

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

BREATHING EXERCISE

EVERY woman should study up a little on the subject of health and beauty. She need not spend much time over it—only a few moments a day, until she is familiar with the few principles that form the foundation of buoyant health and good looks. For even the most intelligent women are badly informed on such matters.

Then, knowing more about this subject of appearance and health the woman will know what sort of methods she needs to improve herself and will not waste time using tonics that



It is a Good Idea for Every Woman to Study Up on Physical Development.

will do no good, or cold creams when she needs a diet, or forcing pills into herself when she should eat different kinds of food.

Then, instead of worrying over wrinkles caused by bad health she will start in doing a few simple breathing exercises, to increase her vitality. And here, by the way, is the keynote of beauty and health—breathing. Few people breathe properly, none breathe enough. That is why I have advised so many readers to study up the Yogi methods of breathing, because, aside from its religious significance to the Hindus, the Yogi breathing exercises are the best in the world.

The Yogis breathe, first into the lower part of the lungs, then into the middle, then the upper chest, filling the body so full of air it seems ready to burst. This is held and repeated, until the cheeks flush and the new blood runs through the veins, and the stomach seems rejuvenated. Study it up—and practice it.

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM THAT YOU WERE DREAMING?

HAVELOCK ELLIS does not believe that such a thing as to dream that you are dreaming is possible. For his part, he says, he has never had any such experience but admits that it has been borne witness to by many philosophers and other investigators of dream phenomena from Aristotle and Socrates down to the present day. In this connection it may be remarked that the literature of dream science is a large one and that the books written upon the subject by learned and distinguished men from Aristotle the famous Greek philosopher who died 322 years before Christ and was the first to attempt a scientific investigation of the dream problem—down to Freud and Have-lock, would fill a considerable library.

Most of the scientists admit the fact of dreams within, dreams and nearly everybody has had such an experience, even though Have-lock has not. Have-lock says that when in our dream we say to ourselves, "I am dreaming," we are not asleep really but have "emerged for a moment, without realizing it, to the waking surface of consciousness." No one who has had such a dream will agree with him. The other scientists, admitting the dream within a dream, explain it in various learned psychological ways.

As for our mystic he bothers himself not at all about psychology but declares that it is unlucky to dream that you are dreaming. For it means that somebody is going to deceive you and cheat you out of money or valuable. So if in some complicated or unpleasant dream your "dream-thought" says: "It's all right anyway; I am only dreaming," look carefully after your affairs and keep watch of those who are in a position to deceive you. Journeys, unless absolutely necessary, are not recommended after such a dream. But its special warning is to be on the alert for cheats.

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The Woods

SETTIN' IN THE SUN.

I reckon the party who sets on a throne
Has a perfectly miserable time;
There always is some one a-plekin' a bone

With a king or a monarch sublime—
Some calculate maybe that bein' a king
Is a job that is go'ally fun—
Well, well, it may be,
But the best thing, to me,
Is jest settin' right here in the sun.

I reckon the party who sets in the chair,
In the president's chair, an' all that,
Must tote on his person consider'ble care

An' a pussel of woe in his fun,
Some calculate maybe it's fun to be boss
Or even for office to run—
Well, that may be so,
But the best thing I know
Is jest settin' right here in the sun

I reckon the party who sets up on high
He may wish for a moment that's calm,
It's awful to set there an' find by-an'-by
That you've done gone an' set on a bomb.

I calculate, if they should blow up a king,
In spite of the good he has done,
Nary king he will be;
But me, as for me,
I'll be settin' right here in the sun.

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

What we do belongs to what we are,
and what we are is what becomes of us.
—Van Dyke.

SAVORY DISHES.

The following dishes are but suggestions to the housewife, for many tasty and wholesome dishes may be prepared from the food at hand:

Westphalia Batis.

Pass a cupful of boiled potatoes through a sieve and mix with four tablespoonsful of finely minced ham, two tablespoonsful of butter, two eggs, well-beaten, one quarter of a cupful of cream, cayenne, mustard and salt to taste. Form into balls, egg and crumb them and fry in deep fat until a light brown. These may be served with or without a cream sauce.

Savory Eggs.

Cook four eggs in the shell until hard. Shell, cut in halves, pass the yolks through a sieve and mix with two tablespoonsful of ham, a little onion, two tablespoonsful of cream, two minced sprigs of parsley, salt, cayenne, chopped tarragon to taste, and mix well. Fill the egg whites with the mixture and lay on a platter. Pour round the eggs one cupful of mayonnaise to which has been added one small chopped pickled cucumber chopped fine.

Potted Creams.

Fry rounds of bread for six or eight persons, and set them in the oven. Take one quarter of a pound of cheese, four tablespoonsful of butter, salt, cayenne and mustard to taste, adding one tablespoonful of any fruit juice, mix well and spread a spoonful of each on the bread. This mixture may be used for sandwiches and will keep a week, or more if covered, in a small jar with melted butter.

Parmesan Puffs.

Take one-half cupful of grated Parmesan cheese, two-thirds of a cupful of bread crumbs, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of cayenne—put all this mixture into a mortar and pound until well blended. Beat two eggs and add to this mixture. Make balls the size of a large walnut and fry a light brown.

Cheese Sandwiches.

Cut rounds of bread to be used as sandwiches. Spread lightly with butter and add a spoonful of the following: Take a cupful of grated cheese (rich American), add cream, cayenne and a dash of mustard, and salt and spread lightly on one piece of bread, cover with another and when all are filled fry a delicate brown in a hot omelet pan with a small amount of butter. Served hot with a plain lettuce salad, they are delicious.

Sardines Fried in Batter.

Drain the fish and pour boiling water over them to remove the oil. Remove the skins and dip into fritter batter, fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper. For the fritter batter use one and one-third cupsful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, and one beaten egg. Serve with hot tomato sauce.

Hot Sauce Tartare.

To one-half cupful of white sauce add one-third of a cupful of mayonnaise, one-half a chopped shallot, one-half teaspoonful of vinegar, one-half tablespoonful each of chopped capers, pickles, olives and parsley. Serve when the mixture is heated, but not boiling. This sauce is nice with boiled fish.

Nellie Maxwell
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DOROTHY DALTON



This charming "movie" star was born in Chicago September 22, 1893. Following her graduation from Sacred Heart academy her father wished her to study law, but she persuaded him to let her try a dramatic career. After a brief experience on the stage she turned to pictures. Miss Dalton is an ardent aviatrix and never misses an opportunity to fly.



SEENSE da prohibish starta work steady job everyting tosa do keek now. I tink een houta seexa mont even da chorus girl losa da keek, too. Lasa week I was een one place wot's been prohibish longa time. I see one frien I gotta een dat place and he aska me weeth wheesper eef I lika leetle shot.

Now I no feel a ver good een dat place so I say, "Jaha right. Jusa one leetle shot." So he gotta bottle from da bootleg and I tink was fira, seexa mutle een one drink. My frien say was only one leetle shot, but was jusa ilka machine gun—keepa right on shoot.

I usk'n my frien w' all bootleg ees stronga ilka dat one and he say no. He tola me when was made lasa night ees pretty stronga today, but when was made lasa week ees pretty gooda stuff een dry town. I tink eet we ever hava one more war we seexa tree, four bootleg out for da eexa and he go denn pretty queek.

My broddn Sylvest ees stronga man alla right. He maka wrestle for da leaving and I betta you seexa bit one little drink bootleg wheesky putta heem down. Dat stuff my frien geexa me would maka T. N. T. looka seek.

Weeth gooda stuff before prohibish we could sometime hava leetle broek-out. But weeth da bootleg droek wot we gotta now ees stronga for blow-up and no gooda for blowout.

No Fun.

"There's no fun arguing politics with that man."
"What's the matter?"
"He agrees with everything I say."



WEAR A RAINBOW ON YR FOREHEAD.

Off Again, On Again

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

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Hay.

Hay is what we are told to make while the sun shines.

Hay is divided into many kinds. We used to help divide it, so that it would cure enough to be stacked or put into a mow.

It would be cruel to stack or store hay that was still ill or under the weather.

Sunshine and air in abundance will cure almost the sickest hay.

There are alfalfa, clover, timothy, red-top, peanut, cow-pea and John Hay.

Alfalfa will produce almost as many crops of hay as a real estate agent will tell you it will.

Clover is hard to cure. It is inclined to be sullen and depondent and often has to be handled with a sulky rake.

If permitted, it will settle down in mud, black heap and rot utterly. We know of few things any more—prossing to the sight than a field riped with clover windrows when here have been two weeks of cold in on-it.

Hay like that makes fine feed for horse that one is anxious to lose. Hay is also the first name of a popular brand of sneezy fever.

FINNIGIN FILOSOFY.

Ut wud be a fine 'ting 'lave off enough 'f'm the price av that diamond ring an' buy a ton av coal 'f'r a fam'ly wid shiverin' childher in ut.

Novelized Stuff.

"She merely played with the food on her plate."—Any Novel. She probably gave the bread a roll, butter a playful pat, did a turn with her fried eggs and tickled the 25 feet.

Holding Its Own Sportingly. Let what ball player may, hold the record for high batting average and base hits—and all that for the season, the Panama canal holds the highest percentage of solids.

Explained.

"I was in the Serbian army," the stranger said, through his clenched teeth and his interpreter.

"Yes, but you are shot in the face!" said the man who keeps track of current events.

"Ah, yes. I got nervous and looked back!"

TOLD HIM!

"Paw, what is a temperance measure?"
"A water tank, my son."

What the Sphinx Says

By Newton Newkirk.



"When you bury the hatchet, don't chase to the nearest hardware store and buy an ax."

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

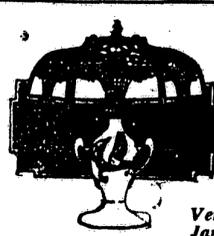
"JITNEY."

DURING the period which immediately followed the Mexican war, a number of words which were contractions or slight changes of terms in common use south of the Rio Grande entered the United States vocabulary because of the increased use of colloquial Spanish in the southern part of this country. Among these words was "jitney," a combination of two Mexican words meaning the lowest possible value, and first used by American gamblers in scornfully referring to the "small change" or "chicken feed" which the Mexicans insisted on introducing into the games of chance. The copper cent being rare in those days, the term was gradually applied to the United States five-cent piece, and worked its way North, where, among the street arabs of New York a nickel has long been known as a "jit," just as a cent is a "meg," a "dime" is a dime and a "cutie" is a quarter.

The advent of the private motorbus which charged five cents for a ride helped materially to revive the term, the automobiles first being known as "jitney-busses" and then the name was shortened to "jitneys."

An Aid to Business.

Beacon—Do you believe a college career is an aid to business? Egbert—I certainly do. "Why do you think so?" "Well, my son's in college and he smokes about 7,000 cigarettes in a year." "I don't follow you." "Isn't he helping along the tobacco business?"—Yonkers Statesman



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78 STATE ST., ROCHESTER, N.Y.



LESSON FOR MR. MOUSE

ONE day Mrs. Mouse, who had three small babies, found an old shoe which she dragged with a great deal of trouble to where she lived in the attic.

"This will be the very thing for my babies to sleep in when I am away hunting for food," she said to herself.

Poor little Mrs. Mouse, she had a hard time of it, for her husband, Mr. Mouse, was a lazy fellow, never bringing home a thing, but always eating

Mouse, and the first thing he knew he pulled out the tail of one of his own children from the toe of the shoe.

"Now what is that?" he said, looking at it with sharp eyes, "I don't like worms; I guess I will begin to eat on the other side."

Nibble, nibble, nibble, he worked, and then he jumped, for there was a tiny paw, and this time he awoke the baby mice, who began to squeak.

"Squeak, squeak!" cried the babies, "father is trying to eat us up." And just that minute aloud came Mrs. Mouse.

Long-suffering Mrs. Mouse had reached the end of her patience; she grabbed her husband by one ear and such a twist as she gave it. "You wretch!" she cried; "you would eat my babies, would you?" and she gave him a smart box on the other ear.

This time he ran behind a box, where he sat trembling and frightened for he had never before seen his little wife angry.

Every time he came near her Mrs. Mouse ran at him, and after a while he gave it up and away he went.

By and by, when the babies were asleep and Mrs. Mouse was getting ready to go out again, Mr. Mouse came tugging home a big piece of cheese and meekly laid it before his wife.

He did not even try to nibble it himself, but sat still and watched her eat, and when she had finished he said: "I know where there is plenty more, my dear; you stay at home after this and take care of the babies and I will bring home the food."

"And to think," said Mrs. Mouse as she sat alone later, "that all this time I could have made him work if I had not been so meek. I wish I had boxed his ears long ago."

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SCHOOL DAYS



Don't worry! She's never gonna find it out—I always eat some clove 'ese I go into the house

Gosh, what'd you do if yir maw was to find it out!

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The best time to kiss a pretty girl is any old time.

No man is really truly in love if he doesn't act foolish.

The opal is more difficult to imitate than the diamond.

The Episcopal church of Scotland has no archbishop.

High words are often used to express low thoughts.

Listen to the advice of others—and then follow your own.

Two heads of a family are not necessarily better than one.

An ant can carry several times its own weight with ease.

Sometimes a man imagines he is making love to a widow.



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