

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1908.

The Effects of Smoking and Drinking on Woman's Face And Physique.



and which should have been consumed by the vital processes of oxidation. Ordinarily the fresh air inhaled is enough to oxidize or burn up the deposits of fat but the use of alcohol makes double oxidation necessary. And hence the victim of alcoholism is unhealthily fat. This fat always settles around what might be called the weak and less controlled portions of the human body. With a woman, the weakest muscles are those which have been confined by the corset and which through lack of exercise are incapable of exerting their forces against the increasing onslaught of fat. Every woman who drinks will find in the course of time her sylphlike figure gradually disappearing. A certain clumsiness and a feeling of bloatedness should warn her that alcohol to her is a poison. Unfortunately however she does not heed the warning, and even the gradual appearance of a double chin does not teach her the value of abstinence from a purely aesthetic standpoint. The woman who indulges in alcoholic stimulants seldom has the energy to exercise and in this way oxidate her blood. On the contrary she begins to lead a life of softness, which shows as a general appearance—first in her carriage, in the lack of stamina and strength in her body, a sagging of the muscles in her face and a loss of control of those muscles regulating the expression of the face and particularly that of the mouth. The brain cells which control the muscular action of the face, for instance, are overpowered by the miasms engendered by the alcohol, and loss of muscular control ensues. When this is often repeated the loss of control becomes habitual, and then we have the weak, sagging, dissipated features of the neurasthenic. If women could be made to understand that drinking, even moderately, accentuates every fault in the face almost as if a painter had outlined the defect that formerly seemed only a shadow, they might be persuaded to abstain because of vanity if for no other reason. A physician, speaking on the subject of drinking, emphasized the fact particularly of the harm of the mixed drink. The cocktail and any alcoholic beverage mixed with sugar or other ingredient is apt to start indigestion by causing intestinal fermentation, which is the beginning of hundreds of different gastric troubles. The physician also warned the woman who had the slightest sign of tuberculosis against taking alcohol in any form, as the weakening of the physical structure, already described, by the use of alcohol is more than invitation to the dreaded white plague. Smoking goes hand in hand with drinking, and there is a reason for this, as was explained to me by a well-known physical scientist. The woman who has taken into her system more alcohol than is good for her has a craving for air to oxidate her blood, and smoking is nothing more than an artificial means of breathing. The stimulative effect is not so much in the tobacco as in the effect of the air reaching clear down into the lungs, which crave for air and are not getting their right allowance. Take the habitual woman smoker out into the fresh air, make her use her lungs—that is to say, inhale a very deep breath like a smoking-breath—and she stimulates effect would be the same as a whiff of the beloved cigarettes. The physical characteristics of the cigarette smoking woman are usually an extreme nervousness when not in the act of smoking, often diseased condition of the mucous membrane of the throat and nose, overstimulation of the heart, and externally the stained and soiled fingers, the hollows under the eyes and sometimes over them, and the moody temperament, easily depressed and dependent on the exhilaration of cigarette smoking in all circumstances. Probably the best way to find out how the cigarette habit has taken hold of the women of New York is to go into the dressing-room of any of the large restaurants on Fifth avenue during lunch hours, or between dinner and the theatre hour. The maid is so accustomed to the cigarette fender who goes there for just a whiff of smoke that she keeps on hand supplies of cigarettes and matches. Absolute strangers will borrow each other's half-smoked cigarettes when they would never think of exchanging any other courtesy, but the cigarette smoker must have her stimulant, and accepts it gratefully from a woman whom she would not otherwise speak to—provided she has forgotten her own cigarettes or cannot get any. The woman who smokes on the sly resorts to any kind of subterfuge and brings out a cigarette from her stocking or from the lining of her hat when she gets the chance for a secret smoke.

DRINK'S WARNING: Every woman who drinks will find in the course of time her sylphlike figure gradually disappearing. A certain clumsiness and a feeling of bloatedness should warn her that alcohol to her is a poison. But, unfortunately, she does not heed the warning, and even the gradual appearance of a double chin does not teach her the value of abstinence from a purely aesthetic standpoint.



Relaxed waist muscles and fullness under the chin first signs of overindulgence.



The typical face of a girl who stays up late and "keeps up" on cigarettes.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

SETTING aside the moral question entirely, what is the effect of smoking and drinking on a woman's physique and appearance? According to the London Lancet it has been established by several well-known researchers that up to a certain point alcohol is a food and past that point it is a poison. The three different men—one a scientific man, another a physical instructor and the third a doctor in one of the women's hospitals in New York—whom I interviewed on the subject of Women and Drink, all agreed with the Lancet and all were abstainers themselves. Roughly and unscientifically speaking, alcoholic beverages become a poison to the person who assimilates other food properly and has plenty of it. Consequently to the vast majority of women whom we see in restaurants and cafes indulging in wine, cocktails and highballs, the liquor is an absolute

poison, for they do not represent the anemic, overworked, underfed section of feminine society. On the contrary, the woman who is poisoning her system with alcohol is the woman of leisure, with time and money on her hands. The woman who works cannot afford to indulge in a brain-destroying pastime. Alcohol is more heating than anything else that can be taken into the system. It generates the strongest of gases, which distend the veins, mount to the brain and work havoc among the brain cells. Alcohol, when taken beyond the point where it acts as a food, bloats the body, particularly distending the waist and abdominal regions. This bloating is in reality an abnormal tissue which is

A New York Romance.

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.) Belden's Plot. DAPHNE stiffened, and with fingers upon his shoulders pushed steadily from him. But with eyes still hid,

THE NEW EAST LYNNE

den he held up one entreating hand and lightly touched her lips, pleading: "Don't—don't curl contemptuous lips at me! Your scorn makes me shiver like a dog beneath the lash of its master. Listen—oh, listen! Fate meant you for me! You made your own choice, and you thought to choose wisely, but you were mistaken! And now, God's fair test how can I bear to see you flouted by the one who should worship you? See you—my empress—turned into an upper servant! See you hiding slow heart-break in this hotbed of treachery, where a new and hideous dishonor may be put upon you any day! Can I bear it, and not cry out! Come to me! All I have is yours! Daphne, dear, I love you so!" Too proud for unseemly struggle, she stood quiet still, and, speaking for the first time, said: "If you really loved me, Mr. Belden, you would counsel me to be brave, to be strong, to sacrifice myself to duty. 'Take Your Revenge!'" And he cried swiftly, "You may find

By Clara Morris

life I must walk the world in your dear shadow!" Suddenly she realized how endlessly long and dull and bitter were the days unbroken by his kindly, courteous, sympathetic presence, and she gravely answered: "No wife should stumble," she answered wearily. "No wife does stumble so long as love and faith hedge her about! Oh my neglected, flouted and passed-by! Take your revenge! Let your unworthy husband taste the fruit of his deceit and duplicity!" Then across his hurrying tones, her voice, cold and even, cut, "I think you are quite mad. I shall not be able to receive you again, Mr. Belden." With a cry he was on his feet. Passing his tongue across his dry lips, his hand across his suddenly wet forehead, "Not that!" he pleaded huskily. "Not that! Break your engagements with my aunt—that I have been living for! Try my endurance—punish me in any other way—but for God's sake don't deny me sight of you! Can't you understand, beloved woman, that for the rest of my

A Lost Dream of Folly.

"We will forget the folly of to-day—and remorse as we were a week ago." "Thank you," he said humbly. Then remindingly went on. "You had promised to go with me to-morrow to see 'The Russian Marriage,' and to help select my offering to your art booth at the coming church fair." His eager eyes searched her face that was already vainly unconscious, as was her voice, when she said: "Yes, I remember—and Mr. Dunham promised us our tea. If neuralgia permits it, I shall keep the engagement." With slow, dark eyes, humid with gratitude and worship, Stanley Belden stood stately leave of the slender white-robed woman, who ever held him at arm's length, who was so sure of her-

A Story of Love and Heartbreak

Belden, do you know a Mrs. Allingham?" "I know THE Mrs. Allingham," he smilingly corrected. "Is she rich?" "Well, really, she has never confided to me her financial standing, Miss Marr, but her social position is absolutely secure." "And—and her character, Mr. Belden?" "Oh—well, that is an entirely different matter." "Is she certainly not?" "Most certainly not," he answered amusedly. "She is rather elderly, and by a great expense and much discomfort she makes herself look like one of the proscribed race." If he had intended to shame or mortally Olive by such a reference he failed. She rushed on with snapping eyes. "Do you know the location of her opera-box?" "It is about opposite mine." "Were you at the opera night before last?" "I was."

The Truth.

While Olive cried: "Then this beastly thing speaks the truth? I would sooner have believed cousin Philip guilty of arson or murder than of falsehood!" "Olive!" came from the library doorway, where the Professor loomed darkly. "Olive, please—almost in a whisper of amazement from Daphne, in the drawing-room. With a low murmured, 'Pardon me!' Belden passed out and swiftly down the steps, saying to himself: "She's a cad—yes, in spite of her sex, she's an utter little cad! What infernal presumption! Any one would suppose

she was the injured wife! Ah, Dr. Keith, your lightning-rod has failed you! I'm afraid you will receive an electric shock from your Olive after all!"—and laughed aloud, and, glancing back, saw the doctor's man turning the horse away, and guessed the doctor had returned for luncheon. "Olive!" the old Professor exclaimed, "I never saw anything more ill-bred than your catechizing of Mr. Belden just now." "I only wanted to know if this outrageous paper was telling the truth or not! Whether Cousin Philip was capable of deliberate deceit and double dealing!" "And pray how long have you been the authorized censor of my grandson's morals? Since when has it become derogatory for a gentleman to be seen at the opera?" "And since when," sharply retorted Olive, "has it not been derogatory for a married man to be seen publicly at the opera?" "I never saw anything more ill-bred than your catechizing of Mr. Belden just now." (To Be Continued.)