Plain Face Is Challenge to Personality

By PATRICIA LINDSAY

"I CAN'T understand it," wailed a stupid mother to me, "Jenny is so plain and her two sisters are so beautiful! I only hope some man will see something in her and marry her. I'll have no trouble getting the other two married but Jenny is going to be a problem!"

Jenny heard her mother and she just laughed. "It's too bad I am so plain," she said, "and if no man will marry me when I grow up I'll be a nurse!" Jenny was 15 then.

Five years later I saw Jenny again. Her mother had written that Jenny was to be married and her two pretty sisters (still not married!) were to attend her. I was amazed at this turn of events.

When I stepped off the train there was Jenny with frank lovely eyes smiling me a welcome. Her rather angular figure was becomingly attired in a simply cut sports frock and her long straight black hair had been cut and waved. Now short curls haloed her plain face giving it the most fascinating piquant expression.

From that first moment it was fun to be with Jenny, to listen to her wedding plans, to meet her young friends and to watch her easy, delightful poise. "The Ugly Duckling's certainly made good," I murmured, and was curious to know what she had done during those five intervening years.

It seems that at an early age Jenny realized that beaux and parties and indulgence of whims were not going to be hers easily, because she lacked the beauty her sisters had, so she struck out for a life of her own and went to college. There she concentrated on school affairs as ardently as on her studies and soon won an enviable place in the hearts of her classmates. Not expecting much from life without effort she matured into an unselfish, thoughtful person and through study, quite unconsciously developed her personality. It was at a school dance that Bill, her-groom-to-be, met her.

State of Mind Important

No, the girl over 30 who has let herself down must pick herself up. Perhaps she has to begin with thinking. She must think she is needed, that she is good at her work, that there is a job for her some place. Then she must make herself just as lovely looking as she possibly can within her means.

Any girl can exercise herself back to health, put color in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes. She can pamper her hair by brushing, shampooing it at home, drying it in the sun. She can keep her clothes clean, neatly mended and, if her funds are very low, rely on an inexpensive collar and cuffs to freshen the one dress she wears job-hunting.

She must approach each prospective employer with a feeling of assurance, an eagerness for the job and make him feel she is capable, experienced and a person he needs to have around. It can be done—you older girls—but if you don't take yourselves in hand your future is not rosy. Just think of the thousands of girls over 30 who are holding down jobs—how do you suppose they do it?

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HINT-OF-THE-DAY

The Use of Face Powder

Face powder is perhaps woman's oldest beauty aid. In Egypt, China and Japan powders have been used for centuries. Rice, starch, clay, bismuth and almond meal were toilet prerequisites before the days of Cleopatra.

A high grade powder is a many-sided blessing. It protects the skin against strong sunlight, harsh winds and atmospheric dust.

The woman who knows her beauty rules never grinds powder into the pores. She pats it on lightly, starting under the chin and not on the nose, as was the old-time custom. After its application she taps her face lightly with the finger tips. That tends to make the powder stick.

It's important to be fastidious about the powder pad, since germs lurk on even a clean skin. Absorbent cotton is more sanitary, though it doesn't spread the powder as nicely as lamb's wool. Rouge pads are frowned upon because they are usually given such long service.

Many of today's powders contain starch talcum, also oxide of zinc, which is an excellent antiseptic. To help powders to hold on lotions are used, some being compounded of stearate of zinc and a bland oil. They should be rubbed into the flesh until they disappear, as you would with a vanishing cream.

Silken Caracul Is Valuable

The value of the silken pelts of caracul from an unusual breed of sheep in southern Russia is determined by the regularity and beauty of their lustrous moire markings. As in all furs, the quality of the skin is important, and the supple softness. But for caracul to achieve its greatest loveliness, the shimmering moire patterns must be carefully matched and harmonized.

Does Not Always Give Warning

A rattlesnake does not always warn before striking. The rattler shakes his tail, upon which the rattles are attached, because of nervous excitement or fear. If surprised so quickly there is no time for nervous excitement or fear to cause the tail to vibrate, a rattler will strike without sounding his ominous warning.

Diamond Hardest of Minerals

The diamond is the hardest of all minerals; talc is the least hard.

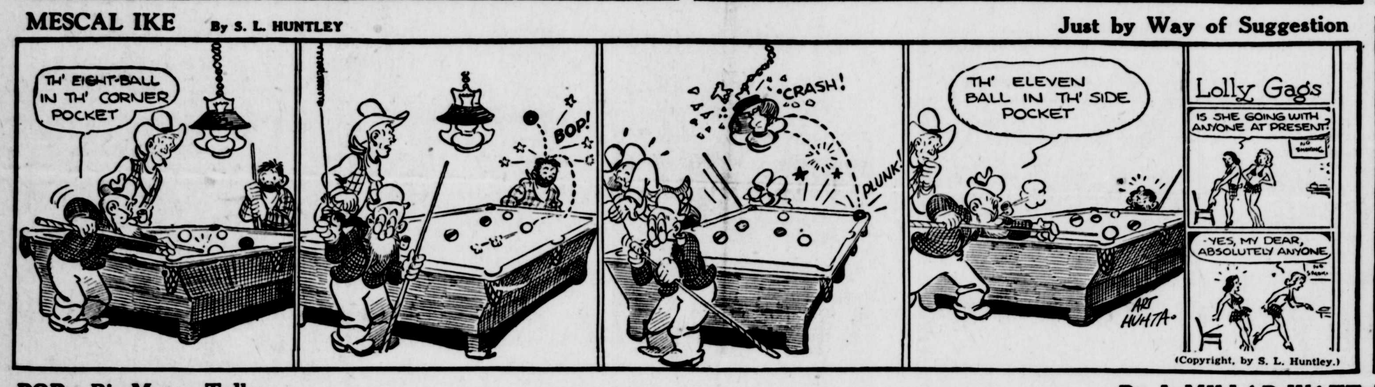
THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

BIG TOP Calmed by Myra La Belle, the big elephant goes on with the act. The show is saved, but "Silk" Fowler says she must go. By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA A Suprise Greeting By RUBE GOLDBERG

S'MATTER POP— What Zebras Are For By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY — Just by Way of Suggestion



POP— Big Money Talks By J. MILLAR WATT

'KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES'— Speaking of Fees . . . By POP MOMAND

Curse of Progress

BETTY'S IDEA

"Silence!" exclaimed the teacher, as she was writing on the blackboard.

Unfortunately, little Betty did not hear her.

"I say," she said, pointing to Betty, "do you know what silence is?"

The little child thought for a moment.

"Yes, miss. Silence is what you don't hear when you listen for it!"

Obliging

Grocer—Then you don't want no crapberries?

Customer—No; I've changed my mind. I see your cat is asleep in those cranberries.

Grocer—Oh, that'll be all right, I don't mind waking the cat up.

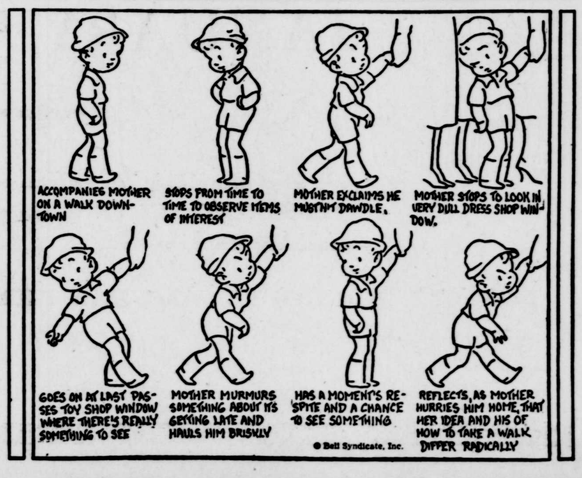
City Cameo

"And why did you leave your last situation as secretary?"

"Because I wouldn't let my chief kiss me."

"That's a pity, because in other respects you seem as if you'd suit me admirably."

HURRY By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Just a Little Smile

APOLOGY

A pantomime chorus girl introduced her young man to another chorus girl, with the result that he transferred his affections, says London Tit-Bits magazine. The aggrieved girl gave her rival a piece of her mind in a letter which read:

"You Heartless Creature — You knew very well we had been going about together for six months. Wait till I lay my hands on you, you good-for-nothing bleached blonde. I'll scratch your face, pull out your hair, and throw things at you. Yours truly, L—— B——.

"P. S. Please excuse pencil."

Just Too Bad!

The old lady entered the butcher's shop with the light of battle in her eyes.

"I believe that you sell diseased meat here," she accused the butcher.

"We do worse," blandly replied the shopkeeper.

"What do you mean, 'worse'?"

The butcher put a finger to his lips.

"The meat we sell is dead," he confided in a stage whisper.—London Answers magazine.

NAUGHT, DOUBLE NAUGHT

He—Wonder why it is that lovers always whisper sweet nothings to girls?

She—Because they're the least expensive things they can whisper.

Dog's All Right

A dog-lover had presented a puppy to a friend who called up in a few days, all distress and excitement.

"O," she wailed, "Skippy has chewed off the corner of our best Oriental rug. What shall I do?"

"Never mind," answered the dog-lover, soothingly. "If it's real Oriental the colors won't harm him."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Too Much

Mrs. Jones—This is too bad.

Jones—Why, what's the matter?

Mrs. Jones—We'll have to give up sending things for that woman to launder. She's dishonest. This week two towels we brought back from our hotel are missing.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Began in Time

Mrs. Seeall—The bride nearly fainted during the ceremony, and had to be supported by her father until it was over.

Mrs. Knowall—Yes, and now I hear that her father is supporting both of them.

Prompt Action

Mr. White—I have tickets for the theater.

Mrs. White—Good, I'll start dressing now.

Mr. White—Yes, do. They're for tomorrow night.

Move On

Mr. Jones—Good night! Out of gas right here in the middle of traffic!

Mrs. Jones—Well, you can't stop for that now; here comes a cop.

So It Ap-pears

He (bragging about ancestry)—Yes, my father sprang from a line of peers.

Bored Listener—Did he drown?

HER LITTLE TRICK

First Wife—How do you make your husband pony up?

Second Wife—Accuse him of not having horse sense.

In the Family

The teacher wrote on the margin of little Betty's report card: "Good worker, but talks too much."

Betty's father wrote on the opposite margin when it was returned: "Come up some time and meet her mother."—Hartford Courant.

Cheering!

"Doctor, shall I have to remain in bed long?"

"If your temperature keeps as high as this, I don't think so."—Stray Stories magazine.

Kitty, Kitty!

Sue—I know a half dozen fellows who say they can read her like a book.

Sally—Well, I'm not surprised. She certainly has been in circulation a long time.

Discriminating

Customer—Is it really a Tudor table? Shouldn't have thought so; don't see any worm holes.

Dealer—Ah, sir, even the insects didn't have the heart to deface its beauty.—Santa Fe magazine.