THE WOMEN'S PAGE



THE WEEKLY "BEAUTY" PACKAGE To be Used After a Daily Treatment by a "Beauty Doctor"

by a bunion when she wants to appear at her best. So the pedicure and the manicure run a close race for favor. Nor must the same cosmetics be used. For the toes there are special preparations, and no self-respecting woman would try to get along without

respecting woman would try to get along without them.

With all these things to be looked out for, a fair creature would have no difficulty whatever in taking up a whole day with her beauty doctors. Very often, indeed, she comes mighty near it in actual practice.

And as to the cost? That's largely a matter of her pocketbook. If she makes not a great many pretensions, her treatments may be kept down to \$50 a week. If she is a little ambitious to shine, she can easily spend \$100. A couple of hundred is very easily dispensed with, and after that the sky is the limit.

Some months ago a Chicago woman, Mrs. George A. Trude, declared in open court that her annual beauty bills were \$1875. This caused some surprise among those who were not in the habit of paying such bills; but, as a matter of fact, the sum was comparatively moderate. There are thousands of women in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other large cities who make that amount look sick.

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make that amount look sick.

What with expensive cosmetics, the services of experts and the attention of ordinary beauty doctors, \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year is nothing unusual.

Speaking of the fortunes that women of fashion spend on their faces, a well-known expert, who has parlors in New York, Philadelphia and Atlantic City,

parlors in New York, Philadelphia and Atlantic City, recently said:

"I do not believe there is a wealthy woman in New York who hasn't enough sense to have herself properly cared for. They have awakened to the fact that, if they spent thousands of dollars on their clothes and hundreds of dollars on their hats, they shouldn't neglect their faces.
"In Philadelphia I cannot say that every woman whose name appears in the social register takes good care of her looks, for there are still some matrons of the old school who stick to bygone conventions and they are the ones who suffer, as they have probably found out by noticing the features and faces of women of their own age and set who do undergo the treatments.

As Suffragists Would Reform Their Dress



Answered then the beauty doctors to the effect that the really wise person was Mrs. Astor, and that she would never reach the stage when she would look as old as her critics, no matter how unkindly Father

The englet freat her.

The real and only genuine way to treat wrinkles and blemishes, in the words of these producers of artificial youth is never to let them appear. If the face and bust are properly treated, they maintain, there will be no invasions of blackheads or crow's-

feet, no gradual withering away, no loss of peach

feet, no gradual withering away, no loss of peach bloom.

When some of the worldly wise ones hinted that the youthful Mrs. Astor was looking forward to the wedding bells again, the doctors retorted that if she went and did if the second time, she would lose the very beauty parlor that caused all the comment. By the terms of her late husband's will, the Fifth avenue palace is to revert to the Astor estate should the widow remarry. In the latter event, Vincent Astor would gain possession of the city home of his father, and might install therein his mother, Mrs. John Astor. What woman would want to give up a beauty parlor that is said to have cost \$25,000?

A husband may be a desirable adjunct to a house, but he has never been considered a necessity—hardly even as much of a luxury as an onyx-topped manicure table. Many women have husbands, but few indeed can boast of such a manicure table as adorns that beauty parlor that Mrs. Astor owns.

MANY ÉLECTRIC THRILLS

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Nor is the table with the onyx top more than a mere accessory to the parlor. Other little odds and ends include a gold-plated comb, a jeweled set of cuticle scissors and knives, marcel irons, imported hairnets, nait polishers and what not.

When it comes to the real furnishings, there are mirrors galore, so that whichever way the young widow turns, she may see herself front, back, sideways—in fact, at any angle. There is also a reclining chair, which is used for the administration of treatments. It is something like a barber's chair, only much rore gorgeous. Of carved wood it is, and it revolves as well as reclines.

Electricity plays a large part also. Common, ordinary men have taken largely to the electric massage for the last ten years or so; but the buzzers that eat up a half a dollar in a few minutes in the tonsorial parlors are as nothing compared to the appliances that are guaranteed to burnish a jaded complexion into the bloom of perfect health and innocence after a full parlors are as nothing compared to the appliances that are guaranteed to burnish a jaded complexion into the bloom of perfect health and innocence after a full parlors are as nothing compared to the appliances that are guaranteed to burnish a jaded complexion into the bloom of perfect health and innocence after a paletity for the arms and an exceedingly delicate buzzer for the cheeks. On the latter a powder is placed, and with it there is rubbed into the kin a delicate glow that can't be detected from the real thing. For face bleaching there is a bell-like machine that is likewise fed by a current.

The latest thing in hair-dryers is another accessory. Press one button, and there comes a draught of cold air. Press another, and there comes a draught of cold air. Press another, and there comes a blast of hot air that any Tammany politician would envy. By combining the two, any degree of frigidity or warmth may be obtained.

Besides all these, there are aseptic cabinets for the sterilization of instruments, towels, e

A Real American Beauty, Would Appear in Chinese Costume C HOULD suffrage for women bring with it an

outward and visible sign of its inner and spiritual grace? And if so, how spirituelle can it make the gentle suffragists look? No one has ever yet discerned anything spirituelle in a badge, or in a banner, or even in a gold medal,

which all American suffragists deserve for good conduct. They may be outward and visible, but they are painfully material and coarse.

But if you could tell a suffragist a mile away, not by the sublime expression of her countenance, which is a short-range distinction, but by her whole



As Polaire, the Parisienne, Appears in Oriental Garb

glorious appearance, wouldn't that equally please

ANY, many suffragists, beautiful and otherwise—suffrage is for the oppressed, whatever their age, sex and condition—have longed to be able to let their light shine before men without the necessity of talking about it. Not all of them are eloquent; and many are retiring, if not taciturn. Any simple expedient of costume, particularly if it were becoming, would meet the emergency ANY, many suffragists, beautiful and other-



Dr. Marie Pelletier, as She Would Appear in the Chinese Garb She Favors

and, should it have the high good fortune to grow into a fashion, would make the greatest recruiting agency that was ever opened for the ranks of suffrage. Now, years after the pioneers of woman's rights fought through the ribaldry that affended the bloomers which popular mockery identified with their ambition for the vote, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, with the genius of a rea, general, has proposed a suffrage uniform that is based on beauty as well as utility.

She has gone to China for it. "Drop all these Parisian frills and fal-lais," says Mrs. Catt. "Discard the corset. Evold the tight skirt. Throw away our affect that the genius of the same that the graceful, delicate, and health our sex hasn't known for hundreds of years, and be more beautiful than we've dared be within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

It has proved a fascinating suggestion in is interest, if not in its practical possibilities. Paris, of course, has hooted at it, as Paris will hoot at anything which threatens the loss to its trade of a single franc. But artists have wondered over the possibilities and doctors even in Paris have hastened to give Mrs. Catt credit for wisdom.

This, however, is a matter of looks. There has never been a time when woman's attire was not a matter of looks, and there will probably neer be a time when it won't be. If Mrs. Catt had the power to command all the suffragists in the United States to the command all the suffragists in the United States to the suffragists in the United States to the command all the suffragists in the United States to the suffragists in the United States

make choice between suffrage and the fashions, how audden death?

Let us, for the sake of argument, call this the Chinese fashion, proposed if not accepted. And let us try a glimpse of some famous beauties as they would

There's Constance Collier, one of our own. She's a There's Constance Collier, one of our own. She's a real American type of loveliness and, as you see her in the garb of a Chinese lady of rank—trying hard to remove from the vision the recollection of her entrancing graces in the gowns she's accustomed to wear—doesn't she embody as much of charm and

wear—doesn't she embody as much of charm and seductiveness in her strange, flowing robes? Doesn't she seem' peculiarly dainty and appealing; and doesn't the sheer femininity of her receive an additional emphasis from the fashion of Pekin?

Or consider Mme. Pelletier. Does she forfeit any of her Gallic piquantness? Either of them might attend a fancy dress ball in their Chinese costume and be occupied all evening with smiling acknowledginents of the compliment offered them. Or the dashing Polaire, of Paris, as she looks in the dress of the Orient—is there any charmer, from Bombay to New York, whose features and figure appear to better York, whose features and figure appear to better

Orient—is there any charmer, from Bombay to New York, whose features and figure appear to better advantage?

Whatever artists may say of it, and however approving the doctors may be, Mrs. Catt's idea is liable ito linger among those pretty dreams of dressing that inever come true. Yet there's no telling when all-powerful Paris, distracted in its desire to give a seation's fashion the touteh of originality which has been its distracted in its desire to give a seation's fashion the touteh of originality which has been its distracted in its desire to give a seation's fashion the touteh of originality which has been its distracted in its desire to give a seation's fashion the touteh of originality which has been its distracted of the provided the world failed to obey.

It is a mistake to imagine that all the women of China are so different from our own, or that there is any special racial type which adapts their costume to them and not to us. The Manchu women, who are as slender as any fair ornament of Fifth avenue, do not bind the feet, and they go Fifth avenue one better in the matter of Louis Quinze heels by having them about twice as high and set forward directly under the instep. Their admirers find that their walk is the gentle swaying of a lotus stem in the water fanned by loving breezes. Even Fifth avenue hasn't evoked such a poetical simile since it succeeded Broadway.

The hair of the Manchu woman is black as night and is dressed in styles which make a hat an insult to its beauty, as a hat is an insult, many a time, to hair that is brown, red and golden. Her features, instead of being inclined to flatness, have a Caucasian regularity, and her company of many be as fair as the lily than the control of the many be as fair as the lily of the hanchu lady prefers robes long and flowing. But among the wealthy all garments are of silk, often hand embroidered in exquisite designs, with splendid brocades for the outer garments, and pleated skirts for the Chinese woman affects, generally, a short sacque and pantalo