

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

A Recipe for Beauty

By FORTUNE FREE.

"You don't know how often I look at that photograph of yours each day! It is awfully good, and I was delighted to have it. It is as like you as a photograph can be—but how unlike you at the same time! What is a photograph to the real person?"

I read that in a letter the other day. Let me hasten to say that the photograph was not one of myself. It was that of a decidedly pretty young woman. She had shown me that likeness before she sent it off, and had asked me what I thought of it, and when I declared it excellent, had told me that, for her part, she really did not care for it.

Did you ever know a girl who was satisfied with her photograph? But there was the recipient of it, confirming my opinion. She thought I ought to see what he said, but she had doubled the paper up very carefully so that I could see no more. No doubt the writer of that letter went on to tell her of the most important affairs that were to be kept a profound secret.

"He's written a lot of nonsense after that," she informed me, with a laugh and eyes that sparkled so that I quite clearly understood that that nonsense was really very dear to her—nonsense she will keep very carefully and read ever so many times to herself each day, though she knows it all by heart—every word of it.

He was quite right when he said that the photograph was not like the real person. It did not do justice to her prettiness. She was pretty when it was taken, but as I looked at her I realized that that young gentleman, when he comes back, will have a surprise. She has grown prettier—quite perceptibly more beautiful—since he has been away.

The old Marquis Dauville heard some ladies at the court of the Empress Eugene one day discussing the disappearance of one of the most beautiful ladies who had shone at the court. What had become of her? The most accepted conclusion was that she had disappeared in consequence of fading attractions.

"You are quite wrong, ladies," declared the marquis. "She disappeared in consequence of sad family misfortunes which have actually obliged her to work in order to maintain her aged father. She is more beautiful than ever—infinite more so. You ladies who are ever trying fresh recipes for the preservation and the increasing of your beauty, might take a wrinkle from her. It is simple and costs—ah! yes, it does cost something."

The ladies pricked up their ears. The marquis was an authority on female beauty. He was implored, if he knew the secret, to tell it to them. The cost would not matter.

"I am not quite sure of that," he remarked with a smile. "The price she has paid for her beauty has been seven months' hard work a day for some months and sorrow, that have made her find her soul. It peeps out in her face. She always was beautiful. You should see her now that her face is illuminated by the heroic soul she has discovered."

A Dangerous Fashion

Dog and Girl Portraits

Copyright, 1916, International News Service

By Nell Brinkley



If you happen to look like this, then you are all right.----But if plain, your dog is likely to be more beautiful than you

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Tell Her.

DEAR Miss Fairfax—My girl friend and I have a friend who has been calling on her for almost a year. She loves him dearly. At a dance recently, while he and I were dancing, he asked me if he could call. I told him I didn't think it would be fair to my girl friend, and he told me that he had never proposed marriage to her. I told him to call me up at a later date and I would let him know then whether he could call. Will you please advise me what to do?

Be honest with your girl friend and tell her that the young man you met through her has asked to call. Since she is not engaged to him she can hardly expect that he will have no girl friends other than herself, and if you are loyal enough to tell her of his request she will have no cause to criticize you or feel hurt. And if she is a fine girl, she will appreciate the situation and be gracious about it. I would not want one of my girls to fail in loyalty to another or let a man suppose that she values her girl friends lightly. You will find that honesty is the only way to deal with the situation.

The First Peace Party

The first "Peace party" in the United States was formed to oppose the war of 1812 by a combination of federalists and democratic-republicans, mostly in New England.

HERE is a dangerous fashion! I who love dogs, who have had merry days of comradeship with them, who have found, since I can remember, their friendship a thing to take joy in, who have never feared one or known in them anything but gentleness and loyalty, who believe in caring rightly for the ones I own and making my neighbor care for his (you who fear dog-bits and never dream that an animal drinks as plants and humans do, remember that a man goes mad for a drink) understand that women who are really fond of dogs are so because they have a good heart for anything that lives from a flower and a baby to even a faulty man!

It is rather a bromide to say over and over what is so much trumpeted abroad—"she'd much better have a child where that little dog sits!" Anyway, I shouldn't say it if I thought that—for how can you dare to know just why she hasn't a little child there—and when you see a woman reach for any live thing with gentle fingers and kind eyes you can know it takes a long tape to measure the bigness of her heart.

Let me tell you. A beautiful woman I know with a warm-gold colored head of hair, big hazel eyes, generous lips, and a big heart, lives in a big house with her husband and two little woolly dogs. Some of her friends shrug shoulders when she gives glimpses of the great care and affection she gives these two little pups who look to me as if they would break—since I like a big dog best—but they are the ones who do not know her well. Because she is so kind and lavish of care on these two small things that happen to be one of her house is just the reason she would be lavish of affection with any creature that lived in it.

She rescues fallen baby birds. She labors with drivers who work lame horses. She feeds her neighbors' cats when they fail to remember that the animals they own must eat to live. Her eyes are wide for any misery in all the animal world and she is brave enough to speak and act.

Now, look at the sound heart of her, the true mother heart. She works without dream of pay, and gives without a thought both money and precious time—for she keeps a big house, a perfect home—to a child nursery that would be a forlorn affair but for her and a group of women like her. She turns and looks at every child that passes her on the street—even if he's lost under a layer of grime. She has

not any of her own. She adopted a little blue-eyed mite; and gave it back from the pity of her big heart when its mother begged it under changed fortunes. And the big tears swam in her eyes when she remembers it.

If you see a picture of a woman with a white poodle beside her would you dare to say that old trite phrase that is not new: "Better a little child—anybody's little child in the picture?" Give me the woman who loves animals, who picks up a flower thrown away on a dirty street with its tender bloom in the dirt, who gives over all pain and blotting out of life, who likes the little grubby, homely child just as warmly as the fussed-up baby in frills and rosebuds. She is a good lover. And these things go together.

Now to laugh. It's a dangerous fashion just the same! It is all quite all right, and the effect of the portrait is charming, if you are a beautiful girl, one of the lucky horn, to have your picture taken with

your pet dog—be he a plain pup, one of the terror-striking ugly aristocrats, or a handsome thoroughbred.

If he is homely those who see say, "Isn't she lovely—what a contrast!" If he is handsome they say, "What a beautiful dog and girl!" But if you are just one of those neutral-looking girls who are bone-out-at-elbows and blank of expression, who haven't even that life in the eyes that some plain girls have, don't have your picture taken with your dog! Unless it's colorless, too. If he is homely—there's a pair of you! And people will say, "My goodness!" If he is a beautiful dog—the thing is a tragedy. For there are dog faces that would be the whole picture beside some humans. Beauty of eye, luxury of hair, beauty of line and expression, grace and intelligence—your dog would be the picture entire! Go carefully and—can you risk it?

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Food Must Be More than Fuel

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

The trouble is that many diet-reformers take a short-sighted, or, rather, one-sided, view of the question, "What is a good food?" A good food, a good ration, must be a good fuel, because about three pounds have to be burnt in the body every day in order to give "steam" for the daily work. But that is only one side of its utility, although a most important one.

Most reform and money-saving diets look at the problem only from a coal, or gasoline, point of view, while a good food should be at least three other things besides good "gas"—a good repairer, a good lubricant and a rust preventer or disease protector. Our food has to build up our body in the beginning, make repairs and extensions to it later, lubricate, cool and balance it, and last, but not least, keep up a supply of reserve ammunition, constantly on hand, to fight disease with.

There is only one known food which will do all four of these things, and upon which alone the body can be kept in health for years, if necessary, and that is meat. Further than that, it is the only food which can till two of these bills at all—repairing

and fighting disease. This is the reason why we are so fond of it and it is so expensive; that is to say, we are willing to pay such a high price for it. Regrettably as it is from the point of view of economy, it must be frankly confessed that all attempts to substitute some other repair and disease-fighting foodstuffs for meat in our diet have proved practically a failure.

The technical name for meat is protein, and the reason why it is so valuable and indispensable for growth and repair purposes is that our bodies themselves are made of "meat," or protein. We may call ourselves "dough-faces" or "pudding-heads" or "milksoaps," but no amount of ingenuity can build any part of our bodies out of starch. And if it could we should be in danger of melting away when it rained. Only meat or protein, which includes fish, game, eggs and milk, can be used for our building stuff, or to make repairs.

Many attempts have been made to substitute what are known as vegetable proteins, such as the gluten or sticky part of wheat bread, beans, peas and nuts, for meat, but none of them have been found really satisfactory. The gluten of wheat bread is of great value in the body, but it cannot readily be used for repairing purposes, nor does it give the reserve ammunition to fight disease.

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TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

'COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE'



Appetizing Fruit Salad with a New Dressing

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

In the spring of the year, when the appetite flags and needs to be tempted by crisp greens and fresh fruits and vegetables, special attention is given to salad. In a fruit salad, therefore, one finds a healthful combination. These salads are especially attractive when served in the new fruit salad glasses.

Cut in small pieces equal portions of grapefruit, pineapple and oranges and put all together in a bowl and sprinkle over them a little sugar.

When the cup is to be placed on ice and when ready to serve fill up the required number of glasses and pour over the fruit the following dressing:

This most delicious salad dressing is quite new. Mix in equal measure grapefruit and orange juice and strained honey. Season with a little Tomorrow's Creamed Chicken Patties whipped cream and maraschino cherries.

(Tomorrow's Creamed Chicken Patties)

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