DAILY PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvey

Illustrated by Gruette.

THE MEADOW QUARTET.

"I think my music is too good for the meadow folks!" buzzed Mr. Bumble-Bee to Johnny Grasshopper.

"Just what I was thinking about my cornet playing!" chirped his neighbor. "Suppose we travel into the village? I'm sure we'll astonish folks with our talent."

"No doubt about it!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble-Bee. "You with your cornet and I with my fiddle will soon set the world on fire with our music."

"Make it a trio!" croaked Mr. Green Frog, as he hopped from under a log with his bass viol under his arm.

"Great!" cried Johnny Grasshopper.

So the three musicians started across the meadows, stopping to tell Brown Cricket where they were going.

"Make it a quartet—I'll join you with my flute," chirped Brown Cricket.

"Sure!" croaked Mr. Green Frog. "A fiddle, a cornet, a flute and a bass viol. Oh, there's no doubt we'll set the world on fire with our music."

The four friends went merrily on their way until they came to a tumbled-down old hut.

Mr. Green Frog suggested it would be a good place for them to start playing right then. "If our music pleases here, we can soon set the whole world talking about our charming quartet." So they hopped into the kitchen.

Mr. Bumble-Bee with his fiddle under his wing settled on the curtain. Johnny Grasshopper jumped up on the kitchen table with his cornet. Brown Cricket hopped into the fireplace, holding his tiny flute. And Mr. Green Frog stood in the centre of the kitchen floor, with his big bass viol. The quartet began. But the music was so harsh and so terribly out of tune that before three notes had been played Mr. Bumble-Bee threw down his fiddle.

"Grasshopper's out of tune!" he buzzed loudly.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Johnny Grasshopper. "It's Green Frog, he plays too loud!"

"Nothing of the Sort!"

"Nothing of the sort" croaked Mr. Green Frog. "Mr. Bumble-Bee's fiddle's pitched too high!"

"Perhaps it would be better if we all sat nearer each other," suggested Brown Cricket.

So they all huddled together on the floor and tried it once more. But dear me, it was worse and the effort ended in quarrelling and wrangling, each blaming the other for the terrible discords, until the old man of the house entered and pushed them all out of the kitchen and closed the door on them.

"How do you expect to set the world on fire with your music if you quarrel and wrangle all the time?" laughed Brown Cricket. "Music and harmony are one and the same thing. To be able to play beautiful music you must all be in beautiful harmony. Not each thinking the other's in the wrong. We'd better go back to the meadow, each doing solo work."

So, sadly disappointed, the four friends returned to their meadow homes, and no one ever again heard them express a desire to set the world on fire with their music.

SANDALS

By Frank Crerie

Neither years nor distance nor changes in custom seem to dim the delights of the sandal which has held its place of honor and of comfort since days long before the ancient Greeks. Just a sole of some sort, perhaps with shields for the toes, and thongs with which to bind it on the foot, the sandal is—well, the airiest footgear since Adam and Eve walked from the velvety grasses of the Garden out upon hard stones. In far Japan, neath the cherry blossoms, the Nipponese maiden treads her paths in sandals with little stilt-like bars for rainy-day protection, while nearer home SHE who thrills your heart with her beauty and her grace, sweeps through the dewdrops on a sunkissed hill to greet the morning and HIM who keeps his tryst with LOVE and HER.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

A Year in a Second Not an Impossibility in Your Dreams

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University.)

DR. HIRSHBERG

Why is it often said that "at break of day—dreams are true"? Science is hard at it to explain this and other observations about "sleep with its delusive dreams."

It is now known that Shakespeare was wrong to "talk of dreams, which are the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy; which is as thin of substance as the air, and more inconstant than the wind." It is known, for instance, that light, sounds, odors and almost any impression which will arouse even slightly the sleeper's sensations, will influence the mind to reveries or dreams. Toward daylight sleep is waning and at this time half-aroused sensations are partial guides or originators of dreams. The dream explanations of Professors Freud, Bergson, Maeder, Watson, Frost and other experimental psychologists are a practical outcome of the investigations of science. Professor Henri Bergson maintains that the dreamer possesses a relaxed mind, "a soluble consciousness." Dr. L. H. Horton, in the Journal of Abnormal Psychology, offers facts to contradict this.

He explains the apparent inversion of time in dreams, such as when an alarm clock bell tinkles you may, for instance, think your dream is of a babbling brook until you are fully conscious of hearing the bell. This he shows to be due to the great difference between the time habits of working and the swift movements of mental images when consciousness is shut off from the outside world. It takes but five seconds of waking time for a person rescued from drowning to rehearse the detailed events of 30 years of life.

In a Second.

How easy it is, therefore, to think you dreamed a house was on fire and wake up to find it so? The clang of the approaching fire engine started the dream, although you waken to find apparently that the bell is just beginning to ring. You would refuse to be convinced that it was the smell of the smoke or the ringing of the bell which originated a dream, the realization of which seems to be at the end instead of the beginning.

Scientific research, however, proves that one second of reality is as long in a dream as a cycle of Cathay. A few seconds are hours, days or years, according to the events hauled out of the dream cellars.

Irrelevancy is not as common in dreams as you may believe. It is not due, as Bergson says, to lack of enough energy on the dreamer's part to summon the correct memory plane, but is due to want of recent or of strong impressions.

Some Strange Facts.

There is no longer much mystery, superstition or occultism in dreams. Unpleasant, long-forgotten events which sometimes prove to be the mainspring of a long life of emotional trouble, miscalled neurasthenia, psychaesthenia, hysteria, cowardice, forwardness, bluster, worry and fear, have been unearthed by the scientific investigation of dreams.

Dreams and reveries are only a compartment of thought when they are in agreement for the most part with the physical world. In persons who are more given over to words, opinions, wishes and unrealizable fancies or ideas that have no counterpart in the real world, dreams are Bolsheviki impossibilities.

Finally, while it is frequently true that a sensitizing impression in the real world, such as a cake of ice, a breath of cold air, an automobile horn or a creaky door, may influence the sleeper's dream to interpret them directly as such, these actual stimuli of the outside world often become in the dream an entirely different idea of perception. A slam of a door may be a shot fired with a swift following of associated ideas. The memories already mobilized in your mind along with this different idea which the noise seems to be rush through your dream world swiftly and you may awaken at the end of what seems to be a long battle, marching, shouting, artillery fire and victory actually to hear the door slam, which started the whole business.

The Origin of Famous Sayings

Plutarch—46 (?)-120 (?) A. D.

Moral good is a practical stimulus; it is no sooner seen than it inspires an impulse to practice.—Life of Pericles.

Be ruled by time, the wisest counsellor of all.—Life of Pericles.

Archimedes had stated, that given the force, any given weight might be moved, and even boasted that if there were another earth, by going into it he could remove this.—Life of Pericles.

When Alexander asked Diogenes whether he wanted anything, "Yes," said he, "I would have you stand from between me and the sun."—Life of Alexander.

Answers to Health Questions

ANSWERS TO HEALTH—Wednesday

D. E. B. Q.—What can be done for sunburn?

2. What is good for nervousness from smoking cigarettes?

A.—1. Try a little of the following for the sunburn:

Pink calamine	2½ drams
Zinc oxide	2 drams
Glycerine	2 drams
Phenol	30 drops
Lime water	2 ounces
Rosewater	2 ounces

2. You had better give up smoking. Take more outdoor exercise, such as gymnastics, tennis and all outdoor sports.

T. S. Q.—Please tell me the proper manner in which to place myself on a milk diet.

A.—It is not wise to be on an exclusive diet, whether it is milk or anything else, without a doctor's personal eye on your diet of milk, ice cream, custards, cream, butter and anything which is made mostly of milk.

E. H.: Q.—What can be done for pimples on the forehead and back?

A.—Apply a little of the following to the affected parts:

Sulphur loti	2½ drams
Balsam peru	½ dram
Camphor	½ dram
Green soap	1 dram
Lanolin	½ ounce
Vaseline	½ ounce

M. J., Essex, Ont.: Q.—1. What will make a harmless skin bleach to remove tan?

2. Is ——— good for the hair and scalp?

3. What will cure enlarged veins in the back of the hands?

A.—1. After washing or bathing, and while still wet, dry the skin lightly with a little of the following:

Fine almond meal	4 ozs.
Finely powdered borax	6 drs.
Oil of bitter almonds	3 drops
Oil of lily-of-valley	3 drops.
Finely powdered orris root	2 ozs.
Finely powdered pumice stone,	6 drs.

2. I am sorry I cannot help you by answering this question, as I do not discuss advertised articles.

3. Enlarged veins are caused by too much hard work, which must be stopped if a careful physical examination causes your family physician so to advise. Massage the hands with cocoa butter.

ANXIOUS, London, Ont. — Q.—I weigh 123 pounds and am 5 feet 3 inches tall, age 20. Do I weigh too much for my height? Will walking about two hours every day help me to reduce my weight? Are bananas fattening?

A.—You are just the right weight. Walking is very good to reduce. Bananas as a rule aren't fattening.

MRS. M. A. W., London, Ont.—Q.—What can be done for superfluous hair and blackheads?

2. What causes leucorrhea, and does it affect the spine?

A.—Gentle massage with a sterilized piece of absorbent cotton or chamois, followed by the application of a little paste made up of the following is very good for blackheads:

Fullers earth	4 drams
Vinegar	2 drams
Glycerine	3 drams

Remember that there are few, if any, methods to kill the roots. Most expedients, are like cleaning the teeth or washing the face, to be frequently repeated. About twice a week or when needed a little of the following may be tried:

Calcium sulphide	2 parts
Zinc oxide	1 part
Starch	1 part

When you are ready to use this, make a paste with water and apply to the parts. Let it remain on the skin for about five minutes, and then wipe off gently with a soft cloth.

2. Many different things cause leucorrhea. It will not affect the spine.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is inclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, in care of this office.

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Why Lillian Said "For Goodness Sake—Get It Over With!"

"Dearest Dicky-bird."

The words stared up at me from the page I held in my hand. I did not need to hunt for the signature to the mysterious letter to Dicky which my mother-in-law had sent on to me. I knew only too well the dashing, bold handwriting of Grace Draper.

I had been prepared for something radically wrong by Lillian's manner, but the thing implied by this salutation made me feel fairly ill.

It was not the form of the words that sickened me—Lillian would probably have addressed a yetter to Dicky in the same manner—but the inference they conveyed of a friendship which not even my husband's knowledge of the girl's infamy had affected.

She had tried to murder me, she had shot Dicky and herself in the dramatic interview she had staged after her attempt to drown me and her open association with Harry Underwood—Dicky's friend and Lillian's husband—was a shameful thing. And with my husband's knowledge of all this, this letter to him in her chirography began in this intimate, familiar fashion!

My eyes sought Lillian's. She was watching me soberly, and there was a touch of mournfulness in her gaze.

"Better read it quickly, dear," she said quietly, and I turned my eyes again to the letter.

"Taking a Chance."

"I can imagine your surprise," the letter began, "when you open this miserable scrawled envelope and find a letter from me inside. But I don't trust that cat at the studio any more—she's too much in love with you herself to suit my book, poor, little, washed-out la-de-da F. F. V.—it is to laugh, isn't it, sweetheart?—and as I didn't want my big boy to miss his usual letter I thought I'd take a chance and address it out to 'country estate.'"

Again my eyes sought Lillian's, although until she spoke I was really not conscious that I had looked at her.

For I was utterly bewildered at this reference to the "cat at the studio." I knew, of course, that Edith Fairfax, the girl art student whose ambitions in dramatic writing Dicky was furthering, shared a studio with her sister, Leila, in the same building which housed my husband. I had been more than a little jealous of the delicate, pretty Virginian girl, whose secret love for Dicky I had guessed, but I hadn't dreamed that her friendship with Dicky had reached the stage of overseeing his studio and censoring his correspondence.

Queerly enough this reference to Edith Fairfax hurt me more poignantly than did the extravagant terms of endearment with which Grace Draper had embellished her letter.

"As far as that exquisitely witty remark about Edith Fairfax is concerned," Lilian said, and I noticed gratefully that she evidently was following the movement of my eyes and mentally rereading the letter with me, "she's switched in on the wrong circuit. Dicky's more kinds of a fool than I have time to enumerate, but he isn't a knave—yet."

I said bitterly to myself that I couldn't agree with her, and I wondered dully how she could still believe in Dicky after such proof of his baseness as that which was in my hands.

My eyes strayed back to the letter. I loathed every word of it, but it had a horrible fascination for me. I felt that I must miss no syllable of it.

"Of course I know I'm taking a chance in sending this to Marvin. That hen-minded frau of yours may open it, but I'm rather banking that she won't because it is addressed in this fool scrawl. She will probably figure that it is a begging letter from somebody living in a slum, and so be afraid she may catch some awful disease if she touches it. I have just laughed myself sick over the remembrance of some of the things you have told me about her fool theories."

A Primitive Impulse.

I shall always feel a hidden sympathy for a murderer who kills in the heat of passion after this. The beautiful, mocking face of Grace Draper rose before me. I could imagine her laughing mockery directed toward my foibles, and Dicky—to think he could have discussed me with her, made fun of me for her amusement! I found myself crooking my fingers into a clawing motion, and knew that the primitive feline impulse to rend and tear one's enemy had me by the throat.

Lillian came over to me, put a calming hand on my shoulder, and said forcibly:

"For goodness sake, Madge, finish that awful thing and get it over with!"

WINIFRED BLACK

Writes About "All Aboard!"

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Winifred Black

"All aboard!" cried the conductor, and all aboard it was. The man in the wrinkled overcoat grabbed a handful of bananas and ran toward the car; the woman at the telegraph window threw down the pencil and hurried to the train; the little boy with the big round eyes, and the little girl with the tight little braids sticking out like pigtails under her queer little hood toddled solemnly toward the track. The pretty girl looked prettier than ever, and raised her veil of soft illusion for one last, unveiled look at the man she loved who was leaving her, perhaps forever.

Mother stood over in the corner of the railway station crying quite frankly. She couldn't bear to go out to the train and hear the boys sing, "Where do we go from here, boys, oh, where do we go from here?" But Father stood stolidly alongside the car and grinned amiably through the window at his firstborn. If you looked very closely at him, you noticed that something queer was happening in his throat, and that there was a strained look about his mouth, but he didn't say a word, and when the train pulled out he stood there as motionless as a statue.

Everyone Wants to Go.

All aboard! The painted woman took out her handbag and put on another coat of paint; the cigarette smoker took out a cigarette case and lit and puffed and drew a deep breath of satisfaction; the anxious man tore open a telegram and looked more anxious than ever; the woman with the baby sighed and looked out of the window and tried to see how many miles it was to the place where she was going.

All aboard! The little station began to disappear, the green fields spun by. Good-by, old house there on the hill. How much I love and how much bitterness your roof has sheltered. I shall never see you again. I wonder what kind of a house I shall live in at the place where I am going?

There's the school yard and the children all out there already. It must be recess time. See, they are waving! Let's wave back to them again. How wonderful they think it is to get on to a train and go faster and faster—away and away into a brand new world, with brand new people and brand new clothes, and different streets, and nobody that is mad at you for what you did yesterday, and nobody that likes you for the way you acted yesterday; all new, all new and strange.

All Aboard—For Where?

How they would like to run after the train and jump aboard! The little fellow there on the fence: he's waving the hardest of all. I wonder if he will travel far in his life. There's something in his black eyes that seems to say he will.

The stolid little girl by the steps there—will some freak of fortune whisk her into the midst of a whirlpool and take the stolid satisfaction out of her countenance for always, or will she just marry the boy who sits next to her in school, and rent the house next to her aunt's, join the Ladies' Aid Society and sing in the choir, and never know any flowers in any garden but the lilacs and snowballs and the dahlias her mother helped her to plant?

That's a gypsy there beside her; she'll travel far, never fear. Where will the road on which she sets her feet lead to —to happiness or to despair?

All aboard! We are gone! The village, the old house, the school yard, the farm with the whispering willows by the gate, the well there in the shade. Well, Chanticleer, what are you so excited about? There is no use for you to crow—you are not going with us, no matter how much fuss you make.

All aboard! Youth and beauty, old age and weariness, middle age and disillusion, all aboard—but where?

To what far country do we journey, and what influenced us when we secured our tickets? Oh, well, so long as we journey in love and friendliness, in kindness and in generous appreciation, what difference does it make whether the name of the station where we get off begins with "A" or with "B" and what kind of a conductor it is who takes our tickets?

The Chinese ministry of agriculture and commerce proposes to encourage the manufacture of Chinese goods and the exportation of raw materials by awarding medals to the exporters.

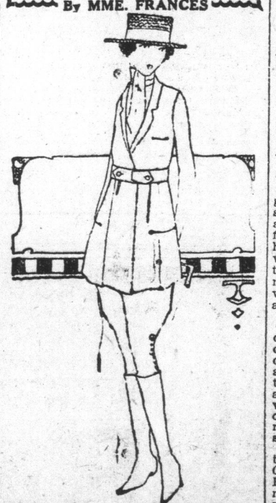
An interesting civic activity of San Antonio, Tex., is the housing and protection of the domestic bat. A health official of that city declares that the bat is an enemy to mosquitoes and other pests and a reliable aid to the city's fighters against malaria. The town has made the destruction of the bat a civil misdemeanor, and has further encouraged the little animals by providing a large bat roost in one of the suburbs.

A man behind the times is apt to speak ill of them, on the principle that nothing looks well from behind.—Holmes.

True liberty consists only in the power of doing what we ought to will, and in not being constrained to do what we ought not to will.—Jonathan Edwards.

Today's Fashion

By MME. FRANCES



AN UP-TO-THE-INSTANT HABIT.

The severe mannish cut of this riding habit in khaki-colored covert cloth is relieved by a slip-through belt, and instead of the coat being tightly fitted, it has a slight fullness which gives a soft blouse effect.

The skirt of the coat is flared gracefully, yet the smart slash pockets at the sides and the slit breast pocket add the little mannish note in keeping with the purpose of the outfit.

Combining the severely cut collar with the slightly bloused, flared coat marks the model as different from most riding suits which generally adhere strictly to the tailored lines.

"Something Cheaper at Last—"

You save money on your soap

Buy Comfort Soap—the bigger bar of the same old high quality—at the same price. Of course, there are no premiums now—but you're getting full value, "pressed down and running over" in Soap instead.

A bigger bar now COMFORT without premiums

The premium-making factories have either stopped manufacturing or else they can't get boats to ship with. So we've thrown the whole of our tremendous buying power into getting soap materials only and you now get all your money's worth in Soap—Comfort Soap, the largest seller in Canada.

We can buy good soap materials but we can't buy good premiums

Certainly that will be so until after the war. You will get the benefit in the bigger Comfort bar.

All Comfort wrappers and coupons now out will be redeemed. Send them in early while our present Premium supply is still good. Write us for premium list.

13 Pugsley, Dingman & Co., Limited, Toronto

KITCHEN ECONOMIES

BY ISOBEL BRANDS

OF THE APPLECROFT EXPERIMENT STATION.

Solving Some of Your Food Preserving Problems.

It is high time to look over your store of canning and preserving equipment, and be prepared to pack away the summer fruits and vegetables.

Have you a sufficient quantity of glass jars on hand? Are they in good order, their tops without nick or dent?

Have you any device for drying? Owing to the increasing cost of the glass jars and tops it is sometimes far more economical to dry fruits and vegetables.

Have you any canning devices?

If you have the facilities for putting up large quantities of food for next winter, then it would pay you to invest in some of the equipment for preparing them, such as small devices for hulling berries, slicing machine, special knives for peeling, pineapple snips, cherry stoners, etc. These are great time-savers as well as making the work of preserving much easier.

Dry Food For Winter.

It is most essential that some equipment for drying should be in every kitchen. The apartment dweller with so little room in which to store food can dry fruits and vegetables for winter use. For, unlike preserved and canned things, a large quantity of dried foods can be stored in a very small space. You can dry a small quantity of fruits or vegetables at a time with very little trouble.

There are a number of devices for drying, many of which can be made at home. A tier of three or four small screened trays can be hung over the kitchen stove, and the foods left in them for drying. They require next to no attention, and use up no extra heat in the drying process.

Form Canning Clubs.

Best of all, you can do a noble service in the cause of conservation if you will help now to organize canning clubs in your community. Every women's club should devote some of its time and proceeds to the service of saving our crops and encouraging more canning, preserving and drying. The children should be encouraged to help not only to teach them service to the country, but also to inculcate in them the sense of thrift and foresight.

This is part of the housewife's bit each year—to look ahead toward the harvest season and to prepare for conservation.

"DOING MY BIT"

Practical Suggestions on Individual Ways to Help Win the War

By ALBERT BARRETT SAYRES

Saving by a Marketing Plan.

The wastefulness of haphazard marketing—the sort that runs up costs by sending out just before a meal for a little of this and a bit of that—is evident to almost every housekeeper. But there still are all too many homemakers who pursue the method of planning their meals but a day or so ahead.

The most economical method of "running" the table is to plan your menus at least one full week ahead, and to do your marketing upon this basis. Not only do you save telephone costs by this "wholesale" personal marketing, the work of delivery men and time for your maid or yourself, but you are enabled to save money by more careful planning, and also can offer better balanced and more varied meals.

Keep a record of the cost of your present method of housekeeping and then a record for an equal period of planning and purchasing by the method suggested. You will discover that you're saving money as well as conserving the time and labor of marketmen and those connected all along the line with the production and delivery of the foods you purchase.

Using Wheat Substitutes Wisely.

In nearly every recipe for cake, pastry and breads you can use in place of half the wheat flour "required" cornmeal, rice flour or potato flour with results that are just as good as when all wheat flour is used. The only thing to remember is that most wheat substitutes need slightly more moisture than wheat alone.

If you feel it impossible to reduce your consumption of wheat to the more patriotic no-wheat basis of many a family, you may, of course, try this compromise method. But it's difficult to comprehend the need of using wheat even in pastries when such delicious dishes as the following can be made:

Making Corn Flour Pastry.

To one cupful of corn flour add half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift together, then cut in half a cupful of fat and add sufficient water to bind it. Remember that this crust is sometimes difficult to handle because it may break easily. Roll it out thin, lift it into the pan and shape it with the fingers. Bake a little more slowly than wheat pastry.

Offering Novelties to Saving Meals.

Once in a while when you're preparing some special saving dish upon which you wish your family's opinion, it may be well to have another novelty to share with it the discussion. Instead of the regulation "vegetable," try either tomatoes or green peppers stuffed with corn.

Choose firm tomatoes, leave the skins on and scoop out the pulp from the stem end. Dust with salt and pepper, fill with canned or fresh corn, cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake.

If you use green peppers, cut off the stem ends, remove the seeds and parboil for three minutes in about a quart of boiling water to which a pinch of soda has been added. Let the peppers cool before filling, then fill and garnish as for tomatoes, and bake.

Preparing Rice Flour Pastry.

Sift and thoroughly mix together one cupful of rice flour, a third of a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cut into this one-third of a cupful of fat and add sufficient water to make a soft dough. This pastry isn't quite as tender as wheat pastry, but it has fine flavor and is of a crisp, flaky texture. Try it first with a one-crust fruit pie.

Here Are Some Beauty Ways to Curl Your Hair

BY LUCREZIA BORI

The Famous Spanish Prima Donna

LUCREZIA BORI

Many girls who write me wish to know a way of curling the hair quickly and permanently without injury. I do not know whence this mania for curling hair proceeds, and personally I don't always like to encourage the habit of curling the hair, because to many curly hair may not be becoming.

Of course the natural waves are beautiful if they are well brushed and not of the kinky variety. But I think that straight hair can be just as lovely, if it is well brushed, immaculate and glossy.

As a matter of fact, there are many types of faces to which only straight hair is suitable. If you have small, regular features, don't go to the trouble of curling your hair. Fluffy curls often tend to make the small face with regular features appear weak. Also fluffy hair attracts attention to itself and thus detracts from the magnetism which the features would otherwise exercise.

The small-featured, delicately molded face is set off most beautifully by plainly brushed hair fastened in a simple, trim knot in the back. Don't overlook the possible value of flatly-brushed hair and try this method of dressing your hair before you determine that you must have curls at any price.

Here is a simple recipe for curling the hair:

1 pound of olive oil
1 dram of oil of organum
1½ drams of oil of rosemary.

Mix together well and apply lightly to the hair.

A Fine Aid.

Here are a few simple hints to aid in obtaining the natural beauty all healthy hair should have:

Rubbing the scalp with rose water and glycerin will tend to renew the gloss of the hair and also help to increase its growth. Before using this wash the hair well with a good borax soap or a solution of powdered borax, using a weak mixture. Use this with warm, not hot, water. Rinse the hair well and when thoroughly dry rub the glycerine and rose water mixture well into the scalp, using it sparingly.

Do not use too much of this mixture, or it will be difficult to curl the hair. If too much has been applied rub the hair lightly with a little of the borax solution. This seems to help renew the color of hair that's just turning grey.

Cleanliness and Air.

If you want to keep your hair in curl for some time without recurling it, try moistening with the white of egg when putting it up. The dampness doesn't affect the curl then as is usually the case when only plain water is used.

Shampoo the hair frequently during the warm weather, as it is apt to collect much dust and thus is hard to dress attractively. For those who have oily hair, shampoo at least every two weeks. When cleansed frequently the hair is much easier to keep in curl than when it is allowed to become very dusty and oily. And when the scalp is kept clean it allows the hair roots to "breathe" more freely, which is necessary during the hot, sultry summer days.

Frequent airing of the hair will also help the scalp to keep in a healthy condition. A good sun bath will do wonders for any one's hair, and this simple remedy is worth more than some hair tonics that afford temporary assistance.

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

THURSDAY, JUNE 20.

According to this day's horoscope the prospects are not encouraging. The health and spirits may be low, with conditions generally crystallized and obstinate, with obstruction and disappointment thwarting some new ventures and threatening some old ones. Under an adverse Mars all disputes and hasty words and acts that may lead to litigation should be carefully avoided, as loss of lawsuit and of money are threatened the aggressor. All rash, intemperate, improvident, reckless and indiscreet actions in every direction should be avoided. Those in employment especially should be circumspect and conservative. Avoid accident, fire, etc.

Those whose birthday it is may be called upon for wise handling of their affairs, avoiding litigation, bankruptcy, and should protect the health. A child born on this day should be trained in all the sterling qualities making for conquest and achievement, with emphasis on patience, providence and temperance.

ODD FACTS

There are 782 varieties of Arctic flowers, which have but two colors, white and yellow.

In coffee-growing countries an infusion of the leaves of the tree is held by many to be superior to the infusion of the berry.

A method has been discovered for keeping airmen warm at great altitudes by providing them with electrically-heated clothing and gloves particularly.

One of the richest iron ore deposits in the world is in the Rajara Hills, India.

Iron embedded in concrete has been found to be free from rust after more than 45 years.

It is said that it takes no less than 14 motor cars to accommodate ex-King Constantine of Greece and his suite at Zurich, Switzerland, in visits to the bank, to the theatre and even in ordinary errands about town.

Time after time, together with the rest of the city of Moscow, the Kremlin has been burned, the last occasion being in 1812, when it was occupied by Napoleon, and the inhabitants of the city themselves started the conflagrations in all parts of the city. It was these fires which forced the "little corporal" to commence his disastrous retreat across the snow-bound steppes of Russia. Napoleon had his headquarters in the Kremlin, and while the flames were not so destructive there as in other parts of the city, yet they forced evacuation.

The gila (pronounced ghee-la) monster is so called on account of being found near the Gila River in Arizona and New Mexico. Its bite is deadly, and it is much feared by the Indians, as no remedy is known for the bite. They are very peculiar creatures, having the shape of a large lizard, with feet marked like those of a monkey.

Three Minute Journeys

by TEMPLE MANNING

Where Men Read Their Stories Carved in Wood.

One of the most interesting ways that primitive peoples who have neither letters nor hieroglyphics with which to record their ideas, express their legends for posterity to read, is by means of what science calls the plastic and the graphic arts. Carving in wood, stone and bone, weaving in wool and linen and the bark of trees, painting and in leaving monuments carved into the semblances of crude ideas, are the every day "writings" of such unlettered tribes.

On the northwestern coast of this continent there still rise and there still are carved what we know as totem poles. Each tells a story of the tribe in whose village it is found or of the individual before whose house or tent it stands. Often these stories told in wood go back to the time when men and animals were supposed to be close to each other.

In those days men and women and the bear, the mountain goat and other animals saw each other under witchery's spell, and lived and talked together, even intermarrying, some of the stories say. All were human, the legends declare, the animals wearing coats of fur, which they removed at will, to appear in human form, and donned again when they wished to become animals once more.

Records of these most ancient stories of our land are to be found in perhaps the most varied form on a totem pole discovered close to the Skeena River, near Hazelton, and shown in our illustration. On it there are four stories told, and each is so old that time seems to the Kitsan peoples, who revere it, too young to record its age.