

In France one Seriously Views the Complexion

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tically the greatest praise you can accord it is that it does no harm, rests the muscles and the body while it is going on, gives one, so to speak, a train of thought that is constructive. Of course if the massage is not performed exactly as it should be for the skin operated on, not all of the suggestion in the world can counteract the ill that comes from the scientific imperfection of the treatment.

The great danger is that massage will be too frequent, rather than that it will be neglected.

One of the controversies among beauty experts is over the degree of friction that is good for the face and the neck. Some of the high French authorities recommend rubbing—"frictioning," as they call it—with a rough bath towel. Others, principally beauty experts without medical diplomas, advocate the gentlest, softest of wiping with a downy piece of cloth. I suppose the answer to this disagreement is, as usual, that both are right, and the skin itself must determine the question of what sort of drying cloth is best for it.

If it is more or less toughened with the suns and winds of many years it can probably hold its own against the rougher treatment, will perhaps be stimulated by it and respond to it healthfully.

The only way to discover is to try out the experiment. You get your answer, of course, in the reaction. Do not look for your final response, however, in the exultant glow of the moment following the treatment, but in the condition of the skin the morning after it has taken place.

If the epidermis seems to be in a torpor that even a dash of cold water will not awaken, if the muscles are more relaxed instead of less so and the lower part of the face seems to droop instead of to lift, then a lively rubbing down has not been good for it.

For my skin I prefer the three-minute frictioning that one can give with an ordinary face towel before it has been worn to an even smoothness, but after its new harshness is laundered away.

Warm Weather Wear

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The smart coats of sheer crepes or of chiffon deserve special attention. Some have wide scarf collars, cleverly applied summer furs, fringes and tassels, novel hem effects and odd cuff treatments for their ornamentation. They add comparatively little weight to one's apparel, yet give the finished appearance that is so very desirable.

AND now for the mandate that is international and knows no frontiers. All of the races acknowledge it; all bow to it and abide by it who would have a long youth as well as a serene one. I refer to the gospel of rest and repose.

Even the men of France observe it to an extent and do not indulge in the nervous frenzy which we call business enterprise. In our country we deliberately invite people to call us up at the luncheon hour to hold business conversations. In France they for the most part decline to be summoned to the telephone through the luncheon two hours.

Please accept my assurance that it has a marked effect on the national appearance. To state one phase of it on its positive side, the people of our country, taken as a whole, look far more strained and restless and older for their years than these French people that I live among.

But it is the women with whom we are concerned, and the feminine part of the French population rests even more assiduously than the men. A French lady went over to America after the war to visit with her husband, who is a very rich and influential man in his country. The two were entertained in some of the most elegant and extravagantly conducted of our homes. When the couple came back they were all admiration for us in every particular except one, and for this the lady, in describing it, took on a complaining attitude, as if it were my fault entirely.

"I aged ten years," she lamented. "I will never get back what I lost. My youth, my youth—where is it? I left it in America. They made me get up for breakfast! And come downstairs! And converse! They made me meet the gentlemen. One cannot converse with the gentlemen in the morning and preserve any of the mystery or the romance for them. We went to bed always past midnight—at one, at two, at three! And always we ate the last thing. Then again in the morning, a heavy breakfast. My complexion—oh, my complexion!"

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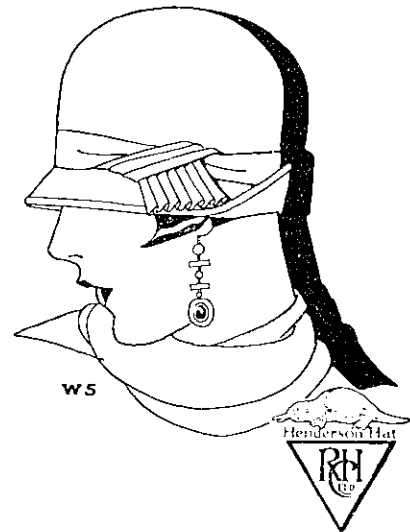
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