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SPECIAL FEATURES

Lillian Russell Reveals Her Beauty Secrets.

America's Most Famous Exponent of the Art of Restraining Age and Retaining Youth Believes All Women Can Be and Should Be Beautiful

"I Was One of the Homeliest Girls In My Town When a Child," She Says, "And If I Am Beautiful Now It Is Because I Have Made Myself So."

TO THE WOMEN OF CHICAGO:

I am going to have an article every day and Sunday exclusively in The Chicago Tribune to tell you what I have never told anyone before and that is how I made myself what people call beautiful and how I fought off Old Father Time.

I am also going to publish in The Tribune all my favorite beauty recipes and give advice by mail and through the paper if you would like to ask me any questions.

Lillian Russell

By LILLIAN RUSSELL.

ALL beauty is a gift from God, and it is given to all women. I know this is a broad statement, nevertheless it is true. Look about you and you will find that every woman, unless through neglect or laziness she has allowed herself to become ugly, has some fine physical attributes which, if cultivated, would soon make her noted as a beauty.

Those women who have a more or less wide reputation for loveliness are only those who have found and cultivated their charms of mind and person; and those who are unfortunate enough to be known as ugly are the ones who have neglected to make the most of what has been given them.

I believe that every woman should be beautiful from the cradle to the grave. Of course, a child's beauty is dependent upon the mother's care, but after a girl is 15 years old her beauty is hers to cultivate or destroy—as she will.

To nothing in life can the parable of the ten talents be applied with more force than to woman and her charms.

The girl who wakes up some morning to be told that she is lovely—her eyes as blue as heaven, her hair spun gold, her skin the tint and texture of a pink rose—straightway will begin to cultivate and conserve all these beauties. Likewise the maid who is famous in perhaps a lesser degree for her beautiful form, carriage, and voice will not allow these precious "talents" to be hidden away.

One Talent Often Passed By.

But the woman whose "gift" consists of but one beauty probably will hide it under discouragement and settle down to dowdy despair early in life—and yet one of the best known beauties of the past century had but one great physical charm, and that was the line from her ear to her shoulder. Early in life some one pointed this out to her, and from then on she began to cultivate and improve all her personal points. Her hair was brushed to burnished brightness; her dull skin was cleared and made to bloom; her poise and carriage were perfected, and behold, she stood forth clothed in the beauty which had been mislaid and forgotten.

Remember this: No woman can lose her charms of body or mind at any time of life. She can mislay them through neglect, or forget them because of grief or laziness, but they are still there and she can find them again if she wishes.

Does this sound foolish? You have only to read history to find that the women of greatest attraction were not young, and the women of today who are considered the greatest beauties are women of maturity.

Beauty in women does not mean youth; in fact, youthful beauty is but a promise which too often, alas, the girl fails to keep as the years go by and life becomes more a time of responsibility and care.

However, it is the duty of every woman to keep sacredly the promise of beauty which her youth made, if she would be honest with herself and with the world.

In my case I have had to live up to some one's else promise in my behalf. I was not the "pretty" child of the family; instead, I was a little freckle faced tomboy who never thought of anything but racing out of doors and thereby laying in a stock of splendid health which has served me well in after years.

"Notice" Revelation of Her Beauty.

Many times it has been told that I made my debut at Tony Pastor's, but I do not think the fact has ever appeared in print that the morning I read my first notice in the paper was the first time I ever thought much of my looks, good or bad.

It is a matter of theatrical history that I ran away
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Lillian Russell

NEXT: SENSATIONS OF THE SILLY SEASON.