

Health & Beauty Hints

By Katherine Morton

The most telling charm a girl can have is a sweet voice, and yet how often, alas, is the quality of the voice utterly ignored by young people. One hears the terrible twang indigenous to this country issuing from kissable coral lips, bears maids in the finest raiment speaking with the hoarseness of ravens or with voices as badly managed as those of monkeys. Yet there are elocutionists for training the voice to honeyed notes, and the owner of the dulcet voice is a power in every circle of society. For although the voice is the easiest of all the points of woman's beauty to train into ways of loveliness it generally happens that the low, excitedly-timbered and beautifully used voice goes with the superior nature.

The deaf speak discordantly because they cannot hear the manner in which they are pitching their voices. So hearing is needed for voice training, and it is possible to cultivate its sensitiveness with very simple home methods. Listen, to all the beautifully-pitched voices that come your way and then go into your room and practice with the contrast of your own naturally speaking voice. You will see your mistakes in short order, and by keeping the error in mind, as important to your charm, you will soon find yourself imitating the lovely voice, first copying the manner in which single words are uttered and then essaying some whole phrase caught up from the voice melodious. Little by little you will get the right inflection, and then somehow you will grasp at last the spiritual side of human speech. The effort of words will appear and you will utter them in the right manner, telling your fairy tale with the right touch of gaiety and your tale of sorrow with due solemnity.

According to voice specialists, the commonest defect in young people is the pitching of the voice too high, and this is accompanied by a nervous tension which holds the throat taut and strained. The breath is short and hurried, which cuts the overtones and destroys the vibrations. So the high pitch must first be overcome, and since reserve breath and a wholesome state of the throat and nose are needed these organs and the lungs must receive their due share of attention. The simplest breathing exercises, taken quite twice a day in a full and rhythmic manner, will undoubtedly improve a defective voice through the help the exercise lends to the vocal cords. Deep breathing, too, is often advised for bashfulness and stammering, those two great bane of timid youth, which if not overcome in time will sometimes last until life's end.

For the girl whose general health is none of the best, and whose voice soon wears out with class recitations, a diet of molasses and coarse bread is to be recommended. Sweet milk and buttermilk will also be of good benefit, while a raw egg, beaten up with a little lemon juice, and taken before breakfast is almost certain to ward off hoarseness during the day. Raw eggs are very healing and feeding to the throat and lungs, and should be given far oftener to undernourished young people, whose very delicacy makes them ready victims to lung and throat diseases.

Anything which interferes with the general health will affect the beauty and strength of the voice, and since the membrane of throat and nose is so delicate it must always be given immediate care in time of trouble—or, better still, be kept in a healthy state with the frequent use of antiseptic washes.

But a lot of the ugliness in youthful voices comes from bad habits alone. The young people are not corrected for their vocal errors in time, they are allowed to sing at too early an age, they sleep and sit in rooms too hot and dry, they have the example of other badly-trained children, or get the habit from their tone-deaf elders. But it is never too late for the girl who has been neglected in this way to improve herself if she will only realize that a sweet, well-modulated voice is one of woman's greatest fascinations and that she will succeed in its attainment lies in herself.

New Ruffles.
Many new ruffles have appeared this spring. Foremost as a novelty is a soft taffeta in shot colorings, edged all around with a broad frayed-out ruche of the silk, and another has a taffeta center and a soft marabout edging.
The neck ruche—or ruffle—now goes quite closely round, and is charming in ostrich feathers, just slightly curled, and the most amenable colors are black and white, ivory or gray—the latter mixed with white or in some pale self tone.
A neck ruffle with ostrich feathers with triple ends, finished with tassels, is effective when thrown over the shoulder, and the broad scarfs of marabout mounted on soft satin are not only becoming but of real utility.

MIRACULOUS CURES OF EYES

Sight Restored to Ohio Farmer by Extraction of Teeth—Another Remarkable Restoration.

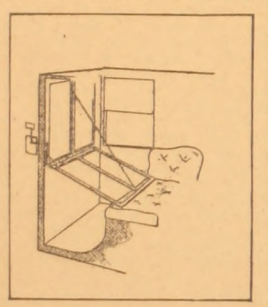
Sometimes blindness is entirely due to nerves. A young American farmer, hailing from Ohio, had been blind for five years. The farmer had been under treatment by many eminent specialists, and had also entered a first-class eye hospital, but no cure could be effected, says the London Tit Bits. The doctors were of the opinion he was suffering from paralysis of the optic nerve, a disease considered hopeless. The blind man began to suffer very much with his teeth, and at last he visited a dentist, who advised him to have three teeth extracted. Worn out with a long spell of tooth-ache, the farmer consented; but no sooner did the dentist start to draw the second tooth than he jumped up and exclaimed: "I can see! I can see the light, the crack in the window!" And, turning to the dentist with glee, he added, joyfully: "I can see you."

The whole affair seems to have been a miracle, as up to now no scientist has been able to connect the blindness with the teeth. To a common sense person the blindness appears to have been a case of "nerves." Possibly the man feared his sight was failing, and worked himself into losing the sight of his eyes.
Another remarkable restoration of sight was the one which happened to a stone mason nearer home. He had been unable to see out of his right eye for more than 30 years, but during a fierce gale he had to cross a bleak common with the wind in his face, and a quantity of dust got into both his eyes. His right eye felt it the most, and began to stream with water. To try and relieve the pain the stone mason rubbed that eye gently but continuously for some seconds. When he reached home he discovered to his joy that he had a perfect sight in both his eyes. Possibly many years ago a small piece of stone had got into his eye, and the extra flow of water and dust had enabled it to work its way out.

STOPPAGE ON TAXI FRAUDS

Meter, Invented by New York Man, Does Not Register Except When Passenger Is in Cab.

Taxicabs have, among other things, provided opportunities for fraud among cab drivers. A New York man, however, who probably has been victimized himself, has invented a device to protect patrons and taxicab companies from robbery. In this device the taximeter is put in operation only on the entrance of a passenger into the cab, and the passenger can see what it registers at that time and figure up the cost of his ride himself. The taximeter is controlled by a window frame embracing the front of



Taxicab Meter.

the vehicle, and which is hinged at the bottom and can be lowered till the top rests on the seat of the cab and blocks the entrance. A coiled spring connects the frame with the meter, and when the frame is lowered the meter is out of registry. When the passenger enters, the frame is, of course, raised and the meter put into operation. This also prevents chauffeurs from tinkering with the meter to increase their own profits at the expense of the taxicab company.

NOTES OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The barometer was discovered in 1624. The strength of five men is equivalent to that of one horse. During last year one aviator was killed in every 6,200 miles flown. The records show that 323 valuable pictures have been pilloined from the Louvre.

The bilge keels on battleships are being made larger to prevent excessive rolling. The daily average variation of the clock on the House of Parliament is 6.97 of a second. An aviation school in that country has been contracted for by the government of Guatemala. The energy released by a candle burning steadily for two full days is equal to one horsepower. According to a Berlin nerve specialist knitting in bed is an excellent antidote for tired nerves. A steam cooker for use in connection with an ordinary residence radiator recently was patented. The chief ingredient of an artificial rubber invented in Holland is said to be freshly caught sea fish. The French government has offered a prize of \$80,000,000 for a device that will make aeroplanes safe.

Social Forms and Entertainments



From a Masculine Reader.

I, as a young man, have found many helpful suggestions in your space in the paper, so I ask your help now.
I have a birthday about the middle of the month and would like to have a few friends in. Would this be proper for a young man to do?
What would you place on the invitations?
What would you serve that would not make too much work?
What could we do for amusement, as they do not allow card playing at home and there is not enough room to dance?—Art.

It is good to know that we have readers among the men in our big family; it makes us feel really worth while. It will be perfectly proper for you to entertain on your birthday, and I think, as such affairs should be very informal, that I would just phone the invitations or ask the friends when I saw them. All you need have at an evening party will be ice cream and a birthday cake. I am sorry you cannot have either card playing or dancing, as both are such satisfactory means of entertaining. I fear you will have to rely on guessing contests or some of the schemes that I have in the paper each week.

New Games Requested.

A crowd of children, ages from twelve to fifteen, "play out," as we call it, nearly every night at different homes, and our favorite game was "clay in and clay out," but now we are tired of that, and wish you would kindly publish some new games.—J. B. S.

When I was your age our great game was "Hide and Go Seek" and "I Spy." Do not tell any one, but a party of grown-up children played these self-same games not long ago out in the moonlight. Of course one of the real children was having a birthday party, and to celebrate the achievement of nine "long" years the entire family, including parents, uncles and aunts, joined in the after-supper pastimes. It was the dignified college professor who proposed "Hide and Seek," and a jolly game it was, I am sure I do not need to tell any of you how to play it.

To a "Faithful Reader."

A man should take care of his own hat, laying it on the table or hat rack. Just say, "I enjoyed the dance very much;" its hardly fair to deprive a man of a dance, so explain to him and tell him to fill his program for that number. I do not approve of couples leaving by themselves and going other places during a dance. I cannot tell you how to keep up your correspondence if the young man does not care to write. It is not necessary to shake hands with everyone; a hostess usually does in her own house. It is polite to rise when guests enter the room. You know I am old fashioned, I do not like a young couple to go off on long jaunts by themselves. Neither do I approve of "touching hands." You will never be sorry for not doing these things.

Impossible to Say.
Kindly tell me the best cook book in use. I have several, but wish to find so many things in them.—H. M. D.

There are so many good books, it is impossible to make a choice, even if I were permitted to give names and addresses here; as I am not, will you kindly send me a self-addressed stamped envelope, in care of the paper?

Reply to a "Orphan Blonde."
You certainly did right in calling your aunt, and hope you will never go with that boy again. He acted most ungentlemanly. A girl of fourteen or younger, as you say you are, has no occasion to be out so late or to have beaux (as you call them.) It is plain that the boy you mention does not know how to act.

The Party Call.
I would like to know how soon after a wedding ceremony or reception, luncheon or party should one return a call?—M. H. T.

Ceremonious decrees of older days decreed that "party" calls should be made within two weeks after the event, but in this busy age within a month will do.

"Faith's" Answers.
By all means ride horseback and use any saddle you choose personally.
You have gotten your growth early; large people, somehow, are taken for older than they are, especially young girls.

Your dresses should be a bit below your shoe tops. Come again.
MADAME MERRIL.

OUT OF THE NIGHT

Why Nancy Lost Her Timidity of the Forest.

By JEAN DICKERSON.

The flames whispered about the dogs in the great fireplace and outside of the bungalow the trees lashed to and fro in the strong wind. The rain drummed steadily on the roof without one break in the steady downpour until Nancy tossed her magazine aside and walked the floor to steady her nerves.

She was all alone in this little mountain lodge; all about her was the primeval forest filled with numberless vague terrors of the night. Nancy was afraid. She had been alone since three o'clock that afternoon when her guest, Mrs. Carruthers, had suddenly left for home in response to a telegram brought through miles of dripping forest by a messenger from Bidwell station. Timothy Finn, the man of all work, had harnessed the horses to the buckboard and taken Mrs. Carruthers to the station. At the last moment, Timothy's wife, Mary Finn, had climbed in beside her husband, announcing that she had a dozen errands to be attended to in the village and that she would be home with Tim in time to prepare Miss Nancy's dinner.

In the haste of their departure and the last hurried good-bys from Mrs. Carruthers, Nancy did not realize the significance of being left alone in that isolated spot.

When the sound of the wagon wheels had died away and there remained only the rain and the wind and the fire on the hearth she felt a sudden pang of terror at the loneliness.

The Finns were addicted to drink when opportunity offered, and Nancy shuddered as she realized that it might be hours before they returned—and they might not come home until morning!

She had fastened every door and window and had drawn the curtains closely and pinned them at the edges



She Was All Alone.

so that no curious eye might discover that she was alone.

Hours passed. She tried to read, but the printed words held no meaning for her. She opened the piano, but the sound of the instrument only intensified the stillness.

The clock in the corner chimed ten and still there was no cessation of the rain nor of the lashing wind. Nancy thought of her father down in the close, hot city, and she knew he was counting the days till Friday, when he would run up to the lodge for his week's stay. Every other week Simon Mead spent up here in the mountains. There was usually a jolly party of young people here, too, chaperoned by Mrs. Mead, but now she had gone to the city with her husband and Mrs. Carruthers and Nancy Mead had been left alone for a few days.

"I don't care how intoxicated they are if they will only come," declared Nancy for the tenth time, as she listened in vain for the sound of returning wheels. "I simply can't stay here alone all night."

The clock struck 11, and almost as if it had been waiting for that hour there followed the sound of a human voice outside, a man's voice calling for help.

Nancy shuddered. Perhaps it was the Finns coming home. She tiptoed up the stairs that ran to the half story under the eaves and pushed aside a small casement window. The rain fell on her hair and face, but the night air felt cool and refreshing. There was no sound of wheels, but again came the man's voice.

"Bungalow, ahoy! Help!"

It was not the rich brogue of Timothy Finn, nor was it the voice of a backwoodsman that called. Nancy hastened to his call, shuddering at its growing hoarseness, not daring to go forth in answer to it, for she had from a child been afraid of the night with its thousand terrors, and this forest was a maze to her after sunset.

belonging to her father and let herself out into the dripping night. She called once timidly, and the warfarer heard her and answered with a note of hope in his voice. Nancy made her way toward the lake, now and then bumping into trees or stumbling over roots, for in the pitch darkness she could not see a hand's breadth before her.

"Here!" said the voice close at hand, and Nancy floundered through the wet leaves until she touched something alive. Suppressing a desire to scream, she asked bravely: "What is the matter?"

"I believe I've broken my leg—I've been lying here for several hours. I saw the lights of the bungalow, but it was so quiet there I was afraid it was deserted. If you can call one of the men he might help me inside." It was a pleasant, refined voice with a note of authority.

"I will help you in," said Nancy firmly, and she bent down to assist him.

He was a big man, and heavy and whatever agony it cost him to crawl over the hundred yards that led to the bungalow no one but himself ever knew. Nancy went beside him, helping him over the rough places and at the front steps supporting him into the house.

When the door closed behind them he sank forward on the great bear-skin rug and fainted away.

Nancy quite forgot to be afraid. With an unconscious stranger upon her hands, she thought of nothing else. She ran from medicine closet to pantry and thence to the stove, where she heated a kettle of water. She made him as comfortable as possible on the soft skins on the floor, propped his head with pillows, restored him with stimulants and then sat down and looked at him.

He was a youngish man, perhaps in his early forties, handsome, and evidently well-dressed in spite of the mud that he had accumulated since his fall.

"I am sorry that I cannot send for a doctor just yet," she murmured shyly. "I hope you are not suffering much pain."

"Thank you—a little twinge now and then." He winced as he spoke. "You wouldn't have to go far to find a doctor to-night—I'm Dr. Milbank, the only physician within fifteen miles!"

"Oh, I've heard of you," murmured Nancy.

He nodded. "I was on my way to the Dexter place—they sent for me and I had to leave my horse back there in the woods and walk. I fell over a root and am quite sure I've broken my leg. When your men get around I believe I can direct them how to get it." And with the last words he drooped off to sleep.

He slept until the gray dawn pierced the curtained windows with a sun light. Timothy Finn and his wife were high, shamed and repentant, and followed Nancy's stern bidding with alacrity. Dr. Milbank awoke to a blazing fire, and such rough medical assistance as the girl and her servants could render.

Dr. Milbank remained at the bungalow for several weeks as the guest of the Meads, and when he went away, cured, it was with the image of Nancy Mead enshrined in his heart.

Nancy had quite lost her timidity of the forest at night.

"I can never be afraid of it again nor imagine it filled with horrors," she sometimes says, "for you know I found my husband there!"

And Timothy Finn and his wife take half the credit for this romance to themselves.

KNEW METHODS OF ARMOUR

As a New Employee, Charlie Toke Made Himself Solid With the Eccentric Boss.

When Charlie Toke went to work for the Armour in Chicago, he learned that it was the habit of Philip Armour to get down to his desk every morning at half past 6 o'clock. A month after Toke took his job, Philip returned to town and the following morning Charlie was at his desk at 6:30 for the first time in his life.

Mr. Armour walked in at 6:33, pinched himself to see if he was awake, and then stared at Toke. Charlie went on with his arduous labors. "How long have you been working here?" asked the magnate. "Oh, about a month," replied Charlie carelessly. "Do you get down to work at the office every morning?" continued Armour, immensely pleased. "I do," said Charlie, "when you're in town."

Going Into Society

"There's one thing we're going to start this fall," spoke up Trimmer to Mrs. Trimmer after the evening meal had been consumed, "and that is we're going to go out more. 'This thing of sitting around home all the time can be overdone."

"From now on," he added, "we're going around among people and to the theater occasionally. We've been sticking around here evenings, getting old before our time. It's up to us to ginger up a bit and get out to see our friends more or we won't have any friends. It makes people all go to seed to stay in their shell week in and week out. From now on we're going to operate on a different system."

"I've often thought the same thing," agreed Mrs. Trimmer, "but I supposed that you preferred being at home in the evening. Lots of times I've wanted to go out, but didn't like to suggest it when you seemed so comfortable at home and so interested in your papers."

"Well, there's evidently been some misunderstanding," said Trimmer, agreeably, "for I don't like anything better than to have an evening of social diversion now and then. It's just what I need, Man's a social being, and if he doesn't enjoy the society of other people occasionally, outside of business hours, there's something more or less abnormal about him, that's all."

"We'd better take in the Bronsons' musicale, then," suggested Mrs. Trimmer. "It's a week from tomorrow night and we're sure to be invited. Mrs. Bronson was saying something about it the other day."

"All right," said Trimmer, "but I was just about to say that I had tickets for the theater tomorrow night. So don't make any other plans."

Trimmer remarked that he'd had a rather strenuous day when he got home the next evening. After supper he lay down on the lounge.

"We'd better be getting ready if we want to be at the theater on time," suggested Mrs. Trimmer shortly after seven o'clock.

"Hub!" grunted Trimmer with a yawn. "This is the night we were going to the show, isn't it? Well, get your things on and I'll be ready when you are."

Mrs. Trimmer hastened to obey. "Somebody was telling me," remarked Trimmer as they were leaving the house, "that the show isn't much good, after all. I'm not as keen about it as I was." Then they went on and waited for the car.

After dinner, one week later, Trimmer put on his slippers, got into an old lounging coat and leaned back in the big Morris chair with a satisfied expression while he looked over the paper. A few minutes later he went over and got a couple of his pipes, off the center table and started to clean them up.

"This always used to be my favorite smoke—this pipe right here," he confided to Mrs. Trimmer, "but it's got so caked up lately it'll scarce draw at all. Now's a good time to clean it up. Then, after I get it into shape I've got a magazine with a couple of cracking good stories that I want to read to you."

"You'll scarcely have time to do all that, will you?" inquired Mrs. Trimmer smiling. "You know this is the night of the Bronsons' musicale. It's about time that you put on your dress suit. I've got everything laid out for you."

"What's that?" Trimmer looked up startled. "Musical, you say? Haven't you been a little previous in accepting invitations to such things without consulting me? You know very well how I stand on trotting around in the evening in a dress suit. When I get through work at the office I want to come home and rest. Rest, mind you. That's what I want to do. And it isn't much rest for me to go chasing about with a lot of pinheads that imagine they're deriving enjoyment out of that kind of so-called classical stuff they play at these musicale things."

"There isn't one person in 400," stormed Trimmer, "that really likes to sit and look pleased over the tedious-tum stuff that they label classical. But they make an awful bluff about fairly doting on just such highbrow vocal and instrumental palaver, Muzh!"

"Where'd you get the idea that I was willing to be dragged out to such an affair as that, anyway? I'd have to talk to a lot of light weights that don't know enough to carry nuts to a squirrel. I never saw one of those society people who could pass an entrance examination to a night school."

"What? I said we ought to go out more? Did, eh? Oh, yes, and I suppose I had just such an affair as this musicale in mind, too. That sounds about like me. Yes! Nice spirit on your part to take advantage of a chance remark of mine that I was willing to go out in the evening with you once in awhile—if I did say such a thing."

"Oh, well, I suppose I'm up against it now. We'll have to go to the infernal thing. But it does seem a pity that a man can't have an evening of quiet and rest now and then."

Guard Cedars of Lebanon. The two hundred remaining cedars of Lebanon are carefully guarded.