

## Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

### FRUIT MAKES BEAUTY

HERE'S another menu, which will not add an ounce of flesh to the plump woman—  
 Boiled fish.  
 Roast mutton, sauce vinaigrette, Cauliflower.  
 Sliced peaches or stewed peaches, Black coffee, or clear tea.  
 There is plenty of nourishment in this meal, yet no fat. Starches like potatoes, gravy, fat soup, cream sugar, are not included at all, the bread to be eaten with the meal is



The Acids in Fruit Will Make You Pretty and Healthy.

gluten bread, which is not fattening, and sweetening for coffee is saccharine, not sugar.

A good luncheon for the woman who wants to reduce would be—

Sliced cold meat,  
 Stuffed olives,  
 Fruit salad.

And all the gluten bread desired. Of course butter is not included in any way in a course of diet that is to reduce, for butter is pure fat.

A woman who weighs 150 pounds and who is trying to reduce by taking this scientific diet along with Turkish baths and exercise, complains that she feels hungry between meals. Eating little and often tends to fatten, yet when the system demands food, it is best to give it. An apple eaten between times will not hurt.

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### Acetylene in Place of Ax.

The success of the acetylene torch in cutting metals suggests to a southern lumber concern the possibility of using the same method to fell cypress trees. No fire danger would be involved, since this particular timber grows in swamps, and those responsible for the proposal are now searching for further evidence of its practicability.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

### HORSES

ACCORDING to the oracles of Delphi, Jupiter Amon and Dodona, to Simon Magus and the lesser magicians of modern times who unlock the future for a dollar a peep, to dream of a horse is good luck. Preferably a white horse should be dreamed of, for that announces to the dreamer unexpected riches. If your horse is black your good fortune will not be so great or so complete as it will be if he is white. The intermediate grades of color denote the amount of your good fortune. To see yourself riding a horse—preferably a large, bony one—means success. If a woman dreams that she is riding on a large, showy horse it indicates that the fates have picked out for her—provided she is an unmarried woman of course—a rich husband who will make her happy. But for anyone to dream that he or she is riding a horse is a sign that he or she is about to rise a step higher in the world. But don't fall off. If you do some misfortune is in store for you. None, perhaps, that you will not be able to surmount, for the general beneficent effect of dream horses is so potent that even a fall from one will not be an irreparable misfortune. To dream that you are trading horses foretells that someone is going to get the best of you in a bargain—which would indicate that horse trades run true to form in the world of dreams as well as in the world of actualities. To dream that you are buying a horse is a sign that you will make money by some speculation or a real estate deal. But if you dream that you are selling a horse don't speculate—you will lose. If your dream horse is restive it means that you have much hard work to go through before you achieve the success which your dreaming of him foretells. The dream horse, it should be distinctly understood, is no relation to the nightmare whatever.

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# Telephone Development Must Not Be Restricted

THE SYSTEM of telephone communication which we have provided to serve the people of New York State has been built and developed under a plan that has produced good service at reasonable cost to every user. Each community and each subscriber has been given telephone apparatus of the standard required to provide the universal service which has brought the people of the State closer together for broader and better trade and social relations. For this service everyone pays a rate that is determined chiefly by the value and scope of the service rendered.

A substitute for this broad and comprehensive method of furnishing telephone service has been proposed. Those who advocate this substitute plan contend that each local service area should be treated as a separate unit and that the most important factor in establishing rates for such segregated area should be the amount of revenue required to operate and maintain the service and produce a fair return on the value of the property in the segregated area.

THIS PROPOSED METHOD is comparable to a method whereby railroad branch lines which are valuable as feeders, but are not self-supporting, would be expected to finance themselves in their immediate territory. The branch line is supported by the revenue of the

system as a whole and is of value to all the users of the system.

The enforcement of this substitute plan would mean much higher rates for service in many communities and fewer subscribers in these communities as a consequence. In some areas it would mean curtailment of necessary telephone development and might even necessitate suspension of service. The less prosperous areas could not afford modern equipment and even if a slight reduction in rates in the denser areas were possible, this saving could not begin to counterbalance the effect of curtailed development of service in the State as a whole.

THE NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY does not believe the public would sanction the proposed change in the method of making telephone rates in New York State, for the simple reason that the method now used is the method upon which modern business is founded and has been developed to its present high efficiency. It is the method that has given the people of this State and Nation such great public services as highways, canals, railroad systems, telegraph, postal and telephone systems, all giving comprehensive service without unreasonable cost to anyone.

The continuation of the State-wide method of making telephone rates is very much in the interest of the public of this State.

## NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY

### JESSICA

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

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So this was the answer! Jessica fumbled the bit of paper, her lip curled scornfully. Well, any one who mixed up her letters in such a careless fashion certainly needed a secretary. Here she had been waiting and waiting for a reply to the long letter she had sent her aunt, and now had come this brief note addressed to the head of some vocational bureau asking said head to "Please secure me, as soon as possible, an efficient secretary, not too prepossessing in appearance."

Jessica had spent her life in a tiny western town with her invalid father, released by his death from years of tedious if affectionate devotion, she had followed his last wishes and written to his sister in New York, from whom he had not heard in many years. A note requesting a secretary? Efficient—but not prepossessing. That was an odd requirement, mused Jessica. Aunt Louisa had no sons.

Started at the idea which occurred to her, she jumped up, ran to the dresser and leaned toward the mirror, undoing with rapid fingers her gold-tinted, softly curling hair.

Two weeks later Aunt Louisa, a vigorously intellectual woman, sat in her library interviewing a simply gowned, sober-eyed young woman who had presented herself as applicant for the secretaryship.

"I may say that he has an eye for beauty. My last secretary was one of those flighty, blue-eyed—er—baby dolls, as they say, and but you understand what I am getting at."

Never before had Jessica been so happy as she was in the days that followed.

Then home came Slade Tremont. And if Aunt Louisa had seen possibilities in Jessica, no less did Slade.

"I say, Miss Boardman, why don't you wear your hair more—more fluffy or something?" he asked the second morning of his arrival.

"Please do not be personal, Mr. Tremont," said Jessica, coldly. For the first time in his young life Slade was hard hit.

The afternoon that Slade announced his intention of running on to Boston for a day or two, her aunt also decided to visit a friend who had a model farm in the country. Jessica, left in charge of the house, yielded to a sudden whim to forget for a moment that she was the very plain Deborah Boardman.

Going to her room, she took out her one frilly, feminine gown, and laid it on the bed. Then, her eyes sparkling, she did up her hair, not as she had worn it in the old days, but in the latest, most daring coiffure she had observed in the fashionable city.

Ambling this animated woman with the smiling lips, the soft throat rising from the lace fichu—this was not the unprepossessing Deborah—nor yet the old Jessica! This was a quite new person, touched with the magic wand of love!

Slade ran lightly down the stairs and out into the garden. She drank in the permeating fragrance, lifted her head, and looked straight into the eyes of Slade Tremont!

"I beg your pardon—why, Miss Boardman—you!" The look of surprise on Slade's face became one of puzzled, but happy bewilderment. "You won-

derful, wonderful girl. I got as far as the station and came back to tell you I loved you. And I adore you!" Jessica's eyes filled with happy love—then fell.

"My darling," said Slade. "My darling Deborah!"

"Otherwise Jessica," interrupted a voice dryly.

"You!" cried Slade.

"Just me," said Aunt Louisa. "I came home for something I had forgotten. I found more than I expected—wait!" She lifted a hand to ward off Jessica's rushing explanations.

"But not more than I hoped. My ward has given me several uneasy moments—yes, you have, Slade—and when you, Jessica, wrote to me, it occurred to me that you might be just the wife for my ward. But how to tell if you were? So I tried that little ruse of apparently mixed letters. Thought I to myself, if the girl is worth anything and clever, she'll see the chance and take advantage of it, and I will get a light on her real self. Didn't you ever wonder why you didn't hear again, or why the position wasn't filled before you came?"

"Yes," murmured Jessica, "of course, but—"

### Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

#### CURIOSITY

CURIOSITY is an effort to secure information which belongs to somebody else.

There is a great deal of information lying around loose which would not look well if printed on the front page, and if it were not for curiosity it could kick around on the four corners for weeks at a time without being picked up and woven into a lawsuit. There is considerable complaint about the activities of curiosity, but it probably keeps more people from helping build good roads for the state than the prickings of conscience.

Curiosity is caused by the nose becoming elongated and prying into other people's business. Many a man

has begun life with a nose of normal dimensions, and after becoming addicted to the curiosity habit has sprouted a proboscis longer than the ant-eater. There have been instances where this roving tendency has been resisted by its victim, who pushes the nose back to its proper location with an irate fist.

Curiosity should be guarded against especially in the case of husbands who were formerly in the prize ring. It is a dangerous matter to pry into the personal transactions of a citizen who carries a left uppercut and enough ready money to pay his fine. Scores of happy homes have been broken up by the gossip whose curiosity has run over the dam and convinced a credulous wife that she had married a gay Lothario instead of a master bricklayer.

Curiosity which is not fenced in can be cured by reading the parable about the mote and the beam and training the nose to keep on the sidewalk. There would be less baleful curiosity at work in this country if people would look inside a little oftener and not worry so much about how their neighbors can afford pork tenderloins twice a week. If nobody would go off his own premises when he feels like doing a little promiscuous prying, there would be better feeling and fewer blackballs cast in the lodge.

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Some people go without what they want in order to get something they don't want.

Statistics in the hands of a campaign orator are usually unreliable figures of speech.

The meaning of "Dr." depends altogether upon whether it is placed before or after a man's name.

