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Why I Let Piggie Wear 'Em— by Polaire, the Ugliest Woman on the Stage



By Mlle. POLAIRE,
The Paris Actress Celebrated for Her "Ugliness" and Her Jewels.

CEST VRAI—it is true, monsieur. Never is it that I wear those jewel which I have of the value more than one million franc. Those jewel make sparkle the neck, the nez retrousse (the snub nose) and the large ear of ma petite cochon—of my Mimi, my little pig what live with me.

Behold, monsieur! Is it not that I cast my pearl before the swine? Attendez, Mimi! Bon, Monsieur, upon the neck of Mimi you see those pearl necklace of Polaire which cost of your dollar more as one hundred thousand. Those pearl kill me with the ennuï, mais the pig—Mimi find them adorable. You see how she smile? Recipe: to make one pig

Mlle. Polaire, Photographed with the Pet Pig She Keeps to Wear Her "Vulgar Jewels."

happy, sixty-four pearl for the neck with one diamond pendant, altogether of the value one hundred thousand dollar. For the very grand occasion Mimi have also sixteen large pearl of the value ninety thousand dollar. Bien. For the nose and the large ear and the feet Mimi—you see for yourself—have one pin with seventeen diamonds, six bracelets of ruby, diamond and pearl, four rings of diamond and two rings set with the large pearl, for which you pay on the Rue de la Paix more as fifty thousand of the American dollar.

Attendez, Mimi! Merci—allez-vous en, au boudoir!

Ah, Mimi is one good pig. It is that I shall permit the Comte de Champignons to give her for birthday present the tiera of emeralds which he have receive back from his Uncle!

Enfin. One night I go with one

hundred Mimi, with the costume decolette—terriblement.

And, behold, monsieur, this fat pig what call herself one "lady" have on her neck, her hands, her arms and on her hair the jewel of more value than Polaire and the princess and the duchess altogether!

Aha! I feel the fire in my cheek. From my neck, from my finger, from my arm, I take the jewel—the pearl, the diamond, the ruby, everything—and put it in my chatelaine. "Brava!" whisper the Comte de Champignons. "Give them to the pig!"

the Rue de la Paix one grand—what you call—"boom."

Is it not that all the beau garçon of Paris—the boulevardier, the Russian Grand Duke, les rois en exil—pay the compliment to the great Polaire to say:

"Mademoiselle, permit me the honor to place this necklace of pearl about the fat neck of your pig."

Ma petite Mimi—my sweet little fat pig which wear my jewel—if she not die too young, Polaire one day retire from the stage to keep for herself a shop for the diamond and pearl most grand on the Rue de la Paix!

Polaire and the Toy Pig Employed to Hang Her Pearls and Diamonds on When the Live One Needs Repose.



"Polaire and her Jewelled Pig promenade the Bois de Boulogne."

There, Monsieur, I get my idea. Monsieur will find a nice, fat pig for wear her jewel of the value one million franc!

On the farm of my good friend, Monsieur Sanfen, I find him—my petite Mimi. Mimi is two years of the age and more fat as the pig-woman of the Cafe la Rue. I say she shall live with me in my apartment. M. Sanfen say the pig have not yet acquire the manner of good society, but he engage M. Rossa, trainer of the animal most famous, and M. Rossa educate my pig most complete for the life in the boudoir.

In a very few week Mimi have the manner of one perfect lady. She have for herself one bath, one table service complete, one maid for the toilet, and the implements for manicure the nails. She have the little carriage which the maid push when Polaire take the air of the Bois.

For all Paris it is to laugh and make the loud cheer: "Vive Polaire! Vive Mimi, la petite cochon de Polaire!"

Monsieur, it is for the jeweler of



My Secrets of Beauty

No. 229--The Beauty of the Eyes



YOU can't be beautiful unless your eyes are, and if you want beautiful eyes you must not cry. No matter what has happened or how badly you feel, do something else, smash something, do anything, but don't cry.

I can never forget the lesson taught me when I was a little girl by one of the reigning beauties of Paris. She was almost at the end of her beauty, too, but she had a little daughter of about my age whom you would remember if I should mention her name.

I wanted to see this famous beauty at close range, and persuaded a milliner's girl to let me deliver a hat for her at the beauty's house. Some bitter disappointment had made the beauty's little daughter burst into tears. Her mother was furious, shook her and finally spanked her until at last she stopped the tears.

"Do you want to be a homely little girl?" the mother demanded. "Do you want to spoil your eyes?"

"But mother," the girl pleaded, "when I feel so badly I just have to cry or else hurt something," and she attempted to kick a kitten that was playing about.

To my astonishment the mother

said she preferred that her daughter should kill the little animal rather than dim the future sparkle of her eyes by tears.

No woman can afford to cry and yet most all of us do it. I am sure I don't know why, unless it is because we enjoy it. Men almost never cry and yet they can well afford to for man, fortunate creature, is not afflicted with the complicated, difficult and in the end unsuccessful task of being beautiful.

To be beautiful the eye should be long and deep, with a large orbit, long lashes and silky. These are the classic laws. They attributed more energy and ardor to black eyes, more of sweetness and dreaminess to blue eyes, etc.

The brilliancy of the eye has much to do with its beauty. Some Japanese eyes, though ill-formed, are most expressive on account of their brilliancy. Spanish and Circassian women, whose eyes are tapering, too close to the nose, are still considered beautiful on account of their brilliancy.

It is the pupil, that little circle through which the rays of light pass which gives vivacity and brilliancy to the eye. The most common method of heightening the effect of the eye is to blacken the eye-lashes, but I warn you against this practice which is most harmful and destroys the harmony of the eye. Sulphur of antimony is used for this purpose, but should be avoided. An-

other method, even more dangerous, is to increase the brilliancy of the pupil by putting a few drops of cocaine into the eye. It dilates the pupil, but is a baneful habit.

The toilet for the eyes is separate from that for the face. They should not be touched with the towel. They must above all not come into contact with toilet waters, soap or other toilet accessories. Hygiene is the main consideration where the eyes are concerned. To wash the eyes, use a special bit of cotton, asseptised, and then dipped into boiled water or rose water. Pass the cotton lightly over the eye-lids and the corners of the orbit. Rose water is a real specific for tired eyes. Camomile water is also recommended. But you must be careful that these waters are pure and filtered.

If the eyes are red or irritated, wash them frequently in borie water (a teaspoonful of borie acid to a glass of water). Use this water tepid, and, if necessary, put a piece of gauze dipped in the water on each eye. Tie this on with a bandage and keep it on for some time.

To avoid inflammation of the eyes do not work in a half-dark room, but with a good light, and in the day time. Artificial light, especially electric light, tires the eyes quickly and congests the lids. Do not abuse your eyes or be afraid of wearing tinted glasses in strong sunlight to protect them from the in-

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



"Wrinkles and crows' feet are formed chiefly by overstrain of the eyes."

tense reflections of white roads or water. I also advise that when out walking that you wear yellowish-maroon veils which protect and rest the eye. If your eyes feel tired consult an oculist, and get glasses which your eyes require.

I want to recommend for inflammation of the lids washing the eyes two or three times a day with the following solution, dipping bits of cotton into this solution and rubbing lightly over the eyes:

Boiled distilled water, 1 quart.
Cyanide of hydriodate 1 gramme.
Leaves of sweet marjoram and barley, with sweet butter makes a plaster that is excellent for eye-lids.

For Swollen Eye-Lids—If the eyes are swollen, light massage with the following is to be recommended:

Castor Oil.....5 grammes.
Vaseline.....5 " "
Olive oil.....5 " "
Tannin.....5-10 " "
Gallic acid.....5-10 " "

Rub this in lightly after washing with rose water. The eyes are swollen in the morning frequently when we have not slept well, or when the digestion is not good. Es-

light dinners and food not too highly seasoned. The pouches which form under the eyes are often symptomatic of rheumatic conditions. When these appear avoid all alcoholic drinks. Eat all the vegetables possible, and avoid meats.

To Efface Wrinkles and Crow's Feet—As the eyes are so very delicate it is well to massage them with great care. Massage is not only the sole method of effacing the little wrinkles which form around the eyes, but it also helps the muscles around the eye. Use only the ends of the fingers for this massage. Pass around the eye lightly after spreading some fatty body like this:

Lanolin.....35 grammes.
Mecca Balsam....5 " "
Broochieri water..15 " "

Massage twice a day for five minutes.

These wrinkles and crow's feet are formed largely by over-strain of the eye and the natural protection from glare by drawing together. Care will aid in preventing them almost altogether.

Fatigue and staying up late at night causes darkened eye-lids. When these begin to appear alter your mode of living. At the same time I advise you to use cataplasms of plantains and unctious of oil of myrtle. Lotions of camomile have a good effect, and washing with lettuce water. It is well, too, after the night washing to put a little lanolin or vaseline under the lower lid. One of the best recipes for darkened lids is this:

Distilled water....500 grammes.
Rosemary tops....30
Let this macerate for fifteen days, then add:
Rose water.....15 grammes.
Brandy.....15 " "

Wash morning and evening with this, dipping bits of cotton in it.

Had Every Time.

Smith was a constant worry to his friends. They never knew when to and when not to treat him seriously, since, as he frankly admitted, he delighted in pulling other people's legs. One day he and Brown met casually in the street, and stopped, as friends often do, to gossip for a while.

"Big blouse—that fire at the factory in Johnson street last night, wasn't it?" asked Brown.

"Yes," replied Smith; "I went down to have a look at it. And, my word, there were several mighty narrow escapes there, too!"

"Escapes!" cried Brown, excitedly. "But the morning paper said that there was no one in the building."

Smith nodded. "The firemen brought the escapes down with them. So—long, old chap!"

Not Quite Right.

A story is being told of a couple of tourists in Spain who could not speak the language, and, consequently, had some difficulty in making known their wants.

One day they came to a wayside inn and tried to obtain some meat-roses beef, for choice. But nobody could understand them.

"What are we to do?" asked one of them despairingly.

"I know," said the other, a ray of hope appearing. "I'll draw a picture of a cow. Then they'll understand."

He made a rough sketch of a cow, put a "P" beneath it, and handed it to the waiter, who instantly smiled to show that he understood, and went off to execute their order.

A few minutes later he returned with two tickets for a bull fight!