

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, shine and wind. 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 admiration of the onlookers. 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: Paraffin..... 1 ounce av. Lanolin (anhydrous)..... 1 ounce av. Hydrogen peroxide..... 1 fluid dram 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 experiment 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 crease off with a bland soap and warm water, and afterward apply the following lotion: Citric acid..... 20 grains Infusion of rose..... 4 pint

Before giving you the formulas for bleaches which will remove tan I wish to state this about mixing 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. Spermaceti and white wax should be softened, which means a slight warming—nothing more. Then you must beat them with a silver stick until they are smooth and creamy. The vessels used 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 Spermaceti..... 3 drams Powdered borax..... 1 dram Glycerine..... 2 ounces Orange flower water..... 1 ounce Oil of neroli..... 5 drops Oil of petit grain..... 5 drops

Break the wax and spermaceti 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, beating constantly. If the cream begins to harden before the mixture is complete, place in a bath of hot water until it is softened. Another splendid bleach for tan is a mixture of: Powdered borax..... ½ ounce Acetate of soda..... 3 ounces Tincture of quillaia..... ½ ounce Tincture of benzoin..... 4 drams 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 it, 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 reflection out to me with pride shining in her eyes. I took it and drew from the envelope a sheet of newspaper 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 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."

SARAH S. CLARKE.

The Aberdeen, Tuesday, Jan. 12.

I could read between the lines of this letter that Katie Slovinsky was a girl of the type in my teaching days. I knew the childish temper, the irritating familiarity which one not understanding would deem impertinence, which I would have to contend if I engaged her. But the two 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.

"What wages do you wish?" "Twenty-five dollars a month." Then she looked at me shyly.

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

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

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

"When can you come?"

She laughed gleefully, displaying a set of beautiful white teeth.

"Right now, this mornin'. See, I brought my work dress, my apron, my cap." "You like me to wear cap?" I look nice in cap." She smiled coquettishly.

"Of course," I answered. "And I will give you a trial for a week. You may come out into the kitchen now, and I will show you where things are, and tell you about dinner."

As I preceded her into the kitchen I had a sudden qualm. I knew Dicky's fastidious taste, and that underneath all his good-natured unconventionality he had rigid ideas of his own upon some topics. I happened to remember that nothing made him so nervous and irritable as bad service in a restaurant.

Desires of a good waiter was a well-trained automaton with no eyes or ears. How would he like this enthusiastic, irrepressible girl? It was too late now, however. I was committed to a week of her service.

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. I had been tempted to leave it in disorder when Dicky had made the scene about Jack's letter, but my nature, I would try this eager girl if her terms were reasonable.

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"door bell rings I snatch off apron—so I then parlor maid. Put on apron, kitchen maid. Where I change?" She hushed me.

"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 sleep out in the house. Maybe after while you get bigger flat, room for me?"

"What for, Dicky?" "I answered, smiling. She was really irresistible.

"What you want for dinner? Are there here?" "No, I shall have to order them. I did not see the marketman this morning. I was ill. We 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 dessert tonight, just cheese and coffee. You do not want too much to eat for first dinner. I will telephone for the things now." I turned away. But she plucked at my sleeve. "No telephone. Wait. Where the market? I go get. Those groceryman, they cheat, when you telephone, no give nice things, charge so much."

"Right here I decided to keep Katie. But she plucked at my sleeve. Perhaps I could tell 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.

"Her face clouded a little. "I always keep my kitchen nice," she said seriously. I had read her correctly. I saw that she would be like a child in her resentment of criticism or suggestions.

"Here are all your cooking utensils," I said. Her face was a blank as she looked at me.

"Things to cook with," I explained. I might as well get into the vernacular. As last, I reflected grimly.

"Oh, yes, missis—what your name?" I forgot what the letter said. I tried to remember. "Graham," Mrs. Graham. I replied. "Please call me that."

"Oh, yes, Missis Graham. I find 'em all. You just say, Katie, here kitchen, here cooking things, here dishes, here dining room, here meat, veg-etables—fix. If I no find, I ask."

Her enthusiasm was grateful, but her manner held some shade of shyness. She was of my own kind. She was evidently a most energetic person. She had undone her bun while we were talking, and produced a very neat striped gingham working dress, a gingham work apron and a white apron and cap.

"See, Missis Graham, I put on first my dress, then my white apron and cap, then my gingham apron over all."

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. This is made of a rubberized fabric, so arranged that it may be inflated quickly and moved about with ease. The idea has been worked out in the production of trees upon the stage, with the result that they appear very real from a short distance. A very large oak tree may be collapsed and packed in a small space for shipment.

English people look for great things this year. It is a current belief that the year '15 is always a lucky one for the light little island. In 915, Edward the Elder, son of Alfred, drove the Danes from the five midland counties. In 1015, Edmund Ironside completed the rout of the last remaining vestiges of the vikings and made the island really a compact nation. In 1215, Magna Charta

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Chewing Food Too Finely as Harmful as Too Little

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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 eat cake." 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.

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 consorts below, the "upper toothies and the downies," 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 the ration eat plays an important part in the work of your digestive apparatus.

Taken by and large, there is a moderation and a happy medium, just short of the superfine division of the foods, which makes for complete digestion. If chewed to the absurd 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 on a long vacation, may find it difficult to digest 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 mastication than to be lost in the artificial mill.

It is not sensational by any means, however, to insist that in fine grinding up of food particles the larger will be the surface of the vitamins successfully assailed by the digestive juices.

Saliva, Digestive Aid.

The saliva, equally with the gastric and the intestinal fluids, 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 are given to 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 goat.

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

Fat Jack by virtue of a super-abundant stomach, hitherto unaccustomed to these persons, overdoes his part, chews his food to the point of interperiance, and thus, poor fellow, by work 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.



DR. HIRSHBERG

Answers to Health Questions

V. D.—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 flat 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.—What is the cause and cure for an oily, greasy face?

L.—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.—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..... 1 ounce White wax..... 1 ounce Glycerine..... 1 ounce Rosewater..... 1 ounce Pulverized tannin..... 1 dram

F. M. H.—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..... ½ dram Zinc oxide..... 1 dram Glycerine..... 1 dram Lime water and rose-water to make 8 ounces.

Mrs. E. J.—What can I do to rid myself of mucus in the back of my nose and throat, especially when I have finished eating?

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 paper on medical, hygienic and domestic subjects that are of general interest. He cannot undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the answer is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to 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, I understand, that 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.

There were two companies who were to take part in a sham battle—one party being entrenched on one side, the other trying to dislodge them. The fighting was all to be with blank cartridges, which were dealt out to us, unless it is from an aeroplane. That was all right, and the dark eager faces, inscrutable as sphinxes, gave no indication of the deep underlying rivalry which I was told existed between the two companies.

With a wild dash and sweep the attacking party, which was on horseback, circled about the beleaguered host, shooting and shouting with deafening racket. Suddenly the leader of the attacking party was seen to fall from his horse. Without dismounting, a half-dozen of his followers had swung in and lifted him, evidently thinking it was an accident. It was not. A bullet hole

through his breast told a tale of treachery only too plain. 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 could see and cognize what was happening. The other five immediately substituted real cartridges and attacked fiercer than ever. The battle waged only a few minutes longer when the beleaguered were seen flying in every direction. Not until then was it found that their

chief, too, was dead with five bullets through his head or heart. That tragedy 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 raged for a long time, and it was 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 afterward.



An Arab Celebration.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

Remodelling a Taffeta Frock on Youthful Lines.

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, but they are not my own."

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 tipped it apart, hoping to find a more youthful way to make it. The material was cut in such small pieces it was impossible to use them again, and after trying to match the taffeta and chiffon I had to make up my mind to make the bodice of white or cream-colored chiffon.

I copied the blouse of Cicely's rose-colored taffeta, and 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 giraffe of taffeta about the waist.

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

Then to repeat the color note of the skirt in the bodice, I made suspender straps of the taffeta, and fastening the ends to each side of the front, crossed them over in greater 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 giraffe. She looks like a different girl in this frock, and said that she is "spoiled" 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.

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

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Advice to Girls

x

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 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?

BETSY.

Y. S. BETS. I would ask him if the rumors that he is engaged are true. Rumors have spoiled many a happy friendship. Don't let them spoil yours, and don't be disappointed in the whole

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 I always say, I would 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 neither 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, tragical 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.

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 this?

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 the way they are made. 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.

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