

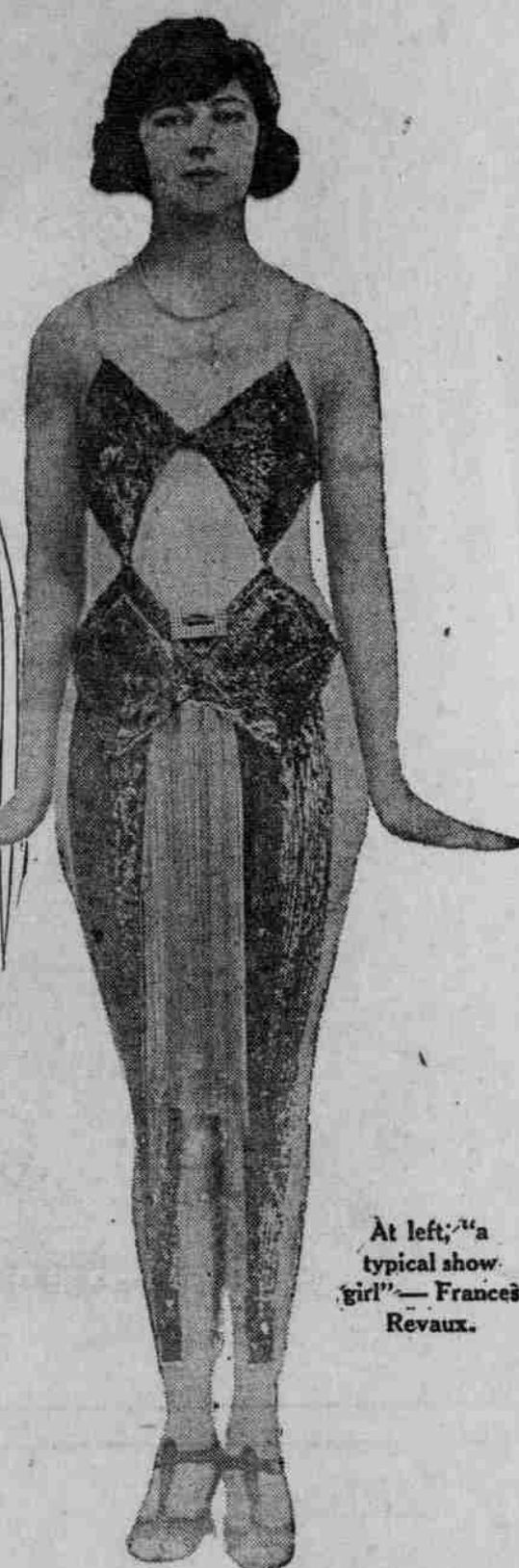
The Human Form Divine

What Makes a Beautiful Girl?

The Third of a Series of Articles in Which Mr. Ziegfeld Gives Expert Opinion and Advice on Just What Beauty Is, and How You Can Tell Who Has It and Who Hasn't.



Evelyn Law would win. But nowadays where the Venus de Milo would fail.



At left, "a typical show girl"—Frances Revaux.

BEAUTY'S YARDSTICK
The eyes should be the length of one eye apart.
The nose should divide the face into two equal parts.
A line drawn through the middle of the eyes and one drawn through the bottom of the nose should divide the face into thirds.
The mouth should be one and one-half times as long as the eye.
The face should be four times as wide as the eye is long.



Azeada, of the Greenwich Village Follies, keeps her figure what it is by stunts like this.

THESE MEASUREMENTS ADDED MAKE A SUM OF BEAUTY
Height—Five feet 5½ inches. The height should be 7½ times the length of the head.
The head should be four times the length of the nose.
The arms should be three-fifths the length of the body.
Weight—One hundred and twenty pounds.
Foot—Size 5.

If she's the small, delicate, quick moving type she can adopt the ways of the ponies—she can be as much of a sprite as she likes. The world expects it of her.

If she's the average type, she can take a little from both of the other classes, depending largely on her other characteristics to determine the side on which the balance shall lie. If she is the dark, languorous sort of girl, the showgirl's charm is for her; if she's blonde, vivacious, bubbling over with fun, she's the pony type.

The Carriage Makes the Girl.

It is most important for a woman to classify her beauty, because her way of carrying herself is sure to have much to do with proclaiming to the world that she is beautiful. We have all known girls who really were good looking, but weren't so recognized by their friends because they walked in a lopsided, stoop-shouldered fashion, held themselves badly, made no effort to seem beautiful.

Then perhaps they fell in love. Instantly they were transformed. They straightened up, held their shoulders back and their heads up, looked like

something. And people exclaimed, "How good looking Soandso has become!"

Now, I insist that the girls who are given places in one of my revues shall be as beautifully straight as the stem of the American beauty rose whose name we have taken for them. They must carry themselves as if they knew that they were beautiful. They must no hunch their shoulders up, or let their bodies collapse in the middle, emulating the "debutante slouch" that a few years ago swept across the country like a scourge.

How You Can Get It.

I know of no better way to acquire this carriage than by taking dancing lessons. Not ballroom dancing, but the sort of aesthetic dancing that is taught nowadays in schools of the better type. Dancing of this sort works wonders. Of course, one reason for this is that it develops perfect balance, which is at the bottom of all beautiful standing and walking. It gives perfect control of the arms and legs, so that a girl can stand gracefully with her arms hanging at her sides, relaxed and yet beautifully straight.

Vigorous physical exercise will not assure you of standing well; it is likely to make for hardness rather than grace, unless it is balanced against dancing. A certain amount of it is absolutely necessary, but it must have dancing as its complement.

The girl who carries herself well is free from self-consciousness; her body is so well trained that she can forget it in thought of what she is doing. It is usually the woman who stands badly who is awkward. No matter how pretty a girl's features and figure are, if when she first comes to see me she stands awkwardly, and shuffles when she walks across my office, I can see that she is temperamentally out of proportion, and am likely to select another girl who is perhaps not quite so pretty, but whose carriage is better. I know that the first girl's defects could be overcome by training, but have not the time to train beauty.

Try Observation.

One of the best ways to cultivate beauty is to watch beautiful women. I have seen charming little country girls who were pretty, but no more than that, become beautiful after a few months in New York.

That was because they had had the opportunity to watch really beautiful women, and to take notes on what beauty is. Often distinctive beauty lies in the turn of the head, the movement of the body. It is elusive, but it is the thing that makes one woman stand out while others pass unnoticed. The girl who wants to go on the stage should go to the theater just as often as she possibly can, and study the stage's beautiful women as she would study a book.

She should pick out those whose type she is, and watch them carefully. Then she can adapt what she likes best about them to her own needs. I do not mean that she should imitate them—merely that she should learn from them. Carriage, posture, the manner in which they sit and stand—these things are all important, and the stage offers every woman an opportunity to learn from living models.

The danger of learning in this way is that a girl may let her new-found knowledge make her artificial. Then she becomes awkward, and no matter how beautiful her figure may be, if she handles it awkwardly she is not even pretty.

But if she can pick out another woman's best points and then use them to her own advantage, she'll get results that will astonish her!

Wild Animals Trapped Alive.

A remarkable article illustrated with very unique photographs appears in the December Wide World Magazine under the caption of "Trapping Wild Animals Alive." It is written by Major Jack Allen and the facts he describes are calculated to make the ordinary big-game hunter blink with amazement. "From first to last," says Major Allen, "I never use a gun except in the utmost extremity of self-defense." The only equipment he uses consists of lassoes, lengths of chain and bare hands! With these bloodless instruments Captain Allen has captured such formidable beasts as jaguars, leopards and tigers. He has had many narrow escapes from death and his experiences make very thrilling reading. Major Allen says the strength of the tiger is practically equal to that of the lion, while he has the reputation, among hunters, of being far more courageous. Therefore the process of capturing a tiger alive involves a considerable degree of risk, but on no occasion has Captain Allen met with a mishap.

The Misleading Placard.

A restaurant keeper who apparently had a weakness for the "high-flutin'" placed in his shop window a placard inscribed thus:

MOLLUSCOUS BIVALVES

In Every Style.

A couple of young men, manifestly from "up country," were observed standing in front of the window, engaged in spelling out the sign.

"What's them, Harry?" one asked the other.

"I dunno," said Harry. "Let's go up the street a bit and see if we kin find an eyestere saloon. I feel like eatin' some eyesters," said the other.

BY FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR.

AMERICANS, more than any other nationality, have a passion for slenderness.

Therefore girls who would win beauty prizes abroad would never take first place in a contest here; they would be considered too fat. The Venus de Milo would never be accepted for a beauty chorus nowadays; she would be too tall, too fat, too—well, she would be ineligible for a lot of reasons.

These are the measurements that I would give for a typical Ziegfeld show girl of today. They are not given as a standard that must be adhered to, but merely as a suggestion of what are considered about the right measurements.

Height—Five feet, five and a half inches.

Weight—One hundred and twenty pounds.

Foot—Size five.

The height should be about seven and one-half times the length of the head.

The head should be four times the length of the nose.

When the arms are hanging straight at the sides, they should be three-fifths the length of the body.

Quite naturally, I do not insist that the girls whom I accept for one of my productions shall exactly meet these requirements. I haven't an idea whether they do or not, except as they seem to me to be well proportioned.

Almost Criminal to Be Fat.

Nowadays it's almost a crime to be too fat. As I have said, Americans have a passion for slenderness. Other nations don't share this feeling. I have heard that recently, when an American-made motion picture was taken to Germany, the exhibitors featured one of the minor characters in their advertising, because she was bigger and fatter than the star, whom they considered far too thin.

History tells us that the women of other days did all they could to assure plumpness. The Empress Theodora was accustomed to spend days in warm baths, followed by days in bed.

In many countries today, it is what is called the vital type of woman that is accepted as the most beautiful—that is, the woman of soft contours, who is rather plump, slow moving, languorous.

But in the United States we insist that if a woman expects to be considered beautiful, she must be slender. One would think that the modern chorus girl, between performances and rehearsals, and the activity of her everyday life, would have no difficulty in keeping thin. Yet there are no more ardent devotees of horseback riding, swimming and other forms of vigorous exercise than these girls. They are tremendously interested in keeping their figures; they have to be! "How do you keep thin?" "Are you dieting?" "Want to go riding before breakfast tomorrow morning?" It's no infrequent thing to hear such remarks when they chat off stage.

Nobody realizes more keenly than does the chorus girl that beauty must be earned for it is to last. The chorus girl who loses her beauty is likely to lose her

job. And these girls have to look out for the future—not always because they need to support themselves, but because they like being on the stage, and would hate to give up their profession. Therefore they see to it that they stay slender, for the sake of the future as well as because of the present.

And oh, how most of them scorn a fat woman! She is looked upon as a lazy thing who hasn't strength of character enough to get thin. Their feeling for her is rather like that of the workers in the beehive for the drone. They work at being beautiful and she doesn't, you see.

Three Types of Beautiful Figures.

In giving the measurements which I set down a moment ago, as I said then, I was considering the average girl.

But there are three distinct types of beauties in a revue nowadays—the ponies, the girls of medium height, and the show girls.

The ponies are the little girls, who do most of the dancing. There is an entire ballet of them in this year's "Follies." Many a well-known musical star has come from the ranks of these "littlest girls"—the American public is partial to the petite and pretty girl who has talent and charm.

The girls of medium height are used in nearly all the numbers—they are the backbone of the chorus. I have given you approximate measurements for them

because I consider them the average American girl, representatives in size as well as in facial beauty of the best that America offers in the way of beautiful womanhood.

The show girls are taller, though of course not excessively tall. Five feet eight is the limit. Theirs is the dignified, type of beauty. The same general proportions are right for them as for the average girl.

In Which Class Are You?

Now, many women would be better looking if they sat down and thought themselves over carefully, deciding to which of these three types they belong. They certainly will fit into one of the three. Many a woman is not stunning

simply because her looks and carriage are misfits. She is really a showgirl and she walks like a pony. She tries to be cunning, as only a small woman can, instead of claiming for herself the more gracious ways of beauty. Or perhaps she's one of those who belong in the second class, and tries to fit her looks into the ways of those who are in the third. Moreover, many a woman is colorless simply because she doesn't make any effort to find out just what is the proper accent for her beauty. She goes along like a man with his eyes shut, and then looks at the girls she sees on the stage and wishes she were as beautiful as they are.

The woman who doesn't know where she belongs ought to lose no time in find-