

THE PRICE A WOMAN PAYS FOR BEAUTY



Undergoing a Massage Treatment.

There is a Physical as Well as a Financial Price to Be Paid

EVERY man would like to be rich or powerful, every woman would like to be beautiful, declares a saw of more or less antiquity.

In the days of the Grand Monarch there were many beautiful women connected with the court of France. The radiant loveliness of none, however, could compare with that of the famous Ninon de l'Enclos, who, from her fifteenth to her ninetieth year, was noted far and wide and preserved almost the beauty of youth to the last.

As the years passed there was wonder that her beauty did not fade. The ladies of Louis XIV's court watched her with amazement; in old age her skin remained as velvety as that of a child; it retained the pink flush of youth; her hair did not lose its luster nor her eyes their vivacity.

This woman had mastered the art for which the sex has eternally striven—the vanquishment of age and the preservation of the beauty of youth.

Today women still pursue the same quest, and, by the aid of modern science, are able for many years to ward off the ravages of time, efface the wrinkles and maintain the peach-bloom of their Maytimes.

But the cost of beauty is not light—either in time, money or physical effort. The price many women pay for continued physical attractiveness would prove astonishing if it could be reduced to a money equivalent.

the fairness of Phryne and the length of beautiful days of Ninon de l'Enclos. Thousands of women today are using the same means of preserving their freshness. They spend hours at their toilet; they adopt measures ranging from cosmetics to face massages. In every city, in the charmed circles of society, you will meet matrons whose age, were you to learn it, would surprise you. Yes, elderly women who appear almost young. Women of 40 looking like women of 20, and women of 50 looking like others in their twenties. The only difference is that they have gained the poise that comes with years.

What are the means adopted? Perhaps the best place to go to learn these esoteric facts would be one of the fashionable "beauty emporiums," or parlors, where the wealthy women go, and to follow, in detail, the process which they undergo.

SURPASS ANCIENT ROME

In completeness these places surpass the baths of ancient Rome and Pompeii, also in magnificence of appointment. A woman can get anything in treatment from a cabinet bath to a foot massage; anything in the toilet line from a complexion cream to a \$1000 coiffure. These parlors are complete in every detail, and during the half day spent there once a week the patron will get her luncheon, read the latest magazines or most popular novel, often meeting her friends and having social chats during the treatment.

She arrives, say, at 11 o'clock in the morning. Alighting from her auto, she directs the chauffeur to return for her at 4.30 in the afternoon. Her day is arranged and the attendants are ready for her. Everything is done systematically. First she will take a Turkish or a cabinet bath. The cabinet bath is one of the latest things, and is effective in reducing corpulency. The bath will require one-half to three-quarters of an hour. Shut up in the square cabinet bath, hot vapors surrounding her, she sits and decides her social engagements, plans her coming entertainments and chats with the attendant.

Coming out of the bath, she is wrapped in four or five woolen blankets, and rests for three-quarters of an hour or an hour. Then the attendants will give an alcohol rub, after which comes a body massage. The item for the cabinet bath is \$3, for the Turkish bath \$1, with 20 cents additional for the rub. The body massage, which lasts an hour, costs \$3. Perhaps in addition, she will desire an Oriental rub, which lasts twenty minutes and costs 50 cents. A massage of the feet, with trimming of the nails, takes up another hour and costs \$1. Cutting of corns costs 25 cents apiece additional.

If there are hairs on the face, these are removed



No Reason for Lacking Navy Hair.

by means of an electric needle. The operation is harmless and hair wax is also rubbed on the face which adheres to the skin and removes the fine hairs. Ninety per cent. of the women who go to the parlors, according to a leading expert, have hair on the upper lip. This treatment of the face requires about an hour and costs from \$2.50 to \$10.

With the hair removed, the face is massaged, an operation requiring forty minutes. This costs \$1. Tickets are usually purchased entitling one to twelve treatments for \$10. A course of treatment for the removal of hair on the face not requiring special attention can be had for \$15 or \$25.

Next the hairdressers get to work. Perhaps the patron will have a shampoo—cost, 25 cents. Or perhaps her hair needs retouching. You would be surprised to learn, a hairdresser states, the number of women who have their hair dyed, bleached or touched. A woman who finds that to preserve her youth she must brighten up her hair may have it bleached or dyed.

This operation is usually done when she is not going through a course of other treatment, as it takes from one and one-half to four hours. The cost ranges from \$15 to \$20. This done, once a month she will have the roots touched up, at a cost of \$5. More bleaching will make the hair two or three shades lighter, and is done by using a solution of peroxide. Bleaching is not so popular as it was some years ago, and last year the henna effect became the rage.

But the anxious woman may find that her hair is



Keeping the Mari- -crist's Busy



Method of Reducing Flesh



In the Cabinet Bath

not as thick as it was in her school days. She will adopt a coiffure—polite term for a wig. She may spend \$1000 or more for this. It must be kept in trim and dressed. So, after her face is massaged, and while her hands are being manicured, she will have her hair dressed.

All the switches must be combed and dressed—not a few women wear switches—all the puffs must be puffed out, and by the time the hair is gracefully marcelled she will have spent two more hours. The hair dressing will cost upward of 75 cents, and the manœuvre of the hands 50 cents. Tips are extra and will amount to several dollars. Luncheon at noon, while she is resting after the cabinet bath, will cost \$1 or \$2. By the time she emerges from the emporium at 4.30 and enters her waiting vehicle her cheeks will have assumed a rosy glow, her hair is freshened and bright, she has apparently recalled the fleeing spirit

of youth. What she has spent for one day's treatment may run as follows:

Cabinet bath	\$1.00
Alcohol rub	1.00
Massage of the face	1.00
Massage of the hands	1.00
Removal of superfluous hair	1.00
Facial treatment	1.00
Dressing of the hair	1.00
Manicuring	1.00
Touching up of hair	1.00
Total	\$12.00

One's day's expense! You gasp. Only one, mark you. She will undergo this system of treatment once a week, perhaps twice, if she is inclined to outdo any she will take the cabinet bath two or three times a week. This one-day treatment is merely an incident in the quest of beauty.

Her hair must be dressed daily; for this regular attendants go to her house. She will have her face massaged at home, perhaps daily. And there may be various treatments of the face, massages and lotions bined to harden the muscles. A complete list of toilet articles is required, and for these she will possibly spend several thousand dollars a year. At least three hours daily are required for facial treatments, dressing of the hair and the application of lotions.

In the boudoir one will find a small fortune in creams and salves and oils. What must be spent for these may be gathered from a price list of various necessary articles. Here is a cleaning cream, in a very small jar, which costs \$3; it whitens and cleanses the skin. A certain tissue, which, it is asserted, fills out and nourishes the tissues, costs \$3 a jar; on coarse pores and skin defects there will be rubbed a cream of oxides, cost, per exceedingly small jar, \$1. A velvet cream, to make the skin smooth, costs \$2; a freckle lotion, \$1; a skin tonic for the nerves of the face, \$1.25; a liquid powder, which is guaranteed not to rub off the face, \$1.75; a rose tint, which gives that first flush of youthfulness, \$1. The beauty seeker uses an eyebrow dye, either brown or black, a small bottle of which costs \$1, and to maintain that sheney luster of the hair a brilliantine is copiously used, at \$3 cents a bottle.

Then there are eyebrow growers, almond meal, fragrant dentrifices, shampoo preparations, scalp food, foot powders, corn preparations, ointment for the finger nails, enamel, bleaches for the nails, etc., etc., ad infinitum, costing from 25 cents to \$1.50 each.

LIVES STRICTLY TO RULE

Throughout the day the beauty seeker lives according to a prescribed rule. She must walk in the morning. A walk is more potent in bringing color to the cheeks than rouge. Or she will drive for an hour or so. Unless she attends a dinner or party, her diet is carefully regulated. She will take milk and prepared foods. Her diet is reduced to a minimum. There, of course, there are prescribed exercises. She may have her own gymnasium; if not, will go to one of the fashionable institutions, where one hour or so will be spent fencing or bowling. Some women get the required exercise at golf; others at tennis.

The cost of beauty is not so much in money as time and physical effort. Much of many a woman's life is devoted to the quest; almost everything she does is designed to keep her fresh and lovely.

Would you be beautiful, madam? Would you be willing to pay the price? Beauty is one of the chief assets of the woman whose career is on the stage—whether the stage of the theater or of social life.

There is an old legend to this effect: A certain beautiful princess, gazing one day into her mirror, saw with dismay the first wrinkles on her face. Her heart sank with grief and she was seized with uncontrollable weeping. Suddenly she heard a voice by her side. "Why dost thou weep, O royal lady?" asked an elfin creature who stood by, a wand in hand, a star glittering on her brow.

"I grow old," moaned the lady. "My roses fade, my lips wither, I am miserable. Oh, woe it me!"

"Thou wouldst be beautiful? I have it within my power to grant thee eternal youth."



The princess sank on her knees, begging the fairy to grant her this boon.

"And that is—"

"Thy soul. Thou wilt win love, but will never love; thou wilt reap harvest of hearts, but thine own will be vacant of affection. Thou wilt live, but thy pleasures will be staid. Thou wilt wear a mask of gayety, but thy spirit will never grow warm with happiness."

"Why wilt thou pay the price—only grant me beauty?"

"That is why they say beauty is soulless, although good to look upon."

Certainly this fable, while it contains a modicum of truth, is not entirely true. Many beautiful women possess beautiful souls. But the women who seek to cling to beauty when time endeavors to snatch it away pay the price of much loss of pleasure and purely intellectual enjoyment.

HOW OUR SINGERS WILL BE HEARD A CENTURY HENCE



Interfering voices in the Opera House, Vanities



How the Records Will Be Kept for a Century

ed, was to be that surprising sinner, Faust. It was a musical occasion more than momentous; it was eventful.

Behind the curtain, despair, agony, madness! Both d'Andante and Penseroso—soprano and tenor—so hoarse with influenza that, though they would be able to struggle through their roles, artistic failure was inevitable.

"Ruin—ruin!" shrieked Monsieur Sucre, as he laid another handful of hair on the prompt book. "Out of my way!" And he hurried aside a purling, spectacled old man, M. Worms, the bibliothecaire of the Opera, who pattered to him.

But something in the old librarian's parchment visage stayed his ire. M. Worms found his chance to speak.

"Monsieur—my friends! I have come to save you!"

THE Paris Grand Opera. The air in the vast auditorium, faintly redolent of violets, the perfume which was proving the favorite of the season of 2008.

In front of the curtain, tense, almost breathless anticipation. For the directors of the Opera had decided to revive, with all the splendor of a modern cast, the utterly forgotten work, "Faust," by an ancient French composer named Gounod. Mme. d'Andante, whose voice was the envy of artistic America, was to sing the numbers of the triste Marguerite; Signor Penseroso, the tenor whose range, power and sweetness had never been equal-

ed, was to be that surprising sinner, Faust. It was a musical occasion more than momentous; it was eventful.

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THE curtains rose. The distinguished audience-eager, anxious to be pleased—turned chill with the first notes of the two famous singers. Cold, this night of all nights. What a catastrophe!

Those old operas, magnificent in their scope, enormous in their demands upon the voice, they are too much for this generation of the year 2008, made for giants as they were. If only d'Andante, if only Penseroso were able to attack successfully a single aria, a solitary solo! Perhaps one of them may recover. Let us wait; let us hope!

Could a miracle happen—could two miracles happen it was unbelievable, yet it was true. The first miracle, when Penseroso intoned Faust's apostrophe, "All Hail, Thou Dwellings, Lowly and Pure," was so wonderfully, limply sweet that it was as though the very spirit of melody, in pity for its devotees, had entered into the hapless tenor's throat.

The second—ah, the second! France can never forget the thrill, the exultant exaltation which uplifted the audience of the Grand Opera on that memorable night of the year 2008, when the cascade of golden notes poured forth in the Jewel Song of Marguerite. Surely heaven, seeking to win back to virtue these recreant human souls, must have loaned to that one song the voice of some leader of its angelic choir.

As, later, the thousands departed, the artists of the opera, led by the august M. Sucre, betook themselves

in solemn procession to the dusty den of the grand bibliothecaire. They crowned him with a flower chaplet. M. Sucre wept, and presented him, with the distracted look of hair rescued from the puritanical prompter's box as a token of esteem; Mme. d'Andante and Signor Penseroso linked arms with him and led him to a place of honor, the jewel cabinet, which he had just grazed the banquet that had been improvised upon the stage.

M. Worms wept. Signor Penseroso wept. Mme. d'Andante wept. M. Sucre wept some more. Then, patting the tall mangany cabinet, told the story of their common deliverance.

"It is, indeed, marvelous. Among the archives I found the manuscript. It was dated just a century ago. It told how one M. Alfred Clark, an American of that era, when this talking machine was at least perfected, approached the directors of the opera and asked them whether they would be pleased if, at that day, they could hear the glorious voice of M. Sucre reciting his comedies, of Thalma declaiming the lines of Corneille or Racine, of the long silent and dead Sophie Arnold singing an air of Rameau or of Gluck. They were anguished with the vain regrets he aroused.

"Then he asked whether they would afford the people of the ages to come those joys of which they themselves were deprived by the scientific impotence of the ages past. They were ravished at the thought. He, this so magnanimous American, was at the thought of the trouble and the expense. M. Bardy, one of our classicists eminent in the year 1908, was called upon to solve the problem of the preservation of the melodies which preserve the voices. He pondered long upon it, and at length introduced into their composition a chemical which made deterioration impossible.

"In America, the home of the ancient M. Clark, our manufacturers alone made two complete machines like this I lean against here during every minute the works operated; that one company turned 2000 records per day; 25,000,000 such records were sold there every year; a great city spent half a million of dollars for records within the twelve months.

"Manufacturers competed for the voices of our operas as fiercely as lavishly as impressors of newspapers recorded. One singer, the distinguished Caruso, received \$40,000 for the reproduction of his voice for a single year. Shall we wonder that their pride had them fill up their descendants with gratitude and with envy?"

The M. Worms, a century hence did not neglect the facts of today. Only a few weeks ago, in the vaults of the Grand Opera in Paris, discs manufactured by a talking machine of the most modern type, were stored in vaults, as shown by the pictures presented here.