

A Pretty Dimple in Her Shoulder That Earns Her a Fortune.



MAY HOPKINS' PICTUREFACE AND HER PICTURE SHOULDER

THERE is a girl in the New York studios who has a dimple in her shoulder, and it is in this dimple, which is deep and beautiful, that her fortune lies. She would be a pretty girl even were it not for this dimple. But with it she is twice as pretty.

Not that the dimple shows save on dress occasions, for it is, as a general thing, securely hidden beneath the tucks of a linen shirt waist. But its fame has traveled far and wide, and you know it is there because you have heard of it.

This young woman with the dimple is Miss May Hopkins. She was one of the original "Florodora" girls. At that time her dimple had not been discovered. But now it is famous. It is hard to believe it is so unusual to find a dimple in the shoulder. If you search the verses of poetry you will find "her dimpled shoulder" of quite frequent occurrence. It is spoken of as lightly as if it were a dimpled chin or a dimpled cheek. But when you come to search for them there are few dimpled shoulders. When you find them they almost invariably belong to fat old women, who would not be at all attractive no matter how many dimples they had.

Shoulder Dimple Rare and Beautiful.

But Miss Hopkins, who is a tall, slender girl, has a lovely shoulder dimple. You can see it across the room, and when she is in décolleté she manages to arrange her lace draperies so that the dimple in the shoulder will surely show. When she is dressed in a shirt waist you can feel the dimple by simply pressing your fingers upon her shoulder.

"A shoulder dimple is as rare as it is beautiful," said an artist. "It is one of the marks of a perfect neck. True, the canons of pure art do not call for it. Neither do they call for dimpled cheeks nor for a dimpled chin. But art sometimes falls short of the requirements and the admirations of

everyday life, also of its fads, and the dimpled shoulder is one instance."

A dimpled shoulder is one of the attributes of childhood. It makes a girl look babyish. One expects to find the 4 year old girl with a dimpled shoulder and with dimpled knuckles. But one is not on the lookout for anything of that kind where grown up folks are concerned. And that is why this dimple is so noticeable.

Sleeps Late to Heighten Beauty.

This pretty girl of the studios is particular as to her methods of life. She wants always to be as pretty as she is now, and she is of the opinion that she can keep herself so by trying hard.

"I have never tried the trick of early rising," says she, "because I love to sleep in the morning. But when I do get up I am up for all day, and from morning until night I go through with the process which the Americans call hustling. I believe in a contented mind. Contentment will bring dimples when discontent will drive them away. The mind that is calm and tranquil will be mirrored in a face that is smooth and lovely. There ought to be a book written with nothing in it but rules for keeping calm. Here are just a few of them:

"Don't run in debt if you want to keep calm and pretty. Save your money and you will be happy. Never spend more than you make. Do not, whatever else you do, spend it all.

"Here is my own rule for keeping happy all day: Get up happy. If you want your cheeks to wear dimples and your brow to wear a smile, get up happy and smile from morning till night.

"I cannot get up happy if I am awakened in the morning. So I sleep late. What would I do if I had to rise early? I would go to bed early, just as in bed to get fully slept out. Don't get up sleepy and tired. Lie in bed until you are ready

SHE HAS THE SINEWY VIGOR OF BERNHARDT.

to get up. That is one of the best rules in the world for keeping your dimples. Sleep a plenty.

Dimple Rule No. 1—Don't Eat Too Much.

"Here is another dimple rule: Don't eat too much. I take a light breakfast and a still lighter lunch. It is better not to eat anything at all at noon. Coffee, if you want it, at breakfast and a roll ought to be enough. This, with plenty of good, sweet butter, ought to last one's stomach a long time.

"Heavy meat breakfasts may be all well. But give me something light in the morning if I am going to be light in my spirits during the day and dimpled as to my cheeks.

"As to the dimple in my shoulder? O, that is another story. It is a thing with which I would not want to experiment too much, for fear it might go away. I would not like to eat heavy meals and to stuff with rich foods, and to take all sorts of pastries and gravies. If I did the dimple in my shoulder might disappear beneath the mounds of fat, and I might have no complexion at all.

"I am sometimes asked why working girls are prettier than other girls. Society girls are well groomed, and that makes them pretty in a way. But they are not half as attractive as the shop girls, the artists' models, and the chorus girls. Shop girls are nearly always pretty.

"The reason is that the shop girl does not eat so much. She eats all she wants and all she needs. But she does not have whole afternoons for luncheons; she does not go to table d'hôte dinners; she seldom has a whole box of candy, and she cannot munch fruit and cake all day. She must work and she is not allowed to eat while at her task.

Keeps Beauty by Caring for Self.

"Send a girl out in the morning on a couple of good rolls and a good, wholesome cup of coffee and she will feel better than if she had filled up on heavy cakes, on syrup, on meat,



MAY HOPKINS, THE GIRL WHOSE FORTUNE LIES IN THE DIMPLE ON HER SHOULDER.

and all the other indigestible things of the table, including fried potatoes and other things which one so often finds upon the table.

"How do I keep my looks? By taking care of myself. There is no other rule which compares to this one. Would I advise a girl to pose in the studios? Certainly, if she can do so. I can see no reason why she should not make a success, providing she is willing to work hard. It is strenuous work, but there is plenty of it to be done, and the girl with a dimple, or with any other beauty, can be sure of earning a nice living."

And the girl whose fortune lies in the deep dimple in her shoulder hurried away to keep an appointment. "I never take a cab," said she, "because it costs too much. And one of my rules for keeping pretty is to save money. It is quicker to take a car than to walk and it costs only a nickel. But see how much exercise you miss. Walk as much as you can if you want to keep your dimples."

Athletes Have Dimpled Shoulders.

There is a specialist in New York, a gymnasium teacher, who tells his pupils how to get this shoulder dimple, which since the new dinner table came in, is all the style.

"The dimpled shoulder," says this man, "is the athletic shoulder. Runners almost always have dimples in the shoulder and wrestlers always. Prize fighters have them, too, and all athletes whose work makes them strong in the shoulders and chest. It is a form of muscular development when the sinews stand out and the dimples begin to appear.

"Shoulder exercise should be taken by the girl who wants to have dimples in her shoulders. She should take the arm exercises. There is a society woman in Washington who let it be known a few seasons ago that she desired a handsome pair of shoulders. 'I would give anything in the world,' said she, 'for a handsome pair of arms and shoulders.'

"When pressed to be specific she said that she would give \$1,000. And with the bait of \$1,000 the shoulder specialists set to work. They went to make her arms full and beautiful and her shoulders broad and handsome. They were also to plump out her neck sufficiently to match her shoulders.

"It took a long time, fully the three months stipulated in the contract, but at the end of that time it was done. The woman had a handsome neck and a pair of lovely arms. Her shoulders were dreams and evening after evening they glowed resplendent. 'They are too handsome to be hidden,' said the woman, proudly.

Secret of Beautiful Shoulders.

"The secret of the beauty of the neck and shoulders lay in the way they are developed. The process was a complex one. But it worked out well. For, beginning with a yellow neck and a sharp pair of shoulder blades, the woman soon had the finest neck and arms in Washington.

"It was all to be found in massage, in applications of cocoa butter, almond oil, coconut oil, creams, and plenty of rubbing. And there were dashes of alcohol and hot water. The neck was plumped out beautifully in that manner. To plump out a thin neck, a yellow neck, and a neck that is shapeless with sharp shoulders and high shoulder blades, begin with some hot water. Let the skin be steamed, but do not scald it, of course. Then apply the oils and creams, alternating them from day to day. Work steadily on the pores of the skin, for it is through them that the neck and arms are plumped out.

"The process should be gone through with at night, if possible, so that the creams can remain on the skin over night. In the morning they can be taken off with hot water, and the neck and arms can be rubbed with alcohol. This should be repeated day by day, for weeks and months, if the neck stays thin."

Mysterious Girl Footpad Who Held Up Baltimore Society Young Men.

BALTIMORE society has a girl footpad. She has robbed five men in two months and afterwards returned their property. They meet her in society three or four evenings a week, and yet they are unable to identify her. The five men know that they have been the victims of some huge hoax; but although they willingly would give a thousand dollars apiece to discover the identity of the girl who held a revolver to their heads while she robbed them, so far they have been unable to do so.

The five robberies were not reported to the police, nor have the newspapers printed a line about them. It was only through a letter written by one of the victims to a Chicago friend that the facts are known here.

The first man to be robbed was a wealthy corporation attorney. He was on a social errand that took him through a quiet, well lighted street in the most fashionable quarter of the city. It was a few minutes after midnight and he had spent the evening at a reception at a great Baltimore mansion. Suddenly a young woman stepped from behind some shrubbery, by a quick motion leveled a shining revolver at his head, and in a quiet voice, steel like in its incisiveness, ordered:

"Hands up, please."

Girl Bandit Escapes in Carriage.

The attorney was so surprised that his hands went up above his head involuntarily. Then, with the muzzle of the revolver looming large before his eyes, he felt his overcoat torn violently open. With the deft movements of the practiced hand of a highwayman the girl took his gold watch and diamond scarf pin. Then, warning him not to move, she backed away to the shrubbery near the curbstone, keeping the revolver leveled menacingly at her astonished victim's head. As she disappeared behind the shrubbery the attorney sprang forward, hoping to catch her unawares. He noticed then for the first time that a carriage had been concealed behind the shrubbery, and he was chagrined to see the young woman bandit spring through the open door of the vehicle, while at the same instant the coachman lashed the horses and they wheeled away at a gallop.

The attorney's first thought was to proceed instantly to the police station and report the robbery. Then the thought occurred to him that he would be the laughing stock of his friends if they discovered that he had been robbed in so startling a manner by a woman.

With this thought in his mind he resolved to await developments. His watch was engraved with his monogram, not only on the case but on the works, and he knew that it could not be sold or pawned without the police being able to trace it. The diamond scarf pin he was not so sure of.

Asked to Redeem Jewelry.

The attorney went to his apartments—he is a bachelor. He was met by his man, who handed him a letter which had been left by a messenger with the injunction that it was to be handed him the moment he returned home. The envelope was of the approved fashionable tint and shape, and the note inside bore the faint, indelible perfume that told unerringly of refinement. The note read:

"Mr. —: If you care to redeem your watch and scarf pin without creating a scandal, send a gold bangle engraved with your name and this date—which, doubtless, will be a memorable one to you—to the general postoffice addressed to

"P. S.—Of course, if you are a gentleman you will make no effort to identify 'Cash K.' at the postoffice. If you are sortid and unromantic enough not to care for the adventure,

why, remain silent, and your property will be returned to you without further ado.

The attorney smiled to himself. It was easy enough, he thought, to send a gold bangle with his name engraved upon it. "Cash K."—and it would be easy enough, he thought, also, to place the whole matter in the hands of a postoffice inspector. But the postscript puzzled him. It placed him, to an extent, upon his honor as a gentleman. Besides, there was a hint at an adventure. He went the bangle and in two days his watch and scarf pin were left at his apartments by a letter carrier.

Young Physician Is Held Up.

A week later a prominent young physician called at the attorney's downtown office. Closing the door of the private room, the physician said with some trepidation:

"Henry, I've been robbed."

"Burglars?" asked the attorney.

"No, worse than that," groaned the physician.

"Perhaps you bought a gold brick of a junk dealer?"

"No, by a footpad."

"What did she take?" asked the attorney queerly.

"I didn't say she," retorted the physician. "How did you guess it?"

"And after she had robbed you, she sprang into a carriage and drove away," continued the attorney, with an amused smile on his face.

The physician continued to stare at his legal friend, who went on:

"You decided not to report the facts to the police for fear the newspapers would print them and make you the laughing stock of all your friends. So you went home and found a letter waiting you."

"Yes, yes," eagerly assented the young physician.

"Well, my advice to you is to send the bangle."

"How do you know the letter asked for a gold bangle with my name and date engraved upon it?"

"Well," responded the lawyer, dryly, "I redeemed my watch and scarf pin with the same kind of a bangle."

The two friends decided to say nothing, but to wait in the hope that somehow and somewhere they would find the clue to the mystery.

Insurance Man Third Victim.

Another week went by, and one evening at the billiard room of the club a wealthy insurance man casually asked the attorney for a cigar. The attorney handed out his case, remarking:

"Certainly, old man; but how is it you haven't that gunmetal cigar case? I never knew you to be without it."

The insurance man turned red, and the attorney laughed.

"Haven't you decided to redeem it with a bangle?" he asked.

The insurance man confessed that he, too, had been waylaid and robbed by a young woman, apparently the same one.

Within a fortnight two more victims to the young woman bandit had been added to the list. Then the five men called upon a shrewd old detective, who listened to their stories, one at a time. When each had finished his narrative the old detective, who had not taken any notes, told them that beyond question they had been honored by some daring young woman of their own acquaintance—probably of their own social circle.

"In the first place," he said, "the young woman's motive clearly was not plunder, for in each case she returned the property she took from you. You all agree that she took no money. In your case," turning to a wealthy diamond importer, "she opened your pocketbook, saw several thousand

dollars in bills, but immediately returned it to your overcoat pocket, with a gasp of surprise, contenting herself with a silver match box and your watch, both of which she returned to you by registered mail."

Each Man Lured to Spot.

"In the next place," continued the old detective, "each robbery has some distinguishing characteristic. Each of you was sent on some errand out of the ordinary—and in each case you went on the errand in response to the request of some young woman you met at a ball, or a dinner party, or a dance. That indicates that the robberies were all planned in your own social set and by one mind."

The five victims stared at each other as the truth broke in upon them.

"By Jove, that's so," said the attorney. "When I was robbed I had just escorted Miss — to her home. I remember now I thought at the time it was strange that she insisted on walking, for the night was keen and I saw her carriage near the curb as we left the house. I walked with her to the door, then started back, and five minutes later I was held up."

Each of the other four remembered that they had been sent on errands equally trivial.

"I cannot tell you the name of the young woman who has hoaxed you," said the detective, in conclusion, "but when you find a girl with a bangle attached to her bracelet my advice to you is to examine the bangle. One of you may find his name on it."

The five friends agreed to keep their secret and to wait and watch.

Then one night at a governor's reception at Annapolis a young woman dropped a bracelet. She stooped for it, but a naval officer, who happened to be her escort for the moment, picked it up.

"What a collection of bangles!" he said, as he examined them closely. "Ah, I see," he said, with a laugh, "this one has a name, and so has this, and this—Why, I know Dr. —."

The young woman clearly was annoyed, but she slipped the bracelet over her wrist without offering any explanation, and the naval officer did not dare pursue the subject further.

Two Girls at Least in Hoax.

It was perhaps only by accident that the lieutenant met the physician the next day in Baltimore, and told him, incidentally, of the girl and the bracelet with the bangle. The physician hastily summoned his friends and told them of the clue.

Two or three evenings later the same young woman was at a reception in Baltimore. She wore a bracelet, but no bangles; another young woman, however, did have a ribbon attached to her fan, and on the ribbon were the five bangles!

This proved to the five victims of the hoax that there were two girls, at least, in the secret. They did not dare accuse either one of them, for they all agreed that they had been held up and robbed by one girl.

Evening after evening the five men kept watch, and each evening the mystery grew deeper. Sometimes the five bangles would appear, one worn as an ornament by five different girls. Sometimes one girl would wear two bangles and another three, and then all five would appear in the possession of an entirely different girl.

So far the five Baltimore men have discovered fourteen young women who are concerned in the secret of the bangles. Which one of the fourteen robbed them? They cannot find out, but they are certain the fair bandit is one of three. All three are Vassar girls, all three are credited with the requisite daring and pluck. But which one of the three is it?

