

SOCIETY WOMEN TRY THE WHITE REST CURE TO REST THEIR NERVES



Drapes her head and shoulders in white and fixes her mind on beautiful things.

both of whom are suffering from nervous prostration. They have gone upon a hunting tour together and are to spend some weeks in recuperating. Their time will be spent in the woods, where they will breathe the ozone and where they will receive the full benefit of the fresh air both by day and by night.

The room must be perfect in every respect. The light must be modulated so that the white furniture is changed from a glare into a dull, soothing tone. And the ceiling must be of the right height in order that the room may not seem either too low or too tall. Beside this there must be just the right amount of heating and just the right amount of fresh air. It must be artistic and it must be soothing, particularly soothing.

The whole idea is based upon a paragraph in a London paper of some weeks ago, in which a leading London society physician advanced the idea that his patients generally would be better off physically if they were to pay more attention to their color tones.

"Red," said he, in this semi-scientific article, "is too

heating. It is absolutely irritating to certain dispositions. It is bad in summer and it is worse in winter. Never surround yourself with all red. Yellow is better, but it is depressing.

Blue Too Cold a Color.

"Blue is too cold. It is not a genial color. It is not an attractive color. It is dainty and clean. But it is never alluring. It is a color one admires, but never embraces."

"Pink is better, but it is not feasible. It is open, too, to the same objection as red. Seen in too great a quantity, it is too exciting. A little pink is warm and good. But it is not a soothing color for one's nerves."

"The worst nerve color is black. Black is awful in every respect where the nerves are concerned. It is the color which one associates with death. It is the color of mourning. It is a depressing tone, a shade which is never to be chosen if one is about the sick or associated with a nervous person. Children are particularly susceptible to the influence of black, and will cry if a person in this somber garb goes near them. Babies never can endure black."

"Brown is a color which sets the nerves jumping. A room all in brown will give a nervous person the toothache. Green is all well, but it is unbecomingly and unsatisfactory. Half the cases of dullness, followed by a slow headache, can be traced to a drawing room or boudoir all in green."

"The best color for any woman to choose is all white. Wear it if you can. If you cannot wear it, then furnish your rooms in white."

White Has Curative Properties.

This physician, who belongs to one of the new schools, goes on to say that he finds white has many curative properties. Patients who are really ill are often made well by it.

"The nurses in hospitals universally dress in white. Or if they are not clad in all white, they wear white cap, cuffs, and apron. Their gowns are so striped with white that they have the appearance of being all white, and there is a white finish to everything they put on."

"Physicians in the operating room dress in white. Dr. Lawson Tait was the first surgeon to discover the beneficial properties of white. He considered white so cleanly as to be almost an antiseptic, and for every operation he performed he put on a clean white robe."

"White is almost a healing agency, and the pity of it is that it is so easily soiled. Were it not for this inconvenient property it would be the ruling color of the world."

Citing various instances, this physician quotes the case of the white summer girl. The girl who is dressed all in white makes a glad resting place for the eyes. It makes you cool to look at her, as you say. But the sight of red in the summer time is positively incendiary.

Wears White Almost Exclusively.

It is Mrs. Westinghouse, wife of the brake man, who wears white almost exclusively. She is one of the few society women who recognize its restfulness. She wears it day and evening, and is seen in it at breakfast parties and in the ballroom. Said a member of one of her house parties, "I like to visit Mrs. Westinghouse, because she entertains her guests so happily. There is never any trouble at her house. All have the happiest time of their lives."

"It is due to her white gowns," said another house guest. "There is always a restful spot upon which your eyes can rest."

And so it is always with white. It is restful. And to be restful is one of the most desirable qualities in this world of uneasiness.

The "white cure," as being tried by London society women, lies in the selection of white as much as possible. A woman who is trying it thus describes her efforts, and tells her experience with white.

"I am taking the 'white cure,'" she says. "But it is not feasible always to wear white. So I dress in colors, but for a couple of hours a day I get away and spend the time in solitude in my white room."

Room and Decorations Are White.

"The room is ceilinged with clear white. The walls are papered in white, with a Japanese design in white lilacs around the bottom, extending up as high as the chair rail. These lilacs look as though they grew up out of the water. They are life size, and there are a few flat green leaves, one of the loveliest and most restful designs you ever saw."

"This room, which I call a Roman room, has a little fountain in the middle. It stands right in the center of the room, and all around it I have plants growing, ferns and water lilies and flowers that love the moisture. This water, which is clear and cool, is filtered, and can be used for drinking purposes. Indeed, it is a part of my cure that I drink plenty of cool water while resting."

"The furniture of this room is all in white enamel. It is of white wood, painted with plain enamel, and it was neither costly nor difficult to obtain. It is really an inexpensive room, but so unique that one admires it at sight."

"The rest of my white room is not worth mentioning unless it be the white shades and the inner blinds, which



Mrs. Clarence Mackay often goes into a white seclusion.

modulate the light. It is one of those rooms which strike you as being restful before you see that they are white. It is all Beardsleyesque, and I can say that I learned the white from Aubrey Beardsley, who had a white room long before I ever thought of owning one."

Expert Suggestions Concerning Cure.

There are certain suggestions for the white cure which might be taken by the woman who thinks of trying it. They are laid down by the London physician who advocates it, and they are said to be important in the cure.

"When feeling out of sorts, blue, or depressed, put on a white dress."

"When feeling nervous or fidgety put on a white dress and hold something white in your hand, a white covered book or a white handkerchief, or even a white feather fan."

"If of a nervous temperament let all your fancy work be white, and invariably wear white to the breakfast table."

"Never have brown or yellow about you except in limited quantities, and do not furnish your boudoir in blue. Let it be white, picked out with pink, or with small trifles in blue if you will. But never use all blue."

"Have a room that is white to which you can go and rest. Keep it for a resting room for yourself and your children. You will find yourself quieted down as soon as you enter the room; and if you will give up to the feeling, a gentle drowsiness will soon steal over you."

"If you are addicted to afternoon naps take them in the white room. It is the place of places for little sleeps. Let white be the color which you will select for yourself when overworked, overwrought, or overglazed. It will soothe you at once."

And this is the white cure which is interesting all London. Do not be afraid to try it. It will do you a great deal of good if you are ill, and, if you are well, it may keep you in good condition.

"To cure a nervous spell, open the window and look on a white sky" says a pupil of Annie Besant.

THE white rest cure is the latest fad of London society, and the results thus far observed by women who have submitted to the exactions required by the physicians who prescribe it have been so marvelous that it is certain soon to engage the attention of the women of the United States, if not the world.

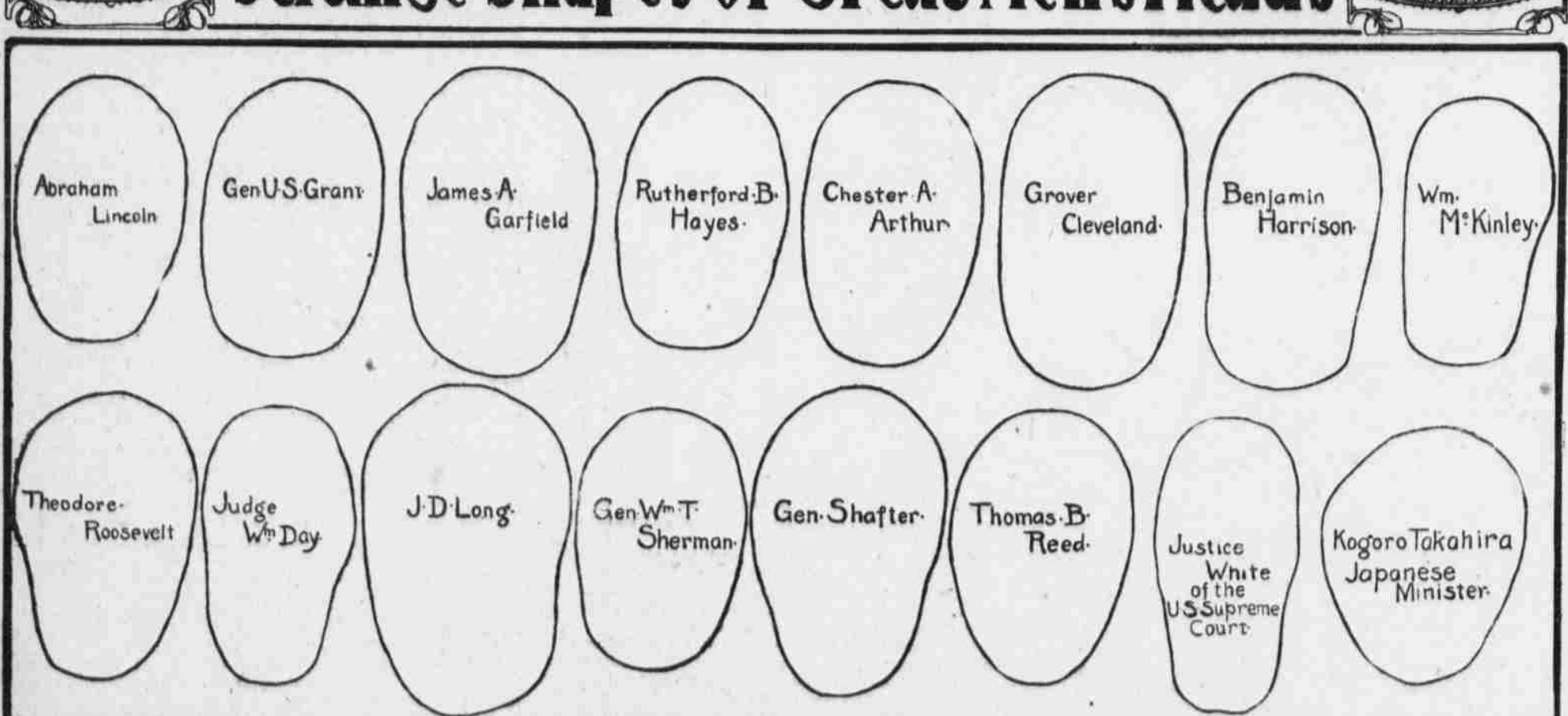
Society women in all climes find the duties imposed upon them by the stations they occupy so nerve racking that they are obliged at times to go into retirement to recuperate. With their nerves shattered and their general health impaired, the only cure that could be depended upon for good results has been complete rest amid congenial surroundings. Physicians of the advanced school have improved upon this rest theory, and many find that by the aid of color, notably white, the cure of delicate patients has not only been facilitated but absolutely guaranteed.

The cure mentioned is really one form of rest cure. The patient is dressed in spotless white, and for hours every day she sits in a white room, resting her eyes and nerves. This practice continues from day to day until the normal condition of the patient has been restored.

Two notable women who will take the white cure are Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. George Cornwallis West,

Taking the white rest cure

Strange Shapes of Great Men's Heads



MANY years ago it occurred to a Washington hatter who catered to the choicest trade of the city to keep the outline maps punched in pieces of stiff manila paper by the flexible fingers of the "conformer," the apparatus with which the shape of the hat to be made is obtained. He began with Lincoln and the great men of his time and kept on until he died. Then his son continued the collection, and when he died his son religiously carried on the fad. Thus there has been gathered a most interesting line of mementoes of all the presidents from Lincoln to Roosevelt, most of the cabinet ministers and diplomats of the same period, and an endless number of other more or less distinguished men. Science says the man who wears the biggest hat does not necessarily possess the highest intelligence but the anatomists keep right on weighing and comparing weights of human brains, and the alienists continue to draw conclusions therefrom.

Dr. Albert W. Ferris, a prominent New York alienist, argues that if there is any basis for believing that the external configuration of the skull gives indication of the development of the brain it is in direct contradiction to the generally accepted theories in the matter. "To illustrate my point," he says, "take the diagram of President Roosevelt's head, for instance. We know he is a man of great intellectual force and ability, but the conformity of the hat line would not indicate this."

"The diagram of Grover Cleveland's head would make it appear that he was a man whose faculties were all equally developed, that there was a well balanced type of perfect symmetrical brain development. According to the diagram of Lincoln, which cannot be taken seriously, the occipital region of the skull is less capacious than the average skull, while the frontal development largely exceeds that of the average man."

"John D. Long, ex-secretary of the navy, to proceed on

the same fallacious line of argument, would be classed as a man of decided combativeness and great vitality, added to unusual intellectual development. The diagram of the Japanese minister's head might be taken to represent that of Cleveland's skull on a small scale, and hence to represent an intellect similar to his, but with less force and vitality."

On the other hand, the anatomist's view of the question is thus expressed by Dr. Edward A. Spitzka, who made the post-mortem examination of the assassin of President McKinley. "Some eminent men proficient in music and mathematics show in their skulls a great development of the parietal region, while men of great oratorical or linguistic powers show a corresponding bulging over the site of speech center. The skull in some respects does show brain development. In more than sixty skulls of men of note which have been preserved and whose internal capacity has been measured it is found that large and capacious skulls predominate in number as compared with any ordinary series."

Most Remarkable Eater in the World.

COL. NEWHAM DAVIS of London has the most marvelous gastronomic record of any man in the world.

Col. Davis has eaten in every land under the sun. There is not a country in the world he has not visited. From the wilds of India to the exclusive cafes in London; from hospitable Japan to the battle ground of the Transvaal he has paid particular attention to the culinary ability of each country.

His record extends from a \$100 per plate dinner in London to a 10-cent quick lunch in the United States. He has devoured quadrupeds from a horse down to a fat puppy; practically all the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea have been on his bill of fare at one time or another. He has even eaten that hated living thing which is classed under neither of these heads—the snake. And none has arisen to dispute his title of the world's most remarkable diner.

When Col. Davis isn't eating he is a warrior, a soldier in the service of the king. In addition to this he writes and acts as a dramatic critic. His diversified calling has led him into most parts of the world, hence his ever changing bill of fare.

however, was a bit of cold pig's liver wrapped around a prune. There was no escape for me from eating this, though I tried to avoid it. My neighbor at the table picked up the liver with his chop sticks and ate it as he ate the rest of my lips. I could do nothing but open my mouth and allow the combination to be inserted, because it is considered a signal honor in the celestial kingdom to have a fellow guest offer you a dainty morsel in the aforesaid manner.

"The fattened puppy tasted something like a baked sucking pig. The puppy is fed on rice and milk for several months before it is killed to be eaten, and the flesh is tender and quite palatable."

"In Africa—the Transvaal—I have lived on trek cattle, hedgeshops, and other things. I have no reason to complain of these, however, for I was hungry at the time, and although they tasted peculiar I ate them with a relish."

"I have often eaten fried serpent in Africa. This did not appeal to me, however. It tasted something like an eel of an inferior oily sort."

"Romania is the only country where I have tried beef. The meat of the animal from which I had a steak was much like the stringy flesh of an ox of questionable age. I believe the best beef meat is that from a small species which inhabits Cashmere and which feeds mostly on wild fruit."

"Turkish restaurants were more acceptable than a person would be led to believe. I never ate in a private Turkish family, but while in that country learned the ways of the people. One of their most noted dishes is a joint of lamb boiled to shreds and the small pieces eaten with the fingers."

"Horseflesh I have eaten in South Africa, to return to that country again. It was at Ladysmith this was served, because there was nothing else. The flesh of the horse is unsatisfactory, as it is sweet and tough. Our men at Ladysmith became tired of it."

An Expert on Gastronomy.

Col. Davis talks as an expert now on the subject of gastronomy. If there is any peculiar delicacy under the sun he hasn't tasted, he doesn't know about it. The colonel says his most remarkable meal was eaten in Japan, the land of flowers and the home of fish eaters. It was a fish that played the most conspicuous part in this strange meal.

"It was in Tokio, I believe," said Col. Davis. "I was dining with a Japanese family, and almost the first dish brought on was a queer covered affair. The servant removed the cover, and lo and behold, a live fish wriggled and flapped inside. The fish was brought in in this condition to prove it was alive."

"It was then killed before my eyes and I was expected to eat part of it the way it was—uncooked. I did so, too. It was of a peculiar taste, but not unpleasant. The fish, it appears, is of a species commonly eaten in the mikado's kingdom without being cooked owing to its palatable taste in its raw state."

"The Japanese are wonderful cooks. It is too bad we cannot take lessons from them in the preparation of food so that it will tickle the palate."

"The Japanese have one other dish of a peculiar nature. It is a sort of a consommé. It is an absolutely clear soup which appears to be merely water, but one taste convinces a person it has been skillfully made of some kind of meat."

"Next to Japan's China offers the greatest array of marvelous dishes. Eggs forty and fifty years old, which have been buried for those periods in a clay, are held to be the greatest delicacies in the empire. The longer the egg is in the earth the finer it is supposed to be. The Chinese egg that is sent to the table is almost black and its flavor reminds one of an overripe egg that has been hard boiled and then served."

Has Not Eaten Lion's Flesh.

"There is one wild beast I have not partaken of, and that is lion's flesh. I have never heard of this being eaten, but I should imagine from the nature of the beast the flesh would be dry and stringy, coupled with a rank taste. The lion is lacking in fat. I shot several in India, but their bodies were nothing but hard muscle. It is the same with the buck you kill in India and Africa. The animals are destitute of fat."

"Now, having listed all the strange things I have eaten, I might tell you of some meals in civilized countries. The most expensive meal I ever ate was in France. The hosts were a couple of African millionaires. They had won heavily at Monte Carlo and wanted to entertain in proportion with their winnings. The dinner was given at the Ritz at No. 1. They put London hotels in the shade in elaborateness."

"The decorations were in red and black. The waiters wore red shirts and red ties. The winning number was repeated all over the table, in the number of wines served, etc."

"Another expensive dinner I attended was in London. This was a \$100 plate affair. The decorations were wonderfully elaborate. Among the novelties presented were dwarf fruit trees grown so the fruit could be picked from them at the dinner."

"I think Monte Carlo is the most expensive place in the world to dine. One cannot get any kind of a respectable meal there for less than \$15 or \$20. For every glass of old brandy there you will be asked to pay \$2.50. In Paris there is some cognac bottled before the battle of Waterloo which commands \$5 a thimbleful."

Eats Pig's Liver on Prune.

"I have eaten many disagreeable things in China—merely for the experience, of course. Among these were sea slugs, a sort of oyster, and fattened puppy. The most disagreeable,