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"A YES MAN"

She talked about her maid's beaux
And why the Zulus wear no clothes.
The latest styles from Paris, France
And had I seen a hula dance?
About a friend who bought fox pelts
And why fat men will wear belts.
I listened meekly as we walked
And still she talked, and talked, and
talked.

She talked about her operation.
The taxi fare to the station.
How Chopin was just too divine
And did I like Australian wine?
About the latest thing in skis
And stockings running at the knees.
I merely nodded as we walked
And still she talked, and talked, and
talked.

She talked about college banners
And children with no table man-
ners.
About how well her new maid cooked
And how I thought her new hat
looked.
What I thought of Platonic love
And what had happened Billy Dove?
I smiled assent as we walked
And still she talked, and talked, and
talked.

She talked about run-over heels
And balanced diet for one's meals.
About her recipe for chow
And had I read "The Golden
Bough"?
How she must phone another girl
And that her hair had lost its curl.
I quite agreed as we walked.
But still she talked, and talked, and
talked.

She talked about Rupert Brooke,
And how her vaccination took.
About a fellow named O'Hara
And that she never used mascara.
About another girl who sinned,
And had I read "Gone With the
Wind"?
I shook my head as we walked.
And still she talked, and talked, and
talked.

She talked of Ghandi and his goat
If I liked pearls against her throat?
She said her girl friend was a hussy
And asked me if I liked De Bussy.
She asked me what was best for ants
And had I ever been in France?
I mutely nodded as we walked
And still she talked, and talked, and
talked.

She talked about bugs on the roses
How stupidly a man proposes,
About the dreadful bill for ice
And did I think her compact nice?
She hinted that most men were coarse
And asked my views about divorce.
I didn't answer as we walked
But still she talked, and talked, and
talked.

She talked until we reached her door
Then said most men were such a
bore!
That it was such a consolation
To have a lovely conversation
With me, had done a world of good
Because she knew I understood!
In silence still away I walked
To dream that night that still she
talked!

— H. M. P.

FIST THINGS FIRST

Teacher—Now, Tommy, supposing
you were left a million dollars, what
would you be?

Tommy—Absent, Miss.

... OF ...

Interest to Women

PRACTICE WITH FEET AND HANDS FOR EVEN ONE-TIME MODEL'S JOB

Rules for Ladies of Runway to Follow, Whether
It's for Charity or Not, by an Authority on
Glamour Girls of the Fashion Shows

(By Victorine Howard)

Amateur society models have been
getting themselves into a lot of fash-
ion shows this winter. Some of the
debs and young matrons who tread
the spotlight path to show clothes
for various worthy charities are mod-
erately good models. And some of
them are inexcusably bad.

Not more than about two out of ten
who circles the St. Regis Irriidum
Room to help along the good work
for the Kips Bay Boys Club on an af-
ternoon last month while paying
guests sipped tea and cocktails walk-
ed well and gracefully. At the re-
cent Miami-Biltmore ball put on at
the Waldorf-Astoria for the benefit
of the Goddard Neighborhood Center
the percentage was somewhat high-
er. In that huge fashion show and
dance shindig at least seventy pul-
chritudinous society models wearing
gorgeous beach, sports and evening
gowns came down the steps from the
stage with its scene duplicating the
patio of the Miami-Biltmore Hotel
at Coral Gables. And although they
did pretty well—particularly a lovely
blonde in a black spangled evening
gown—there was still plenty of room
for improvement.

Better Walking

Even if it's only a matter of being
a one-time model, with no idea of
making it a life work, it seems to us
that amateurs ought to practice for
better walking form. As Benjamin
Franklin, or Mahatma Gandhi, or
somebody said, "if a thing is worth
doing at all, it's worth doing well."
The society fashion show throws a
devastating spotlight. Your best
friends sitting around tables watch-
ing are without a doubt your mean-
est critics. They'll pick you apart
in your most vulnerable spots in less
time than it takes Lucius Beebe to
announce the next number on the
programme. Besides practicing to be
a model-for-a-night is a good general
lesson in graceful walking anyway.

The morning after the Miami-Bilt-
more ball we went straight to John
Robert Powers, from whose office
studio most fashion blessings flow in
the form of those professional models
whom you see pictured in magazines
and newspapers and floating in the
flesh along carpeted runways at trade
fashion shows. We asked that author-
ity for a few points on modeling.

"Flexibility," Mr. Powers says, "is
the most important thing if you're
going to glamorize clothes.

Modeling Rules

"No part of the body should be
held stiffly. And models must be
flexible in shoulders, hips arms,

everywhere. The more relaxed they
are, the better."

Posture and carriage, he places sec-
ond in importance. His first posture
law is to "pull the head out of the
shoulders and the shoulders out of
the hips. Pull them out—and keep
them out," for graceful walking from
the hips and a swan-like neck, with-
out any trace of the hump at the
base of the neck that mars so many
women's postures. Other modeling
rules are:

Practice variations of walking. Try
walking along an imaginary straight
line across the room at home, cross-
ing one foot slightly across the other
with each step ahead. Always walk
with the toes straight ahead—even
slightly turned in—never turned out
in a wide V-shape. Watch yourself
walk toward a full-length mirror.

Diaphragm In

Always remember to hold the dia-
phragm well in.

Have hands and body relaxed. Do
not swing your arms. (That's a very
common fault.) Do something with
your hands around the waist. Do any-
thing, just so they're occupied and
not dangling. Touch the belt of your
gown from time to time. If possible
carry a purse—that gives you some-
thing to do with your hands. For in-
stance, you're carrying the purse in
one hand held about waist high. You
can bring the other hand over and up
to touch the purse—hold it for a mo-
ment—drop it—and bring it up again
later. Make the movements very slow.

If you do carry a purse be sure to
hold in lengthwise with the fingers
running along the bottom. Never hold
it with fingers curled square under.
All lines should be long. And the
lengthwise hold makes a lovely curve
at the wrist as well as helps carry
out a long streamline to the finger
tips.

Stop and "paint a picture" when
you first start along the runway.
Stand still for an instant. Stand soli-
dly on one foot. Hold the foot you
are going to take your first step with
arched slightly on the toe and held
a little in front of the other foot.

Forget the Spotlight

Forget about the spotlight, or the
camera lens, otherwise you'll have a
"mechanical aspect that's bad."

Above all, don't slouch. Carry the
head easily, but well up and back on
the base of the neck. Hold the shoul-
ders loosely down and back (not
squared back stiffly like a West
Pointer) and your spine will auto-
matically remain straight.

Lastly, try to walk with rhythm—
not only rhythm to the music—but
with a rhythmic co-ordination of the
entire body.

GIGGLES A SAFETY VALVE FOR YOUTHFUL SPIRITS

Express the Happiness of Being Untouched by
Thought, Says Ruth Cameron, Who Compares
Them With Boy's Whistle of Sheer Joy

(By Ruth Cameron)

The street car started, changed its
mind and stopped with a jerk. A girl
of 18 or 19 standing with a group of
other girls on the platform jerked
with the car, tried to catch her bal-
ance, failed and sat down on the rise
at the entrance to the car. She was
pulled to her feet by a man standing
on the platform. She adjusted her hat,
thanked him and retreated into the
midst of her group giggling.

And for the next five minutes both
she and all the rest giggled. "You
looked so funny," Giggles from all.
"I felt funny." More giggles. "Did you
see how he sprang to your assistance?
More giggles. "I shan't take you out
with me again if you can't stand on
your feet." Lots of giggles. "I hope
the motorman doesn't think you're
squeaked and put you off." A final
outburst of giggles as the group got
off the car, still discussing the great
adventure, casting eyes back at the
hero who had rescued her, and still
giggling.

For a minute I found myself think-
ing how silly to giggle over so little,
and then again I thought how much
more silly to criticize when you know
what a perfectly grand time they are
having.

After all, was anything ever more
fun than those silly giggling spells
one got into at that age?

What We Giggled Over

Over nothing or next to nothing?
Over a foolish mistake in a school
recitation, over some secret shared,
crush on a school teacher, over any

silly joke that has been carried along
and keeps being brought up? Over
some one's disapproval? Over nothing
at all but high spirits?

In an inn where I sometimes stop
there was one year a group of these
giggling youngsters spending a no-
tiday. They had by mutual misfortune
the room next to a woman who was
terribly sensitive to noise of any kind.
She bitterly resented their giggling,
and would sometimes rap on the wall.
"And then," she would complain,
"they would keep still for a minute
and then burst out again. What could
they be giggling about? You know I
can hear anything they say, and no-
body had said anything in the mean-
time. Why should any one giggle
over absolutely nothing like that?"

Dammed-up Giggles

Can't you just see those girls hold-
ing their breaths after that rap on the
wall, nudging each other, imitating
the objector probably, damming-up the
giggles in an effort not to giggle, and
then bursting out worse than ever.

Silly giggle is one of those matings
of nouns and adjectives that seem to
be undivorceable word affinities. But
after all I'm not so sure that we who
criticize and decry aren't the silly
ones.

A boy's whistle and a young girl's
happy giggle have the essence of
sheer youthful joy in them. They ex-
press not the happiness of thought,
but the happiness of being untouch-
ed by thought. And the world needs
all the happiness it can get.

I have in my scrap-book a beloved

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years. Price five dollars. For sale at

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Lower Bear Island

Rev. Mr. Brundage held service in
St. John's church the first Sunday of
the New Year.

Miss Hilda Ingraham spent her va-
cation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
Harvey Ingraham.

Mrs. George Hargrove is spending
a few weeks with her sister, Mrs.
William Howland.

Mrs. Simon Goodine spent a few
days recently with her daughter Mrs.
George Joslin.

Miss Eva Henry is spending the
winter months with Mr. and Mrs.
Fred Sinnott.

Percy Rosborough was successful
in capturing a large bobcat recently.

Mrs. Selby Embleton and Miss Bes-
sie Embleton were guests of Mrs.
Frank Joslin on Sunday last.

Mrs. Donald Rosborough and child-
ren have returned home after spend-
ing a few days with her parents at
Maconaque.

Miss Ruth Miller of Nacawick was
calling on friends in this place last
week.

The young folks of this place have
been enjoying the excellent skating.

Our school has again opened under
the management of Miss Gladys Tom-
linson.

Miss Hazel Murch, R.N., of Bar
Harbor, Maine, is spending a few
weeks with her mother, Mrs. Martha
Murch.

Mrs. Amos Jordan spent an after-
noon recently with Mrs. Russell Mor-
rison.

Miss Hazel Howland who has been
spending her vacation with her par-
ents has returned to take up her
duties at Hainesville.

Russel Embleton who has been em-
ployed in the woods in St. John, spent
Christmas at his home here.

Harry and Hazen Ingraham motor-
ed to Fredericton on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace McNally were
Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Simon
Goodine.

PARKER'S RIDGE

The weather has been very wet and
stormy and the roads are just sheets
of ice and some folks has upset sev-
eral times.

Quite a number of teams left this
morning for the woods. Three teams
went for the Hunter Co on McBean
Brook. A crew of men left on Mon-
day and Wednesday for the new
road on Southwest Renous for A. A.
Colter, Fredericton.

The lumbering men and contractors
are looking forward for snow to com-
mence hauling off the yards. Some
have as high as seven or eight thou-
sand cords to haul off the yards and
others have hardwood and lumber.
Snow is badly needed.

Those who spent Christmas with
Mrs. C. E. Boies were Mrs. Festus
Fairley of Boiestown; Mr. and Mrs.
Clair Hunter and Mr. and Mrs.
Wm. Scott of Hayesville.

Miss Evelyn McDonald entertained
a number of her friends to music on
New Years. The first song sung was
The Wild Mustard River, by Walter
Fairley.

Miss Vivian I. McLellan was the
guest of Miss Evelyn McDonald on
Christmas Eve.

Mrs. William N. McLellan gave a
chicken supper for a number of her
friends. Covers were laid for eight.

Our mail carrier Judson F. Hinchey
has been very busy delivering Christ-
mas parcels, Judson wearing a very
broad smile.

Miss Roberta Morrison was a guest
of Mrs. Earle Greene.

Miss Grace C. Smith is spending
her vacation at her home with her
mother, Mrs. Bessie Smith.

Murray Smith left this morning for
Southwest Renous on the new road
job for Ashley Colter.

Alexander McLellan died on Sun-
day evening and was buried on Tues-
day in the cemetery at Boiestown.

Mrs. Wm. McLellan left Monday for
Boston on a vacation to visit her
daughter Mrs. Frank Slipp.

A GOOD CONSTITUTION

Is your husband better, Mrs. Mea-
dows?
Yes, thank 'ee, sir; it doesn't take
him long to vituperate.

little poem indited to the whistling
boy by the poet who is trying to
write a sonnet and does—to the boy
who interrupts him.

The poet, Theodore Maynard, med-
itates as to which the world most
needs, "his happy laughter or my
threadbare screeds." And decides
that "there is more poetry in being
young than in the finest song that
Shakespeare sung."

"And if that's true of Godlike Shake-
speare, well
Whistle the 'Marseillaise' and ring
the bell
And chase the cat and lose your tem-
nis ball,

Scalp a red Indian, sail the Spanish
seas,
Do any mortal thing you damn well
please."

THE KING OF INDOOR
SPORTS

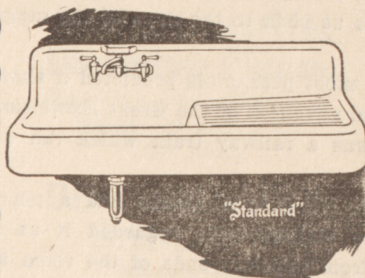
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