



# The Call's Magazine and Fiction Pages



## Beauty

Mental Charm, Animation and a Useful Collection of "Don'ts" from Grace Field

### GRACE FIELD'S MAXIMS OF BEAUTY

Beauty may come by the grace of heaven—but you must give it a proper welcome.

My mother stands as my link with God and heaven.

"How to avoid being ugly" is the best beauty secret.

Don't use other people as stepping stones to success—help them up instead.

It takes sunshine to grow beauty and happiness and friendship.



Grace Field's magnetic beauty.

By LILIAN LAUFERTY

PERHAPS you think that beauty comes by the grace of heaven—well, even if it comes that way, it only stays when it is made very welcome. And the best way to welcome beauty is to set most earnestly about not being ugly!" said Grace Field, with her lips there-if you want-me smile lurking in the depths of great hazel eyes.

"Of course, quite a few of us have a hard time winning the title of 'beauty,' but any of us can avoid being ugly—or homely. I have a long list of 'don'ts' for the girl who wants to avoid being ugly. And I have one great big positive rule for beauty. It is keep 'n sympathetic touch with all the world, through your own joy in your mother's sympathy. My mother—with her sweet, helpful sympathy—stands as my link with God and heaven."

The smile—wistful and sweet—trembled on now and lit the face of New York's cleverest soubrette. Sunshine crinkled the mouth corners and lit the wonderful gold brown hair of Miss Field, the fascinating Anna of "Lieber Augustin" at the Casino theater, instead of lovable Grace Field in her own beautiful homely home.

#### HER DON'TS

"My don'ts"—which stand for "How to avoid being ugly" seem to me to be the cardinal beauty secret. Don't worry. Don't dwell on your troubles even if they are big enough to be griefs. Don't get bitter over burdens; that will corrode the sweetness of your nature. It will make your smile acid instead of sweet and make your eyes hard and cold instead of sweet and wistful. Don't use other people as stepping stones to your success. Help them up instead. Don't insist on receiving all the time. It is great fun to give—and if you can give nothing more than a cheerful smile and a friendly greeting, you'll find that gift will make happiness and friends grow in your personal sunshine. It takes sunshine to grow things, you know—beauty and friendship and the joy of a generous nature.

"I suppose any one of us would like to be as beautiful as a poet's dream—or the artist's choice of the 'most beautiful woman in America.' But I have noticed one thing—women who are radiantly beautiful are rarely brilliant and brainy. Perhaps they think that just being lovely pictures

is enough—and they don't lay up anything for the rainy day when beauty fades.

#### IF SHE IS WISE

"Pink and white prettiness and golden hair—even wonderful blue eyes do fade in the glare of our strenuous life. A beauty has to take care of every one of her physical charms. And if she is wise she will add a few mental charms for the 'rainy day' of aging loveliness.

"The girl who is frankly not a beauty can cultivate some splendid 'just as good as what you asked for.' An air of breeding, merry sweetness, good humor and a sympathetic attitude toward life are fine substitutes for beauty.

"You look at the woman who is merely beautiful, but you look at the Venus de Milo, too, and you don't invite her out to dinner! For a companion you choose the girl who is interesting, and sweet mannered. Becoming clothes, physical cleanness, brains and a gracious manner certainly give a girl charm. With a sweet nature blossoming out into a sweet smile a girl can fairly hypnotize you into thinking she is beautiful.

"There is a glamor and a fascination and a charm about the radiant expression of liking it here on earth. I said I knew something just as good as the fatal beauty of Helen of Troy. The something just as good won't fade. It is the ability to give the LASTING EXPRESSION OF BEAUTY. It is the mind to move all the forces of your nature—the heart to be in tune with life and the face molded in sweetness by the clean, happy, eager nature tending the inner shrine."

#### A RADIANT SMILE

The radiant smile of her own sweet nature played in little dancing lights across Miss Field's face of wistful, thoughtful, delicate beauty. A sweet tempered, kindly, generous smile like that is a whole chapter on Beauty! And Miss Field gave me a little conclusion far better than any I ever could write. It was a summing up of her whole philosophy of sunshine: "If you have troubles the Creator must feel that you are strong enough to bear them. There is nothing to be proud about in having everything come your way with no effort on your part. Troubles are a compliment from the Giver. And a compliment from Heaven ought to be received with a gracious manner, a sweet smile and a thankful heart!"

## The Plight of Freckles

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"I AM 25 years of age," writes a girl who signs herself by the descriptive name of "Freckles," a name that speaks for itself, "and am deeply in love with a young man six years my junior with whom I have kept company for the last five months. He claims he loves me, but when we attend a dance or party he seems to pay more attention to the younger girls. Do you think he really cares for me?"

Older women than Freckles, those who have known more of love's sweetness and more of its bitterness, and to whom Man is no problem, but something to be read as easily as a printed page, will say wisely, "He is beginning too soon."

"That the man who loves a woman some years his senior begins at some time to think he has wasted the bloom of his youth on an 'old woman,' is inevitable; she may be only a few years his senior, but the marks of time are so much more apparent on her face and form than on his that he feels justified in calling her old at an age he will think is young when he has reached it.

#### HE IS UNJUST

So prone is man to this injustice that the wife who is the junior is made to fear with the years that she is too old for her husband. The man who is true in his thoughts, as well as his actions, to the wife who has grown old in his service, is the exception and not the rule.

Freckles, who is 25 and a woman grown, loves a boy of 19, and he says he loves her. He doesn't know what love is. At his age it is the flattered pleasure a boy feels at having attracted the love of a woman who is older. It is the love of the boy for his school teacher told over again, and it is an injustice to him, as well as to herself, to accept his stammered expressions of admiration as serious avowals.

Women do it, however, every day. Some because they love Love, and will welcome his messenger though he come in swaddling clothes. Others because their charms attract only the impulsive and impressionable. Others through motives that are mercenary, for behind the young boy there stands a wealthy father, and others, like Freckles, who love, taking no heed of age, and discover to their cost some day that this is a matter of which the man always takes heed, sooner or later.

The boy Freckles loves is already beginning to wander. "When at a dance or party he pays more attention to the younger girls." If he does this in the first blush of his love, it is dreary to contemplate what he will do when that love has grown cold. When Freckles, for instance, is 41, and struggling painfully against wrinkles, a double decked chin and a waist that dobes steadily up, her husband will be 35, as the years have ever pass. And if the years have brought him prosperity, awakened his intelligence and quickened his brain as they should, he is very much better looking than he was when a callow youth of 19.

#### NO LIMIT

My dear girl, I fear that then, if the tendencies of his youthful love making are a criterion, he will not limit his gallantry to "the younger girls" when he casually meets them at a dance or a party. I am sorely afraid, my dear, that like many men he will forget your love, your devotion, your constancy, and the untiring efforts you have made all these years to add to his comfort and further his prosperity. He will forget all these in some young girl whose smile is directed at the bank account you have helped to accumulate. Your labor, your sacrifice, in those tragic days will become to him more an irritation than an obligation.

Give him up, Freckles! He is too young for you. He is too young for any woman. I want you to know the love of a MAN. I want you to receive a measure as full as you give. A man's heart to match your woman's and not the petulant, willful, changeable love of a boy.

#### ABOUT WOMEN

No women are so self-righteous as those who have never been tempted. When a woman wishes to give another woman a cat scratch she says, "How well you are looking. You must have gained 10 pounds since I saw you last."

The wife and mother who is indispensable to her family has yet to be born.

There are two secrets that every woman can keep—her age and what bait she used in catching her husband.

The most valuable talent that any woman can possess is to be born with the ability to weep without getting her nose red.

A woman loves a man for what he is. A man loves a woman for what he imagines her to be.

Only fools laugh at the spectacle of a woman coddling and kissing a dog or a canary bird. The wise weep over the poverty of a heart that has nothing better on which to expend itself.

The difference between a child that is an imp and one who has a wonderful, inquiring mind is the difference between mine and thine.

## About Art

The Wonderful Career of Frances Cranmer, Who Painted Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Portrait.

AMONG the artists who have painted the portrait of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, it has remained for a young girl of little more than a score of years to make a remarkable success.

Miss Frances Cranmer is the artist, and in three sittings of four hours each she produced a portrait which is pronounced by Mrs. Wilcox's near family and friends to be a wonderfully correct likeness; and by all critics who have seen the portrait to be an exceptionally fine piece of art work.

Miss Cranmer has already distinguished herself in portraiture work, and has received medals and praise from high sources.

Frances Cranmer was born in Aberdeen, S. D., in 1899, spending her early years there. After finishing her high school studies at a private academy in Madison, Wis., she went to Washington, D. C., at the age of 16, where she entered the Corcoran School of Art, under the instruction of E. C. Messer.

After spending three years there she studied at the Art Students' league in New York city for a year. From there she went to Boston, entering the portrait class at the Museum School of Art.

After a winter's study there she went to Paris, attending classes at the Academie de la



The Painting of Mrs. Wilcox by Miss Cranmer.

Grande Chaumiere, also spending some time in Holland; copying in the galleries.

Since returning, Miss Cranmer's studio has been in Washington, D. C., until coming to Minneapolis last fall, when she opened a studio in the Handicraft Guild. Miss Cranmer is a pupil of William M. Chase, Frank Benson, Robert Henri and the Spanish painter, Castelluccio, and was awarded the gold medal at the Corcoran Gallery of Art at Washington, D. C., in 1908.

Miss Cranmer is a young woman of striking beauty, great personal charm and unusual mental attainments.

She feels that her portrait of Mrs. Wilcox has been the most gratifying success of her brilliant, in brief, career as an artist.

Miss Cranmer was called to Tuxedo Park immediately after finishing this work to paint the portrait of Miss Marguerite, the winsome and attractive young daughter of George Grant Mason.

Miss Marguerite has taken



Miss Frances Cranmer.



Portrait of Miss Marguerite.

many cups and ribbons in her sportsmanship and was painted in riding habit.

The portrait of Mrs. Wilcox was painted in a sunset yellow gown and mantle against a dark green background, and is most effective. When asked for her own opinion of her portrait, Mrs. Wilcox said:

"I think it is such a decided work of art that long after my name is forgotten it will live in some great gallery as 'Portrait of an Unknown Lady, by Frances Cranmer.'"

"Its art value will survive temporary personality."

Miss Cranmer is to give an exhibition of her work in New York in November.

Miss Cranmer has taken

## Do You Know That—

There are but three mats of ivory in existence. The largest one measures 8 feet by 4 feet, and, although made in the north of India, has a Greek design for a border. It is used only on state occasions, like the signing of important state documents. The cost of this precious mat was almost incalculable, for more than 6,400 pounds of pure ivory was used in its construction. Only the finest and most flexible strips of material could be used, and the mat is like the finest woven fabric.

Not a scrap of paper is permitted to be carried out of the United States treasury department until it has passed the censorship of the official examiners of the waste paper baskets. They are two women, who sit side by side, going through the contents of the department waste baskets. For years they have been doing this work, and have saved the government the amounts of their salaries many times over. Some time back one of them found in a waste basket a \$10,000 United States coupon bond.

Cows in Belgium wear earrings. The law requires that when a cow has attained the age of three months it shall have in its ear a ring to which is attached a numbered metal tag for taxation purposes.

More than 10,000 boys under 16 years of age were injured in mines in Great Britain last year in such a way as to disable them for more than a week. There are about a million coal mine workers altogether, one worker in every seven being killed or injured last year.

A paper chimney, 50 feet high and fireproof, is a curiosity to be seen at Breslau, Germany.

Lions and tigers are too weak in lung power to run more than half a mile.

Brass farthings were authorized by English law in the year 1613. They were suppressed as worthless about 40 years later.

Clippings from masculine heads of hair are used for making strainers through which syrups are clarified.

The average height of the heavy rain cloud is 1,880 yards; of the delicate, fleecy cloud, 9,760 yards.

Only 73 in 1,000 letters delivered in the United Kingdom comes from abroad.

Africa is three times larger than Europe.

At Sotheby's rooms recently a number of autographed manuscripts by Robert Burns were sold. Several of the manuscripts showed a value of \$15 a line.

The most fatal explosion ever known was at Gravelines in 1654. Three thousand people were killed.

# A New Telephone Directory

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