

The Newest Russian Beauty

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Mme. Ratmirova. Photographed in a Pensive Mood.

Mme. Ratmirova, the Russian Prima Donna, Who Has Set a New Pace for Professional Beauty, Supplanting All Her Pulchritudinous Countrywomen

London, Sept. 2. RIGHT in the midst of war and war's alarms London has gallantry enough to forget momentarily the dreadful carnage and the problems of the national exchequer and the agreeable recreation of falling at the feet of a new Russian beauty.

But in doing so the British metropolis is combining adoration with charity, for this latest feminine divinity as hostess at souvenir luncheons and charming tender of stalls at various bazaars has drawn a surprising number of pounds sterling from trousers' pockets to be applied to benevolent uses.

This present reigning beauty in London is Mme. Ratmirova. She is not merely a beauty of the semi-Oriental and wholly mysterious and seductive Slav type; she is also a singer of more than ordinary attainments and power to attract admiration with her voice alone. She came to London as a professional singer in Russian opera, but the ferocity

with which the armies of von Hindenburg have pursued those of the Grand Duke Nicholas has deferred that enterprise indefinitely.

Therefore Mme. Ratmirova has attracted all to herself the attentions of members of British aristocracy who are too old to serve in the trenches, and along with those influential personages has won also the still more influential possession. In this fortunate situation she establishes a new professional beauty record. In fact, Mme. Ratmirova may be called the reigning beauty of all the countries of the great war alliance—the quadruple entente, for Paris and Rome had already accepted her in that role.

In Paris, shortly before the war began, Mme. Ratmirova quite turned the heads of the boulevardiers—while putting out of joint all and sundry noses of French loveliness. The latter had had some success in holding their own against the Russian dancers, even the



Madame Ratmirova, the Russian Singing Beauty, Who Has Captivated London, Wearing the "Kokochnik," Which is Part of the Ceremonial Court Dress of Her Country.

fascinating Karsavina. Most of them being actresses, not merely dancers, they could claim some distinction as well as chic. And so, even in the presence of Karsavina, they continued to hold their heads high, refusing to take any dust from a Russian dancer's chariot wheels.

In the minds of gay and volatile Parisians this attitude added piquancy to

the situation, and the beauties of the leading theatres were still able to attract tribute in the way of jewels, automobiles, pug dogs and running accounts at shops where the most delectuously joyous lingerie is sold.

The arrival of Mme. Ratmirova, however, spelled disaster for the whole precious field of professional beauty. The home-grown fascinations were at their wits' end. To be sure, they were devotees of the art of Bernhardt, Rajane and other queens of the more or less legitimate drama, but this fresh interloper was a grand opera prima donna! Their handicap was too heavy. What could they do?

The answer proved them to be strategists equal to any that were about to emerge from among the generals in the French army. They presented themselves early—to avoid the rush which they foresaw—and themselves, as the new Russian beauty's first and most ardent Paris adorers, managed to retain reflected glory almost equal to what they had been accustomed to enjoy on their own account.

To the professional beaux of Paris Mme. Ratmirova appealed after much the same fashion as the choicest cavaliere of her own country—she was in a beauty class by herself. She was no mere reigning queen of beauty; she was imperial mistress of Beauty's Realm. If she had been a dancer, even prima ballerina of the Imperial Russian Opera, they would have insisted that she go ahead and dance. But as prima donna of the Imperial Russian Opera they couldn't dare ask her to open her bewilderingly lovely lips, of which the upper one was hailed as the most perfect Bow of Eros that ever graced the face of woman.

that Mme. Ratmirova had a taste in lingerie, with bewildering Oriental variations, that might easily bankrupt them all.

That, it appeared, was "The Ratmirova." In her own glorious person she combined all the characteristic and seductive paraphernalia of the rank and file of charming femininity, with a sort of goddess-like aloofness that brought the most hardened boulevardiers humbly to their knees and held them there.

Parisian beaux and other beauty connoisseurs of the French capital have always been peculiarly susceptible to the allurements of the finest Slav type, which Mme. Ratmirova represents. They know that all women are more or less mysterious; but in the case of Frenchwomen it is rather a veneer than the solid substance of mystery, which is easily cracked by ardent wooing and apt to peel off. The Russian article, however, is genuine through and through—mystery that was born ages ago in the Orient and perfected and refined through centuries of development in the Slavic race.

Even when Mme. Ratmirova condescended to show herself accoutered like any fashionable Parisienne, or when she had her photograph taken in the simplest robe, with her hair falling naturally on each side of her graceful head, she was still unfathomably mysterious, still with that vague touch of the Oriental and the unknowable. Nobody could be perfectly certain in what spirit to approach her, whether he would be rewarded with a smile or crushed with an indifferent glance of the sort that makes the male person feel that he has been transformed into a sheet of thin window glass.

And in her ceremonial Russian Court dress—as she presented herself at aristocratic social functions, wearing the rich and barbarously ornamented, crown-like "kokochnik"—no male person short of royalty, not even a Paris-born Frenchman, had the hardihood to do more than cast a glance in her general direction except upon unmistakable invitation.

It is the possession of these qualities which gained for Mme. Ratmirova her distinguished welcome in London society. Her entire willingness to serve as hostess, or in any other appropriate capacity, for purposes of charity, rendered her position as absolute monarch of beauty's realm all the more secure. Besides, in her Russian Court costume, which admirably suits the pure lines of her face and figure, she fits in with the subdued social war atmosphere like a figure in a stained glass cathedral window.

Mme. Karsavina, the Beautiful Russian Dancer, Whose Professional Beauty Mantle Has Fallen Upon the Shoulders of Her Opera Singer Countrywoman.

It is not too much to be said that London smart society full ratifies the action of the Russian Academy of Arts in three times awarding its prize for beauty to Mme. Ratmirova. For the present, at least, no more dancers, not even actresses, need apply.

New Facts About Cold Feet

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University.)

IT might not be supposed that "cold feet" were very prevalent in the brave armies battling at each others throats in Europe. Figuratively, in the sense of fear or lack of bravery, there is no such thing over there.

Actually, however, real true-blue "cold feet," in the sense of pedal extremities being "cold" and nipped even on cool summer nights with disagreeable sensations, is relatively common, especially among the beer drinking Germans.

Professor Unna, the well-known German specialist, was recently induced by his Government to make an investigation of the cause, prevention and treatment of "cold feet." This has led to the discovery of a number of important new facts.

It has been found that most German soldiers, especially those who like beer, suffer with cold feet in wet, cool summer or Autumn weather, as well as when the ground is frozen and covered with snow and ice. Only in the most moderate weather do they escape "cold feet," and many of them suffer from this trouble all the time, according to Professor Unna,

Hot bottles, active massage may warm their feet for awhile, even vigorous walking may help for a time. Soon or late, the cold feet return. Civilians and soldiers both cannot sleep with cold feet.

Their kidneys are made more active and thoughts crowd their minds to the point of distraction. He has found that cold feet is a much more serious malady than physicians ever before realized. "It has been shockingly neglected and ignored," says the eminent scientist.

The first thing to do for cold feet is to get rid of leather boots or shoes. Then discard all socks and place the bare feet directly into boots lined with felt. Paper is an excellent wrap for cold feet.

The feet must be dry. Moisture present and unable to evaporate and fade away, as is the trouble when thick socks and leather shoes are worn, makes most feet cold.

Drinking beer and other liquors also helps to make cold feet, because it keeps the skin too choked with blood, and this makes moisture, which accumulates faster than it can evaporate.

Evaporation of the moisture of the feet is necessary. But there must never be so much moisture left that the evaporation chills what remains. If there is moisture always present, it is necessarily kept cold by the vapors, and this makes cold feet.

Dry feet and dry stockings necessarily prevent cold feet. It is, therefore, demanded that measures be taken to have dry coverings. There must be a means to cause rapid evaporation of perspiration with a residue left, and also protective measures to keep outside moisture from entering from within.

Some people have cold feet because they over-eat, are over-fatigued, ill or exhausted. The cause is different then. It is traceable to impoverished blood, which fails to reach such distant points as the feet in a vigorous condition.

The reason women have cold feet oftener than men is twofold. One is due to tight shoes, the other to emotional instead of muscular excesses. One of the most frequent causes of cold feet is, undoubtedly, shoes that shut off, squeeze and trap the flesh and flow of blood in the feet. Unless there is space between the toes and feet and the interior of the shoe there can be little warmth. There is left no space for air and evaporation, nor enough room for muscular motion, which is the real cause of warmth and comfort.

Plainly, these researches of Professor Unna will be the means whereby many victims of cold feet will be able to rid themselves of the nuisance, and many a nocturnal quarrel between husband and wife will be brought to a happy end.