BEHOLD! A CINDERELLA IN REAL LIFE!

MRS. ANDREW H. TALBOT,
Who Is Proclaimed Chicago's Cinderella.

FOOT OF MRS. TALBOT, CHICAGO'S CINDERELLA

Chicago, Home Of Large Feet, Has the Girl With Perfect Pedal Extremity!

CINDERELLA—a Cinderella in real life—has been found.

With a foot to rival in beauty the well-nigh incomparable one of the Venus de Medici—yes, any of the most marvelous known to fame.

And CHICAGO is this modern Cinderella's home!

"What d'ye think o' that?"

Behold her! Out of many contestants she won unsought the Golden Slipper, offered as a prize, and which will fit only the PERFECT FOOT.

Could YOU wear it, fair maid? Compare the requisite measurements, given in this article, with your own, and see.

CINDERELLA'S DAINTY FOOT

	Golden slipper.	Mrs. Talbot's foot.
Length	7 7-12 inches	7½ inches
Ball	5⅝ inches	6¼ inches
Waist	5⅝ inches	6¾ inches
Instep	6¼ inches	7¼ inches

SOME scoffer said that the feet of the nymphs and goddesses that grace the pedestals and walls of the Chicago Art Institute were the only beautiful ones in Chicago. That there was no foot of blood and bones to be found in Chicago as graceful, as symmetrical, as perfect as the plaster foot of the Venus de Medici or the rosy tinted foot of the Psyche of Gerard.

It has been a byword in other cities that large feet are characteristic with Chicago women. For years the feet of Chicago's women have been spoken of gibingly, derisively. They had been caricatured and cartooned. Around the world the slander has traveled that the feet of Chicago women were abnormally large, disproportionate, misshapen! Were the plaster feet of the old Grecian and Roman casts the only beautiful feet in Chicago or was there a Cinderella hidden somewhere, undiscovered by sculptor, or painter, or shoemaker, who could wear the golden slipper?

So a Chicago newspaper took up the quest to discover Chicago's Cinderella; to find a foot as beautiful and as perfectly formed as the foot of the plaster Venuses; to prove to the critics of the other cities that the feet of Chicago women are graceful, shapely, and petite.

The prize was a real jewel-studded Cinderella golden slipper. The slipper was made by one of Chicago's most expert goldsmiths, copied from the model made by a famous shoe-

In drawing the design for er, the artist followed the e-dancing slippers worn in ainting of one of the old s. It is even more beau- slipper buried by the of the fairy isle to e Cinderella as she knelt at her mother's grave and prayed for a gown of silver and gold and slippers of the precious metal to wear to the King's ball. The slipper was edged with a delicate filigree of gold, and the instep bow is a heavy and ornate openwork of gold, set with a diamond. A high Louis Quinze heel lent an additional touch of delicacy and elegance. It was for the right foot. It was a number 11, misses' size.

Count the fingers on your two hands and multiply the number by three. The product will represent the number of famous feet of today. Since the shoemaker began to ply his trade few feet have pattered along the road to fame. The boot, the shoe, and the slipper have consigned the foot to obscurity, and no longer do men rave over a beautiful foot as Vinicius raved over the foot of the fair Lygia, as the decrepit Grecian nurse went into raptures over the foot of Penelope, as a world marveled at the grace of the feet of Mme. Recamier, of Mme. Victoire, and of Henrietta de Bourbon-Conty, or as all of France talked about the feet of Josephine.

Modern literature has its beautiful women and its heroic men, and the [illegible] dwell upon the beauty of the feminine figures, the grace of the arms, the delicately molded hands; or the ruggedness of masculinity, the broad shoulders, the sinews of steel, but nowhere are to be found feet like those of Helen of Troy or Penelope.

Many Have Pretty Feet.

The story of the seige of Troy revolved around the fate of a heel, but in modern literature there are only two or three instances where the feet are mentioned at all, except when they are wearied or worn, and in only one instance has a story been built wholly around the beauty of a foot—the fairy story of Cinderella. In the time of Recamier women were flattered when they were told they had feet as beautiful as Recamier's. Today there is only one thing to say, "your feet are as small as Cinderella's, as perfect as Recamier's, or the plaster foot of Venus de Medici." Flatterers have to go into the art museums and the books for their standard of beauty.

The quest was begun and during the first week of the search so many women with beautiful feet were found in Chicago that it was determined to award a golden slipper not only to Chicago's Cinderella, but also the Chicago Recamier—to the woman with the most perfectly proportioned feet, no matter what size shoes she might wear. To win the Recamier slipper the foot not only had to be perfect in every particular, in shape, in contour, in symmetry, but it also must be in perfect proportion with the whole feminine figure. When such a foot was found, a golden slipper was to be made to fit it.

Feet Are Beautiful.

It is from the antiques, the books, and their instructors the students of art are compelled to take their lessons in the proportions of the human feet. The living model is barred. And feet, the artists contend, are as beautiful when they are perfect as any other part of the human body. The feet of the Three Graces in the great painting by Jean Baptiste Regnault have become famous for their grace and delicacy of curves. Students have gone into the Louvre simply to copy the feet of these beautiful Graces.

The Venus Capitolina is another figure with wonderful feet that the artists go to Rome to study. Houdon was another master who gave to the world of art feet that are studied and copied in the schools and studios. If you see a cast in plaster of J. Ant. Houdon's Diana, standing in the great hall of the Louvre, look at the feet—aren't they wonderful? The right foot in the figure of "Au Matin," by Schoenewerk, in the Luxembourg, is a foot that has become famous in the world of art. So are the feet of "Jeune fille a la fontaine," another masterpiece by Schoenewerk; and the feet of Pajou's Psyche and the Psyche of Gerard, in his great painting, "L'Amour et Psyche," in the Louvre. Study the plaster foot of the Venus de Medici and the feet chiseled by Pajour and Schoenewerk, and the beautiful feet painted by Bouguereau an Regnault are as perfect, as full of grade, as beautiful? Spend some Sunday afternoon in a study of the feet of the classic female figures in the Corcoran Art Gallery.

Feet Made Dancer Rich.

The beautiful feet of the classic dancer, Isadore Duncan, are the most famous feet in the world today. The feet of Miss Duncan carried her into the courts of Europe, stirred Athens, made the graceful dancer her bread and butter and her diamonds and pearls—made her rich. The feet of Miss Duncan have been photographed more than any other feet in the world. The photographs have been hung in the shops of Paris and London and Berlin beside the beautiful faces of the stage favorites. The feet of Miss Duncan are near the top in the list of the famous feet of today.

Sarah Bernhardt, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, Olga Nethersole, Virginia Harned, and others have won fame in various plays in which their feet appeared unadorned.

A few months ago there appeared in New York studios an unknown model, who offered to pose for her feet. She became the sensation of New York's Bohemia—her feet were so perfect that one artist referred to them as a "dream." Who this young woman is perhaps never will be known, because she always wore a heavy veil going to and from the studios, and didn't even remove it while she was posing. She never posed except for the feet, and in New York some artists declare that the model was none other than Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, trying to earn a few dollars for the coming trial of her husband. But this story is not generally believed, and the identity of the model is still a mystery.

Mrs. Andrew Herbert Talbot, who won the prize in Chicago, is only twenty years old. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. A slender, flexible figure with girlish curves and girlish grace, a face like the faces of the rare old cameos, remarkably beautiful and always animated—that is Chicago's Cinderella.

JULY 4TH CHRISTMAS IN PORTO RICO

CHRISTMAS for the Americans in Porto Rico is pretty much the same, so far as the observance of the day is concerned, as Christmas at home or anywhere else. The chief difference is in those characteristics of the season that are due to, or are influenced by, the weather, which more nearly resembles that of the Fourth of July than a winter holiday. There is the same spirit of good feeling, the same cheery greeting, the same happy experience for the little people in the shape of gifts from Santa Claus, and that same more or less sincere determination on the part of their elders to forgive their enemies—which sometimes they do.

Among the natives, Christmas day is a church holiday only, and it is very generally observed by them as such, but it is not the occasion of family reunions nor the day of gifts, as with us. The Porto Rican family gatherings occur, and their Santa Claus makes his appearance on the 6th of January—"El dia de los Reyes," or "the day of the Kings" commemorating the bringing of gifts to the infant Christ—but Kris Kringle manifestly does not come down the chimney, for the very good reason that there are no chimneys to Porto Rico houses, and, for equally obvious reasons, he does not bring his reindeer nor his sleigh. Instead of hanging up their stockings the native children prepare a box filled with grass to represent a manger and place it outside their doors on the night of the 5th of January, just as the little Dutch children in Holland put out their wooden shoes.

Christmas will always be a church holiday to the natives and El dia de los Reyes will also probably always be observed by them; but the Porto Rican is quick to pick up American ideas and the observance of Christmas day is yearly taking on more of an American character. One evidence of this is the growing custom, so common in the Southern States especially, of evidencing one's appreciation of the occasion by the free use of tin horns and other agencies for the production of noises, tuneful and otherwise, and the first intimation one usually receives that the day has arrived, is the result of an enthusiastic and determined attempt, about 3 a. m., on the part of a native youngster to blow his lungs out through the small end of a tin horn, and his enthusiasm is in direct proportion to the size of his horn. But as the old adage has it, "the better the day the better the deed," and the tin horn is only another expression of the time-honored sentiment "Merry Christmas to you all."—Army and Navy Life.