

## My Secrets of Beauty By Mme. Lina Cavalieri, The Most Famous Living Beauty

### How to Do Your Housework So It Won't Make You Ugly



"The dusting position helps the abdominal muscles."

EVERY WOMAN whose lot it is to do much housework thinks discontentedly how handsome she would be if she didn't have that work to do. Dismiss that idea, dear friends and readers of mine. Take my word that it is a mistake. Your work is not so coarsening to face and figure as athletics. It is a thousand times better than idleness, for the idle woman tends to the accumulation of surplus flesh, and to stagnant circulation, and to the vacuous mind that gives the dull expression. Housework is a beauty developer, provided it is intelligently done. The first rule of intelligence is cheerfulness. Do your work cheerfully, for

cheerfulness is the line that drives work from drudgery. The difference is not in quantity of work, but in the spirit of it. Most persons work hard, very hard. The woman you perhaps envy, the society woman, works hard keeping her engagements, ordering her house, attending to her correspondence. Frequently we read or hear of a "society leader" breaking down from overwork. Artists, actresses, prima donnas, are almost continuously busy. Life for them is a procession of duties, a constant pressing by one duty upon the heels of the others.

I will wager, my dear little housewife, that I work harder than you do, more continuously, with more unrelenting assurance that your work is not debauching. It will not make you ugly, if first you do it with cheerful interest.

Apply your intelligence to every task. Intelligence will save muscle. To use a common adage of yours, "Make the head save the heels." Conserve your strength in all that you do. Never waste an ounce of strength any more than you would throw away a ten-dollar bill. Take, for example, sweeping. I have watched housemaids sweep when I longed to box their ears for the way they did it. The common way of sweeping is the

wrong way. A woman bends the body forward, seizes the broom at arm's length from the body and uses every ounce of vitality in her sweeping. That is wrong. It is worse—it is stupid. Sweeping is work for the arms alone. Hold your shoulders back and your spine straight. Let the weight of the broom and the pressure of the resistance of carpet or floor fall upon the muscles of the arms. It will start the blood bounding through them, will rebuild wasting tissues, will round thin arms and reduce the unseemly circumference of too heavy ones. It will, in a word, do what re-established circulation always does—make the body more symmetrical. Furthermore, sweeping done in this way will not cause the shoulders to stoop nor the back to ache

nor the face to take on that strained look that follows weariness. Moreover, if the woman be overweight, it will, by causing the exercise of that little-used pair of muscles that attach the arms to the fleshy structure of the back, reduce the size of that unbecoming roll of fat that lies between her two shoulder blades.

Don't regard dusting as a bugbear. Most of it requires that you stoop from the shoulders and bend from the waist. The dusting posture makes the abdominal muscles firm and the waist pliable. The woman who does much dusting will find her hips growing firmer and the layers of fat on the abdomen gradually disappearing. But there is a right way to dust. Wear a very old corset, or one from which you have cut all the steel bands, so that you can bend with ease. Wear loose, old gloves, preferably woolen ones. They will cause your hands to perlepe, and

this will soften and whiten them. The family washing can be done in such a way that instead of it making you bent of shoulders and tired of back, it will make the waist muscles flexible and strengthen the muscles of the back. Place the tub on a platform or support so that you will have to stoop but little. Stand with your feet close together, so that your weight is evenly distributed through your body. You will not grow so tired.

Every woman rests a few minutes after the day's washing. That is a good time to rub cold cream into the water-soaked and wrinkled hands. If the skin of your hands is rather loose, that is a good time to bathe them in an astringent; for instance, this:

Witch hazel ..... 1 oz.  
Tincture of benzoin ..... 20 drops  
A few drops of any perfume  
You wish to banish soapy smell.

"Even scrubbing the floor can be made healthful."



The Wrong Way to Sweep. "Hold your shoulders back and your spine straight."

scrubbing them with old paper wrappings or, as a last resort, a knife—though it is never good for the frying pan to scrape it with a knife. But better spare the hands than the pan. Never try to scrape the pan with your finger nails. Every woman hates to thrust her hands into hot dishwater. Inventors, learning this universal truth, have

made dish mops with handles, so that the hands may escape contact with the water.

Cooking cannot be claimed as a direct beauty aid, except that it does induce perspiration. Yet the effect of the heat upon the complexion can be lessened by bathing it in the astringent lotion I have recommended in this article.

## Censors for the Stage Until People Can Control It

Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, Distinguished Social Leader, Tells Why She Would Evict All Policemen Critics and Substitute a Committee of Fifteen Drawn from Three Classes to Pass on All Plays.

By MRS. JAMES LEES LAIDLAW. THE recent closing of two theatres of the highest class in New York by a policeman was a daring infringement of the rights of the people.

One of the contentions of this republic has always been for a free press. We need a free theatre as much as we need a free press. Yet a policeman set through each of these plays, reported that he deemed them improper, and they were closed.

This in face of the fact that the playhouses, crowded with representative members of the community, voted by voice and by rising vote overwhelmingly in favor of one play as an agent for good, and that a reputable physician and a leader of the woman movement, in the audience, advocated it as such an agent. Yet the opinion of a policeman prevailed.

That fact points to the truth that, while public sentiment, the final censor in all matters of public ill or weal, is crystallizing into a standard, of good and bad plays, public good might be served by a Board of Censors. I would suggest a committee of fifteen for that purpose. The number is not large enough to permit the dominance of any one strong overruling personality. It is also large enough to permit representation of the three classes best qualified to decide whether a play is, morally speaking, good or bad.

The three classes should be equally represented, five from each. They should be social workers who have studied such subjects as that phase of vice which is honeycombing our young womanhood, white slavery, as Stanley Finch appointed as Special Commissioner for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic; Dean Sumner, who has given powerful aid in Chicago, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in New York; women from the home and school, mothers and teachers; persons of worth and experience in the production of plays. I care not who these are. Typical social workers, typical mothers and teachers, managers and producers who typify the best on the stage; from these classes the Board of Censors could be chosen who could serve the public for a few years until public opinion has clarified into conviction as to what is right and what is wrong on the stage.

Such a board might be appointed by the Mayor of a city, and act in an advisory way with the District Attorney. It could simplify that overworked official's labors by giving him the information he needed and which he might



Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw Who Advocates a Board of Stage Censor.

have neither time nor opportunity to secure for himself.

Or as a result of a general public movement the board might be appointed at a mass meeting. The Mayor might give it official sanction and the District Attorney draft his members as aids in his work of sifting the wheat of strong, helpful, artistic plays, from weak, trashy, insidiously immoral plays.

I hold no brief for any play nor any set of people associated with any play. I speak as one who wants to see humanity advance to constantly higher standards and the stage being a means for, or against, that end, according to its intent and management, I am interested in it as an incidental means to the end of betterment of conditions. I note that Mr. Samuel Untermyer has said: "We are badly in need of a public censor in this city." If that is so let it not be one policeman, but a representative body, such as I have described. Its term of service, I predict, will not be long for I have faith in the intelligence of the American citizen when he is interested.

The question of closing plays that are claimed to be on themes knowledge of which will serve the public good should not be left to the judgment of any individual on the police force.

The man of the uniform might be honest. We will assume he is. But his judgment is influenced either by ignorance or self-interest. I stand by my statement. I repeat it. His judgment would be influenced either by ignorance or self-interest.

If by ignorance, it is because he sees only that there is a "crook" on the stage and he is ostensibly, or really, the foe of crooks. His lust to arrest is stirred. Wrong is being done. Evil is committed. His acquired instinct to



Mrs. Eugene Boissevan, Formerly Inez Milholland, Who is Eligible to the Stage Committee of Fifteen.

"run in" anyone publicly seen in the act of breaking the law, even though it be a mimic law and a mimic breakage on the stage, moves him.

The policeman performs his function—sometimes—but what editor would ever employ one as a dramatic critic? Granted he is honest, his view is too limited, his equipment too slight, to permit him to successfully serve in that capacity even for a single performance. Leave him to umpire prize fights and break up Arion balls. The stage is out of his scope.

When I say he is incompetent to judge fairly a play because of self-interest I mean quite that. Self-interest is no subtle a thing, its ramifications are so far-reaching, that it requires an eye fashioned to follow labyrinths, to see to its very end. While the policeman

who sits in judgment may have no direct interest in closing or in keeping open a play, his immediate or remote superior may have. The man who put him on the force may want to please a man who once did a favor for him. Perhaps that man in the distance owns property in Chinatown that is used for the very purpose on which a play sheds overpowering light. Self-interest is behind a large majority of all human acts and the man in plain clothes or in blue uniform with buttons is not exempt.

If there be no other personal interest in suppressing one play or in closing another there is the age-old reason that he belongs to the masculine trust whose watchword has always been silence. "It isn't women's business to know such

things," says the masculine trust. "Close the play!" But it is women's business. White slavery, the forcible imprisonment of women, the placing of children's feet in wrong paths, not women's business? Then what is women's business?

Plays have been written about the white slave. I am glad that is so, for persons go to plays who have little time or inclination to read the newspapers. The warning lesson is there. If they go to the theatre they cannot escape it. Such plays show that girls and women can be kidnapped and sold into a slavery worse than that from which three years of war were needed to free the negroes.

"The so-called white slaves," says a woman, shrugging her shoulders. That woman is a good woman, a wise woman, a kind woman, but she doesn't know. Let the plays teach her, since she refuses to read the newspapers. Let her learn from the stage what the Stanley W. Finch report would tell her did she ever read his report—that every year 60,000 women disappear and are sold into slavery in the United States.

Many are as skeptical about the possibility of girls and women being kidnapped as their parents and grandparents were of brutality to the blacks. Yet I know of a young woman, the wife of a New York business man, who was stolen bodily and sold into white slavery. This woman, young and beautiful, a wife and mother, took a train from their country home in answer to her husband's telephone to join him in town and go to the theatre. He lingered a little too long at dinner and was late at the depot. He arrived in time to see a crowd of passengers walking up the platform. His wife was not among them. He asked the trainman and passengers if they had seen his wife. They said they had seen her, handsomely gowned, board the train at her home station. Two men of dark complexion, evidently foreigners, took seats immediately behind her. The conductor came through the car from the rear, and before he reached the seat occupied by the young woman, the two men quietly told him that the woman was in their charge, that they would pay her fare and he should pay no attention if she made a disturbance. The conductor, ignorant of the ways of the white slavers, and having often carried passengers to sanitariums and insane asylums, believed the story.

He accepted her fare from the men, and when she tried to pay it, ignored her. The station at which she got on the train having been closed for the night, she had been unable to buy a ticket, she explained, and offered him the money. He told her her passage had been paid for.

Doubters ask how it is possible to keep women in such lives after they have been kidnapped. This is what Stanley W. Finch, chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, the one man who knows best, says about it: "If there is one thing above another which it seems to be difficult for people generally to understand, it is with regard to the manner in which these girls are led to continue in their immoral lives and to surrender their earnings to their masters after the first physical restraint is removed.

"These creatures also frequently represent to their poor slaves, whether truthfully or not is not for me to say, that they 'stand in' with the police authorities and are able and ready at all times to protect them from arrest or to secure their release by furnishing bail or otherwise in case of arrest, provided they do their bidding. They also threaten to cause their arrest and imprisonment if these poor victims fail to do their bidding."