

Hair Annoyance Quickly Vanishes, Temporarily or Permanently, When Treated in Efficient Modern Way



Continental women may be slightly proud of their downy shadows, but American women have a different standard of beauty. The clear, satin-smooth skin free of all blemishes, as exemplified by pensive Sheila Terry, film actress, is far more likely to be their goal.

Weblike Patterns on the Face, Arms, and Legs Are Never Tolerated by Fastidious Women.

"West Point Exercises," an illustrated booklet outlining the series of exercises recently presented in these columns through the courtesy of the United States Military Academy, may be obtained by sending five cents in coin or stamps to Antoinette Donnelly, THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE. Or call at The Tribune Public Service Office, One South Dearborn street.

By Antoinette Donnelly.

THERE are beauty problems women can laugh about and problems that women cannot laugh about. The outstanding one among the latter group is superfluous hair.

Women can laugh quite heartily about their "shape," about their noses, the color of hair, about their general style. But this superfluous hair, no matter how downy the growth, dooms the upturned mouth corner.

Why it is taken so to heart, nobody knows. Our conjecture is that it is because of its masculine association. Maybe it is because hairy faces and hairy legs never were broadcast as feminine lure. Anyway, women can better bear up under an acne condition of face, fat or funny profiles.

All of which is quite a ridiculous way to attack such a problem. If you don't want hair on your face, you simply do not have to have it there. Curiously enough, in foreign countries you will see women behaving as if they were quite proud of their "mustaches."

I recall in Rome sitting near a youngish matron stunningly gotten up—hands beautifully manicured, wearing an immense solitary and gorgeous bracelet, indicating it wasn't lack of money that kept her from having the mustache removed. I was told on inquiry that sometimes it is thought very clever to maintain a freakish bluish, the better to extol the charms by comparison. Well, we do not talk that language. Our idea is to rid ourselves of every blemish and if comparison is to be made, let it be made with perfection. But no one need spend a minute crying about superfluous hair, with the many aids at hand today.

Unpleasant Glimpse of Chiffon Covered Hairs.

Sometimes I am a little perplexed when seated across a car with a view of chiffon hostery through which a spider web pattern or water wave, of hair appears. It's such a simple thing to clear that skin surface of hair. At summer beaches, too, you sometimes are affronted with such growth minus its chiffon veiling.

Every victim asks the why of what she calls her affliction. And almost to a woman, she lays the blame to cold cream or other cosmetic cream. There has been considerable research done on superfluous hair causes. Cold creams have been investigated and come off with a clean record. They do not cause this hair growth.

The best explanation available, and one to which physicians are willing

to prescribe, is that this superfluous growth is connected in some way with glandular activity. It is seen in company with the glandular type of obesity. It appears during such glandularly disturbed periods as pregnancy and the climacteric. It appears on young persons, and in them, too, may be explained as having glandular relation of some sort.

But why worry about what started it on your face?

Simply attack it in one of the efficient modern ways.

If you don't want to commit yourself to the time and expense of electrolysis, which is still deemed the surest permanent way of removal, try such temporary conveniences as bleaching, tweezing, shaving, or by use of one of the excellent hair removal preparations on the market. What if you do have to perform the operation over and over again? You have to cleanse your face, take your baths, put on your make-up over and over again.

Remove Occasional Wiry Hair with Tweezers.

Sufficient time certainly has elapsed in superfluous hair removal experimentation to disprove claims that removal incites further hair growth. I frankly do not believe it. Shaving, per-

haps, I should hold under a little suspicion because it is only the surface hair that's got at and no root burrowing done. Yet for such wide areas as hair covered arms and legs, the razor does a quick, clean job. And on these areas repetition need not be done often. But there are other emergencies.

Bleaching with a peroxide mixture—two parts peroxide to one part ammonia—makes the hairs less conspicuous and I have reason to believe on the word of one of our best medical skin specialists does discourage growth in time. If it is a fine growth of darkish hair that gives the lip a smudged look, the mixture will be found most satisfactory. You may apply a dab of the mixture with a bit of cotton several times a day safely. Better mix a small quantity at a time, and if you experience a too stinging sensation, better dilute the mixture. Only have it strong enough to bleach. This is about the simplest treatment known.

Then if your problem is an occasional wiry hair, there is no reason on earth why you can't yank it out with tweezers. When you do this, be sure to use an antiseptic to act as an antiseptic, also to tighten the pore from which you've just evicted the hair. You might look into the painless electric implement used now for eyebrow treatment.

There are, of course, a number of preparations on the depilatory order that clear the skin surface neatly with dispatch. You can get them in cream form, liquid or powder. They clear off the hair, leaving the skin surface smooth. While you can't claim they are as sweet smelling as your face powder—still their manufacturers have stilled the former odors of these products marvelously in the last year or more. For underarm use and leg and forearm they are found satisfactory.

The waxlike hair removal preparations have a following that would not be converted to anything else. These preparations are applied warm, allowed to remain on until they are cool, and then peeled off. You cannot look at the result on the now hardened wax pulled off, without crediting the claim of the manufacturers that the hair is pulled from the roots.

In spite of opinions to the contrary, I cannot see any foundation to claims that these measures repeated encourage hair growth. On the contrary, many women experience a retarding of the appearance of unwanted hairs in time, if not eventual removal.

In any event, these measures are a ritual that may be observed with the same philosophy about repetition as one has toward manicures and waves and such.

Design Painted on Pioneer Family's Clock Inspiration of Unusual Pattern



Album.



Building Blocks.



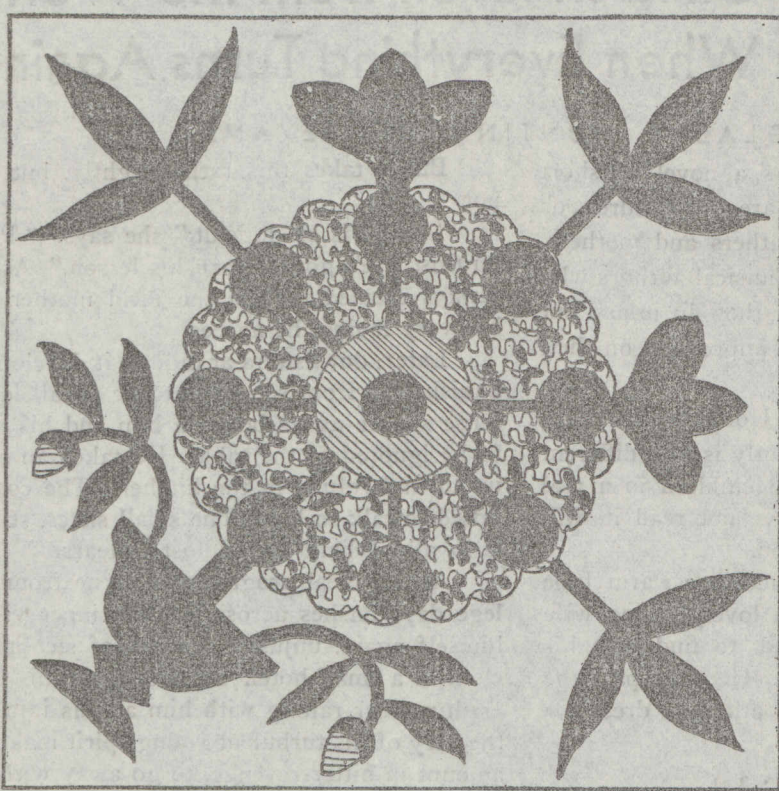
Rocky Mountain Puzzle.



Original Tiger Lily.



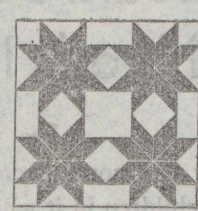
Friendship Knot.



SETH THOMAS ROSE.
By Nancy Cabot.

THE old Seth Thomas clocks were a part of every pioneer family's household goods. It was one of these clocks that inspired the designing of the quilt pattern, "Seth Thomas Rose." Painted on the glass

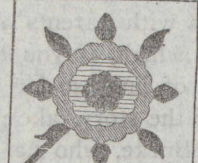
For each quilt pattern desired, send 5 cents in stamps or coin to Nancy Cabot, Chicago Tribune, printing your name and address clearly. Or call at the Tribune Public Service Office, One South Dearborn.



Old Maid's Patience.



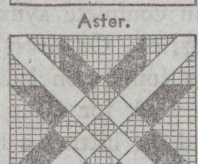
Japanese Lantern.



Golden Rose of Virginia.



Aster.



Mexican Star.

Home Should Be Child's Haven from the World

When Everything Turns Against Him, Needs to Be Sure of One Refuge.

[Continued from page one.]

children all knew that nothing we could do would make any difference to Mother—that with her was always our unalterable refuge," and he went on ruminating. "It was the way of the world that when one was 'bad' the world would turn away. But what it meant to a bitter young heart when there was one human creature who never turned, never could turn away!"

Loves Him Whether He's Bad or Good.

As he has been thinking the meal has been progressing and the ice cream is being served. His small daughter is sitting silent, not touching her dessert. Suddenly, she bursts into tears.

"You're mean to Eddie," she cries out. "I love him when he's bad—just as much."

The tear stained face of Burke's mother comes back to him as he looks at his weeping little girl.

His glances at his wife—hurt by all this, but not yielding, believing she is right.

"But," thinks her husband, "she's not right."

So he goes around to her place and says: "Send for the little devil and tell him it's all right."

"But Ed!" she cries, startled and dismayed. "That would spoil everything, Ed—he's got to learn that when he behaves like that the world—"

"The world," said Burke, "but—not you."

So, Eddie is brought back and in an amusing and touching little scene at the table his mother opens her heart to him.

Story Starts Train of Thought.

A story like this starts trains of thought that are worth following a little right here. One is the big one that a child must have one haven, one refuge that never fails him. There must be in his life at least one person whose love and understanding are unflinching—one person who never turns against him—one person whose deep, unswerving loyalty he never questions. That person should be his mother or his father—or both.

They may need to say to him, "This will not do," or "That is not wise," or "This other thing is wrong," but they must be there always, understanding him if possible, but always loving him and standing by. In this world of today, full of change and uncertainty, home, even if it isn't a homestead, must be one firm and solid thing in a child's life—one thing on which he can bank—one thing he needs now more than ever before. The world may do this or that to him—but not you."

Let Disfavor Come from Only One.

Now, for a sideline of interesting thought the story arouses. The idea of discipline which carries over from school to home, or one person to another is unfair. To do as Madeline Burke did in the story, to band a family together utterly to ignore one member of it is quite terrible. In fact, I think for even one parent to refuse to speak to a child is a poor system of management. These dead silences in a home are dreadful. In any case, let the disfavor smite from one quarter only. In this case the school had its own idea of managing Eddie. That was enough punishment.

Haven't you seen a whole family visit disapproval on one child's head? "I don't talk to bad little girls," one after another may say, or, "I don't like children who disobey their mothers." This is just a little too much.

Let's keep home a place of fairness and wisdom and love. We're not trying to treat our child in the intimacy of his home as the outside world treats him now or is going to treat him later. He has to be fitted for that, but in other ways.

After all, the world isn't home.

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French Prodigies Are Ordered Back to the Schoolroom

PARIS.—(P)—Infant prodigies of the stage and screen are henceforth to be sent back to school, tucked early into bed, and made to behave like normal French children. So says Minister of Education de Monzie, who in that capacity is the guardian of all youngsters up to the age of 13. He has just announced that juvenile heroes and heroines may not embark on theatrical or movie careers until they have finished their elementary schooling.

Indignant parents, abetted by child welfare societies, brought about the ministerial decree. Recently a film company hired a whole company of Parisian urchins as "supers." Long hours in the studios, under klieg lights, amidst noise and dust, worked havoc with them.

M. de Monzie's decision is generally praised. However, one music critic ventures to hope that it will not stifle the development of any precocious genius like Mozart.

ADDIS ABABA.—(P)—Exploitation of gold mines in Abyssinia is being undertaken with Swiss capital by German geologists, who have a 60 year concession granted as reward for 10 years of research work in the country.

Another thing about our so-called fair sex is a common inability to think that we can be wrong. Not so long as there is a male around upon whose shoulders may be pressed the mantle of guilt. We may be made that way for some reason—but for what good reason we have not yet been able to determine. Any way, in our experience with countless wives in this work here, it is NEWS, with large capitals, when a wife has been in the wrong.

This streak in her explaining the iron-willed purpose in her to bring her man to his knees with abject apology when her marriage ties are slipping. Some women are willing to make a half admission, as "I'm proud, but I can't bear to admit I'm wrong!" There's hope for one of her. But unless she's the one who says, "He won't admit he's in the wrong," can change her character, hers is a lost cause. And we don't know but that she deserves the bitter fruits of a lost cause! We had a recent experience with a woman who made out . . . case against her husband that should have nominated him to a distinctive place in the Hall of Infamy. However, one leak in the recital fired a suspicion that the woman herself might not be the paragon of truth, loyalty, and devotion she would have us believe. A little pressure and a little more pressure brought out the cold, unvarnished fact that said woman was gloating, though maybe she was nonvirtuous in thought only, over the admiration of another male. Which, in turn, explained the husband's desire to show his wife that he, too, had not lost caste as a desired one. In this in-

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WIFE RARELY ADMITS SHE'S WRONG

Member of So-Called Fair Sex Far More Intent on Bringing Husband to His Apologetic Knees.

By Doris Blake.

"HE won't admit he's in the wrong!"

Over how many wrecked marriages could that headline be written?

Probably three-quarters of them. Anyway, half.

Or maybe it's: "She won't admit she's in the wrong."

It doesn't matter which side presents the argument. It's the rock upon which countless numbers of unions have split.

Women, we think, are more prone to the spirit of demanding admission of guilt. There are men just as stubborn, just as full of false pride, but on the whole men dismiss their complaints against the woman as not being able to understand the sex any way. They do not stand over their real or fancied wrong with a big stick demanding the penitent come kneel for forgiveness.

Troubled with Inability to View Own Faults.

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stance, too, the woman repeated time and again: "But, he won't admit that he's done wrong!"

Way Modern Psychologists Handle This Problem.

Anyway, what are you going to do with the admission after you get it? You feminine hounds for admission? You can't frame it and hang it up. You want to forget the whole business as quickly as possible, if you're honestly interested in preserving the harmony of the household. But, we're told by modern psychologists that the new way of handling problems of this sort is not to say, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for acting so-and-so." Or, "Don't act like that. It won't get you anything!" Instead, we are ordered to ask, "Why do you behave like that?" There must be a reason. Why do you want a man to come groveling? Why do you cling to this stubborn pride?

Up to a certain point, it is true, all humans are one in hating to admit we are in the wrong. The difference, however, between the one who can admit it and the one who cannot is largely a matter of intelligence. That is why it is difficult to argue with some women. They simply have not the intelligence to be able to look at a problem without personal bias.

Let's grant that wanting to be thought in the right is a common human factor. There is a great deal to be said for this same factor in human makeup. Otherwise, we would not enjoy or be party to the thousand and one developments that have come from the heads and hands of men who knew they were right. Fundamentally, it is the source of nearly all human attainment. But the excessive desire to be right and to be acknowledged right is a vice, just as any virtue carried to excess may become a vice.

Another angle on this stubborn

rightness that psychologists are agreed on is that its victims are not at all the cocksure, self-important beings they appear. They're actually timid, and this standing on their pride is nothing more than a defense system. The weak one's way, the bully's way, of building up self at the expense of a victim.

Building Up Self at Expense of a Victim.

There's a thought to mull over the next time you catch yourself arguing that "he or she won't admit he or she is wrong." If you're willing to analyze the motive back of this inordinate righteousness of yours, you can see that you, too, are in the wrong even though the other one may be faulty as you say.

Dismissing the learned arguments and getting right down to brass tacks, did you ever hear of man or woman earning happiness by clinging to stubborn pride? Even though the offender has properly abased him or herself, has there been any afterglow? None at all.

But with one who can admit with grace, honesty, and sincerity that he or she is in the wrong, there is immediately bred an atmosphere redolent with kindness.

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