Women Must Utilize Their Natural Gifts

By PATRICIA LINDSAY

SOMEONE has said, "No beauties are born, all are made." And what hope and encouragement to all women lie in that statement!

True it is that few of us are born beautiful but persistency in making the most of what Nature endowed us with does make us attractive. And after all, it is the interesting-looking woman today, rather than the pretty-pretty, who is recognized and toasted as the modern beauty. The woman who has developed her natural gifts by being beauty-loving and beauty-seeking.

Gone are the days when one's earnest devotion to good looks was frowned upon, or when doctors voiced their disapproval of cosmetics. Today it is considered a woman's duty to society to be as lovely as possible and leading physicians believe strongly that the healthy, normal woman should keep astride of her times and make herself most attractive.

No matter what your age, your occupation, your circumstances, you owe it to yourself as a woman, and to those around you, to make the most of your feminine heritage. Husbands and children alike unconsciously dote on wives and mothers who have not allowed themselves to become duds. Proud is the child who can produce a personable mother to show his friends and schoolmates.

—But Don't Be Extravagant!

But in seeking beauty, I do not advocate spending the rent or grocery money on expensive treatments or a flossy wardrobe. No indeed. If you can afford such luxuries well and good, but don't encourage frowns and wrinkles and a distorted mind by fretting over what you cannot have. You can exercise your body into a pleasing figure just as well in your own home as you can in a costly studio. Current newspapers and magazines offer sound advice on meticulous grooming and body care, so there is little excuse for you to moan because you have not the wherewithal for frequent visits to beauty salons.

Every woman's budget, however, should allow for occasional visits to a reliable physician to check her general health and diet, and also for a few good cosmetics—specific aids for ailing skin or hair and those necessary to preserve personal daintiness. To these, every woman has a right—they assist her mentally.

Myrna Loy epitomizes the charm for which women should strive. An arresting, smiling personality, an interest in her work, and a piquant beauty enhanced by scrupulous grooming.

But just as pertinent as cosmetics to a woman's loveliness is the right approach to living. Gracious thoughts and characteristics, an active interest in something other than herself and her home, a desire to be an inspiration to society, rather than a burden. Such attainments certainly enhance the charm any woman creates by being pleasing to look at.

Keep Child's Mind Active

If you are truly concerned about her beauty you cannot fail to keep her mind active and growing. What nonsense to allow her to concentrate on make-up! Teach her simple daily groomings. Fill her day with small duties and childish pleasures. Let her grow! Every child loves to be read to. Every child loves to paint and draw pictures. Think up new activities that will teach her to be self-reliant and progressive.

There is no beauty as appealing in all the world as a child's beauty. It must be held sacred. It must not be scarred by stupid parents who feel that artificial beauty aids can possibly make their child more attractive!

Body health, skin health, mental health are the goals to be reached. Help your child by concentrating on those. She will grow to lovely womanhood, happy in the knowledge that her parents were wise parents who did not sacrifice her youth needlessly.

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Origin of Word 'Chipper'

Although it is conceivable that the word "chipper" may come from "chipmunk," an Algonquin word, with the derived meaning, "as lively as a chipmunk," it is generally listed in dictionaries as derived from English dialect forms akin to "chirrup" and "pert," with the addition of some onomatopoeia.

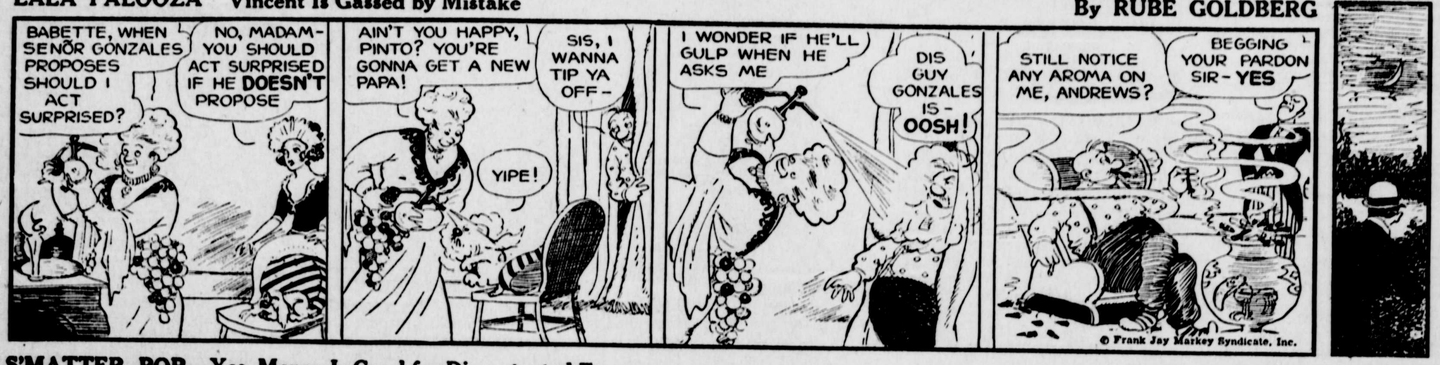
World's Heaviest Coffee Drinkers

The Danes, Swedes and Norwegians are the world's heaviest coffee drinkers.

Fun for the Whole Family

BIG TOP — Alta, big "bull" elephant, on a rampage, chases "Silk" Fowler, her mortal enemy. Will Jeff Bangs shoot? — By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA — Vincent Is Gassed by Mistake — By RUBE GOLDBERG



S'MATTER POP—Yes, Money Is Good for Discontented Faces — By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY — Nothing Like Amusing the Dog

POP—Pop's the Goat — By J. MILLAR WATT

'KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES'—Well, for Goodness Sakes! — By POP MOMAND

Along the Concrete

ASK THE OTHER BOY

Little Gordon had arrived home from school with a cut lip and a black eye.

"Dear me!" exclaimed his mother. "Do you mean to say you've walked through the streets like that?"

"I had to, mum," grinned Gordon. "You see, there wasn't room for the two of us in the ambulance."
—Stray Stories Magazine.

Standing Him Off

Friend—You can't cheat old Father Time.

Man—No, but some of the women drive a mighty close bargain with him.

Early Riser

Judge—Have you ever been up before me?

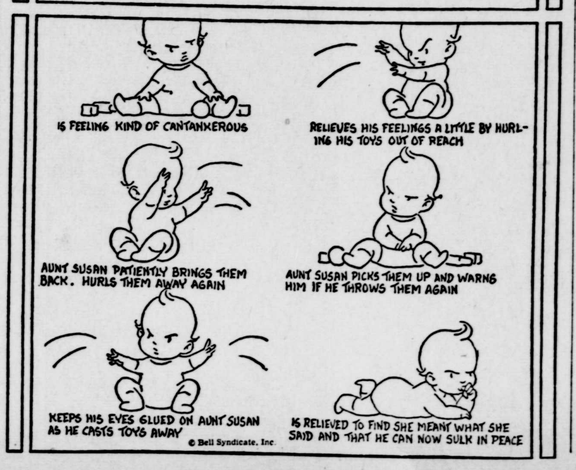
Accused—I don't know. What time do you get up?

Catty

Kitty—Don't you believe that years teach us more than books?

Katty—Well, you ought to know, dear.

SULKY — By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WRONG NUMBER

A cobbler christened his establishment "The Boot Hospital." A customer brought him a pair of boots which would have disgraced a tramp, says London Tit-Bits Magazine.

"Shouldn't have these mended if I were you," said the cobbler. "I would throw 'em away."

"But I want them mended," was the reply. "This is supposed to be a hospital for boots, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a 'ospital all right," rejoined the cobbler, "but it ain't a mortuary."

THE PROOF

First Castaway—Yes, this island's inhabited all right. Just saw five white men, all trying to sing "Sweet Adeline."

Second Ditto—Thank heavens! We're in a civilized country.

Spare the Rod

"I say, pa," said little Tommy, "didn't you tell me the other day that it was wrong to strike anyone smaller than yourself?"

"Yes, Tommy, that's what I said," confessed the fond parent.

"Well, I wish you'd write my teacher a note to that effect," said the youngster. "I don't think she knows about it."

Competition

Business man—Well, if it isn't John Corcoran, the man I met up in Maine one rainy night six years ago at the Moose River Junction railway station.

Salesman—Good-by, sir.

Business man—Aren't you going to try and sell me something?

Salesman—No, I sell memory training courses.

Almost Submerged

Wyles—You look miserable. What is wrong?

Gyles—I am up to my neck in debt.

It can't be as bad as all that.

It is. My hat's the only thing I have paid for.—Minneapolis Journal.

Rather Aged

First Student—I wonder how old Miss Jones is.

Second Student—Quite old, I imagine; they say she used to teach Caesar.—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

Nuff 'Snuff

Mo—I say, why don't you get a larger paint brush? You could do twice as much work.

Lasses—'Cause Ah ain't got twice as much work to do, das why!

Share and Share

"I can hear your new radio set as though it were in my room."

"Well, what about helping to pay off some of the installments?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Careless

Hubby—I got a mustard bath today.

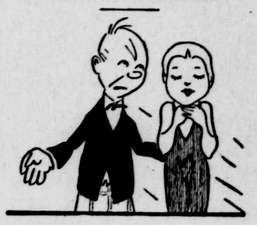
Wife—Hm-m! Don't those hot-dog stands provide paper napkins?—Houston Post.

Sound Advice

Stranger—Sonny, can you tell me the quickest way to get to the station?

Oliver—Run.

NO LESSONS NEEDED



He—I could learn to love you.

She—Most fellows don't have to learn—it comes natural.

Ticked Off

Finally, with a weary sigh, the Boss gave in. "Then you want all the office furniture insured?" asked the triumphant salesman.

"All except the clock," sighed the Boss. "Everybody watches that."

Time to Change

"I've had enough of all these jewels, cars and furs!"

"Ah! You want to retire to the country?"

"No! I want new jewels, new cars and new furs!"

Let Him Finish

Bell-boy—Boss, the man in 467 has done hung hisself!

Manager—Good Heavens! Did you cut him down?

Bell-boy—Deed, no, boss—he ain't dead yet.

Case of Indigestion

"Hello, Moses, wot's de matter wid ye?"

"Indigestion."

"How's dat?"

"Hain't had nuthin' to digest lately."