

Beauty Factories.

If any woman comes to Paris these days with the laudable determination to overcome her physical defects there is no earthly reason why her ambition should not be gloriously realized, writes a correspondent. In Paris just now there is more feminine beauty created by science than by nature, more physical loveliness by direct application of remedies ranging from hypnotism to hot water, than by health or inheritance, and the powers behind the throne of beauty dwell in what are called Ateliers de la Beaute. They are all specialists, devoting their lives and their brains to the study of the improvement of the feminine form or face divine and the artists of great fame who paint portraits for rich people earn no bigger incomes than some of these hair or complexion creators. Some of them are women and some of them are men, but all of them make their first fame by the creation of a successful actress.

The scheme of advertisement is simple enough. When a pupil from the conservatory is preparing to make her first appearance under particularly powerful patronage, one of these fairy god-mothers takes her in hand and for nothing at all creates for her a feature. To this are added fine gowns and no matter if the debut is a failure the feature is sure to find favor with the appreciative Parisian audience, and the next day every one is talking of Mlle. B.'s marvellous waist, or exquisite hair, or stunning shoulders. Talk of that sort in Paris creates a fashion, and to the beauty artists who made Mlle. B. famous, rushes the feminine Parisian world.

It was a poor, unknown but burningly ambitious friseur in a back court three flights up who did Jane Hading's hair ten years ago in large ondules that stayed, and to-day he airs himself in the Bois de Boulogne in the most gorgeous and expensive automobile ever seen in that park. The woman who made Rejane's figure and now keeps her waist permanently at the 19-inch measure, has one of the finest studios for the cultivation of the waist on a big boulevard back of the opera house. The man with the new electric appliance for restoring color to gray hair is growing almost bald and gray himself from overpatronage, while as to the cultivator of lovely bones, the creator of supple beautiful leanness, her clientele runs now into the thousands.

To begin with the coiffeurs. Their business is not only to arrange hair exquisitely but to guard it from all the weaknesses that the human scalp is prone to, to impart to scant ugly hair a vigor and gloss as well as a curliness without which no woman's beauty can of course be considered complete. Just drop into the operating rooms of one of the best of these artists and see him take a stiff gray handful of short and what are called badly bitten locks into his hands. The saddened possessor of this unpromising looking mass says she once had nice brown curls and then she was ill, finally resorted to dyes, let the dye wear off and then took to curling irons. With the profound gravity and attention of a great physician the head of the establishment questions and listens. He absorbs and makes elaborate notes upon the whole history of the case, inquires whether grayness and thinness of growth are hereditary, and then orders his assistants to examine the scalp, take samples of the hair and when full microscopic and chemical investigation has been made he decides on a treatment.

A remarkable application of coloring fluid through electric baths is what they now give in cases of premature grayness. The process is long and exciting and furthermore it is expensive. The head is washed and rubbed and steamed and then a tinted oil is worked into the open pores. Curiously enough a sweetly perfumed white oil gives a brown tone, a faint brown oil brings back a shining black gloss and then electricity is expected to do the rest, after the clipping, singling and brushing with a huge revolving, softly bristled wheel has been undergone.

All these appliances give to the hair dresser's little mirror lined toilet rooms the appearance of a modern torture chamber. Down from the ceiling, by green electric wires, revolving hair cleaners of various sizes hang, for some heads are so delicate and the tints of some hair so pale and beautiful, that a dry cleaning is the only kind given, since the hair

dresser has decided that more women bleach and injure the quality of their hair by washing and brushing than through any other agency. All day long women are coming in to have their heads brushed and the earlier the hour the greater the number of visitors.

Some women, like Lucy Gerard and Cleo de Merode, come direct from baths and breakfasts, for it is against their principles and the order of their coiffeur to attempt even the simplest arrangement of their locks unaided. Coming in her delicate luxuriant peignoir, over which a long dark cloak is worn through the street, the stage beauty drops into a deep armchair and an elegantly attired young woman takes out the shell pins and proceeds deliberately to comb the silken tresses with her fingers. Tangles are not rudely torn from the mesh nor long precious strands uprooted, but every knotted curl is patiently unraveled until the assistant's fingers run from scalp to tip unimpeded. Then a wheel shaped brush, covered with long bristles as soft as camel's hair, is allowed to whirl over the head and down the white partings made by the assistant's index finger. This detaches and blows out every particle of dust and a little finger massage stirs the blood under the skin. After this, if it is the day for the ondule, steel tongs are brought forth and instead of heating the surface of the metal over a flame, hollow tongs filled with hot water are employed. The water supplies the requisite intensity of heat without running any danger of scorching the hair, and besides actresses hundreds of well-cared-for Parisian fashionable women drop in during the day, slip into white silk peignoirs and subject their heads to the dry cleaning process which is not only good for the hair but prevents the headaches, the nervous attacks and weariness that comes after a regular soap and water shampoo.

Never indeed, no matter what the conditions, does the up-to-date hair dresser in Paris permit a head under his care to go into a tub. When a woman arrives in the frescoed parlors, where in cupboards hang peignoirs of every tint in silk satin or linen that may please her taste, she is booked for a steaming. The hair is incased in a long bag of the thinnest rubber, one end of which fits about the forehead, back of the neck and ears. Steam is turned on and for nearly an hour rises into the locks, condenses on the scalp, and a steady drip, drip, goes on until a proper point of cleanliness is reached. The drying is all done in a trice with an electric brush. This is followed by thoroughly perfuming the tresses, a process also accomplished by steam, and this perfume treatment supplies to dry hair just the requisite gloss. After long and patient experiment to such a point of perfection has the drying of hair been recently brought, that if a blonde or a gray head is to have a darker tint, one treatment every six months is enough to hold the color bright and true against all, save salt water tests. Red is the tone most difficult to fix, unless the process of changing from the natural to the artificial color is begun in youth and carried on gradually. In Paris now-a-days it is no uncommon sight to see girls of twelve and fourteen going every week to the hair dressers for the changing of their sober brown or black locks. Girls there are destined for the stage or for smart society and their ambitious mothers willingly undergo the trouble and expense entailed in order to secure for their daughters a feature so rare and so difficult of attainment.

Hair dressers, however, great as is their influence, are no more potent or advanced along the road to scientific manufacture of beauty than the corset makers. Wonderfully shaped and supple bodies they fit to exquisitely cared for heads, and the making of special corsets alone in Paris is a business amounting to millions of dollars a year. No one knows really how strong is the link that binds the dressmaker to the corset maker in this city of good gowns.

When the great modistes call a convention to consider vital changes in the style, nothing can be decided until the corset makers admit the possibility of producing stays that will cast the figure into the mould requisite for the new form of skirt and waist. Three years ago a staymaker in Paris invented the straight front corset with a view of satisfying the demands of Worth and his colleagues who had decided to move slowly toward the restoration of the Louis XV. and XVI. styles of dress.

At first the women refused to wear the corset, but the dressmakers put on the thumb screws by promptly and flatly refusing to take an order for a

gown unless it was fitted over the new corset. The women gave in and that staymaker is a rich man. He did it all by fooling willingly beguiled femininity; he made the waist bigger, but he made it longer, and now when he has a woman whose body no human force could crush into a 24-inch corset, he turns her over to the producer of bones, to the woman who keeps Rejane's figure in trim, brushes flesh from the limbs as easily as a housemaid whisks cobwebs from the wall.

They call her the cold water witch, because she spouts an icy fluid on her victims form every point of the compass and is even capable, her subjects say, of massaging and pounding obstinate flesh with bags filled with finely shaved ice. Wrapped in a sheet her patient is first laid on a wooden table with a gutter all around its edge, and then the rubber hose is turned on. It plays in a spray, a circle and a steady spout first, from this angle and then from that, and after a few moments of spraying the thumping with ice filled bags begins until the offending flesh does melt like dew according to Hamlet's eloquently expressed desire. After the spraying and thumping the patient is ordered to run around the room, is rubbed down, wrapped in a flannel robe, allowed to rest fifteen minutes and to eat a dry biscuit and half a cup of hot, black coffee with a little of what tastes like a delicious liqueur in it.

After two or three treatments the bones begin to sprout, first those around the neck come, then a good sharp elbow develops itself, and at last the hip meausure begins to shrink. Hip flesh is the last to go, and this precedes the diminution of the waist girth. Rarely does a subject prove wholly resistant to the cold water treatment. Plain water, directed from a sufficient height through a hose, will do as much as faith, namely, move mountains, and it is therefore perfectly logical to agree that less water through a smaller hose directed at unstable human flesh, will break down fatty tissues and bring out the solid bone foundation.

This reasonable conclusion has been practically reached so often here in Paris, that no longer is there an excuse for a clumsily fat woman. That is what the corset makers insist, which accounts for the tremendous number of patients who meekly, wincingly, shiveringly but hopefully stand the shock of spout and spray. When the bones begin to show, then the way back to the corset maker's satin-lined little boudoir is taken and the responsibility is left to her of bringing the flesh-bent bones back into place. First the regenerate figure is laced into a straight-front stay, the back of which is laced in two sections. Broad, flat shoulders, prominent collar bones, long lean arms, the waist of an ant, hips flat and without curve—that is the rule for the fashionable figure to-day. To make the shoulders flat the brace is used and pulled up just one button a day, then eased for twenty-four hours, for a flat back should not imply a stiff back, and where the shoulder blades protrude the figure is looked upon as ill-proportioned and ungraceful. An outstanding shoulder blade implies a sunken chest, and no military man boasts in proportion a broader chest than the most modern Parisian woman in her skimpy, skirted gown of lace or liberty tissue and her hair piled so high that she towers above her stalwart escort.

To add to her height she wears the extreme pompadour heel to her shoe, whether by day or night, and to complete her charm she affects the new powder rogue that only the microscopic eye can detect from the color that comes of high health and fine living.

Here is another loophole for plain woman's escape from the curse of real ugliness. She must indeed be a hopeless sort of creature who fails to find damask cheeks and a lily brow in some atelier of Paris. There are still those beauty parlors where rouge is daubed, powder dusted and eyebrows penciled, but they are not the little warm rose lighted boudoirs to which the smart Parisienne and initiated foreigner go.

To get a complexion that is worth having and guaranteed to wear, you must have a card and out of the dust and noise of the street you pass from a court up a pair of stairs and into a pink and white drawing room that looks as if the decorations were done in curds and whipped cream and where a velvet voiced young woman, whose very presence inspires confidence, takes you in hand. She whisks you into a boudoir all to yourself, tucks you into a silk crepon and lace robe de chambre, speaks tenderly to

you, pushes your head back on a cushion and begins her operations.

There is a soft bright light overhead and you attempt for a while to watch her manoeuvres, but it is better to shut your eyes while she examines you through a powerful lens and tells you your skin is just the quality of such and such a Duchess, and that just a little of this and that will render it quite ravishing. First she washes cheeks, chin and brow with a sponge hastily dried out from very hot water. That relaxes all the nerves and opens the pores and then with two tiny rubber-headed drumsticks she plays a rat-a-tat-too, from one end of your countenance to the other.

After this a liquid of delicate odor and secret composition is massaged in gently and what is called electric air blown into the face. This last smells like a warm south wind wafted over a bed of violets or carnations, and while you are trying to decide which, you fall into a profound and refreshing slumber. It does not last more than ten minutes, the nap, but you wake softly out of it to find that the young woman is throwing many shaded lights on your face. She is trying to decide what tint of powder will suit your skin best, and the varying nuances of color come from thinnest sheets of crystal behind which there is an electric light. Every crystal sheet is matched by powder, a powder which when blown, not smeared, on the face, produces exactly the normal tint of rose your cheeks would wear were nature kind enough to prevent this sort of art. When the color is decided upon the powder is blown on by a new device, and if the decision is that a delicate rosy radiance over the whole face is likely to produce a more natural effect than an application to the cheeks alone, the powder is applied and then by the deffest touch in the world it is worked in and the surplus blown off, with an enormous swansdown puff on the end of an ivory stick.

Finally, when the treatment is over and you sit erect in your chair facing a long mirror, you realize for the first time that you are a particularly attractive young woman and that none but you and the young woman need ever know but what your exquisite rose-leaf skin came through other than health's own agency. Go as near the mirror as you please or roll in from under a thick green shade the hard light of day on your face and your conscience is clear of the crime of using rouge. You are simply wearing a tinted powder adjusted with infinite art to your clean softened skin. No pores are clogged and a dash of cold water will wash it all away, yet left alone it will remain fixed for twenty-four hours.

Go more deeply into the question of complexion treatment with the young woman and she will inform you that these powders are laid on after a treatment with peroxide of hydrogen is given and that in some cases they do use hypnotic force to give the modern nervous woman, whose facial muscles are not at rest even when she sleeps, a period of profound repose.

With a little magnetism we treat wrinkles successfully, she will assure an interested listener. The patient is put into complete relaxation and then the face is bathed and massaged, but enameling—oh, no, never does the Parisian actress or women of fashion submit to that nowadays, though we do sometimes make little brown moles on the left cheek.

WHO LIKED STRAWBERRY JAM?

The Lady Bountiful of the parish was going her rounds, and called at a small cottage occupied by a model peasant, whose wife had been an invalid for some years.

And how is Mary to-day? inquired the visitor.

Just about the same, thankee kindly, mem, was the reply.

Did she enjoy those little things I sent her yesterday? asked the lady.

The things come all right, mem, an' we be greatly obleeged; but if I might make so bold, would ye not send her any more of that jelly? Some jam—strawberry jam—be much more sootable, mem.

Why doesn't she care for the jelly? was the natural query.

Yes, mem, she do; but I can't say as I does.

AN ALL-AROUND MAN.

He goes in for everything. He's quite an enthusiast.

Yes; if somebody were to send him on a wild goose chase, he'd speak of himself afterward as a sportsman.

GAINS MADE BY RUSSIA.

Important Advantage Secured While England Was Busy With the Boers.

Now that the end of the war in South Africa is believed to be in sight attention is being turned in England to the advantages that have been gained by Russia during the eight months which it has lasted while the hands of England have been practically tied.

The first step taken by Russia immediately after it was seen that the Anglo-Boer war was going to be a much longer and more tedious affair than was first reckoned on was the mortgage she established over Persia, followed by the movement of troops to the Afghan frontier on the road leading to Herat. The next was the concession from the Turkish Government giving Russia the monopoly of railway construction in Eastern Asia Minor which virtually converts the great plateau of Armenia into a Russian sphere of influence. Simultaneously with the negotiations that give her this foothold in the regions overlooking the low lands of Mesopotamia and facing the German sphere in Anatolia, Russia, acquired a lien on Bulgaria in return for a small loan; she obtained the use of the important harbor of Bourgas on the Black Sea, which is connected by railway with Sofia, the capital and the Serbian and Macedonian railways; and the Bulgarian army becomes again the advance guard of Russia in the Balkan Peninsula. These are her gains in western Asia and the near East.

In the Far East, Russia has obtained two notable concessions, one of which is believed by many to endanger the continuance of her pacific relations with Japan. The first of these concessions is the right to build a railway from Kiahhta, the Siberian customs frontier station, south of Lake Baikal, to Kalgan, on the great wall of China northwest of Peking. The obstacles to the construction of this road through eastern Mongolia, are nothing compared to those presented by the country through which the Manchurian railway passes to Port Arthur and Vladivostok.

ITS STRATEGIC ADVANTAGE is also greater, as it is so far removed from the coast that the chance of its being interrupted by an enemy foreign to China and Russia is reduced to a minimum.

The last concession was obtained from Korea on March 30, when the Korean Government made over to Russia a site on the shore of the harbor of Masampo at the southern extremity of the Korean Peninsula, to serve as a coal depot and naval hospital for the exclusive use of the Russian fleet. The value of the concession is doubly enhanced by a clause which prevents Korea from alienating to any other power any land in the neighborhood or even on Kojedo or any other island, which would cover Port Hamilton and Quepart, islands which England has had an eye on for a long time.

The last concession gives Russia an exclusive ice-free harbor midway between Vladivostok and Port Arthur thus securing a winter base for her Pacific fleet which is being steadily increased. It also gives her command of the sea road to Peking, and in a measure isolates Wei-hai-wei, and threatens Japan from across a very narrow channel. So secretly was this treaty negotiated that it was still unknown to foreign correspondents at Tokio in Japan in the middle of April, and apparently also to the Japanese Government.

The feeling in England in relation to the Masampo concession seems to be stronger than with regard to the others, England having evacuated Port Hamilton in 1886 after obtaining an undertaking from Russia, not to "occupy Korean territory under any circumstances whatever." In 1894 Sir Edward Grey, then British Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, intimated that the British Government regarded this pledge as still valid. In the present circumstances, however, protest is unavailing and the precedent of Port Arthur makes it doubtful in the opinion of many whether Lord Salisbury would persist in any objection he might raise; while an untimely threat might set in motion the troops Russia has collected in central Asia along the Afghan and Persian frontiers.

The end of the South African war is therefore the more ardently desired, in order that the hand of the British Government may the sooner be free for contingencies which some believe are not very remote.

The Paris couturiers are cleverly combining cloth, silks, poplins and embroidered muslins with fowlards.