

# HAPPY DAYS

## HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

A quaint middle-aged maiden lady said to me once: "If I had my life to live over again, I would be just hansum." I could not repress a flicker of a smile, which seemed to be expected, and was received in good faith; but she repeated: "Yes, real hansum; but it's too late now. You have to begin when you are real little, and never let angry thoughts or selfishness or meanness of any kind get a-hold of your heart."

Many a time since have I thought of this saying and watched the faces in the crowded thoroughfares and street-cars, and I am convinced that it is true, and it is such faces that leave a benediction with you and haunt your memory.

In these days of massage and aids to beautify, I believe we think too little of the deep lines and ineradicable furrows traced by the thoughts that are untrue to our better natures. The girl who would never think of exposing her delicate skin to rough winds and driving storms fills full the dark paint-pots of worry and peevishness, and leaves lines on her face that cosmetics cannot hide or toilet-water wash away.

A smile lifts all the lines of the face and gives a glitter to the eye that belladonna cannot even imitate; and, aside from the good it does to the beholder, it reacts on the one who smiles, and leaves touches like the brush of the finest portrait painter, scarcely seen at first, but by and by leaving the face a



THE THRUSH.

"Thrush, thrush, have mercy on thy little bill."

"I play to please myself, albeit ill;  
And yet, but how it comes I cannot tell,  
My singing pleases all the world as well."

—Montgomery.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,

Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,  
See aged winter, mid his surly reign.

At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

—Robert Burns.

growing smoother, the mouth will have a more pleasing expression, the eyes will have a charming expression, and the whole effect will be better and brighter.

Smile? Why, all the massage in the world cannot make you as beautiful as that will, even though the manipulator be genuine Russian or Turkish. I only wish I could advertise as fluently as they, that this great beauty producer might be appreciated and every one believe in it. I do not mean you shall grin like a Cheshire cat; far from it. A grin is felicitately put on, like a mask; a smile bubbles up from the heart.

Then smiles are contagious; and besides beautifying your own face, you are adding an effective stroke here and there to other faces, until gradually—well, what? I guess the millennium will come.

## A STOLEN DRINK

In a railway car a waggish young man, noticing an elderly gentleman trying to put on a light dust-coat, went to his assistance. While thus engaged, the young man observed a good-sized whisky flask protruding from one of the old gentleman's pockets, and thought it a good opportunity for a joke. Having helped the stranger on with his coat, therefore, he pulled out the flask and said: "Will you take a drink?"

The old man did not recognize the bottle, and, drawing himself up, remarked, rather severely: "No, sir; I never drink."

"It won't hurt you," insisted the wag; "it's the best."

"Young man," said the old gentleman,

Try it for a month, and let a smile be

always ready instead of a frown; then consult your mirror, and convince yourself that this is true. You will find your face