

Billie Burke certainly knows becoming Hats and how to wear them

says **Antoinette Donnelly**



ity that characterized even the most elegant concoction there.

ANSWER TO INQUIRIES.
Mary: I would not use a depilatory on my face and neck if I were you. The most effective way of removing superfluous hair is by the electric needle. The cracking open of your fingers may be due to some skin disorder caused by a rundown system. I suggest your consulting a skin specialist about it. Interested: Why allow yourself to

grow paler worrying over that one pound that you are under weight? Instead, use every effort to build up your strength and gain flesh by getting more sleep and rest. Eat simple, nourishing food, avoid all greasy food and pastry. Get a reasonable amount of exercise in the open air, not enough to make you exhausted. Drink water between meals and keep your bowels in a healthy condition. Sleep with plenty of fresh air in your bedroom and make it a point to get eight hours' sleep

every night, 10 if possible. I shall be glad to send you my dietary for gaining flesh if you will send me a stamped addressed envelope.

J. P.: Try this simple exercise for reducing your legs: Stand up straight and kick out with each foot in turn, bending the knee so as to draw the heel of the foot back as far as it will go. Repeat the exercise from 15 to 20 times a day.

PAPER OF EARLY DAYS SIMILAR TO 1916 WORK

Policies Outlined in Columns of "Spectator," Unsigned Communications to Editor Refused and First Obituary Is Printed.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Feb. 19.—(Special.)—Just 70 years ago this month The Spectator, under the guiding hand of W. G. T'Vault, made its debut at Oregon City. The issue of February 5, 1846, was Volume 1, No. 1, of the first newspaper printed west of the Rocky Mountains. This last statement is on the authority of George H. Himes, curator and secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, Portland, who has provided the school of journalism with a fac-

simile of the editorial page of the first copy of the old journal. Even after all these years editors have not ceased to make their "bows to the public," and accordingly Mr. T'Vault writes in his foreword to the public: "The editor, in making his bow to the public as the conductor of the public journal, is well apprized that it is a time-honored custom and one from which he is not disposed to shrink to give a brief synopsis of the principles which will govern him in the discharge of his duties. . . . A large majority of the citizens of Oregon are emigrants from the United States and for the last 20 years politics have there

fertile part of the continent with a salubrious climate, the soil yielding a rich reward to the industrious cultivator, with an abundance of water power not surpassed on the globe to invite the attention and investment of capitalists in the establishment of machinery," says a verbatim sentence of boosting.

"Immediately upon the Coast of the mighty Pacific, with bays and rivers traversing our rich and fertile plains, affording the greatest facilities to commerce, and met with the intelligent and enterprising Anglo-Americans in a short time become one of the greatest commercial countries on the Pacific," says a similar sentence in which the enthusiast forgot his verb.

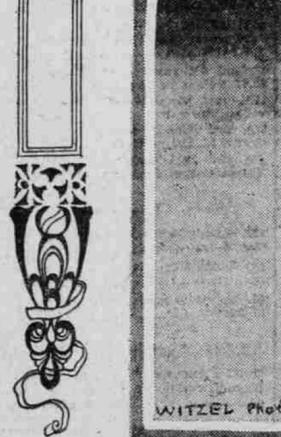
What means of rapid communication have done for Portland in 70 years is shown by the following: "Times—We are informed by a respectable gentleman, who a short time since received a letter from Captain Grant, of Fort Hall, stating that Dr. White, Indian agent for Oregon Territory, and his whole party had been cut off by the Sioux Indians between Fort Bridges and Fort Laramie. Captain Grant writes in the positive. The information was from Mr. Hastings, who left New York on the 6th of July last and must have passed the scene of massacre in October."

Here is an item that is commended to the attention of the newly organized Safety Forum of Portland. It appears under the caption "Serious Accidents," and reads: "Mr. Wallis, while engaged about his business in the sawmill of the Oregon Milling Company, received a severe injury on his head, occasioned

If a woman has \$4000 a week spending money, how much should she spend on hats?
Miss Billie Burke, the charming little movie star, is the only lady of my acquaintance whose weekly allowance qualifies her to answer the above question authoritatively.
But her \$4000 a week salary isn't the real reason why Miss Burke can speak with authority on that subject, which lies so close to woman's heart. If Miss Burke's allowance were as limited as that of the average woman, she still would be an authority on headgear. For she certainly knows how to choose a hat, how to put it on her pretty head, the exact angle at which it should be worn, and how to give her red-gold hair that deft and skillful little rearrangement about face and brow which has everything to do with the becomingness of a hat.
And what does she say about the amount of money a woman should spend on her hats?
"Expense has nothing whatever to do with the smartness of a hat," says Miss Burke, thereby making of every bill-paying husband and father a friend for life. "The simplest shape with a single rose for trimming and possessing lines that bring out the best results from hair and features may easily excel a millinery product laden with excess baggage in the way of flowers and plumes and ostrys. I might pay hundreds of dollars for a hat and if its lines were unbecoming I might look a perfect frump in it."
I have my own private convictions, however, that it would take a sad piece of millinery, indeed, to make applicable to Miss Burke the word "frump." I couldn't picture it—and told her so.
"Well, a hat chosen for expense at the sacrifice of becomingness would be the most expeditious means," she protested laughingly.
"Do you love to buy hats?" I asked Miss Burke—a foolish question, of course, to ask of one so thoroughly feminine. Who ever heard of a woman who didn't love to buy hats? But then

it's nice to know that a busy little person like Miss Burke doesn't let her work obsess her to the alienation of the eternally feminine affection—pretty hats.
"I'm just like every other woman in this respect," she said. "I love to get new dresses, shoes, stockings and blouses. But the purchase of a hat carries with it a pleasurable feeling in a woman's heart which only the prospective purchase of a hat inspires. And, besides, a hat has so much to do with a woman's looks that we cannot afford not to place it first in our affections."
"The trouble with a great many women is that after they have filled their souls with pleasurable anticipation of the purchase of a hat they sail forth without the slightest knowledge of the way hats should be chosen. They will let the milliner sell them anything so long as it carries with it the assurance that it is the "very latest." When I buy a hat I must be satisfied that that hat is suited to me individually before I say I will take it. It is not enough that the front view is good, but I want the side and back views to yield a perfect line of hat and hair as well. The lines of the hat must be right. The most marvelous trimming in the world will not redeem a hat if the lines are bad."
Some women know by instinct the exact lines to adopt. I am sure Miss Burke is one of them. But if instinct didn't guide her she would strike the right note in headgear anyway because she believes in taking time and using the greatest discretion and care in the purchase of a hat.
"Are you more partial to large hats than small?" I asked her—this before I was introduced to her hat closet, which disclosed an undivided affection for large and small hats.
"No, I cannot say that I am," she answered. "I have a little theory of my own about wearing large and small hats. For days when a woman does not feel her best a large hat will shade the face in a kindly way, while a small hat will prove quite trying. The small

hat is best for days when you feel really "topnotch."
Perhaps this will explain to some of us women why our small hats seem so much less becoming one day than the day previous. At any rate, there is a good point in the suggestion.
"With the large hats a more careful arrangement of hair is necessary," I suggested.
"I think the arrangement of the hair is tremendously important in the success of any hat. When I buy a hat I dress my hair with care and I dress it in the style in which I intend always to wear it with that hat. Few hats are adjustable to different styles of hairdressing. For instance, if I buy a hat over a high coiffure it will prove thoroughly disappointing if I attempt to wear it with my hair done low."
I noted particularly at this interview the way Miss Burke put her hat on. It was done unhurriedly. The hat was put on at the back of her head first and then drawn firmly forward. Then the tilt was given—ever so slight it was on this particular sailor of deep purple velvet, but so much of the style of the hat was included in that tilt—and, finally, there was that deft arrangement of hair at the sides and brow. No little detail was too small to be overlooked in the adjusting of her hat—and that is why I say Miss Burke on a limited income could still be an authority on hats and how to wear them.
"Do you think every hat is improved by being worn at an angle?" I asked.
"Yes, I think a hat set perfectly straight on the head is inclined to be severe and settled looking," she answered. "I have known girls who on a modest expenditure have acquired reputations for their smart hats just through the trick of putting them on at a clever angle and being careful to allow no stray wisps of hair to spoil the picture."
Being a diminutive creature, Miss Burke eschews extremely large hats. And she considered a further point about hat buying which is well worth remembering:
"I am never satisfied to sit down be-



fore a mirror and look at the back, side and front effects when buying a hat. I walk toward a long glass, studying the effect of my whole figure with the hat at its crowning point. So often a hat which looks quite well when you are seated appears hopelessly out of proportion when viewed in conjunction with an upright figure."
If the choosing of a hat is an art, then no one can accuse Miss Billie Burke of neglecting that art. If the possession of many hats is as consistently pleasurable for Miss Burke as the buying of one by the average woman, then Miss Burke's hat closet is a veritable joy fund, its greatest joy to me, however, was not in numbers so much as in the note of simple-



simile of the editorial page of the first copy of the old journal. Even after all these years editors have not ceased to make their "bows to the public," and accordingly Mr. T'Vault writes in his foreword to the public: "The editor, in making his bow to the public as the conductor of the public journal, is well apprized that it is a time-honored custom and one from which he is not disposed to shrink to give a brief synopsis of the principles which will govern him in the discharge of his duties. . . . A large majority of the citizens of Oregon are emigrants from the United States and for the last 20 years politics have there

—the address is always kept sacred, being merely a guarantee to the editor that the contents of the communication are worthy of credit. . . . "New Emigrant" has complied with the requisition of the editor and is published. "Observer" is rejected on account of his being personal. "A Settler in Oregon" is also rejected on account of being anonymous."
The individuals and clubs that have boosted Portland into its present state have commonly supposed themselves the originators of boosting for Oregon. The columns of the Spectator indicate, however, that they are scarcely even pioneers.
"Happily situated in a healthy and

by a slab coming in contact with a circular saw and being precipitated in the direction of Mr. Wallis, striking him on the head, cutting a large gash across the front part of it. Within a few minutes before or after this happened a Sandwich Islander came very near having his leg amputated by the same saw. These gentlemen attending that little circular saw better be on their guard."
There is an interesting half column obituary of Rev. Jason Lee, who had died March 12, 1845. No previous obituary had been possible because there had been no newspaper.
North Carolina last year produced mica-erite valued at \$2,700,000.

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