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My Secrets of Beauty
By Mme. Lina Cavaleri, the Most Famous Living Beauty
No. 171-New Ways to Grow Thin

By Mme. Lina Cavaleri

WHILE ways to grow thin do not especially interest me, except for you, my dear readers, I cannot help hearing continually of them. As I visit London, Rome, St. Petersburg, or at my home in Paris, the conversation of the women I meet tends to fat. All are interested because those who are fat wish to be thin, and those who are thin fear they may become fat. All womankind, it would seem, has organized into an army of fat fighters.

MME. LINA CAVALIERI in her tours of the capitals of Europe meets prima donne, nobility, even royalty, and members of the great world. In this sphere she finds as in more commonplace ones the feminine dread of growing fat. Recently in St. Petersburg and London she learned the newest devices for ridding oneself of superfluous pounds. She describes these methods to-day for her million of admiring readers in the United States.

lines appear in it, it is bathed six times a day with
Witch hazel..... 1 oz.
Rosewater..... 1 oz.
Specialists are always prepared to hear the complaint: "I don't eat much." All their patients tell them this and all of them believe it to be true, but in nearly every case it isn't. A few admit that they are enormous feeders, but say "it is impossible for me to control my appetite." A beauty specialist I know laughs at this.

Juice of a lemon in it. If you keep the stomach filled with water you will be less hungry. If you feel a "gnawing" drink more water.

This is the dietary permitted by an autocrat at one of the great European baths. Indeed, he puts temptation behind the victim by permitting nothing else to be sold in the town. In all of the intermountain health resorts in the Alps which I last visited there was not to be bought at any price a glass of beer or a glass of wine. All liquors were banished by the royal ukase of the physician Czar.

- All fish except trout and salmon. Chicken. Beef (in very small and rare portions, preferably raw). Eggs. Nuts. All acid fruits such as cranberries, cherries, peaches and blackberries. Rhubarb. Beans. Carrots. Cabbage. Cauliflower. Asparagus. Squash. Tomatoes. Onions. Lettuce. Celery. Hominy. Brown or rye bread. Dutch cheese.

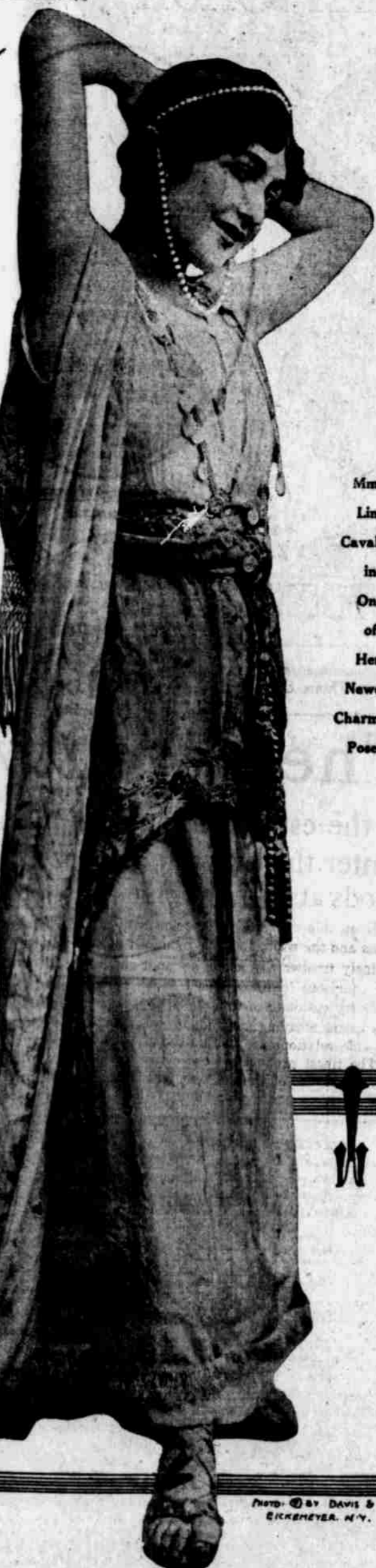
These and nothing more composed the food. No servant could be bribed for a potato, and all turned round eyes of innocent wonder upon you if you asked for a sweet cake.

Because the change to this diet was so radical the doctor did not insist upon violent exercise, but he kept his reducing patients out of doors and encouraged them, as did the Paris physician, to keep moving.

While you are reducing depend upon a tape measure rather than the scales to determine your loss of weight. Measure your hips and waist and upper arm. Fat is bulk making, but it takes a large amount of it to weigh a pound. A woman, my neighbor at the baths I visited, had lost three inches about the hips and two about the waist, yet had lost only three-quarters of a pound in weight.



A Vigorous Daily Rubbing with a Soft Brush Behind the Ears and Along the Neck Will Keep Down the Little Fat Ridges.



Mme. Lina Cavaleri in One of Her Newest Charming Poses.

Beauty Questions Answered

By Mme. Lina Cavaleri

R. W. asks: "What is good for a double chin?"

I believe the rubber chin band worn at night is the best among the correctives. Holding the head high is another means. Strong massage with the backs of the hands, that is, pressing the backs of the hands alternately beneath the chin is a good measure for the same purpose. So, too, is frequently bathing the chin in cold water, or pressing ice against it.

M. W. asks: "How can I enlarge the calf of one of my legs? One is smaller than the other, causing me to be a trifle lame."

Go to a physician who practices orthopedy.

C. R. says: "My hair is white in front and the back is dark. My first experiment with henna was a failure. It made the white hair yellow and the back hair darker, and did not color it at the roots."

If it did not color the hair at the roots it is because you did not thoroughly apply it there. The next time you make the experiment see that the hair is moistened at the roots as well as the ends. Put more henna into the water. Experiment until you get it to the desired shade. It requires more henna to dye some hair than others. You must continue the applications until the desired shade is reached. Good results are sometimes secured by adding a little indigo to the water. This aids in making the hair look darker.

S. R. W. makes this inquiry: "Will you kindly tell me how much arsenic one is supposed to take each time in order to whiten the skin—also how often one may take it without injuring the health, and will it really whiten a naturally dark complexion?"

There is no doubt as to the whitening power of arsenic. I believe even the sadly conflicting medical profession practically agrees upon that. So steadily a drug is likely to whiten the skin until its whiteness shows beneath the glass of a cosmetic cover. I do not advise it in any quantities, and I beg you to take none without a heart to heart talk with a reliable physician on the subject. When you have finished the consultation you will probably not want to take that means to whiten the skin.

Living regularly, with nourishing food and plenty of sleep and keeping the skin clean with cold cream and warm water and mild soap should make the skin as white as the color scheme nature gave you demands. But if you wish to go further than that a few drops of ammonia, of lemon juice or peroxide in the water should whiten the skin.

Downright Snobbery

At a dance recently a young gentleman somewhat inferior in social position to most of those present approached an Alderman's daughter—"mighty superior" sort—and rather diffidently asked for the favor of a dance.

The girl looked him stonily in the face for a moment, then turned away with the remark:

"I'm sorry, but I'm—well, rather particular as to whom I dance with."

"Ah, indeed?" was the quiet retort; "then we differ in that respect. I'm not a bit particular. That was why I asked you!"

Then he left her.

Thackeray's Thanks

THACKERAY'S playful habit of wrapping rhyme up in prose is happily illustrated in the letter below, which was written to his friend Dean Hole:

"Did I ever write and copy with your desire to have a page of autograph? You're welcome to a quire. Tell your friend the lady I have no pleasure higher than in writing pretty poetry and striking of the lyre. In compliment to a gentleman whom benevolence did inspire to send me partridges and pheasants filled with shot or wire (but whatever the way of killing them I equally admire), and who of such practices, I trust, will never tire. May you bring your birds down every time you fire, this my noble sportsman, is the fond desire of William Makepeace Thackeray, Editor and Esquire."

A Safe Horse

HE was a well-known actor-manager, but he had had a bad season, and was endeavoring to recoup his losses by betting on horses. The glorious uncertainty of the turf, however, proved too much for him, and he resolved to give it up.

"Well, my boy," said a friend of his whom he had not seen for some time, "I hear you're backing your fancy now. What's your pet tip for to-day?"

"My friend," said the A. M. "I'm going to back a horse to-day on which I can't lose."

"What's that?" said his friend. "You might give an old pal the tip."

"It's called Common Sense, bred by Experience and a Know Better, and the jockey's name is Let It Alone," was the reply.

His Greatest Scheme

HE was a genius. There was no doubt about it. His hair was long, and there was a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes, and he had a scheme that would make him rich—rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

"What is your scheme?" asked a friend of his, seeking the secret information.

"Come to a quiet corner, and I will tell you," said the long-haired one.

"In this. It has been estimated that the common female house-fly lays 20,000 eggs in a season."

"Well," answered his friend, "what of that?"

"I propose," continued the other, in a triumphant voice, "to graft the house-fly onto the hen!"

Kicked Out

THE Lancashire people are fond of dogs—in fact, they're very proud of them, and therefore, when a prominent dog fancier came home one night and found his son had bought a non-descript mongrel he was rather riled.

"How much did that dog cost for that dog?" he inquired.

"Five shillings," replied the son.

"Tell thee what A'll do," replied the parent. "A'll go shares w' thee. A'll give thee half a crown for me share."

The half-crown was duly paid; then the father remarked:

"A'll tak' t' tail end, and A'm goin' to kick my half outen t' door!" And he did.

Sauce for the Goose

THE lady was attired in the height of fashion—dressed to kill, in fact—and she strutted majestically through the main street of the village.

Suddenly her eyes became fixed upon a small boy, and she bristled with anger, and in his hand he shamelessly carried a bird's nest full of little brown eggs.

"You're a bad, wicked boy!" snapped the lady, without the slightest preliminary introduction.

The bold, bad boy was not one whit abashed nor alarmed.

"How could you rob the nest?" she continued. "Do you think the poor mother is any less grieving for the loss of her eggs?"

"Not she, mum," came the cheeky reply. "She's part of your hat!"

Then the fashion-gauche proceeded rather faster on her weary way.

Twisted Reasoning

THE charge was one of assault. "But why did you attack the complainant?" asked the magistrate.

"Beccos" he called me a basement sir," answered the prisoner excitedly.

"Called you a basement?" echoed the magistrate, in surprise. "Surely that is a strange epithet to use!" Then, turning to the complainant, he asked:

"And why did you call this man a—'a basement'?"

"Beccos" he is a basement," explained the plaintiff. "Leastways, 'e's a coal-seller, an' if that ain't a basement, I dunno wot is."

Healing the Broken Hearted. Widow Casey—Ah, Mr. Dolan, when my old man died it left a big hole in my heart.

Tim Dolan—Mrs. Casey, would ye mind pattern' it wid a bit out of mine?

Hard On Him

"WHAT is your name, my boy?" the teacher asked the new pupil.

"I'll write it down for you, miss," said the new boy, hesitatingly.

"No, no!" said the teacher, "I'm quite good," said the teacher, "I never stutter."

"I'd rather not tell you, miss."

"What are you ashamed of your name?" asked the teacher, sternly.

"No, miss! but—"

Wrecked by the Line

Wife (sweetly)—Do you remember the first time we met? It was in a train.

Husband (bitterly)—Yes, but it's too late now to sue for damages.

Juvenile Strategy. Parent—Willie, didn't you go to the trunkmaker's yesterday and tell him to send round the trunk I ordered?

Willie—Yes, pa.

Parent—Well, here is the trunk, but no strap.

Willie—Yes, pa; I told him I thought you hadn't better have any strap.



"You can mix your witch hazel and rose water yourself."

Breeding Mussels to Make Our Own Pearls

THE Government Fisheries Bureau has recently established, near Fairport, Iowa, a station for hatching and rearing pearl mussels.

It is expected by this means to preserve the pearl button industry in this country, which at the present time is threatened with extinction, owing to the reckless destruction of the natural beds of pearl mussels in the Mississippi and various of its tributaries. The industry in question is worth \$5,000,000 a year.

What should we do without pearl buttons? The answer is that we could hardly get along without them; but, if the business of manufacturing them were brought to a stop in the United States by the extermination of the mussels from which the raw material is obtained, we should doubtless import our pearl buttons from abroad.

The pearls obtained from such mussels are by all odds the most beautiful known, running through a great variety of hues, from copper colored to salmon and from rose pink to sky blue and silvery white. To obtain them, within recent times, the mussel beds have been ruthlessly attacked, thousands of

the bivalves being destroyed in order to secure one that might contain a gem.

Under the circumstances, the only possible remedy is to breed the mussels artificially and plant them in the streams, in order that new beds may be created—to be protected thereafter by State laws. This is the task undertaken by the Fisheries Bureau at Fairport, where the most important part of the plant consists of an elaborate system of specially constructed ponds.

An important part of the business consists in hatching and rearing small fishes, such as sunfish. For without fishes there can be no pearls. The baby mussel demands a nurse, and this office can be filled only by a fish. It is so under natural conditions, and the same idea must be followed out in attempting the artificial propagation of the bivalves.

The eggs of the mother mussel are hatched in L-shaped "brood pouches" of her gills. Later on, she throws the young out into the water, neatly enclosed in a few small triangular packets of pearl. These packets break up presently, and the young swim about in the water. At spawning time the water in the

neighborhood of a mussel bed is full of infant mussels.

What all of them are looking for as they swim about is a chance to "hitch on" to some passing fish. It is a matter of life or death to them, for if they fail in this object they perish. By means of two little hooks like an ice tong, they grab the gills or fins of the fish—the latter sometimes becoming literally loaded down with the little chaps.

The irritation due to their presence causes the fish to cover them up with a growth of tissue, thus protecting them. They spend about seventy days in this condition, and then, having assumed their adult form, though still very tiny, drop off and sink to the bottom, wherever they may happen to find themselves. Such is the method by which the distribution of their species is accomplished.

The mussel pearls, as recently discovered by science, are produced by a small worm, which bores into the flesh of the bivalve. The latter, to protect itself from this enemy, envelops it in a series of layers of pearl stuff, thus forming what we call a pearl. But the worm is incidentally a parasite of the mussel. A mussel rat eats an infected mussel, the worm develops, and

lays its eggs in the intestines of the little mammal, and later on the eggs, washed into the water, are hatched, producing the worms, that in turn, attack other mussels, thus completing the life cycle.

Without the mussel rat there could be no pearls. Whence it appears that three animals are required to make a mussel pearl—the worm, the mussel rat, and finally the mollusk itself.

Warning for Maria

A LONG country road walked a man stern-faced female. The latter, a gaunt, meek little fellow who trudged just in front of her, with downcast head.

Suddenly the woman, turning, saw a bull racing down the road behind them, she quickly took refuge in the hedge, but her companion, unconscious of sight but his woe, kept on his way. The bull caught up to him and sent him spinning into a muddy ditch, then continued on his wild career. As the woman's figure crawled out of the mire he saw his better-half coming toward him.

Flushing up a little spirit, he warned:

"M—M—Maria, if you hit me like that a-g-g-gain you'll really get my temper aroused"