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"To Be Efficient a Woman Needs at Least Twelve Personal Maids," Says Gaby. Here Are Her Twelve—Each of Whose Duties Is Described in Her Article—About to Begin Her Morning Toilette.

Why the New Gospel of Efficiency Must Be Applied to Herself by Every Woman Who Wants to Succeed-- and How

Being a Woman is a Business

by Gaby Deslys

By GABY DESLYS

(The French Artistes Now Appearing at the Winter Garden, New York.)

BEFORE my sixteenth birthday I learned the greatest lesson that life can teach woman, the lesson that has made me today the most talked-of, and one of the most charming women in the world; the lesson that being a woman is a business.

In speaking of myself as one of the most charming of women, do not misunderstand me. I am not giving to myself what your American slang would call bouquets, non, non, I am only stating a fact.

I, Gaby Deslys, am self-made. I am one hundred degrees efficient because I made myself so.

To explain how I learned my lesson, how I reached my state of efficiency, I must first tell you some of my history that the world has never known. I am of a bourgeois family. I was born in Marseilles, in what the English would call the lower middle class. My father had all the prejudices of his class, and, believe me, these prejudices are deeper and narrower than any one not a Frenchman can understand!

The theatre was taboo in our home. Once in my life, when I was fifteen, I was taken to the circus, and that was as near the stage as I ever got until I went to Paris and began my fight for efficiency, charm and wealth.

The very qualities that my father inculcated in me to make me a good middleclass wife and mother are the very ones that have made me one hundred degrees efficient. To my father's sternness I owe most of my success in being a woman. No woman can make herself efficient who has not determination, pluck, application and a keen sense of duty; who is not willing to sacrifice the present pleasure for the future reward.

Even at fifteen I had great tenacity of purpose, and when I found myself facing the world I found that I needed this quality badly. Having been denied the theatre, it naturally appeared to me as the fruit most desirable, and I began to study to make myself an actress.

"Hold a mirror to face, form and mind."

Before taking up any definite branch of the drama I had a talk with myself. To speak in your American business language, I took account of stock. I was brutally frank with myself, and here is another reason for my success. I faced myself frankly. I did not deceive myself. No woman can become one hundred degrees efficient who refuses to face herself with brutal truthfulness. Hold a mirror to your face, your figure and your mind, and remember that the mirror does not lie. If you are homely in the mirror, you are homely out of it.

Picture to yourself, therefore, the little girl of fifteen holding up the mirror and studying face, figure and mind! What did the mirror show? Gray eyes, golden hair (I just missed being an ash blonde), a nose that was too long for beauty and a skin that was soft and smooth as satin and the color of roses in April. Four, I said to myself, there are hundreds of girls in Marseilles, and thousands in Paris who are prettier than thou art.

I looked at my figure. Well, nature and my mother had been very kind to me—my figure showed promise of being most graceful and even chic. But of what use is the most graceful figure in the world if one has not the clothes to dress it in? The average figure to-day is a work of art (of the corsetiere's and indolite's). But I sighed for more than my poverty. "You are petite," I said to my figure in the mirror. "You can never be great; never be a tragedienne like the great Rachel."

I looked into my mind, and what did I see? Not much of one thing, but a little of many things! For the first time in my life I realized that I could think, and I have since utilized this discovery to great advantage.

I said to myself after this discovery, "You are not a beauty and you have evidently no great talent for serious acting. What can you do?"

"I will be a music hall artiste and a charmer

of man. Beauty is not everything," I said. "It soon fades, but charm will last so long as life itself; that is, of course, if I do not grow lazy."

"Has all this work paid?" I am often asked.

"Judge for yourself," is always my answer. "Compare the little girl of fifteen and sixteen, the raw material, with the finished product, the artiste that I am to-day. I, Gaby Deslys, as I am to-day, is the answer to all questions as to the use of it all. Look at my large house in Marseilles, where always I leave four servants to keep it in order. Look at my so beautiful house five stories high in Paris, where I leave six servants. Look at my apartments here in New York, at my motor, my jewels, my gowns. See me dance, hear me sing, then ask me if efficiency pays!"

Back of all my desire to charm was another desire, and it was this second desire that I now realize made me so earnestly strive to acquire the former. When I decided that I would make myself one of the most charming women in the world, I suddenly asked myself, "Why? What do you wish to win? Wealth! Wealth was what I wanted. With wealth the whole world lies before woman. To many men wealth is in itself a charm. Therefore, I said, wealth I will have."

"Do not play at being a woman."

As I look back to the days when I had to decide what my life would be I realize that my decision to make a business of being a woman is the decision that, sooner or later, all women will make. Just so soon as women appreciate that being women means being the most desired thing in the world, just so soon as they realize that efficiency is the strongest bulwark between themselves and the world, at that moment will the weak, dawdling women stop playing at being women and work to make themselves women, in earnest. They will make a business of being women just as a man makes a business of being a banker or a tailor. I believe that efficiency will do more to solve the divorce problem than any number of laws.

There is nothing wrong in the desire to charm. Woman has always been the charmer of man from the day of creation. The desire is born when she is. It is as old as marriage and marriage is as old as time itself. Marriage is but the result of woman's charm on man. But the woman of the past was a weakly, inefficient creature. I believe that her incompetency as a woman was the original cause for divorce. Not her incompetency as a cook or a laundress, but as woman.

The future woman will simply be woman. Woman with every grace cultivated, with every charm made the most of, in other words, woman one hundred degrees efficient. Instead of woman one hundred degrees inefficient.

I know one or two men of affairs in your country. One of them, a banker, tells me that to make his great company thoroughly efficient he requires many, many men who work for him all the time, and I say I am a woman making a business of my womanhood, but I have many men and many women working all the time for me.

First, I will explain the duties of the men and women who have made, and who keep me what I am. Any woman who desires to join me on my mountain peak must have these helpers and work as hard as I have. Being an artiste, there are several aides whom the woman of a society will not need; the manager who assumes charge of all my theatrical affairs, the several stenographers and the wardrobe maids who labor only to make me efficient as an artiste.

She will need practically all the others shown on the tables below.

Woman needs every atom of her being developed to the highest degree. She needs every whisp of talent cultivated to the thousandth power in order to be the stren of all strens. She will need the twelve maids, for to them she will owe her personal beauties and charms.

The maids of bath will, no, must, give her their special care twice a day. Early in the morning, having had her hot chocolate, she will be given the perfumed bath that cleanses and makes the skin to glow and strengthens the muscles, and at night the hot milk bath will induce sleep.

Beautiful hands and nails are one of woman's greatest charms. Manicure maids will make each hand a poet's dream, each nail a pink rose petal. Arms and neck must be so carefully massaged daily to bring out their beauty. The hair, woman's glory, will be treated with such care that each strand will gleam with beauty of its own and help to ensnare fool man. It has been said that my pink toes knocked over the throne of Portugal. Had I neglected them, had they been stubby and coarse, never, never would this have been said. I made my toes what they are to-day, the prettiest in France.

The woman one hundred degrees efficient will, like myself, have her mind massaged daily as well as her body. She must learn the foreign languages. Ah, but this is of deadly importance. The woman who speaks only her own language can never be efficient. She must have any little talent she may have cultivated constantly.

Have I made plain what I did to acquire my present place in the world of charm? I do not tell you the detailed work of every one on the table, for their duties can be so easily understood.

On this list I am showing one person who, above all others, is responsible for my high degree of efficiency. He really outranks the secretary, manager and Femme de Chambre. And this important person is the habit eradicator and eradicator. He is the expert whom I employ to keep myself and my staff ever up to their best efforts.

Being intelligent enough to realize the value of efficiency, I was intelligent enough to realize that even the experts in charge of each department, as well as those under them, would unconsciously fall in bad habits, would get into ruts and thus lose time, and losing time is one of the surest proofs that one is losing efficiency. Thus the "habit man" comes for one week each month and jerks us up where we need it.

He finds me biting my lip and tells me that I will spoil the shape of my mouth. He finds my expensive secretary doing things that the very inexpensive stenographer could do, and so it goes. The forming of habits is one of the things that the woman who craves efficiency should avoid. But I do not mean that we should never do the same thing in the same way over and over again. If we did everything in a new way every time we could never acquire efficiency! I mean, that doing a thing in a certain way because we have always done it that way does not mean that that way is right! Oh, how easily I could tell you this in French. In English it is so different.

So many, many women are fifty, sixty per cent valuable, but I, Gaby Deslys, am one hundred degrees, and the world, even to dark-skinned Africa, knows my name.

Had I been content to make one hundred dollars a week I would never be known outside of Paris, but as the efficient earner of five thousand dollars a week, and as the possessor of pearls of incalculable value, I am one of the best known persons in the world. Therefore, efficiency is my religion. The business of being a woman all I live for.



Gaby Deslys' Profile, Whose Efficiency Is Maintained by One Maid, Who Has Nothing Else to Do.

Aluminum Shoes, Hats, Clothes To Defeat the High Cost of Living

HERE is hope yet for the harassed husband who stands appalled at the size of his wife's millinery bills and the other everyday bills run up in the household. It is not what we eat that costs, it is what you wear, laments the average husband, but in all this diatribe against the high cost of living and the cost of high living, a glimmer of hope is appearing in the darkness. The wearing of hats, boots and stockings made of aluminum is to be made compulsory by Congress.

Man, the head of the family, is to be released from some of the bills that come in every month to sadden his life. Some one has discovered that these metal hats can be made for a minimum price.

The great value of this metal when used for feminine garments is that it never wears out. This may seem a disadvantage to the woman who changes her gowns ten times a day and her hats every time she changes the gowns. But wait. An aluminum hat, made of the soft, pliable metal wire, can be twisted a different shape every time it is put on. And, incidentally, it will be entirely waterproof, a great advantage indeed.

Such a hat can be sold for one dollar and a half. It will last a lifetime, and will always look new. Is it any wonder that husbands all over the country are interested in the "Aluminum Bill"?

Women will object, of course, but only because they know this metal only in their kitchens. Wear a frying pan on my head? Never, the feminine supporters of the milliners cry.

Not at all, madam, explains the aluminum expert. The raw material, from which is made from the earth, is not made into your hats and boots. If it were, the cost of the everlasting hat would be thirty cents. No, the ingot metal has to be rolled out, exceedingly fine and drawn into thin, flexible threads of into twisted threads. These threads are as thin as those that form the straw braids or the woolen threads that are made up into clothes.

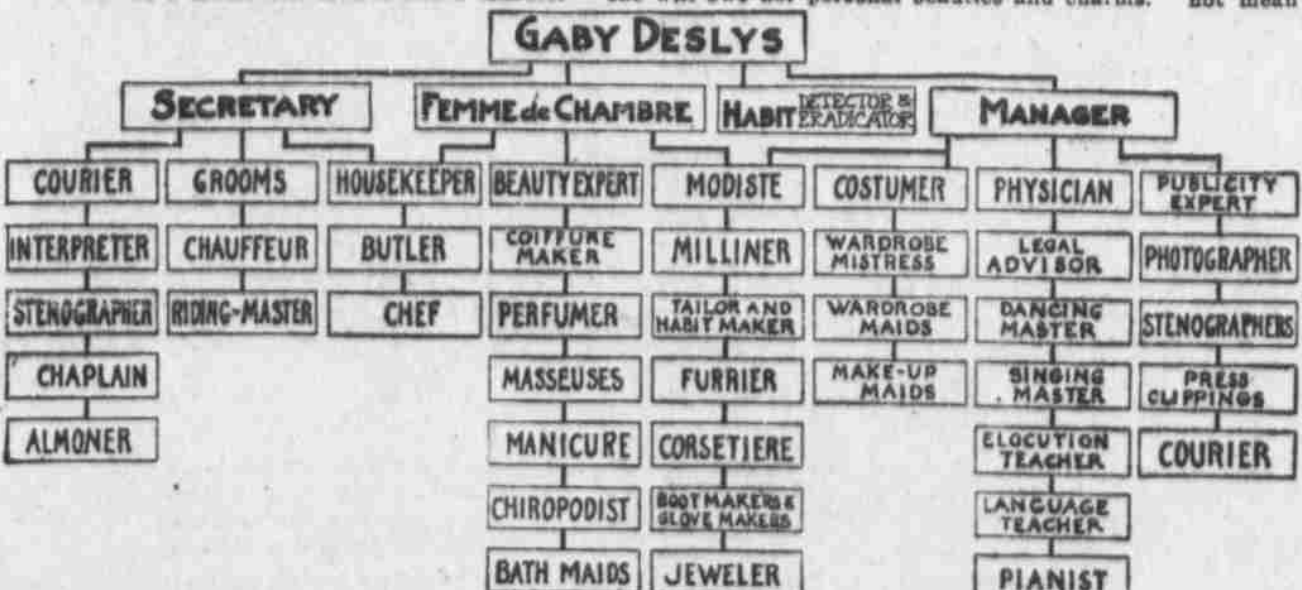
Hats made of these threads are exactly as flexible as Panama hats, and very nearly as light. They are as durable as life, and as tough as hemp. Shoes of aluminum have been proven to be worth their weight in gold, for they also wear a lifetime and are completely waterproof. When the people of this country wear aluminum shoes, ray the enthusiasts we will have no more pneumonia nor bronchitis. Hurt the feet? Not at all. The wires or threads used in boots while heavier than those used in the hats are nevertheless much softer than many of the leathers already in use. Women of wealth have worn slippers made of gold and silver metal for generations, therefore there is nothing so startling in the aluminum slipper and boot. And the metal threads can be made into just as shapely footwear as even satin and kid. Even baby's booties can be made of it.

Stockings? To be sure. They are shapely, and, of course, hole proof. The feminine sex will welcome aluminum stockings with open arms and eager hands, for they will insist that they be made for all the family—husbands and sons as well as women. They will banish the darned bag entirely.

With the passing of the hat bill, sponsored as it will be by the husbands of the country, another bill will be drafted to make the wearing of these shoes and stocking compulsory. And as in the case of the hats, the bill will stipulate that the State must provide them to all citizens of the country irrespective of their sex or income. State hats, State shoes and State stockings will be added to the ever-growing list of State rights.



Gaby Posing 100 Per Cent Efficiently in a 100 Per Cent Gown, After a Consultation with Her "Habit Eradicator."



Gaby Deslys' Efficiency Chart, Showing the Number of Persons Necessary in Making a "Woman a Successful Business."