

Secrets of Beauty

Finger Tap Tattoo for Twin Chins

By Maggie Teyte

THE double chin presents a problem which every woman finds herself called upon to solve sometime during her life. It is a problem which must be solved, too, if the semblance of youth, or perhaps, to be more exact, the appearance of a gracefulness which is the modern demand, is to be met.

Nothing gives so sure a vintage mark to the face as the double chin. It is not obliterated by the most brilliant coloring nor the brightest eyes. It tells with hateful eloquence the story of sagging muscles, which do not come into view until a woman has passed the 35-year mark, the end of age discretion, by modern reckoning.

The beauty specialists offer choice of several modes of reducing this excess of chin, and throw in the comforting information that constant and watchful attention is the price of keeping the drooping flesh at bay.

First there are comparatively few beauty parlors now where the old-fashioned massage is practiced. The tapping of the skin to restore circulation and exercise the muscles seems to have replaced it. In this way oils and creams and unguents are absorbed by the skin and starved tissues are fed.

There is another singular strap offered by another well known woman which is made of medicated rubber, excellent both as a reducer and tightener of muscles. While this is being worn pressure perspiration is induced, and the skin shrinks quite magically. The result is that the excess flesh is the "excess" of the work stops there the result will be anything but attractive. The remaining flesh must be made firm, and the evidence of the fat which once was there must be entirely obliterated.

The electric roller has been used with success for the work, and there is an apparatus on the market which works upon the roller principle, and is said to accomplish good results. One of the best ways to avoid the double chin is to sleep with the mouth closed, for the tipped back head and the sagging muscles all night will have their disastrous effect allowed to accumulate. The collarless gown has been the salvation of the contour of the face in many cases, for the high collar tends to stretch the skin, and is said to be a perfect ally of the double chin.

Some Easy Methods. For those of us who have neither the time nor money to spend with professional hands there are many helpful exercises that will not only assist in ridding of the chin which has already accumulated, but will drive away any latent tendencies.

First stretch the chin forward as far as possible and then draw it back. Then stretch it up as far as possible and lower it till it rests against the throat. By these stretching movements with regularity and persistence. Cultivate the habit of holding the head up a bit if there is any chance of a double chin being on its way.

When you try massage be sure not to touch the tissues of the skin. That is one of the causes of flabbiness. Use a good cold cream, and with the back of the hands turn it over the face. Then tap the cold cream into the flesh with the ends of the fingers and a good bit of force. After using the cream go over the face with a lump of ice to tighten the skin, and use some good astringent. I have given recipes for several.

THE MODERN GULLIVER

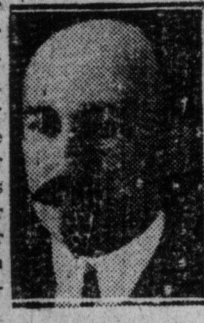
By Michelson

Hints on Health

Face Spasms Become Habit if Neglected

By Dr. L. K. Hirschberg

DOES your eyelid ever twitch? Beware if it does. Never allow any twitchings of the corners of your mouth, the muscles of your legs, or the edges of your lips more than once without looking to it.



Many of the DR. HIRSCHBERG causes of facial "spasms," lip quivers or other muscular twitchings may never be found out. If it is possible to discover the origin of a twitch, it must be removed at once. Otherwise the twitching will become permanent and cause you great distress.

There is a very close and contemptible familiarity between the facial and other muscles and the brain habits of individuals. A momentary vibration of the one brings about a corresponding spasm in the other. What seems a trivial twitch, unimportant or even amusing for a habit, becomes quickly established as a habit, beyond all voluntary control.

Then the twitch or spasm settles down as a permanent and annoying spectacle. Now, doctors are almost powerless against it, and they dub it with a new name. It is a "tic."

A tic is nothing more nor less than a neglected twitch which has resolved itself into a pernicious habit. All habits are the result of loosening the strings of your knowledge of what is taking place. While a man learns a trade, he is conscious of each movement he makes. After he becomes expert, he is no longer aware of his case and dexterity.

The doing away with "awareness" of what you are doing is a habit. After a baby has learned his steps, after you can play Beethoven's lively seventh symphony, after a tight-rope walker can juggle balls as he glides upon his unsteady string in midair, all sense of behavior and activity has been detached from consciousness.

Tics and permanent habit spasms are the same way. Whatever began them has been cut off from them. The little multiple tics keep sparking spontaneously. The habit has been permanently formed.

Bad teeth, adenoids, enlarged tonsils, tumors, obstructions in the nose, enlarged glands in the neck, scars in the skin, occupations such as watch-making, monocle wearing and the like have all been noted as sources of tics, twitches and facial habit spasms.

Answers to Health Questions. W. W. P.—What shall I do for a ruptured vein spot on my lower lip? The electric needle or an application of a stick of alum or some similar mild caustic will soon remove this.



YOU remember about Gulliver—how the Lilliputians got him and fastened him down tight with pegs and ropes until he couldn't move. Michelson has taken this Gulliver idea to show you the modern young man in captivity under the wiles and fascinations of the modern girl. No question that she HAS him. Like Gulliver, he has his moment of being startled. Then of being amused.

He studies the creatures who have caught him. O, there are so many kinds! Each with her own subtle way of fastening him down, and her own charming way of gloating afterward. Only one way for the captive to win out. Like Gulliver, he must first cajole, then use his strength to SERVE his captors. That's what he was born for. So long as he lets them strap him down he is useless. He must KEEP ON HIS FEET.

Words of Wise Men

Slender is the price of maturity. Present fears are less than horrible imaginings—Shakespeare. A mercantile democracy may govern long and widely; a mercantile aristocracy can not stand—Landon. By gambling we lose both our time and treasure, two things most precious to the life of a man—Layard. Fenelon-dial exemplifying the mean he had always observed between prodigality and avarice, leaving neither debts nor money—Ruskin. Every blade of grass in the field is numbered; the green cups and the colored crowns of every flower are curiously counted; the stars of the firmament were in calculated orbits; even the storms have their laws—Blakely. It is well for gamblers that they are so numerous as to make a society of themselves; for it would be a strange abuse of terms to rank them among society if large whose purposes it is to prey on all who compose it—Cumberland. Lapour. The secret of success in society is a certain heartiness and sympathy. A man who is not happy in company, can not and any word in his memory that will fit the occasion, all his information is a little impertinent. A man who is happy there, finds in every turn of conversation the occasion for the introduction of what he has to say. The favorites of society are able men, and of more spirit than most; they have no uncomfortable egotism, but who exactly all the hour and company, contented and contenting—Emerson.

Too Good for a Girl's Work

By WINFRED BLACK

SAM COHEN ran away from home the other day, and went and slept in a cellar for a week. He was very hungry and rather shivery when the police found him and took him to the children's court to find out what was the matter with him. "I was very simple," said Sam Cohen, aged 13, "because my aunt made me wash dishes."



There's nothing in the wide world so offensively out of place to my mind as an effeminate man. If I had a boy who said "for goodness sake" and "dear me," and who could tell the difference between violet and mauve, I'd take him down to Finnigan's alley and turn him loose for the Finnigan boys to make a man of him. But if that same boy should feel himself above helping out at home with plain, everyday housework when there was nobody to help out but him, I'd get him out in the cold, cruel world and let him find out just how much people cared whether he was doing a boy's work or a girl's—so long as he did it and did it right.

I wonder why I haven't a doubt that Sam's sister split kindling and carried up coal whenever she had to, and never once thought of saying that it was a boy's work and that she didn't have to do it. If I had a boy in my house who wouldn't wash the dishes for me when he had nothing else to do and I needed those dishes washed, he wouldn't stay in my house very long. I knew a boy once who kept his sisters and his mother on the jump from morning till night waiting on him. He threw his coat on the floor and his hat on the piano and his shoes on a chair. And if you had asked him to mend a hole in his own socks he would have dropped dead with heart failure.

I saw that boy the other day. He had just come from a long cruise in the navy, and you ought to see the way he can darn socks and sew on buttons and tidy up his room—now. And he's a good deal more of a man in every way today than he was before he ran away from home to see the world and get away from apron strings.

Little Mr. Samuel Cohen, it's a good thing for you that I'm not your aunt, you ridiculous little rascal, you. I'd laugh you out of your absurd sense of your own importance if I had to. He had to tie an apron around your waist and make you go out and sweep the front porch right in the face of the Finnigan boys. And I wouldn't let you grow up into a sissy either.

Chips with the Bark on

Hotter than a hornet—its sting. All men are created equal, but some have better parents than others. The man who pleads guilty is seldom accused of being untruthful. The world is willing to believe evil. No man may be able to serve two masters, but some men make the masters think they can and do. It isn't necessary to make a fuss to do work. The water turns the mill wheel without any exertion. Cool at a dollar a ton would be a cold snap that anyone would appreciate. The man who is so skeptical that the truth deceives him should try to acquire a degree of credulity. Women cannot throw things straight, but accuracy is not required when throwing fortunes at European noblemen. Nearly everyone imagines that he knows how to live, but the number of suicides by the use of carbolic acid shows that many folks do not know how to die.

Willie Rites on Gravity

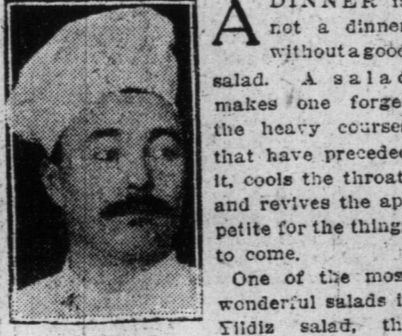
NOT upon a time they was a guy layin' under a napple tree's shade wad of Nick Carter's novels, an' jest w'en he got 2 where Nick was luidin' down the hoghead of a pistol just as the pistol spoke hoarsely becauz it wuz a hoarse pistol a napple fell off the tree.



an soaked the man in the eye an' he wuz madder a flint speaker on a rainy nite. He liked round to see who had the fruit at him but he couldn't see nobody and recogniz'd the gravity of the situation he sez that the law of gravitation is the law that holds the world together.

Salads That Revive the Appetite

By M. Jean Richroch



Very few Americans seem to understand the value of cabbage salad. When properly prepared, nothing is more delicious, more easily digested or more nutritious. First the cabbage, either white or red, should be shredded as the white or red, should be shredded, it should be put in a deep bowl, boiling hot water poured over it, then drained through a fine puree sieve, then plunged into ice water until quite crisp. A suggestion of onion shredded with the cabbage is a great improvement. Cabbage salad may be served either with a French or a mayonnaise dressing or a mixture of both. Before dressing a cabbage salad season it with a generous amount of salt and a little sugar. There are many more ways of preparing red cabbage as a salad or as a relish. The Hungarians excel most nations in preparing red cabbage. One of the most wonderful salads is Fildis salad, sprinkled over the surface and finished with a frings of remain leaves dressed with a light mayonnaise. A cavity salad is the Melba salad, made from hearts of lettuce stuffed with slices of pineapple and dotted over the top with sliced strawberries, served with a light French dressing in which chopped fresh mushrooms are mixed.

WILLIE ONES.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

TEACHER!" "Yes, Willie Squirrel, what do you want?" said Miss Roberta Rabbit. "Please move my seat from behind Billy Bunny. I can see through his ears, but it hurts my eyes." School was going along nicely in Woodland, but Miss Rabbit had quite a time keeping the Squirrel boys and the Rabbit boys from upsetting things. "What do you want me to do—take my ears off?" asked Billy Bunny. Every one laughed, while Miss Rabbit stamped her foot and pounded the table with a ruler. "You may change seats with Billy Bunny, Willie. Billy can see over those tiny ears of yours." The boys had changed seats and all was quiet again when Miss Rabbit heard a noise in the back of the room. "What is the matter there, Billy Bunny?" she asked. "I can see through Willie Squirrel's tail, but it hurts my eyes," said Billy Bunny. "You come right straight up here in the front seat, Billy Bunny, and you, Willie Squirrel, stay where you are." "I can't help having big ears," whined Billy Bunny. "I was born that way." "I can't help having a beautiful tail," said Willie Squirrel. "You both must stay after school and we will settle this thing. Willie, you write an essay about Billy's ears and you, Billy, write an essay about Willie's tail." "All right, teacher," they shouted, as both began to write.