

The TWELVE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN AMERICA

By *Antoinette Dorothy*

NEW YORK—Scene: Miss Elsie Janis' apartment in the West 8th, just off the avenue. Hour: Five fifty-five. Appointment was at six. I getting impatient, worried. Enter the efficient colored maid who has been faithful to her young mistress for nearly fifteen years to assure me Miss Janis would be along presently; that she was held up after the matinee by Father Kelly, who sought her cooperation in eliminating from the bill a feature which he believed to be destructive to the morals of the young boys whose welfare is his mission in life.

His name being Kelly and mine a Hmerick, too, I resignedly waived my rights to the next half hour and set back to enjoy the interesting apartment which is done in pure Japanese—table, chairs, cushions, writing desk, prints on the wall, everything—when in came the "best loved actress in America" with her mother, f. anky spoliotic for the delay. I don't mind saying right here I would wait an hour any time, even a half day, if necessary, for a duplicate hour such as the next afforded me.

Elsie Janis is in language colloquial rather than Websterish a perfect peach. Some sage said that the impression which every degree and modification of beauty make on mankind has as a fundamental rule their sentiment. While Elsie, measured according to exacting rudiments of beauty, might not qualify as one of the great, yet she has bestrode that fundamental rule in more hearts than any other woman in America. There are many qualities of beauty she may take a bow on. Her mouth, her smile, and her rarely beautiful teeth, so white and a personality which has no duplicate.

She exudes such an atmosphere of buoyancy, good spirits, health, enthusiasm, youth as to send you out into the cold world wondering what you were kicking about anyway. If that isn't beauty, what is? Isn't a woman to be numbered among the most beautiful who at the most calamitous moment known to history put a smile and courage into the hearts of hundreds of thousands of men?

"Miss" said a great general to her at the time, "when you first came to France some one said you were more valuable than a regiment; then someone raised it to a division, but I want to tell you that if you can give our men the sort of happiness you are giving, you are worth an army corps."

Has any other American girl won so fine a compliment?

Or, the touching tribute paid her by the stricken soldier with an arm gone and a badly mangled body: "It might have been worse. It might have been my eyes and then I wouldn't have had a sight of you."

She is like a bracing, brilliant, sunny morning, a tonic for every kind of spirit, depressed, lonely, bleak, hair, or indifferent. And what higher tribute may you pay to beauty than that?

In the years I have been in this work and meeting public persons I have never left the presence of the interviewed with the sense of warmth and sheer joy of living that this wonderful girl imparted.

She is wholesome, sensible and right. And don't you think she is not an optical enjoyment calculated to tickle the most experienced eye. She is. She has expression, the most perfect mouth and teeth, lovely brown hair and big brown eyes with a laugh in them, than which nothing more flattering may be said of eyes of any hue. And she has a figure that any girl from 15 to 50 would give the world to own.

She is the Miss Princess of the beauty stage. In a play of that name she made one of her biggest hits. It is one of her biggest hits on the beauty stage.

"What are you going to do with me?" she queries.

"When I told her I was going to list her as one of my favorites among twelve beautiful women, she roared: 'Ho, ho, ho, ho! That's the funniest line yet. I've been accused of everything—but that, and not a thing to be listed among the great American daily dopes. That's funny. Ought to get a great laugh, that ought!'"

"Well," I said, "you are the youngest looking thing."

"Ah, there you go," she said, "Every day some one comes along who says: 'Lemme see, I saw you exactly eight-five years ago, and you must have been 25 then, at least. I made my first public appearance at the ripe old age of 2, and was only 14 when I was started. But women who were 25 or 25 or more then come dragging a whole



MISS ELSIE JANIS.

family along and wonder why I haven't applied for admission at some old lady's home. In the intervening years a woman could get quite a family together."

"But I let that go in one ear and out the other. I don't see why I should think of getting old, and I don't intend to. O, perhaps years hence I'll change my mind. In the meantime, there's a lot of the joy of living to be picked up yet."

"That's funny about my face," she said, when I commented on there being no lines. "I see girls four or five years younger than I with lines. I have come to the conclusion it must be because I have kept the muscles exercised making faces. Seriously, though, now what else could it be? It is reasonable to believe the muscles of the face have to be exercised just as well as any part of the body, isn't it? Outside of scrubbing it with soap and water, scrubbing till it shines, and rubbing cocoa butter on it because I love the smell of it, I don't give it any care. No, I never get massages. I couldn't sit still long enough for that. I did go once and it struck me so silly the way they kept putting me and dabbling things on. And then they kept telling me that poor old face of mine. I got discouraged and took it right back home and haven't let it into a massage parlor since." However, in the course of her work, her face does get a certain amount of massage daily when applying the cold cream for removing makeup. Miss Janis said she did not use grease paint, though, because she thinks it might have a tendency to enlarge the pores, particularly in hot weather, when the sweat glands are open. She uses cold cream as substitute.

"Discussing beauty in general, Miss Janis said she associated it with a certain repose, when it could be dissected feature by feature and nothing found wanting."

"If I were ordering my own pattern I'd have a beautifully arched brow, a cupid's bow mouth, and long, sweeping lashes, which I am crazy about. I don't think any one can be beautiful without them. The obvious beauty I like, like Jessie Bell in the Folies. Well, you can be disguised by a wonderful smile. And charm—there's only Elsie Barrymore, who is physically very beautiful, yet when you are with her it is her tremendous charm which dominates you. I guess beauty is a pretty hard thing to define, isn't it?"

"I don't like a set expression, such as you see girls wear an entire evening on a dance floor. Looks as if they weren't having a good time. 'You can take a bow on the smile yourself.' I remembered whitehead's. 'And I never saw more perfect lips.'"

"Well, I do take pride in them," she said, modestly. "I want to hang on to them. I scrub them until the dentist told me the other day I'd scrub them away. If I eat between meals I get out the toothbrush. And I do scrub them for dear life at night, round and round in all the crevices and corners. Then I go to the dentist every three months. Just once I had trouble and that was in France, when I used brush to get them so about eight months."

"Have you any little dirty dozen of your own to keep that seventeen year figure of yours?" I asked.

"I have exercised all my life. I swim, play golf, tennis, and then I keep on the move. I like to be up and doing. It's a sad waste, because I feel more who come down to Tarrytown with the intention of being around. We do the kind of exercise down there for play that a lot of girls I know went to a woman and paid her \$50 an hour to learn. Maybe you'd call it roughhouse, but it isn't any bunk like saying \$50 an hour. I guess I am just naturally active—a whole sermon, by the way, in preserving the lines of youth."

Speaking colloquially again, there is no buck about this girl. While she talked actively, she practiced it. When something was to be brought, the maid was not pressed into service. She got up quickly and got it. Another valuable hint on figure retaining.

"I don't suppose I'm much inclined to be fat, but I do know if I sit writing four or five days I feel more crowded than when I'm moving around."

"The lack of fat did not impress me as much as the hardness of the muscles, the erect form, the buoyant health and the quick spring to her movements, qualities that many slender girls have not, simply because they are not active muscularly."

There is a rare enthusiasm which adds a big figure in the column of Miss Janis' beauty assets. Informed on everything, interested in other people's work.

"My, but your work must be interesting!" she said to me. "I'd love it." She has written a couple of books, any number of songs, and a few scenarios, also a number of magazine articles. Generous, too, in her observations on the work of girls in the profession and on their beauty.

"How about clothes?" I said.

"Ah, how you have me. Now I don't have me where I stand alone and unexcelled. Laurette Taylor used to say she and I were the two worst dressed girls on the stage. But here lately Laurette went and got herself all stylished up and left me all glory."

"I wouldn't pay \$100 for the best dress on earth," she said after telling me she also buys her clothes where she can get them reasonable. "I am too much of a housewife for that. Ah, but I did fall from grace once. Yes, I did. My husband lured me into her establishment over there last year, installed me, showing everything, as models, and out of shame or false pride or without seamanship before which I was struck down in battle I paid a thousand francs for a dress which I haven't worn three times. Never again. I think it's ridiculous."

Answers to Beauty Queries.

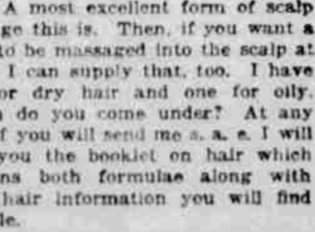
A. M. M. THE DRY TONIC FOR skin and what's going to get the right kind of food and enough exercise in your day to make it possible to digest that food. You just cannot sit down and drink quarts of milk and chocolate milk drinks and gorge yourself at table. You must get your exercise through a sort of training for the body which builds. At the same time you have to supply fruits and

vegetables, and perhaps take mineral oils if there is a tendency to constipation, which often occurs when one changes to a fattening diet. But please send me a. a. c., because I have this weight gaining subject outlined clearly in a pamphlet to which you are welcome.

MRS. L. B. A MUDDY AND blotched skin is the result of poor circulation and digestive disturbance—a lowered tone to the whole system, which must be corrected by the right foods, more fresh air, more muscular activity, etc. But please send stamped addressed envelope for booklet covering the subject, advising of foods to eat and rules of hygiene to follow in order to accomplish a clear, rosy complexion.

SAVY WE: WHAT TO MAKE THE hair grow faster? Brushing it morning and night is a most excellent home remedy—brushing until the scalp tingles. A most excellent form of scalp massage this is. Then, if you want a tonic to be massaged into the scalp at night, I can supply that, too. I have one for dry hair and one for oily. Which do you come under? At any rate, if you will send me a. a. I will send you the booklet on hair which contains both formulae along with other hair information you will find valuable.

ETIQUETTE TIPS.



The proper selection and seating of guests is essential in entertaining. Two great talents should not be seated next each other. A talker and a listener is a happier arrangement.



A man does not have to jump up for every stranger woman who approaches him. If one acknowledges him a gentleman will rise at an awkward time.

FARM AND GARDEN

Wisconsin Leads Accredited Herd Work of Nation

This is the third of a series of articles on Wisconsin's progress in dairying and the strides farmers in that state have made in their campaign to eradicate tuberculosis from herds.

By Frank Ridgway.

NOTHING has added more impetus to the war against tuberculosis than the accredited herd plan fostered by the United States and state governments. Proof of its value is to be found in the fact that while it is only seven years old, there are more than 40,000 cattle on the accredited list today. Of the states operating the system Wisconsin stands in the lead.

"Accredited herd work was the first method to give breeders full credit for efforts to eliminate infected cattle and maintain a healthy herd," says Dr. James S. Healy, inspector in charge of the state-federal system in Wisconsin. "Before the plan was introduced the man who found tubercular cattle in his herd was handicapped in selling his stock. Since it is evident that the man who tests is doing all he can to keep his herd clean, he deserves advantages over the man who does not."

Making Eradication Worth While.

It was an important step in tuberculosis eradication when in 1915 Wisconsin introduced the accredited herd certificate. Within two years the state had fully accredited sixty-five herds. The plan was then adopted by the United States department of agriculture and the United States Live Stock Sanitary board in Chicago.

Various cattle buying states had passed laws forbidding the admittance of cattle not tested from selling states. At the time live stock men appealed to federal and state officials for protection against the inroads of tuberculosis, the test had been going on for years, but there was no recognized national effort to protect cattle buyers or the men who were testing. Now this condition has been relieved to such extent that cattle on the accredited list can be moved from one state to another without restriction. It is serving to free pure breeds of infected members and is making eradication worth while. It is purely voluntary and is creating sentiment in favor of the test in all parts of the country.

Federal Aid Gives Confidence.

Pure breeders endorsed the plan from its beginning in 1917, and the demand to admit grade cattle was soon made by farmers who had no registered animals. A farmer who has at least one pure bred female and a pure bred bull may have his cattle tested.

"The advent of the federal government gave impetus to the work because of the confidence it inspired



GREATEST COW EAST OF ROCKY MOUNTAINS—This famous Holstein-Friesian cow, Kairain Marion Fiedner, has just finished her 363-day record, producing 35,537 pounds of milk and 1,578.38 pounds of butter, which makes her the side of the Rockies and second highest in the world. She is owned by A. H. Loeb, Okla., owner of Loeb farms, Charlevoix, Mich. Ernest G. Loeb, one of the managers of the farm, and his wife are shown in the picture with Marion, taken at the farm on the shore of Pine Lake soon after the record was completed, a few days ago.

and because a limited amount of free testing was provided as a stimulus" says C. P. Norward, agricultural commissioner of Wisconsin.

On Oct. 1 there were 1,342 accredited herds on Wisconsin's list, representing 41,556 head of cattle; 54,293 cattle passed one test, and 138,893 are under supervision.

Publish Tested List.

In pointing out the advantages of the state-federal action, Dr. Healy says the farmer is given the privilege of shipping cattle interstate by testing his herd once a year after the certificate has been issued. All accredited and once tested herds are listed in a bulletin published jointly every three months by the federal and state governments. It goes to agricultural colleges, live stock exchanges, breeder associations, live stock sanitarians, and to farmers who apply to the agricultural department at Madison, Wis.

Buyers invariably ask for cattle under state-federal supervision, according to the inspector. Another advantage is that a certificate is issued as soon as cattle have passed two annual or three semi-annual tuberculin tests. Every farmer has good reasons for being proud of such a document.

Federal-State Cooperation.

Wisconsin laws have been modified to fit the federal indemnity law so that a true, cooperative, fifty-fifty program could be followed. Together the federal government and the state pay the farmer one-half the difference between the appraised value and the salvage after the freight charges have been deducted, with the limits of \$90 for pure breeds and \$40 for grades. For example, if the animal is appraised at \$60 and the salvage is \$40, the state and federal governments together pay one-half, or \$20. They also pay the federal inspector on an equal basis. Reactors must

be slaughtered within thirty days after being appraised. To maintain an accredited herd all a farmer must do is to have his cattle tested once a year by an accredited veterinarian, who may be a local man. If on the government's approved list, he holds a certificate and is authorized to test for export to Canada and foreign countries.

POULTRY TIPS

Chinese eggs are apparently causing little or no worry among poultrymen in this country because of the tariff and prohibitive legislation. Fresh laid eggs will have a chance to sell at a good price, and poultrymen can afford to double their efforts in trying to find good laying flocks that suit the needs of their layers' appetites.

For many years egg producers have realized the value of feeding sour milk to their chickens, and now the Missouri station has been running tests that prove the value of this protein feed. The best egg records were made where hens were fed sour milk as a supplement to the regular ration of grain. Tankage ranked next to sour milk as a protein supplement. Bran, shorts, and corn meal, vegetable parls, and a limited amount of grain as scratch feed was the mixture used.

This has been an exceptionally favorable fall for chickens to get in the habit of roosting outdoors, especially this year's pullets and cockerels. It's time to do away with all outdoor roosting places wherever possible, and drive the birds out of trees to indoor perches. It takes more feed to keep the birds in good condition if they roost outdoors in cold weather, and the egg production is usually held in check until the birds are forced to roost inside.

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MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

She Only Turned and Fled.

The only girl in a family of boys is naturally more or less of a tomboy. I played with my brothers continually and indulged in every form of labor connected with farm life despite the efforts of my mother to cultivate in me those so-called ladylike attributes.

One day my brothers were engaged in the absorbing occupation of tearing a stream. In turn they stood on the edge of a bank above a deep creek, and by throwing their bodies in various contortions and emitting a series of throaty vowels meant to be war whoops so infuriated the animal that he charged straight at the offender, determined to hurl him over the bank. At the crucial moment the teaser would jump aside and the poor old sheep would splash into the water below.

When the boys dared me to imitate their actions, I didn't hesitate but grasped my gingham skirts determinedly and sought to surpass my predecessors in variety and volume of sound. Either I miscalculated distance or someone was getting wiser, for after violent contact with an extremely hard object I found myself struggling in the water, amid the delighted shouts of my unsympathetic brothers.

But another punishment was held in trust for me. While attempting to creep into the house unseen I came face to face with some callers from town. Among them was the girl whose name had always been held before me as a paragon—the graceful, ladylike creature I should aspire to be. The encounter was so embarrassing that I merely turned and fled.

Checking Up on Him.

I invited my brother, his wife and son to visit us. Wilbur, the son, was about 16 years of age, and like most boys his capacity for food was unlimited. He would often eat for a third serving, and his parents, feeling that some time he would embarrass them by this, tried to teach him to curb his appetite.

His mother was not quite sure just how much of an impression the talks were making on the young man, but she was soon to know.

While they were with us a tennis tournament was in progress, and a friend of theirs was one of the contestants. I asked him to dinner one evening, and he said he would be pleased to accept, but was trying to live up to the strict regulations to eat but one full meal a day, which was after the game, and he was usually exceedingly hungry by that time. I assured him that I would be quite all right.

At dinner brother passed the rolls a third time, the guest taking one. Wilbur opened his eye.

"Well, that's all right," what do you know about that? That's the third time he's had his rolls!" I said.

Walked Right Out Again.

While I was walking home one evening I suddenly became conscious of a crowd. I reached into my pocket for a coin, which was all I had. I went back a couple of steps to get my pocketbook as usual. When I got back

fat, smiling man behind the counter. "Give me a good 5 cent cigar," said I.

Thereupon the clerk smiled and said, "The cheapest cigar we have is 7 cents."

He Knew the Place.

One day while buying my little boy an overcoat he tried to persuade me to get him some overalls.

"Why do you don't overalls, son?" I said.

"Well, I could put them on and go under our couch!" he said.

Several people in the store began to laugh.

Improving the Hours.

I am in the habit of doing quite a bit of sewing for myself during my spare time in the office. The boss went out of town for a few days and I brought down some curtains to sew.

After I had them finished I put them on a large roller and hung them up on two nails, the same as I would do on curtain rods, to see if they were straight.

I turned around to find the boss had come in early. I shall never forget the grin on that man's face.

Rivalry.

I was taking vocal lessons and went to a nearby city to attend a concert. At the concert selections was a song, one of my favorites, which I was then studying. While it was being sung I was entirely unconscious of everything. I awoke with a start when I realized that I had taken the high note with the singer, and every one was laughing at me.

Doris Blake's Answers to Love Problems

It Requires Tact.

"Dear Miss Blake: I have a boy friend whom I admire immensely. As he is bashful, kindly tell me how I can encourage his attentions without seeming too forward. I am 17."

All a Poor Girl Can Do.

"Dear Miss Blake: I love a fellow dearly, but he does not seem to notice it. How can I show him I love him? And how can I find out if he loves me? Please, dear Miss Blake, answer me."

He is the Only One who can make you believe he loves you, dear. Perhaps if you made him acquainted with your deep feelings for him, it would do you an ill turn. It often does work out that way. About all a poor girl can do when she loves like that is to hope. O, yes, and keep herself looking her prettiest and acting her best when he is about and slipping him a word now and then about what a wonderful chap he is, not too brazen, although men appear to withstand a generosity of dose of flattery coming from worshipping lips.

Frank Young Person.

"Dear Miss Blake: We are two girls and come to you for advice. We have been going steady with two fellows for about six months. Just lately they told us they didn't expect to go out so often as they used to, as they intend to go out with other girls. They said we could go out with other fellows, which we do not intend to do, as we love them too much to give up. Now, Miss Blake, will you please tell us what we should do, as they said they will take us out again, but not so often as before? We also want to know if they still care for us, as they told us they did. How are you?"

Dear Miss Blake: I have had a little trouble and I thought that probably you would print this in the paper so that I could know what to do.

I want with a girl about a year ago, when I was bashful. She told me I better not see her any more, I suppose it was because I was so bashful that she told me that.

Now, I am much in love with this girl and would like to know if it would be all right if I wrote and asked her if I could call, as I am sure my bashfulness now. Please advise me, Miss Blake, as I love her so.

Yes, Johnny, write to her. There's no harm in doing it any way. Better write your fate right off. If she does not answer you, well, that's in your hands. Write as usual. Who else can we help?

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The Queerest Boss I Ever Had

As if She Didn't Know.

My boss used to tell me the punctuation of the letters which he dictated. After every paragraph he would, with his left hand, open the top drawer of his desk, take out the always present package of tobacco, make a cigarette, smoke exactly three puffs, and away went the cigarette. Then he'd jump up from his chair, walk to the window, and after looking out for a few moments, turn back to his desk, and say, "Well, now I want you to go and get me a package of ten cigarettes each time to be delivered, which, thank goodness, was only once a day."

Strange I thought.

The question now I've had was one who always looked out strange and unusual ways of traveling, but never used them. One time he had to go to Cincinnati and spent days planning to go first to St. Louis, and then by steamship down the Mississippi river to Chicago, then by another boat up the Ohio to Cincinnati. He spent so much time figuring that he had hardly time to travel direct on a fast train. Another time he had to go to Indianapolis and he planned to go by lake steamer to St. Joseph, thence by trailer to Chicago, by another trailer to Peru, by another trailer to Kokomo, and by a fourth trailer to Indianapolis, or some such absurdity as he traveled by