

BEAUTY bills are beginning to make themselves felt, even by those who haven't worried much about the high cost of living. With the onward march of progress, the time has arrived when dollars can be turned into good looks most any old day one has them.

Public parlors are all very well for those who must count their pennies, but are sparsely patronized by the billionaire class. Experts come to the homes of the latter, and daily visits are the rule with those who would look well against all odds.

Even the traveling beauty doctor, however, has become too common for the real elect. First to realize it was the new Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who has installed a complete beauty parlor in her new Fifth avenue home—the first of its kind in America.

This, however, is a matter of looks. There never been a time when woman's attire was no matter of looks, and there will probably never be a time when it won't be. If Mrs. Catt had the power to command all the suffragists in the United States

Nor need the girl of today who indulges in p. . . and rouge abstain from them under the regime of a Celestial fashion; her models use both more liberally than she does. But one thing she would have to forego—decollete. There couldn't be a Chinese style in dress that permitted the slightest exposure of the figure.