

## Aids To Grace And Beauty

By Priscilla Dean  
Article 25

### What Constitutes Good Breeding

So many letters come to me from young women who want various questions of deportment answered that I have decided to blend the subject into this series of grace and beauty talks. As a matter of fact, it all comes under the same head, for a person who is well-bred is in almost all cases graceful, and, if not really beautiful, is at least well-groomed. No well-bred person, man or woman, ignores the small rudimentary matters of personal neatness and cleanliness. Many of the fads and prevailing habits of today which fashion dictates and conventional society tolerates are far from being evidence of breeding. For example, cigarettes smoking. I do not mean to say that no lady would smoke cigarettes without apparent detriment. But I do contend that any girl who thinks that by cultivating the cigarette habit she emphasizes the fact that she is well-bred is decidedly mistaken.

It should go without saying that no really well-bred person chews gum—one-half at least, not within sight of any other person. One of the most amusing things I have witnessed recently was the arrangement of a large theater audience of "extras" for the taking of a picture, supposed to represent a fashionable and distinguished gathering. It was such, in so far as immaculate clothes, elaborate coiffures and huge feather fans could make it but—in one of the most conspicuous seats sat a man who looked like a scholar, or a diplomat, and chewed like a cow in a pasture. Just a few seats beyond him sat a distinguished-looking blond woman with a regal velvet

gown and tiara, whose jaws were similarly occupied. It is needless to say that before the picture was taken a director informed both would be limitation aristocrats that they could not look the parts for which they were made up until they had discarded the gum.

At this season of the year people are travelling a great deal. It has been said that one of the surest tests of the well-bred woman is her ability to travel as one. Unselfishness and consideration for others are essential of good-breeding. Unfortunately, there are far too many people in this "melting-pot" age, upon whom little courtesies and acts of thoughtfulness are worse than wasted. People who, if one steps aside to give them preference, or rises to offer a seat, or speaks apologetically for some unintentional error, at once assume an attitude of insolent superiority and construe that which was an unstudied and involuntary act of courtesy to be merely awe, ignorance and servility. If such persons only realized that the distrust, suspicion and misinterpretation with which they receive such acts is invariably an open index of their own characters, their own plebeianism—if one may use the word—vulgarity and lack of association with cultured people in their everyday life, they would make some effort to acquire at least a veneer of gentility.

Once upon a time I spoke very politely to a woman shopper, the skirt of whose black dress was unfastened half-way down the back. She was a portly woman and wore a white petticoat. I fancied she would be grateful to me for telling her of that which it was evident she was totally unaware. I would have hooked the skirt for her, had she so desired. To my amazement she turned and glowered upon me as if I had accused her of shop-lifting. Then, without a word, she tossed her head with what I have no doubt she considered the quintessence of good-breeding, and hopped onward, conveying more the effect of a gigantic cotton-tail rabbit than the regal superciliousness at which she had aimed.

It is decidedly not well-bred to keep a long line of people waiting while one asks questions and searches for change in front of a ticket window, when boarding a street car or at any other time and place where numerous other people are inconvenienced.

In some district it seems to be a popular habit of many people to walk three and four abreast. Young girls, some of whom have written to me recently, are particularly fond of monopolizing the sidewalk in this manner. It is distinctly not good form and no person who wishes to be considered well-bred will ever be guilty of such public rudeness.

A younger person should always give precedence to an older one. This is one of those little things, which, as I said before, is very apt to be misinterpreted but one cannot afford to neglect one's own courtesy just because some other person chances to be boorish or ignorant.

To be seen eating candy and peanuts upon the street is not an indication of good breeding, and every young girl who has ever read any book on etiquette knows that it is never good form for a woman to be seen talking on the street corner; and no man who has the instincts of a gentleman will ever cause a woman

to remain standing while they converse. If he does not happen to be going in her direction, he should turn and accompany her a short distance until their conversation is finished.

In crowded cars courtesy is becoming more and more of a premium, largely for the reasons I have already mentioned. In far too many instances it is not only with rudeness on the part of those whose uncouthness and ignorance is on a par with that of any jack-rabbit lady. Many men declare that the reason why they stopped offering their seats in the car to women who were standing is because the courtesy was so little appreciated.

Priscilla Dean

### BETTER QUALIFIED

"I'll give you \$5 a day to help me dig potatoes. You can start now." Dusty Rhodes—"Guess you better do it alone, mister. You planted 'em, so you know where they are." —The American Legion Weekly.

### FOR SISTER'S SAKE

By RALPH HAMILTON.

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"Has Walter made his choice, mother?"

It was John Mowbrey, father of the young man named, who asked the question, and some interest and suspense showed in voice and face.

"Sit down, John," said Mrs. Mowbrey in her quiet, sensible way. "This is a subject that means our son's happiness or misery, and we must act with prudence and wisdom. Ever since the Welby's and their two beautiful daughters, Elita and Wanda, moved into the town Walter has been more than attracted by them."

"Yes, I have observed that," nodded John Mowbrey thoughtfully.

"When you told him that you would present him with a modern house and lot he felt that it was time to look around for a wife. While he seems to think the world of the Welby girls, I have noticed that he has been undecided and worried, as though he could not make up his mind. Today I had a quiet talk with him. His choice is Wanda. Dear, gentle, loving creature, she would be mine, too, if the decision were left to me."

"Then why doesn't he settle down to that, and act accordingly?" queried practical, hard-headed John.

"Well, love is capricious, you know, and he doesn't think he knows Wanda's mind. John made a sort of confession to me today. He says that he became quite well acquainted with Wanda. At the first, her bright, sprightly ways captivated him completely. You see, she came first on the scene. At the end of the week Elita appeared. From the start, John declared, her grand, regal ways sort of awed him, and then he naturally felt flattered when Elita began to show a decided preference for his company."

"H'm! Elita is a fine-looking girl, and no mistake," commented Mr. Mowbrey. "But the other sister—did she turn against him?"

"Not at all. Walter says she was just as pleasant and agreeable as before, only she encourages him to pay the most attention to her sister. When he goes around Saturdays and sees Wanda first, and invites her to a drive, she manages to make some excuse and then, as if it was a plan made up between them, Elita appears, smiling and condescending, and somehow it is she who goes motoring, while Wanda stays at home. Walter is bewildered quite, for he feels it an honor to have Elita, who treats other young men with icy dignity, select him as her escort."

"It's a puzzle, isn't it?" voiced Mr. Mowbrey in a perplexed tone. "What's going to come of it?"

Poor Walter! Adorable, but furtive Wanda! It became patent to the former there had come over the lovely young girl a great change. She no longer encouraged his companionship, which she at first seemed to so greatly enjoy. At times, too, Walter fancied a shade of growing sadness in her bonny eyes. She did not seem to care for any other of the numerous beaux in her train.

Four times in succession, while they started for Morton to the west, followed by the observant and constant gaze of Mrs. Welby, a little way out of town Elita had suggested that they visit Liscomb, to the east. Each time she said she had some shopping to do, and each time she was lost to the direct view of patient, waiting Walter for over an hour. She was depressed or buoyant by turns, and always when she returned to the machine, and invariably on each occasion she said to Walter:

"You need not mention it at home that we visited Liscomb, if you please."

At which Walter marveled, but one afternoon the imperious, yet always affable Miss Welby, requested him to halt his car at the edge of Liscomb and await her return. She was gone for fully two hours. There was a new brightness in her eyes as she reappeared, flustered, and seeming to suppress some great joy.

"Mr. Mowbrey," she spoke at once, "I owe you the deepest gratitude, if you only knew it. I hope that in our close companionship which I have encouraged, you have never fancied that I was in love with you."

The amazing words overwhelmed

Walter. "How could I think that you, with your regal beauty, could deign to look upon me except as one of the many loyal suitors who think it an honor to win from you the smallest notice?"

"And you do love Wanda?" "This is pretty plain questioning," submitted Walter.

"It needs to be," said the self-assertive young lady. "Thanks to you, I have lulled the watchfulness and suspicions of my parents, and have just secretly married the man I love. He has just won a high position, and I do not think they will now reject him as a son-in-law."

"Then—then," stammered Walter. "It was all a scheme—your seeming interest in me?"

"In which dear, self-sacrificing Wanda aided. Yea, Mr. Mowbrey, but ah! I see your love for her in your eyes, and when she makes her confession, be gentle with her."

"You don't mean—" blurted out Walter breathlessly, "that she—"

"Loves you? Yes, and has all along and you have won a double blessing—my lifelong gratitude and her precious, unalterable devotion."

### WISE JIMMY

"Jimmy," said the fond mother to her smart eleven-year-old, "what became of that little pie I made for you as a treat yesterday? Did you eat it?"

"Do, mama," answered Jimmy with a grin; "I gave it to my teacher at school instead."

"That was very nice and generous of you, Jimmy," complimented his mother. "And did your teacher eat it?"

"Yes; I think so," answered Jimmy. "She wasn't at school today." —London Titi-Bits.

### ANACHRONISTIC

Waiter (observing diner's dissatisfaction)—"Isn't your eggs cooked long enough, sir?"  
Diner—"Yes, but not soon enough." —Cincinnati Western Christian Advocate.

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