

Copyright, 1913, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

My Secrets of Beauty

No. 217--To Be Beautiful, Keep Well--By Mme. Lina Cavalieri, The Most Famous Living Beauty.

WHEN you face your mirror and "take stock of your looks" you must see that when you are feeling best you look best, and when you look worst you are feeling worst. The conclusion is a most obvious one. To always look well keep well.

How to keep well? I am seldom ill. I have only been really ill twice in my life. That, I am sure, is not because I am of sturdy, physical stuff. On the contrary, I am of very slender figure and of small vitality. I have kept well by living according to my personal rules of health.

One which I place at the head of the list because I regard it as most important is: "Always keep the spine straight. Don't loll. The spine was not made to sit on, though dawdlers seem to think so. The man who lounges in a large easy chair with his leg thrown across the arm, in apparently comfortable attitude, his head somewhere near the middle of the back of the chair, is sitting on his spine. The woman who sits half reclining in a becoming negligee in a deck chair is sitting on her spine. The man in the chair and the woman in the negligee wonder why they are conscious of their nerves, why they have back-ache. The spine is protesting against the use to which it is put. It is a brace of the body, the keystone of the structure. We are bending and warping it when we try to twist it into a chair. Sit and stand erect. If you are too tired to do this you are tired enough to recline on a couch or bed. Even then your duty to the spine does not end. If you twist it into strange shapes while at rest you are not only injuring the spine, but deranging your entire nervous system.

Take inward air baths. Do for your body what an energetic house-keeper does for her house. You have seen such a housekeeper throw the windows wide open, and while the air is sweeping in strong currents through the room vigorously sweep and dust it? That is what we do for the body when we deeply breathe. The body of the person who never breathes deeply is like a neglected house, with dust lying thick upon its furniture. Keep your body house clean. Make deep breathing habitual. You will be rewarded by the fullness of your chest, the clearness of your skin and the light in your eyes.

Do without a meal now and then. It will be well for you to do. But never do without your daily bath. If it is only a five-minute function, a mere fastening of a rubber tube upon the faucet and turning a sharp, quick spray upon your shoulders and allowing the stream to flow down your trunk and limbs, do that. But don't allow the dust of the street, a too large part of which sifts into the home, remain on your person. It clogs the pores, causes eruptions upon the face, and is the beginning of various blood diseases, besides lowering that which we

want always at its highest, the vitality.

Sleep is more important than food. Contribute to get plenty of sleep. Never mind about the stories of Napoleon and his three or four hours. There was only one Napoleon, and he had his Waterloo. Perhaps, if he had slept more —

Keep saying to yourself when a meal is set before you: "I will eat what will nourish me, and only so much as I need for nourishment." A large slice of pie or a bowl of sweet pudding is not included in that classification. Neither is a box of candy.

Drink a great deal of water. Ask almost any person you meet if she drinks plenty of water, and she will reply, vaguely: "Oh, yes, two or three glasses a day." She would better multiply the number by five.

I do not nurse my small illnesses. I believe that mind is stronger than matter, though I do not deny the elements of matter. It is one of the elements that make up our lives. But in large measure we can dominate it. And so we can dominate our grievances. Don't hold grudges. Forget the persons who caused them. If only for your beauty's sake!

Hatred and discontent are ravagers of beauty.



Beauty Questions Answered

M. E. Writes—I am a constant reader of your articles every Sunday, and I should be very much obliged if you would help me as you help so many others. I am twenty-eight years old, and feel the cold very much. My blood does not seem to circulate at all. I have been to lots of doctors and got no relief. I also attend some gymnasium classes. As soon as I go out into the cold I start shivering and my face goes as pale as death and my nose turns so red that I look a sight. I feel ashamed to meet any one on the street. I read one of the ice treatment. Do you think it would do me any good? I have tried cold baths and had to give them up, and I did a great deal of sea bathing last summer, hoping it would help me, but as soon as I came out of the water I shivered and could not get warm again for an hour. Do help me. I feel so miserable these cold days.

The cause of slow circulation is weakness. To improve the circulation increase the vitality. To re-establish a good circulation rest more, eat more nourishing food, take regular but not violent exercise. Eat red meats. Take an egg beaten up in milk before breakfast and on retiring. Breathe deeply.

H. W. writes: "Will you please please tell me in next Sunday's paper what is the best shampoo?"

The best, because the safest, is a shampoo made of pure castile soap and warm water. Shave the soap and pour a teaspoonful of the shavings into a quart of water and let it boil down to a jelly. Keep this in a jar and use a handful or more of the soap jelly, rubbing it into the hair until the hair is clean, which you can judge by the water running from it clean. If you wish you can add at each shampoo a beaten egg and a teaspoonful of bay rum with the shampoo. The egg and bay rum add a gloss to the hair.

This is a specimen of many letters I receive:

"May I ask you to tell me in next Sunday's paper how to reduce my bust? I have tried to a number of things, but they don't seem to do any good."

Any regimen which reduces your general weight should reduce your bust. It may be slow, but it is sure and safe. Spending as much time as possible out of doors, breathing deeply, steady exercise, stopping only at the point of fatigue, less food, more water between meals, eating much acid fruit, should in time accomplish the result.

Meanwhile if you are as impatient as most beauty seekers, who foolishly expect to do the work of years in two weeks, apply loose bandages soaked in camphor water on the breast at night.

V. D. requests that I publish a formula to reduce enlarged pores.

Bath the parts frequently with strong camphor water.

PHOTO BY MISHKEN STUDIO.

Mme. Lina Cavalieri.

NO CHANGE.

THEY had parted years ago. Now, in the deepening shadows of Scotland's twilight, they met again.

"Here be the old attic, Annie," he said.

"Ay, and here be our initials that you carved, John," she replied.

The ensuing silence was only broken by the buzzing of an aviator overhead.

"Honey, I—laden memories thrilled through the twilight and flushed their glowing cheeks.

"Ah, Annie," exclaimed John, suddenly raising her fair, slim hand. "You're just as beautiful as ye ever were, an' I have never forgotten ye, my bonnie lass!"

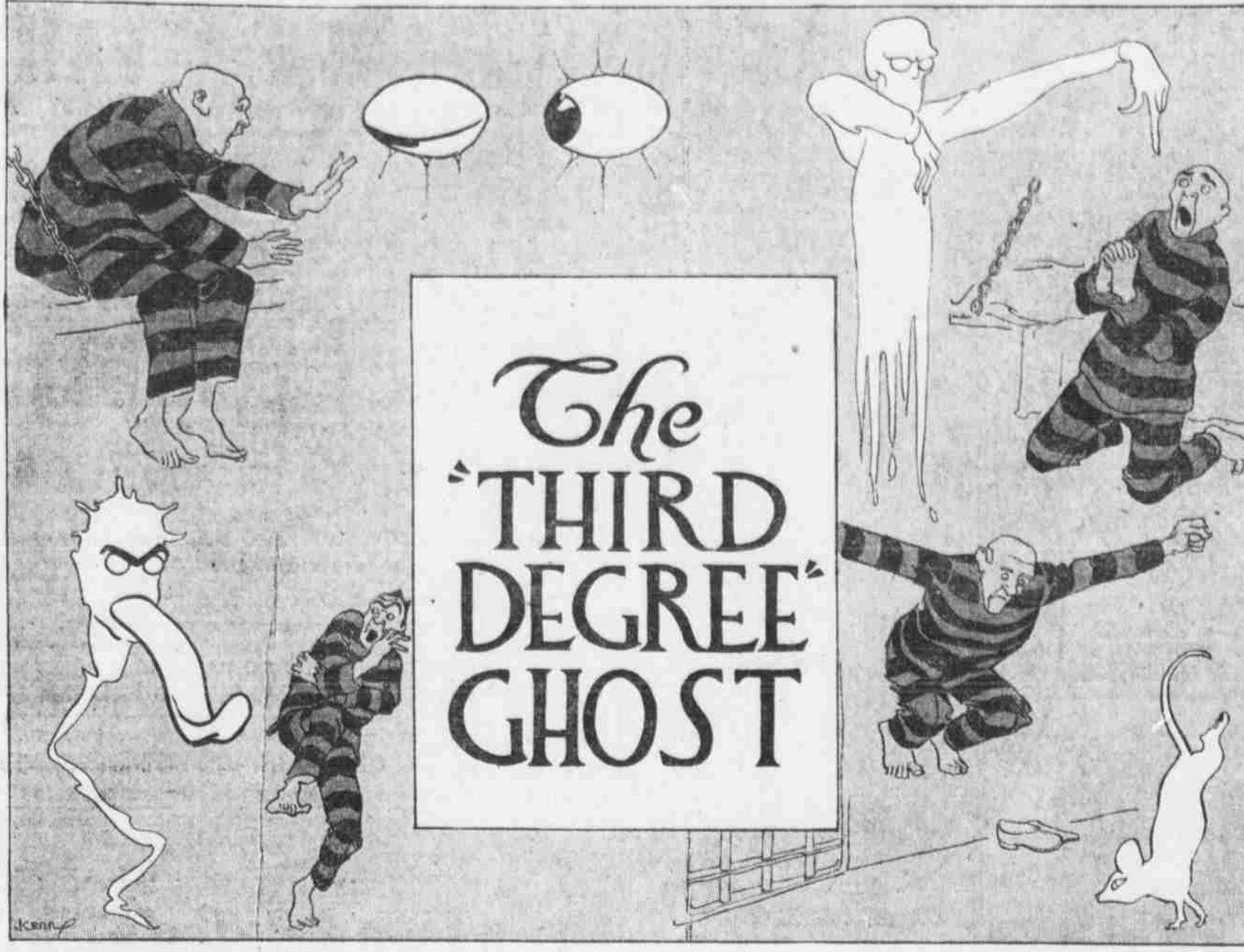
"Honey, ye John," she cried, while her blue eyes mistletoe tremulously, "are ye just as big a bear as ever, an' I believe ye list the same!"

HE HAD A REASON.

Mother—While, why do you quarrel so much with that boy next door?"

Willie—Cause he's afraid to fight!

The 'THIRD DEGREE' GHOST



Very Unusual Behavior of a "Spook" Which Persuaded Every Prisoner in an Illinois Jail to Confess Guilt and Be Sent to the Penitentiary Rather Than Receive Any More "Spiritual" Calls

Murphysboro, Ill., February 28.

FOR the first time in legal history in this country the existence of a "ghost" has been formally recognized by a court of law. A commission has been appointed by the Governor of Illinois to investigate unusual happenings at the Jackson county jail in Murphysboro, Ill., where the "spirit" of a murderer, executed seventeen years ago, is said to have the habit of making visits to the various cells and forcing, through fright, the prisoners to confess their guilt. In police parlance "the third degree" is a euphonious term for the equivalent of the ancient torture chamber.

The Murphysboro ghost is emphatically a "third degree" ghost. That there is something very peculiar about the Jackson county prison is certain. What the commission wants to find out is whether the phenomenon is super-normal and worthy of investigation by the Society for Psychical Research, or whether it is a handmade device for extorting confessions to make the conduct of justice easier for Jackson county.

The thing that brought the matter to the attention of the State authorities was the astonishing spectacle of nine prisoners—the whole catch of that term of Circuit Court—each pleading guilty to the charges against him. Investigation of the reasons brought out the story of the "ghost" and also the remarkable fact that in the past ten years twenty murderers had made confessions of guilt urged on by the same cause.

The "ghost" is supposed to be that of John F. Jones, who was hanged in the Murphysboro jail yard on Friday, May 15, 1896.

The recent confession ball was opened by Samuel Smith, a negro, who was charged with the murder of another negro, Asa Black, at Hollidayboro, November 12, 1912. The jury to try him had been secured and three witnesses for the State were examined before the Court adjourned for the night.

When the court reconvened next morning Smith's attorney arose and said: "My client wishes to plead guilty."

"Why has he changed his mind?" asked the judge.

"He would better tell you that himself, your Honor," said the attorney. Then Smith made this astonishing statement:

"The 'ghost' of John Jones came to me in my cell last night and told me if I didn't plead guilty the jury would surely find me guilty and send me to the gallows.

"After the jailer locked us in our cells," he continued, "I went to bed. The lights were out when I saw the ghost. It came through the bars



"Nobody in court could see the ghost, but every prisoner knew it was its 'spectral' hand that led them to confess."

and stood there awhile. I could see it there, all white, a tall, skinny thing with an awful long neck. Then it told me I would be hanged if I didn't plead guilty. It didn't stay very long and when it went away it just disappeared."

Asked by the Court if it had not been a dream, imagination or somebody playing a joke on him, Smith answered: "No, sir. I was wide awake when I saw it. We were all locked in our cells and the door to the cell room was locked. How could anybody get into play a joke? And how could they get in and out of my cell when it was locked?"

Asked how he knew it was the

An investigation by the representative of this newspaper resulted in the following facts:

John Jones was hanged in the jail yard in 1897. He was a tall, thin man, a stand keeper following the county fairs, and on the fair grounds at Anna, in Union county, he disagreed with a woman who had been working for him. Jones knocked the woman down and kicked and beat her to death. He took a change of venue from Union to Jackson county, was tried at Murphysboro and hanged in the yard of the jail, which had just been completed.

Prisoners began saying they saw the "spook" the night after the hanging of Jones. The sheriff and deputies at that time believed it was the overwrought imagination of the prisoners, and have always contended and now contend that the whole thing is merely superstition and imagination. There have been six sheriffs in the office since the hanging of Jones. The present sheriff, C. T. Edwards, has been in office two years. He would not tolerate the playing of a "ghost" prank on prisoners. He leaves the care of the jail to Jailer Jernigan. Mr. Jernigan says he would not permit the playing of any such prank.

The jail office is on the ground floor and the cell room is on the second floor. The cell cage is in the middle of the room, there being two rows of cells with a corridor between, and the prisoners are left in the corridor during the day and locked in separate cells at night. The iron door to the cell room is also kept locked at all hours. No one can enter the cell room without the knowledge of the jailer, as he carries the keys in his pocket.

"I lock the prisoners in their cells at 9 o'clock at night," said Jernigan. "From time to time, since I have been jailer, prisoners have told me the 'ghost' of Jones appeared in the cell room, and none ever like to occupy the cell in which Jones was kept. The prisoners are firm in their belief that the 'ghost' visits the jail, and some of them have been very badly frightened. Several times I have heard their cries and screams, and have gone to the cell room to quiet them, only to have them beg me to leave the lights turned on all night. I do not believe such a thing as a ghost."

Jesse Cochran, white, a burglar, said: "I've seen it several times. Sheriff C. T. Edwards scoffs at the 'ghost' stories and declares them to be the result of pure imagination and the seventeen-year-old legend among the prisoners of the appearance of the ghost of John Jones.

He says that three or four years ago a-trusty who was permitted to sleep outside the cage wrapped a sheet around him and frightened the prisoners in the jail at that time. But the officers have never resorted to the "ghost" plan to get confessions or pleas of guilty. Smith is the only prisoner who has ever claimed that the ghost talked to him.

Nevertheless, the remarkable fact that one murderer was frightened enough by something to stop his trial when he had a good chance of getting off, pleaded guilty and took a thirty-year sentence gladly, and the other information of scores of confessions from the same cause, have led to the investigating commission's appointment.

A REAL FREAK.

"Better send an inspector down to see what's the matter with this man's meter," said the cashier in the gas company's office to the superintendent.

"Oh," began the superintendent, "we throw complaints about the meters."

"This is no complaint. He sends checks for the amount of his bill and says its 'very reasonable.'"

NO USE FOR HIM.

"I've got you down for a couple of tickets. We're getting up a raffle for a poor man of our neighborhood."

"None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor man if I won him."

Up-to-the-Minute Jokes

The recent scenes in Belfast, born of political excitement, recall a story of Lord Charles Beresford's illustrative of past political manners in Ireland. Lord Charles was contesting Waterford in '74, when an aged elector expressed dissatisfaction with the "new style" in electioneering.

"Sure, ye're no man," he said. "The last time you was of yer family stud for the county it's up to me ankles I was in blood, and up to me brains I was in whisky; but gorry a drop of ayther I've seen this time."

On New Year's Eve in a Yorkshire town two men were carried to the hospital—victims of an explosion. One had had the misfortune to have his nasal organ blown off; the other had lost one of his ears.

The two were placed in adjacent beds, and in the morning the one minus his nose shouted to his neighbor:

"Happy New Year to thee, mate!"

"Happy new nose to thee, and mind thy own business," growled the other.

A Western musical critic thus speaks of a prima donna:

"She had, and we suppose still retains, a magnificent voice for a fox whistle. His compass was perfectly surprising. She would shake the chandelier with a wild whoop that made every man instinctively feel for his scalp, and follow it up with a roar that would shame a bassoon."

Beggar Woman—Can you help me receive my child?

Old Gent—Is your child lost?

Beggar Woman—No, no! His clothes are worn out.

At a trial in court when the witness in the box was being subjected to a merciless cross-examination, in answering one question the witness nodded. Whereupon the court stenographer, who was crowding the limit to get it all and could not see the witness, at once demanded: "Answer that question," to which the witness replied:

"I did answer it; I nodded my head."

The stenographer, without a moment's hesitation, came right back with: "Well, I heard it rattle, but could not tell whether it was up and down or from side to side."

Perturbed Diner—What on earth is the matter with you this evening, waiter? First you give me the fish and now you give me the soup?

Waiter (confidentially)—Well, to tell the truth, sir; it was 'high time you 'ad that fish.

A wealthy gentleman, who owns a country seat, on one occasion nearly lost his mother-in-law, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them—an old bachelor—wrote as follows: "It always told you that river was too shallow."

With hated breath the mother rushed across the football field to the emergency hospital. "What tidings," she faltered, "of my son?"

They looked upon her with compassion. "Well, you see," explained the captain of the team, "he lost his head when we tried the flying wedge."

Striking wildly, she sank to the floor. They told me it was only a broken head.