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My Secrets of Beauty.

Mme. Lina Cavalieri.

By Mme. Lina Cavalieri.

It sounds very simple. We think of it as a very easy process, yet washing the face means cleansing it, and to cleanse the face is neither simple nor easy. To wash the face well requires time, patience and some indispensable articles.

I cannot better explain this than to describe the step by step my own way of washing my face. The time is at night before retiring. The place is my bedroom. I am discovered sitting in my easiest chair. It is one of my theories, carefully worked out in my own practise, that making one's toilet should be not hard work, but an easeful relaxation. That is a great help on the way to beauty.

Beside my chair, on my dressing table, or if that be not convenient, on a small stand or table that can be moved beside me, is a package of absorbent cotton, a toilet bottle of rosewater and a small silver, or china, or glass bowl, and a jar of cold cream. On the table also are my face cloths, small, square pieces of cheesecloth or old silk handkerchiefs.

I sit before the mirror, lean back comfortably in my chair and dip the bit of cotton into the cold cream. I touch my face here and there with the cold cream, depositing most of the cream in the places that are



"With the softest of towels, or with a still softer face cloth, I pat my face until it is dry."

culture spots for wrinkles. That is, between the eyebrows, at the outer corner of the eyes and from the flare of the nostrils to the corners of the lips.

Having done this I toss into the waste basket or into the open fire, if there be one, the bit of cotton. Then I take a fresh bit of cotton, dip it into the jar of cold cream and go carefully over every particle of my face.

Carefully, I have said, but very lightly, for the skin should never be dragged nor drawn by any manipulation. Dragging or drawing the skin of the face makes the very wrinkles which we try to banish. Always I finish this step of the face washing as soon as I can, for I am always revolted by the amount of dust that is removed by the cotton.

Throwing away this second bit of cotton, I select a third, clean bit, dip it into the cold cream and apply it to what some have called the corners of the face, but I have named the crevices, or the dark lines. These are the lines where the nose meets the cheeks, where the ears are set into the neck and the hair line, which in some faces that are otherwise clean and dainty might be called the "shadow line." These lines where the chin meets the neck and the space behind the ears are dust traps and should be closely watched. Special attention should be given them every day. Upon these I place my last coat of cold cream, assiduously soaking up every particle of dust.

I am ready now for the last step in the process, that is the actual washing, as we usually think of washing, with water. I go to my bathroom for this. The water in the stationary bowl must be neither hot nor cold. The skin should never be exposed to the loosening tendency of one nor the shock of the other. "Always adopt middle measures," is a good motto for the care of the



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skin, as for most other methods of beauty culture, I rub a good toilet soap on my hands, or mix an almond meal or oatmeal paste in the following proportions:

Oatmeal.....1 tablespoonful
Italian pink or other favorite perfume.....3 drops
Enough water to make a thin paste.

Almond meal.....1 tablespoonful
Tincture of benzoin.....4 drops
Enough water to make a thin paste.

I pat the palms of my hands, covered with the lather of the soap or with oatmeal or almond soap, on the face. Then dipping my hands in the water I bathe the face with the lather, upward strokes, slow, smooth strokes that end in the meeting of the finger tips above the eyebrows.

With the softest towel I can get or with

"The last step in a thorough washing of the face is a light anointing of it with cold cream."

figuring dark line I use the herole method. Make a paste consisting of:

Corment.....1/2 cupful
Shavings of camille soap.....1 teaspoonful
Warm vinegar.....1 tablespoonful

Rub the stained spot persistently with a handful of this mixture. It will aid the work of removal to leave a portion of it bound about the neck with a handkerchief for ten or fifteen minutes. Then remove it by washing with tepid water. Bathe the neck with

the warm rosewater and anoint with cold cream.

Lastly, if there be any blackheads in the skin or any pimples, this is the best time to treat them. With a match or toothpick dipped into ammonia touch the blackheads one by one, with the brush touch the pimples. Or if the pimple is in the stage that immediately precedes its disappearance touch it lightly with peroxide of hydrogen and watch its building up, destroying under every night, unless that part of the head were sensitive. I would apply a good hair tonic, for instance, this:

Alcohol.....3 ounces
Castor oil.....1 ounce
Oil of bergamot, 1/2 dram (This may be used or omitted, according to taste, or a perfume you like may be substituted in suitable quantities).

Never use borax in the water for a shampoo. It is used by blondes to make their hair fairer.

This home remedy has been successfully used by some persons in arresting the turning gray of the hair:

Strong coffee.....1 cup
Table salt.....1 teaspoonful
Yes, henna is adapted to hair the color of yours. Yes, apply it thoroughly.

No. 68—How I WASH MY FACE BY Mme. Lina Cavalieri the Most Famous Living Beauty.

MME. CAVALIERI asserts to-day that washing the face is not the hasty, careless feat thoughtless mortals have supposed. She points out that there are six steps in the process of a thorough cleansing of the face, and she interestingly describes and advises these steps essential to absolute facial cleanliness.

Her theme next week will be "How to Make the Neck Beautiful."



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The Oldest Story in the World—Written 4,000 Years Ago.

THIS story was written at least four thousand years ago, and was probably old then. It was found in a papyrus roll in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. The date of the papyrus is at least 2,000 B. C. The writer probably lived in ancient Thebes of Egypt. The tale has all the earmarks of a lineage that goes back into the dimmest past. As usual, the serpent plays a leading part in it.

Argument—A certain Prince has returned safely to Egypt from a perilous voyage to the parts beyond Nubia, but cannot share the joy of his crew because upon him rests the dread duty of making a report before the Majesty of Pharaoh. An old officer, who has accompanied the Prince as bodyguard, essays in vain to hearten him by an account of a similar expedition which ended in a very different manner. The Prince, not comforted, replies in a dark saying. Said the wise bodyguard:

I will recount to thee, therefore, a like thing which happened to myself when I journeyed to a mine of the King, and sent down to the bottom of a length and forty cubits in width. Therein were one hundred and fifty sailors of the best in Egypt. They looked on the sky, they looked on the land and their hearts were stoutest than those of lions.

They forecast a storm before it had come; and foul weather when as yet it was not. The storm broke while we were upon the sea, before we could reach land. The wind arose, making a clamorous din, before we could see a wave of eight cubits. There was a piece of wood against which I struck, but the ship perished. As to those that were therein, not one of them was remaining. We cast upon an island by a wave of the sea. Three days I passed alone with my heart as my companion and I lay in the midst of a thicket, and the shadow covered me. Then I stretched both my legs to know what I should put into my

I heard a noise of thunder. I thought: "It is a wave of the sea." The trees cracked, the earth shook. Then I uncovered my face; I found that it was a serpent which was approaching. He was thirty cubits long, and his eyes were more than two cubits. His body was covered with gold, and the rings around his eyes were as real lapis lazuli. And the side was more splendid than the front. He opened his mouth to me while I was upon my stomach before him and said to me: "Who has brought thee, little one, who has brought thee? If thou hasten not to say who has brought thee to this island I give thee to know that thou shalt be in ashes, becoming somewhat that cannot be seen. Speakest thou to me? I hear it not. I am before thee, and thou knowest it not."

He took me in his mouth and bore me off to his resting place, and laid me down without harming me. I remained whole and nothing was taken from me.

He said to me: "Fear not, fear not, little one, grieve not that thou art come to me. See, God has caused thee to live. He has brought thee to this island of the Soul. There exists nothing that is not in it; it is filled with all good things. Behold, now, thou wilt spend month upon month, until thou hast fulfilled forty months within this island. Then shall come a cubit into the capital, and therein shall die that will be known to thee. Thou wilt depart with them to the capital, and thou wilt die in thine own city.

"How glad is he who relates what he has observed, having passed safely by perilous things. I will recount to thee a like matter which came to pass upon this island: Now I lived upon it with my brethren; and children were among them. We were in all seventy that day, serpents, with my children and my brethren. I make no mention to thee of a young girl brought to me by good fortune.

"A star fell, and these were consumed in the fire from it. It chanced that I was not near; they were burned, but I was not among them. I would have done for them, when I found them as a single heap of corpses. But thou, if thou be brave, and master thy heart, thou shalt embrace thy children, thou shalt kiss thy wife, thou shalt see thy house; and these

are the best of all things. Thou shalt reach the capital, and dwell therein in the midst of thy brethren."

I cast myself upon my stomach, and touched the ground before him.

"I said to him: 'I shall tell the King of thy might, and make him to be aware of thy greatness. Shall cause to be brought into thee fine oils, and choice perfumes, and the incense of the temples, whereby every God is gladdened. I shall recount what things have befallen me, and what I have seen through his might. God will be pleased for thee in the city, before the officials of the whole land."

"I shall slaughter oxen for a burnt-offering for thee, and pluck birds for thee. I shall cause to be brought to thee ships laden with all costly things of Egypt, as should be done for a God who loves men in a far country, and whom men know not."

Then he laughed at me, and at what I had said as a thing foolish in his heart. He said to me: "Ox myrrh hast thou not much; all that thou hast is but common incense. But know that I am the Prince of Arabia, and the myrrh therein is mine. And that oil which thou saidst should be brought is the chief thing of this place; thou wilt never more see this

island; it will change into waves."

I cast myself on my stomach, with my arms bent before him. And he gave me a shipload of myrrh, fine oil, divers perfumes, eye paint, the tails of giraffes, a great sack of incense, the tusks of elephants, greyhounds, monkeys, apes and all manner of good and costly things.

I loaded that ship with them. When I cast myself upon my stomach to thank him he said to me: "See, thou wilt reach the capital in two months; thou wilt embrace thy children; thou wilt grow young again at the capital, and thou wilt be buried." I went down to the shore where this ship was and called to the warriors who were in the ship. I gave praise upon

the shore to the lord of this island, and those that were in the ship did likewise.

We voyaged, sailing northward, toward the capital of the King and arrived at the capital in two months, exactly as he had said. I entered the presence of the King and took to him those gifts which I had brought to the capital from this island. He thanked me before the officials of the whole land; he was made a bodyguard and some of his slaves were given into my possession. Look on me, who reached home after what I had said and expected. Hearken to me, behold, it is good for men to hearken!

He said to me: "Do not play the wise man, my friend! Give me water to a drink, for the day before when one kilneth it in the morning."

NEWLY WED—My wife has been pestering the life out of me to get her an easy chair. She's always nagging about something, and if it isn't a chair, it'll be something else, and it's hardly worth while getting one, but still, I thought I'd drop in, so as to see what you had. She'll be sure to ask, "Furniture dealer—Here, sir, is a chair so perfectly easy and comfortable that she'll fall asleep the minute she touches it."

Newlywed—By Jove! I'll take it!

A PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY. Artist—Sir, I will guarantee to make a speaking likeness of your wife. Patron—You can't. She's dumb.

THE SAME THING. He—That new writer murders the King's English. She—How can you say so? I think his style is just killing.

ELLIPTICAL. "Our friend Jimby is very much run down just now." "What's the cause—automobiles or Spring season?"

THE KNIGHT OF THE SWAN. Tenor (conducting a lady home after a concert)—Why did you ask me to take you home? Did you consider me the bravest? Soprano—No, but I thought you could shout loudest.

Nothing New

By KENNETH HARRIS.

I VE a lively, sparkling wit. I'm a Virgin gold from mother ore—Which description you'll admit Seldom has been used before. Still the thing that ought to score Everybody seems to know. That's what makes a fellow so, Some one said that long ago.

What is called a lady-spirt I have often had in store. Waiting for a place to fit In a dress it never wore. Then the blow will fall once more. From some old facetious lore, Some one said that long ago.

Tell me what's the use of it. Some one will the past explore. Just to prove my funny bit. Had its vogue in days of yore. Born upon some distant shore, Long-dead revelers would crow "Cause she's something to adore." Some one said that long ago.

LENNOL. Still don't feign to sleep and snore. Don't assert that whiskers grow On my cheeks. That's a bore—Some one said that long ago.

BOUND TO SLIDE. Mrs. Nibs—Oh, Benjamin, as you pass the store will you order me two pounds of butter, one pound of sausage and a gallon of kerosene? Mr. Nibs—All those greasy things are bound to slip my memory.

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