

# BETTY'S DIARY

## SUNDAY

Mamie came out to spend the day with me while Jim went off to golf. I have christened Mamie my Overseas Correspondent. We talked Beauty Culture. Mamie thinks every woman should take stock of her physical appearance at least once a year—and take immediate steps to remedy any defects. In Hollywood she said, the many lovely women there know it is not sufficient just to possess beauty—their future depends on making it wear well. It is reduced to a kind of formula. First, regular exercise, all kinds of sports, and scientific massage. Next learning to relax.

Movie-making takes such a toll of the nerves that they must nurse and conserve every ounce of energy. Then their skins. Cleanliness first and foremost. Massage with cream at night, followed by a warm and cold rinse. Special care of the hair—constant brushing, shampooing, and experimenting with new styles. Finally—eating simply: a balanced diet of cereals, greens, and lean meat.

## MONDAY

After our beauty talk yesterday, surveyed myself critically in the mirror—and thought it was time I took stock.

As Jim and I are due at Grace's party to-night, decided to try out the first beauty recipe. Got everything finished early and retired to my room for a home facial. Massaged face first with skin food, then applied mask made of toilet oatmeal mixed with milk and a little witch hazel. Placed two pads of cotton-wool, soaked in eye lotion, over my eyes—then lay down for ten minutes. Washed off mask with warm water and then applied make-up—liquid powder and a little cream rouge high up near the eyes. Mamie said this takes away that tired look. Finally dusted with powder, applied lipstick, and smeared a little cold cream over my eyelids, brows, and lashes. Slipped on my cyclamen frock—and waited Jim's verdict.

## TUESDAY

Nice after-party glow to-day. Grace's little "do" a great success. Rang her this morning to remind her of her two promised recipes. Her Cider Cup, which she served in a green, frosted jug, is made by mixing together one quart of cider, one siphon soda-water, lemon and cucumber slices, a wineglass of maraschino, and castor sugar. My favourite Sherry Cobbler she made by mixing sherry, water, and castor sugar—with slices of pineapple, lemon, and orange floating on it, and a cool sprig of mint.

## WEDNESDAY

To-day made up for my two days' frivolity by starting on my first pair of Red Cross socks. A painful performance for a beginner. Reflected that a Red Cross knitting machine can make a pair in forty minutes—averaging four or five pairs a day—and that, maybe, I would be more helpful if I stuck to bath mits. Jim came home and found me at dusk hunting slugs with salt and a hatpin. Am also on the trail of cutworms—some of my seedlings have been half eaten through with them. To-night I am setting a trap by sprinkling a mash round the plants. It consists of 1 oz. Paris green, 24 ozs. bran, ¼ oz. salt, and water to mix.

## THURSDAY

This afternoon Bill-Jim arrived home early and went off to play with some of the children. Arrived back triumphant on a battered but still workable tricycle. Further inquiries showed that he had taken his old go-cart from the garage and traded it for the tricycle. Was about to scold him when he said quite earnestly: "You see, Mummy, Johnnie said the war has made his Daddie poor, so I thought that if I got this for nothing, Dad wouldn't have to buy me one as he promised."

## FRIDAY

Made more bath mits this morning—and earned a couple of hours at my book this afternoon: "The Priory," by Dorothy Whipple. This is the story of a second wife, written so feelingly and understandingly that one has the impulse to shake some of the characters and hug most of the others. Authoress has a rare understanding of youth—of its ecstasies and heartbreaks that look so frightening to the young.

## SATURDAY

Jim and I saw that "Wuthering Heights" was showing at our local picture show to-night, and congratulated ourselves on catching up with it at last. Read the book when I was a girl—and its memory has never faded. The picture lived for me as vividly as the book. A beautiful and terrible story.

## Black for Distinction

America's fashion colour is black. It is epitomised for informal evening wear by a sheath-fitting black dinner frock, with a slit in the skirt to allow for walking. The neckline is high, the sleeves simple, and you wear with it all your best jewellery and a fur cape.



*"O-h, Mummy! How beautiful you look!"*

"THAT, FROM MY LITTLE SWEETHEART, IS A COMPLIMENT!"

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