

The Most Beautiful Voice in Chicago Will Never be Heard in Public

Its Owner Herself Sacrifices on the Altar of Filial Duty



Shown talent as a child.

PERHAPS the most beautiful voice in Chicago—a voice capable of stirring thousands and making its owner one of the famous singers of the grand opera world—will never be heard in public. The girl who possesses the voice has renounced it and her claims to fame and fortune. The voice, declared by three of the most famous music masters in the United States to promise to rival that of Patti after a few years of training, has been stifled by the self-sacrifice of the young girl, and she does not sing, even around her own home, for fear that her parents will discover that she has made the renunciation. Neither her father nor mother knows that the girl possesses the voice, and few even of her closest friends know that her singing has aroused enthusiasm and won the frantic praises of at least two of the great opera directors of the world.

Because this girl considers it her duty to remain at home, attend to the daily wants of her father and mother, and care for the house; because she believes that neither money nor fame would ever recompense them for the loss of a daughter—she has given up singing and is doing housework.

The girl lives on the north side in Chicago. Her parents are in comfortable circumstances, own their own little home, and have everything which they need.

Shows Musical Talent from Infancy.
Early in life this girl showed marked musical talent. Her voice, as a young girl, was nothing remarkable, although it was clear and high, and she sang well, with perfect enunciation. Her parents were proud of her voice and denied themselves that she might have training.

That they made sacrifices for her sake is certain, sacrifices beyond those great ones that each father, and more especially each mother, must make for children, and which few children realize until they themselves become fathers or mothers, when, usually, the realization of the immensity of the mother's sacrifice is borne in upon them.

The girl sang in the choir of a little church, and, although she sang well and with excellent effect, no one, even of her closest friends, imagined that she was anything beyond an ordinary good singer. Nor did she herself think that her voice was any rare gift until two years ago.

Suddenly Finds Her Strength.
On one Sabbath day about two years ago the girl suddenly found her voice. She noticed, almost with fright, that her voice had changed. It possessed new power, new vibrations, new force of expression, and she found herself singing as she never had sung before. Perhaps, so music experts say, she never had tried to sing before; but the realization of the immensity of her powers, instead of inspiring her to reveal her new found talent to the world, caused her to stop, waver, and finally modulate her voice until its high, clear tones sank below those of the others in the choir.

No one noticed any change in her voice—but she realized suddenly that she was possessed of a wonderful gift. Alone she tried it while singing the solos of the great prima donnas, and the discovery that she was a great singer filled her with dread and foreboding. She knew how great her treasure was—but she was afraid.



Her voice came to her in the choir.



The music master kissed her hand.

At once visions of herself as prima donna, singing before adoring audiences in grand opera, interpreting for the world the masterpieces of the great composers, thrilling the fashionable ones, the music lovers of the world with her wonderful voice, came to her, and she was tempted to claim her place. How long the struggle continued is not known. For weeks and weeks she debated the question. She realized that a year, two years, perhaps more, under the great teachers would be necessary before she would be accorded a place among the grand opera stars. And then the thought of leaving her father and mother came.

Still, despite her conviction as to the wonderful qualities of her voice, she doubted whether it really was as great a gift as she imagined. In September of 1904 she determined upon a test to discover whether or not she was correct in her estimate of her own powers. Without saying a word to any one she arranged for a private hearing with the greatest of Chicago's music masters.

Says Her Voice is Marvelous.
For him she sang. After the first song, a selection from "Faust," the man, usually a cold, cynical observer, leaped to his feet, and, rushing forward, grasped her by both hands and shook them again and again, telling her that her voice was one of the marvels of the age. Again and again he pleaded with her to sing, and she sang, and at the end of the hearing the man, almost sobbing in the passion of admiration of the voice, kissed her hands and told her that she would be among the greatest singers in the world.

On the way home that evening the girl thought over the matter. She argued with herself whether it was her duty to the world to sing for it or her duty to her parents to remain and care for them with her love and sympathy.

But, after weeks of secret struggle with her pride and ambition, she decided upon the greater test. She determined to go to New York—unknown and unheard of—and sing for two of the greatest masters of the world—one a German, who was at that time with an opera company in New York.

After three days of correspondence and a personal interview, in which she explained her desire, it was arranged that she was to sing in private for them from the stage of the Metropolitan opera house. And they selected the songs she was to sing.



Refused an offer of \$10,000 a season.

mother—and at the end of the week she sat down calmly and wrote the director who had made her the offer that she had decided never to sing again.

In reply she received two combined protests of the two men who had heard her sing in New York. They urged upon her that it was her duty to herself, to her family, to the world, to sing as she had sung to them, to cultivate the great gift that had been sent to her.

Makes the Great Sacrifice.
She replied—and in reply said that she had thought out the matter and considered it her duty to remain with her

parents until they died. The men wrote to her and told her plainly that two, or at the outside three, years of neglect meant the ruin of her voice in all probability. She replied that her decision was unchangeable.

So, up in the little house on the north side, the girl with the voice is doing the dusting and housework and attending to the marketing. She has quit the church choir and sings no more in public. Only once in awhile, when she forgets for a few minutes or perhaps her mind wanders to the night have been, the beautiful voice is raised in song, and passes by step to listen until it stops suddenly as if with a sob.

And, as a reward, her mother and father say "She is a good daughter."

You Are Not Pretty Unless Your Face Is Plump.

BEAUTIES SEEK FAT AND APPEAL TO MASSEURS FOR AID.



CURVES AND DIMPLES RESULTS OF MASSEURS' ARTS.

YOU are not beautiful unless your face is fat—at least plump. So it is decreed by the women—who decide what beauty is—and the women of the courts of Europe and of American society are seeking plumpness and dimples. Massaging and oiling, plumping and dimpling are occupying almost as much time as housekeeping, clubs, and society. The thin faced woman is no longer the favorite—and curves in the face, soft contours, are more desired, and harder to produce, than the curves of the figure.

The edict has gone forth that society women must be plump. It has issued from the mouths of those who must be obeyed, and all society is rushing off not to the anti-fat cures but to the anti-leans.

The king of England admires plump women; all the pretty, titled Americans—who undoubtedly lead the London styles—are plump. The queen herself is fat in the face and the belle of Newport is one of the plump ones. So what is there to do but to get plump.

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The duchess of Marlborough is the most conspicuous example of a plump faced woman in society. She is tall and slim and tips the scales at 135. She is slender in the waist line, so that her famous diamond belt measures only twenty-two inches. She is slender in the throat and her dog collar is just two and a half inches. Yet her cheeks are fat and her chest is full. Her arms are plump and her hands are almost pulpy in their pretty dimpled fatness. They are like little pink rolls of butter. There is a dimple in every knuckle and her thumb is little and pink.

Four Ways to Get Plump Face.
What do the duchesses do to keep her face fat is often asked. And there are various replies. A maid who once worked for her, and who left to set up a beauty establishment, and who now has some of the best society people in London, says there are four ways by which London society women make the cheeks plump without plumping the figure.

The first method of face plumping is by wearing plumpers in the face. This is objectionable and is only done when the face is thin and the cheeks hollow. The plumpers, which are made of wads of cotton shaped to fit the cheeks, are renewed twice a day. They give the almost babyish contour of cheek which is so much admired this season.

The second method of plumping the cheeks is by massage. The cheeks are pinched and pinched, not roughly, for this takes off the fat, but lightly and with the finger tips. This is the Japanese method. It is the method by which the fat faced Japanese women keep the cheeks round and pretty. No matter how old a Japanese woman may be, she has plump, pretty cheeks. She keeps them so by gently pinching them every morning. Never does she pinch them heavily, for this takes off the fat, but she gently pats and taps them until the flesh is stimulated.

The third method of plumping out the cheeks is by the oil massage. This is one of the best known means. Oil is poured into the hand and is spat into the skin, which is first prepared for it. The skin is heated and the oil is massaged into the pores. This never fails to fatten the face, but it is a little trying. It takes so much time and so much patience.

How to Rub in Skin Foods.
There is another method of fattening, and that is kneading cold cream into the face. The skin is heated hot with hot cloths. Then, while it is hot and pink, the cold cream is rubbed in. This method is open to the objection of bringing out superfluous hair upon the face. But if a raw cucumber is rubbed in directly afterwards, this is all neutralized. The acid of the cucumber will kill the cold cream as far as the growth of superfluous hair is concerned.

All the beauties have full faces. No matter how thin they are when they depart for India, they are certain to come home plump as to the cheeks and pink and pretty. Last season a dozen London beauties went out to India, most of them thin faced from the requirements of the season. When they returned they were plump as pigeons.

Beauty Mysteries of India.
There are India beauty secrets which take in the plumping operation, and these secrets, which have been handed down for thousands of years, are told to visitors in great confidence. The native servants whisper them, and the visiting belles allow themselves to be experimented upon. In every case they are successful, for they are open secrets, known for ages and tried for generations, until they have become perfect. The rajah's beauties are in possession of them, and the trained servants have learned them. Some of them are practical and reasonable; others are too fanciful to even gain a hearing, though it is said that, if you will try them, you will be convinced, no matter how skeptical you are.

The massage treatment of India is interesting. It consists of love taps with the palm of the hand, which is dipped in native oil. The face is spatted and so is the neck and the chest. If the patient will permit, the skin is laked with mud. A light, gray earth is made into a mud pie, which is spread upon the cheeks and allowed to dry on. It is then taken off and the face is oiled and spatted. This is said to work quickly and well. But the remedy is worse than the disease, say those who have tried it—and who don't like mud.

Rose Leaf Cream Exquisite.
One of the prettiest of the treatments of India is that of binding a delicate rose leaf cream upon the face. Pink petals are plucked and made up with oil into a thin cream. This is spread on the face. It is said to heal it, plump it, and pink it. The women at home could get the same result with home made cold cream, made pink with half a drop of something obtained of the druggist, who has many small pink coloring substances. The cream should not be rose red, but only the faintest and most delicate pink.

Plumping the cheeks is a high art in London, where the king says his beauties must be plump in the face. All devices are used to make the cheeks round and there are plumping creams without number. The princess of Pleas is said to make her cheeks pink with rose leaves, which she rubs directly on the skin, and to make them plump with old fashioned camphor ice, which her maid mixes. The English maid will take sheep's fat and heat it with a few drops of camphor until she makes a clear cold cream, and into this she will beat just enough almond oil to make a paste. This she will use for plumping the face.

Don't Wash Face with Water.
Don't wash your face at all if you want it fat. Keep rubbing in oils, but do not wash them out. Water baths will take the oils out of the face wonderfully. Persepire if you can. This makes the skin fine and soft. If you want a plump face drink plenty of water, but don't eat greasy foods. Greasy foods will make the nose red and the face break out. Try to let water be your main beverage, with cream and chocolate, cocoa and milk. These will plump out the cheeks like the cheeks of a baby.

In India, where Lady Curzon holds court, it is noticed that