

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Beauty Hints

### Rain Water and Its Many Uses for Your Toilet

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

Now that the "melancholy days" have come do not rant about the weather. The rainy rain of November holds beauty for every woman who will make it her own. When you see the dark clouds gather and the sun hide his face, smile, for there's beauty in every rainy day.

Perhaps you have often marvelled at the soft, pink-and-white skins of the English and Irish girls whom you have met. Have you thought much about the climate that is characteristic of their home countries? The frequent rains and fogs have a marvelous effect upon the complexion of the women who live on these islands. In combination with fresh air and a sane diet, rain water is an invaluable beautifier.

**The Face Bath.**  
To take advantage of the next rainy day, put on your raincoat over a short-sleeved shirt and a warm shirtwaist, and without an umbrella, walk out in the rain. Let it beat down upon your face. Let it wash every part of it. Wipe off the rain now and then, only allow it to wet the face again. When you have walked briskly for several miles return home to look at the results. Your flesh will be glowing and tanned up to a surprising state of firmness and firmness, you know, means lack of wrinkles and sagging. The skin will be clearer, and the texture more velvety.

Just here let me suggest that you collect rain water in buckets, basins or the rain barrel, made immortal in song and story. There are many uses for the healing rain water.

Pour a quantity into a basin or foot tub and to it add a generous tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda or any other amount of powdered borax. This will relieve the soreness, soften the calloused spots, and will generally improve the condition of tired and aching feet.

**Best for Hair.**  
Fall winds are apt to make the hands rough and red. Here again rain water will show its power as a beautifier. Bathe the hair with rain water. If you have time, make a paste of rain water and bran and rub it well into the hair. Leave it on for 20 minutes, then wash and dry the hair thoroughly. Note any change of color, and how smooth and white the hands and arms are as a result.

Every woman desires that her hair should be soft and shining. When shampooing your hair always use rain water if you would give it the most beneficial bath. Use a pure white soap (made into a jelly). Nothing need be added to soften the water. Rinse through several changes of rain water. If you have left hair, dry it in the shade. Dark hair, if dried in the sun, the air, of course, is better for drying than artificial heat. It requires a longer time, but pays in the end.

Always use rain water to bathe the face, arms and neck. Add a few drops of tincture of benzoin if you would like white, transparent skin. It will also act as an astringent.

For any toilet preparations that call for boiled or distilled water use rain water.

Once more I'll ask you not to frown when you open your eyes on a gray day. Mist and rain have much beauty for you, but you must first catch the rain water.

**Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl**  
By SYLVIA GERARD  
How She Solved the Problem of the Scaloped Blouse.

OUT in the garden this morning, when I was gathering the very last flowers, I could not help wishing that the dahlia would flaunt their flaming beauty throughout the winter, and the chrysanthemums when the frost had covered everything with shining crystals. No, winter has to collect his toll, but he gives as generously in return.

I went over to the west wall to see whether the rose promised a big crop of berries, and found that last night's storm had torn them down in several places. I reached high to fasten them to the supports, when, without even giving a warning cry, the sieve of my under-arm seam almost to the shoulder. One glance at this gaping rent served to convince me that nothing short of magic could make the blouse wearable again. But being of a frugal mind, I put on my thinking cap to discover a way to make use of it.

Then I recalled a stunning blouse I had seen in a window. It was a combination of blue and white crepe, and I saw how, by combining a color with the white, I could duplicate that blouse.

## LOVE'S NOT ALWAYS ON WHEELS

By Will Nies

## Secrets of Health

### How Swimming Pools May Be Kept Sanitary

By DR. L. K. HIRSBERG  
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

THERE is more mischief at work in some swimming pools than most of us dream. The bacilli of typhoid and dysentery are not the only microbes ready to be gulped into the stomach or snuffed into the tonsils, ears and nose of the diver and swimmer. Bronchitis, tonsillitis, middle ear infection, "pink" eye, conjunctivitis, intestinal infections, running noses and even tuberculosis have been caught in badly cared for swimming pools, though happily not very often.

How then are we to take our delightful swims in the Young Men's Christian Association and other private pools, free from fears of infection? There are several simple things that may be cheaply done to purify the all-too-seldom changed water of the pool.

Before anyone enters a properly kept swimming pool a thorough shower bath after a soaped cleaning from scalp to soles must be provided for. No bathing suits or any clothing should even be allowed in the pool, for cloth of any sort does much to pollute the water and to encourage the growth of microbes.

Sulphate of copper, as proposed by Prof. Thomas, is a harmless and effective germ killer. One 80th part—less than a grain—of copper sulphate to a million parts of water used every day will keep a pool sanitary and sweet. For most pools with less than 150 bathers daily, this is ample.

The director of a swimming pool need only multiply the number of gallons capacity of his pool by the weight in pounds of one gallon of water, namely 8.3, then divide the result thus determined by 2,000,000—which is the solution one-half part per million.

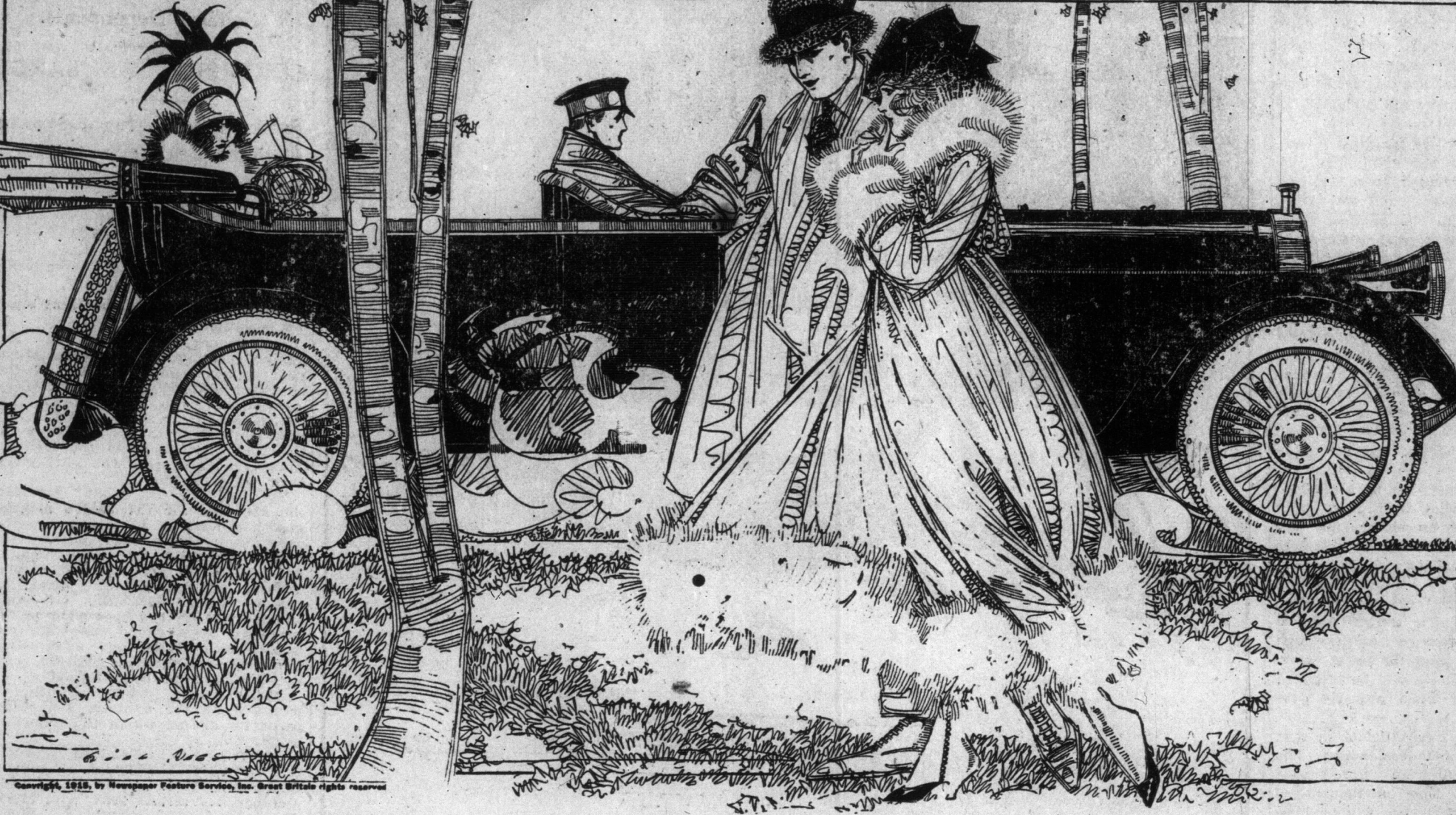
The result is the weight in pounds of copper sulphate to be added. If the pool holds 50,000 gallons, .37 pound or six ounces to be used.

The blue vitriol must be added every day to the pool. It can be dragged up and down the pool in a bag attached to a pole. To use it just before a fresh water is poured in is a waste. At noon or the supper hour is the best interval for its introduction.

**Answers to Health Questions.**  
R. C. L. Q—I have ulcers in my mouth. What remedy will you prescribe for me?  
A—A mouth wash of glycerine and alum water may be used. Clean the teeth after each meal with any kind of tooth powder. Take several grains of oxide of magnesium before meals and a Bismarck tablet after meals. You need sunlight, fresh air and outdoor exercises; also use a one-grain chlorate of potash tablet on the ulcers.

J. C. H. Q—Will you kindly tell me what to do for a cold in the head which has lasted for over a year? It seems to have my hearing, too.  
A—Colds lasting for such a length of time should be medical attention. Have a thoroughly competent and reliable physician examine you. Try the electric battery at your ear every four hours. Apply ammoniated mercury, 4 grains; vaseline, 1 ounce, to the nostrils.

Dr. Hirschberg 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 enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.



lightly, as they march to the tune of their laughter and love! But she in the motor car—she of the silk and satin—she of the chauffeur and the flying wheels—SHE sees THEM. And in that swift moment of passing she gains a picture that lingers—a picture in which she wishes that SHE were the central figure. For THAT what wouldn't she give?

## ODD FACTS

Apples are an excellent germicide for the teeth.

Animals indicate rain by uneasiness, lethargy or cries.

Alum, a tablespoonful, powdered, will purify cistern water.

The word "brat," now a term of contempt, was once an ordinary expression for a small child.

The happiest bridal toast was when a speaker wished a deaf and dumb couple "unspeakable and unheard-of bliss."

Cleopatra was the daughter of a brother and sister, and married her younger brother—the custom of the Ptolemies.

The freestone fire in the opal is due to the water in the gem, opals being a mingling of silica (flint) and water.

The greatest known age attained by an insect was that of a queen ant, which Sir J. Lubbock kept alive for nearly 15 years.

Coffee contains water, sugar, fat, casein, gum, woody matter, oil, mineral matter and caffeine—a drug composed of hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen and water.

## Revelations of a Wife

By ADELE GARLAND

Why Dicky Mimicked, "Don't Speak That Way, Madge."

WHAT'S the matter, Madge? Got an insect with something?"  
Dicky faced me in the old hall of the deserted Putnam Manor Inn, where we had expected to find warmth and food and the picturesqueness of a century back. Instead of these things we had found the place in the hands of a caretaker. Dicky had asked to go through the house on the pretence of wishing to rent it of a grouch. "I tried to speak as cheerfully as I could, for I dreaded Dicky's anger when I told him my feelings upon the subject of going over the house under false pretences. 'But I don't think it is right for us to go through the rooms. The woman wouldn't have let us come in if you hadn't said we wished to rent it. It's deception, and I wish you wouldn't let me go on my going any further. I can't enjoy seeing the rooms at all.'"

Dicky stared at me for a moment as if I were some specimen of humanity he had never seen before. Then he exploded. "Another one of your scruples, eh? By jove, I wonder where you keep them all. You're always ready to keep one out just in time to spoil any little thing I'm trying to do for your pleasure or mine."

"Please hush, Dicky," I pleaded. "I was afraid the woman in the next room would hear him, he spoke in such loud tones."

"I'll hush when I get good and ready," I longed to shake him, his tone and words were so much like those of a spoiled child. But he lowered his tone nevertheless, and stood for a minute or two in sulky silence before the empty fireplace.

"Well, come along," he said at last. "I'm sure there is no pleasure to me in looking over this place. I've seen it often enough when old Forsman had it filled with colonial junk, and served the best meals to be found on Long Island. It's like a coffin now to me. But I thought you might like to look it over as you had never seen it. But for heaven's sake let us respect your scruples."

I knew better than to make any answer. I wished above everything else to have this day end happily, this whole day to ourselves in the country, upon which I had counted so much. I feared that Dicky would be angry enough to return to the city, as he had threatened to do when he found the inn closed. So

it was with much relief that after we had four back into the other room I heard him asking the caretaker if there were some place in the neighborhood where we could obtain a meal.

"Do you know where the Shakespeare House is?" she asked.  
"Never heard of it," Dicky answered, "although I've been around here quite a bit, too."

"It's about six blocks further down toward the bay," she said, still in the same colorless tone she had used from the first. It's on Shore road, 323 Shore road. The Gormans own it. Mr. Gorman, he's a builder, and he built an old house over into a copy of Shakespeare's house in England. Mrs. Gorman is English. She serves tea there on the porch in the summer, and I've heard she will serve a meal to anybody that happens along any one of the years, although she doesn't keep a regular restaurant. That's the only place I know of anywhere near here. Of course, down on the bay there's the Martin Harbor Hotel. You can get a pretty good meal there."

**The Country Store.**  
"Thank you, very much," said Dicky, laying a dollar bill down on the table near us. I had a sudden flash of understanding. Dicky meant all the time to recompense the woman in this way for allowing us to see the house. But the principle of the thing remained the same. Why could he not have told her frankly that he wished to look at the house and given her the dollar in the beginning?

I did not ask the question, however, even after we had left the old mansion and were walking down the road, and felt like adopting the old motto, and leaving well enough alone.

"I hope we don't have to go clear to the Harbor before we eat," grumbled Dicky as we trudged along. I echoed his wish silently but heartily. The plot, just as bright, the winter landscape just as beautiful as it had been an hour before, and our baking-board neatly hidden in the ancient phrase, "We could think of nothing but the savory meal of which we had been robbed by finding Putnam Manor closed."

"Perhaps they have a telephone," I suggested. "If we pass any store or place that has 'phone we could look at it whether or not this woman at the Shakespeare House could serve us."

Dicky stopped, and putting up an imaginary monocle, surveyed me from head to foot.

"Sometimes you have a gleam of almost human intelligence," he commented gravely.  
"Thank you very kindly," I returned in the same spirit of gallantry, glad to have his good humor restored. Dicky, good-natured, is a delightful companion. Dicky, sulky, is about as companionable as the traditional bear with the sore head.

"Wa'al, by heck, here's about what we're looking fer," drawled Dicky with an intention he fondly imagined to be a successful imitation of a countryman's voice. "Look at this joint, will you?"

"This joint" was a country store, which evidently had been the old-fashioned "parlors" of an immense farmhouse. I went slowly up the steps trying to think of some slight purchase I could make before asking the courtesy of a telephone. Once inside I forgot for a minute to ask anything so charmed was I by the 50-year-old atmosphere the little store breathed.

Barrels of salt pork and potatoes stood in the middle of the room. Cans of corn and tomatoes rested next to boxes of writing paper, and bars of soap on the shelves. There was a small glass case of candies, such as I had not seen since I was a tiny child on a visit to the country. But the thing that attracted me most was a display of calicoes which lay spread out upon the counter.

I had a glimpse of the woman who had been behind the counter, and I saw she was absorbed in planning some

**A Familiar Name.**  
I had seen the same thing in quilts which my mother had placed when she was a young girl. I had heard her lament that nowhere could she find such calicoes any more. An old friend of hers, a gentle, frail old creature, lived near the boarding house where my mother had spent her last days with me. I knew that she delighted in the old-fashioned patchwork, and that she, too, mourned the absence of the old-time materials.

How much is this a yard? I laid my hand upon the calico, and lifted my eyes to the man behind the counter. I had a glimpse of the woman who had been behind the counter, and I saw she was absorbed in planning some

**Vegetable Soup.**  
The ingredients for this are one ounce of butter, one large carrot, one turnip, one onion, two sticks of celery, one pint and a half of stock, a small tablespoonful of flour, half a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of salt and pepper to flavor. Melt butter and fry sliced vegetables; melt stock and seasonings. Boil till the vegetables are soft, and then pass through a sieve. Boil again and add thickening, and continue to boil till the flour is cooked.

## Six Delicious Dinner Oddities

By ANN MARIE LLOYD

**A Green Pea Dish.**  
An excellent method of preparing these is to take one pound of tinned salmon, one teaspoonful of bread crumbs, three-quarters of an ounce of butter, melted, one ounce of flour, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one gill of milk, one egg, broken up the salmon and mix with the other ingredients, but only half of the egg, then pour your baking-board neatly, and form the mixture into cutlets or rolls. Cover them with the egg left over, toss in bread crumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Into the end of each cutlet put a small piece of macaroni, and garnish with parsley.

**Salmon Cutlets.**  
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**Baked Herrings with Vinegar.**  
Take a number of herrings, cut off the heads and tails, open and clean the fish, and lay them in a deep pan with a few bay-leaves, whole pepper, half a teaspoonful of cloves, and a whole teaspoonful of allspice; pour over them equal quantities of vinegar and water, bake for an hour and a half in a slow oven. The fish will be found to be very tasty when served cold.

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**Rhubarb and Almond Jelly.**  
Add to about one quart of hot, sweetened, stewed rhubarb one large tablespoonful of gelatin dissolved in a little cold water. Stir well, put in a handful of chopped almonds, and pour into individual molds. When cold, with cream or boiled custard.

**Balloon Cake.**  
Mix two tablespoonfuls of yeast with one of cream, add to six tablespoonfuls of flour to make a light dough. Set it to rise in a warm place. Roll out the paste very thin, and afterwards cut it all, I think the colored blouses are more attractive than the plain white ones, and the many glimpses of fairland I have had from my window

## Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

WHERE THE SHIVER OF A GOAT DECIDES LAWSUITS.

THE Kulu valley, far up in the Himalayas, in India, is one of the most beautiful and picturesque bits of country it has ever been my lot to view. Hills, mountains, rolling land and level stretches meet the eye wherever one may turn, with a charming variety that never grows tiresome. The air, too, is so clear that Kulu seems like heaven compared to some other parts of the stifling crowded land.

It was a surprise, therefore, to find in this lovely land the most intense superstitions. The ordeal of the shivering goats was the strangest of all. Two men were at odds and wanted Justice from each other. Each insisted that the other was a scoundrel and a thief. They could not agree to have the case tried in the English court, each feared the lies of the other and his witnesses. So they turned to the ways of their fathers for a decision.

Before an old priest of their faith, each brought a billy-goat. The priest stood in the middle and on each side stood the petitioner with their friends to back them up. After a few incantations at the shrine, the old priest stepped forward with what looked like earth in his hands. This he rubbed into the backs of the goats. No matter how they struggled and bled he kept right on, while their owners held them still with the light of hope shining in their eager eyes.

The earth-like stuff that the old priest used must have been a strong irritant, for after a while one of the goats shivered. There was no mistaking it. The shiver was one that could not be denied. And the owner of that goat which shivered first set up a shout of gladness.

**Justice in Kulu.**  
That was joined in by his friend—he had won.  
From this decision the other did not dare appeal. The goat had spoken with his shiver. He had lost, there was nothing to do but pay his enemy the money he owed him.



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green hedges and trees, the vines and  
shrubs with their treasures of ruby  
berries, and the many glimpses of  
fairland I have had from my window

Blouse of White and Rose Colored  
Georgette Crepe.