain wrapper). Send for it. Try out its methods and plans, experience the power over men which its knowledge gives you, and watch the immediate and remarkable change in men's attitude toward you. Send your dime today.

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS
 Department B, 117 South 14th St., St. Louis, Mo.

The Beauty of the Story-Book Princesses

(Continued from page 9)

course, all this makes her somewhat upsetting to old-fashioned ideas.

"Her hair is reddish brown. Her eyes are brown, but they might be blue, altho if they were blue they might have a more quizzical quality than they now have and, accordingly, a trifle less intentness.

"But the quality which is most Mary is straightforwardness and a penetrating intentness which makes her the leader of her own group."

There it was again! At least we were approaching some common truth by learning that the spirit behind it was the cause of the outer beauty. Elated, we proceeded on our way to Mrs. Montanye Perry, whose short stories are always flashing upon one from the pages of the better magazines. She really had a persistent heroine. This dream lady of Mrs. Perry's creation, we learned, dictated her own shoes and name, no matter what story she inhabited nor the state of society to which Mrs. Perry chose to call her.

"Here's the situation," admitted her creator. "That heroine of mine refuses to have anything but red hair, coppery, or bronze, or goldy-red or even a 'mop of flaming color.' She is slender, invariably, and her eyes are like bluebells or violets, or pansies, or something-or-other under water. When she is thrilled, it is as if candles were lighted behind them, and when she is shocked they become deep pools of doubt or despair. So far as I am concerned, she has no features—no one has! But she has color that comes and goes in quick recurrent waves, and small feet in *bronze* shoes. If she is married her name is Helen; single, Janet or Janice; flapper, Carolyn.

"For none of these things do I know any reason, they just are! I'm always having to remodel my heroine and make her hair black, her eyes grey and her shoes brown, after the story is done, because I have to write her as I see her, and then she is just like the one I did last week or last month."

We liked that arbitrary heroine of Mrs. Perry's, but still we had no definite standard, no great charted truth to tell the waiting world. However, we refused to be daunted. We hunted up Rita Weiman.

Miss Weiman was in the middle of packing. With dozens of stories and mov-

ing-picture scenarios sold in one year, Miss Weiman felt convinced she had earned a vacation.

"Personally," replied Miss Weiman to our question that by now fell as lightly from our tongue as a book agent's story from his, "personally, I would rather see an unusual face than one conventionally correct as to color and measurement. I would rather see a white skin topped by flaming hair, lips a bit too full, eyes set a bit too far apart, neck a trifle too long and nose too retroussé than the pink and white complexion, perfect red mouth and limpid eyes which the French call *beauté du diable* because it is the dazzling beauty of youth untouched by experience.

"I am not a bit interested in mere plastic beauty, the sort that is almost perfect. But the woman who makes you wonder what is behind her eyes or what her lips might tell you; whose face has the mobility of swift changing expression; who can give you a flash of white teeth or the droop of lashes over long eyes, is the one that would make me turn and look at her a second time.

"Expression is so much more important than actual feature, because in a way it controls the features. You don't realize whether a mouth is perfectly shaped or not if its curving smile fascinates you. You are not concerned with the color of a woman's eyes if they charm and intrigue you. Personality stamps itself much more potently than actual physical lines. And personality can be beauty if the woman who possesses it wills it so.

"The woman who concentrates on what her beauty can bring to her, in nine cases out of ten, robs herself of it. The woman who considers what she can bring to her beauty, how to serve it with a love of humanity that enchances it, is apt to preserve it even when wrinkles come and the hair loses its color."

So there you have it. We had to give up. Miss Weiman wanted to go back to her suiting of lovely gowns to the confines of a steamer trunk. And we had found out only one thing—that it is the girl herself who renders her own beauty. We hate to be old-fashioned but in the minds of our feminine short-story writers at least, there seems to be a paraphrase of that old, old line, "Beauty is as Beauty does."

The Beauty Box

(Continued from page 54)

MARY A.—Procure a good cold cream containing the juice of lemon. This will help to whiten the neck. Bathe the neck well with warm water and soap, rinsing with cold water and apply the cream, rubbing it well into the skin. A few drops of tincture of benzoin in the final rinsing water will have a whitening tendency.

MARIE.—The preparations you mention are good. For the white spots on your nails you might try soaking them in almond oil, and I can give you an old-fashioned remedy which is said to be very good. Equal parts of turpentine and pitch melted together and add a little vinegar and powdered sulphur. Rub the white spots with this mixture.

NATALIE.—I believe that most of your questions have been answered in various issues of **BEAUTY**. The soap you are using is splendid if it agrees with your skin. About foot remedies, if you have read Dr. Jay Chanin's two articles in June and July issues of **BEAUTY**, you must have found

much valuable information. Any of the tar shampoos will help darken the hair.

VIVIANNE.—It is difficult to tell you about doing up your hair without seeing you. There is an article on coiffures in this number, which may help you. Another suggestion is, go to a reliable hair-dresser and have your hair dressed just once and watch how it is done.

ANNABEL.—I am afraid I cannot help you very much, altho you might try the Epsom Salts bathing, recommended so many times, on your legs, and many exercises have appeared from time to time, and I am sure if you will follow the series of lessons on **Psycho-Physical Culture**, you will be greatly helped.

EDITH H.—Use cleansing cream to remove make-up. A few drops of tincture of benzoin used in the final rinsing water after bathing the face is a good astringent. As to colors, I think with your brown hair and blue eyes, you can wear all shades of brown and the soft shades of blue.

The Confessions of Forty

(Continued from page 64)

"Middle-agers." How delightful to be "kimonoed" and loose slippers, how blissfully free are we when our "figures" leave us at the end of the day. But—there is no "oiled" road to the things worth having. Today is the day of the up-to-date woman. The old timer, the extension-hipped—triple-chinned—middle-aged model of the eighties has gone. We women of this era must forge ahead. When the hands on the clock of time point to forty, we must not say "Bedtime." Youth is glorious. So is the sunrise, but—isn't the sunset also magnificent.

And so here I sit on the eve of my fortieth birthday, to ponder and wonder if it is all worth while to try to keep young, then loudly I cry *yes! yes!! yes!!!*

So sisters of the "fortieth brigade," let us get in line, no slackers in *this* regiment, eyes front, head up, chest out, stomach in, forward! march!!

The Diary of a Beauty Specialist

(Continued from page 49)

could have power over man and beast—if she only understood showing them off to advantage. But, unfortunately, she doesn't. She had come for her shampoo. While I worked on her hair we talked.

"My favorite shade of blue isn't my favorite shade any more," Mrs. Martin said. "It seems to fade my hair and eyes instead of adding light and life to them."

"Ah-ah," I thought to myself. "Here is a chance for Mlle. Musette, the beauty specialist, to give a bit of tactful and well-timed advice on the proper choosing of color."

And aloud I said, "For anyone with blue eyes, Madame, the shade of blue of her frock should always be lighter than her eyes so as to let them be the high spots of color in a blending costume. You see, a frock of more intense blue than the eyes tends to kill them by making them appear faded. The woman who wants to be effective and who values her power over man and beast must learn to make her eyes speak for her," I told my pretty young customer.

"I never thought of that," said Mrs. Martin. "I'm going to try it."

After Mrs. Martin left, Mrs. LeGrand came in. She's the wife of a famous illustrator and very attractive—after she's spent some time in my beauty shop. She comes every day for one thing or another and Jeanne loves to whisper to me that talk has it she's ten years older than her husband and spares no effort to keep herself young.

Her neck is beginning to show those long lines from the ears down—and how she dreads it. She begs me to iron them out!

I comb her hair straight back so it won't be in the way, and do all I can for the poor dear. I tell her to relax and think of something pleasant or nothing at all and then I proceed this way:

I stand behind her, and starting at her temples I push my finger-tips together at the middle of her forehead, then I rub them with a soft massaging movement straight back over the top of her head to the base of her neck. From here they separate and go around to the front of her throat and then down to the base of her neck in front.

This I do for a long time, and she follows it up with an olive oil treatment be-

(Continued on page 82)

Shapeliness



of arms, legs, back, bust, abdomen, thighs, hips and ankles in men and women is accomplished in the privacy of your home or while traveling, by a few minutes' use each day of the internationally famous invention—

DR. LAWTON'S GUARANTEED FAT REDUCER AND ILLUSTRATED COURSE ON WEIGHT CONTROL

With it, you easily perform a gentle, pleasant, deep-rooted massage that breaks down the underlying, unwanted, unsightly, unnatural, excess fat from any portion of the body to which you apply the Fat Reducer. It reduces only where you wish to lose fat. The waste matter is then carried out of the system thru the organs of elimination. No drugs, no exercises, no electricity, no starvation diet. More than 50,000 men and women in the past few years have reduced to their entire satisfaction by the use of this famous Fat Reducer. It doesn't leave the skin flabby. In fact, it smooths the skin and firms the flesh. This Fat Reducer is approved by physicians as absolutely safe and efficient; they have used and recommended it to patients.

The Reduction is permanent!

You can reduce your FAT whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight. If at the end of eleven days' trial you are not perfectly satisfied in every way, return the Fat Reducer complete and your money will be refunded without any quibbling. This is our positive guarantee!

Dr. Lawton's famous book, "WEIGHT REDUCTION," is included in the purchase price of the Fat Reducer. This authoritative book explains in detail how to apply the Fat Reducer, how to stay thin after the Fat Reducer has done its work.

SPECIAL PRICE

\$3.75

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Sent C. O. D. and you pay postman \$3.75 plus few cents postage, or if you prefer to remit in advance, send \$3.75 plus 20c. postage, which covers all charges. Mailed in plain wrapper. Send for your Fat Reducer today. If you would rather have us do so, we will send you our FREE Booklet "HOW TO REDUCE" before you order. Dr. Lawton's printed Guarantee Bond assures you of satisfaction and accompanies every Fat Reducer. Write today.



DR. THOMAS LAWTON

120 W. 70th St., Dept. 259, New York City

Elinor Glyn Explains

The author of "Three Weeks," one of the most widely discussed books, discloses to Adele Whitely Fletcher and Gladys Hall why, when, and how she wrote this sensational novel. Miss Glyn's frankness is not limited to her fiction alone, her confessions are equally as absorbing.

Jack and Marilyn in Hollywood

Harry Carr has given us a delightful glimpse into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford who are having a second honeymoon in their little Spanish cottage near Hollywood. The picture that Mr. Carr gives of this young couple's life is most interesting and one that you will enjoy.

Then Too—

There are any number of other good things appearing in the October issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and you will not want to miss any of them.

Don't Fail To Get

October Motion Picture Magazine

On the stands September First



The crystal pure deodorant

Surely you will like this crystal pure deodorant. Colorless and sparkling, and odorless itself, it possesses the power to destroy all odors.

It comes in a dainty bottle. We call it

Dew

—and, just as the early morning dew imparts a delicate purity and freshness to the flowers in your garden, so this DEW will give to you the charm of daintiness—of freedom from even the faintest trace of an undesirable odor.

You can use DEW at any time, for it dries very quickly—almost immediately—and leaves the skin cool and refreshed. DEW will not stain or injure the most delicate fabrics and it cannot harm the most sensitive skin.

The best druggists and shops have a supply of DEW. Ask for it by name. If you have any difficulty in getting it, you may purchase it direct, in 50c. or \$1.00 bottles.

GEO. C. V. FESLER COMPANY
Chemists and Perfumers

303 TOWER BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.
Rue de la Paix, Paris.

Free—To Try
Send for Trial Bottle

Don't
Be Gray



When I can stop it

To let gray hair spoil your looks, by making you seem old, is so unnecessary when Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer will bring back the original color surely and safely. Very easily applied—you simply comb it through the hair. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky or stringy, nothing to wash or rub off—just beautiful, natural, becoming hair.

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No danger of streaking or discoloration, restored color is even and natural in all lights. Faded or discolored hair restored just as successfully and naturally as gray hair.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE
TRIAL
COUPON

Please print your name and address—

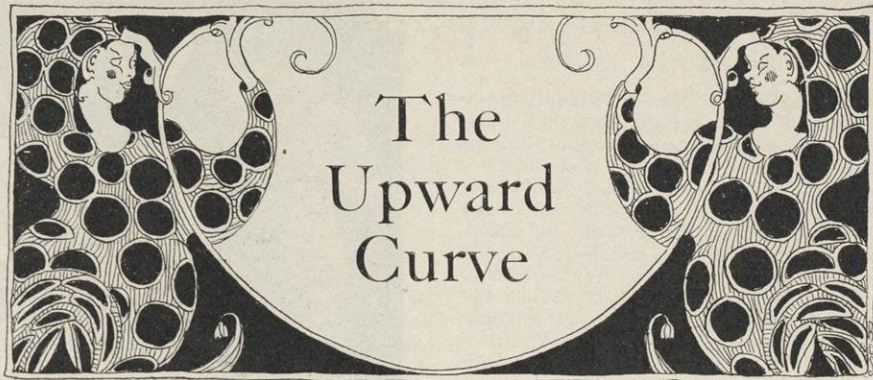
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36-J Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black... dark brown... medium brown... auburn (dark red)... light brown... light auburn (light red)... blonde...

Name.....

Street.....

City.....



The Upward Curve

A Smiling Line Three Prize-Winning Jokes

QUICK SERVICE

CUSTOMER: "I want a box of rouge, a lip-stick and an eyebrow pencil."

SALESMAN: "Here y'are, lady, our 'Beauty in Distress Package.' I saw what you needed and had it all ready for you."

CAUTION

SHE (referring to the rain): "Oh, oh, my dear, it's beginning to come down."

HE: "Do you want a safety pin?"

'THE LAWYERS' PLACE

When Lincoln was still an insignificant country lawyer he traveled to a small town to take charge of a case. It was a drive of some fourteen miles from the railroad station to the town where he was to spend the night. Wet and chilled to the bone, he arrived at last. But to his dismay found only a small fire built in the grate, while standing about it, so as to exclude the heat from the traveler, were the other lawyers interested in the case.

At last one of the lawyers turned to Lincoln, "Pretty cold, eh?" he asked.

go along. Why cant man and wife trot along pleasantly like that?"

MR. GRIMSONBACK: "Well you see there is only one tongue between two horses."

Two-Dollar Prize Winners

SANCTIONED BY SCRIPTURE

A woman whose husband objected to wiping the dishes for her because "it isn't a man's job," read to her surprised hubby from the Bible, 2 Kings 21:13, "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it, and turning it upside down." He has meekly wiped the dishes ever since.

—MRS. H. J. PORTER,
Kentville, Nova Scotia.

A VEILED REBUKE

CUSTOMER: "I would like to try on that corset in the window."

CLERK: "No, madam, you'll have to go to the dressing-room."

—MISS L. STEVENS,
Oakland, Cal.

HE KNEW

"This fellow, Skimmer, tried to tell me that he has had the same automobile for five years and has never paid a cent for repairs on it," said the Fat Man. "Do you believe that?"

"I do!" replied the Lean Man, sadly. "I'm the man who d'd his repair work."

—MRS. MARY STERNS,
Denver, Colo.

"Yes," replied Lincoln, "as cold as it is hot in Hades."

"Ever been to Hades, stranger?" asked another.

"Yes," replied Lincoln, solemnly.

This raised a faint smile among the other lawyers. "What does it look like there?" they asked.

"Very much like this," said Lincoln dryly, "all the lawyers nearest the fire."

A QUICK DECISION

"Have you any opening for a college student?"

"Yes, and dont slam it when you go out."

A MISUNDER- STANDING

"I'm worried about my complexion."

"Why dont you diet?"

"That's a good suggestion. What color do you suggest?"

THE REASON

MRS. GRIMSONBACK: "See how nicely that team of horses

Do You Know a Funny Story?

We will pay two dollars each for the three best stories accepted each month. The only requirements of the contest are that the stories be humorous, concerning beauty, not more than two hundred words in length, and never before used in any other publication. No manuscripts will be returned. Address all letters to The Upward Curve, BEAUTY, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Coquetry

An art that is known, studied, cultivated by every French woman, and is appreciated by all the men

By Marceline d'Alroy

WHAT is it this coquetry from which comes the often much misunderstood word "coquette"?

I would like to tell you, for tho in America coquetry is seldom used, and therefore could not have become an art, in France the art of coquetry is known, studied, cultivated by every French woman, and is appreciated by all the men.

First let me say that there is a very, very great difference between a flirt and a coquette. A flirt, to begin with, is selfish. She wishes to please herself. A coquette is not selfish, she merely has the wish to please others.

About a flirt, as I understand it, is an undertow,—an under-current, deep, dangerous, heartless. A coquette, tho, is like the sunlight flickering thru young leaves, making them gay, uncertain—like a sparkling rivulet—happy, now deep, now shallow, but never, never treacherous.

Coquetry is to the life what champagne is to the dinner. It makes an ordinary dinner interesting, and a fine dinner extremely desirable. In the same manner, coquetry makes an ordinary woman interesting, and a fine woman adorable.

Some women are born coquettes. It would be as useless to tell them not to be, as to tell a little breeze not to blow, or, as to tell the white clouds that it is not the time to chase each other across a blue sky. They cannot help it. And why should they? One can always ignore things, if one is a heavy sort of person, but to most everybody little things like that give pleasure, and so they are always loved.

Coquetry, exactly, is the instinct to please highly developed. And to do it? Well, it means to be able to listen well, as well as to talk well;—it means to be interested, not just appear to be; it means to be fully, actively, appreciatively alive to the personality of every man with whom one comes in contact. If one has not a great opinion of the man's talent, that is not the point, the chief thing is that one should always have a great opinion of oneself as a charming woman.

Anyone can talk with charm to a clever man. Why, he talks mostly. But for a clever woman to talk very charmingly to

a foolish man; well, that is more strain. Of course, she does not do it for long, but even after the brief conversation is over, he is never left to imagine her anything but extremely regretful at having to leave his company.

In a French woman's mind the relations of men and women are always of an extreme importance, and therefore, like anything of value, must be treated with delicacy.

To look in any French woman's heart would never be to find a desire on her part to be a man. What for? She cannot imagine, especially when she gets all she wants as a woman. And coquetry is one of the arts she uses.

And how does she express coquetry? Delicately, very. It is the flute in the orchestra, not the saxophone. It is conveyed by an upward glance, or by a drooping glance; by the tilt of a chin; the tilt of a head, even by the tilt of a hat. It is expressed by repose; equally also, by alertness of movement, of look; it is conveyed in a dozen ways by the handling of small things, for instance, fans, flowers, puppies even.

It seems all a matter of contradiction, yet it all means the same thing. One is doing the thing that most pleases the fortunate man with whom one deigns to coquette.

In one sentence—one is doing what he likes you to do, not what you like to do yourself, but never, one hundred times never, must he even guess it, or there would be no art in it at all. And, after all, you do want to do it; it pleases you to know that you are a finished, delightful performer; it impresses; it makes you a pleasure to meet, to watch—and it does no harm. For the same man may see you, a few moments later, treat another man in the same pretty manner, but he will think the other man is possibly a fine fellow too, and not that they are both fools.

And so, all the world is a little more gay, and all the life a little less sombre. Oh, yes, it is quite worth while.

Charm comes often with experience, and Coquetry is the little delightful daughter of Charm.

Reduced 53 lbs in Nine Weeks!

Mrs. Bayliss Went From 191 Lbs. to 138 Without Hardship



"I never dreamed you could do it, Mr. Wallace," wrote this well known young matron of Philadelphia's social elect. Her letter is dated in February, and refers to reducing records purchased late in November. A reduction of more than fifty pounds in a few weeks! But read her own story:

"Here I am, back to 138 lbs. after my *avairdupois* had hovered around the impossible two hundred mark! Your perfectly wonderful music movements—nothing else—did it. You have reduced my weight from 191 to 138, and lightened my heart as no one can know who has not had activities and enjoyments curtailed for years—and suddenly restored.

"Thanks to Wallace, I can now wear the styles I want to. Because I once laughed at the idea of 'getting thin to music' I offer in humble apology, this letter, my photograph and permission to publish them should you desire.

Very sincerely yours,
Jessica Penrose Bayliss,
Bryn Mawr, Penna.

Living proof that one may remove all superfluous flesh without a gaunt look or sign of flabbiness

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It's so easy to make your figure what it should be, and keep it that way—if you let Wallace show you how. Scores have done what Mrs. Bayliss did, some took off 60, 70, even 80 lbs! If only twelve or fifteen pounds too heavy, there is still less excuse for not looking and feeling your best.

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61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
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Name.....

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Flappers and Flaptrap

(Continued from page 23)

"A which?" I inquire. "I do not apprehend."

"She drinks!"

Well, this whole drink question is a mystery to your Paris. In good old Athens and Troy the water was very flat stuff, and we never used it inwardly unless it were mixed with light wines; but it was considered the worst sort of form to drink for the thrills there might be in it. There was, it is true, a fellow named Bacchus who used to keep the neighbors up late by his goings-on, and he was one of the stupidest deities I ever met. A number of stark sober artists and poets had such a good time writing about him that his name has gone down in history as the original Hail Fellow.

If a girl wants to "drink," I suppose she is not being any worse than her big brother; but my objection to this technique is that it confesses failure. If she cant make the grade without it, she's in Grade C anyhow, and might as well resign.

But, dear me, the young thing of 1923 can be as sober as Volstead, and still they will not stop talking about her. No, indeed. No, sir! She goes on "petting parties," that's what she does.

Well, if you can find me any generation in the history of the world which has not enjoyed that form of excursion, I will admit the criticism. The flapper is more frank and direct, that's all.

But your Paris says that the modern girl is more moral, if that is what's in the wind, more sensible, and more entertaining than any type which has emerged for centuries past. She is just as straight in conduct as her ancestors, and has more moral courage in talking about anything which she thinks needs talking about. She is quick to take up new things. She resents domination either by her parents, or by her beaux; and that is why she has divided the modern world into two camps, one of which regards her as a menace (to their special privileges), and the other of which would rise up and call her "Blessed."

The long skirt, the long hair, hampered woman's freedom, shut her out of many activities possible to men. Acres of garments almost, making the matter of clothing a ritual, hemmed her in on all sides. I do not say that modern dress takes less time, that the bobbed head needs less attention than the flowing locks, but the spirit of the thing is different. The flapper gets herself up in this fashion, not because custom says so, but because she wants to.

Basically the issue is simply the eternal struggle between the old and the young. The parents know more than their children for a while. Then when the youngsters reach the late 'teens and the early twenties they have ideas of their own, and it is hard for the mothers and fathers to resign the sceptre. Perhaps the new ideas are not better. Perhaps painting, powdering, wearing knickers and bloomers, crossing the legs, are not an improvement, but I am willing to submit the issue to the judgment of the future.

The flapper has not any corner on foolishness. Let her remind her parents of the hourglass figure which was a crime against the race, of the bustle, of the long trains which gathered in all the dust, of the Gibson pompadour, of the tight sleeves, and of the high necks. Not all the idiocy crops out in one generation.

I said "O. K. with corrections," and one alteration I should like to make would be to inject a little more human sympathy in the modern girl. Perhaps because she was greeted with such a storm of disapproval, the flapper shows little consideration for her parents, little realization that it is hard to grow old and absorb new ideas. The flapper is inclined to be ruthless, "hard-boiled." Everyone knows that she has sympathy somewhere, but it wouldn't hurt to show it more.

The battle of the flapper, however, is virtually won. The opposition is less shocked than before. The modern girl, on the other hand, is less violent, less insistent in her new manners. What will come next? Will there be a return to the customs of 1875, or 1850, as some predict? I think not.

As your Paris has looked upon the world for hundreds of years, he has noted a constant emerging of womankind from the restrictions which hemmed her in; and she holds on to the advantages gained. The women of Greece lived healthy respected lives within the home, but their part in the world was small. There has been progress since that time.

And now, Miss Flapper, I would remind you of one thing: In 1940 your children will be coming of age. I shall come back to earth at that time and shall again attempt to get a hearing. Will you be shocked and outraged at the behavior of your children? Will you think the world is coming to an end? Will you say "They didn't behave that way when I was a girl"? I wonder.

—PARIS.

The Teeth

By Edna Wright Tompkins

A FACE, however beautiful, with lines as finely chiseled as marble, can be utterly spoiled by ugly and decayed teeth.

Besides being ugly, the fact is often forgotten that decayed teeth and spongy gums can produce several of the most serious diseases of the alimentary canal.

The best time to cleanse the teeth is at night. During the day, eating, talking, laughing all help to release the saliva and to aid nature in making the mouth self-cleansing. However, when we sleep, whatever particles of food that have been left between the teeth are fermented and make a splendid breeding place for bacteria. A

thoro brushing, including the massaging of the gums with the brush, should be done at bed time, and the teeth ought also to be brushed after each meal.

In brushing the teeth use an up and down and not an across the teeth motion.

In order to free the teeth of any particles which may have remained after brushing, it is well to rinse the mouth thoroly with a mouth wash consisting of half a tumberful of water and half a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda. Dental floss is also useful for removing any particles left between the teeth.



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The Younger Sister of the Moon

(Continued from page 45)

her grinding, and leaned lightly on the molina, as she bent her lovely head so that her hair hung over her eyes, and showed the eager maidens how to tease their lovers, with shy glances thru the screen of locks, and soft laughter, as she talked. Then, with a quick toss of her head, she threw her hair back into place, and turned again to the grinding stone, and sang a rhythmic, joyful song, keeping time with rapid swaying motions of her body, as with her left arm she used the rubbing-stick over the gleaming kernels of corn which she scattered with her right hand under it, until they too were ground to fine powder.

Eagerly now the girls listened to the songs she sang, and stored them away in their memories, later to use them to enslave the hearts of young men, and to teach to their daughters, who in turn lured their lovers to listen, enchanted. And it was thus that the songs were first made which the maidens of today sing as they work at their metates grinding the corn.

When the corn had all been ground, the goddess arose and went to some grasses growing on the mountain side, and made from their stalks a brush, by tying them together lightly in the middle. With many a graceful turn and twist of the wrist, she brushed the powdered corn and shells into a corner of her robe, and divided it into equal portions.

Upon each of the maidens she bestowed an equal amount of the sacred meal, and told them to remember how she had made it, so that they could return to their people, and teach them, and their children, and their children's children on into the coming ages, with the knowledge she had that day given them. Then she admonished them to teach men and women always to use some of the sacred meal they ground as prayer offerings to the Beloved Beings, when they made prayers.

With a sweet, merry smile, she then placed a little of the meal on the palms of her hands, and bade the maidens see how they could make themselves more beautiful by rubbing their hands lightly over their faces and necks. And as she did this, her face suddenly became as white as her dress, and beautifully smooth. Timidly, the maidens applied the fine powder to their palms, as she had showed them, and ran it over their own faces and necks, and beheld each other more beautiful than ever before.

With hearts filled with love and adoration for the beautiful Younger Sister of the Moon for all she had taught them, the maidens returned to their homes, and lured lovers to their sides with the wiles they had learned, and ever since then, the daughters of men have used the arts first taught those fortunate maidens on the slopes of the mountain by the Lake of the Dead.

And ever since, it has been women's work to fashion the metates, and baking-stones, which the men are allowed to carry home! Also, ever since then, have the maidens, when warm from their exertions over the metates, where they have been grinding the corn, rubbed the white flour over their faces and bosoms and arms, and a little of the meal of the red corn for their cheeks, to make themselves look more beautiful.

So you maidens, who powder your noses today, and touch your cheeks with rouge, are merely repeating one of the lures taught ages and ages ago, by the Younger Sister of the Moon to the daughters of men, thus to help ensnare the hearts of the sons of women!

Woman's Charm

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Beautiful
Bust



THE secret of woman's charm is that natural physical perfection which lends enchantment wherever she goes.

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Power and Poetry of Breathing

(Continued from page 15)

carbonic-acid gas, generated by the slow combustion of the body, is eliminated and the nerve-force reinvigorated.

When the diaphragm functions normally, the lungs remain almost passive—the trunk of the body moves perceptively with every breath—the sides and solar-plexus walls and the abdomen expand and contract regularly—and the air circulates from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, feeding each cell and tissue.

But, when the diaphragm performs its work indifferently, the air and blood fail to feed the cells and tissues of the body—undernourished, they gradually collapse and waste away. When this happens, every member of the being suffers loss and sooner or later comes a general breakdown—the direct result of chronic, oxygen starvation.

Thanks to science, straight-front corsets and good sense generally, women are beginning to breathe normally, and to use their bodies as nature intended them to do. Mind we say, beginning—for ninety per cent. of women still make but small, if any, use of the diaphragm. For this reason they possess what in science is termed a "dead abdomen."

A dead abdomen is fatal to beauty of figure and to health. Because of dead abdomens, women are suffering from what they please to call this disease or that disease, when the only trouble is a lack of fresh air in the system.

If health and beauty of figure are to be preserved, the diaphragm must be kept active and healthy; it must be made strong and potent enough to pump air to every cell thruout the organism. All life is dependent upon oxidation—without oxidation life cannot be sustained—the more fully oxidated the being, the more abundant the life.

Fear of the Dragon Fat is the bugaboo of two thirds of the women in the world. Well it may be, for when a woman has passed thirty, unless explicit care is bestowed upon the body, there is grave danger of its growing unshapely.

When uncorseted, many women display altogether too much fat upon the abdomen. Almost invariably, this deformity is the direct result of a weak-muscled diaphragm and criminal neglect of the respiratory organs.

The muscles of the abdomen are very small. They run obliquely, never straight up and down, nor yet around. Unless these members are kept firm and active, they form a fertile bed for the propagating of fatty tissue.

Corpulency is a disease induced by lazy habits, self-indulgence and bad breathing—breathing that does not permit the air to circulate thru the abdomen. When the abdomen is left thus to care for itself, it becomes muscle-bound and fat accumulates.

Some women possess a natural tendency

to corpulency, but they are in the minority. Almost without exception this disfigurement is acquired by laziness, neglect and overindulgence in eating foods which build fatty tissue.

Women are ever more susceptible to disease than men—this because women almost invariably, unless schooled in breathing laws, breathe from the chest only—while men breathe from the diaphragm. Watch the respiration of a normal, healthy man. His abdomen expands and contracts with each breath he draws—it is alive, active, healthy.

No matter how many other requisites which make for beauty a woman may possess, if she is corpulent, she is unbeautiful. Once adipose tissue accumulates upon the abdomen and the natural contour of the figure is interrupted, it is only by the most rigid discipline that restoration can be accomplished. Abdominal fat is stubborn—it can be overcome, however, provided the woman employs the proper methods of treatment.

The religious practice of the corrective gymnastics incorporated in this series of breathing lessons, together with plenty of fresh air and fresh drinking water in the system, will accomplish wonders. It is hardly necessary to state when a woman is seeking to reduce, that consistent diet is absolutely essential.

The best way to determine whether or not the student is making satisfactory progress in attuning the breathing organs and reducing the abdomen, is to lie perfectly relaxed on the back—empty the system of air and indraw the breath sharply. If the abdomen expands under this test, the work is well advanced. If it is unresponsive, stronger measures must be employed to wake it up—that is to say, the gymnastics must be executed more vigorously.

The combined lesson talks and the corrective breathing gymnastics incorporated in the five lessons in breathing of this series, if consistently applied and performed, cannot fail to make alive the "deadest" abdomen known to science—that is, unless there is some organic disease. In that case a physician and not a Psycho-Physical Culture exponent should be consulted.

Perform all the gymnastics rhythmically, avoiding jerky movements. Think of each member of your body as a thing apart from yourself—something that is powerless to act save when directed by your mind. This method of procedure is most essential—for it is only thru the perfect correlation of mind and body that best results can be obtained.

Do not be alarmed if the muscles of the torso and abdomen are lame following these gymnastics. The lameness affords proof of their weakness and how sadly they are in need of attuning.

(Copyrighted 1923, by Penelope Knapp.)

Concerning the Mouth

IF you would have a pretty mouth, avoid biting the lips. It is not a good plan to moisten the lips often with the tongue, for it not only tends to discolor and dry them but also will cause them to chap.

If the lips are too thick, the mouth should be frequently moistened with an astringent lotion.

Exceedingly thin lips should be bathed with stimulating lotions and the mouth should not be kept habitually closed or the lips compressed.

Temperamental, impulsive women, fond of ease and pleasure, with cold and fickle natures, are sure to have full, red, pouting lips.

When lips curve upward, with a slight pout, they usually signify a character whose experience in life has been very small and whose sympathies have never been developed.

Lips curving downward when in repose may mean a sorrowing nature.

Edna Albert, The Girl Who Hung On

(Continued from page 13)

"And I am convinced," she added encouragingly, "that every woman may be attractive, even beautiful, no matter how plain her features may be. Taste and the wise selection of colors and lines in clothes, care of the complexion and hair, scrupulous personal cleanliness and a friendly heart will make anyone agreeable to look at. Especially the friendly heart. This last is one of the essentials for real beauty, and one of the most important assets of the business woman."

Edna Albert was Edna Murphey, just a mere slip of a girl, recently thru high school and studying art, with great plans for an artistic career in her head, when she decided to go into business. It wasn't that she wanted to go into business for its own sake. Not a bit of it. She didn't care two raps about business, and she was haunted by the fear that if she did go into it she would grow to look like the only "business women" she had ever seen—dreadful creatures with stiff collars, mannish suits, and ugly flat-heeled shoes. (Business women did think it necessary for them to be very severe in appearance a dozen years ago.)

She decided to go into business because she thought she saw an opportunity to make a quick fortune in a few months—a fortune that would pay for her art education and make the Murphey family rich. The fortune, came—but it came at the expense of the art career and of years, instead of months, of the most persistent effort. And it came because, when the road grew rough and bumpy, Edna Murphey hung on.

Odorono is sort of a Murphey family affair. Mrs. Albert's father is Dr. A. D. Murphey, a distinguished Cincinnati physician. Among his friends, when Edna was a young girl, was an eminent surgeon who found himself embarrassed and handicapped in his work by excessive perspiration in the palms of his hands and on his forehead. To try to help his friend, Dr. Murphey worked far into the night many nights searching for a combination of chemicals that would act as a deterrent to the annoying moisture. He found it at last. It worked for both the surgeon, and for a skin specialist who found it helpful in his work.

Sometime later Dr. Murphey mentioned his new formula in a casual way to his family. Some of the members were skeptical at once—feeling that tho it might work, it must still be dangerous because it "tampered with nature." But not so Edna, who had the greatest confidence in her father. He knew that it was not harmful, and so did she. She distributed it among her school friends, who were delighted to find something that would make it possible for them to wear even their most fragile dresses without harming them or discoloring them in warm weather, or while dancing. Very shortly after, the mothers of Edna's school friends commenced sending word that they would like to know where to buy the lotion. There was so much demand, that a notion began to form in Edna's head. If these women wanted to buy it—why shouldn't other women want it?

"Dad," said Edna Murphey on returning from art school one night in August, 1909, "I want you to help me start a company. I'll get the drug stores around here to handle your prescription then when we begin to make lots of money, in about six months, we'll sell your formula. That will make us rich and I can go back to art school."

Dr. Murphey agreed to collaborate with his enthusiastic young daughter, and a grandfather in the department store business in Kentucky offered to advance \$150 in instalments as developments required. The next thing to do was to find a name for their new product—which they did in an offhanded manner, giving it the name it still bears. Bottles and labels were ordered and business began one evening soon after. Dr. Murphey mixed and Edna packed and pasted labels. They worked in a corner of Edna's frilly little room—the corner which was to serve as the executive offices of the Odorono Company thru several trying years to come.

Next morning Edna Murphey started out bright and early to startle the local druggists with her father's discovery, confident that she would return at noon well started on the road to financial independence. But instead she just found trouble. One after another of the druggists turned her down.

"But women want this thing. It will bring you in big returns when they know about it. Put it on your counters and see," she begged. But they were adamant. They knew that women wouldn't want it, and anyway they didn't care to handle it.

Edna Murphey could see her rosy visions of sudden wealth fading away—but she was in for it. She had started something, and she was going to stick by it. After a few more days of fruitless search for an enthusiastic dealer, she decided to try to sell Odorono another way. She advertised for saleswomen to do house-to-house canvassing. The women came and went to work. The sales climbed slowly but steadily upward, and the Murphey basement became a manufacturing plant, and the back yard a storing place. Edna mixed all day, assisted by her father when he had the time. Schoolgirls came in after school hours and helped put the liquid up. And at night Edna wrote letters, answered inquiries, and carried on transactions in longhand. It was several years later that she felt equal to buying herself a typewriter. And then it was a second-hand one.

The house-to-house canvassing went so well in Cincinnati, that Murphey and Murphey decided they could well afford to branch out. Edna Murphey sent women armed with bottles farther and farther afield, especially into the south. There were two reasons why she felt that southern women would be especially good customers—the first being the warm temperature, and the second the daintiness and exquisiteness of the southern beauty.

The next experiment came when a food show was opened up at Atlantic City. Edna Murphey saw that this show, which was to run all summer, would be attended by thousands of women from all over the country. She felt that this would offer a good opportunity for educational work, since most of the difficulty in selling Odorono came from prejudice and the fear that it would be harmful. So she sent a demonstrator to Atlantic City. She had enough money to pay the woman's carfare, and believed that other expenses could be met by sales. In a few days, however, the demonstrator wired for cold cream. She said that she could not sell the thing she had gone there to sell, but that there was a great demand for cold cream. The cold cream went forward at once, and while selling it, the demonstrator used her wits to overcome prejudice against the Odorono.

It would be too long a tale to go over each and every tedious step that Edna

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Beauty Scientists Call It That

By Marion Frances



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Can you imagine a sallow skin, one even marred by blackheads and freckles, cleared up and left soft and white and lovely as a baby's in 5 minutes? It sounds like magic. And beauty scientists call it that.

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DO you know how to send money by mail? Each year thousands of dollars are lost in the mail—and a little care in sending that money might have prevented that loss. The U. S. Post Office suggests that the best and safest way to send money by mail is by regular Post Office money order. This form of remittance can be easily traced. The next best is by personal check. Always as a double protection Registered Mail will serve further to insure a remittance safely reaching its proper destination. If you send stamps, it is well carefully to wrap them in wax paper to protect them from moisture or other conditions that would cause them to adhere to paper or in other ways affect their value. If you attach stamps to a letterhead by a paper clip, you will often save the stamps from being lost. If you send bills by mail, see that they are folded flat with at least a double thickness of paper on either side so that the bill cannot be recognized if the envelope is held up to the light. Coins should always be wrapped or inserted in slotted cards to prevent their wearing through the envelope. A little care will save dollars for you and trouble for others.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

Murphey Albert took in building up the organization which finally made that fortune. But it was a long, hard task, and one which took great courage and faith. No woman but a brave one would have stuck at a business that brought back such small returns for the effort invested at first. And then, just as things were looking brighter, the *American Medical Journal* came out condemning her product. Dr. Murphey's daughter, for her father's sake even more than her own, went to the association and asked them to reserve judgment. Later they rescinded their previous statement. Then again, she found herself in financial distress thru newspaper advertising. She got in deeper than she expected to. She did not know where to turn for money—until someone told her what a bank is for. This was about eight years ago. A banker went over her books and loaned her \$5,000 on the strength of his faith in the business. A year or so ago Mrs. Albert refused to part with the company for half a million dollars.

"For the first three years I hardly moved out of the house and I cannot recall accepting a single social invitation all that time," says Mrs. Albert.

Today the business which she brought up by hand extends to every country in the world. And Dr. Murphey's home is again a home and not a factory. Long since, an attractive stucco building has gone up in the residential district of Cincinnati to house the laboratories that dwell in the Murphey basement, and the office that was a corner of Edna Murphey's frilly little bedroom. Both of the Murpheys are still engaged in the management—tho Edna Murphey is now Mrs. Albert.

"Any girl could do what I did," says Mrs. Albert modestly. "I have no natural business instincts. You will not find any evidence of genius or cleverness in the things I did. Pure pride and stubbornness and obstinacy made me stay by something I had started. My mistakes have been too numerous to permit anything but the most sincere modesty—the only credit I take is for hanging on over the rough places."

Mrs. Albert feels that there are two things essential to success in business and success in life. They are common sense and not too ardent regard for money. "The love of money," she feels, stands in the way of the real enjoyment and appreciation of the simple things of life too often. Common sense, she believes, is really a sense of proportion, which keeps you in your proper place and helps you see the other fellow in his. If you have common sense you cannot demand foolish

and unnecessary things from other people. Common sense also aids a woman in dealing squarely with men.

"But it is not common sense to be unattractive," says Mrs. Albert. "A great many women pride themselves on their 'common sense' and they go around looking like frights—always wearing ugly, 'practical' clothes because they will last for years, getting themselves up in the most distressingly severe and unbecoming hats and forever leaving their noses shiny and unpowdered. They are usually outspoken and 'honest,' too—they will tell you.

"But I do not think that sort of woman has common sense enough. I do not think it is ever common sense, or even remotely efficient to look like a kitchen stove or an adding machine. Kitchen stoves and adding machines always make us think of work—not pleasure. And isn't work all they get? Women should see to it that their appearance gives pleasure, that they are a treat, not a distasteful sight, to the eye.

"Beauty always gives pleasure to others. That is why a vivid, lovely, attractive personality finds welcome anywhere. An office is no different in that respect from a ball room. I am glad to say that I have been in business long enough to know that women are seeing more and more that success and good looks go hand in hand."

Mrs. Albert feels that one of the fundamental requirements of beauty and poise is play, relaxation, change.

"There are so many demanding things to do in and about any business connection," says she, "that if a woman does not look out she will give too much of herself to work and not enough to herself. She must watch the balance closely to see that she does not become overserious and aggressive. Now that business is becoming not only widespread, but positively fashionable, woman is learning to maintain the proper relation between work and herself more successfully than previously."

Edna Albert has found a way to keep herself from getting too absorbed in business. When she feels that she is growing too engrossed, too fascinated with what is going on at the factory to maintain the "perfect balance" which she strives for—she calls on her old friends who are still engaged in purely social pursuits to help her play. And you may rest assured—you are assured already if you have looked at her picture—that Edna Albert never goes out to play, nor to work either, looking like a kitchen stove or an adding machine.

Teach Your Child

The merits of an early start in cultivating beauty.

The beauty of beautiful thoughts, as reflected in the face.

The necessity of perfect cleanliness at all times.

The care of the teeth.

The right and wrong ways of brushing the teeth.

The correct method of breathing.

The necessity of plenty of fresh air.

The care of physical health.

The care of moral health.

The rewards of patience.

The graceful carriage of the body.

The danger of becoming stoop-shouldered and flat-chested.

The necessity of a well-regulated diet.

The results of overeating.

The care of the hands and nails.

The pride of neatness.

The qualities of exercise.

The danger of too many sweets.

The care of the hair.

The art of smiling.

The results of frowning.

The consideration due their elders.

The care of clothes.

The dangers of eye-strain.

The modulation of the voice.

The accentuation of all things beautiful.

The exclusion of all bad habits.

The merits of clean living.

A Word to Amaryllis Sporting in the Sun

By Helena Rubinstein

IN America, where there is little inclination and less opportunity for the pursuit of winter sports, the spring and summer months are given over particularly to playing. Golf, bathing, tennis, motoring, riding, sailing, all have their devotees. And women are "going in" for athletics as never before.

However, there is many a fair lady who, dressing for dinner after a day on the links, or slipping into a décolleté frock after a season at the beach, has decided that tho the sport may have been worth the candle, it certainly did not improve her appearance under even that most gracious light.

When we speak of the sportswoman, we conceive a mental image of her as a person with straggly hair and brown, dry and probably freckled skin. The woman who rides, hunts, swims a great deal, is very prone to look decidedly weatherbeaten. The girl who can drive either a golf ball or a high-powered motor car with equal skill and enthusiasm is rarely pictured as boasting a rose-petal, satin-smooth complexion.

For some time, it has been difficult to reconcile one's love of sports with one's wish for feminine exquisiteness. And so many women, those who felt that they were either too young or too old to care, have indulged their desire for sports, and as they would put it, have "let their looks go hang!" This indifference is chiefly due to the fact that woman has not yet learned that the summer is the season above all others when she must devote the most diligent care to her skin.

The sea, the sun and the wind dry the skin and enervate it. The unescapable dust clogs the pores, enlarges them and causes

disfiguring blackheads. The "nut-brown maid" may be very effective on the green, or sunning herself on the sands, but custom demands clothes, and alas! she becomes nut-brown in spots! They are decidedly unattractive, those spots, when she returns to town and to dinner and evening frocks.

Naturally the best thing to do with regard to these summer disfigurements is to prevent them before they start. This can be done, first by the application before any exposure to the out-of-doors of a protecting cream which is sun and wind proof and which neutralizes the actinic, or violet rays of the sun, thus forestalling sunburn and freckles. A cream that will at one time cleanse, massage and nourish should be in constant use, and, if your skin is inclined to oiliness, you might alternate the cream with a granular soap substitute that clears the pores and acts as a restorative of the white and velvety texture that has disappeared.

Even tho sun and wind have already begun to play havoc with your complexion, it is perfectly possible to build it up anew. Since the skin is in a constant state of renascence, it is both wise and well to employ a skin food which renews the cells and thus gradually replaces the discolored and freckled pigment.

That clinging vine, which has gone so decidedly out of fashion, bore some enchanting blossoms, which seem to have quite disappeared. But it is perfectly possible, by devoting a little time and attention to beauty culture, for one to be an enthusiastic and successful sportswoman and still retain that fresh and delicate loveliness that never goes unnoticed no matter what its owner's athletic prowess may or may not be.

A Protest

By Francesca Hawes

Oh! Lady Fair! please pause awhile
And listen as I prate
Of things mere man should never know,
(Before it is too late.)

Oh, why do you your charms display
Regardless time or place?
And why dip into rouge-pot red,
And crudely paint your face?

That lip-stick, too, you wont forego
Tho hundreds gaze on you—
The powder! how it makes me sneeze!
And strong scent will not do.

Altho bobbed hair is "out" they say,
I see it everywhere—
With energetic hand you comb
In public—you dont care!

Now all these things may not be crimes—
Unless bad taste is so—
But how much greater your allure
Should you more subtle grow.

I speak with feeling as a man—
Too worldly-wise mayhap,
But take a lesson, Lady Fair,
Dont keep your charms on tap.

Foot Notes

IN discussing the anatomy of the foot, William A. Woodbury calls attention to the racial characteristics which distinguish the feet of various nations. He says:

The English foot is rather fleshy, but short and not so strong as should be.

The Scotch foot is recorded as long, narrow, and well proportioned.

The Russian foot is peculiar in that the skin between the toes is generally webbed to the first joint.

The Tartar has toes of equal length.

The Mexican foot is quite short and strong, with a noticeable distance between the great and second toes.

The feet of Americans are well formed, but inclined to be short for the height of the individual, especially in women.

The length of the foot of a woman five feet and six inches tall should be nine and one-third inches. Such a foot should not be thick and heavy, but slender and of a delicate look, tho firm of skin and with a well-defined arch at the instep that should be rather more marked than that of a man.



BEAUTIFUL hair, says the poets, is a woman's crowning glory. Every woman may now possess the alluring charm of soft, silky, luxuriant hair through the frequent use of—

JAP ROSE

Unlike ordinary soaps, Jap Rose does not dry your scalp and make your hair thin and brittle. Instead, it restores the life and lustre of your hair, making it look much thicker than it really is.

For the Complexion

Jap Rose also is ideal for the complexion. Its mild, soothing oils work in and out of the pores, removing all clogging impurities.

By thus awakening the pores, Jap Rose quickly brings a flood of healthy color to your cheeks.

"That gentle after-tingle denotes the glow of health"

JAMES S. KIRK & CO.
Chicago

The Female Form

(Continued from page 47)



"I heartily endorse your plan as an easy way to make money."—
MRS. M. D., COLO.

WE OFFER SPARE TIME OR FULL TIME WORK TO MARRIED WOMEN

So many married women have written us for advice about making money, that we have been encouraged to work out a suitable plan ourselves to meet their demands.

Much to our delight, practically everyone who has tried the plan, has succeeded in earning quite a bit of money.

Even those with tremendous household duties, and children to take care of, have found ways to turn our plan to their financial advantage.

It makes no difference how you may be situated, if you can use more money than you now have coming in, you should let us tell you how to turn your spare hours into dollars. Representatives are wanted at once, in every locality, to take subscriptions for *Motion Picture Magazine*, *Classic*, *Shadowland* and *Beauty*. Our booklet entitled "The Open Road to an Independent Income" will tell you how to enter this fascinating business and the amount of money you can make. If you are interested in having more money, send in the coupon for the booklet and further particulars.

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road their feet, unless the woman has been particularly careful of her footwear, give out long before their organic stamina is exhausted. One physical director examined the feet of seventy-five girls and found every one deformed and relatively weak.

I have said that women seldom have great contractile power of muscle, but there are remarkable exceptions; I know of several women who have pushed as much as 150 pounds above the head with one hand. A large-boned woman might lift more than a small-boned man, with equal training; but speaking generally, there is too much difference in the size of bones and joints for her to rival him

in such games as the shot-put, hammer-throw, and big dumb-bell lifting.

But the choice of a sport is of secondary importance. The vital point is for women to appreciate their physical possibilities and get busy. Once your interest is thoroly aroused you will find at least one or two sports into which you can put enthusiasm and effort. After a woman has experienced the delights of buoyant health and superior muscular condition there is not much danger of her giving up the course that won these rewards; the start is the big thing.

The next and concluding article of Prof. Eubanks' series will be "Is All Beauty Feminine?"

Do You Have Beauty Problems?

(Continued from page 48)

that cleanses, as well as feeds the skin.

When the flesh about your nails becomes too hard, it breaks and tears, causing those annoying, and somewhat painful, hang-nails. This may be avoided by pressing the flesh back from the nails after washing the hands, and by rubbing cold cream into the skin surrounding the base of the nails before retiring. Soaking the nails daily in a bowl of olive oil will also help greatly in keeping the nail in good condition, and the surrounding flesh soft and beautiful.

An efficacious treatment for the offensive breath, caused by the teeth or the secretions of the mouth, may be had at very little cost and trouble. The mouth-wash is made by mixing thoroly, one grain of permanganate of potash and one ounce

of rose-water. Rinse the mouth every two or three hours with this mixture, and should the taste prove disagreeable, add to the wash a few drops of oil of peppermint. Tho the permanganate may stain the teeth slightly, the stain may be readily removed by the tooth-brush.

With the passing of summer and the exposure to the hot sun, many of us have found a slight peppering of freckles. An old-fashioned remedy for their removal, and one that will prove harmless, is made by combining one ounce of lemon juice, ½ drachm of sugar and ½ drachm of powdered borax. Mix well, and let it stand for a few days in a glass bottle. Apply directly to the spots with a camel's hair brush, and keep up treatments until the freckles have faded out.

Whispering Corner

(Continued from page 56)

store for about seventy-five cents. Apply with a sponge in the morning before powdering and at night:

Rain water..... 1 qt.
Bichloride of mercury.... ¼ oz.
Plain tincture benzoin.... 1 oz.

Dissolve mercury in half of water by shaking well, then add benzoin to rest of water and mix.—M. P., Waco, Texas.

TO BEAUTIFY THE EYES

Each morning upon awakening take an

eyecup and fill with warm water to which has been added a pinch of salt. Bathe the eyes with this solution, then bathe them with cool water. Now take some eye exercises. Roll the eyes as far as you can to the right, now up, then to the left and now down. Make the entire revolution seven or eight times. Sparkling, dancing eyes are always eyes that have plenty of play in their sockets and are not drawn tight and stationary in one certain place. Teach them to move freely and with expression. Consider the eyes of the "vampire."—F. R., Houston, Texas.

Walking For Beauty

THE slang phrase, "Getting the air," might be used in a sense much more beneficial than the one in which it is generally accepted.

Two hours, if possible, of the twenty-four should be devoted to exercise in the open. If dressed properly, one does not have to consider weather conditions, for the system, while active, is less susceptible to sudden changes in temperature than when at rest.

For this reason, walking is perhaps the easiest means to employ in obtaining good health. The average woman should be able to walk at least five miles a day at the rate of three miles an hour. At the first sign of fatigue, she can rest

for a few minutes before continuing her walk.

If the full amount of benefit is to be derived from walks, they must be taken regularly. Do not think you can take an extremely long walk one day, remaining home the next, and expect to get the same result that you would if you set aside a regular hour each day.

This daily habit of tramping in the fresh air lays the foundation of good health upon which beauty rests. In cultivating this habit do not make the mistake of taking the walks before breakfast or at the end of a long fast. An hour after a light meal, twice as long after a heavy one, is the best course to pursue.

A Beautiful Ankle

By Keith Richards

"Make less thy body, hence,
And more thy grace."

—SHAKESPEARE.

FROM time immemorial the ankle and calf of woman have been objects of universal admiration and envy. Until recently, however, women with the possible exception of the socially prominent and those of the stage have paid little or no attention to the care and development of the lower limbs. If they were "born" with unshapely legs and thick ankles it was their misfortune, not their fault—and there was nothing they could do about it.

An authority in the science of physical development has said that ill-proportioned limbs stamp their owner as being lazy and indifferent to the standards of today. It might be more charitable, perhaps to place the blame on ignorance. For while every woman knows that one of the greatest assets to beauty that a woman can have is well-proportioned legs with smoothly moulded calves and slender ankles, yet it is comparatively recently that she has been shown the way to acquire them. Science with intelligent exercise and persistence and systematic effort has paved the way.

The first step is to determine how nearly your leg approaches the desired proportions. This is done by measuring the calf at its greatest girth and dividing by 1.73. The result will be the correct ankle measurement at its smallest point. The measurement should be taken with the weight evenly distributed on both feet.

Following are a few practical exercises which will not only help to make the legs beautiful but will help correct any existing foot trouble, which is often responsible for the imperfection of a woman's lower limbs. These exercises are equally essential for the extremely thin person, the excessively fat person, and the woman of medium build, and will obtain for the individual, normal, healthy feet, correct posture, balance and poise.

It is suggested that the exercises be studied carefully and a selection made of two a day to be practised thoroly until they can be done with perfect ease.

1. In walking cultivate the habit of toeing straightforward,*and make it a point to do this under all conditions.

2. When walking or standing, endeavor to place the body in a state of balance: that is, lean slightly forward in order that the weight may be distributed more on the balls of the feet than is our present-day habit.

3. During the day, when seated, extend the legs as far as possible, as tho attempting to touch with the toes some point just out of reach. This exercise is most beneficial and should be practised frequently. With the legs still extended, but toes relaxed, slowly rotate the foot about the ankle joint, the direction of rotation being inward.

4. Repeat the above exercise in your room, while lying on the back with the legs extended vertically upwards. With the legs still extended, place the feet together and turn the heels outward, keeping the big toes in contact.

5. While lying on the back, raise the legs until the toes are in contact with the under side of a table or convenient substitute. With the feet together, push with considerable force. This exercise should be repeated, gradually separating the feet until the legs are spread at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Keep toes pointing inward. Gradually bring feet back to starting point.

6. Assume an erect position with feet about four inches apart and parallel. Place hands on hips and concentrate for a few seconds on obtaining a state of ease and balance. Raise the heels from the ground and when well on the toes turn heels sharply outward, then back, coming to starting position with heels on ground and feet parallel. Repeat until perfect balance is assured.

7. With the heels against the wall and feet together, carefully assume an erect position with shoulders forced against the wall. Raise the toes from the floor twenty-five times.

8. While standing with the ball of the foot on the edge of a large book, step or table in such a position that the toes are left without support, force or bend the toes over this ledge repeatedly for about three minutes.

9. While standing with feet in normal position and heels on line, cross the legs in such a manner that the heels are or the same line or nearly so. Distribute the weight equally on both feet. When this position can be retained with ease, raise the heels from the floor. Make every effort to maintain a complete state of balance.

10. Stand with feet about six inches apart and parallel; without bending either knee swing each foot in turn forward thru an arc of ninety degrees, if possible. The weight should be shifted slowly to the foot remaining on the floor. After some practice in this manner, endeavor to make the complete swing both to the front and rear before assuming the starting position.

11. Repeat the above exercise with the heels raised from the floor and the weight on the ball of the foot.

12. Assume an erect position, with feet about three inches apart and parallel. Place hands on hips and lower the body by bending the knees but keeping the heels on the floor. Repeat, but allow the heels to come as far from the floor as necessary in order to permit the body to be lowered to them.

And to help along the good work, science has given us ankle reducers, various reducing creams with very special directions that we have only to follow to acquire the shapely ankles for which we long.

Rochefoucault's Reflections On Woman

Women affect coyness as an addition to their beauty.

Women are completely cruel only to those they hate.

The wit of women serves rather to fortify their folly than their reason.

The virtue of women is often the love of reputation and quiet.

There are few virtuous women who are not weary of their profession.

Most virtuous women, like hidden treasures, are secure, because nobody seeks after them.

Of all violent passions, that which least misbecomes woman is love.

That woman is to be pitied who at once possesses both love and virtue.

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untold demands are made on our pocketbooks. It's no pleasure to go away when you have to scratch and scrape and save for the needed funds. For some, it's hard enough to raise the money for necessities without thinking of vacations or other extras. But for those who adopt our plan, the days of "pinching" are over.

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Is Your Coiffure Correct?

(Continued from page 25)



Star, Marshall Neitan Productions

Wesley Barry does not dare to use it

Naturally he likes freckles no better than anyone else. But he is afraid to use Stillman's Freckle Cream for fear the public won't know him without them!

Stillman's Freckle Cream

This famous cream causes freckles to fade gently away while you sleep, giving you a clear white complexion. Used the world over for 33 years. Cannot grow hair. Obtainable in 50c and \$1.-sizes at drug stores. Look for the purple and gold package. The Stillman Company, 15 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.



Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"



Your Eyes Tell the Story of Youth or Years

Vah-Dah Cream is the one cream especially compounded to quickly erase crows-feet and frown-lines and make the sensitive skin around the eyes youthfully firm and smooth.

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Write me your beauty problems and send for my booklet "Lest Beauty Pass You By."

where it absolutely should not be. Don't have your knot of hair emphasize a bad line or feature in your face. Personally we think nobody should think of hair in terms of style. It should always be just a lovely, simple, natural allurement to the onlooker and to the owner a wonderful opportunity to enhance the beauty of the face. Bobbed or long, it doesn't matter—make your hair the kind that belongs to your face.

If you use braids or "switches," never keep them more than two years, and never wash in soap and water—dip them in gasoline and let dry in the sunlight and open air. When dry, brush well with brilliantine. In using brilliantine, do not apply to the hair with the hands; put it on the bristles of your brush and brush into the hair so that it is evenly distributed.

Hair nets are a most important asset to good grooming. It is best to buy them in dozen lots so that you will never be without them in time of need. Use soft nets like your hair and do not drag them across the forehead, as that gives a stiff appearance. Use invisible hairpins of the matching shade, short ones for the front and long ones for the back of the head.

Transformations are becoming more and more popular in this country. In Paris it is said that ninety per cent. of the women wear them. That most Parisian beauties use their hair for sleeping purposes only.

At any time they are useful and orna-

mental after the shampoo, when one's hair is growing from the short to the long stage, and on days that the weather affects one's hair. Also they are very useful when one has scarcely time to eat, not to speak of brushing the hair properly.

When one gets up in the morning, a few whisks of the brush gather at the back of the neck the hair one was born with. Then one takes the transformation, as light as thistle down and as porous as its net foundation—the modern transformation is no bunglish wig, but a small affair constructed to encircle one's head like a ribbon—and fastens it. It hooks together at the back of the head and unites with one's own hair. To create a chignon at the desired angles is then just a matter of inserting a few pins.

The transformation is the friend of the indiscreet—of the one who has used irons or shears not wisely but too well. It offers a refuge for hair that even its owner points to with the finger of scorn. Easily kept clean—sanitary as one's own hair. It is one of the few improvements on Nature.

Transformation waved, bobbed or just straight, remember that husbands, sons, and brothers see well-groomed, smartly dressed women all day in business and comparisons are proverbially odious. Take the time to treat your hair properly and then dress it according to your own peculiar needs. Don't take the chance of neglecting it. You can't afford to.

When the Princess Opened Her Lips . . .

(Continued from page 41)

"This place is less than a block away, and you know it," she said. Her voice was very quiet but it fully conveyed her scorn and contempt for his action. "Why didn't you show this poor woman how easily she could walk there?"

Without waiting for his reply, she put a hand on the woman's arm, spoke to her reassuringly in her own language, guided her out to the edge of the wharf, pointed up street, still speaking to her in the low, beautifully modulated tones which carried assurance and comfort. Not until she was sure that the woman understood exactly where to go did she turn back to the big car that waited for her. And then, following her with my eyes, I saw indulgently smiling at their delay a mother and sister whose faces are familiar to all who scan the society sheets of New York's most exclusive society journal.

Again, a young girl had classified herself unmistakably by her voice and her manner of speech—pleasing, dignified, quiet. If none of us saw and heard the little incident had recognized that famous family she joined, we would still have known that the girl was a lady, in the best sense of that much-abused word.

Wide publicity has been given by the press to the marriage of Dolores, beautiful model of Lady Duff Gordon. Lady Duff trained a number of lovely models, who have married millionaire husbands and have been fitted to take their places in society, immune from unkind thrusts or criticisms. And in a recent interview the famous modiste voices her convictions

regarding the value of cultivated voice and speech.

"I taught my girls," she says, "to talk in low, musical, well-bred tones, with perfect English intonation and accent. The whole effect of a dress can be spoiled by a harsh or unmusical voice. 'Your dress, I would tell Dolores, would do honor to a Duchess. I have taught you to behave like a Duchess and to carry yourself like one. The dress and you are in harmony. You together please, delight and lull the customer. But suppose you answer a question and your voice is harsh, uncultured, disagreeable? The harmonies are broken. The dress, perhaps, is not sold—but worse, far worse, than that, you have destroyed a thing of beauty!'"

Why cannot we American women make a campaign for correct English and for carefully modulated voices? They help so much, in social life, in business, everywhere. The children in our public schools learn dozens of rules and "parse" hundreds of words. They speak, as a rule, a jargon of slang and illiteracy. Is good English something to put on an examination paper, not to use in everyday life? Our girls speak in shrill, high-pitched voices or in coarse, boisterous ones. Why shouldn't they? All too often it is the kind of tones they have been brought up by and with.

The beauty that falls from the lips may be had by anyone who wishes it. By intelligent reading, careful observation, painstaking effort, a new charm may be added to one's personality—a rare, compelling charm that time cannot mar nor ill-fortune erase.

Our Popular Vote Contest

(Continued from page 36)

"dolling up" to bring out the perfection of her features, which one could see was there even without those aids to nature. Truly, had it not been for her figure (always inclined to stoutness, so I'm told, even when she was renowned as America's greatest beauty—but in those days figures were in style), one would not have guessed her age to be more than half of what it really was. At that, she did not look a day over forty. Her Marine uniform fitted her like the proverbial "paper on the wall" and she seemed so proud of it—proud that she was able to aid her country in its hour of need and help instill into her compatriots some of the patriotism with which she, herself, was so imbued. She was every inch a true soldier.

But, it was not for her beauty alone that she was so admired. She had a philosophy of life that was most commendable and it was more than evident in her utterances and writings, proving that she was possessed of a brilliant mind. Many stories of her charitable deeds among the poor and the blind have been told and it has been said by many of her contemporaries that she was never known to say an unkind word about anyone, which attribute in her lovable personality was in itself a proof that she was an exceptional woman. No wonder she was, as the *Cosmopolitan* so truly stated in announcing her interesting reminiscences, "one of the most popular and beautiful women the world has ever known."

"Come Down My Evening Star," she used to sing so sweetly. It could not come down to her, but I am sure that she, now that she has gone to her reward, has gone up to it, for one of her kindness and who gave so much pleasure to millions here on earth, must be among the stars up there.

MARY E. REIST,
257 Forsyth St., Girard, Ohio.

Second Prize Letter

DEAR CONTEST EDITOR: I have chosen Ethel Barrymore from your list of beautiful women. Why? To me she has the highest type of beauty—intelligent beauty. Her face, altho very sensitive, is vibrant

with intelligence and power. She has a wonderful mind and her genius is reflected in her features.

I cannot understand why Ethel Barrymore has not been more popular in beauty contests. She is an ideal type of womanhood. Altho large, she has the most graceful bearing along with dignity and poise.

We need more women like Miss Barrymore. She is one of America's greatest living women, I believe.

To see her act is a rare treat. She is fascinating to watch, as everything she does is done with such ease and apparent lack of effort.

She has a rare gift of humor, very subtle, I think, and this is an invaluable aid to one who seeks to be beautiful.

In fact, I cannot say enough in Miss Barrymore's favor. She is to me everything a beautiful woman should be.

Very sincerely,

LOUISE M. IRWIN,
1513 Chase Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Popular Vote Contest

Mary Pickford.....	1740
Katherine MacDonald.....	920
Lillian Russell.....	726
Corliss Palmer.....	675
Lillian Gish.....	640
Elsie Ferguson.....	600
Pola Negri.....	470
Madame Récamier.....	320
Mona Lisa.....	316
Agnes Ayres.....	300
Marion Davies.....	260
Olga Petrova.....	225
Gloria Swanson.....	225
Pauline Frederick.....	180
Lady Diana Manners.....	176
Bebe Daniels.....	182
Mae Murray.....	180
Claire Windsor.....	165
Alice Joyce.....	160
Ethel Barrymore.....	155
Alice Brady.....	150
Theda Bara.....	150
Barbara La Marr.....	145
Anita Stewart.....	136
Vigee Lebrun.....	125
Mary Queen of Scots.....	120
Mary Anderson.....	116
Marie Antoinette.....	110
Alice Terry.....	110
Shirley Vernon.....	108
Lady Hamilton.....	107
Queen Marie of Roumania.....	106
Victoria, Queen of England.....	105
Marguerite Clark.....	103
Tallulah Bankhead.....	100
Betty Ross Clarke.....	100
Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.....	100

My Lady's Boudoir

(Continued from page 43)

skin of the entire body in good condition, for instance. Even when ocean bathing is in season you need a bath every day to keep clean. A warm bath with pure soap, then a spray or cold shower to tone up the muscles. Always dry thoroly and use talcum liberally in summer. It has both cooling and healing properties. And to prevent and cure those dreaded pests, blackheads, which follow in the wake of a neglected skin, keep yourself as beautifully clean inside as outside.

And while you are busy repairing, dont forget the clay treatment. It is not so impressive as it sounds and does not involve a great deal of time, money and effort as you may think. It is simply applied with a brush or tips of the fingers all over the face and neck. The preparation will dry on your face in about fifteen minutes. When the mask is dry and you

feel the skin drawing up tightly, mop the face lightly with warm water until the clay is removed, pat the face dry and apply a healing lotion. This mask, used about twice a week, will do much to remove the ravages of wind and weather, as it cleanses the pores, tightens up the muscles and gives the skin a fine texture and youthful glow.

For the tanned skin there are many bleaching creams on the market. Those containing juice of lemon are especially good. Apply freely and leave on all night. The freckle creams usually contain lemon too, and are invaluable in preventing as well as removing the little brown pests poetically known as "sun kisses." These preparations are sold in double strength for obstinate cases. If obstinate, pure lemon juice, applied with a camel's hair complexion brush, is a reliable remedy.



Dress Your Eyes and they'll be beautiful!

Women who envy pretty eyes in others don't realize how easily the eye is beautified! You can give your eyes a beauty and depth you never thought possible—once you know the secret. Not with ordinary makeup, but with a new and scientific dressing.

For every pair of eyes that are naturally beautiful there are today a dozen women whose well-shaped brows and dark, sweeping lashes are due to a two-minute treatment described here.

How Eyes of Any Size or Shape Are Made Alluring

Provide yourself with a bit of Delica-Brow and face your mirror. With the camel's hair applicator you bring lashes to a warm tone and live lustre that makes them appear twice their normal length and thickness. Then the special bone-handled brush forms the eyebrows and imparts the same silken sleekness.

There is no artificiality in the result, as you will see! This remarkable dressing seems only to give the eye itself a full, deep setting; and in daily use it soon gives lashes and brows a silky softness of their own. Healthful, harmless. It is waterproof and stays on—all day.

You Will Be Delighted With

Delica-Brow

Get a Generous Sample!

With the discovery of Delica-Brow, uncared for eyes are unpardonable. For this simple, pleasurable treatment requiring but two or three moments makes eyes that become your biggest charm. Don't doubt what this dressing can do for *your* eyes—just try it!

Dealers have been supplied nearly everywhere by this time, but if yours do not have it the laboratory will send you a liberal sample direct.

WARNING: This scientific liquid eye dressing has a dozen pitiful imitators. Get Delica-Brow—laboratory-made, and guaranteed. Money back if not more than delighted. *Specify Black or Brown.*

DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc.
Dept. B, 3933 Broadway, Chicago.

I enclose 25 cents for a BIG sample bottle of Delica-Brow complete with two brushes and instructions in building eye beauty. Send PRE-PAID, in plain package. (If you prefer, enclose dollar bill for full-size; money back if not delighted with results.)

Name.....

Address.....

Black or Brown?.....

Cave Man Stuff

BACK near the beginning of things, our prehistoric forebears would have perished from the earth if they had not understood the science of reading advertising.

The cave men didn't know much about underwear, hair tonic or phonographs, but they did have to eat. The one who could follow the tracks of the game he hunted, or read the meaning of a twisted leaf or broken twig, was best off in life.

Then, as now, the most consistent reader of advertising was best dressed, best fed and most contented.

There has been something of an evolution in advertising in the last few thousands of years, but the principle is just the same.

The *consistent* reader of the advertisements is invariably best informed on what to eat and where to get it; what to wear and how much to pay for it; what to do and how to do it. He's up on the most important things in life. Consequently he gets most from life.

Throughout the ages, advertising has done much to make life livable and pleasant. We owe it much.



Let's Make the Most of It.

By the Waters of Babylon

(Continued from page 50)

excitement, her blue eyes were alternately glowing with eagerness and misted with a wistful hope. The lawn was getting velvety; the pansies were blossoming, the apple tree was a cloud of pink and white; the robin was a proud father now. The little house was freshly painted, white and green. The chimney, the pump and the roof were all repaired. The grey kitty slept beside the fire.

Within, braided rag rugs lay on bare, new-painted floors. Simple furniture—plain wooden pieces painted grey with touches of orange; two or three treasures of old mahogany; some deep wicker chairs with chintz cushions; low shelves of books; little ruffled curtains; brass and irons to hold the slowly burning logs; a tea-table set with old blue and white china.

In the bedroom on the first floor, Willette's workshop. White-enamelled cupboards with mirrors set in their doors. In them, bottles, boxes, jars and tubes, holding all the simple toilet necessities that the well-bred woman desires. Stacks of clean little towels. Hair-pins, nets, combs. Big washbowls, pitchers full of rain water, a whole cabinet full of soaps. No running water—there was no way to manage that. And Willette wanted her patrons to learn things they could do in their own homes.

In the little room adjoining, sample corsets. Sample books of fabrics and laces. Fashion catalogs. Paper patterns. It *looked* like a real place of business.

"Oh if I only can make it go!" breathed Willette to herself. "If they'll just *like* me, there are so many things I can do. A circulating library, a dancing class, maybe, and I might develop a woman's exchange and—"

Into her thoughts broke the voice of Andy. He was flushed from running up the sunny road in his best suit. His grey eyes looked at her with sort of exasperated tenderness—a sort of why-wont-you-take-advice look. For the moment, twelve-year-old Andy was many years the senior of twenty-two-year-old Willette.

"I *told* you to go to church," he said. "I *told* you the preacher was the bossinest man that ever was. And you didn't go to church and you set out your pansies on Sunday and now he's talked against you and your business. Yessir. Right in prayer-meetin' last night. He told the women to stand fast in their own good ways and not be enticed into thinkin' of pomps and vanities. Yessir! He said they shouldn't let their daughters get took up with vain thoughts. He talked 's if you wasn't a nice lady! And prob'ly now *nobody*'ll come to your openin'. I *told* you to go to church!"

"Oo-oh!" breathed Willette. Her cheeks had paled and the eyes which stared at Andy were full of a hot indignation that was yet dazed and incredulous. "How *could* he? How *dared* he? He's a mean, unfair, unreasonable old thing!"

Suddenly, stormily, she sank on the spick-and-span doorstep and began to sob.

(To be concluded)

Grey hair is beautiful in itself, and so softening to the complexion and so picturesque in its effect that many a woman who has been plain in her youth is, by its beneficent influence, transformed into a handsome woman.—MISS OAKEY.

The Transformation of Mrs. Prettyman

(Continued from page 58)

Here the clear laugh brought Peter running, unable entirely to wait for what the care-taker person had said.

"Peter! Thank goodness a man has come to my succor! This being the mother of a family of children has responsibilities I never dreamed of in my philosophy!"

"You said godmother," interposed the irrepressible Emmy, "That's what you said you would be to us."

That was the miracle—he had it now.

"You are different today, dearheart," Peter murmured—murmuring was the only escape from Emmy—"I have been wondering, but now I know. You are a—God-mother, dear."

"Peter!" she whispered. And did Peter's sudden vision come to her, too, that moment?

Two and a half of the three months were already told off on Honey's calendar. She made a joyous, dancing mark across each completed day that brought John nearer; the mark in itself expressed joyousness. That little go-to-bed ceremony and one other equally joyous were Honey's last waking acts. The "one other" was a long look in her mirror. It did not indicate vanity of vanities, that look; it indicated triumph of triumphs. She was nicer to look at now! All those walks she hadn't wanted to walk and the deep breathings she hadn't wanted to breathe—all the reiterated, tiresome manipulations of the beauty experts, the exquisite powders and creams she had learned the uses of, the *becomingness* of becoming clothes—they all spelled Babs to Honey. They hadn't—hadn't—hadn't been in vain, sang this beautified, *beatified* wife of handsome John Prettyman! But it was *Babs* "to blamed" for their success, as Emmy would put it. Blessed Babs!

She went straight to Babs one night after her ceremonies of calendar and mirror. Babs, drifting into a beautiful dream of playing with her own babies, was roused by a whirlwind of white nightgown and shining eyes and flying hair. A wild Honey danced about her bed.

"Meet the lovely Mrs. John Prettyman!" she cried. "Oh, Babs, I'm growing young instead of old, I do believe!"

Barbara sat up in bed, cheerfully deferring her dream.

"I do believe! Unless mine eyes deceive me this is no ancient and blear-eyed dame I behold—Honey, you are a wonder! Didn't I tell Peter you were good *material* to work on! And you've been such a 'dear-darling' about being 'worked!'"

"I, a dear darling! You are mixing me's and thee's, dear—'John,' I shall say 'dout thank the Lord, thank Babs,' and I know the Lord wont mind. If I stood here a thousand years telling you how much I owe—"

"Dont!" groaned Babs, "I should be so late getting to sleep! Mind closing the door when you go out, dear?" which broad hint Honey took laughingly, but not before she had kissed Babs and tucked her in tenderly.

"If I live a thousand years I'll never be half as lovely as you are, dear. Peter Farrell ought to be on his knees this minute!" she said.

Letters—many letters—had come and gone between John Prettyman and his wife, since proper addresses had been exchanged. Honey had written at once in the care of John's film producers, to relieve any worries her running away might have occasioned. And John had written at once

to the address provided him. But nothing of the miracles being worked here in the home country had been disclosed. Never!

Then one day John came sailing back to the home country.

He knew this time just where to find Honey, but not what Honey he was to find there. She met him at the door in a lovely little stay-at-home dress that most charmingly set off her new radiance. He was the same John but this was no same Honey!

"Honey! I—I feel as if I ought to be introduced! Honey, did—I ever marry you? Do I dare to take you in my arms?"

"I took thee, John, to be my wedded husband—take me into 'em quick, quick! Dont ever let go!"

But when letting go became a matter of necessity because breathing was a necessity, he held her a little way off and loved every sweet inch of her. And his wondering admiration was too much for Honey. She swept him a low bow.

"Meet Mrs. John Prettyman!—John, am I lovely? *Lovelier?* Do you like me this way? I was going to be so dignified and pretend I didn't know I'd changed a bit—but if you'd worked as hard as I did *getting* changed— Say, 'I like you this way, Honey,' quick!"

"Well, sir, you shine so I can hardly see you 'this way,' dear!" John answered her, "You dazzle my eyes! Back there at the movie reception place where I just missed you—I wrote you, you know,—everybody was saying how lovely Mrs. John Prettyman was. But now I know they didn't say half enough—not *half* enough!"

Any explanations that might have to be made later had no place here. This was a moment Honey had earned for herself and nothing should spoil it. It was her moment. And there were other moments coming! She made a little cooing signal that Emmy was breathlessly waiting for, in the other room. She waited herself as breathlessly, watching John's face.

Emmy was coming thru the door leading Babeums and Littlejohn—Littlejohn!

"This are me!" Littlejohn announced.

"Look at mine legs go, daddy!"

Ah, that moment!

And that one following it—as John Prettyman sat frankly wiping away tears of pure joy and feasting his eyes on the small son who was parading back and forth in the program of showing-off that Emmy had arranged for him, that other moment, just beginning now!

Another program with Emmy in it.

Two small cool palms shut down over John Prettyman's eyes.

"Dont open 'em, daddy, till I count three. One—t—wo—*thuh-ree*, dont drop him!"

Something soft and warm that made a lovely little purry sound inside was laid in John's arms. He opened his eyes.

"Honey!" he cried, gazing down on a new son. The bewilderment in his face was wiped out by the delight. Honey had been right when she whispered to her baby that they need not worry.

"Another John" she said with pride. Then suddenly the two of them were sobbing together—she and John—and Emmy was needed to save the moment. And Emmy saved it.

"Dont cry on his head, daddy, he might get cold. He hasn't got much hair."

(The End)



"For years I was miserable—I shunned society—only a few knew my secret—their sympathy mortified me—if only I could rid myself of those embarrassing odors—and then I found Spic—"

Spic

keeps
the body
odorless

Wherever the body exudes an odor an application of Spic affords quick, convenient and complete relief.

Spic has no equal for use in personal hygiene. It is absolutely harmless, no matter where, or how freely applied. The most tender skin, the daintiest of delicate colors, will suffer no injury.

Spic is neither greasy nor gritty. *In powder form,* snow-white, smooth and delicately perfumed, its *charm* as a toilette powder is no less than its *utility* as a deodorant. As easy to apply as a talcum.

Used after the bath, Spic keeps perspiration odorless. In emergencies it rids perspiration of odor, quickly. There is nothing just like Spic—*it is different!*

In tall 4-oz. blue cans; over 140 liberal applications. Price 50c. At your druggist's.

THE SPIC COMPANY
76 West Monroe Street
CHICAGO

Doesn't hurt the skin
a particle

Embarrassing Hair All Gone In A Few Minutes

AMAZINGLY simple, easy, quick, pleasant and sure—this new way to get rid of embarrassing hair, either under the arms or elsewhere, yet absolutely safe and harmless—sure death to unsightly hair, but doesn't hurt the skin a particle.

First you apply a bit of powder, then a bit of lotion—in a few minutes all trace of hair will be gone. Has never failed.

A new discovery—entirely different from other methods. *Kilrute* is a combination treatment—a powder that instantly dissolves and removes the external part of the hair—plus a lotion that goes below the surface and gradually devitalizes the hair glands (endocrine glands) thus preventing new growth. It does this by stopping the secretions which supply nourishment to the hair—literally starves the hair root to death. Wherever this lotion is applied, its action on these glands brings about precisely the same condition (starvation of the hair root) that is the cause of so much baldness among men.

A single application of the *Kilrute* Powder is generally all that is needed to remove all outward or external traces of hair. Then a few applications of the *Kilrute* Lotion will gradually devitalize the glands which feed the hair, thus discouraging future growth.

To Prove It To You

The makers of *Kilrute* guarantee absolute satisfaction. To prove results, a complete combination treatment with full directions will be sent on approval. Send no money—simply fill out and mail the coupon. The price of the complete treatment is \$5.00, which you pay the postman on delivery. If for any reason you are not completely satisfied your \$5 will be refunded.

Owing to postal regulations, post office money order must accompany all foreign orders.

KILRUTE COMPANY
Dept. 209 247 West 72nd St.
New York City

Note!

News of the wonderful work of *Kilrute* has caused such an overwhelming demand that we are obliged to discontinue sending out free trial samples, but we shall be happy to give FREE DEMONSTRATION or full treatment with charge at above address.

Send No Money

KILRUTE COMPANY,
Dept. 209, 247 West 72nd St., New York City.

Gentlemen:

Please send me on approval a complete *Kilrute* Combination Treatment for superfluous hair (*Kilrute* Powder and *Kilrute* Lotion) which you guarantee to remove external hair immediately and to discourage any future growth. I will pay the postman \$5 plus postage on delivery. If I am not perfectly satisfied with the results, you guarantee to refund my \$5. (If you prefer, send \$5 with this coupon, subject to above money-back guarantee.)

Name.....
Address.....

Foot Notes

(Continued from page 40)

all means, if you can afford it, buy two pairs of shoes at one time for the same use. If alternated, these will outlast two pairs bought consecutively and will benefit the feet by each proving a slight rest from the other.

Never go to bed with cold feet, even if you have to resort to a hot brick and never, in spite of many superstitions to the effect that wet shoes which dry on the feet will never produce pneumonia, allow them to remain in damp attire.

It is true that nothing will tend to make the feet smaller than Nature has allowed them to become, but many authorities say that the more they are bathed and rubbed the smaller they will remain. Whether this is true or not we cannot pretend to say, but at least you know that this is true, the more they are rubbed and bathed the better service they will give, the fewer foot troubles they will acquire, and the fewer pained expressions they will trace on the face above them.

Tips For Beauty

(Continued from page 60)

Keep your hands pliant by making your hands tense and then opening and closing the fingers with the arms extended before you

Dry the hands thoroly after a bath.

Keep your hands and nails clean above all else.

And manicure your nails once every twenty-four hours!

The Diary of a Beauty Specialist

(Continued from page 67)

fore she goes to bed at night. I taught her to do it this way:

Dipping three fingers of her right hand into olive oil, she massages the left side of her neck with a rotary motion. Then she repeats, using the other hand and massaging the right side of her neck. This motion is a tissue-building massage, for it heightens circulation and feeds the starved cells. I tell Mrs. LeGrand if she keeps this up faithfully her neck will achieve the firm smoothness that means so much in these days of collarless frocks.

Mrs. LeGrand has been losing sleep. She has slight circles under her eyes and is very very distressed over them.

"I say to myself, 'There he goes, there he goes, there he goes—' picturing little sheep hopping over the fence till I'm positively ill," she complained.

"Take this tube of lanolin and rub a bit beneath your eyes at night, ever so gently and not massaging it in," I told her.

"And Madame," suggested Jeanne, "you'll go to sleep so much quicker if you send the sheep over faster. Say 'There she goes, there he goes, there she goes, there he goes.' There's so much more incentive you know!"

Sulphur vapor baths are recommended for bleaching the skin, and the process may be assisted by an internal use of sulphur. This may be taken in molasses or in boiled milk, using two teaspoonfuls of sulphur to a teacupful of milk an hour before breakfast. Much is claimed for the virtues of sulphur as a clarifier of the blood, and, as everybody knows, good blood is absolutely necessary for a good complexion.

In an enchanting package for your dressing table

Swimset

containing WINX and PERT the waterproof rouge



IN this wave-colored box, cool-gleaming as only the freshest of greens and blues could make it, you will find the regular full-size packages of PERT and WINX, together with an eyebrow brush. Think of the added pleasure of using them from such a box!

PERT is a cream rouge, orange-colored in the jar, but a natural pink when applied. It lasts until you yourself remove

it with cold cream or soap and water.

WINX is a waterproof liquid for darkening the lashes and making them appear heavier. Apply it with the glass rod attached to the stopper. Unaffected by swimming or tears.

SWIMSET, at drug or department stores, or by mail, \$1.50.

Samples of Pert and Winx are a dime each. Send for them—enclose coin.

ROSS COMPANY

70 Grand Street

New York

107 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada

A Department on Perfumes for Personalities

(Continued from page 44)

militant types of femininity today. Therefore, she will do well in choosing the sweet liquid she uses with the utmost care, remembering always that it is a bit dangerous, in fact, courageous, to try to gild the lily!

Questions and Answers

"I am of medium height, have light chestnut-colored hair, large, bright, pure blue eyes, a bit too closely set together, and large features. Before my children arrived I was rather lanky, but am now correspondingly broad for my height, and in perfect health, and lively. I have always thought I was an Oriental type, probably because of a dark olive skin. What perfume would you advise?"—ELLA J. L.

ANSWER.—As a lead you should follow out the blue of your eyes. "Bright and pure" evidently means that they are vivid. Such a blue is never associated in our experience of nature with solidity. Therefore, you should use a perfume that is not sharp or definite, but something that suggests a feeling of depth and transparency. Mimosa, the fragrance of the African wattle shrub, should suit you perfectly. It has a fresh, high fragrance, leaving behind an odor that is sweet and pure without being too poignant. It has that floating, transparent quality that you need.

"Will you please give me a hint as to what sort of perfume may be the best suited to me? I have vivid red hair and blue eyes; am rather tall, somewhat slen-

der. I wear my hair bobbed, and have a low and—some people say—"colorful voice." Now, do you think I could use something very flowery, like hyacinth or violet, or ought I to use something heavier like orris or sandal? I have tried them all, but somehow I am unable to judge which is best. You see, I am not in the least aggressive, like most red-haired girls. Do you think then, being a little shy, I should use a very definite perfume?"—JENNIE S.

ANSWER.—Yours is a rather uncommon difficulty, because your temperament evidently does not correspond to your outward characteristics. I would keep away from the very definite odors, such as amber, known to be "as old and fragrant as sin," or the pronounced jasmine. I would suggest cassia or mignonette, with a touch of bergamot.

"I wonder if you would advise me what sort of perfume I should use? I have tried nearly everything on the market, but none of them seems to suit me after I have used it for a few months. I would like to get something that really expresses my personality. I am very dark, with eyes that are large and as black as night. My forehead is low and broad. My features are regular and almost Grecian. I have a good skin, but am very pale. My height is five and a half feet, and I weigh 143 pounds. I am very quiet, almost languid, but like still water, deep. I mean I am not flippant."—CARLOTTA L.

ANSWER.—Have you tried geranium, or the scent of sweet brier (rose and verbenas). They are suggestive of your personality, of repose.

A Series of Donts

DONT tolerate the so-called "lazy" nose. It is the duty of this organ to inhale fresh air and carry it to the lungs. See that it performs this duty, and you may help it by keeping the nose free from dust and all obstructions.

Dont sleep with the head high. If possible, lie perfectly flat upon the bed, or at least with but a flat pillow under the head. Hold the chin high, however, and keep the facial muscles tense to prevent their sagging.

Dont forget that the parched face relishes a drink of cool water quite as much as the parched throat. Fill a bowl with cool, soft water and, holding the breath, immerse the face several times in it. You will be surprised at the result.

Dont dress by a poor light. Have your dressing-table placed where it will receive a good, evenly distributed light at all times.

Dont try to remove the wax from the ears. Doctors advise that this may prove injurious, and if left alone, the wax will form in small balls and drop out of its own accord.

Dont entrust the massage of your face to an amateur. Bad massage is worse than none, and the amateur may cause wrinkles rather than eliminate them. The masseur should receive proper instruction to understand thoroly the muscles of the face.

Dont dry the hair by artificial heat when you may use the warm, healing rays

of the sun. The artificial modes of drying tend to make the hair brittle, while the sun imparts new life to the hair.

Dont try to reduce the weight too quickly. Remember that nature must be given a chance to readjust itself to new conditions, and if not given this chance, more harm than good may result.


Dont forget to smile. It will soon become a habit, and one of the best habits one can form, for every woman looks better smiling, and one cannot think wrinkle-forming thoughts with a smile on the face.

Dont despair of the ageing neck. Feed it carefully with a good cold cream and hold the head high. Give it the same attention that you give your face, and it will in time regain its appearance of youth.

Dont imagine for one moment that beauty will take care of itself. Care must be exercised to retain that which we have, and more care must be taken to attain that which is within our reach. Were it easy of attainment, beauty would be of far less value, and yet too few women realize how willing nature is to assist us.

Dont overtax the stomach, by pouring into it any and every kind of food and drink. Upon this organ depends much of our bodily health which in turn determines to a great extent our foundation for beauty. Treat the stomach kindly, and it will reciprocate in kindness by aiding both health and beauty.


As the
Subtile Touch
of Nature



and
Perfectly
Natural
Pum-Kin
Rouge

The New
Fashionable
Hue

75¢



Sign this Coupon **The Owl Drug Co.** Pay Postman on Delivery

San Francisco, 611 Mission St.
Chicago, Clark & Madison St.
Los Angeles, 6th & Broadway
New York, 230 W. 17th Street.

Please Send Box Pum-Kin Rouge to—

Even if you don't earn \$1000 a week—
you can be as well dressed as your favorite actress!



4635

4602

4604

4635—Tiers and drapery, combined, is the latest whim of Paris. You can make a dress like this by following the Deltor. Do you know how to attach the tiers? How to make the girdle? The Deltor shows you this.

4602—You will need a simple coat dress like this for street wear. And the Deltor shows you how to make it—how to save material so that only $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54 -inch material are needed for size 36; how to adjust and press the plaits; how to attach the collar and cuffs as a professional tailor would do it.

4604—The popular Egyptian front drape must be plaited "just so" in order to be correct. The Deltor shows you with pictures exactly how to do this. And then it tells you how to make the girdle and the ornament of braid, ribbon, embroidery or beads.

HER DRESSES cost her hundreds; yours will cost you just a few dollars if you follow the Deltor.

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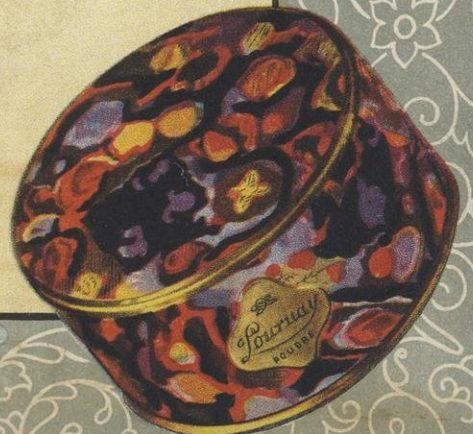
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