THE SECRETS OF THE JAPANESE GIRL'S FASCINATION

She knows the Value of a smile

Kosan the prettiest Girl in Japan

Kosan makes a graceful bow

Her wide smoothe forehead

ALL hail the Japanese beauty. She has stepped into the limelight as an attractive bit of femininity and holds her own in the center of the beauty stage. She is winsome, delightful, wholesome, and, even in certain types, classic.

Art critics the world over are unanimous in their praise of the Japanese girl. There is something about her which is extremely catchy. Just what it is you can scarcely say. Yet there is a certain beauty which you cannot help admiring.

One critic hit the nail upon the head. "The Japanese woman," said he, "is charming because she is mistress of all the beauty arts. They were hers centuries before the Christian era and she has added neither to them nor subtracted from them. She uses them, not occasionally, but all the time. She is 'made up,' as you say, from early morn until late at night."

The Japanese girl, early in life, is taught to please her "honorable parents." She has the American equivalent of a waiting maid before she is well in her teens, and this maid soon teaches her the beauty arts which made her mother a beauty and her grandmother before her.

Exquisite in Her Neatness.

She is exquisitely neat. Her garments are absolutely clean, as clean as many washings and frequent airings and shakings can make them. She wears a silk gown that may be half a century old, but it is so carefully kept that it looks as though just from the hands of the embroiderer. She cares little for new clothing, for she has the art of making her old clothes look like new, and that is everything to her.

Each day the little Japanese girl goes over her clothing. Spots are taken out, stitches are put in, bad places are mended, and wonderful patching and marvelous embroidery cover up the worn places. When she is not embroidering or mending or patching or cleaning, the little Japanese woman is either painting or carving, for she decorates the beautiful strings of beads and wonderful enamels and brilliant leathers which she wears, and it is part of her habit of neatness to put in her spare moments making these articles for herself. She is absolutely economical and no Japanese man was ever ruined by his wife's extravagance.

To call it work seems sacrilege, but it is a fact that the deft fingers of the little Japanese girl are always busy, and that she does a deal of housework. No matter what her station or how many servants she may have at her beck and call she is occupied all the time.

Always Retain Slender Form.

The Japanese woman is slender. You do not find many stout Japanese girls nor many stout matrons. Even in old age they keep their slenderness, for their diet is such that it does not form fat. The Japanese girl eats tiny birds and chicken, she is fond of fish, and she lives on rice. She would think it a disgrace to put on fat. And to keep fat at bay she resorts to many methods, one of which is dancing. She dances in cunning little steps, seesawing the air with her arms, thus getting her physical culture exercises without sacrificing her grace.

But, on the other hand, the Japanese beauty does not need the gymnasium suit, and the punching bag. She never ruins her complexion with rich foods. She does not know what it is to lie all day in a steam heated apartment reading a novel and eating rich candy and cake. At early dawn her windows are open and she is out gathering flowers. For what would a Japanese home be without plants and flowers! And by noon she has brewed her tea, cooked her rice, and begun her embroidery.

Good Complexion from Daily Bath.

Her daily bath must not be forgotten, for of all the women in the world the Japanese is most particular about bathing. She takes a bath every day and so do all her household, down to her cook and her gardener.

And so the Japanese woman keeps the pores of her skin open and is clean. She would not think of neglecting this ceremony, which is to her a dignified rite. Keeping clean is one of the secrets of a good complexion. The woman who keeps clean will have a good skin as a rule.

The Japanese woman is never pressed for time. That is one of her main attractions. Leisure in the American woman is a lost art. But the Japanese woman possesses it to a high degree. She is never hurried. She has plenty and plenty of time. So, when it comes to her toilet she works slowly and with great care. She takes an hour for a task which the American woman hurries through in ten minutes or even less.

Priding herself on her pretty forehead, she would not for all the universe wear a bank or a wave. She loves to have her hair grow low on her forehead, and then she takes and brushes it back to give her face that clear, sweet look which is so attractive in the Japanese. Her hair is always brushed smoothly back over a roll.

Understands Art of Making Up.

The Japanese woman is past grand mistress of the art of making up. She has the trick of coloring her face highly developed. With her a little paint is not bad form, far from it. Painting the lips is a daily custom and she takes as much pride in it as though she were at work upon a canvas. She tints her eyes, her lips, and, sometimes, her cheeks, though, as a rule, they do not need it.

If ever you go to Japan it would be worth your while to let a Japanese woman make up your face once for you. And you will feel like laughing and crying all in one breath, laughing because you have suddenly been made so pretty and crying because you have not the art of making yourself so utterly beautiful again.

The little Japanese will seat you upon the floor upon a roll of matting or a curled up rug. Then she will shake out your hair and toss it up on your head, putting in queer little rolls of dark Japanese material and twisting it here and parting it there, rolling all the time until she has built the structure up. When she has finished your hair will be exquisitely coiffed with not a hair out of place.

Coiffure One of Her Secrets.

She will then go over it with a dark colored oil, highly scented, parting it with the palms of her hands to make the hairs lie in place. She will so deftly and prettily manage it that your hair will be as neat after it has been up two hours as when it first left her hands. It will neither blow loose nor tumble down. That is one of her secrets.

Then, with a little oil, she will spat your face in a way that will feel like massage. But she will do it with her finger tips to make the muscles glow. This art of finger tip massage is almost unknown outside of Japan. Yet for stimulating the flesh, waking up the muscles, and putting the nerves to sleep it is unequaled. It makes one younger and fresher and is the greatest tonic on earth.

While she is doing this she is rubbing in a sweet thin cream and your face now shines pink and oily. But not for long. Mixing up something in her little saucer she takes a brush, and with a delicate work that is almost like stipple, she touches up your forehead so as to make your hair grow a little lower, as she will tell you. She does it so lightly and so prettily that it actually looks like a growth of hair upon your brow, which suddenly becomes low and broad and almost classic.

If your eyebrows are light or deficient she does not forget them in her beauty scheme, and she is sure to touch up your temples just the least lest they look bare where the hair grows back too far.

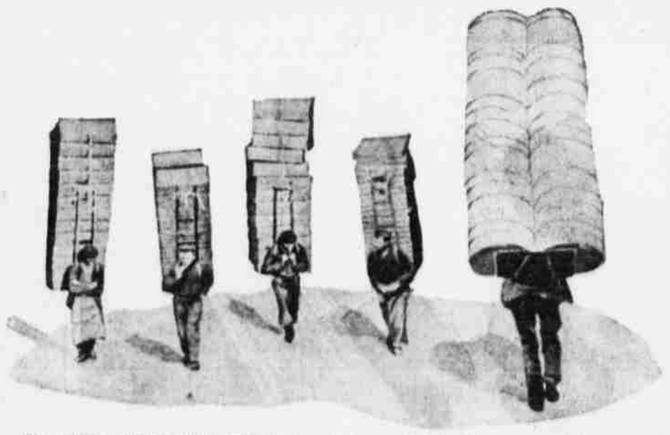
Now with her finger tips dipped in a scarlet stain she touches your lips to make them glow. They will not look as though they had been touched up, but only a healthy red, a red that is almost a cherry. And the stain will stay on. It will not come off on handkerchief or napkin. It is on to stay until it is washed off.

The Japanese woman believes in color effect, and that is why she bleaches her little teeth until they are perfectly white and why she keeps her hair so dark. Even her skin is clear and soft, though it is of a deep color, an olive rather than a pale cream.

She is the world's most decided beauty, the most famous beauty in the universe, the Japanese woman. And the woman who wants to become a beauty would do well to study her and her methods in the hope of getting a hint or two.

FROM NEAR AND FAR.

ON THE PARISIAN BOULEVARDS.



The porters of Paris, with great loads of boxes on their backs, are one of the sights of the morning hours on the boulevards.

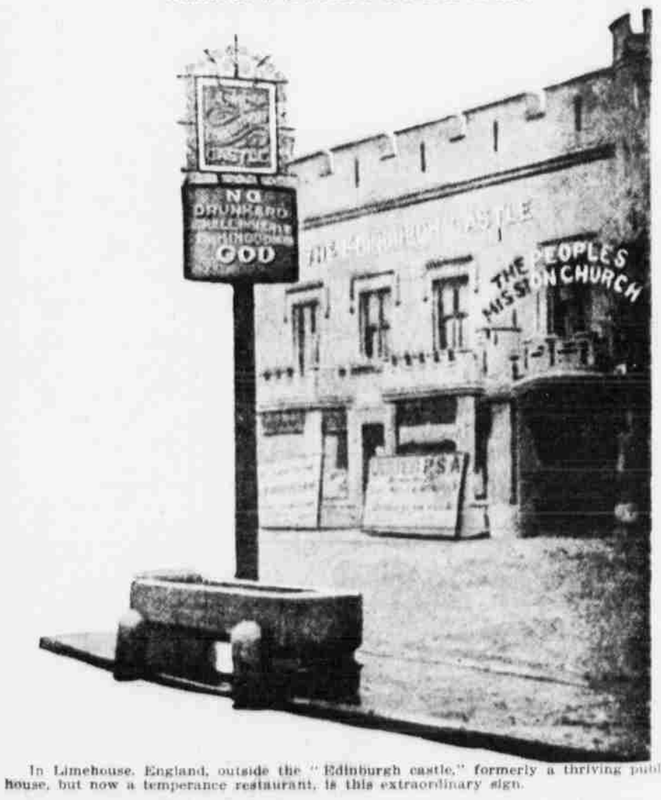
LOST SEVEN SONS.

This couple from Kharoff are named Ivanoff, a common name in Russia, and they have had the misfortune to lose no fewer than seven sons in the war.

ALMOST HUMAN.

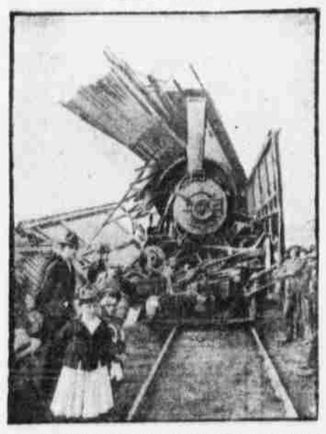
This clever goose is to be seen at The Dun Horse, Shoreditch, England. It drinks a quart of beer a day, eats bread and cheese, and dances to the tune of "Down South."

WARNING PUBLIC HOUSE SIGN.



In Limehouse, England, outside the "Edinburgh castle," formerly a thriving public house, but now a temperance restaurant, is this extraordinary sign.

COLLISION.



A switch engine was out on the main track with a single box car. A heavy freight engine bumped the shifter off its trucks and set it up on a box car platform. The momentum sent the box car with its strange load down a steep grade. When it stopped it was several miles from the scene of the accident.

LONGEST WHISKERS.

Scotland has Kansas beaten. Alexander Wilkie of Upper Craigie, Perth, boasts a beard more than eight feet long. It is still growing.

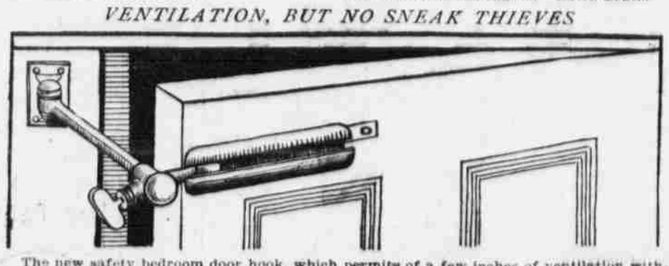
AN ADOPTED FAMILY.

When these lion cubs were left motherless the retriever took pity on them and adopted them as her own.

ON AN OCEAN LINER.

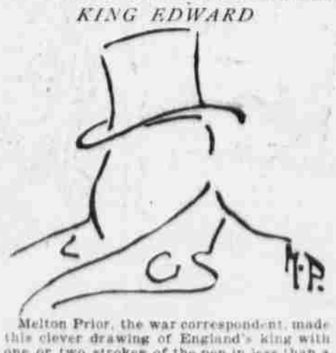
A striking novelty in the accommodation of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, the new steamship now on the way to China and Japan, is a gymnasium fitted with every modern appliance. The gymnasium is: Length, 20 feet; width, 17 feet 6 inches; height, 14 feet.

VENTILATION, BUT NO SNEAK THIEVES



The new safety bedroom door hook, which permits of a few inches of ventilation without any possibility of entry from without. As seen in the illustration, a slot is affixed to the door, and in this slot runs a ball fastened to a rod fixed to the doorpost. The ball can be taken from the slot by a person inside the room and only when the door is shut.

KING EDWARD

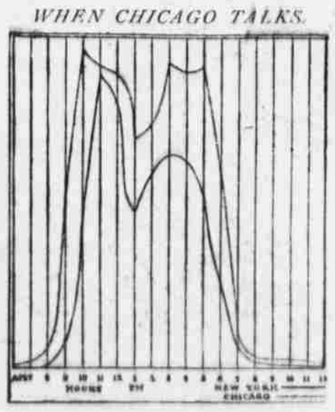


Melton Prior, the war correspondent, made this clever drawing of England's king with one or two strokes of the pen in less than a minute.

CLEVER CANARY.

Trained to ride perched on a little wagon.

WHEN CHICAGO TALKS.



This diagram shows how the tide of talk rises and falls in a Chicago telephone office and in one of New York's central stations.

A WINTER SAIL.

Most exhilarating among winter sports is flying over the ice on skates propelled by a brisk wind against a good sized sail.

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