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MY SECRETS of BEAUTY



No. 172— Sleep, a First Aid to Beauty.

"Lie flat upon the bed and loosen the grip on your muscles."

MME. LINA CAVALIERI says that no one looks her best when she has not had enough sleep. She recites the physical signs of lack of sleep and tells her readers what signs of mind, resulting from lack of sleep, are reflected in the face. She names and describes the causes of this lack, and, as always in her remarkably practical and helpful series, suggests a remedy.

By LINA CAVALIERI.
NO one looks her best when she has not had enough sleep. Little lines come about the eyes, deep creases form in the flesh about the mouth, the eyes lose their light, the facial muscles their firmness, the complexion its freshness, and, what is most important, the mind loses its alertness, when we have not slept well. Irritability and super-sensitiveness show in face and manner.

Lack of sound sleep is due to two causes, a brain under-nourished or over-stimulated. Sleeplessness, or fitful, restless sleep, follows nervous derangement. There may be indigestion, constipation or result of nervousness. There may be worry. There may be mental fatigue or nervous exhaustion. But whatever form it takes the root of the matter is nearly always in the nerves. This granted, we must look to relieving the brain, the main station along the line, or we must supply it what it needs.

Banish worry. Take plenty of exercise. Breathe much fresh air. These are three excellent recipes for sleep.

If you find that you have been over-working, lighten your work a little. Try to spend a day or two in

the country, if possible. But this, to a busy person, is sometimes out of the question. If that is the case with you try to retire an hour earlier. Some dread retiring earlier because they say they know they will not sleep. Try it at any rate. Lying in a dark room will bring a sense of rest that should soothe the nerves and tend toward sleep.

Make sure that the room is at the right temperature for your comfort. If it is too warm you will surely not sleep. If it is cold to the point of discomfort, you will lie awake. Sixty degrees Fahr., or less, is a good temperature for a sleeping room. Be sure that the air of your bedroom is fresh. If it seems stale or stuffy open the windows wide and

cup of gruel before going to bed. This will warm the stomach and quiet the nerve disturbance, soothing the body for its rest.

A case of protracted insomnia I knew to be cured in this simple and, it would seem, did I not know the result, trivial manner. Lie flat upon the bed with a low pillow—or, better, no pillow at all—and loosen your grip upon your muscles. Uncurl them, so to speak. Relax as completely as does your house dog when he sleeps with his body stretched out, nose upon his paws, before the fire. Then breathe very deeply but gently, counting six at each respiration. To aid in this deep breathing, press one nostril shut by laying the forefinger firmly against it and drawing the air through the other nostril. Repeat this a half dozen times, counting six at each drawing in and letting out of the air.

Call into use the hot-water bottle or the warming pan. Put on your bedroom slippers if you awake with cold feet.

Pretend that you are sleepy, even though you are not, and let the eyelids slowly close as though drooping from their own weight or from weariness, over your eyes. This little device alone has been helpful in cases of insomnia.

The Orientals give us good advice concerning sleep: "Compose yourself. Be calm. Think on pleasant events before falling asleep," say they, "for upon whatever plane of thought you enter sleep you will remain during your slumber. And those thoughts will stamp themselves upon the face."

Beauty Questions Answered

R. N. tells me: "I am quite young and not very thin, but have a very thin neck. Will you be so kind as to suggest something?"

Use oils and cold creams plentifully or pat lanoline freely into it every night.

"Will you kindly advise me what to do for pimples?" asks Anxious.

There is little use of treating pimples from without, although placing moistened bicarbonate of soda on them sometimes reduces their size and fiery appearance in an emergency. Treat pimples by eating lighter and plainer food and drinking more water. The white of an egg with the juice of lemon taken internally every morning before breakfast, persisted in for several weeks, has cleared the skin.

C. R. asks: "What sort of massage will fill out hollow cheeks?"

Patting cold cream into them with a slapping motion strong enough to bring a flush to the cheeks should help to round out those hollows. But a diet of the fat-making foods, as fat meats, much milk-drinking with meals, cereals and sweets will be of still more aid.

A. L. A. asks: "The cords in my neck show a good deal. When I take a deep breath there is a hollow in the front of my neck. Can I not build it out to some way?"

Yes, by feeding the tissues well with cold cream or with lanoline. Pat one of these plentifully in every night before retiring. The same treatment lightly applied should gradually enlarge your bust, though deep breathing will be still more effective.

either move actively about the room or go into any other one while this freshening is taking place. It would be much better if the airing had continued all day and the air were as fresh as you could make it.

If your head aches from the strain of the day, a bandage of cracked ice should drive the excess of blood from the head and permit sleep.

If, on the other hand, you are anemic, and your feet are cold at night thrust them into a tub of hot mustard water. Place the elbow in the water first to test its temperature. If it is too hot for the elbow it will certainly be too hot for the feet.

If you are annoyed, while lying awake, by a gnawing of the stomach, proving that it is quite or nearly empty, forestall this by sipping a



Mme.
Lina
Cavaliere.

Shook Him

A YOUTH, who thought that he had become pretty friendly with a certain maid, persistently begged her to accept his hand in marriage.

"I assure you," he commenced, "that I will not take 'no' for an answer."

"You need not take 'no' for an answer," was her reply. "I will answer 'yes' on one condition only."

He was all impatience to hear what the question was she wanted him to ask, and this was her gentle reply:

"Just ask me if I am firmly determined not to marry you in any circumstances."

MY BEST FRIENDS— MY LEGS!

How They Kicked Me From Australia to Berlin, Won for Me Royal Favor and a Fortune.

WHILE nimble-toed ladies from different corners of Europe have been visiting this country with new sensations in the guise of dancing—"Salome" dances, "Greek" dances, "Hindu," "Persian," "Turkish," even ancient "Egyptian" dances—an American girl, by adoption, who began her dancing career in San Francisco some twelve years ago, has proved herself so superior to them all that she has hardly been permitted to leave the big European centres where the art of dancing is best understood and appreciated.

Here she tells how she gained her fame and fortune by means of her best friends, her legs.

By SAHARET

STANDING lightly on my right foot and smiling pleasantly at the audience, with a graceful gesture of my left foot, I brush an imaginary fly from my right ear. While I'm about it, with that same left toe, I arrange the little curls at the back of my neck.

As my legs are my best friends, I am careful not to excite in them jealous or envious feelings toward each other. Therefore—while still smiling brightly at the audience—I rest my right foot lightly on my left shoulder for a moment, or enable it to view the surroundings from a point of vantage some ten or twelve inches above my head.

There was a time—when I was a mere girl of eighteen—when I was determined to become a great actress. I had visions of vast audiences bathed in tears over the woes of my Juliet and my Camille.

Fortunately, before it was too late, I discovered my legs. Ah, my friendly, faithful, triumphant legs!

They are just as well as triumphant and respectable. They never deny me my full share in the plaudits they receive. In Berlin—where I had a week's engagement, and remained for ten years—they opened to me the door of the great Lenbach, court painter and friend of the Kaiser. But the portraits and the twenty sketches Lenbach made were of ME. My friends my legs were there, naturally; but any one can see that I am not overshadowed by them.

It was the same when the Kaiser called at Lenbach's studio to meet them—I mean to meet me—that is, us. Though some critics have written that I have "speaking legs," yet it was of me, myself, that the Kaiser inquired:

"You think a great deal of your art of dancing, do you not? What is your greatest merit in it?"

"Your Majesty," I said, "is not aware that I can kick higher than Otero?"

I was born with the art of dancing in my being. As a little girl out in Australia I was always dancing. But it was not until I reached San Francisco with my mother—who was a circus rider—that something happened to convince me that dancing, not acting, was the art of all arts for me.

One night, when I was nineteen years old, I saw Lottie Collins in her tempestuous dancing act—and right there I realized that my legs were to be my best friends. I went straight home, locked my door, and began:

I measured my height on the door and aimed for the mark with one toe, and then with the other toe. I reached the height of my shoulder, and that was all—I was not limber enough all at once to kick higher. So I began right there to limber up by practising the "spit." I was reckless in my enthusiasm. Then I went back at the door.

"Because I could not kick as high as my head I wept—but I kept at it until I heard my mother's voice outside:

"My dear, what on earth are you trying to do, tear the house down?"

She made me go to bed. Oh, the agony of that next morning! My back felt as if it had been broken—and my friends my legs! It was a case of the doctor. When he had heard the story he said:

"Never be so foolish again—un-



Saharet—Frettiest, Most Agile and Graceful of Living Dancers, Who Tells Here of Her Philosophy of the "High Kick"—Shown in Two Late Photographs.

less you mean to keep it up."

"That's just what I mean to do," I said. And that is just what I did.

It wasn't long before all my joints were ball-bearings, and my muscles could do anything with them without getting sore. Not until I could kick with either leg high above my head, and could pirouette on either toe with the other leg held out at a right angle, did I go to a teacher, and then only for a finishing course. You see, I had made friends of my legs, and they never failed me.

And this teaches you that if you want to succeed in a thing, keep always at it.

I am going to tell you how I trained my legs. It is one of those little secrets of success so popular nowadays.

Revenge

"**B**ROWN," said the manager of a large bank, "there's a vacancy on the staff, and I rather thought of giving the place to your twin brother."

"Twin brother, sir?" echoed Brown.

"Yes; the one I saw playing football when you were attending your grandmother's funeral last Saturday," said the chief, smiling grimly.

"Oh—ah—er—um—yes," said Brown.

"That's right," said the manager; "and don't come back until you've found him!"

Brown is still looking for his twin brother.