

ARE YOUR HANDS GETTING BIG AND NOBBY?

It is a Common Affliction Among
American Girls, Wails Noted Painter,
Who Blames Outdoor Sports.

BY STERLING HELIG.

PARIS, March.—(Special correspondence.)—"Where are the dimples that were on your hands?" The speaker was a famous American painter of Paris, who claims that he has quit portraits for landscapes because of the artistic sorrow which American femininity has caused him.

The American society girl whom he scolded was having her portrait done again in Paris. She did not worry. Complacently, she pointed to the remains of two dimples on her right hand: Now you see them, now you don't.

"I am very fit," she said, "in perfect form. Why wear fat on the hands?"

Albert Ghion—it was he—threw up his arms.

"My country," he exclaimed in concentrated accents, "unhappy land, devoted people, where the fairest and best samples fall for esthetic heresies not worthy of examination! Daniel Chester French, you did well to sound the alarm!"

The American painter referred to the recent pronouncement of the American sculptor which has caused a stir on both sides of the Atlantic. American girls are in danger of discarding their beautiful hands, says Daniel French. The practice of out-door sports is responsible for the calamity.

American girls have naturally the most beautiful hands in the world, adds Ghion. They come with the whole cower of beauty—from the excellent nutrition of American parents and the healthy mixture of bloods that marks our land. We had even developed race, that last distinction of beauty. It is a pity that such lovely hands must grow nobby, distorted, masculine!

With all this seething in my mind, I hurried to Ghion's studio, which never changes, No. 55, Avenue de Saxe, in the Latin quarter.

It was for his anatomical intuitions that I went to Ghion—his women's hands were famous in Paris before he practically abandoned portraits for landscapes. He it was who painted the Countess Helland, reputed to have the most perfect hands in all France.

"Are American girls' hands growing bigger?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered promptly, "bigger and almost, I might say, ugly, distorted, coarse—in word, more like men's hands. French women's hands will go the same way, doubtless, in the course of the next 10 years, if the present craze for outdoor sports continues among them; but, as yet, the effects are not as general or as apparent in France as in America. It is still the rule to see dainty, dimpled hands and shapely, tapering fingers in noble families, in the upper bourgeoisie, and even among daughters of French shopkeepers before they have taken to hard work with needle and cares of the house."

"Poor things," I said, "and it is so easy to work in gloves!"

"It might help," answered Ghion. "Work is noble; and even when their hands are injured, the young working girls of France—like their more fortunate sisters—preserve the pretty mouths and soft, gentle expressions of childhood, altogether free from that domineering manner so regrettably distinctive of the modern young Amer-



Examples of Hands, Two American and Two French, That are, as Yet, Practically Unspoiled: But, Their Possessors Golf and Tennis Respectfully. (Mr. Ghion in Background.)

ican women are due to the hardening effects of athletic sports and the strenuous life. The delicate, beautiful lines of the female form disappear; the hands and limbs become angular, muscular, bony; no dimples, with which Nature may have endowed them, remain in face or hands. Sport broadens their shoulders, diminishes their hips, muscularizes their arms and lower limbs, enlarges their feet and brings lovely woman to the level of a 'mere man.' The hobbie skirt was a good creature!"

"What, that hideous invention?" I asked.

"Hideous the hobbie skirt was," answered the painter, "but, by hobbling them, it inadvertently restrained the ravages of sport. Could Fragonard, Watteau or Pater, or could Lawrence, Reynolds or Gainsborough have had the inspirations of the exquisite women they portrayed from the American or English up-to-date female? I fear not."

Of course, it is easy to demand beauty at any price—in others. Foreign tourists in Rome cry out against the modernizing which destroys picturesque and poetry. But the Romans reply: "We have to live here!" Perhaps athletic young women make for a better race.

Did Daniel French, the sculptor, think of this?

Did the hands of ball-playing girls

of antique Greece become masculine? Do the athletic goddesses of the old vases lack feminine grace of line or attitude?

I put it to Ghion, the painter.

He laughed.

"Did our girls no more laborious training than the nymphs of antique Greece," he said, "there would be no question. They played with oranges on marble terraces, quite ladylike. Unfortunately, we have the example of an athletic race of women nearer to us—I refer to English militant suffragettes, horsewomen and golf and tennis refugees. Do these athletic, ungainly, angular females make for a better and stronger race?"

"I have refused to paint many women's portraits," says Ghion, "simply because I did not feel up to it—the originals were so uninspiring. Of late years, more and more, I have been on the horns of a dilemma with respect to their hands."

He told of a conscientious French confere who painted an American millionaire's bride with her hands behind her back! And when the critics insisted that it had been done because hands are difficult to paint, the chivalrous fellow said nothing to defend himself. The subject had a lovely, blooming face, and her gown hid any angularities of figure. How tell that her hands from continually squeezing

a tennis racket had developed fingers with knobby joints?

Horsewomen obtain similar knobby joints. The grip on the reins, especially when the horse is spirited or in galloping cross country, thins the fingers below the joint, which itself is over-exercised by a kind of pulling massage. The shock of the golf stick, repeated indefinitely, evolves the most bizarre effects on the delicate, hitherto unexercised, but perfectly healthy fingers of the society girl.

"An equivalent pushing of her nose,"

Identifying Crooks by Pores of Their Skin

THAT your pores will tell you who you are is the assertion of Dr. Edmond Locard, director of the police laboratory at Lyons, France. Dr. Locard has been for many years employed as an expert to identify suspects and criminals by the finger print system. He now identifies persons by examining enlarged photographs which show their pores clearly.

Dr. Locard has found that in any individual the characteristics of the pores are always the same, but that in no two persons are they similar. The number of pores in a given area of skin remains the same throughout life. The number per square centimeter may be anywhere between nine and 18. The

average pore is between 80 and 250 thousandths of a millimeter in diameter, but in the individual it is invariable. Different persons have pores of different shapes, some circular, some elliptical and some irregular in shape, but only one shape is ever found in a person.

Pores are sometimes grouped so as to form the three corners of a triangle, sometimes as the four corners of a square and sometimes they are in haphazard fashion, but everyone has his own individual grouping. The distances between pores, though they differ in various individuals, always average the same in the skin of any one person. Dr. Locard has found that the pores of

Horse Woman's Hand, (From British Aristocracy)

A Tennis Hand.

women are further apart than those of men.

Dr. Locard claims for his new method of identification the advantage over the finger print system that in the latter it is necessary to have an imprint showing a good part of a finger end, while in the former all that is needed is an imprint of only a minute patch of skin.

One-eighth of an inch square is enough to make identification possible. Furthermore, criminals can do nothing that will destroy the pores. There was recently a burglary in Paris which baffled the detectives because the burglar had worked with gloved hands and had come and gone without any human being having seen him.

The only clue to his identity which the police had was the imprint his gloved hand left on a pane of glass in

trying to raise a window. The application of the old finger print system was impossible here, but Dr. Locard noticed that an imprint of a bit of the burglar's skin—that part which was exposed where the glove buttoned—was present.

He had an enlarged photograph of this made and he studied it carefully, determining the size, shape and number of the pores. After this every burglar arrested in France was forced by the police to give an imprint of the heel of his palm and by comparing these with the one found on the window Dr. Locard identified the one who had left the imprint on the pane of glass. He proved to be Jean Sabot, an old-timer, and was sentenced to six years in jail. Five other criminals have gone to fall through being identified by "poroscopy," as the new science is called.

Why the Gardens Are Aromatic at Night

THE light we receive from stars of the first magnitude, like Vega, is equal approximately to a forty-thousand-millionth part of that of the sun. It is calculated that the total light received from the lesser stars is equal to that of 3000 stars of the first magnitude, or a sixth part of that which is sent to us from the moon.

Light exercises a mechanical pressure which can be measured in the laboratory. It has been shown by experiments with artificial light that in its production enormous quantities of energy are dissipated.

In an ordinary wax candle the total energy which is transformed into light is really but 2 per cent. Gas and kerosene lamps are not more economical. On the other hand, the glowworm transforms into light (by means yet unknown) 80 per cent of the total energy expended.

It is known that light influences very largely the aroma of flowers. A garden is more fragrant when it is shaded than when the sun is allowed to shine in full blaze upon it. This, at any rate, is the conclusion of a Frenchman who has recently made a vast number of experiments. That which affects the fragrance of flowers is not the oxygen of the atmosphere, as has been commonly supposed, but the light. According to the same authority, the

intensity of the perfume exhaled by a flower depends upon the pressure of water in the cells of the plant, which tends to throw out the essential oils that produce the odor, and the action of the solar light diminishes the pressure of the water.

French Love of Perpetual Motion.

Atlantic.

In no other capital do events shift as they do in Paris. There is always an excitement, a universal topic of conversation and exclamation. Some years ago I thought I had analyzed a political situation, a "climax," and I left for Aix-le-Bains. The next paper brought me word of a complete overthrow of the government and the utter reversal of my conclusions. It is so with every session of the Chamber of Deputies. It is so in art, in literature; from one faith to another, from fad to fad, like a child tiring of its toys, these brilliant people glide. They never settle a question, never reach a resting place in their subtle speculations. They are constantly moving. And the axis of their shifting is always a personality: a Dreyfus, a Mme. Steinhil, a Briand, a Rodin, a Bonaparte, a bandit, an actress or a Mona Lisa. There must be a new personality every week, a new shift of colors, a new pattern of brilliant notions on the somber background of daily routine, for these children of the hour weaving myths and legends around contemporary characters.



BREEZY SUZANNE—By Ellis Parker Butler.

SHE EXPLAINS HOW IT IS THAT
HER BOSS STILL REMAINS SINGLE

steel frame building next door, and ten trolley cars speeding to get out of the way of a fire engine that had just telescoped two street planes and a Salvation Army band, but believe me! I can't stand a Willie boy who carries his cane to work just for the fun of carrying it home again.

Algy is the sort of real thing that sends out for the evening paper at 10 A. M. to see if the linen collar style has changed since he read the ads in the morning paper. If it has, he utters a blush of shame and does not dare look at his reflection in his manicured fingernails until he has the new kind of collar on his neck. Honest, if I married Algy I'd expect to have to brush his hair in the morning. Nix on that! A girl who has had a perfectly good little shop window education, like me, can do all the swell-dress business one family needs. I don't want an example! I want a chance.

So that's Algy, the junior stockholder of our business, and you can tell I've given you the right dope about him when I say that when the directory man came in the other day and asked, "What is the style of the firm?" I said, "Algy is." Instead of "Perkins the Originator, Incorporated." Algy is the man that goes out and gets bloated plutocrats to put money into the schemes Perk thinks up. Perk is the man that thinks up things for the coupon cutters to back. "I'm the little red-head that sits and pounds the typewriter to make a noise like a busy office. I'm a sort of 'what-is-home-without-a-mother?' attachment for office use. Algy is the style, Perk is the brains, and I'm the business atmosphere."

When Perk came in yesterday and pushed his hat on one side of his head and took a seat at his desk and put his feet on it, I knew he had a thought, but far was it from me to guess what it was. Business had been on the toboggan for a month with us, for Perk hadn't thought of a thing except the Perkins Patent Cackler, run by clockwork, to put in a henyard in cold weather. Every five minutes the Cackler would cackle like a hen that had laid an egg, and Perk said that when the hens heard it they would think some other hen had laid an egg, and then they would be ashamed of themselves and would go and lay eggs, too.

I thought it was a good idea, and so did Algy, but when Algy went to get some plutocrat to put money into

it he found that all the really rich owned stock in cold storage warehouses and were against more eggs. So the Patent Cackler cackled a couple of times and went out of biz. So, when Perk came in, in that thoughtful mood, Algy just sat at his desk and held his breath, and I hammered the keys like a business atmosphere, getting double pay for overtime when her best fellow is waiting for her at the foot of the elevator, Perk thinks best when the business atmosphere is on the job.

All at once he jumped up and walked over to me. "Suzanne," he said, "are you married?" "Ge!" I said, "do I look as worried as that?" "I ask," says he, "for information. Are you married?" "Not yet," I said.

"Good!" he said. "Put on your hat. You're going to be—immediately." "Now, wait," I said. "I don't pretend to be inquisitive, Perk, but when I get born I made it a rule never to get married on Thursdays unless I knew who I was going to marry. Unless it is a business secret I'd like to know who the choice of my fond heart is. Small matter, but it just occurs to me. If it is any trouble—"

"You are going to marry me," said Perk. "Get your hat on, and we can have it over in time to write the prospectus this afternoon." I saw Algy's head rise over the top of his desk, and he looked quite annoyed. My heart was beating so rapidly it felt like a six-cylinder motor climbing a hill in first speed, but I did not like the look on Algy's face.

"Hold on!" said Algy, coming over to my desk. "Hate to interfere with business, Perk, but if there's any marrying going to be done, with Suzanne as the lucky bride, I claim prior rights, and a caveat and copyright. I've already spoken for her hand."

"You've yelled for it," I said. "And what did you get? Go on, Perk; I love to listen to you." "Most important matter of business," said Perk. "Algernon may, no doubt, be in love with you, but when Perk the Great has an idea all else must wait. Put on your hat, Suzanne. 'Now, wait!' I said. 'I don't know whether I've brought my marrying hat with me today or not. Why this sudden matrimonial inclination, Perk?' 'Income tax,' said Perkins, like a shot out of a gun. 'Greatest idea ever

thought by Perkins the Originator. Wealth in sight. How can a man reduce his income tax?'

"Earn less," I suggested. "That's how I escape mine."

"By marriage," said Perkins, waving his arms. "How much may a single man deduct before figuring income tax? Three thousand a year. How much may a married man deduct? Four thousand a year. One thousand a year per wife. Result, enormous demand for wives from now on. Every one will want a wife. Those who never married before will marry now. Immense call for unwed females. What does Perkins do? Creates the Perkins Prompt Wife-Supply Company. Supplies wives at a moment's notice. Contracts with all unmarried ladies that they will not marry except by permission of Perkins. Perkins corners entire available supply of wisely raw material. Those who would reduce their income tax must come to Perkins."

"Boh!" I said, sliding my chair up to my desk again. "If that's the idea why don't you corner me and sell me to Algy? Why do you want to marry me yourself?"

"How could Perkins advise income-tax-reducing marriage if unmarried himself?" asked Perkins. "Consistency is a jewel. Perkins, unmarried, can't talk; Perkins, married, can talk. Millions of unmarried males, \$50 commission per wife; millions of dollars profit for Perkins, the Originator, Incorporated."

"Perk," I said, "go back and sit down! If every man in America became a Mormon and every Mormon wanted 100 wives, and you had every possible wife signed up, you'd lose. How much is the income tax rate? One per cent. How much does a married man save per wife? Ten dollars. Much obliged for the kind invitation to become Mrs. P., but I won't accept you under false pretenses. The wife-reducing-income-tax business won't work. Who would marry to save \$10?"

"Oh, say! I would!" said Algy.

"Who, with common sense," I said, "would marry to save ten plunks? Save \$10 and get a pain of six feet along your spinal column. Save \$10 and get up in the middle of every night to put out the cat. Save \$10, and spend half an hour every eve hooking a lady into a tango gown so she can tango with a man who don't have to pay her board bill? No, Perk," I said sadly. "It won't work. Marriage for income-tax-reducing purposes is a rosy dream. The kid in the mist uniform hasn't set up at the side of life's vaudeville stage yet. As a sweet reward for as-suming the cares of married life \$10 a



I SAW ALGY'S HEAD RISE OVER THE TOP OF HIS DESK

year is a wet dishrag in the face to the ushers, and there you are! Twenty-bachelor man. Three dollars to the doc. for a eugenic certificate, one-fifty to the County Clerk for the license for kids. 'In three years—'

"But only the first year," said Perk. "In three years—"

"In three years," I said, looking him square in the eye. "In three years the saving of ten per year would wipe out the twenty-five-fifty. Is that it? And you call yourself a business man! Say," I said, "do you know the market price of pargorie right here in New York to-day?" Then he went back and sat down. (Copyright, 1914.)