

Fashions -- Health Hints -- Woman's Work -- Household Topics

Five Rules of Grace and Beauty

By MARGARET HALLAM.

"I should like," remarked Pamela, settling herself into the easiest of my easy chairs and arranging my latest acquisition in the way of cushions—a delicious thing in purple shot with green and silver ornamented, in one corner in an irresponsible way with a bunch of silken grapes—behind her attractive head. "I should like to start a bureau for the sole purpose of teaching my fellow women how to make the most of themselves. It makes me weep to see so many of my sex of all ages so much plainer than they need be."

Pamela, I may here mention, is certainly well qualified to fill the position she proposes. As a girl she was the plain one of four exceedingly pretty sisters. As a young married woman Pamela carries off the palm for beauty, though if you pick her quaint, expressive face to pieces she has not a really presentable feature.

Her hair is straight, just mouse color, her figure is by no means beyond criticism—it is that she makes the most of herself and yet appears absolutely natural.

"To begin with," quoth Pamela, warning her subject, "the eyes of ten women carry themselves very badly and are awkward in their movements. Every woman should cultivate a presence whether she is six feet three or five feet nothing, and she'll get the reputation of being good looking."

"The best way I know to achieve this is to lock oneself in the closet of a bedroom, pull one's shoulders back by placing a walking stick across the small of one's back, and clapping the hands in front; balance a book on one's head and walk up and down, throwing out the head well in front for ten minutes at a time. It is impossible to stoop or hold one's head badly after a week or two of treatment like this."

"Hair is another pitfall. There is nothing so hard in the world as to convince a woman with naturally straight hair that it suits her far better worn straight, though I grant that hair which is undecided in its movements is all the better for being encouraged to wave."

"As a rule, too, the moment hair showed a tendency to go gray it should be allowed to; many women are never good looking till their hair turns; it softens the features wonderfully, and makes the skin look clear and delicate."

"Women are so quaint about clothes, too; they either follow every freak of fashion blindly, irrespective of their age and shape, or grumble at its absurdities, whereas there was never a fashion yet that could not be adapted to suit the individual."

"The present-day short full skirts, for instance, are piquant on a slim girl in her teens or early twenties, but except for country wear no woman over 30 looks dignified with an undue expanse of ankle showing."

"Veils again, either add or detract from a woman's looks immensely; the short veil scarcely reaching to the top of the nose is charming where the mouth and chin are either beautiful or perfectly moulded—but the contours of the lower part of the face are the very first to go, so that a veil long enough to be folded under the chin is more becoming to most women."

"The girl with a fat face should avoid chokingly high collars, though they make a fascinating frame for the girl with an oval or thin face."

"Color again! Clear-skinned girls look charming in delicate neutral tints, so do grey-haired or elderly women, but in the betwixt and between ages, brighter, more decided colors are much more becoming, as are rich materials than flimsy."

"There is, too, an especial pitfall lying in wait for women who in the heyday of their youth revel in rich naturalistic coloring; the time when these are becoming is fleeting and lasts only as long as the hair is in full glory and the complexion immaculate."

"By the way, a very common delusion abroad is that if a girl is very pretty she can wear anything in the shape of clothes or colors with impunity."

"This is as great a mistake as it would be to surround a Botticelli painting in a glittering frame studded with barbaric jewels. Nothing could be worn sufficiently startling to detract from the beauty of the artwork."

"A plain woman, on the other hand, provided she has an eye for lines and effect, often looks her very best in apparel that has a touch of the bizarre."

"As to—"

"Pamela, my friend," I remarked kindly but firmly, "my brain won't take in any more. Go home, start your bureau, and leave me to cultivate a presence."

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Try to Do Right. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a young man two years my senior. We have been going on for the last year secretly an account of our different creeds. I don't know if my parents know of this courtship; they would compel me to break it. This would make me unhappy forever. Now do you think that we would do wrong to marry secretly and then reveal it to our folks?

BERNICE B. Giving up a lover never yet made anyone "unhappy forever," but making parents unhappy is very likely to cause lasting self-reproach. Try to get the consent of your parents to this marriage. In any event do not make the mistake of being secretly married. Secret marriages never come out well, and marriages between people of widely different creeds are in themselves rather dangerous.

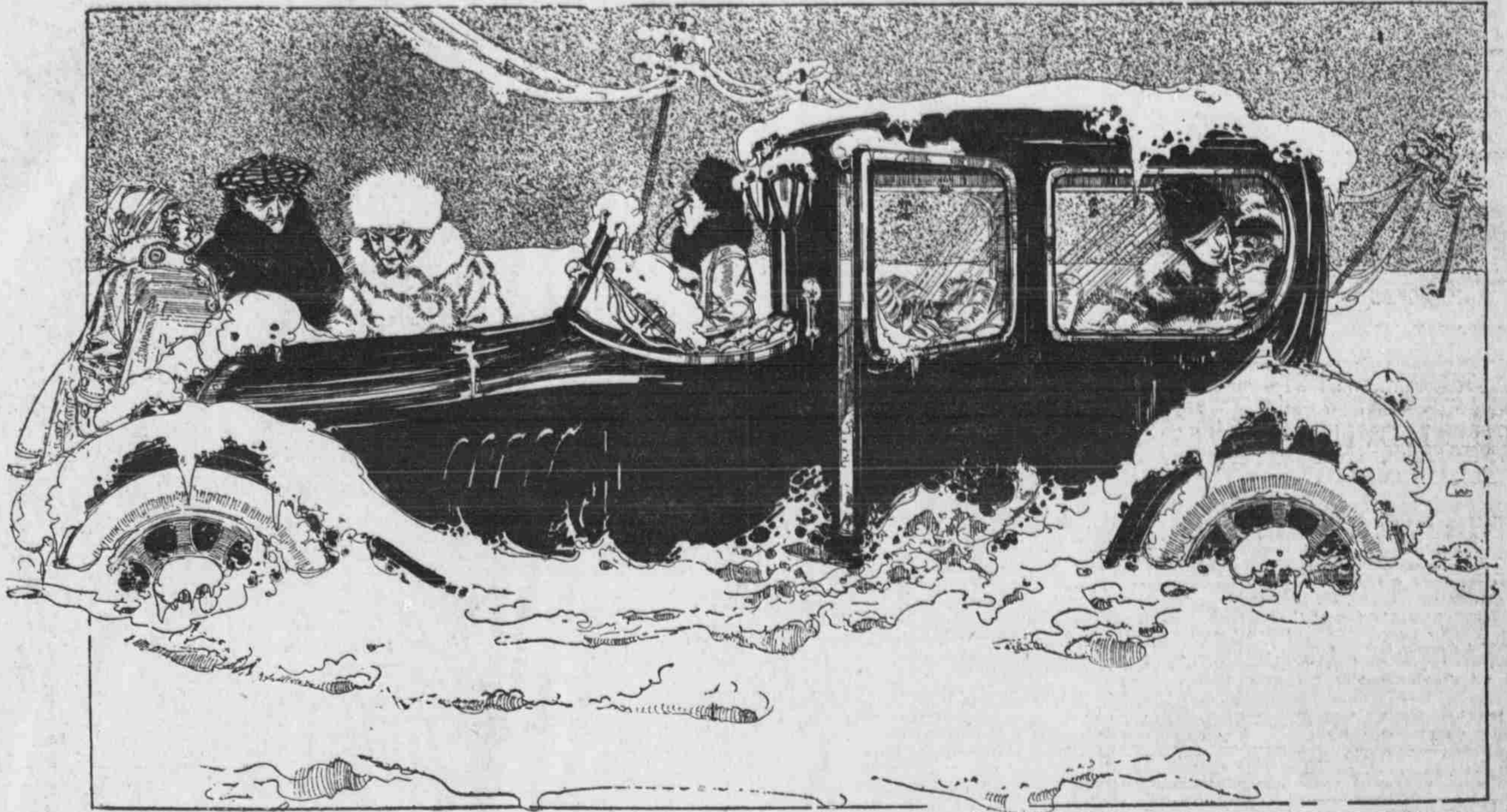
Conquer Your Infatuation. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21, and deeply in love with a physician fourteen years older. He has treated me for six years or more and will not accept a fee. Would it be proper for me to give him a gift? Can you, Miss Fairfax, tell me any way to win his affection without being held?

M. L. W. You might send this physician a plant at Easter time. This is merely a trifling return of the services he has rendered you. But too many romantic girls imagine themselves in love with their doctors. This probably due to the fact that a physician shows sympathy and understanding to his patients in a professional capacity, and that his strong feminine emotionalism reads something personal to it. Make up your mind that you are merely one of many patients to this doctor.

A "Silver Lining"---for Somebody!

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By Nell Brinkley



It's pretty "thick going" for the fellow with a stalled motor in three feet of downy snow. The clouds are so thick and dingy around him, what with the smoke he's making himself with the fire of a lurid and brilliant tongue, that there is no silver lining anywhere for him!

His daughter's beau, the one she should adore, plunges about with the ribbon of his mane flying in the wind, looks up at the iron sky and offers an idea about as live and kicking as the stiff, dead motor under its cowl of snow.

Looking at him, the Man of the Black Clouds discovers for the first time that this favorite of his has too long a nose and the general cut of his face makes him tired entirely! The fat and faithful

lady of his heart offers to do anything she can. "But you know I'm not good at bending, Jimmy!" says she.

The clouds press down, smiting and noses turn blue. The motor breathes in the cozier of gas, coughs, blows it out again and lapses into slumber! The down of white plies in pillows on every niche of the car. No sun; no sound; no light in any cozy farm house. The chauffeur takes on an air of, "Well, it ain't my car." It's a heart-breaking ploy to any place where there is a pair of horses who will condescend!

But "it's an ill wind," and there's always a silver lining for somebody. The young "whippersnapper" who has lived next door for twenty years, and whom his girl insisted on inviting along, did all he could like a man—the Man of the

Black Cloud must admit—and climbed back into the car. And behold the silver lining for somebody! His girl has cast soft eyes at the "taboo" boy for years!

There always is the gleaming argent side for someone somewhere in the trouble you have. I know the remembering of that phrase doesn't help very much when you are looking out on a gray world with the tears swimming.

But if you'll say it out loud and smile with all your might under the tears—by just that much will the gent of trouble edge back into his bottle. And, soon or late, you'll find the lovely lining of your dark coat for yourself. And perhaps your heart will swell to bursting with gratitude that you don't get the very thing you anguished for a while ago. NELL BRINKLEY.

Two Old Women

By ADA PATTERSON.

They should have been called Sunshine and Tempest and I would so christen them were it not that a pair of bonnie young dancers, one dark-haired, the other fair, appropriated that title.

Both are between 80 and 70 years old. Both are working women. The last summers will doubtless find them both at their work, and I warrant each pursuing their life-time habit. Sunshine will be smiling. Tempest will be grumbling.

The grumbler seems to have a little the best of it. She is handsome, healthier, has a larger circle of friends. Nature was kinder to her than to the other. Her vanity is soothed by the remarks she bears on the street. "What a fine looking woman!" "How well preserved." "What lovely hair."

That is ambrosia to her. The other woman never heard such remarks about herself. No one ever said it of her. Even the man who married her could not have said it and kept his self-respect and his reputation for veracity in his neighborhood.

The first time I saw her I thought I had never seen so ugly a woman. She was little and brown and weakened, and some one said of her that she looked like a monkey, but acted as a squirrel does. But years have flown since then and I wonder how I could ever have had such thoughts about her. Now she is one of the most pleasant sights in all of beauty loving and beauty showing New York to me. While the woman I and everyone else had thought handsome has grown plainer and plainer to our sight.

The difference between them is more inward than outward. It is in their habit of thought. One grumbles because her lot has been that of a working-woman. The other thinks it a blessing vouchsafed by her Maker that she was endowed with the strength and ability to earn her living. She rejoices that she was not a dependent. One accepts the bounty of rich friends and bitterly complains because she has not as much of comfort, as much of luxury as they. The other has rich friends and patrons, too, and she glows with the pleasure of her brief business visits to their homes, at their kind words, at their interest in her.

Both are widows. Both had two children. Death made them both childless. One laments that she is alone. The other talks with brightening eyes of the happiness her loved ones gave her while they lived and when she returns from a visit to their graves she smiles as she tells how well the sexton cares for the graves, and how beautiful are the flowers that grow above them. One complains that life is hard. The other admits that so it has been, but she says it is grater that her last days are days of quiet content. One scolds because she has to mingle with the crowds in her daily work. The other says they are so interesting. One has a drooping spine, the other an upright one. They know each other, these strangely unlike women. They are friends. I asked the smiler why she could not infuse some of her own blessed cheerfulness into the other. She answered in her chirpy little voice:

"I try. But I can't do much. No one can do much now. You can make life harder for yourself. Or you can make it pleasanter. It's a habit and you have to form the habit when you're young."

The end is not far off for both. It is not their years that tell us that. Years

may be burdens or playfellow, according as we treat them. But a slow, indolent malady hovers over each. Both know it. The grumbler was in a temper at death the other day. She railed through half of a railway journey at the manner of it. She worked herself into a fury at the methods of the enemy. The smiler wages no such futile and impersonal warfare. She will accept it as she has accepted the other inescapable conditions in her world. The first will die fighting. She will rail at her final fate. The other, after a day's cheerful work, will go tired but smiling to her bed, and when they call her she will not awake, but she will still be smiling.

Which kind of old womanhood are we preparing for ourselves by our habits of thought?

Courage and Good Cheer Are Factors for Success

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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No matter what your situation in life, you can find pleasant things to think, talk and write about.

Unless you can do this, be dumb and drop all correspondence. No one wants to hear a recital of your woes.

You may speak of your sorrow, trial or need once to a friend, under certain conditions which compel you to ask advice, sympathy or aid; but let it be only once out of ten times. The other nine occasions, talk of other things. Talk of pleasant subjects which will interest your listener. Control your face and your voice as well as your words.

Keep the whine out of your voice, the droop out of your mouth. I am not addressing these words to those in sudden great sorrow. If you have just seen the door of the tomb close on some one that you worshipped, or been stricken with some awful calamity, you cannot be expected to smile and talk of cheerful things until time accustoms you to the thought of your trouble and softens the pain, as time always does.

But the world is full of worries, cares, griefs, anxieties and fears for all of us. If we choose to dwell upon them, and no life is exempt from these things; and if we all talk continually about the troubles which come to vex us when we create a current of inharmonious which will make a complete discord of life.

If you hold a piece of black paper close before your eyes you shut out all the light of day.

If you put that piece of paper behind you, even though you still hold it, you see the sun.

Just so if you keep your worry of poverty, sickness and failure before your eyes, by thinking and talking of it, you never see the light of hope, health and success shining upon you.

Trust these thoughts back—and look for the sun and you will see it.

Each time I write words of this kind I receive scores of letters of protest from people who feel I would deprive them of their chief pleasure—that of talking of their misfortunes. They say, "It is easy for you to give advice—but wait until you try the experience of misfortune yourself."

Nevertheless, I must continue to repeat the philosophy which I know to be as true as God's law of love. I know that persistent hope and courage, a persistent belief in the coming of better things, and a persistent refusal to talk about sickness, failure or despair, will bring success threefold sooner than the same effort without such thoughts.

I know that the power of mind, when it comes from the Divine mind behind it, can nerve the hand and brain to do what no merely mortal effort ever achieved.

I know that a continual discussion of ill health, poverty and misfortune is a crime and a sure way to retard and prevent success for yourself or others. And I know that you can change your environment by the Divine Power in yourself, if you develop it.

All things are possible to God's own kin—and each sput is that.

Advertisement for Armour's Star Ham. The headline reads "Armour's STAR THE HAM WHAT AM In the Stockinet Covering". Below the headline is an illustration of a ham in a stockinet covering. Text includes: "The rich deliciousness of the natural flavor and the spicy 'bouquet' of the famous mild Star cure are retained for you by the Stockinet Covering." and "Buy the whole ham and remove the Stockinet yourself. If your dealer can't supply you by slice or whole ham, phone us his name." The Armour & Company logo is also present.

Advertisement for Sanatogen. The headline reads "For the 'Never-Well but Never-Sick'". Below the headline is an illustration of a man sitting at a desk, looking thoughtful. Text includes: "Not well enough to enjoy living, yet not sick enough for the doctor—who does not know that dreary, depressing state of 'semi-health'!" and "Sanatogen is sold by good druggists, everywhere, in sizes from \$1.00 up." The Sanatogen logo and "ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS" are also featured.