

Have you had Your Foot Modeled yet?

How the War Need of Good Feet Has Reflected Itself in a Feminine Fad for Foot Beauty



Foot of Miss Katherine Morris, Regarded by Sculptors and Shoe Men as a Perfect Type of the Unspoiled Foot.



Miss Katherine Morris, Praised by Sculptors for Perfect Foot and Chosen by Shoe Men as Model for the "New Last."

BY ETHEL THURSTON.
If you are an optimist—that is, if you believe that everything will come out better, if not all right, in spite of everything that seems to be moving the other way—you may take fresh courage from the fact that the war is going to be blessed as well as blamed. It has had blame enough to date, and torrents of greater blame are to come, but so are satisfactions growing out of clarifying results, better resolutions, better actual practice in sensible directions.

while we shuddered at the agonies of Chinese women our own civilization has been committing horrors that cannot be denied.
For years the shoe men have laid the trouble to the women, and the women have blamed the shoe men. It is now high time that they come together on a basis of good sense, which they seem to be doing, and it is the war that has brought about this condition.
Short shoes, shoes too small and shoes that are not at all suitable to the style of foot that they are put on have long been sold, but with footgear at its present high price, and with the inclination that every right-thinking individual has to make one pair of shoes last as long as possible, that she may not only economize in the family purse, but be able to do her bit in war aid, the thing has come to the point where shoes are being selected for comfort and durability—style is of course desirable, but shoe men will tell you that style is growing continually more sensible.
Revolt Against Small Shoes.
It is not to be imagined that reform will be accepted by every woman, but certainly the majority are meeting the

question of shoes with a staunch determination to be sensible.
The fad of the small shoe has passed, and now comes the desire for the shoe to fit the foot, no matter what the size. As a result it has been shown that the average American foot is not small, and there are a couple of firms that make a specialty of building shoes to fit the long and narrow foot that has heretofore been cramped and distorted because the shoe to fit could not be obtained in the market.
This has produced a change also in the model shoe that is made by the manufacturers. No longer is the model shoe made to the last of a 1 1/4 or a 2 foot. Even if a foot of that size is narrow the long lines of the American foot are not found in it. Artists will tell you this, and the shoe men have come to realize that it is so. The fact that "like little mice crept in and out" may still be beautiful, but they are harder to dress now that the small size is the exception rather than the rule.
New "foot models" are coming to the fore. It is from the feet of these young women that standardized designs are being made.
Miss Katherine Morris, I happen to know, is one of the models chosen by virtue of a remarkably fine foot to help in the standardizing of shoes.
"My shoes," Miss Morris tells me, "are really my greatest concern. I absolutely refuse to dance or walk in a new pair of slippers. When new they have too much resistance and tire my feet. Before working in them I wear them about home for a day or so, for if my feet are not comfortable I cannot do my best work. I think this is one thing that has kept me in good health and kept my feet in good condition."
"If your feet are wrong it throws you all out of kilter. Have you never heard any one say, 'I had a perfectly splendid time, but I'm glad to get home, my feet nearly killed me?' Have you ever seen this foot when the shoe was removed? It is creased and red and swollen, and for a long time after the shoe has been removed it is filled with pain."
"You go to a manure for your hands, to a massage to keep them from your face. Who do you go to for your feet? A shoe peddler is badly needed in this country. Women go to him when their feet have become ill, and they expect wonders. As a

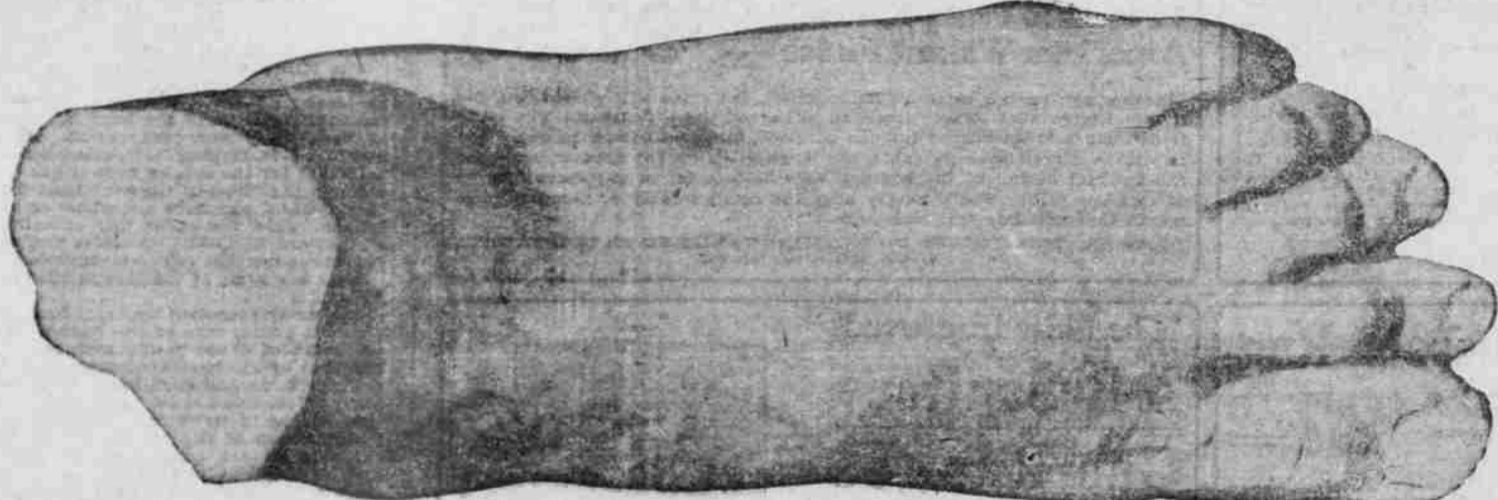
matter of fact, at least once a month the feet ought to receive the care of a specialist, and every day they should be as well cared for as the hands. If women would massage their feet more, bathe them in hot water and then a cold bath, rub them with cold cream and use a well-prepared foot powder, there would be far less work for the beauty doctor. When your feet hurt the discomfort is expressed in your face. This makes lines. How can those lines be rubbed out unless the cause is remedied?"
Interest in Feet Themselves.
Ever since the famous "Alley Festa" was held in New York City for the benefit of war relief, under the auspices of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, society women have been learning what their feet really looked like, for out of this has grown the fad of having a cast made of your foot. This was introduced at the festa by Salvatore F. Bilotti, the eminent sculptor, and you cannot find this. One reason why you cannot find this is because the feet have been shoved forward and the flesh rises abruptly above the toes.
"Also you will notice in this foot that the toes have not been cramped. They extend well out in front and the foot does not come to the decided point that is found in many."
Even if you have not a plaster cast to help you see what your foot really looks like, it is your duty, according to the foot experts, to study your feet—in a mirror or otherwise—that you may know the real truth. The fact is that most persons have never critically studied the actual form of their own feet. The fact is also that most women think of how their feet look in shoes, rather than how they feel, forgetting that it is the feet that count in the balance not only of health and strength, but in the beauty that goes with these.

names of those who were killed there fighting for their country.
The Mayor and the Council attended in state, the Mayor wearing his scarlet robes of office and his heavy gold chains, tied with a blue ribbon. He walked between two Generals, and in front of them marched three mace-bearers carrying two silver maces and one silver-gilt one.
The bishop took the service and there were special prayers written for the occasion. The bishop's own son has fallen in action.
We were generous enough to pray for our enemies, a bit grudgingly on my part I must confess.
As a sample of the charitable way in which these enemies of ours pray for us I will quote the following prayer, which was said in the German churches: "Thou who dwellest high above Cherubim, Seraphim and Zeppelins in thy heaven, thou who art enthroned as a god of thunder in the midst of lightning from the clouds, and light-

ning from sword and cannon, send thunder, lightning, hail and tempest hurting upon our enemy, bestow upon us his banners, hurl him down into the dark burial pits."
Pleasant-natured people, those Germans! We shall need more umbrellas than ever if their cheerful little prayer is granted.
I have written the names of my special soldiers who have been killed in action on the flyleaf of my prayer-book. They shall never be forgotten. The Sergeant-Gunner's mother was telling me that when he was home on his last leave he was so keen on soldiering that he lined all his sisters up in a row and drilled them. Told them laughingly that they were a very promising lot of recruits. They had a great deal of fun about it. They joined together and sent out cigarettes to his men this Christmas.
I have just heard of another friend of mine, a chief bombing officer, who



Sculptor Salvatore Bilotti Making a Foot Cast at the Famous War Relief Alley Festa in New York, Where the Fad for Foot Models is Said to Have Had Its Start.



Sculptor Bilotti's Cast of the Foot of Miss Doris Bentley, Showing "Free Toes."

is wounded and in hospital somewhere in Africa.
"Whilst our men are out fighting the women are busy making the food supply stretch out as far as possible. Every housekeeper does her own shopping nowadays, and a very sporting occupation it is sometimes. One meets a beaming friend (who is not at all short of money) returning in triumph with a whole pound of butter. A year or two ago she would expect three or four pounds of butter to be delivered as a matter of course.
Now she does her own hunting, and I am inclined to think thoroughly enjoys the excitement of the chase. It puts a new interest in the daily monotony of the household provider's life.
The fact is you can never plan out a meal until you know what luck you have on your shopping expedition. A good catch of tea and margarine in the morning brightens a housekeeper's existence for the whole day.
It is the era of substitutes. The crying need of the age is a thoroughly good substitute for food.
One of my friends was very pleased with herself because she thought of using chopped crystallized cherries in her mince-meat because she had not any raisins or currants. She said they were delicious, though not at all cheap. The fact is that scarcity of what were formerly considered necessities has developed ingenuity. Every woman gives up a lot of her time trying to find out "the next best thing."
It is a return to the old primitive law of food by capture. All classes seem to join in the quest for margarine with the exception of the very intelligent, who stay at home or think out a substitute.
Our grocer has now announced that all parcels under seven pounds in weight must be carried home by the customer. No very great hardship.
I heard an amusing story the other day of a woman who was learning to knit at the beginning of the war. She started on a body belt and knitted diligently on and on, with the result that this body belt was so enormous that no one could imagine any human being big enough to wear it.
Her brother rudely called it "a dodo for a dining-room." Finally and very reluctantly she consented to allow her sister to unravel this outside garment in order to use the perfectly good wool for something useful.
To avoid seeing her weeks of labor brought to naught, the author of the belt went out for a walk meantime. In about 30 minutes she rushed in breathless, treading on a heap of unrolled wool all unheeding, and shouted:
"Don't unpick it! Don't unpick it! I've just spun a great big Sergeant-Major. It will fit him exactly!"
She explained excitedly that if he had not been on horseback she would have told him about it there and then.
Her family simply roared with laughter about it. One of the moids the whole had fad.
Anyway she found her perfect man too late, because the body belt was all unpicked.
Imagine the poor portly Sergeant-Major's embarrassment had she forced this gift upon him! Sad and thorny is the path of the beginner in most lines of business.
It is certain that the knitted things which come from Portland do not look like the work of beginners. I have just sent off a package of these wools to one of our biggest battalions.
A beautifully fitted comfort bag has delighted the heart of one of my own
(Continued on Page 8.)

PRAYERS IN ENGLISH CHURCHES FOR ENEMIES CONTRASTED WITH GERMAN APPEALS OF HATE

Edith Lanyon Writes Entertainingly of Everyday Life in England and of Her Hospital Work—All Are Seeking Substitutes for Food.

BY EDITH LANYON.
SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, Jan. 7.—Yesterday was a day of intercession and special prayer for victory. All the churches were packed with people.
Not officially, but by a fortunate chance, we were seated with the wounded soldiers, so were in excellent company. One of them dropped his collection money, and another one groped around on the floor of the pew looking for it, just as if he were back in the trenches. Finally, he took out his electric torch, found it and emerged in triumph.
As all the collections throughout the country were for the benefit of the Red Cross fund I expect these soldiers were anxious to add their mite.
Hanging half way up the church in the tattered banner used by the Imperial Yeomanry during the Boer war, underneath it is the list of honored

names of those who were killed there fighting for their country.
The Mayor and the Council attended in state, the Mayor wearing his scarlet robes of office and his heavy gold chains, tied with a blue ribbon. He walked between two Generals, and in front of them marched three mace-bearers carrying two silver maces and one silver-gilt one.
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