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My Secrets of Beauty—No. 161—

PRACTICAL OBESITY CURES

By Mme. Lina Cavalieri, the Most Famous Living Beauty.

MME. CAVALIERI'S beauty lecture to-day is a practical lesson on how to get thin. Not satisfied with mere general rules, she takes up the case of a woman who lost nineteen pounds in five weeks and tells how she lost them.

The article is one of immense value to all who are overweight or who have a tendency to excess of flesh.

"Every other day take no dinner save bread and milk, or milk alone."

By Mme. Lina Cavalieri

SHALL I tell you how a young woman lost nineteen pounds in five weeks?

She found herself with all the symptoms of overweight. Her face was full and puffy. Her cheek muscles sagged, giving her face the jowl-like look that suggests the lower animals, transforming beauty's face into a beastlike semblance, and that beast not the handsomest, nor most poetic, of the order. As she surveyed her figure in the mirror, particularly in the back, it looked broad and coarse. Moreover, she was conscious of her weight. Her movements had become clumsy. When we are at normal weight, that is, when we are only so heavy as nature intended, and nature abhors overfleshed women, we are not oppressed by our bodies. We feel so light and our minds are so capable of dominating our bodies that we scarcely realize that we have any weight. That birdlike lightness of body is a sure sign that we are at our best.

My friend, having a long social season before her, when she wished to look her best, resolved to train down. But how? She adopted none of the cure-alls prescribed by stout women we meet at Turkish baths. She did what is the wisest course when we are able to adopt it, went straight to her physician and asked his advice.

This was wise because her physician knew her constitution as she knew her alphabet. He knew which way lay peril. She must not take the beef and hot water cure, because she was predisposed to rheumatism, and authorities claimed, and this physician believed, that in beef there is at least seventeen per cent of uric acid. The body is able to eliminate only a limited amount of the acid and the introduction into it of such excess over that amount would involve some remaining in the system. This should be avoided in cases of what the physicians call "uric acid diathesis."

Also his patient was nervous, so he must not permit her that starvation system of diet which reduced her nervous force. Not being an especially vigorous woman, he was unwilling to run any risk of impairing her vitality.

Under his guidance, then, she began this regimen:

For breakfast, two slices of thin, dry toast. If her breakfast satisfied her cravings he insisted that the bread be dry. If not, she spread it very thinly with butter. With this she ate one medium-boiled or poached egg and drank one cup of coffee.

Being of those who say, and prove, if you watch them, at the first meal of the day, "My breakfast is my best meal," her physician knew that this light breakfast would at first be a hardship. He therefore urged her to eat very slowly, masticating her food until it turned into a thin liquid in her mouth. "If you do this," he said, "one-half the food you formerly ate will just as fully satisfy your hunger." "And that, which I didn't at all believe at first I found to be quite true," she said.

The only luncheon permitted her was a slight one of fruit. "Try to get on with one apple or orange," he said. "If you are suffering from hunger eat two. But masticate, masticate, masticate."

At night she was allowed to eat anything she chose, except the three fattening "ps"—potatoes, pudding or pie. But again she was charged to take twice as much time as usual for the meal. And at neither of her meals should she drink water. At breakfast and dinner one cup of black coffee was permitted.

For all the days that followed, for five weeks, she had the same breakfast and luncheon, but every other night she had no dinner save a large bowl of bread and milk. The milk contained no cream, but was skimmed.

Meanwhile she, who had always disliked exercise, discarded her carriage and took two walks a day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Her physician named no ground to be covered in these walks.

"Walk as long as you enjoy it, but not until you are tired," he warned her. First unaccustomed walks were only three or four short city squares, but after two weeks, when nature had become accustomed to the new regimen, she was able to walk four miles a day, two before and two after noon.

If, as sometimes happened, she returned from her walk faint, she was allowed to drink a cup of hot but very weak tea, and if nature seemed to demand more sustenance, she drank two cups. But from these cream and sugar were sternly prohibited.

Mme. Lina Cavalieri.

"Try to get on with one orange at luncheon."

The result I have told you. And my friend never looked so lovely and she assures me she has never felt so well. There was no expensive journey for stay at the baths; no daily massage. The loss of those nineteen pounds cost her only self-denial, the one fee for her physician and the tailor's charges for taking in all her gowns four inches about the hips and two at the waist.

"Thin toast, one egg and a cup of coffee are the anti-obesity breakfast."

Just Watch Yourself Go By

Get Behind a Tree Often and Look at Yourself Critically and You Will Improve That Man Called Yourself.

"SAY, what's the use in taking stock in all the things we hear,
Why rip the lining out of Jones and make Smith look so queer?
You cannot always tell, my boy—perhaps it's all a lie—
Just get around behind a tree and watch yourself go by.

"You will find that things look different; the crooked parts are straight,
That Smith is not the only man who sometimes stays out late.
Perhaps your wife's own husband sometimes gets all awry,
So get around behind a tree and watch yourself go by.

"In business as in pleasure, and in the social life,
It doesn't always pay, my boy, to let yourself run rife.
So try and do the best for those who in your pathway lie,
And get around behind a tree and watch yourself go by."

Above Market Value

LADY CUSTOMER (pleasantly)—I hear you are about to get married, Mr. Ribbs. I suppose I must congratulate you.

Mr. Ribbs, the local butcher (doubtfully)—Well, I dunno so much about congratterlations, mum. It's costing me a pretty penny, I can tell you. Mrs. Ribbs as is to be, she wants 'er trousseau, you know; an' then there's the furnishin', an' the license, an' the parson's fees; an' then I have to give 'er an' 'er sister a piece of joolery each. An', wot with one thing an' another—she's a 'eavy woman, as you known, mum, 180 pounds—an' I reckon she'll cost me best part of $60 before I git 'er 'ome!

Of the 24,302 world's postage stamps, the British Empire has issued over 7,000.

The Persistent Inquirer.

Small Girl (entertaining her mother's caller)—How is your little girl?

Caller—I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any little girl.

Small Girl (after a painful pause in conversation)—How is your little boy?

Caller—My dear, I haven't any little boy, either.

Small Girl—What are yours?

Just So!

Mother—Yes, Rupert, the baby was a Christmas present from the angels.

Rupert (aged four)—Well, mamma, if we lay him away carefully and don't use him, we can give him to somebody else next Christmas.

Not the Word.

"Were you embarrassed when you proposed to me, Tom?"

"Awfully; I owed over $5,000."

Beauty Questions Answered

A. A. L. asks: "Will you please oblige me by informing me if you know anything that will reduce the size of the bust? My bust is entirely too large to be in proportion with the rest of my body."

This is a harmless lotion that I have been assured by those who experimented with it has been successfully used for the purpose you wish. Apply bandages wet in the lotion at night.

Alcohol	1 oz.
Gum benzoin	½ pint

T. B. H. writes: "I have been suffering with a swollen lip for over a year. I have tried different remedies and have consulted doctors. One doctor said it was caused by my strained nerves. All remedies have proved a failure that I have tried as yet. I hope that you may refer me to some remedy to cure it."

Unless the protruding lips are caused by some bad habit, as the improper meeting of the teeth, or the protrusion of the teeth themselves, this lotion applied to the lips by means of moistened bands of muslin worn on them at night, may diminish their size:

Camphor water	5 ozs.
Tannic acid	15 grains

N. B. O. makes this inquiry: "Of late I have noticed two or three wrinkles under my chin where my collar touches my neck. My collars are not tight, but close-fitting. Could that be the cause? I am thirty years old and I hardly think old enough to have wrinkles. Through my own annoyance from this cause I have noticed others have the same trouble. Can you help me? I would so greatly appreciate it."

A famous physician agreeing, and all physicians, however they differ on other points, agree on this: A collar that is not loose will cause lines, creases and wrinkles in the chin, advised the use of adhesive plaster bands over the lines of the neck to support the drooping muscles. After loosening or wholly discarding your collars it may be well to try these adhesive plaster strips for a month or two, giving them plenty of time, for blemishes in the personal appearance cannot be remedied in a short time. But better than this, in my opinion, after, of course, loosening the wrinkle-causing collars, is a long course of massaging the neck with tissue feeding oils or cold creams. Olive oil is a good skin food, though there is some prejudice against it because it is yellow, and there is a belief that yellow oils and creams in time cause the skin to become yellow. The Kentucky or rose cold creams for which I have many times given the formula, are good feeders for relaxed tissues.

B. A. sends a query as to tonics that may defer the hair turning gray.

Be sure to supply oils to the scalp. Better develop the natural oils in the scalp by massaging it and so releasing the oils from the sebaceous glands. But if nature fails to supply sufficient oil it must be provided. This mixture is reliable.

Spearine	1 oz.
Oleic acid	1 oz.
Oil of bergamont	¼ oz.

Massage this into the scalp every night until an improvement is noted.

E. N. sends a request for a formula for a tooth-mouth wash.

This is a preparation that can be made at home:

Alcohol	1 quart
Powdered borax	1 oz.
Gum myrrh	1 oz.
Strained honey	1 oz.
Red saunders wood	1 oz.

Strain and keep in a glass jar for ten days, shaking it now and then.

Time to Use it.

Mrs. Spinks: "Where is the money you have been saving for a rainy day?"

Mr. Spinks: "In the Savings Bank."

Mrs. Spinks: "Well, give me a cheque for some of it. I want a new mackintosh."

While the Sun Shines.

He (timidly): "Now that we are engaged, I—I presume I may—may—kiss you as much as I please, mayn't I?"

She (encouragingly: "Yes, indeed. Make the most of your time, dear. There's no telling how long an engagement will last nowadays, you know."

She Wanted Rouge.

Wifey—Why didn't you call at the chemist's shop yesterday and get the things I asked you to?

Hubby—Well, my dear, I remembered that I promised you never to do anything to bring a blush to your cheek.

Why the Sleeping Draught Failed.

Disgusted Patient: "Your sleeping draught wasn't a bit of good. The beastly things wouldn't touch it."

Amazed Doctor: "What things?"

Patient: "The cats that keep me awake."

For the first time in history portraits of the Tsars of Russia are to be placed on the postage stamps of that country.

How They "Ride the Goat" in the Congo

THE ancient and revered ceremony of "riding the goat" as practised in our lodges and college fraternities as part of the initiation programme is a tame proceeding compared with certain rites celebrated by the Congo savages.

Among the Bapendee people, who inhabit the southwestern portion of the Congo, the principal event in a man's life occurs when he becomes a man—that is, when he attains his majority. This event is signalized by the most elaborate initiation ceremonies. The boys wear masks and their whole body is covered with a rough dress, made of raphia fibre cloth.

During the initiation process, which lasts for several days, the boys must neither see nor be seen by women, and for that reason they retreat to the bush. It is commonly believed among them that a woman who sets eyes on the boys at this period immediately becomes ill and soon dies. This is no mere superstition, however, for the death of the unfortunate woman usually follows.

The initiator dresses one of his assistants in a costume of network fibre and covers his head with a hideous mask, called "dele," meaning ghost. This assistant's function is to frighten the boys in every way possible. He comes out at night uttering the most weird noises, and pounces upon the boys in their sleep. His make-up is enough to scare anyone, even in broad daylight, but at night, in the bush, his sudden appearance must be even more effective.

THE LEADER OF A CEREMONY IN THE CONGO.

A meeting is called to order by the sounding of the friction drum in the village. This instrument consists of a hollow piece of wood covered at one end with a piece of parchment, into which is fixed a stick. This is made just moist and the drummer rubs his hand up and down the stick in a manner which produces a loud and unearthly noise.

As soon as this hub-bub is heard the women and children are supposed to hide. Some of the children, however, are invariably caught and slain in a most cruel manner. The next day charcoal is sent to the bereaved mother, who thus learns of the fate of her child.

These meetings are presided over by a native known as the Makenge. He wears a highly-colored mask, the main part being in bright red while the larker lines and other marks are worked out in blue and black. It is decorated with shells of various colors. A picture of the Makenge who presided at the recent initiation ceremonies at Misuniba is shown on this page.

Up-to-Date Jokes

Mrs. Homes—Fancy, Mrs. Bangs threw a saucepan at her husband because he sat on her new hat. I could never do a thing like that.

Mr. Homes—Ah, no! Because you love me so dearly, eh, pet?

Mrs. Homes—Ye-es. Besides, I haven't a new hat!

* * *

Mr. Littlerest—Doctor, what did you tell me was your special treatment for sleeplessness?

Medico—We strike at the cause or the origin of the trouble.

Mr. Littlerest—You don't say so! Well, you will find the baby in the other room. Only, don't strike at him too hard.

* * *

"Here's an article in this magazine entitled 'How to Meet Trouble,'" said Mrs. Wedderly. "Shall I read it to you?"

"No, thank you," replied his wife's husband. "How to dodge trouble is the brand of information I'm looking for."

* * *

Father—I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell that to your son?

Willie—Not and keep my face as straight as you do, pop!

* * *

She—Speaking correctly, John, should I say "I will have a new bonnet," or "I shall have a new bonnet?"

He—Speaking correctly—absolutely correctly—my love, you should say, "I won't have a new bonnet."

* * *

"You know," he was saying, "I couldn't see a woman stand up while I was sitting."

"So you gave her your seat?"

"No, I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep."

"My husband, fifteen years ago," said Mrs. Blank, "used to kiss me every time we passed through a tunnel. But now"—— She gave a bitter laugh. "Now," she said, "he takes a long pull at his travelling flask."

* * *

Salesman (recommending blue necktie with large pink spots)—But wouldn't you buy one like that? I'm selling a lot of them this year.

Sarcastic Customer—Indeed! Very clever of you, I'm sure.

* * *

Clara—I must say I think your young man is very forward. If he were mine I'd sit on him.

Gladys—But that's exactly what I do—and he seems to enjoy it.

* * *

"So you are a bill collector?"

"Yes. Here is one"——

"Keep it, my boy, keep it. You seem to have a nice collection there. Far be it from me to break it up."

* * *

She—A person is an idiot to bother a lot about his descent. Don't you think so?

He—Yes, unless he happens to be an aviator up in the air.

* * *

"Aren't you afraid you will catch cold on such a night as this, my boy?"

"No, sir. Selling papers keeps up the circulation."

* * *

Miss Singer—Did my voice fill the drawing room?

Mr. Stinger—No; it filled the conservatory and garden—every one went out there.