

# SOCIAL QUEENS AND STAGE FAVORITES NOTED FOR THEIR BEAUTIFUL ARMS.



MADAME CALVÉ BY HAARTRAN



VIRGINIA HARNED



BLANCHE WALSH



MAXINE ELLIOTT



EMMA EAMES



MRS BURKE RECAE



MISS MILDRED MORRIS

## GOLDEN HAIR.

### How One's Tresses May Borrow the Coveted Glint.

#### Directions Given and a Simple Recipe Said to Be Harmless for Producing the Desired Result.

The only safe way to acquire golden hair by the application of per-oxide of hydrogen. It is a mistake to suppose that this colorless liquid, which is of such value as an antiseptic that it is in daily use in hospitals and by physicians, if chemically pure will destroy either the brain or the hair if applied carefully and properly and without the ammonia with which it is usually mixed. When applied by the hair dresser the ammonia hastens the change of color, but is most destructive to the texture of the hair. I must say, however, that the woman or girl who decides to become a golden-haired beauty, should consider this one certainty in the matter, which is that she is entering voluntarily upon a slavery compared to which the Egyptian bondage of history seems to have been a pleasurable existence.

I really know nothing more harrowing from a certain point of view than the capricious and soul-rot induced by the artificial golden hair habit. I do not agree with many wise persons that I assume to be that Nature has never failed in the harmony of her color schemes in the complex hair and eyes of each individual. I do not think Nature should have the burden of white eyebrows and lashes combined with red hair and freckles, added to her already heavily laden shoulders; and I sometimes think if Nature could talk back she would give us a very wholesome dissertation on heredity, or cause and effect. However this may be, to return to our subject, any woman may turn her hair from any shade of brown or black or drab to a truly beautiful golden yellow without a red hair soap, water, a little wash-

ing soda and a bottle of chemically pure per-oxide of hydrogen.

The process for securing golden hair is as follows: First, wash the hair thoroughly with plenty of water and a good pure soap; put a little washing soda in the first water—a lump about the size of a hickory nut into, say, two quarts of hot water. This is simply to remove the oils and the dust from the hair and the head. Rinse several times in clear water and dry thoroughly. After the hair is quite dry, apply the per-oxide. Pour a small quantity into a saucer, take a soft, clean tooth brush and wet the roots of the hair as evenly as possible all over the head with the bleach. Do not, under any circumstances, be persuaded to use harshness, or ammonia, either as a wash or as a preparation for the bleach—it is commonly called—or mixed with the per-oxide. The change in color will greatly depend upon the original shade of the hair; for example, black and dark brown hair after the first application of the per-oxide take a most wonderful reddish or copper color, very beautiful if one could persuade it to remain just at that stage. Light brown and ash-colored hair will at once, or after the first application, assume a golden color.

The difficulty in using the per-oxide is in keeping the hair any one shade of the artificial color—which is certainly a beautiful color, often, as produced by the chemical. Each application to the hair results in a lighter shade, and inasmuch as the natural hair persists in growing out its own natural color and must be at once touched up, the consequence is that in the course of time the ends of the hair, from continuous application, will be many shades lighter than that at the roots; the result is, in my opinion, so obviously artificial that except in cases of professional women, it should always be discouraged.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

FOR SUNDAY EVENING TEA.

Soft-shell crabs are usually served hot, and it does not seem to be generally known how very nice they are cold, with salad which should have a French dressing. Just off the ice, on a warm day, they are delicious, and not so rich as the hot ones. They make a nice Sunday evening tea for those who still remain faithful to that cold custom.

## AT THE BARITONE'S GREAT RECITAL.

The Art Students used to look across the boarding-house table at the Old Maid with a keen, psychological sort of interest. "Why should she look so happy?" the elder, who was something of a belle, would demand. "She can't have any admirers."

"Why should she look so happy?" the younger, who spoke of art and missions with capitals in her voice, would ask. "She can't regard being secretary to that lawyer as a noble calling."

And the wives of the boarding-house used also to puzzle over the Old Maid's joyousness, "for she has no husband," they said, "and at her age can hardly hope to get one."

But I never marvelled at the gentle spinster's radiant face after we had heard the Baritone sing together; not because hearing the Baritone's voice was enough to provide his hearers with a fund of inner joy for the remainder of their days, but because of the song he sang.

Now the Old Maid had lived so long in the boarding-house on the square that it had become second nature to her to choose the less tarnished spoons in the boiler and to avoid instinctively the top slices of bread on the bread plate. She was familiar with all varieties of boarding-house servant and she knew that all alike despised her as "the fourth floor front." She knew by heart the landlady's stories of pressing need and of heat at dinner. She had nothing to learn in the matter of substituted gas jets and her feet were trained to skip the torn spots in the stair carpet. Altogether there was nothing in the Old Maid's position in her boarding-house to account for her serenity.

Down town the Old Maid was a stenographer in a law office, where pretentious was at a discount as a hindrance to unremittent toil. She did not realize that her chief attraction to her employers was this lack of distracting features and complexity. Long as she had lived in the sordidly educating boarding-house she had not learned everything that there was to be learned about motives, and she believed that her father's old friendship with the

lawyer had much to do with her position. Before that remote day when the Old Maid had come to the law office and the boarding-house she had lived in the country. Even yet when April rains came down and drenched the grim pavements she had a swift, fleeting sense of late snows melting by the rim of the brooks and of brown-headed hepaticas pushing through the soft earth, and whenever there was the fresh odor of new-growing grass and new-sprouting leaves in the city parks her mind turned toward peaceful pastoral ways, and her eyes were filled with visions of billowy, blossoming trees, of ploughmen moving across upland fields, of the waving-up of life and industry. In short, the Old Maid was a poet, although the crude little expressions of her emotions never met the keen eyes of critics, or even the kindly eyes of her friends.

Well, once upon a time the Baritone came to the boarding-house on the square. He was young and his audiences—they were largely females—desired that nowhere else was there a singer who could outdo him in song and sobbed out ballads so movingly. Whether or not he was peerless is a question, but at any rate he had made a great success, and people wondered that he should come to the dingy abode of the Art Students and the Old Maid. Some said that it was because he had lived there in the days before he was known to fashion; and some whispered knowingly that the lady to whom the singer sang lived over the way in the stone house with the balconies at the windows and the guard lions at the door. Be that as it may, it is a fact that when the Baritone came to the city for his series of concerts and recitals, he recruited the abode of the Old Maid with his presence for a whole week. And the Old Maid was agitated mysteriously by his presence, though it is doubtful if he even saw her shabby little figure.

One night she crept down the stairway when the house was still and slipped a peep beneath the Baritone's door. The paper bore a set of verses written in the fine hand of women who were silenced a quarter of a century ago and a little note that read: "If you should sometime find this worthy to sing I would be the happiest woman on earth."

Now the Baritone felt a brutal indifference about all happiness save his own, which had been sorely tried that night by the loss of his songs. So he merely muttered: "Confound imbecile women!" Then looked at the verses and then he went gloomily to bed. But through the night he reflected upon his blighted hopes and the hardness of his fate, some of the Old Maid sang themselves through his mind.

"I'll see thee in each flower that grows; Thou art not lost while lives the rose, Not lost while lives the rose," the foolish refrain insisted. In the morning the silly rhymes would not be banished. He found himself humming them to an air, and by and by—so weak was he owing to the cruel Lady—he sat down at the piano and played the air softly.

It was that same week that he gave his great concert at the hall uptown. With indifferent generosity he offered the Landlady tickets to be distributed, and so it happened that the Old Maid and I went together.

The Old Maid was very plump and very tremulous, and not being in her confidence I could not understand her state. After all there was nothing in a successful baritone of thirty-five to excite a spinster stenographer of fifty.

The Baritone had sung grand opera arias and the music from masses. He had sung Scotch ballads and German love songs. But he could not sing enough to satisfy his audience. After each properly-numbered selection he was recalled again and again. Finally he came out and said: "I wish I could tell you the author of the words I am about to sing. They were sent to me anonymously in manuscript and I have no means of giving credit to whom it is due."

The Old Maid's figure quivered. She breathed sobbingly and drew closer to me, and I wondered if she were going crazy. When the singer sang the simple verses. They may have been very bad as verses, but as a song they were a success. The audience listened intently, the women looking up, as women look when loved eyes would let the tears brim over. And when the last verse rang out, plaintively and proudly: "And though thou hast banished me, I touch thee in each nodding flower; I see thee, dear one, every hour, In sky or star or sea. All beauty holds some hint of thee, And so thou canst not banish me. Thou canst not banish me." The hall forgot to applaud for fully three seconds, when it caught its breath and surprisedly wiped its eyes. That is, all but the Old Maid. She wept quite openly, turning her radiant, tear-stained face to me.

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ANNE O'HAGAN.

## HOW TO ROLL AN UMBRELLA.

Rolling an umbrella is an art. The right and only way is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand, then hold them tightly enough together to prevent their twisting while the covering is being twisted around with the other hand.

If this rule is observed the umbrella will always be as nicely closed as when it was bought, and the only wear and tear will be on the fabric.

It is the twisting of the ribs out of shape around the stick and fastening them there that spoils most umbrellas. Never hold an umbrella by the handle when you are rolling it up and you will find it lasts very much longer.

NOT THAT WAY.

She had risen to leave the group of men and girls on the beach, but they expostulated.

"Don't tear yourself away from our society," they said; "why do you go?"

"Oh, I must get back to the hotel," she replied, "I am going to have my waist pressed."

And their shrieks of delight quite bewildered her.

FOR THE TRIP ABROAD.

The latest convenience for steamer travel is an air cushion that can be packed in the smallest possible space. The covering, in which the novelty lies, is a fine silk paper of Japanese make. The surface is at once pleasant to the touch and absolutely waterproof. Not even sea water does it the least harm, and its weight is so trifling as to be difficult to compute.

## IDEAL ARMS.

### The Illustrations Exhibit and the Story Tells the Correct Proportions.

There are in New York numerous women who are noted for their beautiful and graceful arms, which artists claim are the least common of all points of beauty. Some of them are society women and some of them are stage queens. The "divine Sarah's" arms are almost as noted as her golden voice, albeit her proportions are by no means statuesque. If statues have to verge toward portliness as seems to be generally agreed.

Emma Eames has more classically perfect arms than even most beautiful women. Miss Morris, of Philadelphia, the sister of Mrs. Gebhardt, is noted for the grace and beauty of her arms. And there are numerous other lesser lights both on the stage and in society who boast remarkable arms. Yet unless these ladies find upon careful measurement that their arms are moulded in the following proportions they may not claim to be classically correct. One celebrated statue of Venus shows these proportions:

Inches.  
Length of arm from shoulder to finger tips... 29 7-20  
Length of arm from shoulder to elbow... 12 3-5  
Length of arm from elbow to finger tips... 12 3-4  
Around upper arm... 11 3-4  
Around lower arm... 10 3-4  
Around forearm... 9 3-4  
Around wrist... 8 3-4

Dianna, who should be the model for athletic women, has beautiful arms, as she is represented by sculptors. In one statue the proportions are as follows:

Inches.  
Length of arm from shoulder to finger tips... 29 7-10  
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