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## "Why Women Mustn't Fight their Savage Tastes"



A New Photograph of Lady Duff-Gordon Showing Her Latest "Barbaric" Creation for Herself.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

THE very thing that makes woman so great is her savagery. I never joined in the chorus against Kipling when he wrote that charming little poem about the female of the species. It was quite true and I thought that every intelligent woman ought to have gloried in it. Nor do I feel offended when some clever man tells me that we are of the backward sex, the primitives. Of course we are. It is primitive to have children, primitive to nurse them, primitive to glorify the hearthfire and to sacrifice our selves to guard it.

It is indeed the savage in us that makes us great, that gives us the courage to be the mothers of men. It is not a reproach—it is a very great tribute to be called so.

I believe in the primitive and I do not think a woman ought to fight against the savage that is in her. She ought not, of course, let it destroy her manners, but she ought to foster it and keep it alive as the soil from which the more sophisticated flowers of her soul spring.

Every Day Carriage Her Own Wish

HAVENT any patience with people who can't make allowances for accidents," said the girl. "If you have time to listen I'll tell you of a case."

"Mother thought it would be nice to invite Mrs. Whitman for a little ride the other afternoon. She is that fashionably dressed woman with the slightly patronizing air whom you have seen at the Woman's Club. She is rather large, so we left Johnny at home in order to have plenty of room."

"Well, everything went beautifully until we came to Corey's hill. It's a steep grade, and we were trying to make it on the high. We had almost reached the top when the worst happened, you understand. We tilted our engine."

"The machine stopped, then began to back slowly down the hill. Our guest gave a cry of alarm. Papa applied the emergency brakes, but because of the grade they didn't hold."

"The car began to descend more rapidly. There are deep ditches at the sides of the road. Our guest gave more cries indicative of extreme alarm."

"Do something!" she commanded. "What shall I do?" asked papa, helplessly.

"Reverse all the levers and drop the anchor," suggested some one. "The car continued to back up—down—rapidly. The next thing we knew our guest had the door open and had jumped!"

"Now, you know how they make fun of women for getting off cars backward? Well, our guest lived up to all the traditions of the sex. Centrifugal force or something took possession of her, and she seemed to turn a somersault or two in the air before she hit the ground."

"The car finally reached the bottom of the hill in safety. Then we ran back to our guest. She was a sight, but she had picked herself up. She listened in silence to our apologies and solicitous inquiries, then she said: "Will you kindly telephone for a carriage for me?"

The woman who kills the savage within her—what is she—the bloodless, the faddist, the woman who will not have children, who cannot enjoy, the sexless thing that does not know what life is?

This is a queer fashion article you say. Well, why should I write each week of the cloth you express yourselves with. What is far more important is the fashion of your soul. And from time to time I am going to write a fashion article about the soul. If you understand, you will know how to clothe yourself more harmoniously, more artistically. For that is, after all, what clothes are for. If I thought that dresses were anything else I would at once abandon making them and go immediately for primitive fashions indeed—even as far back as those of Mother Eve before the fall.

The love of color is savage. So is the love of ornamentation. So is the love of all beautiful, glowing, picturesque things. Nature expresses herself in color, in ornamentation, in beautiful glowing things. Woman was first to see this—savage woman. She was first to know color and to wear it; first to recognize that her wonderful body and the soul that animates it could and ought to be expressed in outward things. Hence fashion, which, when it is true, is only the symbolization of soul, of emotion, of the body that is the vehicle for both.

Refine the savage out of us and

what will you have? Every woman in the same uniform, her hair cut just so, walking just so, thinking just so, looking just so and every one alike. Oh, the deadly monotony of life when the savage is killed within us forever!

And that is why I say to women—do not be afraid of your savage tastes. Do not fight them—not too much. It is savage to love, savage to hate, savage to mate to bear children and to rear them and to fight for them. Woman does it because she is savage and I thank whatever gods there be that I am savage—and have been in every successive birth that has brought me again into this wonderful world.

In the fashions of to-day woman has cast off the foolish conventions of centuries and once more dares to express the savagery that is in her. By doing so she is more attractive, more true to herself than she has been for centuries. This is the secret of the dresses which reflect the Oriental, the barbaric and which characterize the mode of the present.

In point I show you a dress I have designed for Miss Violet Vanbrough, that very great English actress. It is sumptuous, savage and sensational—and it is, I think, beautiful. It is of orchid chiffons, elaborately embroidered with golden grapes. The "double skirt" shows the odd "up-in-front" effect, which is of the most chic. The two parts of the skirt are finished in orchid satin in three inch bands. Worn



The "Savage" Hat That Reminds Lady Gordon of a Victorious Chieftainess.

over this, much in the manner of a "Court Cape," is a gorgeous robe of gold and orchid brocaded satin. There is a savagery about the whole costume that is carried out in the three enormous plumes of the head-dress.

I am proud of this dress. It is so expressive. And it is truthful; truthful as nature herself.

Note, too, the hat in the smaller picture. It is not mine, but I like it. It reminds me of a headdress worn by some savage chieftainess at a moment when she was urging on her hosts to attack her enemies. It is ornamental and it reveals. It has strength. It is only, strictly speaking, a tiara of white feathers set in a bed of flame colored maline. But how much more than that is the spirit it typifies.

What is the instinct that tells us that a touch of this color here and a touch of that there is the proper thing to bring out the personality? Exactly the same instinct that made our savage mothers put a shell of this color here and a feather of that there. They were right and we are right. Man hasn't the vision—hence his painfully uninteresting and limited costume.

Keep your savage tastes. There is more danger in losing them than there is in falling victim to the peril of exaggerating them.



"Savage" Dress Designed by Lady Duff-Gordon for Violet Vanbrough, the Famous English Actress.



## My Secrets of Beauty—By Mme. Lina Cavaleri the Most Famous Living Beauty.

No. 225—Beauty's Glaze—the Skin—Its Care

ANYONE who has curiosity enough to examine the skin under a microscope will see that it is covered with an infinite number of minute holes or pores, through which it performs its functions. It is really one of our most important organs.

A moment—if you think that what I am going to tell you to-day is merely elemental physiology, I beg you not to pass the article by for that reason. If I deal in elemental things in the beginning it is only so that every one may understand.

And, after all, as I once told a very beautiful Roman friend, the true secret of beauty lies entirely in the thorough understanding of fundamentals.

And so to continue. The skin extends over the surface of the entire body. It is very fine, but has great powers of resistance, for it is the intermediary between our body and all other bodies.

The skin differs from the mucous membranes in that they are always wet, while the skin is relatively dry, and its functions are almost invisible.

The most important function of the skin is exhalation, which is accomplished by the exhaling vessels, and allows the body to free itself of certain residues of food and waste products. This function is different from perspiration itself, which Lavoisier estimates at from one to two quarts and a half in twenty-four hours.

Also there are in the thickness of the skin certain small glands, called cutaneous glands, which secrete a kind of fatty liquid intended to soften the envelope of the body.

As to the absorptive function of the skin, it is just as real as any other as notable experiments have proved. A person plunged into warm water to the neck will absorb 20 to 22 grammes of water in half-an-hour, through the pores of the skin.

Finally, the third function of the skin is its tactile sensibility. In this respect it is most valuable in action toward other life. It is through this power that we perceive heat and cold.

I hope you have read this, because it points the moral that we can not be too careful about the skin, nor should we protect it too much. Besides, it is indispensable that the skin should be in a good condition and do its work normally, for I have been told by a certain great French physician that if a person were to cover only a third of the body with varnish, she would fall ill at once, and soon die.

It has also been proved that the skin relieves some of the internal organs from a part of their work, and if it does not work properly they are overtaxed.

Finally, when the skin performs its functions freely it gives the body beauty and freshness. It is like a glaze of delicate color through which life appears and seems to spread. And that is why I call the skin the glaze of beauty.

Our first step in our search for beauty must, therefore, be through attention to the functions of our skin—and now you see why I have been so explicit in my description of that organ. This thorough attention merely consists in freeing it regularly and frequently from everything that may obstruct the pores and by not mistreating it in any way.

Beauty of the skin is the immediate consequence of health of the skin. The skin is beautiful when it is fine, soft, fresh and tinged with color. The epidermis, which is the superficial tissue, should be transparent. This transparency is formed and renewed by a kind of varnish, comparable to wax, which is secreted by the sebaceous glands. It is at the same time a glaze and a protection. The skin is beautiful in proportion to the normal action of these glands.



Mme. Lina Cavaleri, the Most Famous Living Beauty.

In those whose life is sedentary, the period of greatest beauty is Summer, the time when heat makes the exhalations most active.

On the contrary, persons who are more active have their skins in most beautiful condition in the Spring and Autumn, and even in Winter, for they help the pores work by their bodily activity. In Summer the skins of these persons are too highly colored. They must be all the more careful in what I call the hygiene of good taste. It is not good taste to have too highly colored skin.

Special care must be taken in Winter, for cold makes the production of this wax difficult, and dry skins are often the result of lack of proper care at this season of the year.

Every woman ought to know very exactly the nature of her skin. There are two kinds of skins; dry and fatty.

It is very plain that the treatments suggested for one are harmful to the other kind; so care must be exercised to use only those which are applicable to the special type in hand.

To succeed, food and the general mode of life must be appropriate to the kind of skin you have. External applications are of value, but the organic importance is such that it will not assume its proper condition unless the rules of hygiene generally are observed.

Generally speaking, dry skins require stimulation. You must, therefore, avoid all astringent products, which close the pores. Avoid using cold water, lemon, tea, and alum. On the contrary, you may use with success certain sensible creams.

Oil of Sweet Almonds, 60 grammes. Cocos Butter, 60 grammes. Salicylic Acid, 2 grammes.

Dry skins are often made worse by the use of rough soap or alcoholized toilet waters. I advise the use of bran-water, marshmallow water and neutral glycerine. Here is an excellent recipe for toilet water to be applied to dry skins:

Elder Flowers, 50 grammes. Marshmallow Flowers, 50 grammes. Primrose Blossoms, 50 grammes. Two Orris Bulbs.

Boil all together for ten minutes in a quart of water and strain. Fatty skins may take astringents and absorbent powders well in moderation. They must be treated by a method precisely the opposite of that for dry skins. Alcohol, alum, lemon, borax, eggs are used.

Decoctions of flowers of lavender, rose petals, tea leaves are also useful. Here is a recipe for an excellent lotion which may be used several times each day.

Water, 1 quart. Rose Petals, 1 handful. Primrose Blossoms, 1 handful. Snake Root, 25 grammes.

Boil for 15 minutes and strain. To close up open pores douche the skin frequently with cold water. This cream may also be used for fatty skins:

Rose Water, 100 grammes. Sugar of Lily Bulbs, 50 grammes. White Wax, 30 grammes.

Tincture of Benzoin, 10 grammes. Pulverized Alum, 6 grammes. The following lotion should be applied morning and evening:

Distilled Water, 250 grammes. Bicarbonate of Soda, 1 gramme. Oil of Violet, 6 drops.