

She Fell in Love With Her Own Beauty—

After Winning a National Contest
She Stole 118 Dresses Which
She Wore Only Before the
Mirror in Her Own Room



HER HEAD TURNED
Maud Hall, Lovely British Suburbanite, Who Developed a "Narcissus Complex" After Winning England's Beauty-Queen Contest. The Aftermath Was a Jail Sentence for Stealing Costly Gowns From the Shop Where She Worked as a Manikin.

By MARY DOUGHERTY
SHE wouldn't marry anything but her own mirror.
That's what they said about Maud Hall, of Cathorn, a suburb of West London, England, after she won a beauty contest, and fell in love with her own face.
Maud wasn't accustomed to fame. She was the daughter of a middle-class family, and since her school days she had supported herself by acting as a manikin in a smart shop, where customers consider even a beautiful girl still a servant.
Suddenly a new life dawned for her. She was catapulted into fame by being



SELF-ADORER
"According to her confession, Maud would spend hours trying on the frocks, preening herself before the mirror. These evenings of self-adoration continued until the police appeared and spoiled her dream."

and slipped into the water and was drowned.
The suggestion of the fabled tragedy in the life of Maud Hall is seen in the fact that shortly after the prize for her beauty was awarded to her, she begged her mother to give her a full sized mirror for her own private use in her own bedroom.
The Hall family lived in moderate circumstances. Maud's father was a carpenter and made a wage that was none too large to meet the ordinary demands of his family. Luxurious furnishings were certainly not ordinarily to be bought from the budget he allowed his wife for the upkeep of the home.
But, a daughter who had just won a beauty contest, was not to be denied, so Maud got the mirror.
Then, like Narcissus, Maud forgot all else but her own beauty. She fell in love with herself, and her senses became dulled to every other consideration. To gaze upon that beauty and to adorn it so that the spectacle became more engaging, more satisfying, became her obsession. She wanted to make the picture reflected in the mirror still more lovely to gaze upon. She was satisfied her own face could not be improved. It was already perfect; but the picture lacked a de-

tail, and that was beautiful clothes in which to enshrine that beauty.
Her family's income was not sufficient to buy what she craved; her own small salary was too modest to buy more than plain working clothes. But in the store where she worked were lovely, shimmering, spangled things; creations of fashion experts who knew how to make dresses so as to emphasize every nuance of color, every delicacy of line.
So, Maud worried no more over that problem. Narcissus took flowers at hand to beautify his brow; Maud took the dresses at hand to make her a more charming, attractive reflection in her own mirror.
At first she took only one or two. That was so easy, she took more each time. Finally one night she took six. Each evening when she reached her home, she would go direct to her room with her package and deposit it there. After dinner she would return to her bedroom and, according to her later confessions, would spend hours trying on the frocks, preening herself before the mirror. When it was time to retire the dresses were hidden away and no one, not even her mother, ever saw them until the night the two detectives, who had finally tracked her down, broke open her secret hiding place and hauled them forth.
Not once had she worn one of the stolen dresses in the presence of any eye but her own! Why should she, when all she craved was delight in looking upon her own beautiful body, becomingly arrayed?

her own room, why she forbade any of them to disturb her while she was there. "She's probably studying some language, or maybe practising for the stage," her father would say, proudly. "Some day we'll all be surprised to find out what she is doing."
And surprised they were . . . but not, at first, by Maud.
Even after her exposure as a thief, she still insisted she had known greater thrills from looking at herself in the mirror, wearing the beautiful clothes she had stolen, than she had ever enjoyed from the adulation that came to her from thousands of sources when she was proclaimed the winner of the beauty contest.
Curiously enough, she had not been especially conscious of what a lovely face she possessed until the day she won the prize. She hadn't even sent in her picture, and hadn't the slightest notion any one else had done so.
Later, it developed her mother, Mrs. M. Hall, had, in her maternal pride and in a desire to surprise her family, kept the fact a secret.
The mother's remorse is best described in her own words:
"If my child had not won, she would never have known anything about it," explained Mrs. Hall. "Now, I wish with all my heart and soul that my hand had withered before it addressed and posted that fatal picture."

IN MERRIER DAYS
This Snapshot of Maud Hall, Smiling and Bright-eyed, Offers No Suggestion of Abnormal Psychology. Yet So Deeply Did She Fall in Love with Herself That She Ran Afoul of the Law.
"When Maud was told that she had gained the prize, that she had beaten 50,000 beautiful girls and was England's beauty queen, she was wild with delight.
"It colored her entire life, her outlook, her very soul. She was showered with letters, with appeals for interviews, for dinners and dances."
When the police revealed the astounding facts, Mrs. Hall, questioned as to why she had never inquired what was in the packages, explained she had so much confidence in her daughter that it had never occurred to her they needed any inquiry.
"I thought maybe they were theatrical costumes and that she might be getting ready to accept one of the offers she had received to go on the stage.
The judge called Maud Hall "inordinately vain." Others said she was "daft," and some people charitably inclined will wonder and murmur, on reading her story, "Poor girl, God help her!"

"First Prove Your Worth"—Owen Young



OWEN D. YOUNG
Former Ambassador and Official of the General Electric Company.

IF one were to step up suddenly to Owen D. Young, point an accusing finger and say: "Mr. Young, to what do you owe your success?" that rangy ringmaster of European diplomats would be embarrassed. So the information had to be got out of him by stealth, as it were, in spite of the fact that he himself always thinks in the shortest distance between two points. And it comes to about this:
"Sell what you have to sell first and demand payment afterward. In other words, don't exact a price for your services until the other fellow knows what you can deliver."
Owen Young told that to the directors of the General Electric Company when they hired him as general counsel back in 1913, with the title of vice-president tacked on for good measure. These directors offered him a big salary, but he wouldn't take it. "If you pay me that much," he said, "you probably will be afraid you are overpaying me. Underpay me until you see how well I do."
In a year or so Owen Young was

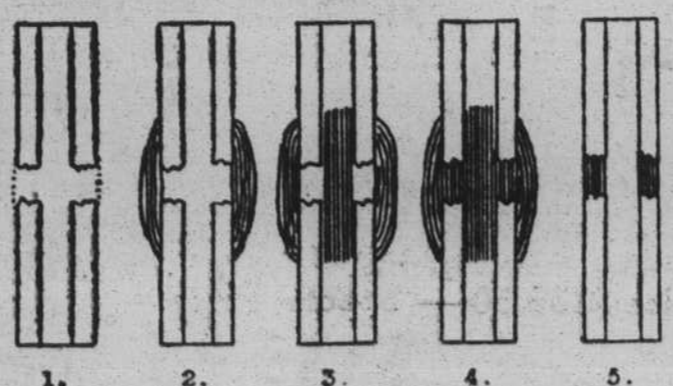
head of the General Electric. So it must be plain his system worked.
"See things through the eyes of your associates and don't try to run away from them," is another of this man's reasons for his success. He took that into the corporations he managed and later into the discussions which brought about an agreement among the nations as to the debts which followed the World War.
One of the most impressive traits in this master financier is his refusal to hurry. It is especially impressive

in this age when everybody seems to be rushing from one place to another on the most urgent business.
You won't find Owen Young a party to any of that. Nothing, apparently, excites him and he is not at all impressed with the idea that accessibility must follow importance.
Of course, the accomplishment for which Mr. Young is best known to the public is his management of the reparations commission. It was here, too, that his cardinal rule for success—team work—stood forth.

HUMAN MECHANICS

By DR. H. L. HERSCHENSOHN,
(Physician and Surgeon.)

AS an example of a broken bone, we shall consider a fracture of the thigh bone, the femur, at about its middle. What is said about the healing process of this bone is essentially true of any long bone in the body.
The ends of the femur are covered by a layer of smooth tissue called cartilage, or gristle. This is highly polished so that the movements at the hip and knee joints may be smooth. The rest of the bone is covered by an envelope of tissue called periosteum (peri=around, osteum=bone). So many blood vessels, nerves, and fibers pass from this tissue right into the bone that the periosteum adheres quite closely.
The body of the femur is a hollow thick-walled rod of bone. The space inside the rod is filled with marrow, a soft material consisting of a considerable amount of fat.
When a fracture occurs, the broken ends are rough and sharp and more or less separated one from the other (Fig. 1). Although the periosteum is torn, its continuity is not always completely lost if the displacement of the fragments is not great, a periosteal "bridge"

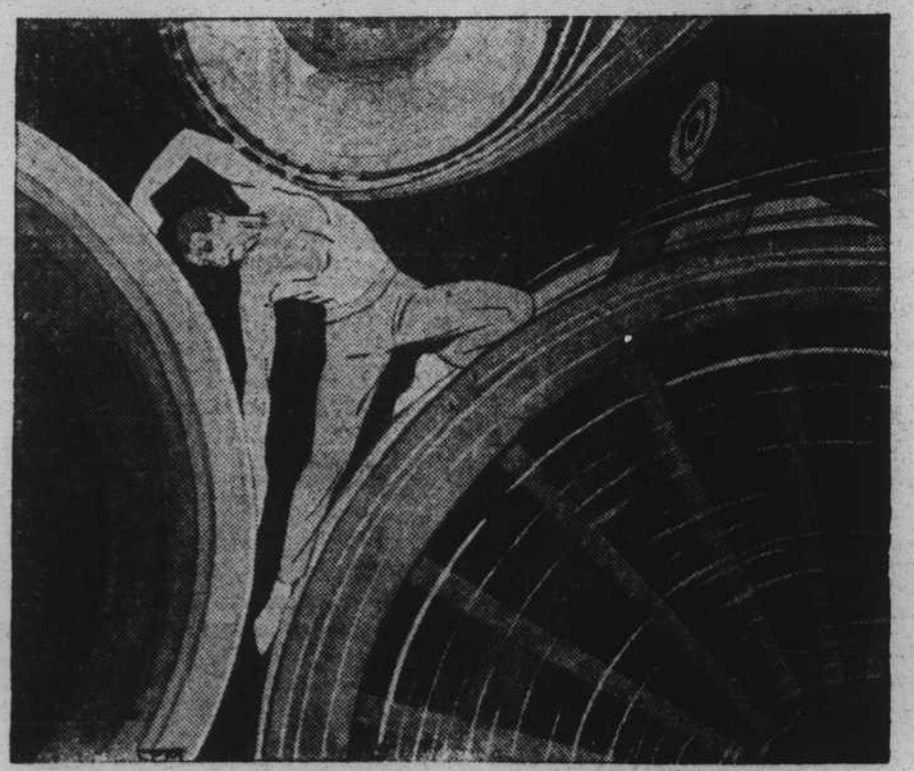


The Above Sketch Shows the Progressive Steps Developed as a Broken Bone Heals.

often remaining. The connection of the periosteum with the bone is loosened for a short distance on either side of the fracture. The whole region involved in the break becomes filled with blood. This is ultimately changed into a soft mass. On the under surface of the periosteum, that is, the surface nearest the bone, there is a rich layer of cells which have the power of forming new bone cells. The new bone that occurs here is called the external callus because it is on the outside (Fig. 2).
As the middle callus becomes stronger and stronger, the calluses on the outside and inside become absorbed and may ultimately entirely disappear (Fig. 5). The middle callus is permanent.
This union possesses such strength that were the bone to become injured again, the site of the previous fracture might remain solid, the bone breaking at some other place. At least three weeks is required for the healing of a broken bone.

What Happens After You Break a Bone In Your Thigh

By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet—Artist



"And heaves the ragged edges of machinery into place."
THEY call me peacemaker . . .
The oil on troubled seas . . .
And say how fine it is, and enviable
To be born a diffuser of harmony.
(Oh, bitter retort, expire!)
May they, for their comfort,
Long believe
That harmony is exhaled like a perfume!
The oil indeed
Soothes tortured steel grating on steel.
Cools red-hot cogs,
Pours itself into hostile crevices,
AND heaves the ragged edges of machinery smoothly over each other into place.
No more friction.
Aching bones are eased.
Sensitive nerves are quelled.
No more pain for the warring factions.
Yet into the oil
Have gone the grit and heat,
The ache and the agony.
From each new struggle
Its depleted stream flows on,
A vein in which these things
Throb, silently. . . .

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