

The TWELVE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN AMERICA

By *Antoinette Donnelly*

NEW YORK.—Miss Frances Fairchild, daughter of Mr. John Fairchild of New York and Southampton, L. I., is another divinely tall and rarely beautiful girl. She tends to make of you a David singing psalms of praise of the modern young woman. For some time she has been to find yourself curiously baffled at trying to picture a de luxe type of American girlhood, I should recommend this irresistible, independent, self-reliant, democratic girl. In her you have a combination of extreme beauty, a wholesome disregard for the hampering conventions of the society life in which she has been reared, and a keen desire to be a useful member of the community, best illustrated by the position she occupies in the business world of buyer for the gift department in Hearns' department store, this city. And, he it registered, she started in as a clerk in the department, following her activities in war work.

Eighth Article: Miss Frances Fairchild



Light brown hair, with a graceful wave; eyebrows natural; a healthy color in her cheeks; eyes rarely soft and kind.

At the Blue Bird Ball given in New York on Dec. 26, 1919, in honor of Maeterlinck.

Miss Frances Fairchild as sergeant in the Women's motor corps during the war.

Her name is registered beneath that of her mother in the society blue book. Her great-grandparents were pioneers of New Hampshire. Her mother, the daughter of Frances Houston, the artist, occupied a prominent social position in Boston before coming to New York, where her name is listed along with the Goolds, Astors, Tiffanys, Vanderbilts, in the doings of the social world.

Miss Frances' self-reliant and fine physical qualities are inherent. Her mother, a remarkably picturesque beauty, was left a widow some few years ago with three small children to provide for. She followed the hobby of her childhood and became a photographer with rather phenomenal success, due to the unusually artistic effects she was able to produce. They say of her: "She takes society's photographs in the morning and dines with it at night."

Since Miss Frances' debut a couple of years ago, when she was acknowledged the most beautiful debutante of the season, no ball or pageant of social importance has considered successful without her presence.

During the war she was known as the Society Poster Girl. Her pictures, with which you are undoubtedly familiar, netted thousands and thousands of dollars for charitable and patriotic purposes. The best known poster, perhaps, was the replica of the statue of Liberty, entitled "Liberty Points the Way." "The Salvation Army Lass" used in the Salvation Army \$10,000,000 drive and the Joan of Arc poster used in the Red Cross drive were other contributions of her beauty to noble causes. In every city, town, and hamlet of the United States, and even in Uncle Sam's far insular possessions, her compelling features looked at the millions, and opened up fat purses again and again until they were lean and the war had been won.

She served during the war as a lieutenant in the women's motor corps with the efficiency of a trained army man. I am told also with the efficiency of a graduate chamber mechanic. Compare her with the weeping, fainting Louisa of a few generations back, once the type of feminine virtue and decorum, and be glad of Louisa's wholesome demise. Compare her with the embryonic state of this fine new type, the society girl trying to kick free of her swaddling clothes making her first movements awkward and meaningless. And then sing your panegyrics for the fully developed, capable, self-reliant and highly decorative Miss Frances Fairchild.

There is something unusually fine about the girl who might have had a career as bright as the flight of a butterfly, who has had repeated offers from motion picture people, to enter the ranks of the working woman and become a useful member of society, don't you agree? That something shows in her face, in her beautiful, beautiful eyes, which look out upon a world of interest, of sympathy, of understanding. A girl who was chosen by the Prince of Wales for several dances at Mrs. Whitehead's ball for the distinguished guest, reporting in promptly at 8:45 mornings and out at 8 p. m., uniformly according to store regulations in black or dark blue, and worked enthusiastically alongside girls whose glances into her social life is

necessarily confined to news items and society editors' reports.

Miss Fairchild was born in Boston, educated at Miss Falkner's school at Dedham, Mass., and at a school in Paris. She, like the other two beautiful American women, Dolores and Miss Julia Hoyt, is 5 feet 9 1/2 inches, that slender, willow form that inspires dress artists to their finest creations.

Light brown hair, with a graceful wave, eyebrows natural as her manner, a healthy color in her cheeks, and eyes with a rare lovely softness and kindness.

"Do you find it hard piling out in the mornings?" I asked her. "No, why should I? I've always been an early riser. Besides I love working and there are an awful lot of girls down there," she answered, as I expected she would.

No hint of patronizing there. Just one of them in the spirit of the work. "I got awfully tired of the monotony of teas and luncheons and bridge. I feel as if I am doing something now."

"Yes, I love to dance," she answered me. "Now, of course, I can't go only once in a while, not every night as I used to, and I enjoy it so much more. If I work every day, I can't go out so often at night. At the

end of the week I can indulge, and then at the beginning I pick and choose. But during the week I have to get to bed early.

"I am disgracefully healthy, anyway," she said. "I must have been just born that way. I never seem to get any popular aches and pains." "I've always been pretty much of an outdoor person, too. Riding, swimming, tennis, and so on. I guess that's why I'm so abominably healthy."

"How about offsetting the confining work at the store?" I asked her. "Well, of course, during the summer, we have all day off Saturday and that gives me a chance at the country and all the fresh air that goes with it. During the day I often have a chance to get out and around to the wholesale places. That gives me considerable exercise. You see I am awfully anxious to build up the department. I want to make it one of the very best in town."

Of course, one does not expect to extract recipes for magic beauty potions from a girl in her early twenties. The very best recipe she can offer is just that Miss Fairchild unconsciously gives—a purpose in life, and interest which destroys too much thought of self. For the thought of self destroys magnetism. It is the grave in which it buries itself.

She has abundant vitality. No weary dragging of herself about. She enjoys life and shows that she does. A sincere smile, not just the flash of an eye or a show of teeth. There is charm in her independent movement, her tactful speech, and in her deep interest in what others are doing. A genuinely wholesome, capable beauty hers.

"Have many people told you you look like Maxine Elliott did years ago?"

"Yes, but more people tell me I look like Elsie Janis, which I like, because I think she is such a peach of a girl." She is a combination of both, with Maxine's statuesque physical perfection and Elsie's rare charm of oblit-

eration of self, her enthusiasms, and vitality.

Being tall, Miss Fairchild runs to the simple lines in dress, with a decided preference for black and white. But the dress topic was brushed aside as one not of the most absorbing moment. This surprising girl, whose beauty has attracted so many flattering eulogies from artists, photographers, and the discriminating laity as to turn an older woman's head, diffuses the healthiest color of genuine niceness as to make the occasion of meeting and talking with her one of the real pleasures of the beauty exploring cruise I am on.

Answers to Beauty Queries.
MRS. J.: THE COLD WEATHER does bring on a number of irritations, doesn't it? You stay indoors more—undoubtedly in rooms which lack moisture—and that often makes a sensitive skin more so. The following cream is excellent for such skin irritation. Apply at night before retiring: Two parts lanoline, one part boroglyceride, six parts cold cream made with white vaseline.

SNOWBALL: PLAIN YELLOW vaseline and a tiny eyebrow brush are what you need for the pale shapeless brows; also a certain amount of persistence and patience. It requires quite a bit of time to grow them, but if anything will do it, the daily or twice daily application of vaseline with a tiny brush will. As you apply the vaseline train the brows into shape with the brush. Do not look for results in a week or ten days. It takes months, really.

ALICE: LIGHTWEIGHT switches are not damaging if kept clean by frequent washings with soap. The trouble is, most people neglect the switches terribly, peeling hanging them up to air or washing them frequently.

DICK: BREATHING THROUGH the mouth will make thick lips. Correct the habit at once, for if not only makes the lips thick but is bad for the health. Biting the lips would also make them coarse and thick.

C. N.: IF YOU SUFFER FROM cold feet, you may be sure it is caused by poor circulation. Foot and ankle exercises will help greatly to stimulate the circulation. Stretch the toes down to the extreme limit, then work the feet up and down vigorously several times. Again shake them from the ankles, as you do the hand from the wrist in deactivating it. Walk and exercise to stimulate the general circulation.

MICKY: A SALT BATH IS AN excellent nerve tonic and is especially beneficial to those suffering from insomnia.

ETIQUETTE TIPS

In a formal invitation to dinner or luncheon, where written instead of engraved, the wording and spacing must follow the engraved model as:

Mr. & Mrs. Bryant Simmons request the pleasure of Mrs. & Mrs. Thomas Rice's company at dinner on Wednesday the fifth of November at seven thirty o'clock.

Miss Sally Jones

The cards of a young girl past 16 have "Miss" before her name, which must be her real name, never her nickname. In this case it should read "Miss Sarah Jones."

FARM AND GARDEN

Anti-Tuberculosis Army in Wisconsin Sure of Victory

This is the fourth 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.

THE area plan of testing cattle for tuberculosis is progressing at such a rapid rate in Wisconsin that authorities say they will have the northern half of the state practically free from infected cows within two or three years. Farmers, state authorities, and veterinarians have started out with a determination to make a clean sweep and drive out every infected animal. This anti-tuberculosis army has directed every imaginary line from Green Bay to St. Paul and believes that within two years they may be able to say that all herds of cattle north of this line have been tested.



BATTLE LINES OF WISCONSIN'S TUBERCULOSIS WAR.—This map graphically shows the progress of Badger farmers' campaign to free the state of tuberculosis among cattle. The black area indicates where the area test has been completed. Petitions, authorizing area testing, are being circulated in the shaded counties; number of accredited herds is indicated by the black numerals, and herds under supervision indicated by the shaded numerals.

If many reactors are found we expect to retest two or three times until we are sure every animal is clean."

Certified Counties Increase.
Wisconsin already has two counties which have twelve more herds tested than any other county in the state. The county with the greatest number of reactors found was Dodge.

The packers offer to pay farmers an additional 10 cents a hundred on hogs coming from certified counties where the area test work is being carried on. Wisconsin authorities and H. R. Smith of Chicago, who represents the packers, have practically agreed that a county is eligible to be certified when all the cattle have been tested for tuberculosis and a retest has been made in all herds where reactors were found when the original test was made, and all reactors removed. In addition, authorities think it will be necessary to work out a policy for future testing and maintaining clean herds in order to qualify as certified counties.

Government Pays Expenses.
Barron and Lincoln counties already fulfill these requirements. The following Wisconsin counties are expected to be able to qualify by next spring: Dodge, Barron, Lincoln, and Bayfield. That farmers in these counties can sell their hogs at a premium of 10 cents a hundred above the regular market price; Douglas, Bayfield, Ashland, Iron, Vilas, Oneida, Price, Sawyer, Washburn, Rusk, Chippewa and Eau Claire, Washington Island will also be eligible. Under the area test plan the law not only authorizes a complete test, but it gives authority to control the area tested and keep it free from contamination. In Wisconsin the counties are not asked to pay any of the expenses in making the original cleanup. Some offer to help bear expenses but men in charge of the work consider it best to have the government pay the cost. After the general cleanup, however, Commissioner Norgard says that counties will probably be asked to pay the cost of individual herd work.

State Pays for Retest.
"The state will pay the cost of retesting of herds in which reactors appear," Mr. Norgard says. "After that the cost of testing must fall upon the individual herd owner. We are not certain just how this plan will be worked out. The most practical scheme seems to be to raise money in each county by levying a tax on the basis of about 15 cents on each animal in the county and then have the state furnish an equal amount. This would be set aside as a special fund in each county to be used by a state representative in hiring a local veterinarian under competitive bids to test the cattle in each locality. At first the testing would be done about every two years, and not so often later." Such county and state action, under the control and supervision of the department of agriculture, Mr. Norgard thinks, will more perfectly insure regular testing of herds than if the work were left to the individual owner even under compulsion by the state and county.

Will Ask New Fund.
Dr. O. H. Ellason, state veterinarian, and director of the live stock sanitary division of the agricultural department, is in charge of the area test work in Wisconsin. From his headquarters in Madison, the state capital, Dr. Ellason is able to work in close harmony with Dr. James S. Healy, in charge of the state federal accredited herd work, and Commissioner Norgard. Through the close cooperation of these three men a tremendous amount of work has been accomplished since the area and accredited herd plans have been put into operation during the last four or five years in Wisconsin. "The farmers of Wisconsin expect to ask the legislature, coming in Jan. 1, for a new indemnity fund and operation fund for both of these lines of work," said Mr. Norgard the other day. "The federal government cooperates with us in furnishing half of the money for operation of accredited herd work and a part of the money for area test work. The federal government also furnishes half of the indemnity paid in the area test and accredited herd work."

Cutting Farmers' Losses.
Live stock sanitary authorities do not hope to wipe tuberculosis completely off the map, but they do believe it is practical to keep it under control by the use of the tuberculin test so that farmers will not suffer such enormous losses directly and indirectly every year, and that the danger of man becoming infected with bovine tuberculosis can be greatly lessened by getting rid of the tuberculin cow. "No doubt we shall always have remnants of the disease with us," says Mr. Norgard, "requiring constant testing and sanitary care, but we can expect to be free from the extensive losses in our herds which our farmers today must bear."

ANSWERS TO LOVE PROBLEMS

They're All Queer.
"Dear Miss Blake: I am a girl of 18 and have been going out with a fellow two years my senior for six months. Whenever he makes an appointment with me he always kept it and he was just in time. The last time we were out together he said good night to me as usual, and has never called for me again. What shall I do? I love him so." He also told me he liked me.

"HEARTBROKEN."

There must be another woman in the case, Heartbroken, don't you think? In which event I'd advise you to forget your disappointment in the company of another of the sex whose actions at times are most difficult to understand.

Her One Fault.
"Dear Miss Blake: I am a girl of 13 years and have kept company with a fellow three years my senior for nearly two years. I have learned to love him dearly."

"Recently we broke up on account of a fellow my boy friend goes out with. This fellow is using his influence over my boy friend, as he does not want him to go with me."

"My one fault, Miss Blake, is that I am stubborn and won't give in to him. The queerest thing I had was a trifle towards many others we had before, so please tell me what I can do to have him call on me again, as I really care for him and he claims to love me."

"BROKENHEARTED."

Then I would just forget the stubbornness and put up a fight for the boy in a more lovable way. Stubbornness will not get you in a whole lifetime what a friendly attitude will get you in a minute.

Says She's Bashful.
"Dear Miss Blake: I am 17 years of age and in love with a boy of the same age. Not long ago he told me he thought I was a nice girl. Now he doesn't seem to care as much for me as he used to. He speaks to me when he sees me, but never asks me out. Can you tell me how I could win him over? I am not very good looking and quite bashful. I have many girl friends, but not any boy friends. I think this boy and would like him as a friend."

There's not much a girl can do, Virginia, if his interest is on the wane. Best not to try to win the elusive creature, unless they make their intentions unmistakable. Besides, you're young, you know.

There Must Be a Reason.
"Dear Miss Blake: I am a girl of 16 and go to high school. What would you do if you were considered a black sheep and were not allowed to go any place by yourself or with girls, and always had arguments to put up

with? My people take me out once in a blue moon."

"PAULINE."

I'd like myself off into a dark corner and have it out as to why the "black sheep" has been made a black sheep, and have a reason for being looked upon as one. Having found it, I'd then and there resolve to show the world I was just about the nicest girl to be found anywhere, lay out a program of good conduct, and follow it to the letter. Presto! Before you know it you'd be a much loved and happy little girl.

Were You Ever Deceived?
Prefers Them Plain.
Six months ago I was engaged to a handsome man and believed in him regardless of his reputation as a flirt. Ten days before the wedding I thought I would test him and telephoned and in a strange voice made an engagement with him. He was much elated."

About an hour later I called him up again, this time in my own voice. Would he take me to see a play I just must see."

No, dearie had a headache and was just starting for home and a good night's rest."

Well, I went at the appointed time and there was the sheik waiting with his car shining as it never shone for me. I gave back the engagement ring and told him I had found I loved someone else. I do, for I am to be married soon to a homely man who is much better than a matinee idol.

Why She Laughed.
It was while attending college that I met a young man who was a veritable Hercules. Then, too, he was a westerner and affected a broad sombrero in which he was especially noticeable. Indeed, many fair young co-eds wore their handsomest smiles when he passed, which I had occasion to notice on my frequent walks with him. Naturally I felt singularly

blessed in receiving his undivided attention and was soon hopelessly in love. I had reason to feel my affections were returned."

One weekend I went to visit a former classmate who was teaching in a nearby town. While there I received a letter from my admirer. It was a thriller and I wanted to share it with my friend, so I read parts of it. Suddenly I noticed she was laughing. I asked what she thought so amusing of."

"I thought you were reading one of my old sweetheart's letters, for it sounds just like 'Dan.'"

"Dan who?" I asked.

"Why, Dan West. There aren't two of him?"

Men are deceivers ever. L. B.

Just in Time.
We met at a dance hall. He took me home and asked to call. I had no objection, as he was nice and good looking.

He proposed after we had been going together two months. I accepted. One thing seemed peculiar. He called on me only on Friday and Saturday.

Two days before our marriage I had a visitor—his wife. She showed me the marriage certificate and brought her boy with her.

Luckily for me she had found out where her husband was going on Friday and Saturday.

It would have seemed impossible to write this a year ago, but time is a great healer. E. W.

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

She Looked Suspicious.
Embarrassing moments—listen to this: It was my birthday, and down at the office I received a beautiful bouquet of flowers with a card reading: "Birthday greetings, from a friend and admirer."

I took it for granted they were from a certain young man there, and I hastily sent him a note, thanking him for remembering my birthday so beautifully."

Well, imagine my consternation when about an hour later this man sent me a box of candy with a card bearing birthday wishes. He took the little note as a reminder that it was my birthday. M. M.

Still, She Could Drive.
Of course I could drive the car, I insisted, so finally I was permitted to venture forth alone. I somehow made my way to the gas station, up the driveway to the filling pump—but the old thing wouldn't stop, down the out driveway to the street, around the block, up the driveway to the filling pump—couldn't stop—down the out driveway and home to hubby."

Eye Glazed Elsewhere.
The shopping district was crowded, and rain was melting the thin coating of snow and leaving a slippery surface on the pavements. I was hurrying along when I noticed four horses, hauled a large wagon of lumber, strug-

gling along. One horse fell. No sooner had the driver succeeded in raising him than a second horse slipped.

I started across the street with my eyes glued to the accident, and came to a sudden halt when I heard a voice saying, "Well, miss this is an unexpected pleasure."

The tall traffic officer had been standing with outstretched arms, and I had walked right into them. R. F.

Returned with Thanks.
A few days ago I went to an official luncheon given by a foreign association.

I was introduced to the president and I gave him my card. With a kindly smile he remarked, "I think you have made a little mistake," and returned to me a pawn ticket that I had handed him. J. R. L.

Know Thy Neighbor.
It was my second attendance at club meeting and several visitors were present. A woman I had known for some time sat near me and introduced me to her son.

The past matrons and past patrons were asked to speak, and they all responded with much the same line of talk.

The hour grew late and I turned to the young man next to me and said, "Great heavens! I hope there aren't many more" when our worthy matron said, "We have with us Mr. Nor-

man, past patron of T. chapter. Mr. Norman, will you speak to us?"

To my dismay my neighbor arose, gave me an amused glance, and said, "I think everything has been said that can be said."

I thought so too, and struggled with an inclination to have hysterics for a few minutes till the meeting broke up. L. R. C.

Darting Back and Forth.
I was as modest a young fellow as you would care to meet, and always kept on good terms with my teachers, so it was no hardship when mother decided to take several to room at our house. They were young and full of fun, and we got along fine.

One night after I had been asleep for some time I awoke and noticed the light in the lower hall was still burning, so thinking the last one in had forgotten to turn it out I went down the open stairway clad only in pajamas.

"Zowie! There, in the dimly lighted parlor, directly in front of me, sat the littlest teacher and her Tom. I gashed back up those stairs in a hurry, but when about half way up at the top of the stairs appeared the kimono clad tallest teacher.

I must have looked and acted like a trapped bunny for an embarrassing moment until the banging of a door assured me of an escape upward."

H. E. T.

Out of Breath.
I was late and to save time crossed diagonally on a busy corner.

I was half way across when the policeman gave the signal and traffic moved in all directions. I became greatly confused and traffic stopped in the immediate vicinity.

conscious of the fact that his amnesia, notebook and pencil in hand, had to follow him from one room into another. It was a hard task for me, having no table on which to place my notebook. However, it did get on my nerves, wearing out my temper as it wore out the soles of my shoes, and when an opportunity offered myself I was glad to quit. E. S.

My Queerest Boss

Hard on Shoes.
The queerest boss I ever worked for was an elderly person—an attorney, rather nervous and irritable, who, when dictating depositions and other legal documents, would get out of his chair and, gestulating wildly as he became more and more excited, pace up and down the three rooms, hauling a large wagon of lumber, strug-