

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, hears 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, exquisitely-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 inflections, and then somehow you will grasp at last the spiritual side of human speech. The feeling of words will appear and you will utter them in the right manner, telling your fairy tale with the right touch of gaudy 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 banes 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 much 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 all her success 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 tint.

A neck ruffle with ostrich feathers with triple ends, finished with tassels, is effective when thrown over the shoulder, and the broad scarf of marabout mounted on soft satin are not only becoming but of real utility.

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-name 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 fail 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 an "Orphan Blonde."

You certainly did right in calling your aunt, and I 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 MERRI.

HER EXTRA SESSION

Teacher Cynthia Breaks in the New Pupil.

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD.

Bob Lawrence was disturbed. He struck savagely with his cane at the tender flowers along the country road. He had been promised a degree of happiness here and he had failed, as usual, to find it.

"Say, mister," said a small voice, "I wish you wouldn't knock the heads of these flowers. I want about a bushel of daisies to decorate our schoolroom tomorrow. Miss Cynthia's invited the board to hear us speak."

"Cynthia?" questioned Bob, wonderingly. "Cynthia who?"

"She's just Miss Cynthia, that's all," answered Jimmy Green. "She's about the best looker we ever had in this county. Pa said so, and pa knows."

"Does she teach school?"

"You bet she does and we're learning, too, 'cause we love her—so we just study our heads off to see her smile," said Jimmy boyishly. "You must be Mrs. Collier's brother, visiting over at Three Oaks. My pa is the gardener there."

"You've guessed right. What's your name?"

"Jimmy Green. Green and gardens go together, pa says."

"Well, they ought to, at any rate. Now, Jimmy, where do you go to school?"

"I don't like to tell you 'cause pa said to me, 'I hope Mrs. Collier's brother don't see Miss Cynthia, Jimmy, for she's too pretty not to catch any man who sees her and you're learning so well at school, I don't want you to have to change teachers.' Pa's right about that. Why, her face is just the color of the apple blossoms over in your sister's orchard." Jimmy pondered for a second. "Seems like I ought to answer you civil, you being a stranger here. The schoolhouse is about a quarter of a mile straight down this road. She's there all right, Miss Cynthia is. She's keeping Petie Murphy and Tom Vance in to learn their speeches for tomorrow."

Cynthia! What a train of memories and pleasant dreams the word conjured up for Bob Lawrence, who thanked Jimmy for his information and kept on down the road toward the schoolhouse. This time the way-side flowers were free from his bruising cane. He was thinking—thinking intently of the only girl who had ever stirred any emotion in his heart. She, too, was called Cynthia, and her cheeks were like the apple blossoms in his sister's orchard. He had met her almost a year before, a few hours out from Liverpool. She had been touring the continent with a very wealthy aunt. The girl's beauty had attracted him at once, and later her superb health had been added to her list of other charms. She was the only woman on board, so the steward had told him, who did not miss a meal.

The last night out there had been a moon. Lawrence recalled how eagerly he had waited for her on deck while she went for a wrap after dinner. They had stood together watching the moonlight on the phosphorescent waves and listening to the soft strains of a Hungarian waltz. His love for her, none the less intense because of its short duration, had stirred him mightily, and he had spoken of that love and asked her to marry him.

"No," she had answered, forcing back his arms, "it is not possible. We belong to different worlds."

"What difference would that make, if it were true?" he had demanded.

"What do you mean by different worlds?"

"You have money," she had told him. "I belong to the broken down aristocracy of the south. I work for my living. Aunt Lydia took me for this trip because I was her brother's child and she was sorry for my poverty." He remembered with bitterness how he had begged, stormed and argued, but all to no purpose, for Cynthia had remained deaf to his entreaties, protesting that his people would be disappointed.

When they landed, although he had tried to find out where she lived and follow her, she evaded him. His pride stirred then, and he had turned to his work determined to forget the girl, but in that, too, he had failed. The following spring his sister wrote to him. "Your letters sound as if you were blue, so leave your affairs—they are too enormous for a young man, anyway—and come to visit me for ten days. The fishing is fine near here, and you can count on mending your depressed spirits."

A voice, young and vehement, broke into his meditation. "Yes'm, I'll do my best. Both of us will, won't we, Tom?"

Lawrence looked about him. There was the schoolhouse, and out the door rushed the two scholars who had been kept in to learn their speeches. He watched them out of sight, wondering what excuse he could offer to the country teacher if he dared go to the door just to look at her because her name was Cynthia.

He heard a sound that made him listen intently. The pretty school teacher was crying. Lawrence walked quietly to the door. Over by a window, her profile turned to him, stood the girl of Jimmy Green's dreams, and, incidentally, of his own.

"Cynthia!" he called.

"Why, it's you," said Cynthia, making a futile attempt to efface all signs of tears. "Will you—will you come in?"

"I will," said Lawrence promptly. "Why did you run away from me in New York?"

"I—I had to go. I mean that I had to come home. I told you enough to make you want to give me up, anyway."

"That is impossible. I can never stop wanting you."

"Do you really care for me like that?" she questioned, grave gray eyes on his face.

"I love you so that nothing else matters, and you—you put me aside for a mere whim, a fancy," said Lawrence, the sight of her beauty setting his pulses on fire again. "How can you treat me so?"

He dropped into one of the scarred little seats and leaned over on the desk marked with many a jack-knife and pencil.

"How did you find me—here?"

"Jimmy Green showed me the way," answered Lawrence.

Cynthia moved nearer and stood looking down on the bowed black head.

"Why were you crying when I came?" asked Lawrence, noticing the motion.

"Because—" Cynthia waited for her heart to quit its stormy beating, but it would not, and she went bravely on—"because I was thinking about you, and I was afraid that I would never see you again."

"Cynthia, do you mean that?" Lawrence was up facing her. "Do you mean that and all that it implies? Do you love me?"

"Yes," said Cynthia brokenly. "I think that I have always loved you."

"When will you marry me? Tonight?"

"Tomorrow after school," laughed Cynthia happily. "I have lately come into some money; quite a lot. I am not a pauper any more."

"You never were a pauper so long as you were young."

"I'm so sorry, Bob. I have to go to a dinner tonight at Mrs. Collier's. Her brother is coming—I forgot to ask his name—and she is most anxious to have me meet him. She is my best friend, and I can't disappoint her. I'll ring her up and ask if I can't take you."

"I'll have to be there, and I'm going to take you. Now you see how heartily my family approves of you after all," laughed Lawrence, holding her close in his arms. "I am the expected brother."

"Why, Bob! Is it possible? Only last week I told her all about you; that is, everything except your name."

"Which will soon be yours, too," promised Lawrence emphatically.

"Say, Miss Cynthia," came a voice from the open door where Jimmy Green stood grinning at them, "ain't you holding an extra session today?"

"I—I don't know," said the embarrassed school teacher.

"She has a new pupil, one that she will have to teach all her life, and she has just been breaking him in," answered Lawrence, smiling to see the apple blossom pink of Cynthia's cheeks turn to crimson.

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HIS ARGUMENT WON ATHEIST

Perhaps Not Strictly Ethical, but It Accomplished What the Rector Set Out to Do.

In raising money to pay for a new church a preacher sometimes has to shut his eyes to the dollars tossed into the plate or slipped into the duplex envelopes. Dr. Robert Nelson Spencer, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, tells this story about a brother clergyman who once went a bit further:

This rector, Dr. Spencer says, was so hard put to it that he decided to solicit funds from an atheist saloon-keeper, who was reputed to be the wealthiest man in the district.

One day, when the rector and the saloonist, with whom he was well acquainted, met on the street, the churchman put the question good and strong.

"I don't believe in the church; it hurts my business," retorted the booze merchant, with indignation in his voice.

"Now, Tom," returned the rector, in his most conciliatory manner, "listen to reason. I maintain that if it wasn't for the church you wouldn't have a chance in the world. The church is the pioneer of civilization, and where the beacon of modern enlightenment burns dimly or not at all the saloon is unknown."

"Suppose you tried to open a 'joint' in darkest Africa," he went on, with a good imitation of enthusiasm. "What would those cannibals do to you the first time one of their number got a drink at your bar and appeared before his tribe intoxicated? Why, sir, they would burn you for a witch; that's what they would do."

The saloon-keeper, Dr. Spencer says, signed up for \$500 and later joined the church with all his family.—Kansas City Journal.

Greatest Novel.

"What is the greatest novel?" is a question that admits of almost as many answers as there are types of mind. "Ten Thousand a Year," "Don Quixote," "William Meister," "Tristram Shandy," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "The Scarlet Letter," "Ivanhoe," "On the Heights," "Robert Elsmere," "Looking Backward," and a hundred others are great novels, and each one of them is the "greatest novel" to somebody. It all depends upon the temper of soul and cast of mind in the particular individual. The novel that produces the greatest impression upon you and gives you the greatest all-round satisfaction is for you the "greatest novel." It might not be the greatest to another.

The ONLOOKER

WILDUR D. NESBIT

AN ARTIFICIAL TRAGEDY



There was an artificial man—His hair was not his own; One eye was glass, one ear was wax, His nose was carved from bone; His legs were manufactured ones; His teeth were deftly made; Six ribs of rubber, also, were Within his form arrayed.

He wooed a maid of paint and puff Whose face and form were art, And found she hid, when they were wed, An artificial heart. However, they did not indulge In petty stress and strife, They hired their fusing done, and led An artificial life.

They read by artificial light, Ate artificial rice, Drank artificial water, cooled By artificial ice, An artificial organ played Them artificial tunes; A phonograph would soothe their babe With artificial croons.

Alas! At last there came a day To harrow up the soul, The artificial man could not Buy artificial coal, And with no artificial heat To warm their chilly breath, They imitated other folks In artificial death.

The Fat and Thin Men Reunite.

The fat man stood on the corner, his ears hidden by a huge fur collar, his hands stuck deep in the pockets of his heavy overcoat, and a big cigar smoldering luxuriously between his lips. The thin man, his nose red with cold, his eyes watering, his hat pulled down until it flattened his ears, his collar turned up in an unsuccessful attempt to conceal his Adam's apple, his trousers flapping about his legs, fidgeted to the corner also, and waited for a car.

"Why, hel-lo!" exclaimed the fat man. "Happy New Year to ye! Gosh! You look cold. But worse 'n that, you look as if you was dyin' for a smoke. Ain't ye?"

The thin man snapped his eyelids to rid them of the frost, but answered nothing.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the fat man, his cigar rolling to the corner of his mouth in order to allow the laughter to roll out. "Good resolution, eh? Smokin's a bad habit, huh? Runs up expenses, an' affects the heart, an' gets a man to thinkin' he can't do anything without one o' the vile weeds stuck in his mouth. I know all about it. Know just how you feel?"

The thin man looked nervously down the street for the car, but it wasn't in sight. The fat man continued:

"Bet you're just dyin' right now for a smoke. Huh? How you'd enjoy a real, nice, big, soft, oily cigar! Been a real good man now for two whole days—an' there's no livin' with you at home. Sure! When you get up from the table you stick your fingers in your vest pocket absent-minded-like, reachin' for one o' the enemies of health! Then you recollect about your halo an' wings, an' growl around a while. Ho, ho, ha, ha!"

The fat man shook all over with joy, while the thin man trembled all over and gave one the impression he receives when he sees a dog shiver in the wind. You could fairly see the thin man's skin wrinkle. The fat man went on:

"I'll bet that right now you are thinkin' o' how fine it'd be to bite the end off a great big cigar an' light it, an' feel th' warm smoke curl up over your nose, an' smell th' perfume of it! Huh! Oh, how you would enjoy that! Like to pull on it like this—"

The fat man took a long puff, then exhaled a perfect cloud of smoke, through which came his further remarks:

"An' you miss th' company of it. You don't know what to do without a cigar to chew on when you think, an' kind o' puff slow-like while you digest your meals, an' to hold 'tween your fingers while you read th' paper, an' to—Oh! Ouch! What's th' matter with you, anyhow?"

But the thin man, having smashed the fat man's cigar into his fur collar with one hand and applied a vicious short jab with the other, was hastening to the next corner to resume waiting for the car.

W.D. Nesbit.

POULTRY

VALUE OF POULTRY PRODUCTS

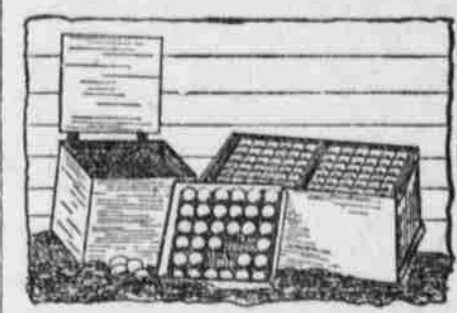
Poor Methods of Preparing and Marketing Deprive Poultryman of Much of His Profits.

(By F. H. STONEBURN.)

Poultry products of various kinds form one of the greatest crops produced upon American farms. The ever increasing number of farms and plants devoted exclusively to poultry keeping produce large amounts of high grade goods, although these are inconsiderable when compared with the vast supply coming from the small flocks scattered upon the farms and in the villages throughout the country. Unquestionably the great bulk of poultry products has come in the past from the latter sources, and this condition is likely to continue.

Many farmers concede that their flocks of poultry yield them a fair profit, although any intelligent observer has but to spend a short time in investigating the great markets to learn that poor methods of preparing and marketing alone prevent the producer from receiving much greater returns. The majority of poultry raisers fail to realize that their profits could be largely increased, first, by the production of better and more uniform goods; and second, by improved methods of disposing of them.

Not infrequently it is stated that high-grade goods sell themselves, and in a sense this is true, but it is not enough to turn out superior goods; much is lost if they are not marketed in the most careful manner. The poultry man who receives the highest quotations for his prod-



Different Styles of Egg Cases.

ucts throughout the year is the one who studies "how, when and where" to market. He learns that during certain months in each year there is a shortage in different kinds of poultry products, and he plans to produce as large a quantity as possible of these products during the season of scant supply. He then ascertains in which markets he can dispose of these goods to best advantage, and prepares and packs them according to the requirements of those markets.

Poultry products are concentrated and valuable, although not extremely perishable. Therefore, improved means of transportation make it possible for the poultryman to place his goods in the best markets without greatly increased expense.

Feed During Molting.

The molting of fowls is a natural process and not a disease and no medical treatment is necessary or desirable. Feed molting fowls just as you would feed them at any other time, only remember that molting is done during hot weather, and less carbonaceous food should be given than when the weather is cool. Oats, wheat, cut clover or alfalfa or any leguminous seeds may be used more because the weather is warm than that fowls are molting. Any sort of green food is good; so are beets, turnips, bulbs or tubers of any sort that they will eat. They should have little corn or other heat-producing food.

POULTRY NOTES

Sow turnips for poultry food. This is the month to wage war on lice.

Almost all varieties of geese make good mothers.

Dry bran makes a good chicken feed the year round.

There should be shade provided in every poultry yard.

Feed sweet milk occasionally during the summer months.

Overfeeding is a common cause of loss among turkeys.

A turkey cannot grind its food without having sharp grit.

Oats are the best feed for growing bone and large frame.

Summer eggs that go to market must be above suspicion.

Geese live long, but it is not wise to keep fivers over four years old.

Geese have been bred for table use at least since the days of ancient Egypt.

A turkey when a few weeks old grows very fast and has a voracious appetite.

If you want large, healthy chicks, don't crowd more than twenty-five in one coop.

Yard the young stock during the day and house at night to stop summer losses.

Do not get the idea that there is no money in poultry unless you raise poultry on a large scale.

Feed for growing pullets and cockerels should consist largely of cracked oats with the hull removed.

Select a warm place away from the windows for roosts, and have an inclined platform under them to catch the droppings.