# THE WOMAN'S CORNER

## Why Not Learn To Be Graceful

It's a bit stupid of women that in their frantic struggle for beauty they have pinned their faith to clothes, and overlooked the grace which is the only real, reliable, blown-in-the-bottle substitute for pulchritude of face and form.

Of course to be really beautiful, you have got to be born that way. If nature bestowed upon you a saleratus biscuit complexion instead of one of peaches and cream, there is mighty little you can do to alter it. Also if you failed to draw a tall and willowy figure in the lottery of life, and got instead an apple dumpling shape, it is in vain that you starve yourself and try all the fifty-seven varieties of recipes for getting slight and svelte, for no woman by taking them can add one cubit to her stature, or remove an ounce from her weight.

Likewise, while it is true that fine feathers DO make fine birds, it is not everyone who is blessed with a purse that enables her to ameliorate her homeliness by an application of French gowns and $50 hats.

On the other hand, the chief recommendation of grace as the understudy to beauty is that it is something that absolutely may be achieved by any woman, and, furthermore, it is something that may be had without money and without price.

### To Be Had for the Taking.

It is free, and is yours for the taking. Its only requirement is a little thought, and effort, and study.

When we say that a woman is stylish, we simply mean that she wears her clothes gracefully. She imparts an air of smartness to whatever she has on. Her hat is on at the proper angle. Her belts are taut. Her skirts hang evenly. Her clothes appear to belong to her instead of her belonging to them, and in the simplest cotton frock she looks more elegant than another woman does in an imported velvet.

Such a woman always gives an impression of being beautiful, whether she is or not. So does the woman who always fits in the picture, as they say on the stage. She is the woman who never strikes an ungainly pose, who can lie in a hammock without sagging down like a load of bricks, who can sit in church or the theatre without sitting on the back of her neck, and who puts, not only her best foot, but the best side of her, forward.

You may not have thought of it, girls, but there is a way to sit, and a way to stand, that will add 40 per cent to any woman's good looks, and an uncouth way of doing the same thing that will discount her charms even more.

There never was a more vivid illustration of what being drilled in graceful pose means for a woman than was given by Evelyn Thaw during the two long trials of her husband, in which she was the cynosure of every eye. She had been the pupil of that great artist and connoisseur of beauty, Stanford White, and so well had he impressed his precepts on her that it was remarked by those of us who watched her, that never once, by any chance, did she fall into any attitude that did not set off her beauty to the greatest advantage.

### One Case in Point.

If she looked straight in front of her the head was held so that the profile was as clear cut as a cameo. If she looked up, the throat and head were tilted to an angle that brought out the exquisite lines of chin and throat. If she looked down, the head dropped like a weary flower on its stem, and each time, no matter what she did, you said to yourself that this was the most exquisite pose of all.

To a degree, any clever girl can acquire the art of being graceful. She can watch herself and cure herself of the habit of sprawling. She can refrain from sitting with her feet stretched out in front of her, and train her elbows to move in curves instead of jerky straight lines, and she can master the knack of melting into a chair instead of being a mere excrescence on it like a bump on a log. Few young women in these days of athletics and gaucherie have any comprehension of what a woman really can do with a couch and a cushion as a background. They are like the late lamented Mrs. Wilfer, who, when her daughter implored her to loll in the carriage, cried out, "Loll, Lavina; I am incapable of such a thing!"

## DAILY MENU

**Friday's Menu.**

BREAKFAST.

Muskmelon.
Green corn oysters.
Entire wheat muffins. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Creamed beef. Lettuce and celery. sandwiches.
Peach shortcake with whipped cream.
Iced tea.

DINNER.

Shredded cabbage relish.
Nut loaf with tomato sauce.
Fried cucumbers in batter.
Creamed beans. Celery hearts.
Cocoa ice cream with nuts.
Coffee.

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Measurement—Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark it 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
LONDON ADVERTISER.

## RICE RECIPES

### Imperial Cake.

Wash and blanch a pound of rice, drain it and put it into a stewpan with one and a half quarts of boiled milk, a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar and two ounces of butter. Simmer the whole gently for an hour, and when partly cold mix in three eggs. Have ready eighteen preserved apricots. Separate them in halves. Put them into a sugar boiler with some syrup. Simmer for five minutes and drain in a sieve. Butter a plain pudding mold, strew the butter with bread crumbs — as many as the butter will hold; put in a layer of rice an inch thick, then a layer of apricots, and continue the alternate layers until the dish is full. Bake in the oven, and when done turn the "cake" out of the mold and serve with a custard sauce.

### Custard Sauce.

Put six yolks of eggs into a quart pan, add three ounces of sugar, the grated peel of a lemon and a pint of milk. Stir the mixture over the fire until the sauce begins to thicken and forms a coating on the spoon. Take it off the fire and stir for three minutes more. Strain and serve in a boat with the pudding.

### Custard Pudding.

To two cupfuls of boiled rice allow a scant quart of milk, four well-beaten egg yolks, a cupful of sugar and a fourth of a cupful of butter. Mix all thoroughly and bake in a slow oven. The pudding may be flavored in any way desired. Grated lemon rind is very good. A meringue may cover the top of the custard—or custard if it is baked in individual molds — and should be browned in the oven. To make it still more festive a layer of jam may be spread over the pudding before adding the meringue.

### Old-Fashioned Pudding.

For an old-fashioned creamy rice pudding use five or six cupfuls of rich milk, a small cupful of uncooked rice, a pinch of salt, a grating of nutmeg or cinnamon—the former preferred—a very scant cupful of sugar and a cupful of stoned raisins. If the milk is not rich enough add a spoonful of butter. Bake in a slow oven for several hours, by the end of which time it should be very creamy. Not every one can make a rice pudding of this sort successfully, for if baked too quickly the milk around the grains dries up before they have become soft.

### Vests For Women.

Vests of rich braided or embroidered satin are being worn much under the satin coat so much in vogue today. For wear under the linen suits a vest of wide wale cotton Bedford cord or pique is in good form.

### Knack of Looking Cool.

It is of little importance to feel cool if you do not look cool also.

With some women it is almost an art, this ability to look cool and pleasing to the eye when the thermometer soars.

One woman who has achieved it in a remarkable degree seldom wears white, which is commonly believed to be the coolest of "colors."

"It is too opaque, too creamy, too hot," she says. She prefers colors that are cloudy and transparent with cool tones in them.

Better a clear, cool blue, ice green, or even transparent black.

Another point in looking cool is to select fabrics that will fly out, that will blow a little; filmy things that stir with the slightest breeze.

Stiff starched frocks invariably look hot, no matter what the color.

Red and orange and purple, however, are undoubtedly heating, and should be tabooed during tropic weather.

Looking cool is also a matter of being easily dressed. Tight collars, tight corsets, and tight shoes fail to inspire either the wearer or the observer with feelings of coolness and peace.

"Can be depended upon," is an expression we all like to hear, and when it is used in connection with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy it means that it never fails to cure diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is pleasant to take and equally valuable for children and adults. Sold by all dealers 3

## CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: Would you please answer the following questions:

1. Is it wrong for girls of 16 to keep company occasionally with young gentlemen of the same age?
2. Is it wrong for young girls to correspond with young gentlemen, whom we met while on our vacation?
3. And if it is wrong to keep company with young gentlemen, what amusements are there in a town for girls of our age?
4. What is a suitable way for us to wear our hair, and what length should we wear our skirts?

THE TWINS.

1. No. If your parents are welling.
2. Rather unwise, if that is the sole extent of your acquaintance.
3. I hope indeed that "keeping company with young men" is not the only way to get fun. Why not organize a girls' club of some description? Get two or three of your brightest thinkers together and discuss it. If your club was formed with the idea of helping yourselves or others in some way—all the better. Have a very secret initiation; publish a club newspaper; get up a concert or little private play and have outsiders come to enjoy it; have a social evening occasionally. There, haven't I suggested enough fun for a whole winter? You are welcome to any help I can render through this column if you decide to form a club.
4. Part in two braids, and either let them hang, or bind about the head. Tie with bows of wide ribbon. Just below your boot top.

Dear Miss Grey: Will you please answer the following questions:

1. Do you think gold buttons on a red sweater coat would be in good taste?
2. Could you also tell me what would cure warts?
3. What will be the most fashionable colors for fall suitings?

BETSY.

1. Yes. White pearl, or red to match the coat would be equally suitable.
2. Ask a druggist.
3. Maize, helio, bisque, raven's wing, burgundy, tealeaf and olive green are all popular shades.

Dear Miss Grey: I used to keep company with a young gentleman whom I love very dearly, but we quarrelled about two months ago, and have not been in one another's company since. He keeps company with a young lady now, who he always told me he disliked very much. He always keeps out of my sight when I am with another young gentleman. Do you think he is jealous of me?

2. Will I go back with him if I get the chance?

Please answer my questions and give me some advice.

GOLDEN LOCKS.

1. Unless you are willing to eat "humble pie," and acknowledge yourself in the wrong, I'm afraid nothing can be done to bring you together. Do you love him enough to do this? Maybe he is sorry, too.
2. My dear, that is for you alone to decide.

Dear Miss Grey: Will you please answer the following:

1. I am 20 years old, height 4 feet 11 inches, weight 104 pounds. Can I wear a long coat, if so, what length, or would a suit be more suitable?
2. What colors will be worn this winter?

HAZEL.

1. I think I would prefer the long coat. Wear it the same length as your dresses.
2. See answer to "Betsy."

Dear Miss Grey: Please let me know through the columns of your paper how to remove inkspots on cotton goods. L. E. IRWIN.

Moisten the spots with strong salt water and squeeze a few drops of lemon juice. Then wash without soap in lukewarm water. Repeat if necessary.

Dear Miss Grey: Will you please tell me what will take grass stains out of a wash dress, tan color, with a pale-blue stripe? HELEN M.

Ans.—Wet the stains with alcohol. Rub well and the green will disappear. Then wash as usual.

Dear Miss Grey: What is the best hair restorer?

2. Do you think it perfectly right and proper to have superfluous hair removed, or do you think it wiser not to meddle with it?
3. I think you say it is right to have many boy friends. Do you think it is right to have any who you know can never be anything more than friends, or can you be sure without being intimately acquainted? Of course, I understand what true boy and girl friendship means, but it seems to me that a boy should not be wasting his time paying attention to a girl who can never be anything more than a friend. I am only 17, and wish advice from one of more experience.

GIRLIE GIRL.

Ans.—1. Honestly I don't wish to recommend any one preparation, as most of them have their drawbacks. Better ask your druggist, or a scalp specialist.

2. I think it better to leave it alone. Although I believe the electrical needle will remove it. I am told it is very painful.

3. As long as you confine yourself to friendship, I think it is perfectly right and natural to enjoy the society of as many people as possible, whether men or women. Friendly intercourse and the exchanging of ideas tends to broaden one. Evidently, though, you are not speaking generally, but are referring to one particular young man. Try to treat him just as you do your other boy friends—be friendly, yet not too cordial. No doubt he will soon see "how the land lies," and will act accordingly.

### How to Care for Hair.

The hair is a frequent sufferer from too much vacation. The nose gets skinny and peels and soon recovers, but a course of ocean wetting and dusty drives often leaves its trail of disaster in the appearance of the hair for a month or more, unless immediate action is taken.

The first thing to do upon returning is to brush and air the hair thoroughly.

Then give it a good shampoo, that all signs of travel may be removed.

After this a good hair tonic should be used, and used regularly.

If the hair is unusually dull and brittle it needs massage, a good thing in any case to tone up the scalp.

Afterward, never allow yourself to be too tired to give it a good brushing each night.

The foregoing cautions seem almost too simple to speak of, but you may be sure, from the number of badly kept heads of hair to be seen at this time of year, that they are frequently neglected.

## When a Man Marries

By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

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I wish you could see this Mrs. Wilson, Hal. You would change a whole lot of your ideas. She is a thoroughbred, sure enough, and of course some of her beauty is the result of the exquisite care about which you and I—still from our Andean pinnacle—used to rant. But the fact is, she is more than that. She has fire, and pluck, no end. If you could have seen her this morning, standing in front of a cold kitchen range, determined to conquer it, and had seen the tilt of her chin when I offered to take over the cooking—you needn't grin; I can cook, and you know it—you would understand what I mean. It was so clear that she was paralyzed with fright at the idea of getting breakfast, and equally clear that she meant to do it. By the way, I have learned that her name was McNair before she married this would-be artist, Wilson, and that she is a daughter of the McNair who financed the Callao branch!

I have not met the others so intimately. There are two sisters named Mercer, inclined to be noisy—they are playing roulette in the next room now. One is small and dark, almost Hebraic in type, named Leila and called Lollie. The other, larger, very blonde and languishing, and with a decided preference for masculine society, even, saving the mark, mine! Dallas Brown's wife, good looking, smokes cigarettes when I am not around—they all do, except Mrs. Wilson. Then there is a maiden aunt, who is ill today with grippe and excitement, and a Miss Knoles, who came for a moment last night to see Mrs. Wilson, was caught in the quarantine (see papers), and, after hiding all night in the basement, is sulking all day in her room. Her presence created an excitement out of all proportion to the apparent cause.

From the fact that I have reason to know that my artist host and his beautiful wife are on bad terms, and from the significant glances with which the announcement of Miss Knowles' presence was met, the state of affairs seems rather clear. Wilson impresses me as a spineless sort, anyhow, and when the lady of the basement shut herself away from the rest today and I happened on "Jimmy," as they call him, pleading with her through the door, I very nearly kicked him down the stairs. Oh, yes, I'll keep out, right enough; it isn't my affair.

By the way, after quarantine and with the policeman locked in the furnace room, a pearl necklace and a diamond bracelet were stolen! Just ten of us to divide the suspicion! Upon my word, Hal, it's the queerest situation I ever heard of. Which of us did it? I make a guess that not a few of us are fools, but which is the knave? The worst of it is, I am the only unaccredited member of the household!

This is more scandal than I ever wrote in my life. Lay it to circumscribed environment, and the lack of twenty miles over the pampa before breakfast. We have all been vaccinated, and the officious gentlemen from the board of health have taken their grins and their formaldehyde and gone. Ye gods, how we cough!

The Carlton order will go through all right, I think. 'Phoned him this morning. If it does, old man, we will take a month in September and explore the Mercator property.

Do you know, Hal, I have been thinking lately that you and I stick too close to the grind. Business is right enough, but what's the use of spending one's best years succeeding in everything except the things that are worth while? I'll be thirty sooner than I care to say, and—oh, well, you won't understand. You'll sit down there, with the Southern Cross and the rest of the infernal astronomical galaxy looking down on you, and the Indians chanting in the village, and you will think I have grown sentimental. I have not. You and I down there have been looking at the world through the reverse end of the glass. It's a bully old world, Hal, and this is God's part of it

Burn this letter after you read it: I suspect it is covered with germs. Well, happy days, old man. Yours,

TOM.

P. S.—By the way, can't you spare some of the Indian pottery you picked up at Callao? I told Mrs. Wilson about it, and she was immensely interested. Send it to this address. Can you get it to the next steamer?—Tom.

From Maxwell Reed to Richard Burton Bagley, University Club, New York.

Dear Dick:

Inclosed find my check for five hundred, as per wager. Possibly you were within your rights in protecting your bet in the manner you chose, but while I do not wish to be offensive, your reporters are damnably so.

Yours, MAXWELL REED.

From Officer Flannigan to Mrs. Maggie Flannigan, Erin street:

Dear Maggie.

As soon as you receive this, go down to Mac and tell him the story as I tell you hear. Tell him I was walkin my beat, and I'd been afther seein Jimmy Alverini about doin the right thing for Mac on Monday, at the poles, when I seen a man hangin suspicious around this house, which is Mr. Wilson's, on Ninety-fifth. And, of course, afther chasin the man a mile or more, I lose him, which was not my fault. So I go back to the Wilson house, and tell them to be careful about closin up fer the night, and while I'm standin in the hall, with all the swells around me, sparklin with jewels, the board of health sends a man to lock us all in, because the Jap thats been waiter has took the smallpox and gone to the hospitle. I stood me ground. I sez, sez I, you cant shtop an officer in pursute of his duty. I rafuse to be shut in. Be shure to tell Mac that.

So here I am, and likely to be for a month. Tell Mac theres four votes shut up here, and I can get them for him, if he can stop this monkey business.

Then go over to the Dago Church on Webster avenue and put a dollar in Saint Anthony's box. He'll see me out of this scrape, right enough. Do it at once. Now remember, go to Mac first: maybe you can get the dollar from him, and mind what you tell him. Your husband,

TIM FLANNIGAN.

From me to mother—Mrs. Theodore McNair, Hotel Hamilton, Bermuda.

Dearest Mother:

I hope you will get this letter before you read the papers, and when you do read them, you are not to get excited and worried. I am as well as can be, and a great deal safer than I ever remeber to have been in my life. We are quarantined, a lot of us, in Jim Wilson's house, because his irreproachable Jap did a very reproachable thing—took smallpox. Now read on before you get excited. His room has been fumigated, and we have been vaccinated. I am well and happy. I can't be killed in a railway wreck or smashed when the car skids. Unless I drown myself in my bath, or jump through a window, positively nothing can happen to me. So gather up all your material anxieties and cast them to the Bermuda sharks.

Anne Brown is here—see the papers for list—and if she cannot play propriety, Jimmy's Aunt Selina can. In fact, she doesn't play at it; she works. I have telephoned Lizette for some clothes—enough for a couple of weeks, although Dallas promises to get us out sooner. Now, dear, do go ahead and have a nice time, and on no account come home. You could only have the carriage to stop in front of the house, and wave to me through a window.

Mother, I want you to do something for me. You know who is down there, and—this is awfully delicate, Mumsy—but he's a nice boy, and I thought I liked him. I guess you know he has been rather attentive. Now, I do like him, Mumsy, but not the way I thought I did, and I want you to—very gently, of course—to discourage him a little. You know how I mean. He's a dear boy, but I am so tired of people who don't know anything but horses and motors.

And, oh, yes,—do you remember a girl named Lucille Mellon who was at school with you in Rome? And that she married a man named Harbison? Well, her son is here! He builds railroads and bridges and things, and he even built himself an automobile down in South America, because he couldn't afford to buy one, and burned wood in it! Wood! Think of it!

I wired father in Chicago for fear he would come rushing home. The picture in the paper of the face at the basement window is supposed to be Mr. Harbison, but of course it isn't any more like him than mine is like me.

Anne Brown mislaid her pearl collar when she took it off last night, and has fussed herself into a sick headache. She declares it was stolen! Some of the people are playing bridge, Betty Mercer is doing a cake-walk to the Rhapsodie Hongroise—Jim has no every-day music—and the telephone is ringing. We have received enough flowers for a funeral—somebody sent Lollie a Gates' Ajar, only with the gates shut.

There are no servants—think of it, Mumsy. I wish you had made me learn to cook. Mr. Harbison has shown me a little—he was a soldier in the Spanish war—but we girls are a terribly ignorant lot, Mumsy, about the real things of life.

Now, don't worry. It is more sport than camping in the Adirondacks, and not nearly so damp. Your loving daughter, KATHERINE.

P. S.—South America must be wonderful. Why can't we put the Gadfly in commission, and take a coasting trip this summer? It is a shame to own a yacht and never use it. K.

This note, evidently delivered by messenger, was found among other litter in the vestibule after the lifting of the quarantine.

Mr. Alex. Dodds, City Editor, Mail and Star:

Dear D.—Can't get a picture. Have waited seven hours. They have closed the shutters. McCORD.

Written on the back of the above note.

Watch the roof. DODDS.

CHAPTER IX.

Flannigan's Find.

The most charitable thing would be to say nothing about the first day. We were badly brutal—that's the only word for it. And Mr. Harbison, with his beautiful courtesy—the really sincere kind—tried to patch up one quarrel after another and failed. He rose superbly to the occasion, and made something that he called a South American goulash for luncheon, although it was too salty, and everyone was thirsty the rest of the day.

Bella was horrid, of course. She froze Jim until he said he was going to sit in the refrigerator and cool the butter. She locked herself in the dressing room—it had been assigned to me, but that made no difference to Bella—and did her nails, and took three different baths, and refused to come to the table. And of course Jimmy was wild, and said she would starve. But I said, "Very well, let her starve. Not a tray shall leave my kitchen." It was a comfort to have her shut up there anyhow: it postponed the time when she would come face to face with Flannigan.

Aunt Selina got sick that day, as I have said. I was not so bitter as the others; I did not say that I wished she would die. The worst I ever wished her was that she might be quite ill for some time, and yet, when she began to recover, she was dreadful to me. She said for one thing, that it was the hard-boiled eggs and the state of the house that did it, and when I said that the grippe was a germ, she retorted that I had probably brought it to her on my clothing.

You remember that Betty had drawn the nurse's slip, and how pleased she had been about it. She got up early the morning of the first day and made herself a lawn cap and telephoned out for a white nurse's uniform—that is, of course, for a white uniform for a nurse. She really looked very fetching, and she went around all the morning with a red cross on her sleeve and a Saint Cecilia expression, gathering up bottles of medicine—most of it flesh reducer, which was pathetic, and closing windows for fear of drafts. She refused to help with the housework, and looked quite exalted, but by afternoon it had palled on her somewhat, and she and Max shook dice.

Betty was really pleased when Aunt Selina sent for her. She took in a bottle of cologne to bathe her brow, and we all stood outside the door and listened. Betty tiptoed in in her pretty cap and apron, and we heard her cautiously draw down the shades.

"What are you doing that for?" Aunt Selina demanded. "I like the light."

"It's bad for your poor eyes," Betty's tone was exactly the proper bedside pitch, low and sugary.

"'Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea!'" Dal hummed outside.

"Put up those window shades!" Aunt Selina's voice was strong enough. "What's in that bottle?"

Betty was still mild. She swished to the window and raised the shade.

"I'm so sorry you are ill," she said, sympathetically. "This is for your poor aching head. Now close your eyes and lie perfectly still, and I will cool your forehead."

"There's nothing the matter with my head," Aunt Selina retorted. "And I have not lost my faculties; I am not a child or a sick cow. If that's perfumery, take it out."

We heard Betty coming to the door, but there was no time to get away. She had dropped her mask for a minute, and was biting her lip, but when she saw us she forced a smile.

"She's ill, poor dear," she said. "If you people will go away, I can bring her around all right. In two hours she will eat out of my hand."

(To be Continued.)

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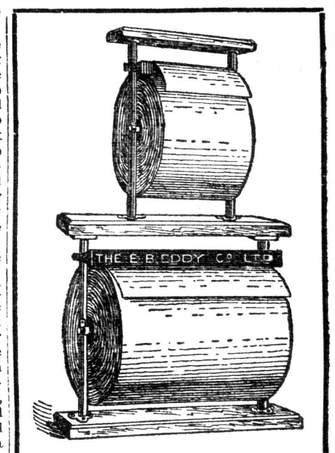

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