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My Secrets of Beauty

No. 143 - Your Beauty Sleep
By Mme. Lina Cavalieri, the Most Famous Living Beauty.



By Mme. Lina Cavalieri.

MY views are a shade old-fashioned in regard to sleep. But of this I am not ashamed for some of the old views in regard to health and beauty culture are the soundest. I believe, for instance, that it is well to sleep while it is dark and work while it is light. That is the law of life. It is true that the beauty sleep is that which we get the early part of the night, preferably before midnight. The basis of truth for this saying is that it is the sleep we get while we are tired, that is, the first lap of rest from fatigue that refreshes and, so to speak, rebeautifies us.

One person in five hundred takes too much sleep. The others take scarcely enough. There is too little sleeping done, for either health or beauty, or for mental growth and well-being. I cannot say to you, "Sleep seven hours," and to you, "Sleep nine." You must decide for yourself how much sleep you need in order to awake refreshed, and to feel strong, and, so to speak, "well slept" for the day. And having discovered this, take it at whatever cost. For sleeplessness is one of the three greatest foes of beauty.

There is a right way to prepare for sleep. The mind should be cleared of worries and of haunting thoughts, and the body should be

cleansed by a warm bath, either in the tub or by a sponge or wash cloth. The throat should be gargled and the nostrils cleansed of any obstructions so that free breathing for the night is assured. Many use the atomizer with mild borax water or salt water for that purpose. There should be no violent exercise before retiring, no eating of heavy foods, and no hard mental labor. Nor should there be any excited conversation. If it is necessary to quarrel do your quarrelling in the morning so that, as the wonderful old Book says, the sun shall not set on your wrath. Besides being good counsel from a moral standpoint this is most excellent beauty advice. From the woman who yields often to anger beauty soon vanishes. If you have not eaten for several hours before retiring a cup of warm milk will refresh the stomach and draw the excess of blood from the brain, permitting sleep.

Sleep when you feel like it. There is a possibility of over regularity in sleep. If you feel drowsy don't battle with that sensation. Yield to it even though it be at midday, and if at all possible get a short nap at least. If you combat this tendency and finally conquer it nature is liable to wreak retribution by keeping you awake later on when you need sleep by causing you to feel

WHAT important topic, especially to dwellers in large cities and to the over-worked dweller anywhere, sleep, is treated by Mme. Cavalieri to-day with even more than her usual union of common sense and scientific knowledge. She dwells in a long, yet interesting chapter, on the preliminaries of sleep, telling her readers how to secure sound, rejuvenating, life lengthening sleep, by preparing for it.

"The nasal passages should be cleared, so that free breathing for the night is assured."



Mme. Lina Cavalieri.



"Rubbing the forehead with long strokes toward the temple has often brought sleep to the nervous."

The Care of House Plants—No. 3

By M. B. Gleason.

Poor drainage is the most frequent cause of plant disease. If the water is retained unduly the earth soon becomes sour, and the result is diseased roots. All pots should receive a layer of broken pottery or large pebbles for an inch or an inch and a half before the soil is put in, and as an added precaution it is wise to place over the broken crockery (bits of flower pots) a layer of charcoal broken into pieces about

other enemies to look out for. Scale is a flat insect that attaches itself to the leaves, usually on the under side, and looks like a small brownish spot. Mealy-bug is a white cottony-looking parasite that makes a home for itself in the rough places of the stalk and under the leaves, and the little green bugs so frequently found on plants.

The most effective insecticide is a solution of Ivory soap. Melt about two ounces of shaved Ivory soap and add it to a pailful of water and wash the plant in it thoroughly, being sure that all of the leaves and stems are wet, until there is no more trouble. It may need more than one application, but it will do the work, is perfectly safe, and will not injure the plants in the least.

If, for some particular reason, tobacco fumigation is preferred, an easy way to accomplish this is to put the plant in a stationary laundry tub that has a tight-fitting cover. Place a vessel containing some live coals beside the tub and sprinkle tobacco thickly over the coals. Close down the lid quickly, cover with newspapers and a heavy rug to make as airtight as possible, and leave the plant in the tub for an hour or two.



Once Upon a Time.

By THOMAS TAPPER.

Once upon a time there was a Boy. It begins like a fairy tale, doesn't it?
But this is only an imitation of a fairy tale.
Now, most fairy tales begin with a fairy or two and a few impossible things, and they all proceed in a fascinating way.
But this tale begins with a Boy, some ordinary people, and a few common jobs. There is nothing fascinating about any of them. And yet this Boy, in a simple way, solved the one great problem of life—a problem every human being must solve, or be a failure.
His name was Horace Reyburn. He was a Yankee, born and bred on a New Hampshire farm. It was a stony farm, every acre of it, and the boy's father who had inherited it from his father and so on back, got from it a scanty living of the poorest kind.
Horace worked on the farm from fourteen to twenty-one, and he was the first of all the Reyburns to begin to clear the land of stones. It sounds like a queer thing for a boy to do, does it not? But remember, this is an imitation of a fairy tale, although it is true as fairy tales are not.
In those seven years Horace cleared up four acres so thoroughly that the plough turned up no stones larger than a walnut and not many even of that size. But Horace saw clearly that if he lived to be twice as old as his father he could never clear up the whole place, so on his twenty-first birthday he went to work for a carpenter.

After a few months, Horace concluded that the boys and his men were so like his father's stony farm that he could never hope to have any help in clearing up their stony condition, so he quit and went into the carpenter business for himself.

The man for whom he did the first job told another man and so on until Horace got to be so busy that he had to hire men. Every time a man came to him for work, he said:
"I'll pay you good wages promptly. You must work eight hours a day, and more, if necessary. Extra pay for overtime."
"You must do every job as quickly as you can and as well as you can."
"No customer is to be overcharged either through laziness or bad work."
"When you don't know what to do, ask me."

III.
Being an extremely busy man, Horace had spare time. He used this to study how to plan a house, estimate its cost, and build it so that both he and his owner would be satisfied with it. This principle of a good job he applied when he fixed Mr. Fuller's barn door, as well as when he built a mansion for the owner of the silk mill. As a result both Mr. Fuller and the silk mill man voted for Horace to be a Selectman of the town.
Then he was chosen for postmaster, but refused the position. "Any man," he said, "who hires six men has to do seven men's work, so I can't afford the position."

But by his Horace was climbing up.

IV.
Most fairy stories begin with an impossible fairy or two, doing impossible things, in a fascinating way.

This one begins with Horace's father and a farm so full of stones that he never tried to clear it. But the boy cleared four acres of it. To old man Reyburn that was impossible Thing No. 1.
To Wheeler, the carpenter, a quickly done, honest job was not possible, for he did not think that way. When young Reyburn came along and proved that that way, impossible Thing No. 2 happened.

To Mr. Fuller, whose barn door was as good as new after Carpenter Reyburn had fixed it, impossible Thing No. 3 happened.

So it seems to me that young Reyburn's life from beginning to end was full of the doing of little things well.

Little things well done are generally impossible.

That is why this story is ahead of the average fairy tale.

nervous and overworked without craving sleep. Late hours are one of the chief causes of wrinkles.
Diarobe slowly. Turn all your underwear wrong side out and hang it near the open window, where it will be well aired. Wear light night clothes. I have been told that those men and women of superb physique, the Russian dancers, wear none. They do this that their bodies may secure the ventilation they do not get in their closely fitted clothing of the day. This is hygienic in the sense of ventilation. It is probable, though, that persons of frail physique might contract heavy colds, even pneumonia, in this way.
Sleep in a bed that stands north and south or north-northeast or south-southwest, to meet earth currents of electricity, which will impart their strength to the body. Do not sleep on too soft a bed. I prefer a medium mattress to a very thick one, and I loathe that abomination, the featherbed. Don't sleep under too heavy bedclothing. That is weakening. For this reason I prefer comfortables or interlined spreads to blankets, one pair of blankets with extra spreads being enough no matter what the weather. Keep rolled or folded at the foot of your bed a comfortable for emergency, as when it turns suddenly cold at night, or when there is extra moisture in the air from a new snow or rainfall.
Do not go to bed between sheets that seem damp or not fresh. That condition shows that they have not been properly aired or sunned.
Don't try to read yourself to sleep. It strains the eyes and is quite as likely to overstimulate the brain as to keep you awake as to soothe you to sleep. I prefer to sleep on the right side. It relaxes the body and prevents the pressure upon the heart, as when lying on the left side. Sleeping on the back is restful to the muscles, but in many causes nightmares. Try to have a current

of air in your room. For that reason it is well to have a room with at least two windows. Keep the windows open at top and bottom two inches each at least, for a free current of air. It is well to do this in the coldest weather, rolling a woollen cloth or putting up a short screen before the lower part of the window to scatter the "draft."

Snoring has several causes. If you are so troubled avoid sleeping on the back. Or it may be your snoring is caused by catarrh. In that case have it treated and, if possible, cured.

If you are affected with sleeplessness some of these precautions or remedies should banish the trouble. Never sleep in a warm room. Have it aired and cooled before retiring.
Undress in the dark. Light is a nerve stimulant, and if this stimulant is removed for twenty minutes or more the nerves are surprisingly rested.

Dipping the fingers into cold water and massaging the forehead with them rubbing with long strokes toward the temples and then back again until the tips of the fingers meet at the middle of the forehead, is a soothing exercise that has often brought sleep to the nervous.

A survival of the Knapp cure, still practised for sleeplessness, is to dip a sheet into cold water, wring it out, wrap it tightly around the body under the arms. Then cover the body with several blankets. This cold pack or vapor cure has relieved many of insomnia, but I recommend it only to those who promise to first secure their physician's approval.

If sleep resists these efforts resort to the Daisartean method of devitalizing, that is, riding yourself of the excess of vitality that has kept you awake. First shake the fingers as though you would loose them from their joints. Then turn the



"Twist the legs round and round, swinging the leg slowly."

wrists from right to left and back again. Bend the arms at the shoulder joints, moving them up and down. Swing the arms round and round at the shoulders. Twist the legs round and round from the upper leg, swinging the leg slowly. Do the same with the lower leg from the knee. Even the toes can thus be flexed. The result of this unloading the joints seems to be an unloading of the nerves. It seems an opening of the gates of the being for the entrance of sleep.

the size of a hazel nut. Treated in this way there is little likelihood of the soil becoming sour unless the pot is placed in a jardiniere where there is no chance of an escape of the surplus water.
The red spider, though very tiny, is very destructive to plants, particularly to palms. It delights in a hot, dry atmosphere, hence moisture is the weapon to use against the pest. Spray with the hand-atomizer daily and shower often.
Scale, mealy-bug and aphids are

The Ideal Husband

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

There are those in this cold and critical world who regard a man's weight as an exponent of his wife's cooking. If he is fat they regard him as a monument to his wife's culinary ability, and if he is thin they look on him with pity, and on his wife as a cook with disdain.
In justice to Mrs. Lyander John Appleton, therefore, it should be made public that the painful thinness—one might almost say transparency—of her husband is not to be laid on her shoulders.

He is thin because he doesn't eat, and he doesn't eat because he is trying to be an Ideal.

If you doubt it is hard to be an Ideal, begin shedding all your material comforts. That's what it means to be an Ideal.

The rules of the Ideal say the Ideal husband seeks to lift the mind of his wife from the rut of potatoes and pans by trying to be an entertaining companion; that's what Mrs. Lyander John.

When the soup is passed he begins to tell her of the bright little happenings of his day down town, and he gets one spoonful down; then the soup is taken away.
The rays of sunshine that have reached his office are enumerated gaily and he seeks with never-fading wit to bring a smile to her lips while he cuts his meat, but a man can't eat a great deal while trying at the same time to bring sunshine into his wife's life, and when the table is cleared for the dessert he is as hungry as he was when soup-time ended.

Dessert finds him painting the day with rainbow colors and leaves him with the paint brush still in hand and not enough in his stomach to sustain a crow.
"I am starving to death," said Lyander John, when alone in his room, "but I go to my death fearlessly. It will be something fine to have in my feeble way demonstrated that it is possible for a husband to be the kind of Ideal demanded, even though it killed him."