

How WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR'S DAUGHTER GOT HER TOPAZ BROWN HAIR THAT HAS ASTONISHED LONDON SOCIETY



When ends of hair are split brush it rapidly to remove the broken parts.

MRS. SPENDER CLAY, formerly Miss Pauline Astor, daughter of the expatriated American, William Waldorf Astor, has astonished smart society of London by the new color of her hair. It has been changed from a dark, unsatisfactory hue to a remarkable new brown—a topaz brown, the same color as the brilliant Brazilian jewel of which the young woman has a whole apronful.

The daughter of the former American multimillionaire, whose marriage to Capt. Spender Clay, the dashing army man, was reported to have been so displeasing to her wealthy father that he was tempted to remain on this side of the Atlantic during the wedding festivities, recently appeared at a dinner with her hair a new color.

The dinner guests gasped and then wondered. While Mrs. Clay was reckoned one of the nicest looking young women of London, she has never been classed as a beauty, and her hair was not a particularly striking feature.

"Goodness," ejaculated a woman guest, "isn't Mrs. Clay's hair beautiful? But what color is it?"

Her companion was Mrs. Cornwallis West, but the latter remained discreetly silent. The woman on the other side, however, answered the question.

"It is the new topaz brown," she said.

And a topaz brown it was. It exactly matched the wonderful jewels from Brazil. It was brilliant, and almost shone in the artificial light of the room. The color was rich, too, disproving the idea that the hair had been tinted or dyed.

The enhancing of Mrs. Clay's beauty had been brought about by a treatment by an expert hairdresser. He had used no harmful drugs, but the hair had been urged to bloom as the gardener urges the rose to flourish, and—lo! a marvelous effect had been attained.

Topaz Colored Hair the Rage.

Mrs. Spender Clay let her friends into the secret, and just now the topaz colored hair is essentially the smart thing in London. Women marvel that such results have been attained by the mere exercise of science and without bleaching, dyeing, or tinting.

The question of tinting and dyeing the hair has long been a vexing one with the fair sex.

"You do not advise me to tint my hair," exclaimed a woman horrified beyond measure at a suggestion of the hairdresser.

In her mind's eye she pictured the awful tawny hair, the hair of the chemical blonde, the hair which looks like a lion's mane without any of the glossy properties which are found in the lion's hair.

It is bad taste. I would not change the color of my hair for worlds," exclaimed she.

But there are other ways of changing the hair, other ways of tinting it, other ways of making it glossy, other ways of making it more attractive than by bleaching it.

First, it must be understood that all natural hair is not pretty, and to suppose it is leads one into a mistake. All women are not endowed with nice hair. There are women whose own hair is not becoming. It is dull; it has grown gray; it is a mouse color; it is far from being either pretty or becoming.

Hair to be at its best should shine. "Your hair must bloom," said a London hairdresser, a man who prepares women for court presentation. "It has never shined, but it should be made to shine."

To the same customer a Parisian hairdresser said: "Your hair must wave. Straight hair may be pretty, but as a matter of fact it seldom is."

Glossy waving hair should be the lot of every woman, but how is it to be made glossy and waving? To this it may be replied that all hair is different and that each variety of hair requires its own treatment. The treatment which benefits one kind of hair will spoil another.

Hair that is dry is almost always filled with dandruff. This lies next to the scalp and is unpleasant to see. It does not really injure the scalp. But it sits down and is not nice or well groomed. Yet how can it be helped where the hair is dry?

Here is a cure and, while using it, the hair is benefited greatly. What is more, its color is improved, and often the tone of the hair is made better, so that it has more life and springiness.

"Shampoo the hair in a good egg shampoo. Then rinse it a thousand times"—to quote a London hairdresser. "And, when it is all rinsed, dry it well."

Now comes the final touch. Part off the hair in the middle, making a long parting right from the middle of the forehead down to the nape of the neck. Take a little almond oil, moisten the finger tips with it, shake them to take off the superfluous drop and gently 'spat' the parting. Go over it lightly but thoroughly until the scalp shines a little.

Treatment Will Bring Tone.

"Part off the hair again and go over the next parting in the same manner. Do not use more than a suspicion of oil, not enough to drip from the finger tips, and do not, on any account, get a particle upon the hair. This is the best known treatment for the scalp."

"Dry hair will never shine, but after the scalp is treated it will begin to be oily and it will gradually take on a little gloss. Repeat and it will be positively lustrous."

"Women whose hair is growing gray and who do not want gray hair can get around the matter by having the hair dyed. This will restore its color. Now comes the treatment of the scalp to keep it from coming in gray again, for the hair must be persuaded to come in dark, or in its natural color, once more."

"The treatment is almost identical with the treatment for dry hair. It is dry hair which grows gray first, and to keep it from getting gray the castor oil treatment is recommended."

"I tried every known remedy on this woman's head. Washing it made it drier, made it fly about more. Oiling it made it terrible. I did not know what to do. I could dye it, but it would still be thin and rough."

"One day I thought of a remedy I had seen tried in Berlin. I called for a handful of loose cornmeal, and parting off her hair, I scattered it through it. Then I brushed it lightly but well to get out all the cornmeal. The result was magical. After a week's application it became silvery gray hair, the prettiest hair I ever saw."

"Where hair is extremely dry it should be brushed often with cornmeal. If the hair has no oil in it there is nothing so foolish as to wash it, for there is little to be washed out except the dust. And this can be taken out with the dry meal. I have often tried this successfully upon dry hair. It seems to restore the natural oil and to make the hair lighter in color."

"The secret of washing dark oily hair lies in the rinsing. This should be done with hot water. A great many waters should be used and the water should be as hot as feels agreeable to the scalp. But it must not scald, by any means."

"In all the rinsing waters except the last there should be a pinch of borax, for borax cuts the grease. The last water should be entirely clear and hot."

"Few people realize how dirty the hair gets. Often that



Mrs. Pauline Astor Spender Clay

Sleep with the hair loose — to keep from growing bald



Stimulate the roots of the hair by gently tugging at the strands

which seems to be dark hair would be much lighter if it were clean. In this way one can change the tone of one's hair, if one may so call the process.

Ways to Bleach the Hair.

"Women who want to bleach the hair a little can do so in harmless ways. But it should be done carefully and little at a time. The trouble is that women never like to do things by halves. The woman whose hair is so dark as to be almost black will beseech you to make her into a silvery blonde, while the woman whose hair is ebony will ask you to turn it red. She wants too sharp a contrast."

"A little harmless coloring can be done without difficulty. I had a case, that of a woman who was a blonde, but her hair was a pale, dirty, uncertain drab. At the risk of a great deal of adverse criticism I will tell you that I had her head shampooed. After the washing I applied a little peroxide of hydrogen. I diluted it half strength, so that it gave nothing more than a gloss. It did not really bleach the hair at all, but it made it shine. Then I waved it by the Parisian method."

"I do not advise changing the hair, but I have taken 5 cents' worth of henna leaves and have steeped them in a gallon of water. After the shampoo I have taken the hair and dipped it in this solution. This will slightly redden the hair that is medium brown, putting red lights into it."

"But by far the best way and the most satisfactory way to alter the color of the hair is by treatment. Treat your hair and you can make it beautiful in a good prospect for any woman to learn. Hair is the most abused of all one's endowments. Yet it is mourned the most after it is gone. The woman who at 40 sees her hair thin, and at 50 finds it has departed, has no person to thank but herself. She has neglected one of her most precious possessions."



Mothers Refuse to Allow Adoption of Children They Can't Support

A STRANGE feature of the "orphanage" attached to the new Jewish Home for the Friendless in Chicago is that many of the little ones, instead of being motherless are friendless, because they are suffering from an embarrassment of riches in the way of real mothers and "would be" foster mothers. That the love of children, which was in the hearts of the daughters of Israel in the days of Sarah, still beats strong enough so that almost every modern Jewish woman longs to take the child of another if she has not one of her own is shown by the many little ones here that are coveted by eager foster mothers.

There is, however, here, as in all orphanages, a barrier in the way in the mother love, which is intense to the point of what is many times regarded as supreme selfishness by those in charge of the little ones.

Mothers Are Too Selfish.

"We have more homes open to us than we can supply with children," says the matron who is in charge of the large number of children who are soon to be moved from the old home near Lincoln park. "For almost every unfortunate Jewish baby there waits a foster mother who is both eager and anxious to take home with her a little child. But we can't let the children go on account of the selfish love of the real mothers. We could give away dozens, and nearly all into rich or at least good homes, if it were not for this. Sometimes also the point of law makes it impossible to give away a child without the parents' consent operates where the parents are not to blame. A case which we have now in litigation is one in which the child is the sufferer to an unusual extent. It is that of little Solomon Potosky, or Solly as everybody calls him. It is nearly a year now since Solly has been the idol and the coveted possession of a well to do couple named Schmidt. Solly's parents are in the insane asylum, although they were driven there by poverty and trouble rather than by a taint in the blood which would be liable to descend to their offspring. Just as long as they are there, unless we can get a special order of the court, Solly will have to stay here instead of getting into the home of which he would be considered the joy and light. Every Sunday the Schmidts come to see Solly, and they think everything of him, and will not give him up for any other little one. He calls himself 'Solly Schmidt,' which, perhaps, he will be some time, as he is fortunate in having persons who have set their hearts upon him enough to wait to see if it can't be made to come out right."

"I should think they did set a lot of store by Solly," sighed a "little mother" of 10, Rebekah by name, who helped in the institution. "They come and take him out to ride and they bring him things, and they are just like the fathers and mothers that rich children have."

Must Rely on Court's Aid.

Rebekah is a motherly little maid who has had chances to be adopted which have passed by, for Solly's will do if the



Four babes who have would be mothers

court doesn't step in and help him. She stays at the home now and pays her way by what she can do to help with the other children. She came in in response to a message sent by the matron and was leading two queer little figures that she called "Esther and Henrietta."

Esther is 6 and Henrietta is 4, on which account Esther took hold of Henrietta's other hand and marshaled her in, even though she herself was the smaller of the two. "Esther is a pretty little thing with light hair and long lashes and blue eyes and a gentle dignity that is unmistakable even at 6. Henrietta, far from pretty, is a strange and elf like little creature."

"The father is an actor," said the matron, "and the mother died over a year ago, and for months the children were shut up in the top story of the Revere house. Sometimes if their father came home they had dinner, and oftener still they didn't get anything until he came late at night. When they first came to the home and sat down to the bread and milk supper that was given to the rest of the babies, Esther objected to the fare politely and distinctly. 'We always had beer and cheese with our bread. We don't like milk,' she said."

Not so long ago there was a young Jewish woman who fell in love with Esther's blue eyes and wanted her so badly that she was willing to take Henrietta, too, if the father would consent, so that they would not be separated. But the father had promised the mother "not to give away the children"—and, although for a long time he has not sent any money, yet he will not be untrue to the promise exacted by "mother love," even though the result is that these



Two candidates for adoption



Solly—who would be Solly Schmidt



Solly and Henrietta Levi, who keep stumped in this home while their father is on the road

little ones who have seen a bit of stage life are the loneliest of lonely waifs. When Sunday comes they are the only ones who have never yet had any company, and it is Esther's one spoken wish that "some day Henrietta and me will have a visitor."

Clings to Her Children.

"There are three more children here," said the matron, "whose mother has gone out to Colorado for consumption. She is without money and there is no hope, but when we wrote her about an offer made by a rich Jewish family to take two of the children and find a place for the other she wrote back quickly: 'For God's sake don't give away my children. I will soon be well enough to work and take care