

MEMORIAL SERVICE OF B. P. O. E. SUNDAY

Annual memorial services will be held by Salem lodge No. 336, B. P. O. E., in the Elks' temple Sunday afternoon, December 2, at 2:30 o'clock. The service, which will be given in commemoration of members of the lodge who have died, will be open to the public.

Oliver J. Myers, Ted C. Irwin and Harold E. Mero arranged the program. Decorations will be in charge of C. F. Breithaupt, and ushers are Milo Rasmussen, Lyman McDonald, W. I. Needham and Dave Drager.

The program will be opened with Chopin's "Funeral March" played by the Elks' orchestra, and with ritualistic ceremonies by officers of the local lodge. The Rev. Martin Ferray will give the invocation, which will be followed by a song by Mrs. Harry Harms, with Miss Roberta Morton as accompanist.

The Rev. D. J. Ferguson of Astoria will deliver the principal address of the afternoon. Numbers by the Elks' orchestra and a vocal solo by Mrs. Harms will follow. E. M. Page, of the local lodge, will give the eulogy on members who have passed away. Ritualistic ceremonies by the lodge officers and another orchestra number will close the services.

EMPLOYEES TO SING CAROLS AT STORE

Following the example set by some of the largest department stores in New York city, a chorus composed of 50 employees of the Miller Mercantile Co. store will sing Christmas carols from the balcony in the main part of the store building from 8:45 to 9:00 o'clock every morning from Saturday, December 1, to the day before Christmas, inclusive.

In keeping with the Yuletide season, the store has been elaborately decorated. The balcony, from which the chorus will sing, is especially attractive. Employees at Miller's are enthusiastic about the innovation and are planning to practice each morning from 8:30 to 8:45 o'clock, before the doors are opened. Miss Violet Hess will be the accompanist.

SAN JUAN, Porto Rico, Nov. 28.—(AP)—A loss of \$85,300, 000 in the hurricane which swept the island on September 13 was reported in the compilation of official survey committee completed today. This did not include estimates for loss of livestock or of household goods and furnishings.

How to Achieve Beauty

ONLY yesterday I was sitting at my desk, wondering what I should write to you, questioning in my mind just what subject would prove most suitable for the day and the times and the season.

Today my mail contains a most pathetic and ambitious letter. One which supplies me with ideas and ambitions—and most particularly with a subject for a series of articles. It seems strange, very, to me to realize the great majority of women persist in thinking or persist in thinking I am writing always to the woman next door or around the corner, anyone, anywhere, but in the house and the shoes they themselves occupy. I cannot understand why to most of you good looks, good grooming and lasting youthfulness seem possible only to the woman with time and money at her disposal.

The letter I have just mentioned affected me so greatly that I determined that I should bring to your attention beauty—not a difficult, expensive, out-of-your-reach commodity, but a very close, real, decidedly attainable thing which you may have—every single one of you, in exactly the degree you honestly desire it. And "desire," as I express it, does not mean a queer, unhealthy mixture of yearning and envy and self-pity. It means determination, courage, self-reliance and will power.

As for the letter itself: the writer, I judge, is about 35, married, and fairly well off, and with four growing children. Her handwriting shows me that she is well-educated, well-bred, and the tenor of the letter tells me that she is unhappy, aged beyond her years, and facing a dark, hopeless future, from a good-looks angle.

The letter opens this way: "Dear Helena Rubinstein—I suppose you'll think I'm an absolute idiot, and knowing that it won't do a bit of good, I'm going to pour out my soul to you. At least, that will be of some relief to me, and it won't hurt you any. I'm 35 years old—and old is right. I've had four children, and in the ten years of married life I have

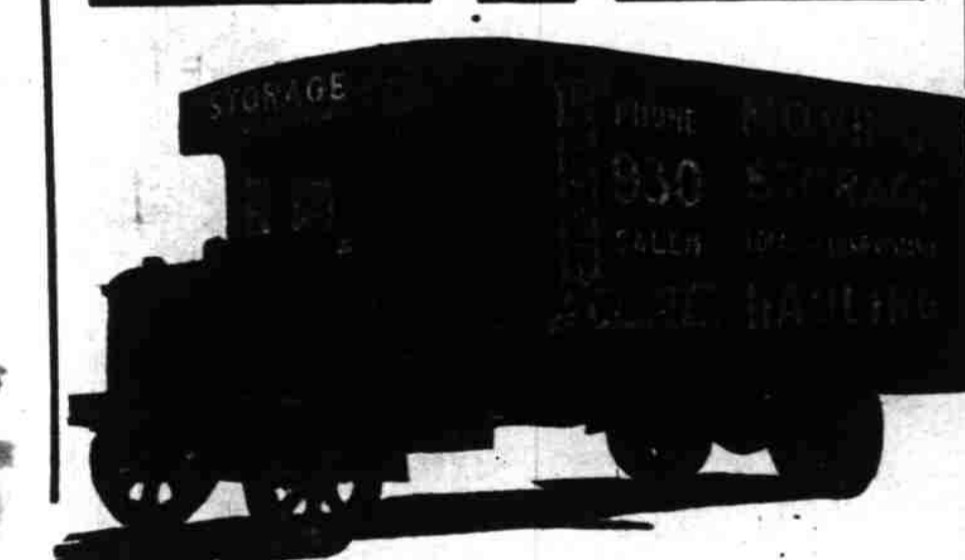
watched every door of opportunity close to me. Now I'm hopeless. I look around at this farm where we live and realize that it is all the world I shall ever know. That in the old, tired, haggard face that looks back at me from my mirror, I read the finale to all my ambitions.

My dear child—you aren't an idiot. Of course, you're discouraged, and unhappy, and you've looked so long at the distances, that you've grown far sighted, and you cannot see the beauty of the world that lies at your doorstep. Even your mirror tells you untruths. It cannot tell you you are old. You know better than that. And so do I, who am many years your senior, and am young today, as I shall be for a long time yet.

You have said that you don't expect me to be of any real help to you. That's quite a challenge. And before I take it up, let me impose just one condition. Let me challenge you to forget your misery for just two weeks. Let me challenge you to laugh a dozen times a day. Not foolish, senseless, futile laughs, but real buoyant, contagious laughs that come right up from your very "inwards." There's nothing to laugh at? Don't be foolish, my dear. What about a 35-year-old woman calling herself old? What about a woman with four blessed, bustling babies saying she has nothing to live for? What about a woman living in the midst of your beautiful country, watching the hillside turn crimson and gold, watching the wild asters add their royal purple to the glowing panorama of color, watching the eternal miracle of life and loveliness springing to completion and then fading so that another spring may be more beautiful? What about such a woman denying the beauty of life?

Is it a bargain? You begin to forget the seamy side of life and I take up your challenge and help you by showing you how to help yourself. Let's shake hands on it then, M. J. B., and see if we can't do something for you—in spite of yourself.

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