

BEAUTY CHATS

THE EFFECT OF CLIMATE

London, Oct. 20, 1920.
If you ask anyone in London the reason for anything, from why the old buildings turn such curious colors to why the women have such clear complexions, the answer almost invariably is "the climate."

I asked this question—about complexions—of one noted doctor and he gave me that as a reason. Then he went on—

"The English climate is very damp," he said. "It has many disadvantages, but it is also the reason why our women stay young so much longer than others and why they have the beautiful complexions you admire. A damp climate is excellent for the skin. In your own country you will notice that women living at the shore where the air holds a great deal of moisture have better complexions than the average inland inhabitant."

"There are certain sections in Canada and certain points of the North and Middle West of the states where the air is very dry. The women there are apt to have dry and coarse grained skins, with a tendency towards brownness and not much color in their cheeks."

"But we all want good complexions," I said, "and what are we to do if we must live in certain places?"

"Use oil and use water," he answered.

"And above all, use astringents." "The women of such countries as Norway and Sweden have wonderful skins and they say it is because of the cold air," I said.

"Of course," he told me. "The very cold air acts as a great deal of drying. When you visit the Southern countries you will notice that the women have nice clear complexions, but that the skin is oily and that it is coarse-grained except where special care has been taken. The Englishwoman is, of course, proud of her skin and treats it carefully, but she does not use very many cosmetics. She does use a great deal of cold cream, as any wholesale drug company will tell you. This is because our damp and foggy air carries soft coal smoke which might grime into the skin if oils were not used to cleanse it."

"But a great part of the supposed secret of the British complexion is simply this constant use of cleansing oils. The damp air does not dry out the natural oils of the skin, so that early wrinkles are not common here. Any woman can have a complexion of dazzling clearness if she will keep the pores of the skin thoroughly cleansed by using plain oil or a cleansing cream."

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: There is a certain girl who is jealous and envies everything my friend and I have. She talks about us to other people, and then tries to stay with us and get us to talk about them.

We try to be as nice to her as possible and it makes us feel badly not to know what else to do. Every new thing we get she says is not pretty and then two or three weeks later she will have one just like it. She makes her dresses like ours. I don't mind that so much, but she copies every lesson we write. What would you advise us to do? A. B. & L. B.

When you know that the girl has been talking about you to other people, go to her and tell her that you do not like her methods of being a friend. It will be a good lesson for her to be called to time for talking behind your back.

Do not let her copy your lessons. Tell her that you have worked for your information, and you want her to work for hers.

As for her copying your clothes, you might ask her if she doesn't think it is preferable to be original.

Dear Mrs. Thompson:—For some time I have been going with a boy who has been working in this town. He wrote to me last summer when I was away on a visit and after I returned he asked me to go steady with him. This I refused to do, but I have gone with him quite often just the same. I wrote several letters to him while he was still in town, and he was with me just two nights before he left.

He is now working in another town, but I have not heard from him since he left. Do you think it would be all right if I wrote to him, or should the boy always write first? If I do write do you think it would look as if I was running after him?

PUZZLED GIRL.

The boy should write first. You might wait and send him a Christmas greeting. I imagine he still likes you, but has been busy with new interests.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young lady of 23 years and I am in love with a young man. We are engaged. He has recently left the city. I have been receiving mail from him, and he says he does not receive any mail from me. I am sure it is not my fault. He has begun to be angry because he does not hear from me. Please advise me what to do. BLUE EYES.

Always put your return address on the envelope of a letter you are mailing. It may be that the young man has given you a wrong address, in which case it is his fault that he does not hear from you. If the letters you send to him are returned to you, you will have to verify his address in some way.

POST TOASTIES

after a hike makes us all good scouts



says Bobby

A SWEETHEART AT THIRTY

The Story of a Woman's Transformation

BY MARION RUBINCAM

BUD DOES NOT COME

Chapter 32
"I don't know what you've done to yourself, but you certainly are two different people," Bud said one evening.

"It's my new dress," Violet laughed. "Aunt Enid made it. Isn't she clever? I look more like the other girls in the class now, and I don't feel so—well, so conspicuous."

"You look fine," Bud agreed. "I don't know about your clothes though. You always look good to me."

Violet's cheeks turned vivid pink at the compliment, awkward as it was. "But Aunt Enid hasn't new clothes on, and she looks different. She looks 10 years younger than she did back home," Bud said, regarding me suddenly with more serious attention than he had for a long time.

"Thank you, George. I'd rather hear that than anything else," I told him. And indeed, it was quite the most wonderful thing ever said to me.

For I began to see, at last a way out of the darkness—the darkness of ignorance and bigotry and selfishness that surrounded me all my life, from the time I was a young girl. It wasn't the cold cream; it wasn't the pretty home, it wasn't anything material—it was because I WAS FREE, for the first time in my life—free to follow my own will. The first steps were timid enough, yet the first are the bravest to take. And I had taken them.

I liked to leave Violet and Bud alone part of the time at least. Much as they liked me, my presence was a restraint—for Bud talked more freely and Violet chattered more gaily when I was not there. So this evening I borrowed his paper and went into the other room. The paper was usually a

great adventure for me. I had been working so hard that I had not had time to read very much.

But this evening my mind wandered from the columns of news. Scraps of talk came to me through the open door. "You're to be raised next week," Violet said.

"Yes, it's promised for next week. To \$18."

"That's wonderful!" There was sincere admiration in the girl's voice. I could picture her looking up at him as she said it, her eyes shining blue with all the love that was behind them, her cheeks the adorable pink that came and ebbed in quick response to her emotions, her hair a shining mass of purest gold where the light from the lamp fell on it.

I wondered whether Bud appreciated the picture. I doubted it, for his voice showed, when he answered, that his eyes were turned in to himself and did not take in the beauty of the girl.

"It's not so wonderful. I really should have \$20."

"Twenty! But that's a lot of money."

"Not much. Of course, back in Henry Falls, where there's no place to go and nothing to spend on, it might be a lot. But in the city, it's not enough to keep even one fellow living decently."

"But you can save now," Violet insisted. "You live on \$15 now; you can easily save the other three every week. That's \$150 in a year."

"A hundred and fifty?" Bud scoffed. "I could buy 20 shares of Torch Oil with that—after a year. That's nothing. I want enough to buy a block of stock right now."

"What's Torch Oil? Is it like kerosene?" Violet asked.

"No, little country girl," Bud's voice

was teasing. "It's a stock, just going on the Curb. The Curb is a part of the Stock Market. That is, it operates like the Stock Market, and shares go up and down, and some people make fortunes and some people lose. This stock is a winner."

"How do you know?" Violet was often practical minded.

"Pete says so. He's on the inside."

"I don't know Pete." "He's working in another broker's office, down on Wall Street. I meet him sometimes at lunch. We went out together last night. He's going to put me on to all the good things. He knows about them."

Violet in those days had as vast an ignorance of the ups and downs of Wall Street as I had. And she was enough in love to believe everything Bud said.

"Then you'll make money besides what you earn in the office?" she asked timidly of her lack of knowledge in these matters.

"Heaps," said Bud easily. "And when I do I'll buy you a diamond ring—or two of them."

There was a little sound, like a suppressed, "Oh" that I knew came from the girl. A diamond ring meant to her being engaged. There was no open understanding between these two, and I was glad of that. They were both so young. But secretly each knew that

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Muffins

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder
1 tablespoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon shortening

Sift together, flour, baking powder, sugar and salt; add milk, well-beaten eggs and melted shortening; mix well. Grease muffin tins and put two tablespoons of batter in to each. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Coffee Cake

2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening
1/2 cup milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add melted shortening and enough milk to make very stiff batter. Spread 1/2 inch thick in greased pan; add top mixture. Bake about 30 minutes in moderate oven.

Cream butter, add beaten egg, then flour, baking powder and salt which have been sifted together, and milk. At the last stir in dates which have been pitted and cut into small pieces. Bake about 25 minutes in greased gem pans. If a sweet muffin is desired, add 1/4 cup sugar to the above.

Coffee Cake

2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening
1/2 cup milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add melted shortening and enough milk to make very stiff batter. Spread 1/2 inch thick in greased pan; add top mixture. Bake about 30 minutes in moderate oven.

Top Mixture

2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons shortening

Mix dry ingredients; rub in shortening and spread thickly over top of dough before baking.

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