

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Beauty Guards Against Harm Done by Summer Sun and Wind

By LUCREZIA BORI
Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.



LUCREZIA BORI

VACATION days will soon be at an end, and already the letters are pouring in asking for remedies to correct the harm done to complexions by sun-burns and wind-burns. Few girls remember, while they were acquiring the "healthy" tan and freckles, that it would require weeks and weeks of patient treatment to remove it.

The brunette with her sun-bronzed complexion looks well in a bathing suit, but when she dons her dress or dinner gown she regrets the fact that she did not take better care of her skin. In an outing costume, playing tennis or golf, the blond, with her piquant face speckled with freckles, won the admiring glances of the outdoor folk.

So I advise you to provide a generous supply of tan and freckle remedies and begin immediately—before returning to the city or town—to counteract the ravages of summer sunshine.

Remedies for Freckles.

There are several freckle remedies which I consider excellent, but you must not expect the little brown spots to disappear over night or in a month even.

The first cream contains: Petroleum jelly..... 1 ounce av. Lanolin (anhydrous)..... 1 ounce av. Hydrogen peroxide..... 1 fluid ounce Acetic acid..... 1 fluid dram

After thoroughly cleansing the skin apply the freckle cream and allow it to remain on as long as you are indoors. Before retiring coat the skin with the cream and keep it on all night.

If the freckles do not yield entirely to this treatment they will at least be greatly ameliorated. The length of time it takes to effect a cure varies with different persons. One must be patient with these preparations, as they do not agree with all skins equally well.

For more obstinate freckles there is a cream composed of the following ingredients: Elder flower ointment..... 1 ounce Sulphate of zinc..... 20 grains

Mix these together well and apply to the affected skin at night, and in the morning wash the face off with a bland soap and warm water, and afterward apply the following lotion:

Citric acid..... 20 grains
Infusion of rosehips..... 4 pint

Before giving you the formulas for bleaches which will remove tan I wish to state that about making them more than half the failures when mixing toilet preparations are due to the fact that they are not properly prepared. In the first place, the fats must never be allowed to become hot. Once this happens the cream will not congeal. Spermocet and white wax should be softened, which means a slight warming—nothing more. Then you must blend them with the glycerine and rose oils in the preparation of creams must be of glass or porcelain.

A Sunburn Remedy.

A cream especially recommended for the aftermath of sunburn and tan is made from the following ingredients:

Sweet almond oil..... 2 ounces
White wax..... 3 drams
Spermocet..... 3 drams
Powdered borax..... 4 drams
Glycerine..... 2 ounces
Orange flower water..... 1 ounce
Oil of neroli..... 1/2 ounce
Oil of petit grain..... 5 drops

Break the wax and spermocet into small bits and soften them. Then add the almond oil. Mix the orange flower water and the glycerine together and to this add the borax. Pour this preparation into the fats, heating constantly. If the cream begins to harden before the mixture is complete, place in a bath of hot water until it is softened. Then add the oil of petit grain and mix it.

Powdered borax..... 1/2 ounces
Acetate of soda..... 3 ounces
Tincture of guaiacum..... 1/2 ounces
Tincture of benzoin..... 1/2 ounce
Rosewater..... 1 pint

Mix thoroughly and apply to the skin two or three times every day.

Constant use of buttermilk as a wash is also recommended for tan or freckles. It is softening and bleaching. Bathe the face, neck and arms with the liquid and allow it to dry into the skin.

If your mirror tells you that you are "as brown as a berry" or "as speckled as a guinea's egg," begin at once to eradicate the traces left upon your complexion by the summer sun and wind.

FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



THE HEIGHT OF FASHION

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

A Gem of a Maid.

THE maid whom I had liked so well at first sight held her single reference out to me with pride shining in her eyes. I took it and drew from the envelope a sheet of notepaper whose appearance betokened the belongings of a well-bred woman. I unfolded it and read:

"The bearer of this, Katie Slovinsky, has been in my employ as a general houseworker for a year. She leaves me only because I am compelled to go South on account of illness. She is a good cook, laundress and general worker, neat, strictly honest, willing and obliging. For a mistress who can understand her temperament she will make a most valuable maid."

The Aberdeen, Tuesday, Jan. 12.

I could read between the lines of this letter that many girls of this type in my teaching days. I knew the childish temper, the irritating curiosity, the petty jealousy, the familiarity which one not understanding would deem impertinence, which I would have to contend if I engaged her. But the other applicants for my work whom I had seen, the half-drunken virago of yesterday, and the grim vision of today, decided me. I would try this eager girl if her terms were reasonable.

A Kitchen Promise.

As we entered the kitchen, I was again glad that before I left it the night before I had put everything in order when Dicky had made the scene about Jack's letter, but my nature, however, I was committed to a week of her service.

"What wages do you wish?"

"Twenty-five dollars a month." Then she looked at me shrewdly.

"Perhaps, bimby, if I suit you, you give me \$25?"

"Perhaps," I returned non-committally. "I wish every other Sunday and Thursday off, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, missis, if you please, missis."

"When can you come?"

Off to Market.

"Right here," I opened the door of an unused closet. "You may keep your things here. I shall want you to sleep at home, I have no room here. Her face fell. "I can sleep out, yes, if you have no room, but I no like to be out in the open air, I like to be in your house. Maybe after while you get bigger flat, room for me?"

"What for dessert?"

"No dessert tonight, just cheese and coffee. You do not want too much to do tonight, I will telephone for the things now. I will have a small pot roast of beef—Mr. Graham is very fond of that—with a horseradish sauce, potatoes cooked with the meat, some spinach, not creamed, simply chopped with plenty of butter and seasoning, and a lettuce and green pepper salad. Mr. Graham will make the dressing at the table."

"No telephone. Wait. Where the market? I go get. These grocery men, they cheat, when you telephone, no give nice things, charge so much."

"Right here, I decided to keep Katie if Dicky could possibly stand her. Perhaps I could tone her down. I had heard so much of the lazy, uninterested, extravagant maids with which some of my friends had been obliged to contend, that Katie's enthusiastic interest charmed me."

ODD and INTERESTING FACTS

Pneumatic scenery and stage settings are now being used in an endeavor to make them more realistic and at the same time conserve the portableness and convenience of the present type of flat and built-up paper and wood forms.

It is said that the word "teetotaler" originated with Richard Turner, an English temperance orator, who had an impediment in his speech and invariably spoke of t-t-total abstinence.

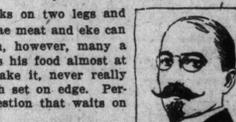
The crescent of Turkey, which before long may disappear from the list of national badges, has a curious pedigree. The old Byzantine empire used a crescent and star, and the star was sophisticated by the Crusaders into a cross. The star is supposed to be the star of Bethlehem; the crescent the "inconstant moon." The Ottoman Turks found the crescent at Constantinople ready for them, but they put it over the cross star.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Chewing Food Too Finely as Harmful as Too Little

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

MAN is a creature that walks on two legs and bites. That is to say, we "chew meat and eke can eat." In spite of his teeth, however, many a man, like a cow with her cud, bolts his food almost at one fell swoop. Such persons, I take it, never really know what it is to have their teeth set on edge. Perhaps even such a thing as the digestion that waits on appetite is unknown to them.



DR. HIRSBERG

In the bright lexicon of youth, with its finely polished ivories, there should be no such word as falling digestion. Casting meat in the teeth of one who fails to chew is worse than throwing pearls before swine, because the muscles and enamel-covered prongs of mastication usually needs must be exercised.

Decay of the stomach and other human structures are not uncommonly a sequence to the gulping of lumped, undissolved food.

Among the more than merely elegant essentials of human nutrition, the individual necessities of the tissues, the palatability of the nutriment, the amount of aliment possible to consume, the combinations of the diet, and last but by no means the least, the mechanical state of the swallowed ration.

The upper teeth and their combs below, the "upper toolies and the downy ones," as a 2-year-old youngster calls them, are the pestles and mortars of the dietetic apothecary shop.

Find Happy Medium.

The fineness of division, the density of the food particles, the macerated and ground-up condition of what the eat plays an important part in the work of your digestive apparatus.

Taken by and large, there is a moderation and midway point, or happy medium, just short of the superfine division of the foods, which makes for complete digestion. If chewed to such extremes advised by certain faddists you may as well turn your stomachs to all intents and purposes into a mudding bag.

Some old people or those whose gastric juices and acids have gone, or Pabulum to such a stomach, unqualified, goes like the pitcher that went once too often to the well.

Be all this as it may, experiments upon pigs prove in a measure that although wheat meal is 10 per cent more digestible than whole wheat, it is better to let your own teeth do the grinding or mudding than to be lost in the artificial mill.

It is not sensational by any means, however, the intestinal flora grinding up of food particles the larger will be the surface of the vitamins successfully assaulted by the digestive juices.

Saliva, Digestive Aid.

The saliva, equally with the gastric and the intestinal juices, is a most potent digestive juice. Until the mechanical instruments of nutrition, that is, the teeth, gums and muscles, crush the foods concealed in the shells, salts, fibres and what not, but little of the nutriment is available for action.

In confirmation of this knowledge, the discovery has been made that a few very stout persons, who give an excessive mastication of their victuals.

On the other hand, some thin, cadaverous looking dyspeptics with voracious appetites bolt their foods as does the wily ostrich or the unhappy Harlem Scot.

It must be plain from a few of such observations that Slim Jim loses his ailment in waste. The essential ingredients pass the frontiers of digestion unharmed and unused.

Fat Jack by virtue of a super-abundant dental armamentary unscrupulously to obese persons, overdoes his part, chews his food to the point of interpenetration, and thus, poor fellow, by overwork which might to a better purpose

be applied with his hands, makes his teeth and muscles of mastication dissolve much food, all the more easy to digest, which the tissues and blood simply cannot pass by.

Answers to Health Questions

V. D.—Q—Are a good soap and ointment good for chronic eruptions on the face? If not, give a good remedy to cure them.

A—Does the eruption itch? Is it yellow, red, white, purple or what? Is it fat or raised, round or square? Does it burn? Is it pointed. You must give me more details. There are a score of eruptions.

L. P. S.—Q—What is the cause and cure for an oily, greasy face?

A—What is the cause of my hands perspiring almost continually?

A—Drink and eat no soups or other hot dishes. Shun fatty, fried foods, and wash the face with lime water.

M. V. C.—Q—I am only 15 years of age yet my skin is very dry and beginning to wrinkle. Will you please suggest a remedy?

Try this cream. It is very good:
Oil of sweet almonds..... 4 ounces
White wax..... 2 ounces
Glycerine..... 1/2 ounce
Rosewater..... 2 ounces
Purified tannin..... 1 dram

F. M. H.—Q—I am suffering from what is known as "barber's itch." Will you please suggest a remedy?

A—The following lotion applied to the face twice a day will cure it:
Calamine..... 3/4 drams
Zinc oxide..... 1/2 drams
Lime water and rosewater..... 8 ounces.

Mrs. E. J.—Q—What can I do to rid myself of mucous in the back of my nose and throat, especially when I have inhaled steam?

A—Have the nose and throat examined by a good physician and the adenoids and tonsils removed, if necessary. In the mean time irrigate the nose and throat three times a day with alkaline antiseptic fluid diluted three times with water.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this page on medical, hygienic and scientific subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individuals. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address: Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

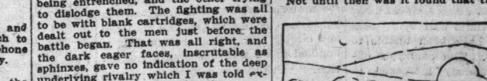
Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

WHERE A MIMIC BATTLE CELEBRATES ALL EVENTS.

NEVER saw Arabs in real battle, but if they fight with more deadly earnestness than they do in play, I do not want to see them. It is from an aeroplane. It was at the old city of Kane during the annual feast that coincides with our harvest home that I saw an Arab celebration that came near being as devastating as a real battle.

through his breast told a tale of treachery only too plainly. But the game never stopped, and we in the grand stand knew nothing of it until later. One of the six who had rescued the fallen chief was told off to bear him to a place of safety—but not back where the authorities had been ordered to cover it up. It happened. The other five immediately substituted real cartridges and attacked fiercer than ever. The battle waged only a few minutes longer when the beleaguered men were seen flying in every direction. Not until then was it found that their



An Arab Celebration.

chief, too, was dead with five bullets through his head or heart. That tragic fact was not known, however, to but few persons for some time to come, as the authorities hurried to cover it up. It seems that the two commanding officers—young Bedouins—carried a feud which had rankled for a long time, and it is supposed that the captain of the beleaguered force took his chances of never being found out, as all were supposed to be shooting with blank cartridges only. It was one of the five avengers who told the facts months afterwards.

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Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

Remodelling a Taffeta Frock on Youthful Lines.

I THINK a motherless girl is the most pathetic thing in the world. Hilda Saunders, one of Cicely's chums, is visiting us, and although her father has surrounded her with every luxury, she plainly shows that she misses the mother care.

When we helped her unpack we admired her pretty frocks and hats, but Hilda shook her head and said: "Yes, they are lovely, but they are not my style."

One of her prettiest afternoon frocks had a skirt of dark blue taffeta and a bodice of taffeta, and chiffon cloth of the same tone. The bodice was much too old in style for such a slight, ethereal-looking creature as Hilda, so I suggested that she should have it remodeled.

I copied the blouse of Cicely's rose-colored taffeta, only instead of tucking it across the shoulders I gathered it into the shoulder seams to form soft folds. Hilda has beautiful arms, so I made the sleeves extremely short and trimmed them with lace and double frills of the chiffon. I also used lace for the high collar, which I extended across the back of the pointed neck line.

The skirt of this frock was a horrible fit, so I ripped open the side seams and slightly gored them. Then I gathered the top and folded a girle of taffeta about the waist.

An underskirt extends several inches below the tunic, and as it hung unevenly, I straightened the hem. From the taffeta, which had been used for the bodice, made long, narrow folds, and with these formed scallops about the edge of each skirt.

Then to repeat the color note of the skirt in the bodice, made suspender straps of the taffeta, and fastening the ends to each side of the front, crossed them over in gender fashion with a knot in the centre. They pass over the shoulders, and are crossed again in the centre of the back, making an extremely effective trimming for the bodice.

When Hilda tried on the frock I found that it needed some touch of color to liven it up, so I tucked two deep pink roses in at the girle. She looks like a different girl in this frock, and says that she is "spelled" and will never again be satisfied with shop clothes.

Before she leaves us, however, I hope to have her trained to know just the kind of frocks she should wear to bring out her Puritan-like beauty and charm.

Youthful Frock of Dark Blue Taffeta and White Chiffon.

they do look lovely when I'm not wearing them, but on me they are not smart. You know that I have no one to go with me when I shop, and the salesgirls insist that things are becoming when they're not. I know very little about

fashions, and my clothes never look like yours or Cicely's."

After she had been with us a few days I found this to be true. No matter what frock she wore there was something wrong. It fitted badly, was an awkward length or too elaborately trimmed, and she always said she was tired of the same old frock.

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Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: A year ago, while visiting relatives, I met a real nice young man. He showed me a good time while they were in the city, and during the year we have written each other occasionally. I am visiting here again, and he has been out on an average of two nights a week, but there are rumors that he is engaged. Now, Annie Laurie, I am growing very fond of him, but of course if he is engaged I think it best I should stop "caring." Would you advise me to ask him, for that is the only way of finding out?

world, either, if you find that the rumors have told you the truth this time for sometimes they do. It's so much better to find out a man's true nature before it's too late. I always try to weigh well what rumor says, and count them my good friends, not my enemies, when I prove them in the right.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I'm a rather heart-broken nor-love-sick, but I want you to do something for a perpetual "dreamer." I possess a great imaginative power. My imaginations are so real, so vivid, that it is hard for me to be convinced that they are not true. I imagine some of the sweetest, most beautiful dreams a mortal could dream, and then again I imagine the most horrible, tragic happenings in the world. I become frightened from them sometimes, and people think I'm only nervous, and pay no attention to it. It is beginning to grow alarming.

DREAMER. I'll not tell you to consult a physician, Dreamer, in this case. In this wonderful machine which we have been entrusted to use through life, and which we call the body, there is an indicator that shows when the fuel is running low. While the machines all come out of the same factory there are slight variations in their make-up, and therefore this indicator may be found in different parts of the body. I believe your indicator shows a seriously depleted state of fuel supply. See if you don't need more food, more sleep and more fresh air.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a senior, and 17 years old, and am considered not dull at all. Do not tell me to consult a physician. I am afraid this imaginary world is going to detract my mind from my studies if I do not stop it. But it seems quite impossible to stop. Can you advise me in any way?

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READERS

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