

GLORIFYING YOURSELF

By Alicia Hart

HAIR IS AFFECTED BY ILLNESS

Probably there is nothing more discouraging about sickness than the way your hair looks and feels after you get up.

Post-fever scalps have a way of carrying on that tight, dry feeling long after the fever has left you. Make them loosen up! That's the only way to get them back to normalcy.

Massage alone won't do it for your old scalp. You must moisten your scalp with some kind of oil, if you want to do an efficacious job of lifting it loose from your skull. You can use any kind of oil you want to. Every beautician holds briefs for one kind of oil or another. Frankly, I think any kind of oil is better than none.

Olive oil, vaseline, coconut oil, any of the fragrant scalp oil that beauty parlors put up temptingly—any of these will do. Just so you use some kind of oil!

You should begin your scalp treatment with a hot oil shampoo. Heat your oil until it is quite hot, keeping the little container of oil in a dish of hot water so you can reheat it. Apply with a wad of cotton to your scalp direct. Then wrap your head up in hot towels, changing them a couple of times, if you mean to wash your head the same day. It is better to leave the oil on over night or even for 48 hours.

After you finish your shampoo, apply just a bit of oil, very carefully, at the temples, the nape of the neck and crown of the head.

Massage your scalp methodically, from the back of the neck, working towards the front, to loosen the scalp. Every night for a month apply some hair tonic, and brush your hair morning and night. Your hair will take on new life and light and your head will feel eased and happy. You will be surprised how much help it is to have your hair re-conditioned.

Into a New Home

From Dallas, Texas, News The St. Louis Globe Democrat was not satisfied with preaching building as a remedy for worklessness. It built itself a new home after having been in its former building since 1892. It now has six times the floor space, ten times the convenience and a hundred times the attractiveness of its former place of activity.

It took business courage to undertake such a project but the Globe-Democrat did not hesitate. It has now moved in and the fruit of its foresight proves all that was hoped for. Situated just off the subway of the Illinois Terminal Railway System and connected therewith on its own sub-basement level it can receive carload shipments of paper, ink and other supplies without handling. There is paper storage for several months' quota. Ink comes in tank cars and is pumped into the building and pumped to the presses. Every mechanical convenience obtainable has been supplied throughout the factory and editorial departments.

The two years before the building began were devoted to the study of the principal newspaper plants of the world. The structure now occupied is the result of the survey. The demand for speed, accuracy, volume, taste, skill and fairness must be met by the modern daily journal. The sort of house these operations have to work in affects the product. The Globe-Democrat has as its reward the opportunity for giving its readers a better newspaper than ever before. It is the one goal toward which all real journalism strives. It is the newspaper man's dream of what he would rather do than anything else on earth. That is why the Globe-Democrat is showered from all directions with congratulations, and here the News adds its felicitations also.

EXHAUST FOR ICE

Washington—The National Advisory committee for Aeronautics has been experimenting with hot exhaust gases to prevent ice from forming on the wings of airplanes. With a boiler arrangement which creates steam by heat from exhaust pipes, the experiments have prevented ice formations at a temperature as low as 18 degrees above zero.

APPRECIATION

From Brooklyn Eagle Chauffeur—Let me help you into the car and take you to the hospital, ma'am. Victim—Thank you! Chauffeur—Well, well! Of all the women I even run over, you're the only one that's had the courtesy to thank me.

MORE EXACT TERM

Wife—That couple in the next flat are at loggerheads again. She's been racing at him for half an hour. Hub—Sort of monologgerhead—what!

This year 4 million British subjects in England must pay an income tax. Last year the number was \$2,250,000.

ALLEE SAME TO HIM

Stockton, Cal. — "Old Murphy" an old Chinese who made a sketchy living by singing Chinese songs of doubtful propriety were all winter long, a tattered, nondescript straw hat. Then, coincidental with Mayor Franke's proclamation naming straw hat day, "Old Murphy" blossomed forth in a felt hat he had dug up somewhere. Questioned by a newspaperman regarding his action, he shrugged his shoulders and said: "You no likee, I likee; no business, no new hat; you dam-foolee. Goodbye."

THE WINDING PATH

The winding path
Come let us follow
Along the lane
And down by the hollow;
For I would fain
The way it passes,—
Through the long grasses,
The meadow, the woods,—
Seek and learn it:
What the moods,
What true uses
Lead and turn it.
What abuses
Break it, cloak it
Twist it choke it.
Now 'tis a span;
But onward still,
Over the hill
It wider grows,
It firmer flows.
The subtle path
Its own thought hath;
It is more wise
Than you and I;
As if with eyes
That peer and try
It feels its way
Across the day
What little feet
Hard have packed it!
What great hoofs
Gouged and wracked it!
Rude water-courses
Cut across it
Rocks emboss it;
A lichen'd cliff
Its route enforces.
Yet on it goes
And upward flows
Through the dark pines
In wayward lines;
Past the birches
Skyward it lurches:
One more flight—
And on the height
At last we stand
And catch the vision
Of sky and land.

Richard Watson leader in "Complete Poems."

ART ACES DESIGN BIDS

Their Talents Now Are Seen in Many Articles of Commerce

Gilbert Seides in the Saturday Evening Post

It is not surprising to find that artists like Rockwell Kent and John Vassos have worked on wall papers and containers for perfume and that all the leading artists of the theater without exception, have done something in commercial design.

Of the latter, the great pioneer recognized by all the rest, is Joseph Urban. Himself an architect of wide experience—he designed a bridge in Russia, a palace in Africa, a theater in Vienna—an illustrator of books and a designer of exquisite settings, first for opera and later for revues in this country he has been closely associated with the Meiner Werkstatte—a loose union of craftsmen who are the center of industrial design in Austria.

After he had established himself in the theater of this country, he turned to his earlier profession, and a theater building, a group of fabrics and a motor car, among other things, have come from his workshop.

Norman Bel Geddes after creating the settings for "The Miracle," turned to creating shop windows and modern beds; Robert Edmond Jones has made a design for silks; Lee Simonson has made furniture, silks a piano—which is properly called the death of a smile, the end of an old joke, since the legs are not piano legs—and has built whole rooms in the modern style.

Henry Dreyfus— younger than these men in the theater—has done a greater variety of things in commercial design; nearly everything on the list above testifying to his versatility.

LIBERTY IN DECADENCE

From Journal of Commerce The Washington Post has a highly suggestive editorial, in which, among other things, it says:

"Families which are threatened by kidnapers and business men who are blackmailed by racketeers have discovered that liberty is not exactly a natural blessing, dispensed like air or sunshine. Tens of thousands of Americans are now as effectually robbed of their liberty as if they were behind iron bars. The new tyranny of crime is even more cruel than the rule of Despots. Living in a land that pretends to preserve liberty and order, the victims of gangsters and racketeers find no protection. The methods of the law are powerless against the new methods of crime."

That is saying that government has broken down. Who can doubt that it has broken down? or that our official protectors are not doing what they are paid by the people to do? Contrasting what our forefathers did to win liberty, the Post says: "Like spendthrift heirs, modern Americans have not even kept watch over the chief possession. They have allowed thieves to break through and steal their liberty. Crime not only accomplishes its purpose, but makes its victims accomplices by enforcing silence with death." This is a horrible thing to say but can it be denied? So the conclusion comes that there is a steady disintegration of American individual and community liberty. Further:

"Legislators are negligent and incompetent. Little or no help comes from peace officers. Crime enforced by murder is active and gaining ground."

What is the cure for such a state of affairs? What statesman is thinking or caring about it?

WE ALL FALL FOR IT.

Carl Laemmle's back again once more. In columns of the Post, inviting comment on his plays, A boost or even a roast.

A confidential manner his; He takes you by the arm. And hints if you withhold your views. You'll cause a lot of harm.

No budding playwright, I alas! Dramatic sense I lack; Yet when I read Carl's stuff, I feel A pat upon the back.

—Sam Page.

Side Glances

By George Clark



"How can I word this invitation so she'll know I'd rather she couldn't come?"

NEW CINDERELLA OF THE MOVIES



Dorothy Wilson, 18, may not believe in fairy tales, but she is the heroine of a present-day Cinderella yarn. A native of Minneapolis, she was employed as a stenographer in Hollywood when a director saw her and forthwith assigned to her the lead in a forthcoming picture.

RADIO

By NEA Service Schenectady, N. Y. — Agricultural science has enlisted radio and electricity in its war on bugs, in aiding the growth of plants and in hatching chickens.

According to Dr. Willis Whitney, vice president and director of the General Electric research laboratory, scientists here have succeeded in hatching chickens' eggs by putting them under the influence of high frequency waves. Without any other form of incubation these eggs have gone through their 21-day cycle and have hatched perfect chicks.

Radio has been found invaluable in treating corn and wheat being held over for a season, Dr. Whitney reports. In this grain destructive weevils breed and farmers must be very careful of these insects, as a single pair of them may multiply to more than 20,000 in a season.

Kills Bugs, but Not Eggs. In experiments with radio, it has been found that when grain infected with these pests is allowed to drop rapidly through an intense radio field, the insects are killed without any damage to the grain. Eggs of the insects, however, are not harmed, and tests are being conducted with a view of destroying the eggs.

By "planting" electrically-heated wires near the roots of various plants, Dr. Whitney has found that in some cases growth of the plants is speeded. The roots adapt themselves to the heat, growing away from the hot wires and forming additional roots, making a larger root system and supplying more nourishment to the plants.

Much Yet Unknown. "My electric hook-up caused a variation of moisture in the soil," he explains, "and this ought to be taken into account. Much can be learned by applying limited, well-controlled heat very close to the roots in early spring. It might be that the heat would have to be supplied only on very cold nights."

X-Rays and cathode rays have been used on plants to rid them of insects and bugs with 100 per cent efficiency. But the drawback to this treatment, Dr. Whitney explains, is the excessive cost.

"Cathode rays and X-rays are death to all bugs," he says. "X-ray treatment can be so accurately controlled that the bugs may die at once, or they may remain alive for some definite period. X-rays give them an incurable malady, with a determinable time factor."

A LITTLE MODEL. The clerk who sells your wife her clothes. Knows how to use her noddle; For to all customers she says, "I've just your little model."

Said customer may be so fat That she can hardly toddle. It matters not the clerk will coo, "Try on this little model."

For if her favor you would woo, Her vanity would coddle, Tell any dame, "Twas made for you, This nifty little model."

—Sam Page

victims pay on the installment plan.

You owe it as a duty to your fellow man to curb your critical judgment and speak well of his new straw hat. He isn't going to feel right about the hat until a certain number of friends commend it anyhow, and the sooner you make him comfortable, the sooner the world becomes better for him.

The good old name of Smith is said to be a British family name meaning an iron worker or smith.

Broadway

Not the least experimental of our artists Miss Jane Cowl evidently has decided that she will enact a little of this and some more of that during her brilliant stage career.

Where their actresses stick to their painfully limited lasts Miss Cowl has explored many of the theater's nooks and crannies emerging from each successive on in a new make-up and a different characterization. Originally consigned by her ample public to the tears and tantrums of "Within the Law" and "Common Clay," she resolutely put for more ambitious efforts. She has had her fling at Juliet, Cleopatra, Melisande, Francesca, and Viola.

But, to judge from her last production, the classics must have begun to irk her. This is a somewhat embittered comedy, called "A Thousand Summers." If it was the hope of Mr. Terrill Rogers, the author, that his star might look as if she had lived that long, he must be slightly deranged.

As a matter of fact, Miss Cowl, when she impressed on her young admirer, Mr. Franchot Tone, that bbbbbbbbbbb kkkkkkkk cm cmcm she was 36, seemed to be falsifying the record. She looked at least 10 years younger than that, so it was easy to understand Mr. Tone's frenzied enthusiasm for her.

Just 21 and a rank amateur in the courts of love, he implored Miss Cowl to marry him immediately and accompany him to Paris, where they could smell the spring moonlight and bathe in art and champagne.

The temptation to Miss Cowl was great, for her sex life had been somewhat meandering and mottled since her fiance, at his head blown off in the war, but she reflected that this new suitor was practically an infant. Her solution was to engage in a little truncated necking with him, leaving him flat at a crucial moment.

Thereupon, at a highly amusing, slightly cruel second-act curtain he permitted himself to be consoled by a gay and fleshy housemaid, who had had her eye on him all the time. Together, they went into the garden, with Miss Cowl palpitating on the stairs and wondering if she had acted too wisely and not too well.

These plays about mature women and worshipful boys have a tendency to fall into the same old plot-rut. In "Fata Morgana," for instance, the woes of everybody were ironed out only through the timely arrival of the lady's husband, who promptly took her back home, where she could do little damage.

In "A Thousand Summers" it is an old and faithful flame of Miss Cowl who talks her into returning to his arms. When I add that this eloquent person is enacted by Os-good Perkins, you will realize that he presents a convincing if not a likeable front.

In his half-way half-impassioned scenes with the distracted star, he is entertaining, savage and filled with a comic despair. And no wonder. For of all the wobbly Clares, this one of Mr. Rogers is entitled to a whole drawer full of pewter medals. There is nothing impossible about her actions—the type is infuriatingly familiar.

But this sort of familiarity is apt to breed slumber, and if it were not for the artful lusciousness of Miss Cowl and the sensitive and rhythmic playing of Mr. Tone, I fear "A Thousand Summers" would seem like an unabridged version of "Mourning Becomes Electra."

Some fine acting talent is visible in the comedy. As the young man's fussy and voluble aunt, Miss Josephine Hull gives us one of her unforgettable Middle Western wifely portraits. I don't know where Miss Hull gathers her material; on the banks of the Ohio River, would be my guess. I even thought I detected a few Big Four cinders in her hair. But that may be just the art of an alert and convincing mind.

You also will recognize and be interested in Mr. Thomas Findlay as her pleasant, provincial husband; in Miss Marion Evenson as the most repulsive female of the season, and in Miss Mary Newham-Davis (fresh from her small, neat triumph in "Cynara" as the servant who couldn't say no.

WAR BONNETS

If you're a dame and wish to top Au fait your nifty rig, Hie to the nearest beauty shop And get a lacquered wig.

If ingenue, you long to wear A garb of drifting white, A yellow wig with plastic curls Would nicely fit your type.

If more sophisticated, you May chose a style more bold; A wig of lacquered bronze, the curls All tipped with glowing gold.

An older woman sports wide rows of silver cross the back; These alternate with golden waves, All edges touched with black.

With such headdress for social strife, And warriors who don it, How dare we now afford to laugh At Sitting Bull's war bonnet? —Sam Page.

JUST NATURAL

"Captain, sir, I was not intoxicated." "But the sergeant says you were trying to climb a tree."

"Yes, sir. You see, sir, a couple of alligators had been following me around until they got on my nerves."

Army and Navy Journal

UNLINED CALF HANDBAGS

An unlined, perforated calfskin handbag has made its appearance to be carried with the new unlined perforated shoes. These bags are usually envelope types in colors to match the shoes.

CORINTH SOCKS TO YIELD GOLD

Corinth, Miss. — (UP) — This city, with its 10,000 inhabitants, may soon have something more than a sock for a bank.

Without a banking institution since November 21, 1931, citizens hope that their efforts to establish a bank soon will bear fruit.

Mayor W. L. Sweet predicted that in 30 days the town would have a bank again, so that normal financial business can be transacted.

Where three banks once flourished, there now stand only empty bank buildings. And instead of a bank book, the Corinthian now carries a bulging sock.

"But business hasn't been hurt especially," the mayor said. "Everybody's trading. Of course, it has been inconvenient carrying all your money in your pants."

"The city government has a little account over in Iuka, 22 miles away, and we can still write a check. But the nearest bank is at Selmer, Tenn., 14 miles away."

"It's just a case of plenty of money and no place to put it." "But it hasn't made any great difference. The greenbacks still are flickering across the counters in Corinth's 10 business blocks."

ONCE IN A WHILE

From the Washington Star

Once in a while we like to see The cards all run the other way. Once in a while we get a thrill From dropping each finesse we play.

Once in a while we all rejoice In finding our opponents strong. Once in a while we're glad to learn That something in our system's wrong.

Once in a while we like to lose While knowing that we did our best, Once in a while we like to say Our play was poor by any test.

Once in a while it's lots of fun To know we're beaten by a mile, Once in a while these all are true, But only once in a while.

An activity enjoyed by millions of intelligent people can not be indicted without at the same time indicting those who enjoy it. More than half of the worthwhile educated citizens of this country play bridge, possibly 70 or 80 per cent of them. Since their general mode of life can stand comparison with that of any similar number of people since the world began, they require no words of defense in their behalf. Such being the case, bridge itself needs no defense against those who attack it.

One ray of sunshine in the gloom of the current depression is the fact that many people have learned how to entertain themselves wholesomely by means of this most appealing of games. Those who lack the money to spend for pleasures they once sought are making their own fun by playing bridge. Instead of paying several dollars to sit in a chair while somebody else furnishes their entertainment they are "rolling their own." If there is anything wrong or harmful in that, it is hard to figure out.

The cry has been raised that it is harmful to study the game, with the idea of developing real proficiency in it. That is equivalent to the doctrine that it is wrong to do anything well. Happily, plenty of people like to do well in anything which is worthy of their attention and hence strive to learn to play the best they can. They are the ones who derive the most pleasure from it, likewise the ones who gain the greatest mental benefit in analytical training.

Those who berate the ability of the game to berate the mind do not understand what Edgar Allan Poe meant when he said that whist "has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power, and men of the highest order of intellect take delight in it." The most respected, prominent and brilliant people in the world play bridge today, as they did whist in his time.

Millionaire Nurse



Preferring a career as a nurse to the gay life of a society debutante, Editha Pierce Davis, 20-year-old heiress of Boston, has put aside her share of the Pierce-Davis millions to apply to the Salem Hospital for matriculation in the nurses' training school. Her legacy includes the beautiful Davis estate, "The Acres."

HATCH 60,000,000

Des Moines, Ia. — (UP) — More than 60 million pike have been hatched at the state hatchery at Spirit Lake this year, H. J. Metcalf, publicity director of the state fish and game commission says.

They have been placed in state nursery ponds at Charles City, Nashua, Vinton, Diamond Lake, Welch lake and Fort Dodge, where it will take about three years for them to grow large enough for distribution to streams for fishing.

PIKE AT SPIRIT LAKE