

HER MAJESTY, QUEEN OF NICOTINE



Mrs. Cecil Bingham, who is said to have won the Grand Duke Michael's Cigarette Contest.

Since Cigarette Contests Are Enlivening the Swagger Set of British Society One Wonders How Eventhe "Monkey Set" of Newport Can Go Them One Better

THOSE who have the honor and the pleasure of being among the intimates of that altogether charming London hostess, Mrs. Cecil Bingham—she was one of the beautiful Carr sisters, of Kentucky—are sometimes allowed to have the honor and the pleasure of seeing her smoke a cigarette.

That most modern of the adornments of feminine faces, when she wears it, makes its appearance in a holder studded with jewels. You might hunt all over Europe to find a handsomer, more expensive, more barbarically magnificent cigarette holder. Until your search reached Russia, you would fail to find its peer.

For it is a truly royal cigarette holder, and it belongs to the world's Cigarette Queen, if there be any virtue in proven superiority and if the story that attaches to it has not gained in repetition. Mrs. Bingham won the holder in fair fight against some of the most expert women cigarette smokers in London, and the prize was awarded to her, with the title following, by one of the most famous of the Russian grand dukes.

Disgraceful? Not a bit of it. On the contrary, so fashionable that there is an ever-increasing number of fashionable women who envy her the distinction, and a new cult has sprung up, in the west, whose devotees are going her one better and smoking pipes.

WHEN Fashion decides that any practice is a friend of hers, the old moralities just veil their tired faces and take to the woods. The morality of smoking is very much mixed. Some of our good old-fashioned country grandmothers—the kind that helped make the nation great—used a pipe, usually a corncob and always strong. When they had nothing better to do, which was most of the time, they puffed at it, blandly, calmly, placidly. Some ventured as far as a cigar when they wanted to be particularly daring. But a cigarette—never!

Since the beginning of the century, when words of horror greeted the earlier intimations that a woman might, possibly, enjoy the taste and odor of a coffin nail without belonging to that class who are supposed to be without fear and full of reproach, it has been estimated that the number of women smokers in New York is close to 100,000, and that they consume at least 25,000,000 cigarettes a year. That would be, fewer than one cigarette a day for every one of them.

Some stores in the heart of New York city have 50 women customers every day. On the lowest average, the 10,000 retail tobacco stores throughout greater New York supply two women customers a day with the weed in some form; and all but 15 per cent of the purchases are cigarettes. But the lowest discoverable average is by no means the true one, for it represents the minimum of the cigarette sales to women, and there are plenty of stores that make a hundred such sales per day.

The heaviest trade for New York women is not among the poorer, even among the foreign population. It can be found, typically, along Fifth avenue, in the most fashionable shopping district. The tobacco used is just plain Turkish, such as husbands, fathers and brothers buy, and the prices are determined by the pocketbook, just as men's cigarette prices are. If there be any difference, it is in favor of the economy that usually characterizes a woman in the pleasures she has to pay for out of her own purse.

But there is now very little discrimination in the buying. Mildly will stop in at her favorite tobacconist's, ask for her favorite brand of cigarette, take her one package, or her box of 100, pay for it and fare nonchalantly on her sweet, expectant way. Half a dozen of the more fashionable hotels and restaurants make no



Lady Newborough, a Sister of Mrs. Bingham.



The Grand Duke Michael, Sponsor for a Feminine Cigarette Contest, and his wife, The Countess Torby.



The Countess of Essex, formerly Miss Adele Grant, of New York.

Some Reputed Contestants in The Grand Duke Michael's Cigarette Contest.

So, if Mrs. Bingham, formerly the well-known belle, Mrs. S. S. Chauncey, has earned her title of Cigarette Queen, the society that surrounds her in London, like the society that emulates her in New York, will find nothing to disparage. The only detractors from her dignity to be found anywhere are the new slaves of the Pipe, who have been surprising San Francisco with the limit to which woman's fondness for tobacco can go.

It sounds more shocking than the defiling cigarette did, when the sex considered it the badge of infamy. Yet pipes there are, all fuming and alluring, and the women behind the pipes are said to be the smartest of the smart set, whose brilliant eyes flash the reflections of the sunlit beauties of the Golden Gate.

Strikingly enough, those of their sex who have preceded them with the pipe belong to the same outcast class who once monopolized the infamy of the cigarette; and the pipes themselves belong to the same order of feminine trifling toys as did those early scented, unreal little cigarettes which the women of the wrong world were supposed to revel in. The parallel is precise; and if there be anything in history repeating itself, the time may not be so far away when the pioneers of the cigarette will be stalking into their delicate dens and hitting up the husky old briar. But woman's nature being what it is, those who dread that new, appalling era can afford to take heart of grace. The cigarette might have looked immoral, but it never looked ungraceful. The pipe that is meant for an honest, ample man's smoke couldn't look dainty if Venus herself indulged in it.

San Francisco's plunge into the pipe habit has artfully eschewed all ungracefulness. Its women's pipes are the most delicate, the most ornate, the most fairylike of utensils, their stems of chased silver, their bowls no bigger than a thimble. A few puffs and they are empty of all save



Lady Wolverton.



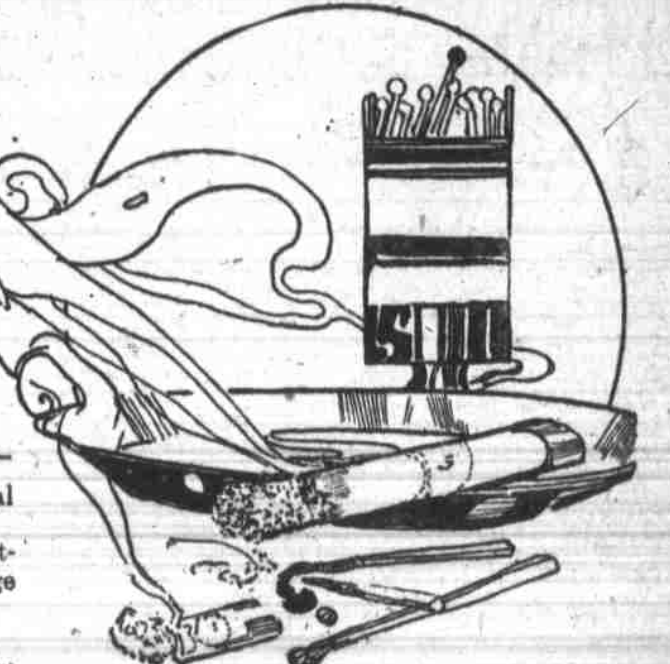
Mrs. Wilhe James.

man or has been touched by the charming lips of woman. You can take a cigarette that costs 2 cents, break it up and make half a dozen such pipe smokes out of it. You can buy your Turkish tobacco by the pound and save another 50 per cent. You can select and choose and experiment with various kinds and qualities until you have devised the exact blend which suits your individual palate; and then you can go on smoking at a cost of about one-tenth of what it used to cost for your cigarettes.

These are Gelsa pipes, imported from Japan at first by a wealthy San Francisco woman, who saw the pretty Gelsas enjoying them and decided they would be a novelty in her native city, far more accustomed to the orient, as it is, than other large communities of the United States. Her guess was correct and quite a tad arose.

In spite of San Francisco's patronage of the pipe, and even in spite of its undeniably attractive feature of economy, the cigarette bids fair to hold its own indefinitely in high society; and the distinction of being its queen ought to last at least the lifetime of her beautiful majesty, Mrs. Bingham I. So the story of the meise in which she won it bids fair, too, to go down in the pages of cigarette history on a par with the journey of the Round Table and the Jousts of the Cloth of Gold.

The Grand Duke Michael, exiled from Russia with his beloved Countess Torby, whom he made his magnificent wife at the cost of the czar's favor, has been one of the shining lights of London society. The countess, whose position is assured by reason of her marriage, is a delightful hostess, whose grace of manner well abets her husband's lavish hospitality. Women in English society delight in the courtesies of Russian splendor they behold at the grand duke's residence, and they think there is no other cigarette holder of a quality superior to anything that can be had of



The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, from a Painting by Ellis Roberts.

ashes. Barring the inevitable odor of nicotine, which clings to all pipes—and proper cleaning will minimize even that—they are no more liable to be distasteful than any cigarette holder. And—let the fatal secret be whispered only—they are the most economical means of getting a smoke that has ever been devised by the cunning hand of

THE WOMAN OF CURVES and KNOCK KNEES



The Woman of Large Hips and Lovely Curves IS Knock Kneed, and Cannot Possibly Avoid Being Knock Kneed.



The Athletic Girl of Straight Lines is NOT Knock Kneed.

HOW many women are knock-kneed? The question, so long concealed that humanity forgot all about its answer, has been all at once raised to the importance of a national issue by authorities in athletics who have proclaimed that more women are than aren't—yes, and even that all women have the stigma of knock-knees ineradicably upon their anatomy.

That last charge is manifestly unjust, for there are bowlegged women, a circumstance that frees at least a portion of the sex from the first reproach. But in the main, the authorities seem to agree that the knock-kneed woman is in a sad and ineradicable majority; and what is more, if she is a normal sort of woman, qualified for the perpetuation of the race, she is prone to be more knock-kneed than usual.

So the answer is not how many are knock-kneed, or how they can be cured of it, but how soon we can alter our foolish ideas of beauty and

accept the knock knees in a woman as the original standard of physical perfection.

If women can't help themselves, their lamenting critics must learn to put up with the strange shortcoming.

THEY hoped, when the terrible secret was first discovered, out in the University of Wisconsin, that something could possibly be done—some exercise which might enable girls to grow up with their legs as straight as the boys'. Wisconsin's university reported that 51 per cent of the co-eds failed in knee perfection.

No sooner was the Wisconsin report given the national publicity its importance deserved than Miss Catharine S. Leverich, who is the chairman of the executive committee in the girls' branch in the Public Schools Athletic League, came out with the declaration that the whole sex is knock-kneed, and most of the women of New York are flat-footed.

The accusation of the flat foot was bad, but not irreparable, for flat foot can be prevented and can be eased greatly if not radically cured. And, anyway, nobody notices it in a bathing suit so much as they observe defects in the superstructure. But the universality of knock knees was something that called for instant attention on the part of instructors in athletics, and for a time they expressed the hope that, with due care and prescribed exercise, the youthful feminine knees could be straightened out quite handsomely.

That illusion was not Miss Leverich's fault. She had remarked, frankly, that the breadth of a woman's hips made it rather likely that her legs ought to be deflected toward the knees. But the corroboration of that despairing fact needed to come from sources more authoritative than she was.

It came. It came from all the doctors and surgeons and anatomists who were so hastily called into consultation in every big city. They agreed that Miss Leverich was right, too right to let even the smallest hope remain that, if a man were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would find himself in an age when girls would be born who were destined to grow up straight as to the entirety of the lower extremities.

It's this way. The more ample the peculiarly feminine structure of a woman is, the broader the pelvic frame—and so the more fitted the woman to be a mother—the greater must be the width separating the tops of her thigh bones. Now nature has designed that, no matter how far apart those upper ends of those bones may be, they shall come close together at the knees. Just like a V. So it must happen that the thigh throws in from its upper to its lower extremity. Result, knock knees. Yet there is a difference.

NORMAL KNOCK KNEES

Although nature normally constructs that angle, it is very different in appearance from the knock knees of a man, in whom they are an absolute disfigurement. His knees ought to be straight, and a woman's ought to be set at some angle. She, with her knock knees, is normal; he, with his, is a freak. So, if the two be compared in bathing suits, the instinctive judgment of the eye fails to note and condemn the woman's pyramid form above the knees, while it is instinctively ridicules the man's.

You can see the effect in that charming photograph which Viola Tree had taken in Bacchic costume. Her pose more than accentuates the appearance of knock knees which is normally hers. Yet, unless one insists on being repelled by the idea of malformation, her right leg looks normal and beautiful as if it were perfectly straight.

Probably if all femininity could be suddenly transformed to a condition of straight-leggedness a howl of protest would arise denouncing that change be instantly made back to nature.

British tobacconists for love or money. So it is a snare, a fest of subtle enjoyment when some colds assemblies, with the grand duke graciously agree to cause his a little light.

He had the quaint conceit, some time ago, to offer, impromptu, a wonderful jeweled holder to the lady who should prove herself able to burn up a cigarette in the fewest puffs. The competition was welcomed with enthusiasm.

The competitors, as they were enumerated afterward, included Mrs. Bingham; her equally lovely sister, Lady Newborough; Mrs. George Keppel, who knows a good cigarette as well as her late emigrant brother Edward VII. knew good cigars; the countess of Essex; that Adele Grant, of New York, who remains the marvel of British society for the manner in which she preserves her early beauty; Mrs. Hall Walker, one of London's famous hostesses; and a granddaughter of John Lathrop Motley, the American historian; Mrs. Willie James, equally popular in English society; and another hostess whom Edward liked to visit, and Lady Wolverton, who has the good looks to go with the noble family of the Dudleys and the wealth to rank among the leaders of those who entertain in London.

There were women among them who have grazed many a hunting field, with digestions and lungs as healthy as any in Britain; but none of them could put the long, steady strain on the grand duke's cigarettes which some of our country-riding on Kentucky thoroughbreds. Mrs. Bingham left her cigarette in ashes when her nearest rival needed a couple of seconds to reach the grand duke's cigarettes.

The holder with the enthusiastic remark that there wasn't a woman in his native Russia who could excel her.

The story of that curious competition spread all over England, and later over the United States. It has revived the old discussion as to the benefit or harm that may result from woman's indulgence in tobacco in any form. There, of course, is the definite importance of the cigarette question as it applies to the so-called weaker sex.

Dr. Martin Friederich, health officer of Cleveland, has declared that cigarettes, so far from being injurious to women, constitute one of the most effective antidotes to the poison of theine, an active poison absorbed by consumers of tea. He says the nicotine counteracts the effect of the theine and helps women's hearts in an appreciable manner.

But Dr. Charles G. Pease, of New York, foresees such terrible consequences from the habit that he has organized a Non-Smokers' Protective League and is fighting the spread of the cigarette with every influence he can command.

"Injurious as tobacco is for both sexes," Doctor Pease has declared, "it is especially harmful to women. To be entirely plain about it, smoking unites both men and women to have children. But woman is so much more sensitively constructed, her system responds so much more readily to such poisons, that she is directly liable to transmit to her offspring disabilities on all three planes of existence—the mental, the moral and the physical. How can any woman gratify so false an appetite, even though it be confirmed into a habit, when she must know that her children, for whose sake she has her own existence, must pay penalties so dire?"

The bulk of medical opinion seems to be with Doctor Pease. One of the most grave of the arraignments which have been brought against the habit is embodied in the facts adduced by Dr. Samuel H. Hall, of Kansas, quoting statistics gathered by Prof. William McKeever, of the state agricultural department, among cigarette-smoking boys. Out of 2500 young smokers, only half a dozen were found to be mentally bright; only ten displayed average intelligence. The rest were dull-brained or worse, and had, besides, defects of vision, stomach, heart and lungs, all attributable to the cigarettes they