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Myo Secrets of Beauty

No. 65- APRIL - the Friend of Beauty

By Mme. Lina Cavaleri, the Most Famous Living Beauty.

TO-DAY Mme. Cavaleri explains why April is indeed the friend of beauty and tells her readers how they may profit by that friendship. She advises every young girl to provide herself with a "storm suit," so that she may improve her hair, her figure and her complexion by long walks in the April showers. She says: "On my estate in France I discard the skirt, wearing only knickerbockers." She shows that in April the skin has sufficient moisture and requires a smaller quantity of cold cream and that only of the simplest. She gives more of her valuable collection of toilet formulae, including those of a famous court beauty.

The best beginning is to provide yourself with the right sort of costume for daily walks in the rain. If you have a choice between walking in the morning when the rain is falling or in the afternoon, when the sun is shining, choose the morning. There is but one caution: Prepare well for this walk. Every girl should have a "storm suit." This entails no heavy expense. If you can afford to buy a smart new sergo or craven-

not sag and spoil the neatness of the frock. The jacket should be warm, but short, for long, heavy coats prevent freedom of movement, which is half the pleasure of walking. The Winter walking suit can be made over into such a suit. Knickerbockers of the same material keep the body warm. In fact, on my estate in France I discard the skirt, wearing only the knickerbockers. Rubbers and rubber gaiters, or, still bet-

"After a walk hurry home and get under a shower."

By Mme. Lina Cavaleri.

If I were asked what months are most favorable to feminine beauty I should answer that they were the late Spring months, and that April is the best friend to beauty of all the year.

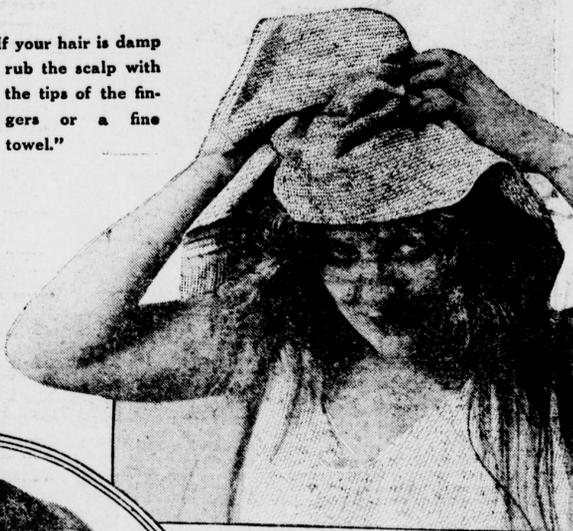
The cold winds of Winter and early Spring, that roughened and made brittle the hair, have passed. No longer are the natural oils of the skin dried by them, destroying the fine texture of the skin and making its satiny-like ideal seem far off.

The stomach has revolted against the six-months' regimen of rich and heavy food, and craves as its due the light and palatable green things.

Beauty by natural selection seeks the early salads. She feasts on that nourishing, appetizing dish that is one of the first signs that Spring has come. She craves fruits and has a growing distaste for the sweets on which she has too freely feasted during the Winter. April is the equinox of health and beauty. It marks a change of tastes, a change of habits, an utter "right about face" in the manner of living.

The weather has tempted her to laziness and its ensuing fatness of figure and heaviness of face. She has stayed in doors too much. She has motored or driven or patron-

"If your hair is damp rub the scalp with the tips of the fingers or a fine towel."



Mme. Lina Cavaleri.



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"In April there is need of a smaller quantity of cold cream and it should be of the simplest sort."

ized the street cars, when she should have ette, which is preferred, or any other water-walked. She has retired late and arisen proof cloth, do so. If you can have it made late. Her figure has become too heavy, her face too heavy, her complexion too pale, should be very short, from four to six inches from the ground, and should be even all her hair is rough and brittle. It is time for her beauty's sake to turn over a new leaf around, so that the back of the skirt will

ter, high rubber boots, are needed for the complete storm costume. No hat is better than the Alpine of soft felt, with a ribbon or scarf of washable silk around its crown. Strong gauntlets should be worn, for that physician who said: "Always keep your pulses warm" gave admirable advice. If the ankles and wrists are warm the rest of the body is not liable to become chilled.

Don't wear a veil. Let April do its beneficent work upon the complexion. Let the rain beat upon it as much as it likes. You will be a little mortified to find how much clearer your face will look. And you had thought, too, that you were most careful about your skin. Probably you were, but the April showers have most searching powers. They seek out infinitesimal dust that cold cream and rosewater and distilled water have overlooked.

Walk steadily. Don't loiter in these showers. Don't carry an umbrella. Walk steadily and briskly, as though you were hurrying somewhere and had not a moment to lose. Don't stop at shops. Don't go into a confectionery. Don't let any one persuade you to stop on the street corner. Your blood is up from this walk. Keep it up. Don't invite a cold by steepling for a moment your speed. Walk at a five-mile an hour gait.

When you have walked your two, three, four or even five miles in the rain hurry home and get quickly out of the clothes and into a tubful of tepid water or under the shower, or turn a spray from the bathtub faucet upon yourself. Rub briskly with a soft, but long-napped towel. Then dress quickly and warmly and go about the other duties of the day. If you are trying to reduce your flesh don't lie down after these April walks.

If your hair has been wet or even damped in the walk, give it a thorough towel-drying, rubbing the scalp dry with the tips of the fingers. If you live in the country it would be well to let your hair hang while

on these walks. An April shower is a superlative shampoo.

If there is no cistern in your home put foot tubs and pails out to catch the April rain. Put it in closed jars or large bottles and keep them corked. Use this for all your face baths while it lasts.

While in Summer the cold creams should contain or at least be supplemented by tan and freckle lotion, and while in the Winter the drying effects of the cold winds should be offset by creams containing much oil. The April weather supplies all the necessary moisture, and the sun has not yet become ardent enough to tan or freckle the cheeks. In April, then, there is need of a smaller quantity of cold cream and it should be of the simplest and purest sort.

This is a valuable cream at this season: White vaseline, five ounces. White wax, one ounce. Spermaceti, one ounce. Extract of witch hazel, one and one-half ounces. Oil of rose geranium, four drops.

Also this: Glycerine, three-quarters of an ounce. Extract of benzoin, one and one-half drams. Rosewater, one ounce.

Mix the rosewater and benzoin, shaking them well. Pour in the glycerine slowly, a few drops at a time and keep on shaking the mixture.

So the moisture of April and the softness of the air make few other aids than the natural ones of careful diet, cleanliness and plenty of exercise out of doors necessary.

But if the hair is persistently weak one April among a ruder eleven months cannot wholly restore it. Weak hair is often broken by the weight of the head and contact with the pillow at night. To prevent this some women resort to nightcaps. Now nightcaps, as usually made, of muslin or silk, and weighted by ribbons, are an evil. This short

hair upon the scalp can be protected by a large-meshed net worn loose and fastened by a rubber cord, or, better, a narrow ribbon.

If you did not make at the beginning of the year a resolution to use as few hairpins as possible, make it now and keep it all the rest of your life. For hairpins, especially the wire sort, scratch the scalp, especially the manner of wearing the hair, so that the spot on the scalp where the pins have lain great a menace to a woman's scalp as the wearing of a heavy unventilated hat is to a man's.

To soften the hair and give it a greater brightness that famous beauty Lola Montes gave this advice:

Beat up the whites of four eggs into a froth. Rub that froth thoroughly into the roots of the hair. Allow it to dry upon the scalp. Then turn upon the hair a small rubber spray made of equal parts of rosewater and bay rum, washing the hair thoroughly down from scalp to ends.

The one-time fashionable "honey water" is still extensively used in Europe for washing the hair. It leaves also a perfume that is still recommended this season.

Distilled water, four ounces. Spirits of wine, five ounces. Orange flower water, four ounces. Essence of bergamot, two drops. Oil of cloves, fifteen drops.

Essence of ambergris, one drop. Miss Montez, who was a dancer and actress before she became a court beauty, tells of an actress friend who had wasted off the advance of that always distressing mark of old age, gray hair, by treating her hair three times a week with this:

Essence of hignuth, three drams. Spermaceti, three drams. Fresh yard, three drams. Two other old recipes copied into my private collection from that of the lovely Montez rewarded her and many other famous beauties for their use by exceedingly lovely hair.

For removing dandruff, this: Lemon juice one-half pint. Salts of tartar, three drams. Spirits of camphor, fifteen drops. Tincture of cantharides, fifteen drops.

For the prevention of baldness she had secured this recipe for what is said to be the famous Baron Dupuytren pomade: Boxwood shavings, six ounces. Proof spirit, twelve ounces.

Spirits of rosemary, two ounces. Spirits of nutmeg, one-half ounce. The beauties of that time contrived to steep the boxwood shavings continuously at a temperature of sixty degrees for two weeks. The liquid was then strained and to it were added the other ingredients. Kept in a cool place and corked, the mixture was applied to the scalp, rubbing it well in every night and morning.

The People with Whom We Live--By Dorothy Dix

The Choosing of a Husband By BEATRICE FAIRFAX



Of course, this mood doesn't last. We are bound to have companions, if for nothing else but to have some one to complain to, but there is no denying that most of the burdens of existence are laid upon us unnecessarily, unwillingly and unconsciously by the people with whom we live.

The man at the theatre, for instance, who makes a woman wait up twice between every act to let him go out and get a drink, who musses up their pretty frocks by crowding by them, and tramples over their feet, doesn't consider himself a brute. Neither does the musical gentleman who hums the score of the opera in your ear so that you can't hear the singers on the stage.

No more does the intelligent lady who opens her mouth and has sense enough to understand the plot of the play and who explains the situations in a loud and audible voice to everyone within a radius of six seats, think of herself as an educated lady. Neither does the woman who meets a friend in the aisle after the play is over and the audience rushing for cars, and who blocks the procession while she explains why her coat is left, and gives a circumstantial account of the baby's teething.



The Family Curiosity. In reality, all of these people are good, kind, conscientious individuals who desire to do right by their neighbors, and they would be shocked in the heart if I dared hope that they live in the country if we could have them for the balance of us, and how gladly we would poison them like any other pests of the household.



Offense of Interference. Then there is the interference. If I were making the laws, I would head the list of criminal offenses, punishable with solitary confinement for life, with interference, and I should like an awful example of the individual who can never see anybody doing anything without sitting in with a few suggestions, and a bunch of advice.

There are times, I suppose, when all of us are filled with envy of Adam, before Eve was created, because he had the world to himself. There was nobody to interfere with him. Nobody to contradict him. No one with whose ways he had to put up, and life with him must have been one glad, sweet song of untrammelled freedom, such as we may never know

the curiosity of some families is exceedingly harrowing.

An irritating pest is the one who is always giving advice.

NOT one woman in twenty marries the man, whom, at the age of eighteen she feels she could die for. It is a fortunate thing that ideal change, otherwise many couples would be sadly mismatched.

We are easily pleased at eighteen: a handsome face and figure and good clothes go a long way toward the making of our ideal.

At twenty-five, something more than good looks is required. I know one woman who, had she married her ideal at eighteen, would have been, by now, a most thoroughly unhappy woman.

As it is, she has been for several years blissfully happy as the wife of a man whom, at eighteen, she would have scorned. She would have thought him not half stylish enough, being too young to see the real man under the simple manner and somewhat dowdy clothes.

Look for a man you won't grow tired of, girls--a man who will hold you by his strength of character, one who won't let you grow tired of him.

Don't mar your chance of happy married life by taking the wrong man. Married a man who has not stopped growing yet, one who is developing his brain every day.

If you marry a man whose mind is all on clothes and style and who won't have much time to spend on you.

Also remember that the man with a very handsome face is often exceedingly vain, a fact for which he can thank all the foolish little girls who have laid their hearts at his feet.

It is far more important that he be a man's man than a ladies' man.

When other men like a man, it means that he is "square."

If you like him and he likes you, no one else need concern you.

But that need not concern you. You expected to occupy all the rest of your life, you would spend an endless thought and care on the selection, wouldn't you?

Can you afford to spend less care on the selection of a life partner?