THE GIRL BEHIND THE GLAMOUR

Every Berlei operative is trained to make beauty an end in itself. She becomes accustomed to a standard of beauty that searches England, America and the Continent for designs and fabrics that are worthy . . . the standard of style that looks into tomorrow for the trend to come . . . the standard of precision that probes into science itself. And so, is it not natural that, with fingers always on the pulse of beauty and perfection, she should respond a little within herself . . . so that beauty becomes something personal in her regard? This is reflected not only in the more exquisite finish of your Berlei, but in the immaculate freshness . . . in which she takes such pride . . . of the garment you wear next your skin.



FOR THE CURVE OF BEAUTY WEAR A BERLEI



Autocrats Love To Dance

N American tap dancer recently brought back from Munich the news that Herr Hitler's ambition is to be able to dance. If this is so he shares the ambition with a good many other men who have made a stir in the world. Of autocrats one thinks at once of Alexander I. of Russia, who succeeded in triumphing over the difficulties of a very tight uniform and very padded arms to such good purpose that even those ladies who tried to resist the introduction of the "odious" waltz into the balls at Almack's had to give way. Alexander's waltzing was one of the excitements of London in 1814 and of Vienna during the Congress. Another statesman of decidedly autocratic temper, though he was also a good friend to liberty, was Palmerston, and Palmerston was an ardent devotee of the dance. Gronow writes of his dancing the waltz with Princess Lieven.

But the ambitions of Herr Hitler (the "Manchester Guardian" points out) may run perhaps rather more on the lines of a great democrat who was also no little of an autocrat in temperthe Reform Earl Grey. In August, 1834, when Grey went out of office, Creevey asked Sefton whether the retiring Prime Minister was still as much depressed as at the moment of resignation. "I will tell you a story of last night," said Sefton, "and you shall judge. He was talking of Taglioni, and after going over all the dancers of his own time by name, and swearing that not one of them came within a hundred miles of her, he concluded . . . 'What would I give to dance as well as her.'" Lady Grey capped this with "I well remember that on the only day when he was tipsy in my presence ... nothing would serve him but dressing himself in a red turban and trying to dance like Paripol."

