

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw

Exercise the Only Way to Win Lasting Loveliness

By LUCREZIA BORI.

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

EXERCISE is as necessary to our beauty and good health as food and air. It is impossible to assimilate either properly without the proper amount and proper kind of exercise.

Most women, I am sorry to say, look upon systematic exercise as a waste of time. Some will insist that housework is, in itself, all the exercise any woman requires.

The physician will tell you that the performance of household duties has as its object the completion of a certain amount of work, therefore the mental object of the housewife is "work"; while the woman who exercises to derive physical benefits has a different object—her beauty and good health. The mental attitude has much to do with the results, so when you exercise to increase your good looks concentrate your mind upon the attainment of that object.

An Hour for Exercise.

When you map out the work for the day never fail to allow an hour or so for exercising. If possible, go out into God's great outdoors with its natural tonic of pure air, and walk, play tennis, golf, swim or indulge in any other form of exercise that appeals to you most.

If it so happens that you cannot go out, take indoor exercises, that is, if you value your beauty, health and good temper. You may not be able to have a systematic course of the kind, but you can rig up one in the attic or an unused room, using a few

ropes, a sawhorse, dumb-bells and a trapeze.

In your enthusiasm do not overexercise and tire yourself out. Begin with a few easy movements and increase the amount each day. Some one has said "moderation is the siren siren running through the pearls of all virtues," and exercise is certainly a virtue.

Exercises That Really Help.

The first day use a simple exercise consisting of stretching the hands high above the head, in front of the chest, and down the side. Another movement is to stretch the hands above the head and bring them down to touch the toes without bending the knees.

All these exercises, of course, are to be done without wearing corsets.

When you have become limbered up suddenly after a couple of weeks of such mild exercises you may use the sawhorse.

This old charger is a trifle strenuous for the beginner. One of the best sawhorse exercises is to place both hands on the centre of the horse and jump over it. You remember how you used to jump over the garden bridge or the porch rail in this manner? Pretend that you're a child again and keep on jumping until you are tired.

The next sawhorse exercise is a plain game of seesaw, but this requires two persons.

Next, grasp the sawhorse with both hands and raise it high above the head. Do this for six or eight times. Then lift it with each arm alternately for the same number of times.

With the broomstick do the series of movements you were taught at school with the wand. They are excellent to teach one muscular control.

Be sure to have your home gymnasium well ventilated.



Annette Bradshaw

When the Easter Clothes Problem Comes Home to Father.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

Solving the Flower Problem on the Newest Frocks.

THIS morning I had the first real taste of spring, for I've been gardening. The seedlings have grown so fast the last few days that I had to transplant them from the "nests" to the small pots.

It doesn't seem any time at all since I sowed the seeds, and now I have bunches of pansies, marigolds, larkspurs and foxgloves, and a blossom tucked away in every available space.

Then I'll have plenty of long-stemmed flowers to use for house decoration, such as foxgloves, marigolds, larkspurs and pansies.

This promises to be a very showy season as far as fashions are concerned. The frock and hat has a blossom tucked away in every available space.

I love to wander through the shops and note just what new fashions they cover for postals from day to day.

First of all there is the garlanded frock with flowers arranged in formal festoons, bow knots or wreaths on the skirt or bodice. These are usually fastened with small bright flowers in the white, exquisite coloring of nature's blooms.

to wreath the top of the crown or to encircle the base. They are tucked underneath the brim, against the hair, or they are placed flat against the upper brim, near the edge.

Flower buckles are used to centre bows of tulle, ribbon velvet or lace and flower streamers are placed beneath the chin or across the back like a reversed "Tommy Atkins" chin strap. There are "flowery flowers everywhere!"

The man in the section ahead shuffled the cards for his lonely game of solitaire as if he were the last man left in the world and he did not like the sensation.

The snappy woman with the two restless little boys shook one of the little boys viciously and sat him down in the corner—and glared fiercely at the other until he fairly cowered—snatched up a lurid magazine and buried herself in it furiously.

The fat man with the enormous neck asked the porter querulously how long it was to luncheon time—and everybody was bored to death.

All at once there was a breeze in the landscape—a human habitation. Just a little, gray, fopsome house—no garden, not even a yard, nor yet the slightest vestige of a tree or a shrub, or a bit of grass.

Did any one live there, all alone, and if he did how in the world did he bear it?

Before I had time to lean from my seat to look back he came bursting into the vision—my friend the dog.

Shaggy, yellowish, bearded with a huge collar of shaggy white and brown, his tail a flag of white and yellow, every tooth in his head agape and all his opinion of trains and people who rode in them expressed without the slightest hesitation in an astonishing bark.

"Whoof!" said the bark. "Whoof!" Here it is again, the yelling giant, and there they sit, all the silly people cooped up in the silly boxes; they laugh

at me, too; perhaps they're just friends and mean it kindly after all; well, I'll show them; they may think they have dogs back in the queer place they come from, but I'll show 'em."

And we were gone—and the little house and the racing dog were a part of the whirling past.

But the whole atmosphere of the car was changed.

"Game old sport, wasn't he?" said the solitary player with a flash of white teeth that changed his rather uninteresting face astonishingly.

"Oh!" said the little boy who had been put in the corner, "Oh!" and his poor little tear-stained eyes shone and sparkled.

"Oh!" cried his brother from the other end of his seat of penance, "Oh!" and it was easy to see that the two hearts of the two rather doleful little boys were out there in the desert with the brown and yellow dog.

Even the snappy woman relaxed; the hard lines of her set face relaxed.

"We had one exactly like him when we were little—my brother and I," she said. "He used to go skating with us."

The ministerial looking person across the aisle beamed on us benignantly.

"He did his best," he said, "anyhow."

"He sure did," remarked a sturmiest young man with a leather-colored complexion and a strange way of sitting as if he were sitting in a saddle. "He sure did."

"Speaking of skating," said the fat man, coming across the aisle in friendly fashion, "speaking of skating, I remember once"—and there we were, all at once a friendly, happy, human party, we that had been a row of human units just a few short minutes ago.

All on account of a fool of a yellow and brown dog with a yellow and white neck ruff, and a white and brown flag for a tail.

I shall never think of that desert as a lonely place again.

And I'm not a bit sorry for the man who lives there.

Not while he has the company of that optimist of a creature, the yellow and brown dog.

I don't suppose there's money enough in the world to buy that dog, and I'd hate to have to try to earn what he is worth—really—to the man who has his friend.

At me, too; perhaps they're just friends and mean it kindly after all; well, I'll show them; they may think they have dogs back in the queer place they come from, but I'll show 'em."

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