

**My Secrets of Beauty**  
Sing for Dignity, Dance for Grace, Breathe  
for Health - By Mme. Lina  
Cavaleri, the Most  
Famous Living  
Beauty.



Mme. Lina Cavaleri.

one. Certainly it gives the impression of self-sufficiency and of strength and confidence. The person with such a chest knows that all the while fresh air is pouring into and rebuilding the body, making it new and young and strengthening it against the attacks of disease. In this way the vocal lessons practically make the body over.

Make deep breathing a habit. Open the lungs by housecleaning several times a day. The morning is the best time to begin. And this is what to do:  
Stand in an open window.

On rising, wrap yourself in a warm dressing gown, throw open a window and, standing before it, slowly and deeply inhale. It will aid the intake if you raise your arms slowly above your head. Stand with the palms turned outward, the elbows straight and the knees unbent. Firmly close your lips, and without raising your shoulders slowly draw in the air, counting to yourself, one, two, three, four. While the lungs are thus packed keep the air in so that every cell will be laved while you count one, two, three, four. Then, in the same time, to the same number of counts gently expel the air, never allowing a slight sense of dizziness to come. You have gone far enough for that exercise. Repeat the exercise whenever possible during the day. But choose the time and place where the air is freshest. If possible go to the roof for there the air is fresher

**Beauty Questions Answered**

From another earnest seeker after knowledge comes the request: "What is the best thing I can do to reduce my lower lip? Something that won't make it look shriveled? It is enlarged from a little, I think. I have used all kinds of chapped lip remedies, but they have had no effect."

I should first remove the cause. If your lip has been enlarged by biting, be sure you do not go on biting it, even in your sleep. The inflammation so caused will gradually subside. The size of the lip should correspondingly subside in time. I would recommend no astringent remedies. For, as you fear, they would cause the lips to look shriveled.

Another question from the same seeker after information asks: "Can you tell me of some preparation that will increase the growth of my eyelashes and eyebrows?"

Massaging the eyebrows with lanolin should promote the growth. Be sure to keep the eyebrows free from dust by brushing them with an eyebrow brush. This brushing also stimulates the growth of the eyebrows.

This has always been successfully used in my experience:  
Red vaseline, 1/2 oz.; tincture of cantharides, 1/2 oz.; Jamaica rum, 1/2 oz.; oil of rosemary, 3 drops.  
Massage in lightly or apply twice a day with a brush.

First look to the cause of the thinning of your lashes. Perhaps you are anemic and require a toning up of the system. Perhaps the eyes are tired and need more sleep. Perhaps they are inflamed. Inflamed eyelids easily yield their fringe. This is a good wash for the eyes if used in the proportion of five drops in an eye-cup of rosewater:  
Camphor water, 2 oz.; borax, 2 grains.

westerns would say, the apostle. Those who believe in the apostolic succession of the popes, and not an equal one with the other, believe in the origin of Sikhism. The story there arose a great while ago in India, known as Ramanand. It is regarded as the origin of the Man of Ganga, who are not familiar with the Christian perfection of Cardinal Gibbons, for he says men are not Christians, but be Christians confused with this view of Christ. He said that Christ is the spiritual lord of His Divine nature. At the same time, he said that He became perfectly the man of the world, that He not cease to be man. The Nirvana, as the Buddhists call it, was the fullness of the spirit. Nor was the Christ. When He came to have reincarnated, He differed with the teacher Shankara on the existence of "the universal soul," a supreme consciousness. He defined salvation as a union of the individual spirit which enters into it will enjoy permanent bliss. He said that the soul, after the death of the body, goes to the Christ, as we call it, to be time upon earth. He said that the soul, after the death of the body, goes to the Christ, as we call it, to be time upon earth. He said that the soul, after the death of the body, goes to the Christ, as we call it, to be time upon earth.

Mme. Cavaleri makes the points in today's article that singing makes for dignity, dancing for grace and deep breathing for health. She proves this in her usual charming fashion, by telling the story of an ugly duckling in Paris who was made over into an attractive miss by these means. She gives, as always, specific directions for the beautifying exercises she advises.

By Mme. Lina Cavaleri.  
ONE morning recently a carriage drove up to my door and Mme. Blanck was announced. Were I at liberty to mention her name I should surprise you, for you would recognize it as one of the most famous in France. Yet, powerful as was this woman, and mighty as was the great family she represented, there were tears of helplessness in her eyes.  
"Madame," she said to me, in slow English, for the ears of the little girl she had brought with her, though quick, were only trained to French "you see my problem. I am the mother of an ugly duckling. I want her to become beautiful. What shall I do?"  
It seemed judged by surface indications, to be a hopeless task.

The child lacked poise and grace. Music would bring one and dancing would give the other. "I then said to her: "Singing and dancing will supply the lack in her. Let her sing for dignity and dance for grace."  
Gratefully and trustingly the mother followed my advice, and thoroughly. She engaged for the monkey-like little one a singing teacher and a dancing master. "Factually she led the child to consider this a privilege. The music and dancing lessons were so skillfully given and so lightly imposed, never leaving her tired, that the little one thought they were amusements prepared for her benefit. Two years later, when returning from my American and Russian tours, I saw the child again. I was amazed at the transformation. It was as if a fairy had waved her wand and changed the ugly child into a model child's loveliness.

The little girl, looking up at me out of deep-set, dark eyes, looked more like a monkey than a child. She was thin and brown and bent. Her narrow, crooked little shoulders showed that she had started in the way of curvature of the spine. She was stunted and brown and had a prematurely old face. Though, when I scanned the little face, I saw that it was neither features nor eyes that gave the face its look of premature age. It was a withered-looking skin and the drooping, lifeless expression of the child who is not well that caused that look of added years.  
As the distinguished mother of this unpromising little daughter looked into my face with eyes of appeal the answer to her painful problem flashed across my vision.

How the "Man of Destiny" wrote to his wife. Newly discovered letters of Napoleon to Josephine that show he opened her mail, was intensely jealous, that she didn't answer his letters and that he loved her even after he divorced her.

His Mistake  
A Chinese visiting etiquette the rank of the caller is denoted by the size of his card. Thus the visiting card of a high mandarin would be an immense roll of paper, neatly tied up. A gentleman who has travelled in China brought home a Chinese servant, and his wife soon after held a reception for him. John Chinaman attended the door, and received with great disgust the small postcards of the visitors. Evidently with an opinion of his own of the low condition of his mistress's cards, he pitched the cards into a basket and with scant ceremony showed their owners into the drawing-room.  
But presently the gas-man called with a bill—a big piece of cream-colored paper, and his wife soon after held a reception for him. John Chinaman attended the door, and received with great disgust the small postcards of the visitors. Evidently with an opinion of his own of the low condition of his mistress's cards, he pitched the cards into a basket and with scant ceremony showed their owners into the drawing-room.

This Ticked Him  
James J. Hill, the Railway King, told the following amusing incident: on one of his roads:  
"One of our division superintendents had received numerous complaints that freight trains were in the habit of stopping on a grade crossing in a certain small town, thereby blocking travel for miles. He issued orders, but still the complaints came in. Finally he decided to investigate personally.  
"A short man in size and very excitable, he went down to the crossing, and, sure enough, there stood, in defiance of his orders, a long freight train anchored squarely across it. A brakeman who didn't know him by sight sat complacently on the top of the car.  
"A short man in size and very excitable, he went down to the crossing, and, sure enough, there stood, in defiance of his orders, a long freight train anchored squarely across it. A brakeman who didn't know him by sight sat complacently on the top of the car.  
"He that train on," he uttered the little super. "Get off the crossing so people can pass. Move on, I say."  
"The brakeman surveyed the tempestuous little man from head to foot. "You go to the deuce, you little shrimp," he replied. "You're small enough to crawl under."

An Old French Print of Empress Josephine on Horseback.  
The contrary, I detect you. You are wicked, foolish, stupid. You do not write to me, you do not love your husband; you know the pleasure your letters give him, and you do not even scribble a half a dozen lines.  
"What are you doing, Madame, all day long? What matters of great importance prevent you from writing to your good, devoted lover?"  
"I am always the same; my feelings have not changed. I have not written to you, because you did not write, and I only want to do what pleases you. I see with pleasure that you are going to Malmaison, and that you are contented. I shall be when you receive news of you, and to send you mine. I can say no more than to ask you to compare my letter with yours; and after that I shall let you judge who is the better friend of us two. Adieu, my friend; keep well and be just to yourself and to me."  
"NAPOLEON."  
JUST SHAM FIGHTS.  
"I don't know whether I ought to take you seriously or not," says the fair young thing to the gallant officer who had just proposed. "I've heard that you were engaged to ten girls last summer."  
"My dear, those weren't real engagements. They were just—er—sham skirmishes."  
SUIT THE PLACE.  
"Sir, I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand."  
"All right, my boy; I think you find it in the dishwasher."  
Then the young man left, smiling, knowing that if such was the case he had won a prize.

**How the "Man of Destiny" Wrote to His Wife**

NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTERS OF NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE THAT SHOW HE OPENED HER MAIL, WAS INTENSELY JEALOUS, THAT SHE DIDN'T ANSWER HIS LETTERS AND THAT HE LOVED HER EVEN AFTER HE DIVORCED HER.

know you would have given me permission. I am afraid it will make you angry; and that worries me. I wanted to resent them; but that would have been horrible. If I have done anything wrong, I beg your pardon; I swear to you, I was not jealous; certainly not; I have too high an opinion of my adorable friend for that. But I wish that you give me full permission to read your letters; then there would be no more of these fears and regrets.  
On November 13, the same year, he is still having trouble:  
"I do not love you any more, so pose—that is the destiny and purpose of my life. Be happy, do not reproach yourself on my account, be not interested in the happiness of that man who lives in your life, who enjoys naught save the pleasure of your happiness. If I ask of you love like that I give, I am wrong; why ask for love to weigh as much as gold?"  
"This is his native confession that he opened her letters, and his velled threat to keep on opening them:  
"I received mail from Paris. There were two letters for you; and I read them. Nevertheless, although this deed seems very simple to me, and I



An Old French Print of Empress Josephine on Horseback.

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