

THE BEAUTY SECRETS

WITH LUSTROUS HAIR,
SHINING EYES AND

OF THE ITALIAN WOMAN

CLEAR COMPLEXION
LIGHT SPIRITS -



*DONNA MARIA
MAZZOLENI.*

*A distinctly Italian type, noted
for her clever dressing and
her vivacity*

WHY do Americans come to Rome?" asked one American of another as they sat watching the stream of Americans pass by.

"It is to study the women of Rome," said the other. "I must confess that, though I visit Italy every winter the women are a never ending source of interest and admiration."

"There are certain things about the Italian women which are most admirable. They hold their youth better than they used to hold it, and the beautiful Italian of today stays young until she is an old woman. True, she is not like the French woman, who never grows old. But she stays young until she is aged, indeed. But her admirable point is the beauty of her middle life."

"It is in her mature years that the Italian woman is the most beautiful. As a young girl she is lovely, and there is something about her that is arch and graceful. But it is when in her full maturity that she shines, actually blooms. She comes forth then and gleams. She bursts out from the bud which, though pretty, was far from perfect, into the most ideal flower without one flaw."

"The Italian woman of 30 is not yet in her full beauty. Like Calvé and like many another of her land, she is not at her best until she is 30 and even 35."

Voluptuous Body and Spirituelle Mind.

"The Italian woman is of the type known as voluptuous, but she is not really a voluptuous personality. In mind she is spirituelle. But in body voluptuous is the best way to describe her. She is full in figure with big hips, a broad chest, and a tiny little waist. Her neck is big and thick and her throat is wide, yet so columnar that it is never coarse. Her cheeks are round and plump and her head sets on her shoulders with what may be called a poise."

"The Italian woman has a marvelous way of carrying herself. It is said of her that she gains this queenly poise from the peasant woman who carries her burden on her head. The farming women, the laboring women, the fish wives, and the peasants of lower walks are all trained to carry their burdens on their heads."

"Of course, the Italian woman of high degree has no such training. But she, somehow, gets in the way of carrying her head in a regal way. It may be that she learned it of some nurse in her baby days; it may be that she admired the walk of the peasants and imitated it; or it may be that, somewhere back in her ancestry, she got a drop of peasant blood and her head and her shoulders, her proud walk and her lofty manner, all bear evidence of it."

Her Head Proud as a Queen.

"I carry my head proudly," said an Italian woman who bore her head like a queen. "because I was taught that a lady should carry her head erect. Not for whole worlds would I drag my head in the dirt. I am too proud to lower my chin to anybody. I walk with my head tossed high."

"And 'with head tossed high' the Italian woman does indeed walk. She lifts her chin proudly and she becomes all the more beautiful from this habit, or trick, as one might call it. The Italian woman is naturally regular of profile. She is Grecian in her type, rather than Roman, as her proud, pretty features will bear witness. She has a straight nose, rather long, and the nostrils are full though delicate. When she breathes and becomes excited these dilate showing that she is of sensitive type."

"When the Italian woman is a little girl her nose is trained. The Italian nurse 'teaches the features how to grow.' She takes the little nose in her fingers many times a day and gives it a gentle pinch. It is taught to be straight and regular. It is taught to be pure Grecian. If it is too pointed at the tip it is pinched until it stops growing and it is turned up slightly to give it the retroussé lift. Though in Italy the 'pug' is not considered such a mark of beauty as in Paris or in London, still the nose must be kept from growing long at the end at any hazard, even though it tilt a little."

Made to Have Long Eyes.

The Italian child is also made to have long eyes. It is said that the father of Jane Hading, desiring his daughter to have long oval shaped eyes, took her to an Italian specialist, and that the great surgeon slit the skin at each corner of the eyeball, giving the eyes the long, narrow look which is so much admired in Jane Hading.

But this is a cruel way to lengthen the eyes, which should not grow long in that manner. Or, if there be such a secret,

it is buried in the mind of the great Italian beauty specialist. But it is true that the Italians do train their beauties in other ways and that they do make their eyes big and full and lovely by coaxing and by beauty arts.

An Italian child is never allowed to rub its eyes. It never cries. If it bursts into tears it is not repressed, but is allowed to have its cry out. This beautifies the eyes and makes them clear. The American woman, on the other hand, out of mistaken kindness, presses back the tears and the child is made to wipe its eyes and stop crying. Often the eyeballs are fatty pushed back into their sockets, as the child is taught that it must not cry.

Takes Care of Her Beauty.

The Italian woman never reads in a dim light; in truth, she never reads when she is indolgent. That is one of the secrets of her marvelous beauty. She takes a complete rest when she is not feeling well. The American woman does not do this. Her idea is that she must not give up. So she keeps going and keeps going until she drops. The woman of Italy, that lovely, languorous type, rests when she is out of sorts. She does not overtax her vitality. And she keeps in better health in consequence.

The restful type of woman is the Italian woman. She never has nervous prostration. She is never fidgety. She does not know what it is to be uneasy or out of sorts. Though fiery in temperament, she is of the peaceful sort. And she is a woman who keeps her health and her complexion.

The result of resting when one does not feel like working is shown more quickly in the complexion than in any other way. The woman who has a cold and who ventures out with cold feet will surely have a red nose and a set of pimples. She will have an influenza and her chin will be broken out. She will speedily show the results of working when she is not well.

Lives on Vegetarian Diet.

The Italian society woman has been called lazy. It has been said of her that she rests every day in the year and she has been described as a garlic eating, greasy, lazy creature, whose whole beauty lies in her soulful eyes and in her fine walk.

But the Italian society woman is far from all this. She may eat garlic and onions and may subsist almost wholly on a vegetarian diet, as, indeed, she does. But she is far from being lazy or dull. She is bright, active, and full of life. Her step is free, she dances exquisitely, she is the soul of music, and she is made for all the fine arts. She is the one woman in the world of whom the poet Browning, speaking to a friend, said: "She is all poetry!"

Her diet is the most poetic of all. Mrs. Browning describes it as vegetarian. "We live on figs and sherry," said she. And the Italian woman does, indeed, live on these things, and on a variety of fruit. She has little meat, for meat is dear and none too plentiful nor choice.

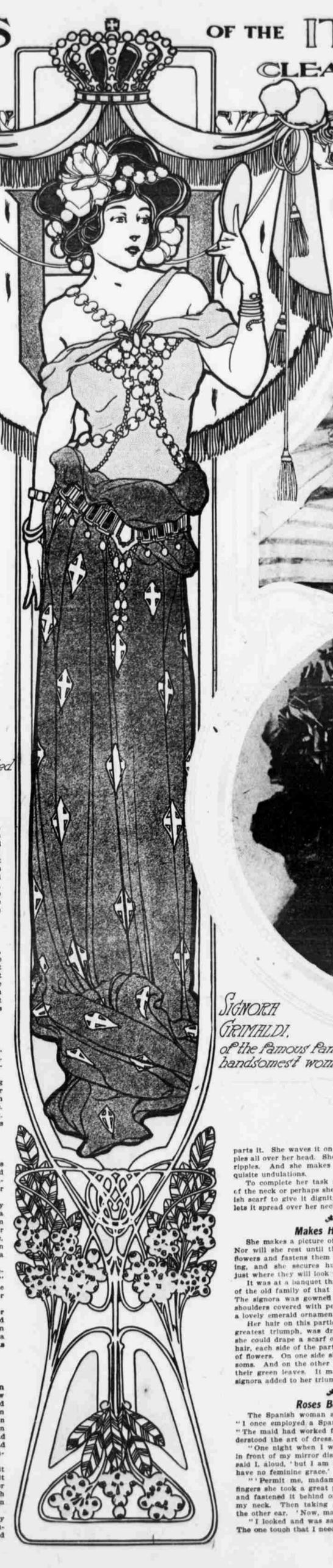
The Italian woman sips her glass of wine, she eats her spaghetti, she takes her fruits, she daintily sips her tea, and she is content. That is her diet. And the result shows in her skin. She fasts, according to an American woman's idea of fasting, all the year around. And her diet does her lots of good.

Believes in Abstinence and Rest.

The Italian woman has a deep, clear complexion, but in spite of her olive skin, the Italian woman is neither yellow nor bilious. She is clear in hue and you can see the red blood mounting to her cheeks. She eats too many green vegetables to be bilious, and, like the pope, she believes in abstinence and the rest cure. No Italian society woman would expect abolition were she to confess that she had been guilty of gluttony. And were she to say that she had eaten too heartily of meat at a banquet she would be condemned for her bad taste.

The Italians treat the skin constantly. They massage it with oils, and they even grease the hair, but only to make it grow. No one ever saw a bald headed Italian woman, for her hair is treated with the pure oil of the cocoon and with balms until it is so well nourished that it grows thickly upon her head.

Often there is a natural wave in it and then its glossy length is treated in a way that is both remarkable and beautiful. The signora of high degree takes her lovely hair and



*ANGELA CASARE
of the fair Venetian type, blue eyes,
and a wonderful resemblance to
the American beauty
Sybil Sanderson whose
double she was*



*SIGNORA
GRIMALDI,
of the famous family of that name, the
handsomest woman in Italy*



*QUEEN HELENA
while not an Italian, is considered one
of the most beautiful women in
Italy - She has Italian blood in her
veins*

parts it. She waves it on each side until it lies in wide ripples all over her head. She takes the tongs and deepens these ripples. And she makes her dusky hair one mass of exquisite undulations.

To complete her task she gathers it loosely at the back of the neck or perhaps she lets it hang, trusting to the Spanish scarf to give it dignity. Or she ties it with flowers and lets it spread over her neck and back.

Makes Herself a Picture.

She makes a picture of herself, of that you may be sure. Nor will she rest until the picture is complete. She takes flowers and fastens them in her hair, each side of her parting, and she secures huge bunches of crimson blossoms just where they will look the most beautiful.

It was at a banquet that the lovely Signora Grimaldi, one of the old family of that name, scored her greatest triumph. The signora was gowned in cream color and her neck and shoulders covered with pearls. At her throat there gleamed a lovely emerald ornament. Emeralds shone in her dress.

Her hair on this particular evening, when she scored her greatest triumph, was dressed loosely on her neck so that she could drape a scarf of Spanish lace over it. But in her hair, each side of the parting, she placed a beautiful bouquet of flowers. On one side she secured some deep crimson blossoms. And on the other side a bunch of white flowers with their green leaves. It made a beautiful decoration and the signora added to her triumph perceptibly that night.

Roses Behind Her Ears.

The Spanish woman always makes a picture of herself. "I once employed a Spanish maid," said a society woman. "The maid had worked for Mrs. Brown Foster and she understood the art of dress."

"One night when I was ready to go to a dinner I stood in front of my mirror dissatisfied. 'I have on a new gown,' said I, aloud, 'but I am not beautiful. My gown is stiff. I have no feminine grace.'

"Permit me, madam," said the maid. And with deft fingers she took a great pink rose from a vase on the table and fastened it behind one of my ears so that it fell upon my neck. Then taking a white rose she secured it under the other ear. 'Now, madam,' said she, 'please look.'

"I looked and was satisfied. It was the finishing touch. The one touch that I needed."