WHAT REX BEACH FORESEES IN BLUE-ING AMERICA MOVEMENT

YOU MAY NOT { DANCE OR PLAY CARDS / HAVE SUNDAY MOVIES / SMOKE IN PUBLIC

YOU MAY { BLOW PIPE ORGAN SUNDAY / VISIT THE CEMETERY

Declares:—"Puritanism Will Bring Bolshevism."
Advises:—"An Educated and Sane Public Opinion."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

DO you believe in blue-ing America?

Are you in favor of deleting the Declaration of Independence—of cutting from it "all men's inalienable rights" to "liberty and the pursuit of happiness"?

If you, as an American, answer these two questions in the negative—why, then, it's time you answer loud enough so that your verdict may be heard and heeded, warns Rex Beach, author of "The Spoilers," "The Winds of Chance," and many another best-seller, President of the Authors' League of America and popular writer for the moving pictures.

I asked Mr. Beach for his candid opinion on this business of blue-ing America, not merely because he appeared at Albany the other day to protest against motion picture censorship in New York—the latest panacea of reform, but because, as a writer of clean, vigorous stories, and a six-foot husky citizen who used to live in those lands "where never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three," I felt that he would represent adequately the normal American man's reaction to the various attempts to put his mind and morals in leading-strings.

Speaking as that man to his fellow-men, Beach's message may be compressed into two words: "Wake up!"

"We are in the midst of a so-called reform movement," he told me earnestly, "which is in every way against the spirit and tradition of the American people, which is promoted by bigots and fanatics and paid professional reformers, which—in so far as it triumphs—represents the government of the majority by a group of busy little minorities. And if the majority wants to rule itself it had better wake up to what is being done!

"The Declaration of Independence guarantees to 'all men' 'certain inalienable rights'—among them the rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But we are fast reaching the state where the reformers will permit us to live—and that's about all.

"From the beginning, one of the principles on which this country was founded was the entire separation of church and state. Yet now certain religious organizations are seeking absolutely to dominate the country, to tell all of us how we shall eat, drink, play, think and carry on our work. Take this matter of the censorship of the pictures. A clerical leader of one faith tells me that he is going to see that all references to divorce are cut out of the movies. The clergy of another denomination desire to ban all mention of dancing or card playing. Still another group are utterly opposed to moving pictures on Sunday; they would restrict our recreation on that particular day to blowing the pipe-organ and indulging in that king of outdoor sports—visiting the cemetery. If all of these little minorities of the righteous have their way, screen plays will consist exclusively of the picturization of 'Alice in Wonderland' and the Rollo books."

"But isn't such censorship only one feature in the general campaign of uplift?" I suggested to Mr. Beach.

"That is all," he assented with gloomy emphasis. "The next thing probably will be the censorship of the newspapers. Then there is that lively anti-tobacco campaign already being waged by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. In Utah—isn't it?—they have passed a law against smoking of any sort in any public place. In many States the cigarette is taboo.

"Modern dancing is under fire; I am told the New York Legislature has just passed a bill to censor dance halls. Card playing is of the devil. Even when I was a boy, it was generally asserted that the worst fate awaited youngsters who smoked cigarettes and read dime novels. My friends and I did both of these things; strange to say, we did not grow up to become members of the criminal classes.

"The proposed blue Sunday laws are topics of discussion everywhere. And all these so-called reforms are not jokes; they can be put over by an organized minority, just as that same minority killed off the demon rum. Maybe he needed killing; anyway, that is done and over and past discussion. But if we do not want the intolerant spirit to triumph in every direction, we, the American people, must wake up.

"For the persons who believe in blue Sunday, in tabooing theatres, dancing, movies, smoking, all the simple joys of ordinary persons, are fighters for their beliefs. A fanatical dervish will dance for two hours on his toes, no ordinary person could do such a thing. The fanatical reformers have his fire and sincerity; that's exactly why they are so dangerous."

"Don't you think," I suggested, "that most social customs and forms of art can be controlled effectively by an educated and sane public opinion, such as we've always prided ourselves we had in this land of popular education?"

"Most assuredly," agreed Mr. Beach. "All this regulation and reform is an insult to the popular intelligence, the normal decency of the normal man. It is simply a recrudescence of the old Puritan spirit, which believed that whatever was pleasant was wrong. They talk about the peril of Bolshevism. I can tell you one thing—I know that labor leaders agree—never shall have a Bolshevist America unless we first have a Puritan America. The one state will be simply a reaction from the other. And long before either obtains in this country the persons of intelligence, the producers in all the arts, will be driven out of it.

"The reformers have a favorite phrase," concluded the novelist. "They are always saying, 'We represent' so and so, this and that. But the point about them is that they do NOT represent. They do not represent us—the American people. We must see to it that we are represented unless all the old American freedom is to be lost."

GOING DOWN!

DEAR LISTENER: Do you ever feel as though you just must talk to some one?

Why not talk to yourself?

The answers you get will at least be interesting and unbiased.

A doctor may tell you to take pills. A shoemaker, you need shoes. A dentist, your teeth need fixing. A lawyer advises a suit and a friend may be bored.

If you persist in talking to other people, ask them about themselves, their families, their business. When you get to the condition I have described—

DON'T TALK ABOUT YOURSELF.

Always,
ALFALFA SMITH.

THE JARR FAMILY

BY ROY L. McCARDELL

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"YOU must be in funds, and if so I trust you will share with me," remarked Mrs. Jarr, somewhat coldly, when Mr. Jarr came home the other evening.

"What evidence do I display of ostentatious opulence?" Mr. Jarr inquired in surprise.

"Why, coming home in a taxical—I heard it come up to the door."

"It wasn't bringing me home," remarked Mr. Jarr, "and if you had been curious instead of suspicious and had looked out of the window a moment longer you would have seen that the taxicab in question had evidently come on call. I might also say that if you saw me speaking to the driver it was not while paying him, but simply that he called me to ask if Mrs. Kittingly lived at this address, and then he got out and rang her bell in the hall."

"It must be nice to have alimony—that is, if one gets enough of it," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "That Mrs. Kittingly never walks a step, I do believe. I think she calls a taxi if she's just going to cross the street. And yet she is always complaining she has no money."

"A lot of our luxurious ladies have the taxi habit," ventured Mr. Jarr. "Mrs. Kittingly is one of the worthy poor who can't afford an automobile of their very own, so she has to ride in taxicabs. You know, you read about these dames in the newspapers every day, in items like this: 'Wringing her jewelled hands and weeping bitterly, the handsomely gowned young woman declared she was penniless and hadn't a friend in the world. Then calling a taxicab, she ordered the chauffeur to drive her to the Hotel St. Croesus, where her maid said later that her mistress would see no one, as she was packing to go to her cottage at Newport.'"

"You must be interested in that sort of persons," remarked Mrs. Jarr coldly. "But that's just the way Mrs. Kittingly acts if her first husband is slow in sending her alimony and she has spent the alimony her second husband has sent her—you know her third husband went to jail rather than pay any, and broke her heart. Well, when she gets depressed because her heart is broken by the perfidy of men, she calls a taxicab and rides for hours and hours in the park, wondering what she will do, being utterly without means."

"And look at the women who come from Gopher Prairie and Pink Mink, Neb., and other tank towns that have not even a street car line," Mr. Jarr remarked. "No sooner do they strike our fair city than they become addicted to the taxicab habit, and would die of shame if compelled to travel in a trolley car with the common herd."

"I won't look at them; you look at them—one in the family being interested in such creatures is sufficient!" said Mrs. Jarr coldly.

Mr. Jarr made no reply, and then Mrs. Jarr inquired what Mrs. Kittingly was wearing when she came down to get in the taxicab.

"I passed her on the stairs, but I didn't notice what she was wearing," said Mr. Jarr sullenly. "But, I tell you what, if women's skirts get any shorter"——

"Well, what then?" asked Mrs. Jarr, noting he halted.

"They'll be shorter, that's all," said Mr. Jarr weakly.

But when they went out that evening to the theatre he took good care to order a taxi to and from.

DAILY MAGAZINE

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten

Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent

"DEAR MISS VINCENT: About two months ago I became engaged to a young man whom I dearly love. His parents object to his marrying, and I cannot understand this, for they always seemed to like me. However, he has broken off the engagement indefinitely although he swears he still loves me. I think that if he really loved me, as he says, he would not humiliate me before my friends. I dislike to give him up, and yet if he is not true I will. What do you think? ROBINETTA."

If I were you I should put the young man to a test. Perhaps he loves you, but is still young and under his parents' influence. Therefore I would allow him to postpone the marriage for a time, but I should certainly hold him to his engagement, and if he does not care to hold to this I should refuse to see him.

"Dear Miss Vincent: In the past I have corresponded with a young lady regularly and visited her occasionally. Suddenly, for no reason at all (I have an idea she wanted to see what I should do), she ceased writing. I waited a month, then wrote. She replied that she has been too lazy to write. In the fall, when I went for my vacation, I kept steady company with her and confessed my love for her. She said she cared 'a bit for me.' Now, what shall I do? Is it worth while to continue friendship with her? "SORE AS BLAZES."

"Faint heart," old man, "never won fair lady." I admit she is "a bit chilly," but at least she has admitted she has a heart. Remember that all girls don't wear them on their sleeves. If you really care about her keep right on writing and when you take your vacation again this fall pop the question again.

"Dear Miss Vincent: Won't you please advise me? I am nineteen and very often go to dances. While there I meet young men who frequently make appointments with me. Sometimes they keep their appointments and very often I am left in the lurch. If they think enough of me to dance with me and take me home why don't they keep their engagements? I know you will say it is not proper for a girl to 'pick up' fellows that way, and there is another of my problems. Where can I meet desirable fellows? Then again if these men do keep their appointments the first time it is usually the last time I see them. LONELY."

Of course these young men won't keep their appointments with you for fine young men with honor do not haunt dance halls. You are running a great risk in going out with chance acquaintances like that. I know it is lonely for many a girl in the city, but the sensible young lady does not seek out just anybody, but waits until she meets the right man. You are but nineteen and surely within the next few years you will meet some sensible, fine man. Romance will come to you as it comes to all girls—but it is better not to go dashing blindly after it.

"Dear Miss Vincent: For two years I have been going with a young man four years my senior. His family do not like me and insist that he is too young to think of marrying. The young man is holding down a good position, and I am willing to wait for him, but still the family persist that we should not go about together. Please help me. BRONX."

Remember that "true love never runs smooth." If the young man really loves you, he will find a way. Meanwhile keep right on waiting for him and do not spoil your evenings together by twitting him about the attitude of his family.

"Dear Miss Vincent: I am eighteen years of age and in my last year of high school. I have been going with a young lady who is a junior, and wish to marry her as soon as I finish school and obtain a suitable salary. Would it be advisable for me to ask this girl to marry me or had I better wait until things are more settled? B. C. M."

It would be much better to wait. The young lady is one year behind you in school, and that ought to give you time to get out of school and at least get on your feet. Why not propose then?

DESIGNS MARY'S MOVIE "TOGS"

MRS. ADELE CRINLY (left) makes and designs all the attractive frocks and costumes worn by Mary Pickford (right) in her productions. When Mary is booked for a new picture she immediately confers with Mrs. Crinly, and the costumes appropriate for the special picture are planned.

MRS. ADELE CRINLY. MARY PICKFORD (int.)

BEAUTY AND HEALTH

BY DR. CHARLOTTE G. WEST

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Some Old Recipes.

THE court chronicles of the days of Marie Antoinette are filled with beauty talk. To the beauties of the French court the external application of buttermilk, as well as its use as an article of diet, was well known. Every night it was used as a face bath, mopped on repeatedly with a soft linen cloth and allowed to dry in. Its value as a preventive of tan and sunburn was well known; also that the fat in the milk would prevent wrinkles. But these ladies did not confine their use of it to the face. The neck, shoulders and arms were also subjected to its bleaching influences and to this fact is ascribed the dazzling whiteness of the necks and shoulders of these French court beauties.

Among other simple remedies found in these chronicles is one consisting of the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth with one grain of camphor and one of alum. This paste is spread on old linen and applied at bed time; repeated applications render the skin white and the flesh firm. It can be used as a face mask or on the neck and arms.

The beauty mask, by the way, antedates the use of all modern cosmetics. The overnight mask is the only safe one in the hands of inexperienced beauty seekers, however, and one can be fashioned out of fairly heavy linen or canton flannel. The paste may be thickly applied to this mask, which is then tied on the face by means of little tapes, or it may be spread well over the face and neck before the mask is laid on.

The following formula for a face paste is said to be thousands of years old and is just as likely to be in use thousands of years hence: Ground barley, 3 ounces; honey, 1 ounce; white of egg, enough to form a paste.

Every One Works In Vienna

WITH former officers of the army and navy as pupils, a shoemaking school has been opened in Vienna. Among the students is a former Vice Admiral of sixty-eight, who is enrolled as a cobbler's apprentice and carries his union card.

MAXIMS OF A MODERN MAID

BY MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

If a Man Doesn't Know How to Make Love to a Woman, the Cleverest Thing He Can Do Is to Assume an Attitude of Passive Resistance—and Thereby Tempt Her to Make Love to Him.

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ONCE poems actually were written to "the first kiss," but nowadays no one remembers, well enough to write about it, that event of a prehistoric past.

Fashion's combination of the ultra-short skirt and the extinguisher hat indicates we are on the way to an Occidental acceptance of the Oriental conception of modesty—which hides the face and shows almost anything else.

The man or woman who marries more than once is simply a glutton for punishment.

In most of us spring fever takes the form of a mean, green envy of anybody who drives a delivery wagon, runs the roller over a tennis court or can chuck his job for one solid week.

What the cynic knows: that in the whole world there are just two sorts of people—the frankly selfish and the hypocrites.

A woman counts her new hats before they are paid for; her husband counts his money afterward—and it doesn't take him long!

Add unnecessary lies: Telling any modern girl that she is the only one you ever really loved. For, even if she believes you, she shrugs and says, "What of it?"

The same woman may be one man's mate and another man's poison.

The most fashionable and expensive thing in spring suits—divorce suits.

BILLY SUNDAY GETTING HIS SPRING TRAINING FOR BOUTS WITH DEVIL

THIS photograph shows Billy Sunday at his spring training, and rounding into top form for his bouts with the Devil. Worked up to a high pitch of vim and pep he here has his satanic enemy by the throat and is practising stamping him into mud of defeat and oblivion.

MY DEAR:—Black and White Is the Newest Caprice of Dame Fashion

And Fringe Is Her Latest Mode of Invasion.

QUITE contrary to the gay spirit of spring these delightful, warm days, with budding trees, singing birds and bright sunshine expressing happiness, is the spirit of Mme. la Mode, who expresses herself in terms of sombre black and white. This is her newest and latest caprice, which, though quite absurd, has received from many followers favorable attention. I dare say, however, that the sole reason for it is the flattering effect of the white, which is always placed near the face to accentuate the white of the eye.

Frocks of black and white for daytime and street wear are more in evidence than dark blue. But they are not conspicuous, the introduction of white being conservative. One smart frock had side seams that were lapped, and were dripping along the edges with white wooden beads. A black serge suit, gayly lined, had narrow white kid cuffs and collar. Have you noticed the dominant attitude of fringe recently? It has invaded almost every part of our costumery, from hats and veils, to frocks and petticoats. But I'm afraid its power is only temporary, because it is too overwhelming to leave any lingering trails. One of the prettiest fringe frocks I have seen was of Georgette, the entire skirt covered with rows of inch-wide fringe, set a half inch apart, revealing just enough of the transparent background. The lower portion of the waist and sleeves also exploited this trimming.

I saw an odd trimming on a serge frock the other day, which some of you who have discarded serge frocks might find effective in the process of rejuvenation. Black patent leather—or, to be exact, black oilcloth—cut in motifs resembling a rose was appliqued with jade green yarn in a buttonhole stitch over the surface of the skirt. The neck and sleeves were bound with the black leather, which was half covered with a buttonholing of the green. Another frock featuring the applique trimming was worn by a matron at a recent ball. The foundation was silver tissue overlaid with black net on which sapphire blue satin flowers were appliqued. Their stems were embroidered in blue in lines starting from the lower edge, forming a delightful elaboration.

Speaking of evening attire, I must tell you of a most novel but engaging effect a young matron achieved the other night. She was blond-haired, of statuesque build, gowned in black, and over her ears, either attached as earrings would be or pinned in the hair, were large black ostrich puffs centred with jet beads. By the way, I saw another matron who had the heels of her black satin slippers embroidered with jet beads.

We have long ago stopped being awed at the caprices of ribbon, but a new one to me was exploited in a chiffon afternoon frock which had tassels made of loops of very narrow ribbon placed in the uppermost corner of diamond shapes that were marked off with hemstitching.

Answers to Questions.

Dear Miss Lodewick:

I am puzzled about the following questions: What color stockings are worn with silver cloth slippers if the gown is apricot silk and white lace, and if another gown is cerise?

What would be an appropriate trimming for a cerise gown?

What material, color and design would you suggest for an evening wrap for a young girl of eighteen years, a rather elaborate one to serve all purposes.

Is cream lace better than silver or gold to use with apricot silk?

What colors should I wear, being olive skinned, brown curly hair and dark eyes? What color fan should I carry with the two frocks mentioned?

Miss M. S. F.

It is very smart to have your stockings match your frock, but very pale gray stockings that match the silver would do for both frocks.

Padded roses of the cerise silk, with lighter and darker silk petals, could crush about the waistline and trail down one side. Silver ribbon binding for tiny sleeves and full skirt.

Sapphire blue chiffon velvet lined with white for an evening wrap.

The lace to use with your apricot silk is a matter of choice, the cream lace being more youthful and summery at least.

A silver lace fan would correspond with your silver slippers.

Dear Miss Lodewick:

I am making myself a black satin coat, and would like your advice about the lining. Would gray be too old for me with the black combination? I am twenty years of age. MISS E. C.

Gray, being a popular color, is not too old. Cartridge silk, which is a loose-woven, rough-surfaced texture, would be an excellent lining; practical, yet dressy and reasonable.

Dear Miss Lodewick:

I notice that many dark frocks have light-colored sashes. Are these appropriate for the street? Would a tangerine Georgette sash be all right on a dark blue serge dress? MISS D. K. M.

Yes, light sashes are worn on street frocks. Tangerine is all right, but I am not sure you will want to change off with a black satin one.

Dear Miss Lodewick:

What would you suggest for a lining to a brown Canton crepe dress which has openwork eyelet embroidery? MRS. J. N.

Orange satin or crepe de chine would be effective.

If any of my readers be in doubt as to proper or more becoming trimming, design, material or finishing details of their costuming, I would be glad to aid them with suggestions should they care to write, and will print my replies in the following week's letter.

MILDRED LODEWICK.

SCIENCE NOTES.

AN alcohol that can be used for all purposes except in medicines is being made on a commercial scale in New Jersey from the gases arising from the cracking processes in refining crude petroleum.

According to an English scientist, candles and oil and gas lamps transform only 2 per cent. of energy into light, incandescent electric lamps 3 per cent., arc lights 10 per cent., and the magnesium light 15 per cent.

About twenty different sole leather substitutes have been brought out in Sweden, most of them made of wood treated in various ways.