

BEAUTY CHATS

EDNA KENT FORBES

SMART VEILS AND GLOVES
When I see girls of 15 and 16—and sometimes younger—going along the street wearing veils, I always want to go to them and protest. Veils are the property of the mature woman, and not always even hers. Many women are far too lovely to hide their beauty behind even the sheerest silken film.

If you like veils, find out before you wear them whether they are becoming to you or not. They're not, you know, to lots of women. They give a delightful sense of mystery, they almost hide, while yet revealing every detail of a woman's face. And if a woman wishes to shut herself a veil away from the world, by putting a veil between it and herself, of course that's her privilege.

But such is the complication of the feminine temperament that I doubt whether any woman yet wore a veil to hide herself a trifle from the public gaze—except those in deepest mourning.

I'll admit nice veils are smart. If you have a shabby suit this winter or if your hat is not all you could wish it, and can bring up the general effect immensely by wearing a good-looking veil—and by wearing gloves that are new and smart. It is the details that count, always.

And if you are not as pretty as you could wish, if your skin breaks out in blotches, or if you are sallow, or hollow-cheeked, or have too many fine lines criss-crossing around your eyes—wear a veil if you wish to appear prettier, or younger, when you are out. It will give the illusion of youth to an older woman—and an appearance of age to a very young one. Veils are useful, I'll admit, though I do not like them.

P. L.—Your weight is all right, as you are growing rapidly and will likely fill out in a few years. Your skin does not need the treatment you are following. If the pores are large, try an ice rub several times each week, but be sure that all the dirt has been removed from the pores before contracting them with the ice. A small piece about the size of a walnut is all that is needed. You can cover it with a fine cloth so it will not drip. This will cure that tendency to oiliness also. As a brunette you will be able to wear all colors without any trouble. Yellows, especially that of burnt orange and brown, would look very well on you this fall.

A Constant Reader—An olive skin is less common than a white skin, and for that reason, principally, it is preferred. A clear olive skin is a beautiful thing and, to be seen at its best, there should be no color in the cheeks. Chestnut brown hair and brown eyes should accompany this tint. It is a combination that was often seen among the Southern beauties of a generation or two.

C. H. H. B.—You can improve your appearance by partially covering that long forehead. Try wearing a short bang—it is a new thing in Paris, which will become popular here. It should be very slightly shingled.

All inquiries addressed to Miss Forbes in care of the "Beauty Chats" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however, owing to the great number received. So, if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question.—The Editor.

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: My husband and I have been married four years and have been parted. I went back home and he has been with me. I can't get back to him, and now he treats me like a dog. We are keeping house. I do my own housework and make \$19 and \$20 a week. I try to make him happy, but I see I can't. He will take all we make and go to the pool room and stay until after midnight. If I get after him, he will slap me.

I love my husband and do all I can to please him, but I can't. He will get angry at me and tell me he has got a sweetheart up town. He will not take me anywhere and makes fun of me when I try to get him to do right.

Please tell me what to do, for I am in trouble. MRS. D. B.

It is unreasonable for you to work so hard and get only abuse from your husband. Probably you have done too much and lifted the responsibility from his shoulders.

To go on living in the way you are now will bring nothing but unhappiness to you. If you must work, you might as well live away from your husband, where you will have peace of mind.

Tell him that you have decided to go away and support yourself, but if he cares to support you while you take care of the home duties, you will remain with him. If he is spending his income on the upkeep of the house, he will have little left to squander in a pool room.

"Very Grateful": Some people lie because of fear. I can see why you forgot yourself for a time and let obligations go in order to enjoy a few hours' pleasure. You were selfish and indulging a lower nature, but who of us does not have times of making mistakes.

Then it was wrong to lie to your parents, but it was natural because you dreaded bodily punishment. The thing you lack is sufficient self-respect. You must learn to think more about your character and take punishment rather than tell cowardly falsehoods.

If you tell your parents that you are sorry for your mistakes, and if you study and work hard at high school, they will soon soften toward you. Get an education, even if it does come with tears and suffering. In two or three years you will be ready to start out for yourself. Then you can pay back the money which you will owe your parents. Tell them that you intend to do so and say that it is very kind of them to get the money together now to meet your debt. Do not be too proud to admit you were wrong. You must realize in your heart that your better self was not present when you went into debt and hissed.

A SWEETHEART AT THIRTY

The Story of a Woman's Transformation
BY MARION RUBINCAM

DISAPPROVAL

Chapter 23

We had arrived at the little town originally a place where three roads crossed and now a collection of small houses, stores and one moving picture theatre. I think both Mark and myself felt uncomfortable by this time. But Mark dismissed his feelings with one word, "Bosh!" and went and bought tickets for the show.

It was, I suppose, a very bad show. But I saw so little in these days that the cheapest movie film was a thrilling event to me. The clothes the actress wore seemed the last word in style and beauty—though the film must have been years old for that little house to get it—and the whole thing delighted me. Yet all the way through the evening I carried this uncomfortable feeling and when we drove home I was glad that Mark ran his car faster. It made the trip shorter.

"Did you mean what you said—that you won't?" he asked as we reached the farmhouse.

"Yes," I answered, climbing down—unassisted as usual—from the machine. "Well, of course—" It was all he said. But his voice implied volumes. "Mark," I said impulsively, standing by the car. "There are a lot of things I'd like to tell you to say next time you ask a woman to marry you."

"Enid," he answered shortly, "you are a sentimental fool!"

I sighed a little as I walked up to the dark house—for, of course, the family had gone to bed long ago. It was nearly 11. So this was my first proposal—and my last in all probability! For I was old, and I was homely.

One of the greatest tragedies is to be a misfit in life. The woman who aspires to things far above herself, who has not the power to get them, will never be satisfied with the things on her level—or below—that she can get. Such a woman is a misfit. There are millions of them. Yet if they steadily refuse the things that are lower, they may never reach the heights—but at least, they will have climbed a little higher.

And this was myself. I did not know what I aspired to, but I did know that in something as sacred as love and marriage, it would be higher and better than Mark. Or else it would be nothing.

I went indoors, we never locked up at night, not even since the horses were stolen. There was a light in the kitchen; when I went out there, Esther was sitting waiting for me.

Esther in negligee was a strange creature—though I did not think much of it then. Her neglected, overgrown figure was encased in a red flannel wrapper, faded into yellowish pink streaks and hideous enough to make the most exquisite woman terrible.

"Why are you up?" I asked. I could think of nothing but illness to keep her up in the busy summer beyond 9 or 10.

"I wanted to know all about it," she said. Her little eyes were heavy and eager. I wondered whether I could avoid telling my conversation with Mark.

"It was a nice show," I began. "They had one funny film, about a boy and a—"

"Enid Haines, you know well enough what I want to hear about,"

she interrupted sharply. "Did he speak or didn't he?" I answered crossly, still wishing to avoid telling her.

"Never mind, I got some sense. Now tell me."

It was useless to keep anything from Esther.

"Well, he did, if you want to know," I answered defiantly.

"I thought so!" Her face relaxed into lines of approval and of pleasure.

"Is it all settled, then?"

"It's all settled," I answered, dreading this. "I refused him."

"You what?" Her whole face tensed again, her eyes opened wide, her hair, in loose, straggly ends around her face, almost seemed to stand up.

"I refused to marry him," I answered, trying to be calm—and trying not to be afraid of this woman who made us all stand around.

"Enid Haines! You don't mean to tell me—you don't mean to stand there and say that you were such a fool as to turn down Mark Upjohn?"

"I mean I was just that much of a fool."

It took some minutes for her to believe it. I told her what he said, as closely as I could remember it—strange, selfish, loveless proposal that it was. And when she heard it all,

her mouth tightened up into a curious little shape. I knew what was coming.

"Of course," she said, "you're Jim's sister, not mine, so nothing I can say will have any effect on you. And Lord knows you're of age, and your own mistress. But I credited you with some sense. Now here you are, an old woman, practically. You never had any beau but this man, and you couldn't help it if he left you and married another woman years ago. But here's a case where opportunity has knocked a second time, as you might say—and you hadn't sense enough to see it. You could have had him—he's a decent, respectable, settled man. He's not handsome, and he's not young—but the Lord knows, neither are you. Well, I've got nothing further to say. I've done all I can do for you."

She picked up the lamp and started upstairs.

Tomorrow—Violet's Sympathy

FRANCE APPOINTS ENVOY
PARIS, Nov. 12.—Julius A. DeFrance, French high commissioner to Turkey, was Thursday appointed ambassador to Spain. He succeeds Colonel De Saint Aulaire, who has been named as French ambassador to Great Britain.



The veil and gloves often make the costume.

Fat Folks Read This Story

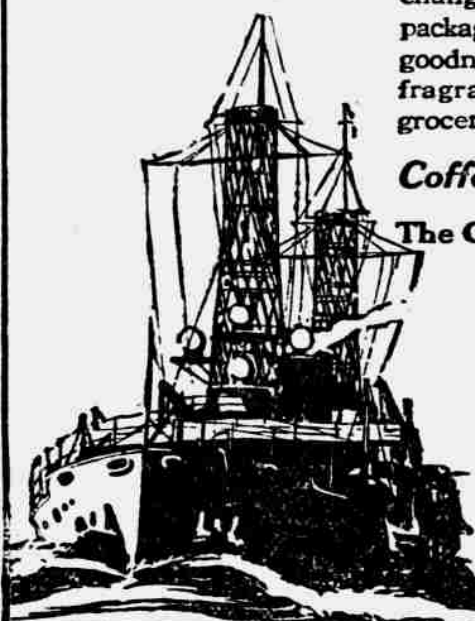
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