

Cynthia Grey:

Consider the Present-Day Form of Feminine Dress— It Has More Than One Angle.

BY CYNTHIA GREY

The present day discussion over dress reform is generally based on but one angle—the moral side. There is little mention of the health side. Yet that is a very important angle, one deserving of much consideration. Take, for instance, the short dress, so common these days. Where is the great harm in it. It means freedom of movement and, when short within reason, should not draw criticism.

But, as to flimsy hosiery, open-toed sandals, dresses short beyond reason, and dancing shoes that are worn on the street, even in rainy weather! That is another question!

Health is built up only in a term of years. Yet it can be torn down in a short time thru the wearing of flimsy clothing.

The young girls of today would not wear a normal, constructive garment or wear apparel, and base their choice of clothing from the health standpoint, there would be little cause for criticism along moral lines. One of the main objects in social hygiene work is to give the growing girl a normal, constructive viewpoint of life and its values. She will enable him or her to make wise choice in friendship, conduct and dress.

The average young girl likes pretty clothing. She likes to be stylish. She likes to present an attractive appearance. That is natural. But she does not realize that when she appears in scant clothing she only opens herself in the eyes of her friends.

And why? Because she has not been treated with intelligence and told of the inner secrets of life.

It is probably true that there has been a general relaxation in moral standards. But this need not be as serious as it appears on the surface. Parents can check it! Common sense can be of assistance!

All mothers and fathers should take it upon themselves to see that their sons and daughters have a general understanding of life when they reach the age of adolescence.

Then, what young girls shall wear should not be based on the moral question, but become a matter of common sense.

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Bouquet Containing Brickbat

Dear Miss Grey: I have read with varying degrees of interest your column for many years. It used chiefly to concern itself with the problems of the love-lorn swain or the perplexities of the doubtful maiden. I have entertained the opinion that the purpose of its inauguration was to minister to these fretful victims of Cupid's arrows; and to be guided about as a tourist and show the many heterogeneous passages unsuspectingly reposing in the sacred labyrinth had been very amusing. And, of the divers topics that have come under discussion in your column, the most interesting to my mind has been those which deal with the trials of the ardent Romeo and their fair adherents to the cause. But lately it has for some period assumed a new and ever more unusual proportions. (Well might the sportsman resort to Cynthia Grey to write his bet!)

This comprehensiveness is not to be faulted where it admits matter of an altruistic nature; nor when it gives data, statistics and information of all kinds. Indeed there are so many interesting things in your column that rather than undertake an enumeration of them, the quicker way about my point will be to state what I don't like, and that is the mock philosophical "contributions" which you have not discouraged by denying.

How long ago someone submitted one of these gems of literature, and I do know that since, there has been a hot game of follow-the-leader. The opening letter this evening was the writer's sex prohibits a deserving adjective—disgusting. And she seems completely at its conclusion that her time has been well spent and your column served a worthy purpose. So far as I can make out, she is seeking to discourage a habit which she assumes club-women have of maligning the character, without authentic provocation, of underlings.

Not being a woman club-goer it is something of a revelation to learn of the pernicious discourse in which these ladies indulge, and I am sure I wish the writer great success in her reformatory inspiration.

W. O. C.

It is quite natural, indeed, that we do not all agree upon what reading material is the most "interesting" or "entertaining." That is perhaps the most serious drawback the conductor of a column must face.

For instance, you choose to look with scorn upon the contribution of a reader about "The Little Girl Next Door" while in the same mail with your letter were some six or eight others complimenting the letter. You enjoy especially letters pertaining to the trials and tribulations of lovers, but when the Romeo and Juliet have a run in these columns, other readers show sarcastic in their criticism of what they deem "folish" reading matter and complete waste of space, so what is a poor column conductor to do but to attempt to keep it as one and half a dozen of the others?

STUDY WITH AN EXPERT AT Business College SEATTLE

A Sure Way to End Dandruff

There is one sure way that has never failed to remove dandruff at once, and that is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, common liquid arvon from any drug store (this is all you will need), apply it at night when retiring, use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.—Advertisement.

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PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Tom Is Now a Ham Actor

BY ALLMAN

I DON'T LIKE THE PART I HAVE IN THIS SHOW! I BELIEVE I COULD LEARN A LITTLE DANCE AND DO BETTER!

I'LL PLAY SOMETHING FOR YOU AND YOU CAN TRY IT OUT!

SAY, GIRLS, DON'T NEGLECT THE FRYINGPAN FOR THE OPERETTA!

I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS THAT LATE!

YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU GOT DINNER IN THIS SHORT TIME?

YES, WE'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE MUCH!

THESE HAM SANDWICHES ARE ALL I HAD TIME FOR AS WE HAD TO BE OVER TO THE HALL FOR REHEARSAL AT SEVEN O'CLOCK!

DANNY YOU ARE NOW ATTENDING THE ACTOR'S BANQUET, BREAD ALA HAM, AND A MILK WASH!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Tag Don't Know When He's Well Off!

BY BLOSSER

GEE-AINTCHA GLAD TEACHER'S SICK TODAY ALEK. NOW WE CAN HAVE A HOLIDAY!

VEAH-WELL HAVE LOTSA FUN!

WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR, SONNY?

CAUSE MY BROTHER AN ALEK S-SMITH HAVE A HOLIDAY AN I DON'T HAVE ANY.

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE ANY HOLIDAY?

CAUSE I DON'T GO TO S-SCHOOL YET!

THE CRAZY QUILT

THE TEMPTING BUG

THE NUT BROGS - CHES & WAL-

BY AHERN

NOT ME, I DON'T DANCE BECAUSE I THINK IT IS A SALLY WASTE OF TIME!

WANT TO BUY A TICKET FOR THE PIANO TUNERS' DANCE?

HA-I'LL FIX 'EM!

CHON, LET'S SEE YOU STEP 'EM OFF. THAT'S IT. VERY NICE, YOU'RE AS GRACEFUL AND LIGHT ON YOUR FEET AS A GAZELLE!

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GOSH, I WORE OUT 14 PAIRS OF SHOES IN THE LAST MONTH AT DANCES. I'LL HAVE TO GO IN FOR BAREFOOT DANCING.

CLIMB UP THE POLE AND SEE WHAT THAT SIGN SAYS!

WET PAINT!

Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

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AN AUBURN STORY

"Did you be in the massacre?" asked Perry, in an awed voice, when she learned that Mrs. N. was an Auburn pioneer.

"Well, no, not exactly," laughed Mrs. N. "I'm not so old as the massacre, but we people who lived in the White River valley were very naturally more or less afraid of the Indians.

"Part of my family lived in Seattle and part of us lived in the White River valley on a farm. I had one sister who was a beautiful girl, with big brown eyes and long, heavy, black hair.

"It was about four or five miles from our house to the store, and when anything was needed somebody had to get on the horse and go after it. Well, one day mother got to a place where she felt she must have some groceries and there was no one to send but sister. So warning her to be careful, she started her off.

"There was a fairly good road to the store and it should not have taken more than an hour for the trip, so when an hour and a half had passed, mother began to watch a bit anxiously.

"What can be keeping the child?" she said. "She surely should be here by now." The min-

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO

HEY!!! BRING MY UMBRELLA BACK HERE!!

SURE ENOUGH - THERE'S MINE IN THE HOLDER! I DON'T SEE HOW I MADE THE MISTAKE!!

I GUESS IT WAS BECAUSE THEY LOOK SO MUCH ALIKE!!!

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton

ZIPPY ZEBRA'S STORY

Confessions of a Husband

(Copyright, 1921, The Seattle Star)

2. We Get "Ringside Seats"

We met my wife and George in a restaurant just a few doors from the theatre.

"Table for four?" asked the head waiter.

"Ringside seats," but in Edith.

We were given a table on the edge of the dancing floor, where we could watch the gyrations and contortions of half a hundred couples trying to dance where there was room for only 20. Some of the pairs could have gone thru a whole dance without getting off a handkerchief. Others swayed and swirled, hugged and wrestled. The men wore of all ages—the women invariably young or at least of that appearance. The lights in the room were low. It would have been impossible to read even large type without straining your eyes.

I danced one dance with Dot and then gave it up, contenting myself with watching the crowd.

As the four of us sat at the table Edith suddenly turned to Dot and demanded:

"What do you think Tom and I talked about at the theatre?"

"I can't guess. About me, I suppose."

"You flatter yourself. We have more interesting topics, haven't we, Tom?" and she smiled knowingly at me.

"In that case I don't think I'll let my husband escort you again," returned Dot. "Well, what was the subject of your discourse?"

"Aha! So you admit your curiosity is aroused?"

"Nothing of the sort. I can see you haven't done my poor husband any harm."

"Well, I'll tell you anyway. We were discussing business. And I suggested to Tom that, inasmuch as he was ready to make a change, he should meet my father, who will be able to do a great deal for—"

"To," I corrected.

"No, for him and with him," Edith concluded.

"That's just splendid of you." Dot fairly beamed. "You mustn't mind Tom's jokes. I know he'll be glad to meet your father and that a lot will come of it. You were saying to me only the other day that your father was always able to use good men, and I thought of Tom."

"Thank you," I said to my wife with mock gravity. "To date the only person who hasn't been consulted and who therefore can't be expected to be enthusiastic over the arrangement is Edith's father."

"Leave dad to me," said Edith.

"I shall try to," and I sincerely meant what I said, for I saw nothing but trouble ahead if I came under any sort of obligation to her.

Going home that night Dot said to me:

"I've really never had a friend who has done as much for me as Edith. She is simply wonderful. Still, sometimes I am afraid I don't understand her."

(To Be Continued)

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"The trouble lasted about four weeks. Then we started using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and the itching and burning ceased, and after using two cakes of Soap and three boxes of Ointment she was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Hattie A. Singer, R. 2, Esccondido, Calif., July 28, 1920.

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SO WEAK SO NERVOUS

How Miserable This Woman Was Until She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Toombsboro, Ga.—"I suffered terribly with backache and headache all the time, was so weak and nervous I didn't know what to do, and could not do my work. My trouble was deficient and irregular periods. I read in the papers what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to give it a trial. I got good results from its use so that I am now able to do my work. I recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends who have troubles similar to mine and you may use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. C. F. PHILLIPS, Toombsboro, Ga.

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