

Lasses With Glasses

by KAY HARDY

NOW comes the day when the gorgeous girl with the vacant air fades away before her up-and-coming sister. Boys have voted in a recent poll that the girl they like must first of all be intelligent, and next that she must be interested in the things which interest them.

This is certainly good news for us plainer sisters, for it means that a little well-directed intelligence will be a big help in making us attractive and desirable companions.

But how? Well, we must read and study, listen and talk and notice what's going on—and then read a whole lot more. In short, we must keep up to date. And one of the things this calls for is good eyesight.

You can ruin your health and be a headachy droop if you don't see properly. If you must squint and strain every time you focus your eyes, you're overworking your entire nervous system—to say nothing of encouraging all kinds of lines and wrinkles to develop before their time. And if you're foolishly vain enough to leave the necessary cheaters home when you go to a party, don't blame us if you not only miss seeing the best-looking boy there, but get a reputation for being a terrible snob into the bargain! No doubt about it—if you need glasses, you should wear them. They'll add sparkle and see-ability to your eyes, and you'll not only *have* more fun, you'll *be* more fun, too.

There's no need to let false vanity ruin your eyesight these days. Eyeglass frames now come in such a variety of styles and shapes that there's one to flatter every kind of face. The famous Hollywood star in her dark glasses has given impetus to such attractive designs that even girls with 20-20 vision are sometimes lured into sporting specs!

Even if you seem to have perfect eyesight, and don't think you need glasses, only an expert can tell whether you are right, so it's a good idea to have your eyes examined by an optometrist or an ophthalmologist. Especially after you've had a serious illness, your eyes will need pampering for a while. So take good care of them, whether with corrective lenses, with slightly tinted, pampering glasses, or with dark glasses. Your eye

doctor will tell you what's best for you.

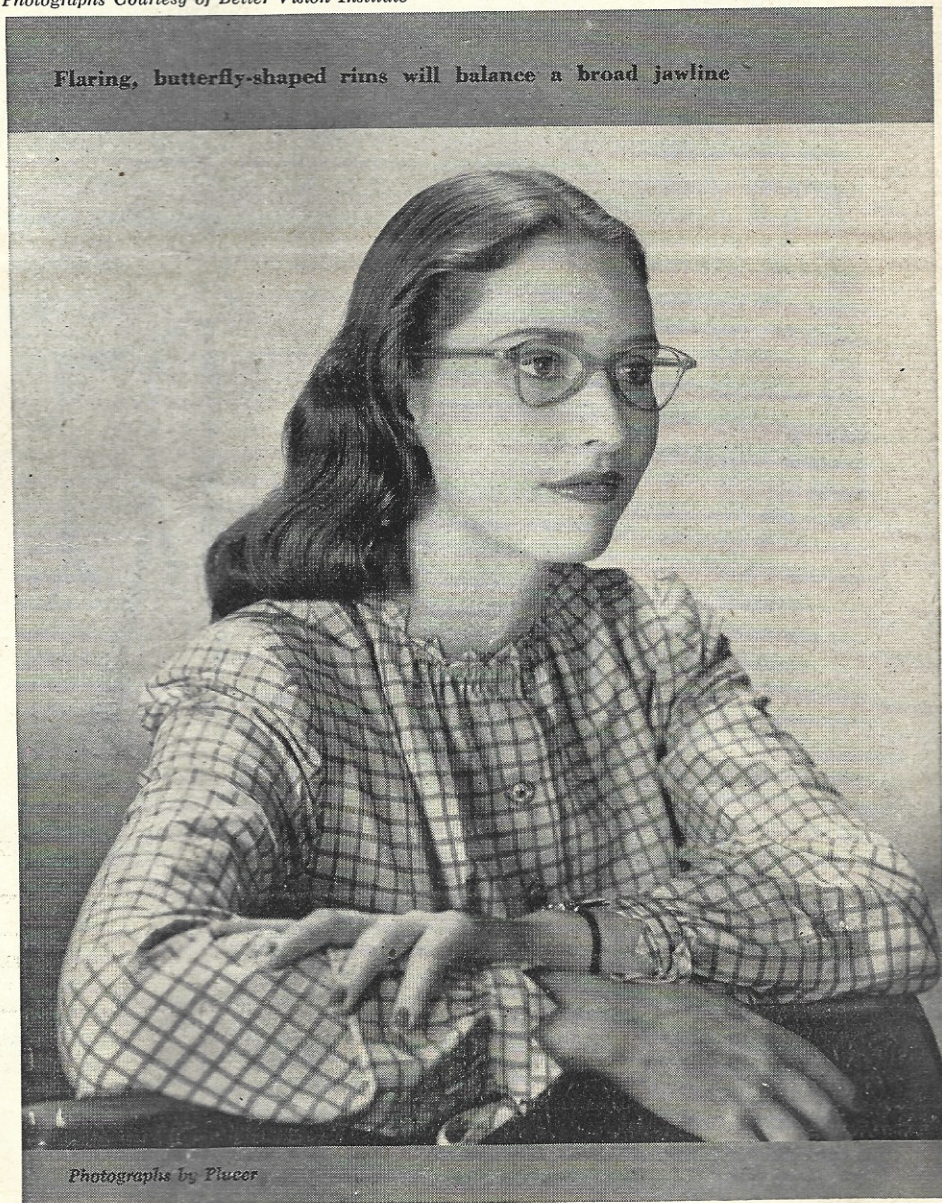
You'll have fun choosing the most becomingly shaped eyeglass frames. They're made in dozens of styles now, from the tiptilted, exaggerated harlequin to softly curved oval ones. The bridge over the nose may be high and level, or dip into a sweetly curved line.

The unbecoming tortoise-shell circles have gone out of style with a bang.

Superseding them, except occasionally for sunglasses, are the honey blond shades, platinum transparencies, pale green, blue, or aquamarine, soft rose, orange, or flesh tints. Some of the plastics used are transparent; others are opaque. If you're a girl who likes to wear shades of green, you can choose your eyeglass frames to match or blend. If you go in for pink sweaters and deep rose eve-

Photographs Courtesy of Better Vision Institute

Flaring, butterfly-shaped rims will balance a broad jawline



Photographs by Plucer

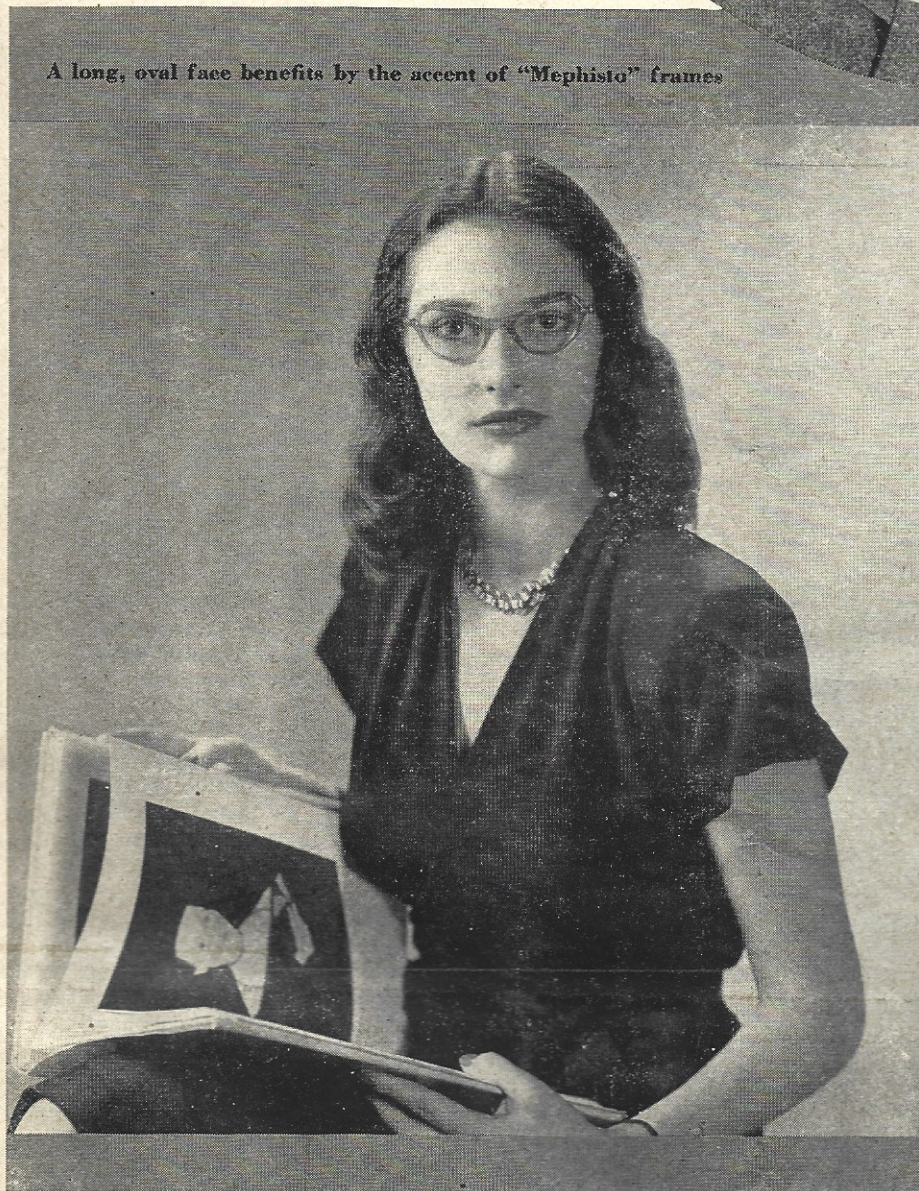
ning dresses, ask to see some pinkish frames. Blondes like the palest honey tones, and brunettes find deeper flesh or amber shades more becoming. Try on several colors when you're deciding, and choose the one which you think is the most flattering.

Then—even more important—choose the most becoming shape. Here are a few suggestions that may help you. First, look at yourself in the mirror and analyze the shape of your face. Most faces fall into one of four general classifications: the heart-shaped face, pointed at the chin and wider at the top; the square face, with width in jaw and chin both; the perfectly round face; and the face with more width at the jaw than at the temples.

Girls with heart-shaped faces are lucky. The soft line of their hair at the forehead, and the curved cheekline, are attractive. When you try on the sample shapes you'll discover that a high-placed bridge is becoming and that frames which tilt slightly toward the outside edge intensify the contours of your forehead.



A long, oval face benefits by the accent of "Mephisto" frames



If your mirror reflects a square face, better choose oval or softly-angled frames

The girl with the square face may have a slightly harder problem to solve. To counteract harsh planes and soften contours, she should wear oval or softly angled frames. She should avoid any accent on width, and try to frame the eyes with attention. Using a high bridge would make a short nose appear longer, and in some cases give the face better proportions. But if the nose is longish, dropping the bridge between the lenses will cut the length. A more oval variation of the "butterfly" frames shown on the opposite page would be the result.

The girl with the round face is the one who really can have fun with those gay, tiptilted glasses, particularly if she's also small, dainty, or vivacious. Somehow they seem to go with a pert personality. For the more conservative girl, an oval variation would do as well. Since the whole feeling of the round face is curves, the point is to try for angles in the glasses. They add accent and emphasis to the eyes. In fact, anything is good that has a tilted, push-up feeling, and tends to lengthen the face.

The girl with the broad jaw has a firm character and many sterling qualities—certainly nothing to be ashamed of! She can easily create a balance and an illusion of more beauty by centering attention on her eyes. Correctly shaped glasses will do the trick. The photograph of the girl in the checked blouse shows how charming the flared "butterfly" frames are, and how they attract attention to the eyes.

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Anchor for Her Heart

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June. "You and Joan have met, haven't you?"

"Ages ago." Stan smiled into Joan's eyes. "But we'd know each other a lot better if I could ever dance two steps with her before some snake cuts in. Now that I've got her all to myself, maybe we can make up for it."

Sue took the hint. "Migosh! I promised Mother I'd be home early. 'Bye, you two. Be seeing you."

The moment they were alone Stan leaned closer to Joan. "I'd like to drag you to the dance after the game." His smile acknowledged the honor that, as an upper classman, he was conferring on a girl who was a good deal younger than those he usually condescended to notice.

Joan tried not to show how startled she was. Stan Rogers—a First Classman—was actually asking her to the big party of the year. It was breath-taking. It was flattering. But, drat it, she didn't want to go with Stan. She wanted to go with Bill—if only he would ask her because he'd rather take her than Mary Lou, and not out of gratitude. Her head was whirling as she thanked Stan and told him she would let him know next day.

Back at the Crawfords', she was going to ask her uncle's advice, but she had hardly greeted him when he handed her a note. "Bill left this for you," he said. "The lad was mighty disappointed to miss you."

Her heart fluttering, Joan unfolded the hasty scrawl. An invitation from Bill would make her the happiest girl in the world.

"Dear Red," the words leaped at her, "I barged in to tell you the grand and glorious news. I got a three-five in Dago this week so I'll be playing football and doing my best to make mule-burgers out of that Army mascot. To prove my gratitude, I want to drag you to the Philadelphia party."

Joan's cheeks flamed. So that was how Bill felt! She had her answer, all right. He thought he had to ask her to the dance out of gratitude. That was swell—inviting her from a sense of duty when all the time he'd rather take Mary Lou! His note made it quite plain. He hadn't even bothered to be tactful. Well, he was due for the surprise of his life! She'd write at once and tell him she was going with Stan.

FOR once, the great day on which the Navy goat was to keep its long-awaited appointment with the Army mule dawned crisp and clear. As she and Sue settled themselves comfortably in the big stadium, Joan stared in amazement at the milling throng of thousands of football fans. It seemed as if the world and his brother had all come to watch the tug-of-war between the sailors and the gray-legs from up the Hudson. She felt her heart thud as the voices of hundreds of midshipmen swelled the thunderous yell:

"All Hands Up Anchor! Beat Army!"

"There's Bill!" Joan's breath caught as she spotted his bulky, helmeted figure among the blue-clad players. Then, a few minutes later, her agonized groan was added to the others as Army scored.

"Oh, Sue, Navy's got to win!" Joan beat a mittened fist against her knee when the half drew to a close and still the savagely fighting Academy team had made no dent in West Point's powerhouse.

Somehow it no longer seemed important

that she and Bill scarcely spoke these days. She forgot her hurt feelings in a surge of pride that he was out there battling; that she had had a small share in his being there. Across the miles of distance, her father was listening to the broadcast of this very game, willing his team to triumph. The swirling bedlam of the gridiron was more than a game, now. Just as Sue had predicted, Joan wanted victory with all her heart.

Between the halves, Stan Rogers met her at one of the exits. "What's the matter with Ambler, anyhow?" he demanded. "He's letting us down."

She was hotly defending Bill when Mary Lou joined them, a huge chrysanthemum snuggled against her chin.

"Hello there," she drawled, lingering to be introduced to Stan's impressive First Classman. Coyle she began to rearrange her corsage. "Bill insisted on buying it for me," she cooed, "but I just can't seem to pin it so it stays." She turned the full battery of eyelashes and accent on Stan. "Be a dear and fix it for me, will you?"

Joan seized the first opportunity to slip back to her seat, where Sue was busily consuming popcorn.

"Pretty reckless, aren't you," Sue asked, "leaving Stan with Lady Baltimore? She'd trade a Youngster for a First Classman any day."

"So would I," thought Joan miserably, as the whistle blew for the second half. Then, determined to be gay, she cried, "Look, Sue, the goals are changed and old man luck's coming over to our side!"

Do You Really Count?

If you hold a membership card in the Girl Scouts, you'll be counted among those hundreds of thousands of smart girls the whole country will be talking about next year, the Girl Scout Thirty-Fifth Birthday. If you want to count, when we add up the score, you'll have to be a registered Girl Scout. Are you sure your registration has been paid?

But well into the final quarter the score stood stubbornly at 7 to 0 in Army's favor. The mighty blue line was holding, but with time running out it looked as if in spite of all their fervent hopes, it was to be Army's day.

"Oh, jeeppers," Sue moaned, watching the stadium's big clock, "only five minutes to play."

And then it happened. A blue figure suddenly streaked forward, caught a long pass and sped across the goal line for a touchdown while Navy spectators went noisily, jubilantly mad. Wildly the Army stands implored their stalwarts to block that kick, but a Navy extra-point specialist booted the ball between the goal posts. The score was tied!

The giant stadium seemed to rock with roaring, shrieking humanity as each team fought to turn the tide of victory in its direction. But with only thirty seconds still to go, the game certainly looked like a tie.

"Anyway," Sue sighed, "it's better than being beaten."

Then, incredibly, miraculously, another blue-clad player sprang skyward to catch another long pass. "It's Bill!" Sally's scream was incredulous as, a scant half step in front of his pursuers, her brother zigzagged

down the field, on, on, and over the line for another touchdown—and everlasting glory!

"We've won! We've won!" shrieked Joan and Sue, dazed and ecstatic, as the final whistle blew. At the same moment the midshipmen came to their feet, and with bared heads and in thunderous triumph, sang "Navy Blue and Gold."

"If only I could see Bill for one little minute tonight," Joan thought. "Maybe we might be friends again. It's almost my last chance, I'm leaving so soon."

But later, when Bill danced past Joan, who looked like a redheaded angel in her long, fluffy evening dress, he merely bowed with distant formality.

"That'll teach you to keep your eyes in the boat," Joan's dancing partner admonished. "You mustn't try to come between Ambler and his O. A. O."

"That's the last thing I'd dream of doing!" Joan managed to laugh as if her happiness had not suddenly been dimmed.

(To be continued)

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Notice that the bridge here is dropped. But a high bridge-line—level across the top of the frames—would also balance the width of the jaw and would flatter a short nose. Oval shapes, wider at the top and curved to a deeper swell below, also help widen the forehead.

As a general rule, the high bridge is more flattering. The glasses don't look as though they were slipping, and it emphasizes pretty eyebrows and slenderizes the nose. The high-placed ear piece is a new and attractive development. This adds flattering width to the top of the face, where it's so often needed, and doesn't get in the way when one casts side glances!

The sunglasses habit has spread, and most of us find them convenient, becoming, and kind to our eyes—if we choose proper ones. We can cause great harm to our eyes if we wear just any old sunglasses with lenses of flawed or flat "window glass" of dull tone. These flaws are irritating to the eyes, and in time they may really harm the vision.

Good glasses don't have these flaws, for the glass used in their lenses is the result of infinite research and painstaking manufacture. Only the very finest ingredients are used, and they are melted in a "mixing pot" which has been seasoned for a whole year. Then the molten glass is poured upon a steel sheet and rolled thin. These perfect sheets of glass have to be cut into small squares, reheated, molded, ground, polished, lacquered, and finally edge-ground before they become eyeglasses for you. So rigid are the requirements that ninety-eight per cent of the glass has to be discarded because of tiny imperfections—only two per cent is perfect enough to be used for glasses.

If you treat your eyes to well-made lenses for reading and study, don't cheat them with cheap sunglasses. If you're an all-the-time-glasses girl, your eye specialist should provide a prescription for lenses correctly ground and of the right shade. That last is very important, for many of us are tempted to get sunglasses that are too dark or too heavy in tint, and our eyes are weakened, rather than protected, by wearing them. If you are a girl who wears glasses only oc-