DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBOD

Education Is a Process That Must Continue Through Li

One Skin Bleach Easily Made at Home

By Josephine Huddleston.

SOME women prefer a home-made bleach for their skin, other prefer a bleach that comes all ready prepared, but one and all crave a clear, white skin.

JOSEPHINE HUDDLESTON

Today's article is about a homemade bleach that comes from the farming communities of the Middle West. Don't be highhat about it though, just because it didn't originate in New York City—it's a good bleach. You know those Middle Western women are hard to fool and many of their own beauty secrets are well worth the additional effort that all homemade remedies require.

This bleaching method needs cornmeal and buttermilk made into a creamy paste, which is applied to the parts of the skin to be bleached . . . . and it works . . . . beautifully!

To one cupful of yellow cornmeal add sufficient buttermilk to make a creamy paste and then let this mixture stand. Wash with soap and water the parts that are to be bleached. Rinse off all trace of soap then, without drying the skin, smooth over a generous amount of the cornmeal paste.

If it is the arms you wish to bleach wind a bit of bandage gauze about them after applying the cornmeal paste. Keep this bandage moistened with buttermilk for half an hour, then let it dry out naturally. Remove the bandages, remove the paste by moistening it again, wash the arms with clear water, massage a soothing skin lotion into them and that is that.

Usually quite noticeable bleaching results are seen after one treatment, but in cases of severe tan or very dark skin the treatment needs to be repeated, once each day, for a week or ten days.

The same routine is followed for bleaching the face and neck. However, you probably will find a large piece of gauze more convenient than bandages for covering the face. Fold the gauze into several thicknesses so that it doesn't dry out so quickly and then lay it over the face after applying the cornmeal pack.

Ten minutes is long enough to leave the pack on the face at one time, but it can be left on the neck for half an hour without serious inconvenience. Also, you'll find the bandage gauze easier for the neck treatment than a folded piece of gauze.

In bleaching the hands it is quite simple to just make a mash or paste of the cornmeal and buttermilk and hold the hands in it for fifteen or twenty minutes.

And, whatever else you do, don't forget to rinse off all the cornmeal carefully, and then apply the skin lotion. You may use cold cream instead if you wish.

Some Odd Facts

The famous ruby forming the centre of the Maltese Cross in the front of the Royal Crown belonged to Edward the Black Prince. It is the oldest jewel in the Crown.

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Red canaries and red pigeons have been obtained by incorporating in the diet of the birds a chemical combination of bromine. The inclusion of another chemical preparation combining bromine, methyl and calcium, has resulted in the production of blue birds.

Alone at Last!

By Fanny Darrell

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FAR from the madding crowd—far from the glances of unwelcome intruders—the lovers have found their retreat. With the friendly moon for cheer, and the trees for shelter, they are content to remain forever, basking in the warmth of each other's love, reveling in the glory of each other's confidence. Alone at last! Free at last! Free to gaze into each other's eyes and read the message of hope and faith and joy there written. For here, at last, can love's young dream flower into fulfillment. Here the shy young Romeo gains courage to speak the lovely truth. Beneath the benevolent moon he does not fear rebuff.

And the pretty loved one—she too, throws off the cloak of shyness in this wilderness retreat. She stretches forth her flower-like hand and beckons Cupid near. She rests her head so tenderly upon her lover's breast, and sighs in paceful tranquillity. For here at last, alone at last, are two at last—who will some day be one.

MIND NOT MERELY GRANARY OF FACT

Trained Brains That Gather and Correlate Knowledge for Useful Purposes Are the Only Ones That May Be Called Educated.

By DR. LOUIS E. BISCH.
Eminent Psychologist.

THERE is a popular conception of education, frequently voiced, that is incorrect. The mere fact that it is incorrect would not matter so much were it not that such ideas tend to turn people, especially younger people, against wanting an education.

LOUIS E BISCH

Education does not, for instance, mean an accumulation of dry facts. Education does not mean the remembering of dates in history. Education does not mean having read a lot of books.

What education actually means is training—training of the mind!

The subjects and facts that one gets in school and college are employed essentially for that purpose only!

Education is the unfolding and development of latent possibilities.

What one studies, learns or memorizes at school is merely the material through which the various mental faculties are stimulated.

Mathematics, for example, develop the reasoning powers better than any other subject.

History broadens the perspective on life and enables you to interpret current events with intelligence.

Literature adds to your vocabulary, gives you an insight into human nature, and makes you more sensitive to the beauties of life.

Education does not set out to put something in the student that isn't there. Education can only develop potentials and possibilities.

If a person possesses only a low degree of intelligence, of native intellectual endowment, no amount of education will ever make him superior.

Such a person may acquire a sort of veneer, because of the facts he has assimilated, but such a surface polish is readily detected as fraudulent.

Education does not, and cannot, bring out what isn't there, at least in embryo.

What's more important still, you and everybody, no matter how old you may be, no matter how little schooling you may have had, can educate yourself.

Read, study, profit by experience—that is education—that you can do by yourself quite easily.

Education is worthwhile even in small doses at irregular intervals. Never stop educating yourself!

Even a college professor cannot afford to do this! If he did he would soon grow stale.

Take up the studies that interest you before you take up those which bore.

In this way you will keep your mental machinery alive and alert.

Then study some language or science, anything that requires more special effort on your part. That will awaken dormant brain cells.

But whatever you do, keep exercising your mind as you would your body. Keep your mind alive through education.

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GOOD-NIG STORIE

By Blanche Sl

Betty Learns of a N of Tree.

"Oh, dear me," sa when her Mam from her play the store for a loaf of br folks wouldn't always ha the store for old—"

Just then something the top rail of the fence in front of Betty and, wh up and bowed. Betty sa friend Gocomeback, the t

"Hello, there Betty!" i wee elfin, his face broa happy grin. "What's all about, this lovely morni

"I have to stop my pl to the store for a loaf of piled Betty. "I just c could grow in my yard so have to go to the store al day."

"Well, now, that just think, Betty," mused G "I know a little girl who for-sure-breadtree in her

"Oh, Gocomeback!" lau merrily, "now, you are t of me. Bread never gr tree."

"That's all you knew ab piled Gocomeback. Tak hand in his, away he flie over mountains and strange, strange land.

Little dark-skinned boy ran everywhere. They any more clothes than th for it was so very hot.

"Where in the world a way?" questioned Bett around at the queer hu brown people. "Is this little girl who has the lives?"

"Breadfruit, breadfruit!

"That's Our Bread

a little brown girl who back had stopped to spea I have a breadtree in m if you don't believe it, com see for yourself," and brown girl led Betty ar back to a great tall tree hung the queerest fruit ever seen.

The queer fruit han short, thick stems was the size of Betty's head. was green, some brown was yellow.

"That's our breadtree the breadfruit," said the girl and she gave Betty some of the breadfruit tha baked in the fire. "We f South Sea Islands couldn without it."

"How funny," mused tastes something like our tatoes, Gocomeback," an the elfin a bite.

"Why, we couldn't k without breadfruit," laug tle brown girl. "Mothe sometimes, then we cut slices and take it that often we pound it into a make puddings of it. Oh, nice to have a breadtre backyard."

"Maybe for you, becau them," laughed Betty, white wheat bread the like a flash, the little brow her breadtree vanished and Gocomeback stood yard again. "Well, if choice, I'd rather walk t for mine," and laughin Betty trudged down the beside Gocomeback to th

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Famous Composers

By COZETTE DOUGLASS

Alexandre Charles Lecocq.

ALEXANDRE LECOCQ was one of the most famous of the French composers of operettas. He was born in Paris on June 3, 1832 and was admitted to the Conservatoire in 1849, being at that time an accomplished pianist. At the Conservatoire he studied harmony with Bazin, composition with Halevy and the organ with Benoist, winning first prize for harmony in 1850 and second prize for fugue in 1852.

Public attention was first attracted to him when he divided with Bizet the first prize for the operetta "Le docteur Miracle," in a competition which had been instituted by Offenbach.

His first real success was "Fleur de The" produced in 1868. This operetta had a run in Paris over one hundred nights and was also successfully produced in Germany and England.

One success after the other came from his prolific pen and the operettas which he produced met with almost phenomenal success. Over forty operettas, comedy operas, and comic operas his gifted pen gave the world, and for finish of instrumentation and careful writing they are held to be superior to those of Offenbach and Herve.

In 1894 Lecocq was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Perhaps the best known of Lecocq's operettas is "La Fille de Madame Angot" which ran for four hundred consecutive nights in Paris, and has since then gained and retained its initial success and popularity.

Lecocq died in Clifton, Guernsey, on February 15, 1911.

Love's Awakening

The Heart Story of a Steadfast Woman.

By Adele Garrison

Marion Morton Exhibits Her Secret "Fortune" to Madge, Exacting a Pledge.

FROM my early childhood the idea of a secret compartment in a box, or a hidden sliding panel in a wall has intrigued me. I know that I am not alone in this, that thousands of people with romantic imaginations, share my liking, even though they feel constrained, as I do, to hide their feeling from their harder-headed relatives and friends.

But there was no need to conceal my interest from Marion as she pressed the hidden spring which threw open the bottom of her dead grandmother's old sandalwood box and disclosed the secret compartment beneath. Her fingers were trembling, her face aglow, and I realized that her excitement was far greater than mine.

I tried to call my common sense to my aid and to tell myself that the long envelopes crowded into the bottom of the box held only the financially worthless letters and keepsakes of an old woman long dead. But I could not banish the eerie impression which Marion's recital of her grandmother's injunction had just made upon me. It was the most fantastic idea possible, that Tom Morton, who had died practically a bankrupt, should have entrusted any "fortune" to his aged, almost senile mother, to be kept until the girl was eighteen, yet my imagination kept dallying with it as Marion lifted the envelopes from the bottom of the box and laid them in my lap.

"I want you to look at these, Auntie Madge," she said with an attempt at being business-like which was prettily amusing. "Then we can check up on them when we open the box again, or you can, if anything should happen to me."

With the consciousness that my excitement was as childish as Marion's, I picked up the envelopes and scanned them carefully. They were three in number, strong, and sealed in several places with sprawling blobs of red wax. On each was written in the tremulous chirography of an old and ailing person:

"For Marion Morton when she shall have reached the age of eighteen years. Not to be opened until then, or in the event of her decease, by her nearest heir."

I had a sudden vision of the heart-broken old woman who had scrawled those words for the grandchild she idolized. Tom Morton had caused his old mother much sorrow, and his death had left her penniless. Lillian had cared for her tenderly until her death, and I knew that the old woman's heart had held loving gratitude for her daughter-in-law. Yet with the perversity which is so often a concomitant of mother love, she had ignored her son's wife in this legacy and laid the eerie injunction upon a tiny girl, for Marion had been just past her babyhood when her grandmother died.

With a harassing sense that I, too, was being disloyal to Lillian, although I knew that my friend would sanction my course if I were free to tell her of it, I handed the envelopes back to Marion.

"I shall remember that there are three of them, and the inscription on each," I told her with the gravity which I knew she expected from me.

"Thank you. Now I feel safe about them," she said, laying the envelopes back in the secret compartment of the box, and closing the panels which formed the bottom of it.

"See!" she said, holding it out to me, "the two parts are so cunningly joined that you cannot tell where the line is."

"It is a marvelous piece of work," I agreed, "so perfect that I am sure you would run no risk of anyone's discovering the secret, if you left the box locked in your cedar chest in your own room as you have done before."

"Mr. Underwood hadn't come back, then," Lillian's young daughter returned obstinately. "It's been his business to ferret out secrets. I won't feel easy a minute unless it's in your care, where he will have no chance even to see it."

She put her grandmother's jeweled trinkets back in the top tray, locked the box and put the key in an envelope which she sealed. Then she brought out from her closet a strong pasteboard carton which she evidently had procured for this specific purpose, and into which she put the box and the envelope holding the key. When she had securely tied the carton and written "Marion Morton" on the outside of it, she gravely handed it to me.

"I'm trusting my 'fortune' to you, Auntie Madge," she said with an attempt at mockery. But though I smiled at her as though appreciating her jest, I knew that in optimistic girlish fashion she was cherishing romantic visions of what she would discover when her eighteenth birthday should warrant her opening the mysterious envelopes.

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The Stars Say—

For Thursday, June 14.

By GENEVIEVE KEMBLE.

A DAY of mixed influences or fluctuating fortunes is the presage based upon the predominant lunar transits. While there may be an opening for an advantageous change or journey, with some prospect of financial gain, yet there is also an augury of loss as well as some reverse. There may be some talk of new contracts, and employment is not under fortunate rule. Neither are personal relations.

Those whose birthday it is are confronted by a year of fluctuating fortunes, with some benefits, possibly through change, and some reverses. Be careful of employment and personal matters and be prepared for small postponements or delays. A child born on this day may be skillful and ingenious, but restless and fond of many changes, which may bring advantage. In the end it may score a worth-while success.

There are many planes (planets) which we will evolve to as our minds and vision sufficiently expand and relate to those planes.
—Brownell.

Preventing Bad Effects of Arthritis

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

WHAT are we to do for the effects of arthritis? What are we to do to overcome the deformities and the stiffness of the joints and the annoyance resulting from the disease?

DR COPELAND

I am not impressed with the various forms of massage and manipulation applied in some instances. While massage may be useful, there is no doubt that if severe manipulation is used, especially by an untrained person, great harm may result. In the acute stage, particularly, such treatment is dangerous.

On the other hand, after the acute symptoms have disappeared, it is important to exercise and move the joints. They must not be permitted to remain motionless. If they are allowed to become fixed, the joints will become permanently stiffened and bent into uncomfortable positions.

Of course, it is difficult to overcome the psychology of these cases. The victim is afraid to move his joints. He is afraid it is going to hurt. You must exercise a lot of will power and persistence to overcome this desire to keep the part fixed. However, unless there is this movement and exercise there is sure to be deformity and permanent impairment of the joint.

One of the most important things to do is to encourage the victim of arthritis, after the acute symptoms have subsided, to exercise his joints and make all the use of them he possibly can. This is essential.

The application of heat, the use of baths with the massage are very useful. If the victim has wrong eating habits they must be corrected.

I took pains to ascertain what the great specialists of the country are doing in the control of the bad effects of arthritis. It is interesting to find that in their clinics the vaccine treatment is used.

You may think it funny, but it appears to make no particular difference what vaccine is used, so long as it is one capable of creating some reaction. The typhoid vaccine is a favorite one. Almost any of the so-called foreign proteins or other foreign substances like mercurochrome, silver compounds and milk preparations seem to produce reactions which excite the defensive mechanisms of the body. The injections are given every five or six days for a month or two. If they result in relief, they are continued. Otherwise they are dropped.

I simply speak of these matters in order that you may talk them over with your doctor, but it is important to know that there is some prospect of relieving these cases of obstinate arthritis. In the cure we depend upon heat, massage, education in the necessity of movement, the vaccine treatment I have mentioned, and such remedies as your doctor may consider desirable.

Answers to Health Queries

V. Q.—I am a boy fifteen years of age. Is there any way I can increase my weight and height?

2.—What do you advise for pimples?

1.—About five years ago I hurt my right eye. This eye appears to be smaller than the other. I am told the muscles in the eye lid have ceased to work. What will cause them to function again?

A.—Since you are only fifteen years old you have five or six more years in which to grow. Eat plenty of good nourishing food including milk, cream, eggs, fresh vegetables and fruits. Sleep as many hours as possible in a well ventilated room. Exercise daily in the open air. All these are aids in helping you to grow and gain in weight.

2.—Correct your diet, by cutting down on starches, sugars and fats.

3.—Consult physician.

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T. L. W. Q.—What should a boy of eighteen years weigh who is 5 ft. 11 ins. tall?

2.—What are some fattening foods?

A.—For his age and height he should weigh about 153 pounds.

2.—Milk, cream, butter, cheese, soups, sugar, pastry, potatoes, corn, rice, oats, macaroni, olive oil, raisins, salmon, salt fish, pork, ham, bacon, lard and nuts.

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M. F. Q.—Is whole-wheat flour injurious for a diabetic patient?

A.—Starches are usually prohibited under the circumstances. My advice would be to follow your doctor's instructions as to diet.

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Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I have been going with a boy three years my senior for the past three years until about four months ago. I saw him with another girl. After that I told him not to call on me any more. He seemed very much hurt over the incident as well as I.

I have seen him several times since, in fact he has called on me once or twice. Every time I see him he talks of his great love for me. Says he has the same feeling for me as ever and I know he loved me. He is or was anxious to be married at once and I don't want to be married at once, although I love him and I believe he loves me. What can I do? Would you let him come back? PEGGY.

PEGGY: As long as you are unwilling to become engaged, Peggy, you should not criticize the young man for going out with other girls, for that is his privilege as well as yours.

A Fashion Model's Diary

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE

She Discusses Some of the Newest Negligees.

IN glancing over my diary, I notice that I haven't written anything about negligees for an age.

Which will immediately be rectified because several that we've sold lately have been most decidedly worthy of description.

One was done in turquoise sheer velvet. It had two flowing cape sleeves attached down the sides, giving flowing fullness to an otherwise plain wrap-around. A coral satin lining and cream lace punctuated with a rosebud trim, completed it. It is beautiful and practical too, a combination which some negligees completely neglect.

There is also a negligee arrangement which fastens a cape on to long, rather snugly fitted sleeves. This model is being shown in powder blue pussywillow, lined and trimmed with peach satin. Soft and lovely.

Another satin model features a back panel that floats away from the shoulders to become attached to the wrap at its hem. It is lined with a contrasting color.

Separate negligees, however, are not favored quite as much as the pajama ensembles. These add a three-quarter or seven-eighth coat of self material (sometimes of contrasting material with self fabric piping) to lounging pajamas. They are very smart and comfortable.

Mules are still ostrich-feather trimmed—sometimes completely hidden under feathers—but there are simpler ones for the less frivolous that sponsor satin flower arrangements and dainty embroideries.

I don't know if I have written before of the mules that are held in place by a tiny strap over the heel. In the latest models these straps are attached to the mule with insets of elastic, making them most easy to slip into and very comfortable.

Turqoise Velvet and Coral Satin in Graceful Negligee.

HOME-MAKING HELPS

By WANDA BARTON

How About a "Be-Good-to-Your-Feet" Week?

THE weeks are fast being taken up for various celebrations of more or less benefit to the race, so we decided to grab one for our own use. That is for the feet. Good, kindly and willing feet, overworked and poorly cared for as a rule. Look down upon your own feet now and consider what you have left undone for their comfort and well-being, and the abuses you have heaped upon them and promise better things for the future.

Warm weather is hard on the best cared for feet; misery for those not well cared for. One point we can settle immediately, and that is the chiropodist is not an extravagance but a blessing, and should be visited once in six weeks or two months, oftener if the feet are specially troublesome. We seldom stop to think that our bodily conditions are reflected in the feet. If the system has more acid than it should have the feet are apt to show signs of rheumatism, the nails may thicken and the feet puff and burn. We blame the condition on shoes, stockings or standing too much. An authority on the subject would explain the matter and show us ways of alleviating the difficulty.

Corns and other blemishes are due to different causes. Most of them if met correctly, can be mitigated or cured entirely. Standing on our feet, walking freely, dancing and getting about the house, shop or factory, requires normal healthy foot conditions. We can help and preserve the right conditions by having expert advice and attention frequently and by our own daily ministrations. The morning bath should be followed by a quick massage with a comforting powder, flower of sulphur if the feet perspire, lacapodium if they burn, or just the ordinary talcum if they are not troublesome.

At night the luke warm footbath will be a comfort with a little baking soda in it, if the day has been warm and the feet busy. Follow the bath with a light rub with any of the cooling lotions or creams that come for the purpose and a dusting of powder. It is wonderful what such care will do for the well-being of the normal foot.

Stockings should fit the feet easily, not too large or not in any way tight. Some find silk unpleasant to wear and prefer a lisle thread or light cotton, a matter for each one to decide after a trial for themselves. The stockings ought to be changed daily. If fragile silk is worn lay the stocking feet into a box of cornmeal a day, then wear them a second day without laundering if desired. After laundering always rub the dry stocking through the hands to soften the fibers before putting it on the foot.

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Words of the

Men love to wonder and seed of our science. —

Wherever there is being is an opportuni kindness. —S

No one ever became bad all at once. —J

To see clearly is poetry, and religion all in one. —

Nor will virtue here beautiful, unless she be with the outward ornat decency and decorum. —Fu

Every unpunishe quency has a family quencies. —Sp

Do you wish people well of you? Don't you

It is with narrow-souled with narrow-necked bottles they have in them the more make in pouring it out.

It is a strange desire, power and lose liberty.

Everything in this world upon will.