

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Pretence May Be Fine; It Depends on the "Why"

By WINIFRED BLACK



Winifred Black

WILLIE RITCHIE has dimples—three dimples, two in his cheeks and one in his chin. He is young and he is handsome, and he has a smile like the smile of a lovely child. "Harlem Tommy" Murphy is handsome, too, but in another fashion—tempestuous, radiant. Also he is a figure from a Greek frieze come to life. But who are the gentlemen? Why, they're prize fighters! I knew that even before I read the Century Magazine. Mrs. Inez Haynes Gilmore went to the prize fight and wrote about it, and told us all about it in the magazine. It was a clever story she wrote, and she handled it brilliantly. Mrs. Gilmore never seems to know how to be anything except clever and brilliant. The only thing that astonished me was the point of view, and of course it's very silly to be astonished at that in any one these days. I sat next to a sweet little woman in a dove-gray gown at a luncheon the other day, and she said she thought Mrs. Gilmore's article about the prize fight was "illuminating."

The Irksomeness of Pretence.

"Women have been pretending all these years. Every one of us has pretended for a generation. My great-grandmother pretended that she loved my great-grandfather when he made her spend Sunday afternoons reading psalms to him, and all the while, I haven't much doubt, poor, dear great-grandmother was thinking of the color of the eyes of the tenor singer in the choir. My grandmother pretended that she loved to make quilts and darn stockings and put up jam. "That's because she thought grandfather would love her if she pretended to love these things. My mother pretended to be shocked at the idea of the theatre, but I never say her so excited in my life as she was when she played Esther at a church performance for the benefit of the new carpet for the pulpit. "I started in pretending the day I met my husband. I kept it up for years. "I pretended to be interested in fish stories. I've yawned myself almost to death over shooting stories, and never let my poor, deluded husband see me do it. "Whenever any one told a story that my husband seemed particularly to enjoy, and that was just a little too interesting to me, too—well—I always turned my head away and pretended to blush. "I knew he'd like it better if I did. "I pretended to love cigar smoke, and I pretended that I wasn't lonely when he took his vacations with other men and left me at home with the children. "When I dined with him in restaurants I asked him who the beautifully dressed women were who seemed to know everybody and whom nobody seemed to know. "And when he told me I pretended to be horrified. "I wasn't horrified at all. I was interested. "I'm interested in prize fights. I'm through pretending now, and so I can say it. "I'm crazy to go to the movies. "No, I don't know anything about boxing, and I care even less. I want to see them when they're not pretending.

What Does Pretending Mean?

"The men pretend, too, all the time when they are with us. "I want to see how they look when they forget to pretend. "And then I want to see the fighters themselves. I'm really mad to see them. From what Mrs. Gilmore says they must be perfectly engaging. "Isn't it fun to stop pretending? "When did I stop? "My dear," said the woman in dove gray, striking a match to light her cigarette. "I stopped on the day my husband deserted me and ran away with a woman who had never pretended in her life. "And the woman in dove gray looked away from me as if she were afraid that I would see sudden tears in her eyes. "And I looked away very quickly and "pretended" that I did not see. "Has it all been pretence, all that we women have tried to be for so many, many years? "Was it pretence that made the cave woman hang up a skin in front of her cave and teach her children that behind that skin was home? "Is it pretence that makes modesty and fidelity and honor a part of the daily life of the daily woman we all know and love? "If it is, then hurrah for pretence! "I shall teach my little daughter to pretend as long as I have power to teach, and I hope she'll pretend that she doesn't care for prize fights, just as I hope her brother will pretend that he doesn't care for embroidery and for tea parties. "What a hopelessly uninteresting world it would suddenly be if we should all stop what Mrs. Gilmore seems to think is the pretence of vital difference between men and women. "And if I should ever meet Mr. Willie Ritchie, the prize fighter, upon the public streets, I shall look away from him as quickly as I can. "I'm afraid he'll think I am looking for his dimples, and if he is the kind of man I have faith to believe he is he'll wish I would pretend that I never heard of either him or his "illuminating beauty."

How to Cultivate Charm Through Grace

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

MANY hands have sung of the "poetry of motion," and it is evident that in their minds, to be beautiful and charming, a woman must move gracefully. Many of us are apt to forget that there is an art in walking, moving and holding ourselves gracefully. In most of our schools they consider it a very important matter to teach children how to walk across a room, how to stop and pick up an object, how to sit, how to go up and down stairs, and how to use the arms and hands in a natural, graceful manner. The first essential to grace is a lithe, supple figure. It is impossible to move easily and naturally if one is clumsy, stoop-shouldered or wide-bodied. Suppleness of figure should be acquired in early youth to obtain the best results, but it is "never too late to mend," so if you find you are lacking in this quality, begin immediately to obtain it. The trouble with many of us is that we are muscle-bound through inactivity. Make it a rule, as unbreakable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, to exercise every morning. The following simple exercise will help you to gain suppleness and grace: Stand erect with arms at the sides. Raise the arms high above the head until the hands meet, palms extended. Then bend forward, and, without touching the knees, try to touch the tips of the toes with the tips of the fingers. Repeat this movement until you become dizzy or fatigued. The peasant women of Europe are noted for their grace, and it is attributed to the ability to walk about with baskets balanced on top of their heads. It would be an excellent plan if you would walk about the room with a book balanced on the top of your head. You will soon notice that your carriage is much improved. The "Awkward Age." There is nothing like dancing as an exercise to produce grace, and if you want your little girls to grow to be graceful have them taught dancing at most as soon as they can walk. Fancy dancing in particular will make their bodies supple and lithe, for it teaches them to bend and pose and to use the arms gracefully. Few women are able to use their arms and hands gracefully, and fewer bother about acquiring the art or realize how important it is to the charming, cultured woman. You have noticed how almost every woman you know must toy with her handkerchief in order to keep her hands

FEMININE FOIBLES By Annette Bradshaw



THE CALL OF OUTDOOR SPORT.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

The Moon Rises.

"WELL," said I to Mary as we motored out of the picnic wood in the twilight, "this has been a day. We start off with a bang-up quarrel—'Let's forget that part of the day,' she said. 'The rest has been such a lot of fun.' "Next," I went on, conveniently forgetting the quarrel as my wife had made me do, "next we lunch at a shopping restaurant, motor off aimlessly, find a picnic, rescue an old lady driving an 'old horse,' meet Dickie Fenfield, have a merry-go-round adventure and end the day by eating a regular old-fashioned country picnic supper with a minister!" "It's been delightful!" said my wife. "Like these chancy sort of things, don't you, Peter? Not knowing just what you're going to do—and just following any sort of whim that presents itself." "Mary Grows Drowsy." "Gambling instinct," I told her. "Mary, I do believe you're sleepy! I saw you nod." "I'm sure you didn't, Peter," said my wife indignantly. "I'm as wide awake as you are."

Quickness and Sleep.

"I remember there was quickness somewhere, and the minister had warned us of the danger. Quickness!" "Mary bobbed." "I wasn't asleep!" she said indignantly. "That time," I explained mildly, "I didn't say you were." "Mary looked very guilty."

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Expressions of Hands.

In dancing you will learn how to use your hands naturally and gracefully, and will soon regard them as "fringes" suspended from your arms. If, however, you are conscious of your hands because they are red this can be remedied in less time than awkwardness. To avoid this redness never wear clothing which is too tight. When washing the hands use a bland soap, and thoroughly dry them afterward. Then rub the skin with cold, ventilation. After a containing the following ingredients: Strained honey..... 1 ounce Lemon Juice..... 1 ounce Cologne..... 1 ounce Mix the three liquids together and rub the lotion well into the hands at night. Wear a pair of large kid gloves with the palms split for ventilation. After a while your hands will become soft and white. French and Italian women express a great deal with their hands, and actresses are trained in the art of gesture. It is not the custom for English or American women to gesticulate too much when talking, but we should be most careful that the gestures which we make are graceful.

The Good-Night Story

THE BLUEBIRD By Vernon Merry

IN the ancient Kingdom of Spain there once lived a youth who tried to earn his living by making birchbark, but as he seldom sold one, he was often hungry and dependent. One day when he was bemoaning his bad luck there suddenly appeared before him a strange man, who said: "I will give you something which will prevent you from ever knowing want again, but you must never part with it for love nor money." The birchbark maker promised, and the man blew a whistle and there came flying down from the sky a bird as blue as a sapphire. "Take this," said the stranger, "and whenever you want anything simply say: 'Blue Bird, and I will immediately have it.' The young man being very hungry, repeated the words, and instantly there appeared spread before him a wonderful meal which he ate with a relish. Twinkling they were transformed into rich silks and velvets. After all, we do have some wonderful times together!

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a young girl and go to the skating rink quite often. A few weeks ago I was introduced to a young man whom I skated with. He would insist upon squeezing my hand. Since then I have skated with him quite a number of times and he still continues to do it. I have not said anything to him about it, because I do not like to let him know that I notice it. I am in doubt as to whether I should skate with him or not, but do not like to refuse. Please advise me. PERPLEXED.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a girl of 17 years and I know a boy of about my own age. We both like each other very much, but what I am asking your advice about is this: When this boy comes to my house to see me, and I happen to have any of my girl friends there, he pays more attention to my girl friends than he does to me. Of course this makes me very jealous. My girl friends tell me I make too much of a fuss over him, and he takes advantage of me by thinking I like him so much that I don't care what he does. Both my parents think this is very nice. And when none of my girl friends are around he is very nice to me. I want you to tell me what I am to do, as I do not want to break friendship with this boy. BLUE EYES.

POSSIBLY the young man does this to make you jealous. But are you sure that he is not being nice to your girl friends just for the sake of politeness. In any case, do not get angry and show your anger to him, for if he is doing it to make you jealous that is the very reason why he is so polite to

Secrets of Health and Happiness Excesses Deplete Fluids of Sleep—Result, Insomnia

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

INSOMNIA is as unpopular as it is widely distributed, but it may amaze you to learn that hypersomnia or pathological sleep is equally a pestilence of human kind. Sleep distempers and hypo as well as hypersomnia have been blamed upon everything from the ten tasks of Hercules to all the evils of Pandora's box. Disturbed digestive processes, swollen nervous tissues, microbes, unequal bodily balance, fatigue, lack of fatigue, too little effort and too much effort, worry and the need to worry have all played the part of insomniac afflictions. Dr. A. Salomon, a distinguished French student of insomnia and hypersomnia, proposes to treat all such irregularities in a new way. The physiological mechanism of sleep, especially that concerned in hypersomnia, is explained in a new way. He proves, very skillfully, that "that tired feeling" and the tendency to fall asleep is by no means to be blamed upon any fatigue poisons or similar chemicals which dampen the nerves.

Why We Sleep. In sleep all the tissues are excessively engaged in a task not permitted throughout the active hours of the day—to rebuild, reconstruct, store and elaborate new materials to replace the waste of the waking hours. The waste and wear stuff which accumulates in the course of muscular and mental activity are seized upon, neutralized and destroyed in sleep by the juices—hormones—formed in these restful periods. Indeed, an extra amount of these midnight hormones or anti-juices which causes the goddess in her sable robe to step upon us. Sleep and the sandman sag upon our eyelids, because these new fluids begin to leave their daylight hiding places and start like bats and owls to crawl now here, now there, hither and thither amidst our textiles to rout out the accumulated poisons of the day. Hypersomnia, according to this new knowledge, is the outcome of an early appearance of these hormones in the vermilion stream. In other words, these juices begin to get in their work ahead of time and in excess of normal requirements. A sleepy head is the net price of this. On the other hand, insomnia is a sign of stultification, nigardiness, and deficiency of such fluids. They arrive sparsely, too late, or not at all.

How Insomnia Develops. Dr. Salomon offers no theory without the facts. He says that these juices in various organs or viscera until he hit upon the pituitary gland, the little putty-like nest which hangs from the under surface of the brain in a bony socket over the nose. Whereas this pituitary gland—also called the hypophysis—seems to be the brewery for most of the milk of Morpheus, it is more than barely possible that other structures of mammalian anatomy also give rise to this home-grown "dope."

Any increase of the normal emotions, of fatigue, of any poisons which might induce wakefulness, will at first cause an extra amount of these hormones to generate. There will then be normal sleep of greater duration. Various disturbances of the thyroid gland are accompanied either with insomnia or hypersomnia. The thyroid may act ir-

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

Making a Dainty Early Summer Frock of Wash Materials.

IT is believed that "listeners never hear a good of themselves." This morning I heard Aunt Kathryn talking to mother about me, and since there wasn't any way of escape, and as I was curious to know how "Robbin" saw it, I stiched away on my embroidery and proved that the old saying is not always true. "Do you appreciate that Robbin is quite an exceptional girl?" said Aunt Kathryn in a tone that plainly said, "Dare to disagree with this opinion and we'll no longer be on speaking terms."

When I asked mother to criticize any of the things, and ended with this compliment: "She wasn't overlooked when the talents were portioned out, either, for I think it is nothing short of marvellous the way she makes most of her clothes. I had to look at her in astonishment—for I can't sew a straight seam—as she took that inexpensive material and fashioned it into a frock which led me as if it had cost \$5. Really, Margaret, I'm very proud of my niece."

Dear, indulgent Aunt Kathryn! I wanted to bunch her up in my arms and thank her for thinking so well of me, but didn't dare move until they had left the room. "I'm glad that Aunt Kathryn likes my latest effort in the dressmaking line. It is a summer dress of pale blue muslin, white net and lace, and is quite a frock I've made from wash materials. The idea wasn't entirely original, for I saw a similar frock of pale yellow in one of the shops, and it was so cool looking and dainty that I decided to have one nearly like it. I bought imported muslin—making the frock myself I could afford to spend more for the materials—of the palest blue tint. My heart was set upon a frilled skirt, so I used four lace-edged ruffles about the bottom.

When I asked mother to criticize any of the things, and ended with this compliment: "She wasn't overlooked when the talents were portioned out, either, for I think it is nothing short of marvellous the way she makes most of her clothes. I had to look at her in astonishment—for I can't sew a straight seam—as she took that inexpensive material and fashioned it into a frock which led me as if it had cost \$5. Really, Margaret, I'm very proud of my niece."

Charming Pale Blue Muslin Frock. twice as smart. I cut the ruffles away from the front and attached the panel to the belt, looping it up just above the knees. Then I discovered that something was needed to take away the plainness about the hips, and as panti-ers are being worn again, I made a short overkirt to simulate a panti-er drape. This made the skirt perfect, and I was ready to make the bodice. I have a weakness for tuckers of net, so I cut the bodice with a low, rounded neckline, and shirred in the net and lace to form a dainty tucker. Across the back I used a high collar of the lace, and made the latter into light cuffs trimmed with lace, and fastened them at the side with tiny buttons and loops. I know I'll get a lot of wear out of this frock. It is the kind that will be suitable for a garden party or an afternoon promenade.

Perpetually within the measure. After one or two ounces of drug store and even in damp beautiful curls which bear no relation to the scalp in the least. After one or two ounces of drug store and even in damp beautiful curls which bear no relation to the scalp in the least. After one or two ounces of drug store and even in damp beautiful curls which bear no relation to the scalp in the least.



DR. HIRSHBERG.

Answers to Health Questions

ANXIOUS BLUE EYES—Q.—Please advise me of a good remedy for falling hair. A.—Massage into the scalp twice a day: Resorcin, 15 grains; balsam of Peru, 1/4 dram; sulphur loli, 4 drams; castor oil, 14 drams; oil of theobromine, 3 drams. Use electric hair brushes, vigorous massage, scalp movements, and the use of some irritant such as capsicum vaseline.

C.H.S.—Q.—Is the henna and indigo tea really a safe dye for gray hair? A.—In that southern shaving powder available here.

A.—If you prefer another remedy you may take ordinary burnt cork, such as minstrele or make up, and make this into either an oily or ointment-like mixture for the hair to use.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical hygiene and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally. If a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed, address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care of this office.



Charming Pale Blue Muslin Frock.

OUR... a... year... \$3... \$3... MADONNA... KIN... Gallant O... Was Wri... THANKED... Note to... Was Wri... Margaret... daughter of... the Queen's... the battle of... last letter... popular of... acknowledging... which his cou... had sent to... wrote the foll... "My Dear... much for you... was just what... a wonderful... nice a scarf... who have be... thousands of... around here... and tents... smashed down... Now, Margare... letter from yo... let you more... next time." The above l... before he me... reinforce com... swept back b... To Have... Wa... Perpetually... within the mea... After one or... ounces of drug... store and even... in damp beau... tiful curls wh... which bear no... relation to the... scalp in the l... After one or... ounces of drug... store and even... in damp beau... tiful curls wh... which bear no... relation to the... scalp in the l...