

Nell Brinkley Says:

God gave them-the little maids-faces of all shapes and colors; and God gave them, too, a brain behind it to know how to colf the hair around it!

There never was a head of crinkly, curly hair that it was not meant to be loose and free to garnish the face that it went with. Don't plaster your curls too tightif you are so chosen as to have them.

Maybe you are the type of the Norse woman, with a white column of a neck that the good blood runs through hair. Try not curling it, and sweep it round your head and see how it will shine in plain gold bands.

Maybe you are wearing your black hair dull and flat, with a face that is not well-modeled enough for plain, smooth hair. Try it feathered around your face and knotted high. A merry, dark, characterless but pretty and impish little face needs a softening mist and the shap of curls. And ah-h-h! Maybe you're the boy-girl -with the slender face, tanned golden, the big hazel eyes that make it eloquent, the curved lips, the firm, slender chin, the full throat and hair pure amber. I

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

antiquity, which were sold at auction the

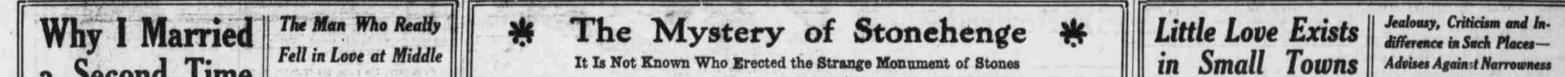
in careless locks like a young knight's or Peter Pan's own bobbed noggin!

Maybe your face is the three-cornered, piquant one, with the eyes set high, the mouth small like a bud, the eyebrows cleanly arched. Why, then-of course you are of the lucky crew who can part their hair straight in a line from the crown of their head to above their nose and make two smooth-drawn curtains of it.

There's a girl with a nodescript face, just a blonde, merry, American face that has its "pretty days," but can boast no special beauty, unless it's the beauty of a wholestunnning with the hair made most of piled high above her face in ripples.

And perhaps-if you are beloved of the gods-you have the "sculptor's face"-the face of broad brow. broad cheek-bones, broad chin; the face of surfaces and planes, the purely-turned face that does not need any hair at all-so sweetly is it modeled. Brush your hair back, so all the world can see the whole of your faceit doesn't matter what you do with it!

But-if you insist-here is the perfect face for the "bobbed" effect!



a Second Time Age Tells His Story.

By DOROTHY DIX

"I married a second time," said the Contented Looking Man, "for the beat and happiest reason in the world-because I fell wildly, madly, passionately, o mantically in

love with a woman with a love such as no boy is capable of experiencing. "I was one of the innumerable victims of early marriage. When I was nothing but an immature, undeveloped boy my fancy was caught by a pretty, little pink and white and gold girl, with rosy cheeks and baby blue eyes, and yel-

low curia. "We had the name taste in ice cream sods, and

our steps matched in dancing, and from these great and unmistakable evidences of mutual sympathy, we decided that | that I was bound for life to a woman we were created for each other, and had been mysteriously brought together by an All Wise Providence.

"It is one of the greatest bleasings of poverty that most boys haven't enough money to marry their first sweetheart, and by the time they have accumulated the wherewithal to go to housekeeping on they have recovered pietely from their attack of cal. love, and so they are saved from wrecking their lives on the rocks of a youthful marriage.

"Unhappily for me, I. was an orphan and had come into a large fortune on my twenty-first birthday, so there was nothing to stand in the way of my induiging in any kind of fatal folly to which I felt inclined, and before I was 23 I had done my best to ruin my life



by making an utterly unsuitable man "Understand me, I am saying nothing against my little child wife-God rest her soul in whatever Heaven she inhabits. She was as she was made, a good, dear, sweet little doll baby, a little girl who stayed sixteen to the end of the chapter, whose interests in the world were bound by her own little circle, and whose appirations never reached higher than pink candle shades or a new hat. "She never grew up, and I did grow

That was our cruel misfortunate up. She stayed just where she was when we were married, and I went on studying, reading, learning from books and men, getting the bigger and the broader outlook on life-s million new interests developing for me every hour of the

day. "I tried to take my wife with me I would talk to her of my hopes, and plans, and aspirations, but she did not understand and would complain that the things that I was ambitious to do would take me away from home, and that we were so comfortable as we were.

other day for \$55,000, are interesting, hot "Not two years after we were mar so much for themselves alone as for ried I faced the ghastly fact that I had what they represent. Similar monuments made the most terrible of all mistakes, exist in various parts of Europe, North Africa, the Mediterranean islands, and with whom I had not one single thought western and southern Asta. in common, a woman who could no more They all appear to belong to an early be a companion to me than could the period of human development, which Dresden statuette upon the mantelplece. might be called the megalithic, or "big Worse still, I knew with deadly cerstone" age, with as much propriety as tainty that my boyish fancy for her had we speak of the "old stone," the "new flickered out, and in the light of my stone," the "copper," the "bronze" and manhood's knowledge I realized that I the "iron ages."

had never really loved her at all. I The term "megalithic monuments' is had only imagined I had. applied to all of these strange objects "I went through years of this hideand some archaelogists are disposed to ous mockery of keeping up the pretense balleve that there was a megalithic peoof sentiment and happy home and hus-

of sentiment and happy home and hus-band, and all the balance of the dom-the old world at some undated epoch of estic drama, and then my child wife died the remote past, and whose chief characjust as the gold in her hair was turning teristic was the habit of erecting rough to ashes

structures composed of huge stones, "I was left a middle-aged man who had cluding some blocks of so great size and drunk deeply of a bitter cup. I was weight that we cannot but wonder how sadly wise in matters of sentiment, and they were handled and poised without

cynically suspicious of the vagaries of the human heart, and if you had told mo that I should ever marry again I should have laughed you to scorn. I had tried it. Never again. Essides, I should have said, I am too old for romance. That and, I am too old for romance. That belongs to boyhood, to sweet one-and-seventeen tons. English history is not seventeen tons. English history is not "And then the one woman came along, stones. old enough to tell us who lifted those

and I went down before her like ripe These monuments vary in form and and I went down before her like ripe grain before the sickle. I was the man, mature, knowing all that I needed, all that I wanted, my tastes formed, my ideals crystallized, and when I found the woman who embedied my every desire. I knew that there could be no mistakes, of diagonalityments, no disillusioning. o disappointments, no disflutioning. "And I found out that a boy's love is ifestly a tomb or acpulcher, and at other no disappointments, no disillusioning.

as water unto wine compared to a man's times a dwelling place. Occasionally it inves that a boy's passion is the shadow takes the place of a rude fortification. of a flame to the conflagration of a man's; that a boy's romance is pale and there are indications that a religious purman's; that a boy's romanos is plendor of coloriess to the pomp and splendor of the romanos with which the mature man Often, as at Stonehenge, the arrange-

A View of the Ruins at Stonehenge, showing the Massive Task of the Builders. The remarkable ruins of dionshenge, arrival at critical points in its apparent annual circuit of the heavens, such as England's most impressive manument of

the equinoctial and solatitial points sons. The megalithic monuments in different

built at the same time. Stonehenge be-longs to a rather late period in mega-



He Must Tell Her. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am engaged to a young man for the last two years and ex-pect to be married soon. We were to be married last year, but I was sick. We have been having a number of dis-putes over my flance writing to a former sweetheart. Last winter she became very sick and her sister wrote and told him, and now they have been writing ever since. He has not told her he was en-gaged and he will not write and told her. He says he cares for her only in a friendly way and he worships me when I am with him. He says I shoukh't worry about her. I gave up writing to my boy friends for him and think he should do likewise. NEWARK GIRL. Your flance owes it to both of you, as Your flance owes it to both of you, as well as to the girl with whom he is corawered. responding, to tell her of his engagement. It is really most unfair of all to her for him to be writing to her without her realizing that he is on the eve of marriage. Only a cad will take such chances

Do You Know That-

with a woman's happiness.

England and Sweden are said to be the two healthiest countries in Europe. Parsees lay their dead on da khamas, or "towers of silence," where the vul-tures clean the bones, which in a month To cure hiscoughs, fill a glass with water, draw a deep breath through the

"A boy's level A child's fanoy! I tell ment of the various parts of the monu-mouth, take a mouthful of water, hold ment suggests that astronomical obseryou it is this love of the middle-aged vations were employed by the builders raise your eyes so that they can see the you it is this fore of the information were employed by the builders raise your eyes so that they without throwing souls. By the grace of God this came to me, and that is why I married a sec-berry for watching the movements then breathe out slowly through the

of certain heavenly bodies, and particu-, lithic building. But they all seem to mark larly for fixing the dates for the sun's an intermediate step in human advance between the neolithic, or "later stone

which determine the division of the sea- the "bronze" age, while other megalithic monuments date from the close of the neolithic. But it is to be remembered parts of the world were certainly not all that these "ages" were not simultaneous

> dvance, not keeping exact step with each other in different localities, so that in one part of the world people might still be in the "stone" age while in another part they had progressed to the age of "bronze," or of "iron." Even today there are places where savage tribes have hardly got out of the "stone" age. But the impulse to build megalithic

monumenta, or structures composed of huge blocks, arranged in a characteristio manner, seems to have spread in a very remarkable way from continent to continent, and the builders may fairly be regarded as the first real architects, capable of erecting permanent works. Whether it was the gradual spreading of the race which first acquired this skill that carried the megalithic style into such widely separated lands, or whether the fame of their works, and the desire to imitate them, caused other peoples to learn and practice the new art, is a question that cannot be definitely an-

But Mr. Peet in his book on "Rough Stone Monuments and Their Builders,' says that the most probable theory of the origin of the megalithic monument is that this style of building was brought to the various countries where we find

it by a single race in an immense migration, or series of migrations, and he adduces the authority of Dr. Duncan Maokenzie in support of this view.

Such monuments as Stonehenge, then, may be looked upon as examples of what man was eventually able to do in the way of building after he had emerged from the state of low mentality which kept him confined for shelter to natural coverings of interwoven branches. The skin-clad man who first set a few flat stones on edge and placed another on top for a roof was the father of architecture, and originated that great art whose mightlest triumph was, at one time, the huge stone circle at Stonehenge.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. (Copyright, 1915, Star Company.) It is a strange fact that in small towns

so little affection or love exists among the inhabitants. One would think it sure to be found in the

the quiet country hamlets, where the few people are dependent upon one another for enjoyment. But instead we find jealousy criticism and indifference in such places. In the average

country hamlet one needs to be ill or an object of charity to bring out the tenderness in the hearts of VERSPERSON TO AND neighbors. Let it

be known that sickness or poverty has visited a household, and the tongue of gossip is silenced and tow indifferent or disagreeable air gives place to solicitous kindness-while the trouble lasts! But ! we cannot all in this world he invalids or beggars; yet we all love sympathy and companionship and appreciation. Many women in the country love to play Lady Bountiful merely for the gratification of being regarded by those

deemed on a lower plane. But a greater nature finds pleasure in showing affect tionate interest in an equal on whom i can bestow nothing bus rriendship. Think every day, how large the world is compared to your own town, yet do not despise your town in conseque Respect is as part of the Great Consoli-

dated Company of Human Beings, and make it as interesting a place as possible by your own mental, moral and social qualities.

Do not let your minds narrow down to the limits of your town; do not let your ideas become dwarfed, rour ambitions stunted, your outlook limited. There is no need of it in this day and age of low-priced literature and free libraries. You can keep in mensal touch with the whole world if you wish to do it. There is no need of confining your information to the social column of your

country paper. Read the magazines and weeklies and book reviews when you cannot obtain the books. Think 10 yourself as an important factor in the world-not merely of your town or church. Try and be broad and large in your outlook.

The moment you find yourself dwell ing on thoughts of neighborhood gossip and petty scandals, turn your back or your lesser self and search for your real self-the noble, great-hearted being you were destined to be. Read history and mediate upon the lives of great men and women.

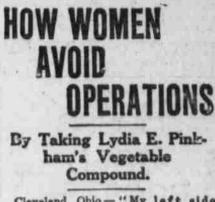
When you are about to pass Mary Jones by without speaking to her be cause you heard some one had suspected her of questionable conduct, stop and think of Joan of Arc. Mme. Roland, caverns in the rocks, and temporary Father Damien, Nathan Hale, Abraham Lincoln or a hundred other colossal figures you can call to mind. They will scare away all petty prejumces and make you ashamed of yourself.

Think of our Pilgrin fathers and mothers and all the wonderful strength of character it requires to live their

lives in those dangerous and difficult times. It will make your own cares and troubles seem trivial.

Avoid judging humanity from the

standards set up in your town. Be liberal, and remember that climate and environment have much to do with peos. ple's ideas of behavior. Try and cultivate a loving interest in your associates, Study, think, read, work and love. Sympathize with your neighbors' aima ambitions, efforts, hopes and trials, Cheer them all you can, and never allow a thought of jealousy or envy to enter your mind if some one seems to you to be succeeding better than you or yours Do not permit yourself to be small and petty because you live in a small town, Be so large of soul that you will dignify the town in the mind of any one who knows it is your place of residence.



Cleveland, Ohio - " My left side pained me so for several years that I manufacture expected to have to

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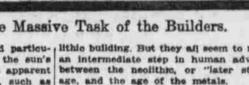
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undergo an operation, but the first bottle I took of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved meof the pains in my side and J continued its use until I became regular and free from pains. I had asked several doc-

tors if there was anything I could take to help me and they said there was nothing that they knew of. I am thankful for such a good medicine and will always give it the highest praise." --Mrs. C. H. GRIFFITH, 1568 Constant St. Cleveland, Ohio. St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Hanover, Pa.-"I suffered from female trouble and the pains were so bad at times that I could not sit down. The doctor advised a severe operation but my husband got me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I experienced great relief in a short time. Now I feel like a new person and can do a hard day's work and not mind it. What joy and happiness it is to be well once more. I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Compound."--Mrs. ADA WILT, 303 Walnut St., Hanover, Pa.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynu, Mass. Your letter will be opened. read and answered by a won held in strict confidence,



Stonehenge may have been erected

in different parts of the earth. They were stages of culture, and of