

The Twelve "Points" of Beauty

A Dozen Ways in Which a Woman Can Improve Her Own Appearance

Point No. 7—The Neck
By Doris Doscher

Do not be discouraged if you do not possess a beautiful neck, because it can be practically made over by scientific care when you are looking for the first gray hair, crows' feet around the eyes and the aging lines around the mouth, do not forget that the neck betrays the age as quickly as does any of these other signs.

Never do I want you, when you are massaging the face or treating it with cold cream bath or an ice rub, to stop at the end of the chin and if you have gone far enough. Always carry all of the treatment completely down the neck below the chest bone.

You can give rotundity to the throat, filling out its hollows, when you learn to breathe with the mouth open, taking deep breaths that completely cleanse the lungs. There is nothing that will help so much in lifting the neck as learning to breathe properly.

One of the reasons for scrawny necks is the lack of proper movement of the head. If you carry your head forward on the one position, moving it here and there instead of gracefully, you are bound to have a scrawny neck.

To overcome this try, while standing in erect position, turning the head to slowly drop forward, to each side and then bring it around. This stretches the muscles that are starved for circulation. When you do this, allow the thumbs to do the turning work and you will be enabled to find not only your neck, but your voice, but your voice will be more beautiful, but your voice will be clearer from this little attention to the throat.

Do not, above all, the sun on the neck, at its prime importance. It is rising low so many forget to give same scrupulous care to the neck as they do to the face. Remember that your carotid arteries, especially if of fat, is a lodgingle for millions of particles of dirt so that your neck really needs care in cleansing than your face. One of you are troubled with two necks that like a bracelet around the neck. They are so deep that they do not respond so readily to massage, although massage is good them. Try stretching the headward as far as you possibly can, then bring to position. This is up to the skin and renews its elasticity.

One of all the things that mar the beauty of the neck, the double chin is chief offender. The exercises that I have given you are going to do much in helping you get rid of this affliction. But the skin will be so toned up, so, so do not get to rub the skin with a piece of soap if you are troubled with a double chin. This makes the flesh and the double chin will vanish. The skin of the neck is very discolored or there is a rim around the neck a lemon directly on it until it becomes whitened, because you can't be beautiful unless you pay attention to the neck. Rub the skin scrupulously clean, especially the throat, by moving the head forward, fill out the hollows by exercises and you will soon have a "swan-like throat" that is the most beautiful as well as a wondrous attraction.

Intimate Interviews

How James Montgomery Flagg Overcame a Hoodoo

By James True

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BY the time he was fifteen years old, James Montgomery Flagg was a staff contributor of humorous drawings to Life and Judge, supporting himself by turning out a dozen or more illustrations a week, of which he sold only three or four. His ambition was to win recognition from the best magazines; but he struggled for five years before he succeeded through accepting a hoodoo assignment.

The other day, in his studio in 57th Street, he recalled the incident. He was finishing a portrait of a pretty woman for a magazine cover.

But had aside his brushes for the amusement of discussing his early trials.

"In those days," he explained, "you hadn't arrived as an illustrator until you had sold the leading literary magazines. Scribner's was the pinnacle—the summit of the illustrator's Matterhorn. When you had reached it you had arrived.

"So, every year, as surely as the dimes bloomed, I packed up my determination and a big bundle of proofs and drawings and went to see Joe Chapin, who is still art editor of Scribner's. He always looked over my stuff and listened to my story; but for four years he turned me down with the encouraging invitation to see him again some time.

"There was not the slightest variation until the fifth call. Then he told me that he had a story he wanted illustrated, but that it seemed impossible to get the work he wanted. He explained frankly that it was a hoodoo proposition, that it had been set up four times after as many artists had furnished illustrations and that something in the drawings always had displeased him at the last minute. And with a laugh he told me that I could have a try at it if I wanted to take the chance.

"Of course I did. I was the happiest fellow you ever saw. But I've always thought that he gave me the chance just to get rid of me and insure himself against future calls.

"However, I was certain that I could illustrate that story acceptably. It was just as easy as any other story, I was convinced, although it had gained a hard back reputation.

"Later, when I took my illustrations to Mr. Chapin he found them all right. After they were published with the story I was able to sell several other art editors of big magazines, and since then it's been fairly plain sailing."

Mr. Flagg turned toward his easel and squinted with a quizzical gaze, then reached for his palette and brushes.

"If you're going to achieve anything worth while," he concluded, "you've first got to get all doubt out of your system. If there's going to be any doubt about it, let it be on the part of others—after the work's finished. That's my advice. Get rid of doubt, and then tackle a hoodoo job."

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Barbara's Beau

By Caroline Crawford

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VIOLETS AND BON-BONS.

BARBARA'S next miniature of a nine-year-old boy was less interesting to paint and much more difficult. "Teddy," the subject, was restless and impatient. He would sit still five minutes and then dash across the room after a ball which constantly managed to roll out of his pocket. Then she would find him on the floor engaged in a game of marbles, talking to an imaginary pal.

But in the evening when she returned to the studio she found a dirty bunch of violets with Varden's card. Despite his views of marriage and his gay Bohemian friends it was evident that he appreciated the old-fashioned girl, after all. Barbara shed a few tears over the violets as she pressed them to her cheek. It wasn't that she cared so much about Varden but rather that she felt she had a small influence in his life. She wanted to help him, to take him away from his jazy crowd.

At 7:30 Dan Dover drew up to her home with his taxi and trunk bound for Grand Central. It was to be their last half hour together. Barbara, refused to dine with Dan that evening because she knew his parrot-like mother would be with him. But that last half hour spent in the taxi and at the station was to be theirs.

Dan and Barbara sat hand in hand without saying a word as the taxi glided along to the station. There are times in young people's lives when to speak would spoil the romance, the deep sincerity of a situation. There were so many things they wanted to say and could not express. And there were so many things they knew and understood without saying them.

Fifth Avenue, Broadway and finally the Lexington Avenue Station at Grand Central. They were there! In ten more minutes Dan would be traveling further and further away from her.

"It's going to be hard, Barbara," Dan said as his great six feet towered over her, and he looked down into her moist eyes. "I might have stayed right here with you, painting and struggling up the art ladder if it hadn't been for your pesky old ten thousand. What on earth made your uncle leave it to you when we were so happy?"

"You ought to be glad I have ten thousand back of me," declared Barbara, with a little stamp of her foot. "Just because I have that sum is no reason in the world why you should go West and try to earn the same amount. Most couples would grab at an opportunity like that."

"I couldn't," he said. "I'm not made that way, that's all." "I can never forget the couple who lived next door to me as a boy. No woman I marry will ever have a penny more than I have. I think I can land that \$10,000 in a year. My uncle said I ought to even pull out more, but anyway I'll get that."

"You won't sit down when you get the \$10,000 will you, Dan?" laughed Barbara.

"No, I'll come back and bring the business with me to New York. You've made a first rate little money chaser out of me, Barbara. You'll have to look out for the art of the family now. I suppose I'll be introduced as old 'Gat-Rocks' some day, husband of the pretty little artist. Well, dear, my train leaves in two minutes."

He kissed her and was gone!

To-morrow—Platonic Love.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MRS. JARR was always particularly sensitive so far as her husband was concerned, that is she did not mind so much what other people said to her—she could listen carefully or answer back mildly—but let Mr. Jarr say one word to her in impatience or scolding and then the war medicine commenced to seethe.

"At this stage of such proceedings, married couples talk as though to a third party—this third party may or may not be present. In this case no third party was present, but Mrs. Jarr led off in this wise:

"I'm sure I get no thanks for trying to do what's right in this house! Women who don't care are thought more of and are treated better!"

"I don't see what more a man can do than I do," said Mr. Jarr, with his eyes cast upward. "An angel couldn't please her."

"He talks of angels!" replied Mrs. Jarr to the absent third party. "A man who acts like a fiend, who acts like a perfect fiend!"

"If a man doesn't bust out with it," explained Mrs. Jarr to the invisible archer, "that's for relief, somewhere, somehow, some way, such as swearing or breaking things, hell just go crazy!"

"My nerves can stand it no more," Mrs. Jarr continued to the empty air. "There is an end of all things, and this is the end. Oh, if only young girls knew that when they married they were giving up everything—and for what? For nothing," said Mrs. Jarr, and Mr. Jarr.

Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten

DADDY IS VERY LATE

IS MR. JOHN AT THE OFFICE?

HE LEFT TWO HOURS AGO

IS HE?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAN BE KEEPING DADDY?

YES, I AM AFRAID SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO DADDY

YOU ARE WORRYING ABOUT DADDY?

WHY WORRY? DADDY'S INSURED

CAN YOU BEAT IT!

Feeding School Children

The Lunch Box

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THE hot mid-day dinner is preferred for the school child, but it is often absolutely necessary to carry a luncheon to school and to meet the mental requirements of school life the lunch box should contain a meal as well balanced and substantial as a luncheon at the home table would be. Where hot soup, cocoa or milk are served at school no beverage need be included, but if this is not the case a half-pint bottle of milk should be in every lunch box.

Sandwiches are most convenient for the lunch box, and these should be wrapped, singly, in waxed paper. Use the whole wheat, graham, oatmeal or brown bread, and fillings may be chopped meat, egg, grated cheese, chopped vegetables with butter, chopped dates or raisins, peanut butter and jelly.

When fresh fruit is not in season a covered, small glass jar will hold stewed fruit or apple sauce. Custards and puddings can safely be carried in a similar jar. Other simple desserts are cookies, a slice of sponge cake, a few dates or plain sweet chocolate.

There are compact lunch boxes with small thermos bottles that make it possible to carry hot soup or cocoa.

The waste mother will not put any food objectionable to the child into the lunch box under the mistaken assumption that the child will be forced to get it.

Do It Yourself

Whitewash for Basement Walls

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WITH long nights and cloudy days of winter approaching, all courts, basements, etc., should be given a coat of whitewash. Whitewash is inexpensive, can be prepared by anyone and applied with a good sized brush. If walls are coated they will reflect light rather than absorb it and windows adjoining will be illuminated even though the direct rays of the sun seldom reach them.

Whitewash is made from lime which can be purchased from any contractor for a small sum and from many hardware and paint stores. Only water, in proper quantities, need be added to make the coating.

Use a large pail and brush.

Whitewash should not be used extensively on the ceiling, for small bits of lime will flake off and gather on the floor. Ask the man from whom you buy the lime for any additional details regarding the preparation of the wash. Use a large pail and brush.

Kitchenette Kinks

By Emilie Hoffman

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THE Evening World will pay \$1.00 each for accepted "Kinks" from readers. Address: Kitchenette Kink Editor, Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, New York City. Checks mailed Sunday for week ending preceding Thursday.

SAVING EGG YOLKS.

WHEN making cake and puddings I usually use more egg whites than yolks. Formerly I have had to waste some egg yolks. They hardened before I could use them. Now I use them for salad dressing. I mix the dressing and cook it without milk. It will not dry up this way and keeps indefinitely. When ready to use I thin the dressing to desired consistency by adding thin cream or milk.

M. J. M.

DISGUISED DISH CLOTHS.

Always needing clean cloths in the kitchen and having no place to keep them, I cut a piece of cretonne 18x22 inches and one 18x18 inches, which I stitched to the larger piece. In top of larger piece I put a one-inch hem and through that ran a smooth stick 1/2 inches long; 3 inches from each end I put in a screw-eye and at equal distance on the kitchen door put two small hooks. Hung up, it is attractive and convenient for clean cloths or washing paper.

T. H. W.

USE FOR OLD SHOES.

Put a square, the desired size, from the leather top of an old shoe, put a few thicknesses of old rags on both sides, then sew an outside cover of some strong material over all and you will have a heavy holder for brooms or bats. A small piece of tape looped on one corner makes it handy to hang up. Make a few French knots through the entire thickness to hold the material in place.

CAMP CHAIRS FOR KITCHEN.

I wanted a breakfast corner in my kitchen, but it is so small that I couldn't squeeze in two chairs and still have room to move around.

I simply secured two of the folding wooden camp chairs which the Government is selling out, enamelled them white to match the table, and when not in use they are folded up flat against the wall under the table, requiring even less room than the ordinary kitchen stool.

A. L. C.

CORKS FOR SCOURING.

Instead of using dishcloth to scrub pans, forks and bottoms of pots I take a large cork about the size of half a dollar, put a small corker into top of cork, the kind that usually comes with medicine bottles, and hang over in a handy place above the sink. This keeps my dishcloths from wearing out and scours much better.

R.

Tasty Desserts

By Emilie Hoffman

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CARAMEL CUSTARD.

Melt one cup sugar in saucepan, then add one-half cup boiling water; stir until dissolved and add this to four beaten eggs; then put in one quart heated milk; flavor to taste, mix well and bake in moderate oven. This will make sufficient for eight persons.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Stir a level tablespoonful of gelatin into one-fourth cupful of cold milk until smooth, pour off all the milk possible and heat it, then return to gelatin and stir until latter is dissolved. Beat one cupful of cream until stiff, and while doing so, gradually add the cooled gelatine and milk. Add one level tablespoonful of sugar; flavor to taste and pile it into a glass lined with split lady-fingers. Set away in cool place.

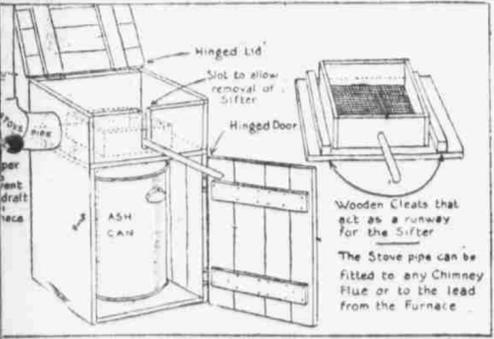
DATE PUDDING.

Stir together one-half cup brown sugar, one teaspoon flour and one-half teaspoon baking powder. Add one-half cupful each of dates and walnuts, finely chopped, and one well-beaten egg. Bake fifteen minutes in slow oven. Serve in two portions with whipped or plain cream.

WHITE CUSTARD.

Put one quart rich milk into a saucepan, add a pinch of salt and sugar to taste. Bring to boiling point, then let it cool and gradually pour it over the stiffly-beaten whites of four eggs. Return to boiler and cook five minutes, add one-half cup chopped almonds and flavor to taste with almonds. When ready to serve, cover with whipped cream and bits of currant or any preferred jelly.

A DUSTLESS ASH SIFTER



Dustless ash sifter that sifts and is really dustless. It can be constructed in a couple of evenings by any one who is possibly aided with a saw and hammer. This sifter, an old packing case, two of hinges, two or three lengths of stove pipe with a damper, and an ordinary ash sifter. The diagram shows the construction. The sifter is governed by the size of the sifter and the ash can.

The principle involved is obvious, chimney draft carries away the dust as surely as it makes your fire draw, and the damper in the pipe from the sifter eliminates any trouble from back draft. There is just one point to be careful of: make the opening over the ash can just large enough to allow the ashes to fall into the can without going over the sides. This may be done with the average can and still allow enough movement for the ashes to be shaken through. This sifter has been tried and found to be efficient and really dustless.

Is Your Piano Misused?

Helps for the Mother

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TO remove articles within reach of a child is not the way to teach personal ownership. Slapping the hands arouses defiance in most children. If you firmly insist that the piano tuner nor is it always due to the fact that the piano has been exposed to dampness or left in a strong draft of air. Usually it is because the amateur doesn't use every key when he plays. The musician who plays merely for his own benefit and who is far from being a skilled pianist discovers that he plays better in some one key and consequently selects all his music from that key. The true musician plays in all keys and has no preference.

If for any length of time we play almost entirely in one key the notes which are not used are bound to produce a different sound from those which are used constantly.

The skilled musician runs his fingers lightly over the whole keyboard before starting any piece, thus bringing all the notes into action. No one can be expected to keep in perfect tune unless every key is used.

Another fair whoever the owner may be, you must not touch." As in many things pertaining to child training, persistence is the only requisite to establish this good habit.

