

DAILY MAGAZINE

Is It Beauty or Vanity THAT MAKES A GIRL Wear Pretty Clothes?

MEN SAY—

Girls Dress to Attract Attention and Win Admiration—That They Are Simply Vain

MARGERY WELLS SAYS—

Vanity Is Only a Secondary Consideration—First Aim Is to Satisfy Her Own Sense of Beauty

By Margery Wells.

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MEN love to tell you that you are vain—that you are dressing to attract them. Are you?

They say you want admiration and that you will go to any lengths to get it.

They tell me that every ribbon you tie around your neck, every feather you wear upon your hat is worn for them. They call me an idealist when I tell them it is not so.

A man told me that his stenographer studied his tastes and always dressed so that his eye would be satisfied. I looked wonderingly at him. I ventured that maybe she just fancied those clothes on her own account. But no, he assured me, it was not so. She was catering to him every minute of the time. He liked it. He gloried in it and I thought to myself that the young lady was a wise woman, but I still don't believe for an instant that the girl ever gave him a passing thought. I should like to know her and find out just for the sake of argument.

In all probability she was as innocent as the day was long. She never even dreamed that he had decided tastes about his employees' dresses. And, in all probability, he would have liked her clothes if they had been exactly of the opposite type.

Now I contend that the average girl dresses for business as well as for pleasure, because her sense of beauty is so much more potent a thing than it is with the average man. She dies if she is not surrounded by a setting which delights her own eye. She must express her own idea of what is beautiful if she is to have any peace out of life, and her clothes are the handiest and most ever present medium for her operations in this respect.

A MAN'S IDEA OF COLOR. I was a stenographer once myself, and I wore a bright red sweater. I rather fancied myself in it. I didn't affect it merely because the window, wide open—the man wore thick weeds—was a cold shaft of air from the middle of my back. I liked the glow of the red around me. It made the typewriting seem a warmer proposition to my narrowed soul—or at least I thought it did.

Can you imagine my feelings when my stern employer said one chilly morning (you know the mornings are usually chilly for a stenographer), "I don't like your sweater!"

"What don't you like about it?" I managed to ask.

"I dislike its color."

Now I was cheered by vivid colors. And besides I had black hair. Dimly I saw through the surrounding haze that while he was the guardian of my salary, which did not cover subtle colorings in sweaters, he really was not privileged to censor the colors of my woolen wrappings.

So I arse, meekly, I will admit, to protect myself and murmured, "I can't afford another one this year."

Of course I might have removed it and have frozen solid where I sat. But that didn't appeal to my sense of beauty either. And what would I ever do if I were fired for the crass colorings of my tastes?

Soon my problem was solved for me when he brought me, for a present, a violet sweater, more nearly in harmony with his tone preferences. I wore it for the sake of the envelope at the end of the week and the 15-cent lunches he had bought for my body, but I did not like it. And I suppose he told the world that I dressed to please him.

DRESSES—A BEAUTY EXPRESSION. No, I still insist that girls dress wholly to satisfy themselves and to cater to that inward sense of beauty which they possess to such a great degree. If the men like the well-sung good, so much more pleasure from the expression. But if they don't like it, the girls are just as happy.

And, after all, don't the men appreciate pretty much what we educate them to like? I hope that none of them will be indelicate enough to read this.

One reason why girls enjoy reading the fashion columns is that they are gaining their education in the ways of beauty. They learn what is becoming—what makes a good design. They try the experiment and find that they are happy with the result. Then they look to the men's columns for more suggestions and more balm for their souls.

Did you ever notice that the girl who makes her own clothes, or some of them, is often a greater lover of dress than the girl who buys all of hers? That is because she has a double satisfaction of beauty—one in the making and one in the wearing. And, when she admires herself, she is not always vain. In fact very seldom is she so. She is taking satisfaction from a beautiful effect—she has an appearance that is good to the eye. She likes it and is it any wonder that all who look upon her like it too?

The pleasant vanity (vanity they call it) is a secondary consideration with well-dressed girls, I contend. Only the girls themselves can solve this. I know some hundreds of them, I have studied them and I cling to my conclusion. But, perhaps if you were all absolutely honest you could prove quite the contrary to me, as so many men have tried to do.

Going Down!

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DEAR READER: The unusual and wonderful task to you is the one you have never done, is it not?

When you accomplish a thing it melts into insignificance and is gone.

To do this effectually, speak the truth and do what is right. The first secret of success is SELF-TRUST, which comes from knowing you are right and then going ahead.

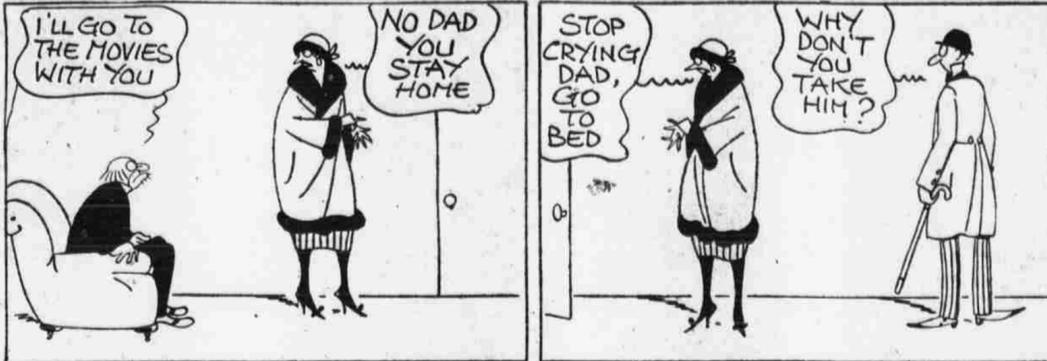
It takes a lot of courage these days to do the right thing because there is so much unrest. But, as the copybook used to say: "Right Makes Right."

Faithfully, ALFALFA SMITH.

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



HE'D BETTER STAY HOME

Just Who's Who In These Families?

Odd Marriages Raise Queer Problems in Relationship

SOME strange things have been brought before the public's notice recently:

"Woman to Wed Her Son-in-Law, Whose Age is Fifty."

"Man Weds His Mother-in-Law."

"Corican Bride Now Grandmother's Sister."

And these are only a few of the strange marital records which are listed in marriage bureaus.

The reader who likes to tackle good stiff problems will find infinite enjoyment in trying to unravel the relations which will develop from these marriages.

Here are the facts: Charles Osborne of Charleston, W. Va., married Minerva Osborne, his second cousin. Her brother, McKinley Osborne, married his second cousin, Clara May Osborne, who is the daughter of Charles. Charles, you will notice, married Minerva.

Now the resulting questions are: What relationship now exists between Charles and McKinley? Between Minerva and Clara? Just suppose the couples should have children, would the children's parents be their third cousins? If not, why?

We'll start you off. What you can't figure out can be left to Edison.

By this marriage, it would seem that Charles Osborne becomes the brother-in-law of McKinley Osborne. But is he not also father-in-law to McKinley Osborne, since the latter married his daughter? When is a brother-in-law a father-in-law?

Here is another problem: When can a girl be her own grandmother's sister?

It seems that in Paris there is a Miss Catherine Malfatti, who has just married her own great-uncle. It is now calculated that by this marriage Catherine becomes the sister-in-law of her own grandmother, who is still alive. Inasmuch as the bride is only twenty-four years old now, further complications are foreseen in coming generations. Figure it out!

This is a funny problem: A man married his own mother-in-law, George Bider, forty-four years old, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., a father of six children, obtained a divorce from his wife and later was married to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Julia Davis, forty-eight years old. By this marriage Bider becomes the stepfather of his divorced wife and the grandfather of his own children.

And this complication can be reversed. Mrs. Sarah Wright McDonald has just married her son-in-law, George Uthe. If they have any children, a child born of a union of its mother and father and mother would be his own brother or sister.

It's like walking through one of these funny mystery houses created by amusement resorts. You just simply have an awful time trying to find your way out.

Why Not Look Your Best?

By Doris Doscher

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DEAR MISS DOSCHER: Will you please give me an exercise to correct round shoulders?

Will you also tell me how I can keep my bobbed hair curly?

G. A. M. A permanent wave is the only thing that will keep the hair curly for long periods of time. The occasional use of the following may help you. But remember that all of these things have a tendency to dry out the hair:

Gum of Tragacanth 5% oz. Rosewater 1 pt. Oil of Sweet Almond 1/2 dr.

Break up the tragacanth into small pieces and soak in the rosewater. Allow to stand in a warm place and shake occasionally, until the gum is softened throughout, making a jelly-like mass. Strain the mass through muslin and a second time through bolting cloth; then add the oil and mix thoroughly.

Place the hands behind you, back to back, fingers interlaced. Slowly revolve the hands, turning the thumbs toward the back completely around. This if properly done will cure round shoulders.

Dear Miss Doscher: Will you please advise me what to do as I have very thin eyebrows and have no eyelashes on the lower part of my eyes.

MISS F. M. T. A little liquid vaseline or olive oil applied daily will stimulate the growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Be careful not to get it in the eye.

Dear Miss Doscher: I have brownish gray eyes and I am always praised for them, but one thing is in the way and that is they always look puffy and surplus flesh seems to linger on the upper eyelid. Is there any cure?

J. W. A. C. A light massage and bathing frequently with hot compresses and with an astringent solution of distilled rose-water, 125 grammes; pure alcohol, 5 grammes; are all very beneficial.

Dear Miss Doscher: Am seventeen years of age. Get lots of sleep, don't go out much

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MRS. JARR was at his daily breadwinning, little Emma Jarr was visiting the Rangle household, for the Rangle children were giving a scarlet fever party—that is, they were giving a juvenile festival to celebrate the recovery of Master Johnny and little Mary Rangle and the taking down of the Board of Health placard from the Rangle door.

Master Willie Jarr had been invited to the scarlet fever party, but as he had never had scarlet fever, although his little sister had had it,

he was not to attend, for Mrs. Jarr feared that germs might still lurk in the Rangle domicile.

In justice, then, Mrs. Jarr felt that her son and heir should be compensated. Knowing of this, Master Jarr had stood out for candy, ice cream, a jumping peg—the latest invention to make life dangerous for youths using them and ailments passing by while they were being used—and the movies.

Mrs. Jarr had compromised on the candy and the movies, and Master Jarr—for everything has to be paid for—was being washed and attired for the pleasure of pictures.

He had been out on the street playing tag in the muddy January thaw with Izzy Slavinsky and other of his young companions, and Mrs. Jarr had beheld him so engaged and mud bespattered as she had looked out from the front window.

Gertrude, the serving maid, had been sent below to hale him to the presence and that he might be invested with the order of the bath.

"Look at you!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Mud from head to foot! And you wearing your new school suit and your new shoes! Just for that you shouldn't be permitted to go to see the moving pictures!"

The moving pictures, Mrs. Jarr's dearest possession, should see you, you dirty boy!

"Aw, Maw, Izzy Slavinsky pushed me over!" whimpered the lad. "I was good as I could be, but Izzy Slavinsky pushed me over!"

"Crying will do you no good," snapped Mrs. Jarr, "and even making your face any cleaner."

"And I don't love him any more, and I won't ever love anything for him again or make him any cookies," declared Gertrude, as she removed the mud-dirty shoes and stockings. And here he has his Sunday clothes on ready for him to go to the movies.

Fables for the Fair Goons and Jiggers

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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MORAL: Be Ye Not Unusually Yoked With Either!

HAVE you a little jigger in your As distinguished from a jigger, who has a light touch. Or a goon? While jiggers look on life with a genial eye, Goons take a more stolid and literal view."

And WHICH are YOU? The latest person to recall our attention to this true and amusing classification of the human race is Frederick L. Allen, Secretary of the Corporation of Harvard University.

"A goon," Mr. Allen reminds us, "is a person with a heavy touch, Heaven pity us jiggers who have to work for them, and dine with them, and MARRY them!"

There is the goon who is President of the League for Civic Reform, Chairman of the Committee for Preserving the Purity of the Polls, Organizing Secretary of the local Americanization movement—

And who lunches every day at the City Club. He marries—invariably—a cliffhanger, brown-eyed jigger.

Who has a passion for John Drow, Italian silk underwear and black Pomeranians. She is deaf to the call of the Uplift, And votes under protest, And has far too much humor to take ANY reform seriously.

The goon gave her up long ago as a bad job. His one consolation is that his daughter, at sixteen, presented proof of her goonish inheritance By declaring that she intended to devote HER life to prison reform!

There is, on the other hand, the female goon Who starts a campaign to abolish the use of make-up by working girls, Who lectures to women's clubs on the iniquity of petting parties—

Who is still trying to raise money for devastated France. Her husband reads and roars over Neal O'Hara and "The Cruise of the Kawa,"

Dodges Presidential messages, bread pudding, "Main Street" And all the other stern reminders that life is real, life is earnest, Wonders whether the girls would look better in knickerbockers than in short skirts—

And why? He's a moral husband—but he is also a jigger unequally yoked to a goon.

The goon who believes in Prohibition enforcement Frequently is compelled to watch her jigger spouse mulling up the kitchen with his home brew.

The jigger who can dance all night is married to a goon who prefers to sleep all night. Jiggers who are convinced that nothing is as solemn as it sounds—

Not even the spread of the cigarette habit among women, Or Kansas—

Have for their domestic partners goons who are positive that not half had been told Of the depravity of modern young people

Or the criminality of Big Business! The goon thinks, ponderously, that his (her) jigger does not understand him (her).

And the jigger knows, defiantly, that her (his) goon CANNOT understand him (her)—

A situation on which the goon mopes with gloomy pride, But which, to the jigger, is sometimes an exasperation—oftener a joke!

Oh, well— If families were all goon, or all jigger, Half the Nation might modify the Volstead act, While the other half sank of its own weight.

Probably the specific gravity of the species Demands a judicious parental mixture of jigger and goon. But its awfully hard On family life!

Restore The Smooth Skin That Housework Hurts

When the skin is roughened and reddened by the many household tasks which a woman must do— when winter's cold and damp dashes the face and cracks the lips—then you should take immediate steps to safeguard the beauty of your skin.

The simplest, pleasantest, surest way is—use VELOGEN. Apply it freely at night before retiring—and again in the morning—wiping off the excess with a soft cloth.

VELOGEN is like a drink of water to the thirsty pores of the skin and the smooth, year softness which Nature intends is regained. VELOGEN does not stain—nor grow hair.

Ask at: your drug store—25c a tube.