

Of Interest to Women

WHERE THE HANDS FIT INTO BEAUTY PICTURE

They Are Always in the Spotlight and Tell Tales of Care or Neglect, Protesting Silently When Not Given Due Consideration

More and more screen stars in their personal messages to me have mentioned the hands as very important contributors to the beauty picture. Women everywhere are beginning to look upon the hands as second in importance only to the face. They realize that the hands are always in the spotlight, and they are doing something about it.

In taking your inventory of good points and bad, be sure to check closely on your hands. Are they soft and smooth? Or red and rough? Are they thin? Veins showing? Or pudgy? Is the skin dark, discolored? Is there a callosite here and there?

Hands tell tales. They always have. Way back at the time of the French revolution, aristocrats would dress in shabby peasant clothes and try to steal across the border. Perfect though the disguise, their hands often gave them away by telling the tale of their true station. But that was back in the days before the working hand looked like the left mate of the never-do-a-thing right hand. Those were the days when only the privileged few knew how to preserve hand beauty.

Today hands still tell tales, but those tales are of neglect, not station.

I am sure there will be a protest from a few readers to the effect that hands that sew and cook and bake and clean are bound to wear as their badge of honest toil a darkened, hardened, rough armour. And my only answer is: For every such hand you show me, I'll show you 10 that work equally and as hard yet stay lovely to look at, for all that.

The only answer is: Compensating care. For every time the hands are in suds they are also in cream. And every time they have to be in suds those suds are as mild and as soothing as suds can possibly be. No harsh, caustic, cleansing agents, except in extreme cases where they are absolutely necessary. And when they are necessary, rubber gloves should be worn to protect the hands.

If the hands are discolored and bleaches are used, remember that bleaches tend to leave the skin dry. Therefore use plenty of creamy hand lotion or hand cream to offset the dryness.

Remember that a beautiful hand doesn't merely mean a beautifully-manicured hand. In fact, the more perfectly manicured and polished the nails and softer, whiter and smoother should the surrounding skin be to serve as the proper setting.

STARVE A FEVER; FEED A COLD?

Well, That Used to Be the Procedure, but Not Today — Here's the Modern Formula

One of my grandmother's aphorisms, of which there were many, went like this: "Starve a fever, feed a cold." Today's procedure is almost opposite, the higher the fever the more calories are needed in order that the tissues will not be depleted. This treatment has been the means of saving the lives of many persons who otherwise would have been victims of such acute fevers as typhoid.

Nowadays typhoid fever has been controlled through the supervision of water and milk supplies and the death rate from this disease has been cut to a minimum. The common cold, however, which is seldom fatal, remains with us. Although a certain amount of immunity to infection of the nose and throat can be built up by the inclusion of liberal amounts of vitamin A in the diet through foods which contribute it and through haliver oil or cod liver oil concentrates, the cold germ will often make a surprise attack. Usually this happens just after the boast: "I have not had

a cold this year." To quote grandmother again: "Pride goeth before a fall." In this case the best procedure is to surrender to the enemy at once. If possible, go to bed for a day or two and go on a diet of fruit juices and milk. While I have no sympathy with the many people who feel that they must combat acidosis daily, there may be a slight condition of this sort when a cold strikes acutely. The answer then is plenty of liquid in the form of fruit juices to correct acid conditions and milk for easily digested nutriment.

Fruit Juice Combination

1 cup orange juice.
1 cup pineapple juice.
½ cup lemon juice.
Ice.
Mix fruit juices, pour over ice and serve.

Special Tomato Juice

2 cups tomato juice.
½ cup lemon juice.
Ice.
Mix tomato juice and lemon juice, pour over ice and serve.

WILL PROTECT MEN FROM LEAP YEAR PROPOSALS

BURLINGTON, Vt., Jan. 24—So far as efficient police protection is concerned, Burlington, Vt., banned Leap Year when Chief Constable Lee J. Smith stated that full protection would be given any man, old or young, who might lay a complaint, having witnesses, against any Amazonian suitor for his hand and heart. "It is only right," Chief Smith told The Globe, "that man's most prized prerogative, that of proposing, should be safeguarded, Leap Year or no Leap Year."

"If any male citizen complains of being made an offer of marriage, and instead of being highly flattered, feels that he is the victim of a conspiracy, public nuisance, or threat; then, if the case is substantiated, no police officer could refuse to give such protection as the law may provide. Highly nervous bachelors might even lay their charge under the regulations of the Board of Health. That, however, is a moot point for which I imagine

there are few, if any, precedents."


W. J. Barr, retired Magistrate of Burlington, would not commit himself in the matter, gallantly holding that no gentleman would flee from the inviting arms of a Leap Year lady to, for example, the sturdy guardianship of Burlington's veteran Chief Constable.

"Women have a perfect right to propose at any time," Mr. Barr asserted, out of his long experience. "The only thing governing the matter is custom."

Mr. Barr recalled that the Royal Lady who gave her name to an era of notable propriety was the one who proposed an alliance of happiest significance to the Empire. That lady, as a young Queen, and in obedience to Royal etiquette, condescended to propose to H.R.H. Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, known to history as the Prince Consort of Queen Victoria the Great.

LONDON—"Toppers" are coming back. Increased numbers of them may be seen in the city (business section of London) every day. It is even reported that two large banks have let it be known among their staffs that silk hats are the thing to wear for those who want to get ahead.

Dr. Wood's



NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Mother Not to Blame For the Children's Colds

Despite all the mothers can do the kiddies will run out of doors not properly wrapped up; have too much clothing on; get overheated and cool off too suddenly; get their feet wet; kick off the bed-clothes; and do a dozen things the mother cannot prevent.

Half the battle in doctoring children's colds is to give them something they will like; something they will take without any fuss, and this the mother will find in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It acts promptly and effectively.

EDWARD P - 1924

(Christian Science Monitor)

It was all like a Caldecott print, that bronze and gold day in October of 1924 when the slender, grave young man who is this day His Majesty Edward VIII was H. R. H. Edward P. riding in a drag hunt to hounds over a New England countryside.

The morning was characteristic late fall in New England. In a thin lemon sunshine, the visitor went leisurely down with some men to the stables at Savin Hill Farm and when five horses were brought out by grooms he put his hand lightly on the nose of a chestnut mare, Desert Queen, and murmured, "Hello there." His host, Bayard Tuckerman Jr., had taken Desert Queen to England in that summer, and at Belvoir and again with the Cottesmore Hunt the Prince of Wales had ridden her.

The horses were put back in their stalls, for riding was not until after lunch.

Instead, there was a hurried dash to the Myopia Club, past fields punctuated by cornshocks faded to the color of ancient parchment, under skies marked with a few cirrus clouds, past little "cricks" where the sedges sang. In such a day George Meredith could have written his

They have no song, the sedges dry
And still they sing. . . .

Lunch was at Appletton Farms, a mile or two, maybe three, from Savin Hill Farm. The easy thing to do but, woefully, the most conspicuous, would be to go there in an automobile. Riding, the way would lie through the woods, out of sight of thousands of thousands of prying eyes. For, from dawn, the roads, criss-crossing what is ordinarily sleepy shire country, withdrawn a little from the commonwealth of which it is a part, had been alive with people. People to whom His Highness was a friend of neighbors. . . . Others, by the thousand, to whom the man came to spend 20 hours in the neighborhood was that fabulous thing which is a Prince, and whom they rushed therefore to look at—as at one who would be wearing all three of the plumes in his button-hole, and be bursting with royalism beside.

Appletton Farms is a great white house, set on a rise. Somehow, its great sloping lawns were still the soft green of mid-summer; and, after a while, the little knot of riders, coming to lunch, came out of a copse not far away and rode around to endure the magic business of the photographers. Just when the picture seemed composed, and cameras could begin clicking, a little girl came riding solemnly around the drive on a shining fat pony. Not a Shetland. More like the little horses seen on the Mongolian steppes. She wore a boyish suit of dark knitted blue. There was a sheen on her bronzed knees. Points of light twinkled on her stirrups. Brushed smoothly back from her forehead, and over her shoulders, her thick, ashy gold hair hung in a great mane.

Grave and even severe, she rode along, the pony picking its perky little way among the tall Irish hunters. The reins she held loosely in one hand. Her bright eyes searched the scene. Quite evidently she was looking for the Prince—as what little girl does not, at some time in her life?

In the group at last she saw him, sitting Desert Queen in a kind of abstraction. He had come overnight from Montreal, and at one o'clock of tomorrow's tomorrow morning, he would be leaving New York Harbor for Southampton.

Almost at the moment the little girl saw the Prince, he saw her too. A curious half smile covered over the severity of his expression.

She rode up quite close to him. Not too close. Just close enough to see. She looked at him gravely. He looked at her too and suddenly there passed between them a little flickering, secret smile. Then she twisted her wrist the least little bit, the pony wheeled, the child rode away into the stippling sunlight. No one knew then that, when night came, and a great dinner party was over, it would be this golden-haired child, dressed in a demure white dress, with a bright sash, and little twinkling, strapped patent leather slippers, whom the Prince of Wales would ask to have the first dance with him.

The afternoon warmed a little to the occasion and the scene. The sun, light deepened, and trees here and there flamed under it, looking like the bright paint brushes of giants, upended in a cosmic palette.

For a drag hunt there is happily no fox. Just a scent for the hounds, a whiff of anise seed, spread over the course by a speeding rider.

The hounds, tan and black and chalk white, gave liberal tongue, one or two baying sharply before the whipper-in started them, noses lifted knowingly toward distant meadows. The Prince and his host led away.

Overhead one or two airplanes, ubiquitous wasps of the press, kept watch and photographed with telescope lenses. At a distance there was no sense of speed in the massed riding; only rhythm, the accord of color and movement across a peaceful, sparsely wooded countryside.

Always the Prince rode a little in the lead. It could have been the courtesy of the hunt. Or it could

MONEY

Under the caption "Is Money Everything?" Ann Adair, in the Glasgow Herald, says:

"Walter Greenwood, the author of one of London's most successful plays, 'Love on the Dole,' and himself at one time in the queue of a North of England 'buroo' (bread line), posed this question. In an auto-biographical note he showed how money begets money, and remarked that, now that he was well enough off to hire a motor car for himself, he had no need to do so; because he was surrounded by people ready to offer him the use of theirs."

"The same, of course, as we all know, applies to meals. Most of us who have homes of our own and three square meals a day, can count on a fair number of invitations to other people's houses to meals. The poor, on the other hand, who have so seldom a square meal in their own homes, cannot on any such offers of hospitality. When, if ever, that hospitality comes along, it is apt to wear a colder aspect—charity it is known as then—and heaven pity its recipients!"

"Ask any of the hunger marchers, who paraded George Square a week ago 'Is money everything?' and the answer, without doubt, would be an emphatic yes; because to those in want food, warmth and a roof over one's head stand for a blessed security, which, argue the needy, should suffice to fill any man or woman with a supreme sense of well-being and content. But security doesn't always suffice. In some cases it falls."

"Curiosity enough, it is only the desperately poor, who have not a copper to call their own, who think that money can buy happiness—the desperately poor and the colossally rich, whose possessions have no distorted their sense of values that they can conceive of no kind of happiness unconnected with expensive sports, opera boxes, Paris models, travel de luxe, champagne and caviar. They would agree with the poor that money is everything, because its possession has in many cases spoiled their appreciation of the simpler pleasures which money cannot buy."

"It is the men and women who are just well enough off not to experience the hardships of actual want, and just poor enough to realize what actual want can mean, who hold the sanest views regarding money. They know that happiness cannot be bought. They know that in a home where there is little money, only just enough to make ends meet, there is much more likely to be contentment, happiness and peace than in a great mansion."

It would seem therefore that our prayer should be "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

WINNIPEG, Jan. 2—A new low mark for the winter was set here today when temperatures skidded to 43 below zero, but Winnipeg citizens were too benumbed to notice it. A new season's low mark has been set on each of the past five days.

have been his harmony with Desert Queen, and the fact that he is a very good horseman. Always his eyes marked the rise of the hill with a draftsman's sureness, and the ragged line of a gray stone wall. Then a soft word . . . Perhaps really only a sound . . . A lifted rein . . . Desert Queen gathering her patrician hooves . . . UP . . . And over!

For a bit now and again the hunt would be lost in bits of wood. Then, "Look out! There they come . . .!" The Prince well out in front. His face scarlet, and streaming with perspiration. Desert Queen flying like an arrow over the course. . . .

Then the hunt was over. Twilight came like a whisper. More dashing about in automobiles, between Savin Hill Farm, and another farm in Topfield. Gravely Brook. The home of the golden-haired little girl in dark blue knit on the little pony. . . .

Late in the evening, after dinner, there came the dancing. They said the Prince would probably like that best of all.

Now it was real fall, and no mistake, in the woods around Gravely Brook. Motors were kept running, for it was said the Prince would ride the fifty miles across country early, to board his train at Lowell. But he danced until 4:30.

Suddenly, there were shouts among chauffeurs. "All right! Here they come! Look sharp, now!"

In dress clothes, with a woolly coat muffled around him and wearing no hat, the Prince of Wales got into a car. Lights swung great arch against the cloistering woods.

On the step of Gravely Brook stood the day's hosts and hostesses. But in the square of a window on the second floor, there showed suddenly a golden name, framing the delicate oval of a child's face.

A hand brushed across eyes that had slept after the dance.

The small figure leaned out over the sill and waved.

As at some time, somewhere, have not all little girls waved at a Prince, some day to be King?

J. M.

KING EDWARD HAS KEEN SENSE OF MODERN PROGRESS

King Edward, who has now entered fully upon his new responsibilities has already struck a new note of modernity in royal traditions by setting the clocks at the royal residence of Sandringham to the current Greenwich time and making history as being the first British sovereign to fly to London to ascend the throne.

Such incidents, while minor in themselves, are significant of the new King's known determination to keep abreast of all that is new, and, while respectful of that which is past, to fix his gaze upon the present and upon the future.

In his very first Gazette Extraordinary, last night the King emphasized as his policy the "happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects."

Well Qualified

No King has ever ascended the British throne with as high qualifications for that position as those possessed by Edward VIII. And no previous King has had equivalent claim to be known as "a great world citizen."

A Democrat

None of them has ever been as persistent or as vigorous in challenging indifference and in preaching the democratic ideals of comradeship and universal sympathy.

The new King's attitude was most clearly indicated when last autumn addressing the railwaymen in London he quoted with emphasis and intense conviction the famous words of Benjamin Disraeli:

"Once England was for the few and for the very few. Now we have made it a land for the many and we dream of and contrive for days when it shall be a land for all."

"Opportunity for Service"

Another aspect of the new King's outlook was disclosed when he said to a great audience at Albert Hall, here, "opportunity for service is at our doors, in our own village, in our own town." Edward, when he made this statement, was appealing to those British men and women who were so fortunate as to have employment, to be "good neighbors" to those individuals who were jobless. This appeal was characteristic, for the King's life up to the present has been one long effort to prepare himself by public service for the responsibilities of kingship which he has now assumed.

Would Win Election

If Britain's throne were filled by the popular vote of all the inhabitants of the British Empire, there seems little doubt that the man who would be chosen would be he to whom this great office has now descended by heredity.

This remarkable state of things has come about because Britain's new King, to a far greater extent than any of his predecessors, has shown by actions more potent than words that his dominant thought is for the welfare of the individual men, women and children over whom he is now to rule.

Wanted to Share Hardships

It was by no mere chance that as a junior military officer during the war he insisted to the utmost of his ability upon sharing the dangers and hardships of his fellow-soldiers in the trenches in France.

It was the same idealism which led him after the war to pay most extensive and detailed visits to every overseas dominion, territory and considerable colony in the British Empire, to study their problems and to get into close personal touch with individual men, women and children who make up their peoples.

Altogether he traveled 250,000 miles in these tours—a greater distance than was ever traveled before by any heir to the British throne.

Began Work for Youth

When he got back to England, another phase in his activities started. He threw himself into actual service work of all kinds, especially for youth. He visited in particular distressed areas in the industrial and coal-mining districts. He got into close personal touch with the unemployed and put himself at the head of projects for helping them in every way. When the late King's Jubilee occurred, he took advantage of this event to start a nationwide fund for helping existing associations of all kinds for the benefit of young people, to whom he looks for initiating better conditions of life for the future.

Kept Out of Politics

He has kept himself, meanwhile, scrupulously outside of politics altogether, for while he is determined as far as possible to help everyone to a "fair deal" he is convinced also that British royalty must maintain an entirely neutral position to all parties alike.

He has persuaded the Queen Mother to help him socially in keeping up the royal ceremonial at Buckingham Palace, which is regarded as a guarantee that his own bachelor tastes shall not interfere in any way with the splendid hospitalities for which

ACT THE PART UNTIL YOU HAVE ACQUIRED ART

(By John Edwin Price)

There wouldn't need to be so much acting connecting with the art of living, if people knew some of the simple satisfying ways of living artistically, naturally.

There are restless people who make believe they are at ease but who are not.

There are morbid people who make a heroic effort to appear mentally healthy.

Some folks are like El Greco, the Spanish artist who lived from about 1545 to 1614 and who "seemed sorry to be alive at all, and tried to explain all about it in his pictures".

"They are the work of a man whom some inward sorrow kept from seeing the lovely and the fair either in men and women or angels".

There are unhappy people who would appear, in public at least, wholesomely adjusted to life and life to them.

Fear of disapproval and pride in appearing normal make them act the parts they would like to live.

Acting these parts is good. It is better if they are acted not from fear or in defense of pride—but willfully as a means of attaining the state of mind they are feigning.

One of my college mates had a week, high pitched voice. Since he was intending to be a public speaker he realized that this would be a handicap. So in his room and jokingly when he met his friends on the campus he would fake a deep guttural tone. He kept this up for four years and found he had developed the muscles, which originally produced the deep tones with difficulty, to the point where he could speak more easily with them than with the muscles which he had produced the original light thin voice.

He willfully assumed voice tones which weren't predominant until they became predominant.

If you are restless, worried, morbid or unhappy you can help yourself to attain your desired attitude toward life by acting the part until you acquire the art.

that royal centre has become famous.

Well Prepared

His upbringing, at first as a naval cadet in England, afterwards as a student in Paris and finally as a member of Magdalen College, Oxford, where he remained until the war called him to the army, prepared him effectually for the great part he has since played in British national life.

Edward's kingship has started therefore under the happiest conditions and confidence mingles with the universal hope that the fruition of his future will fulfill the promise of his past.

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