

AIDS TO GRACE AND BEAUTY

(By Priscilla Dean.)

"What Makes an Old Maid?"

Strictly speaking this is perhaps a beauty talk—and yet what is more beautiful to the average woman than a man who loves her and a home of her own.

A good many girls write me to know the reason why they do not attract men.

I am persuaded it is not a question of beauty alone, for some of the photographs enclosed are very good looking, and besides one of the homeliest young women I ever knew had the most proposals. No, the reason is more a mental one, and so I am going to tell you about Mary—a very nice pleasant sort of a girl who came to me almost with tears in her eyes, and asked me why no men ever gave her invitations and why she spent lonely evenings instead of going out to dances, dinners and theatres like others.

"It isn't that I want anything—er—serious" she faltered, flushing painfully and looking around to be sure that no one overheard her. "I mean, I don't expect every man I meet to propose to me, but I certainly would like to have a good time like other girls," and she ended her statement in an agony of self consciousness.

It is pretty hard to explain to such a girl the secret of charm and how unfair it is, because some girl babies have it even in the cradle and others grow to womanhood without ever discovering its existence. But just because I liked Mary and wanted to see her if possible happy in a home of her own, I made up my mind to watch her and see what was wrong with the impression she created.

And the first thing I noticed which made me frown, was that she was so painfully anxious to please. When a man addressed a careless remark to her, instead of answering it in kind with a laugh and waiting for him to renew the conversation or else going on her way with a smile and a nod, she seemed to grow tense all over. Her voice became strained and artificial, she laughed too loud, she giggled when there was no occasion

tion—and he, being masculine and sensing the attempt to hold him, seized the first avenue of escape and fled.

Then, like most women who live too much alone or in the society almost entirely of their own—was unused to the conversational game of give and take. That is where having brothers helps a girl a lot. She was morbidly sensitive and took everything personally. She even went out of her way to ring in a personal application where none was intended, and when a man was no busy apologizing he was being thoroughly bored.

Also, and alas! she was a poor listener. She was so busy trying to charm the man that she overlooked the fact that he was dying to talk about himself, and that is why she was so surprised when a fluffy girl without an ounce of brain came along and he quickly jumped to his feet and followed her. "I suppose it was her doll baby face!" she waited to me afterward.

"I am not so sure of that," I returned. "I think it is because she is such a good listener."

And sure enough I overheard the same man saying to a fluffy girl a trifle later. "I don't know what there is about you, but I sure like to talk to you. You somehow rest me."

The fluffy one had not exerted herself to the extent of saying a single word. She just sat there and cooed at the proper intervals and looked interested while the man sat enchanted at her side and talked about himself for one solid hour. What did she care? He was so pleased with himself, and as a consequence with her, that he promptly invited her to dinner and a show, so as I pointed out to Mary her listening was well worth while.

But one day Mary did get a beau! He actually invited her to dinner and she behaved her prettiest. Then he told her he was obliged to go away on a business trip but he would ring her up on his return. And just because he did not ring her up on the minute of the first day, what do you suppose Mary did? She rang him up—yes, on a busy morning—and she kept him ten minutes at the phone. And afterward she quarrelled with him and argued with him, and became offended at things he said, and wrote him long letters (unpardonable crime) so that in the end he had the dickens of a time getting rid of her.

After he had made his escape he told a chum that he didn't want anything to do with any girl who was inexperienced again. By that he did not mean anything that was deep and devilish, but merely that he wanted a girl who was a good sport and was used to masculine ways of thinking and talking.

I think that is the main trouble with Mary and her kind. They can only see the world from their own narrow view point. They cannot interest men because they are too selfish and self centered. They won't get out of their minds long enough to study them, to discover that they are different, that while they have their sensitive streaks and their peculiarities and things they like and dislike just as much as women, these are entirely dissimilar.

As Mary grows older she will develop more primness and more peculiarities—all self centered people do. She will become catty also, blaming others instead of herself for her lack of popularity, Mary's men-

make her loosen up, stop thinking of herself and stop brooding over the effect she is creating she might even now become attractive and graceful. But as it stands Mary is not pleasing to men, and bids fair to spend her life unloved and unsought because she is not a good playmate and a good listener, and because she is so intent on nailing every man she sees that she ignores the fact that a bit of graceful laughing indifference is the best bait in the world to attract a much hunted and rather wary sex.

Priscilla Dean

A. M. Baird, one of the busiest office men in Lincoln, has returned from a trip to Denver, Lyons, Sterling, Sidney, Alliance and Broken Bow, during which he traveled in an office car and made night stops that he might inspect closely the railroad with which he had had much to do since the main line entered Denver in the early eighties. After construction work in the early days he took a place in the office of T. E. Calvert, then general superintendent of all lines west, and since that time has had a great deal to do with construction and more to do with operation. It had been years since he had inspected the lines of the road in the west and he found surprises in plenty waiting him on this trip. The remarkable thing to Mr. Baird was the growing crops in the country that years ago he had looked upon as a desert. What he saw around Sterling and Sidney and even farther north indicated that even a desert can be made to produce. In the vicinity of Broken Bow he saw the best corn that has been anywhere in Nebraska. He comes back refreshed, but convinced that he and every other Burlington man will have to do extra duty if the crops growing along the Burlington lines are moved within the year.—State Journal.

Mrs. Jerome Fleming returned to her home Tuesday after a two weeks' visit with her mother, Mrs. Tom Newton, of Tabernash, Col.



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