

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Suppose They Did Make Gold Out of Dross—What The

ALCHEMIST'S DREAM DOESN'T MEAN MUCH

Winifred Black Thinks It Would Be Bad If the Beautiful Metal Became Too Common for Its Present Uses.

By WINIFRED BLACK

THEY'VE found it again, the formula for making gold, and this time they say, the trick will really work.

How many centuries men have worked to discover that secret! The old alchemists hundreds of years ago—they knew that some day someone would find a way, and they worked and dreamed and consulted the stars. Some of them were burned because they had long beards and wild eyes, and people called them wizards.

Now here in this century of wonders a little Frenchman somewhere in the marvelous land of France announces from his laboratory that he has discovered the secret—at last.

I wonder how he felt when he realized what it was he had accomplished. How did he act, do you suppose? Did he dance and sing, did he call in all the neighbors and tell them the good news, or did he just step down to dinner and say to someone who was waiting there for him, "The soup is a little cold, bring me a hot plate—by the way, I've got the gold."

The French chemist is a man of repute and standing, and they say he really means what he says.

If he does—now that we've discovered gold and how to make it—what of it?

He will not keep the secret to himself and when everybody knows how to make it, you can buy it for less than you can buy copper, for to get copper men have to dig and dig in the black night underground. Great fortunes must be invested, high intelligence must be used for the production and the marketing, but the new gold, leigh-bo, the first thing you know we'll all be wearing tin jewelry—gold will be so cheap that nobody will want it.

Yet it is a pretty thing this gold that has ruled the world so long, a rich and shiny thing, full of a strange charm and beauty of its own. Have you ever seen a dinner set of gold, soft gold—it makes a light in the darkest room. Somehow I always feel as if I wouldn't blame anybody for stealing one of those round plates that shine like the sun under a cloud. Some gold is red and some is yellow, but it is always gold.

Isn't it a little too bad to make it common?

You know how it is about quail, quail is a delicious morsel when it is broiled exactly right, eat one on Monday and you'll enjoy it; eat one again on Tuesday and you'll find it palatable; eat another on Wednesday, and you won't care for it, try to eat one on Thursday and you can't do it, because you're full.

When a thing becomes too ordinary, well, we all know the story, but somehow we never learn it.

There is my friend, the little widow across the way, who spends so much of her time running after the man next door. Now if she'd just let him do a little of the running, he might—but who am I to prophesy or even to hint at the vagaries of the heart of a man?

"Gold, gold, hard and cold, heavy to get and heavy to hold."

Well, perhaps it won't be either so hard or so cold or so heavy when we learn how to make it out of the kitchen fire.

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Love's Awakening

By Adele Garrison

Philip Veritzen Keeps in the Background, but Plays a Hand in the Love Game.

THOUGH Dicky's reaction to the recital of Edith Fairfax's telephone message told me that I had won the victory in our dispute over my continuing my work with Philip Veritzen, yet I knew that I must "double for the serpent and the dove," to use Lillian's paraphrase of the old Scriptural proverb—in any reference to the matter. But it was a distinct effort to keep any trace of elation from voice and manner as I replied to his assertion concerning Edith that he would "curb her yen for attending to our family affairs."

For within me was surging jubilation at the way Dicky's partner in the art magazine venture had defeated her own aim by her tactless and officious speech to me. "Oh! don't say anything to her about it," I exclaimed as I hurriedly added with the half-affectionate, half-irritated scolding which is a wife's prerogative: "You'll be sure to put your foot in it, and make her thoroughly uncomfortable over something that doesn't amount to anything. As you say, she didn't mean anything, so why upset her by speaking of it? But you really ought to telephone her—she was quite urgent that she wanted to talk to you—and when you do be sure to second the invitation I gave her to come to the farmhouse. She hasn't been out here for ever so long, but she says that she hasn't a chance because there's so much work on hand in the office."

"She says more than her prayers on all occasions," Dicky grumbled, transferring his annoyance at me to Edith with suspicious alacrity. "But I suppose I would better phone her and get it over with. So long."

When the door had closed after him I drew a deep breath of satisfaction tinged ever so slightly by malice. I knew that Dicky never would take back the demand that I stay at the farmhouse during the winter. But that he would ignore it, and tacitly accept my going to the city for five days each week, I was certain. It interested and amused me to conjecture just how he would get out of retracting his ultimatum in so many words. I knew him well enough to be sure that if he had to travel around Cape Horn to get from the eastern end of the Panama Canal to the western he would do it rather than admit he had erred.

For fear that Dicky might think I wished to overhear his telephone conversation with Edith I stayed in my room for a good half hour after he had left, occupying myself with watching the game upon the tennis courts, in which Noel Veritzen and Princess Olina were arrayed against Prince George and Mary. It did not take Sherlockian genius to deduce that Philip Veritzen had succeeded in his purpose of preventing

Noel and Mary from being associated even as lightly as partnership in a game of tennis would involve. Through my field glasses I saw that the great producer no longer held his pose of Olympian disapproval, but was leaning back in his seat, peacefully smoking, and watching the game with a smile upon his face which I vindictively dubbed a "Cheshire cat grin."

Then across the lawn from the house I saw Dicky's graceful figure, and I knew that his telephone conversation with Edith Fairfax was ended. I waited only until I saw him join Harry Underwood and Mr. Veritzen before hurrying down the hall to Lillian's room. I had not wished her to be present during my interview with Dicky, but I knew that she would be anxious to know the outcome of it, and there was nothing in it which was in any way a betrayal of Dicky's confidence. I knew that only their absence had prevented him from issuing his ultimatum about my remaining at the farm in the hearing of both Harry and Lillian Underwood. They are the type of friends closer even than relatives and, though all four of us are so reticent where our deepest emotions are involved, a question such as Dicky and I had been discussing is looked upon by us all as a family affair.

(To Be Continued.)

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The Stars Say—

For Saturday, July 14.

By GENEVIEVE KEMBLE

ACCORDING to the astral testimony this day may be one of depression and stubborn obstacles to the making of much progress. However, the energies will be given high stimulus by the position of Mars and this may assist over the difficult places and small perplexities. Those in the employment of others are under favor able rule for recognition or preferment from superiors.

Those whose birthday it is may look for a year in which there may be setbacks and obstructions to be overcome, but they should receive stimulus to surmount these things. Also if in the employment of others there may be favors or recognition from their employers. A child born on this day should be endowed with some peculiar gifts, leaning toward diplomacy or subtlety. It may make a success of employment. It should have installed an outlook of optimism to offset some depressing tendency.

The peace thou seeketh from without is only found within—Carp.

HATS FOR MIDSUMMER WEAR

Large and Small, of Felt or Straw, Are the Newest Hats.

By Marie Marot



FEATURED here are two models sponsored by mid-Summer showings. At the bottom of the drawing is seen a hat of the large, picture variety. It is described in Leghorn dyed a beautiful blue and utilized edging and unusual trim of sheer velvet.

Unadorned, save for a velvet bow that trims the crown and slips through the brim to yield an under brim half bow, it is completely smart and chic.

Felt has been rather neglected as important material in Summer hats, and used generally as a minor trim, inset or imposed on hats of soft plumed straw. It, however, is still utilized for out-and-out sports wear in hats similar to the one pictured on the top. It is a smart cloche done in gray handkerchief felt that is moulded snugly to the head, and trimmed with bands of black python in graduating length. A modest silver buckle punctuates its crown band.

Black python, one hears, is to be an important trimming in early Fall styles, a prediction of which, one buyer, recently returned from Paris, states that novelty bodies are to be employed and that felt is to be revived considerably—starting its rejuvenation early in July. He reported that there was quite a little navy worn at the French races and that there is a new shade—a yellowish sand—called "La Route de Deauville." "Le Train Bleu" is another color having considerable success in Paris at the moment, especially in its print blendings.

Some Vital Needs in Children's Food

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

United States Senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

TALKING with an eminent nerve specialist the other day I was much impressed by a statement he made. He contends that the majority of nervous conditions in children are due to undernourishment.

Isn't that a shame? Think of this great, rich country and try to imagine that children are actually underfed! It is difficult to believe, isn't it?

As a matter of fact, however, we must not conclude that this doctor had hunger in mind. Underfeeding is not the sole cause of undernourishment. Wrong feeding is just as important a factor.

My experience in the New York City Health Department taught me many things. One of these is that there are almost as many undernourished children in the houses of luxury as in the houses of the poor. Pampered indulgence is just as dangerous to health as necessary sacrifice.

The most vital lesson a parent can learn is the necessity for well-selected and properly eaten food. No living being can be well and strong without it.

Among the diseases in which undernourishment is one of the causes, is St. Vitus's Dance, or "St. Vitus's Dance." Of course there are other causes, but no matter why the disease comes, its effects are practically the same.

The first sign of this disease is nervousness. This may be noticed by difficulty in using the hands. On this account, writing and drawing are not done as they should be. The weakness may be shown by the embarrassing habit of dropping things. When the legs are involved the child stumbles and falls. He dreads the stairs and may creep down them instead of walking.



DR. COPELAND

The most familiar symptom of St. Vitus's Dance is twitching of the face and eyes. The child acts as if he were making faces.

As the trouble progresses, there may be jerking, twitching and spasmodic movements of any or all the muscles. Every effort to control them seems to make the affliction worse. If the child is embarrassed, the trouble is aggravated. Indeed, the poor youngster is quiet only when he is asleep.

There appears to be a relation ship between chorea and chewing. Too hard work in school and a run-down condition from any cause may be followed by an attack. It is important to guard the child against all the factors which have a tendency to annoy and excite him. The worst of the trouble is likely to disappear in six or eight weeks. In any event, it is probably wise to omit school, where there may be a few unkind children to poke fun at the poor little sufferer.

Health must be built up by proper feeding. The matter of diet is of first importance.

To the end that there may be proper nourishment, deep breathing must be taught. No matter how much food is taken, it is not utilized unless sufficient oxygen is supplied to make it available.

An unfortunate thing about chorea is that it may recur occasionally. This is not likely to be the case if the underlying causes for the first attack are removed and then are not permitted to recur again.

Children cannot thrive unless they are guarded and directed exactly as plants and animals are. They should not be left to haphazard chance. The parents must give daily supervision to the little ones or disaster is imminent. It is not a hard task, because the joy of seeing the child grow and develop is reward enough for everybody.

Answers to Health Queries

L. A. Q.—What causes pimples and blackheads? What do you advise?

A.—Incorrect dieting and constipation are the most common causes. Correct the diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat only simple food. Overcome constipation. For full details send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

H. U. H. Q.—What do you advise for a six-year-old child who has terrible nightmares?

A.—Nightmares are usually due to indigestion in a neurotic child, but may also be due to over fatigue, overwork at school and anxiety about school duties. Administer a large dose of warm milk, and the cause as are also indulgences in unusual articles of diet, or eating too heavy a meal before retiring. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

K. E. N. Q.—What would cause soreness in front of the ear? When washing out the cavity there is sensitivity.

A.—Is there any truth in the statement that for every gray hair pulled, two will appear?

A.—May be due to wax in the canal. Have the ear examined so that the exact trouble may be located and then definite treatment can be advised. It is unwise to tamper with the delicate organism of the ear.

2.—No, merely a superstition.

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Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I have been going with a fellow I love for three years. He tells me he loves me, but still he doesn't ask me to marry him. Do you think he really loves me, and will he soon propose?

BLONDIE: Perhaps he doesn't feel that he is in a position to marry just yet, Blondie. Just be patient and, in the meantime, don't give up your other friends.

MAKESHIFT TEACHERS NOT THE RIGHT KIND

Profession Is a High One and Should Be Taken Seriously, Since It Involves Future of Children.

By DR. LOUIS E. BISCH.

Eminent Psychologist.

TOO many teachers, whether of grammar grades or high schools, do not take their jobs seriously enough.

Too many teachers undertake the work, merely as an expedient until they marry.

They fail to realize that, as teachers, they are taking the place of parents.

They are, indeed, substitute parents and in their role they wield even more power than the parents themselves.

A teacher's responsibility is very great. That responsibility should not be shirked for any reason whatsoever.

Often teachers have to do, or are supposed to do, many things left undone by the parents. Whether the parents are negligent through ignorance or through laziness the innocent children ought not to be allowed to suffer.

A teacher is supposed not only to teach book facts, but manners, conventions and morals as well.

Then again—perhaps most important of all—teachers should be human. They should try to understand their pupils, delving into their personal viewpoints, ambitions, disappointments, joys and sorrows.

Students welcome the opportunity of discussing the problems that often torment them with a teacher who is understanding and sympathetic.

A teacher may not actually be asked to give this service to her pupils—her contract does not specifically call for it—yet no higher service could possibly be given.

Of what value really are the mastering of school subjects if the soul of the pupil is neglected? Do you recall your own school days?

Don't you remember how you questioned and wrestled with all sorts of problems? How gladly would you have welcomed a helping hand from one of your teachers whom you could trust and to whom you could unfold your secrets?

Many teachers watch the clock all day long. It is plain, often to the pupils themselves, that their work is a bore.

Have heard of cases where the teacher, having become impatient,

lost her sense of the proper to the extent of telling the class "they would soon drive her crazy."

Such a teacher has no business in school.

She is not fitted for the work of leading young minds.

A teacher first should learn how to control herself, before she attempts to control others.

A teacher should work with her heart as well as with her head. Teaching is not effective unless it is human.

A teacher models human material—and that human material—a child's mind—is the most precious commodity there is!

Would that this fact were borne home to every teacher—every year of her teaching career! Copyright, 1928, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

They Called it "Dandelion"

That's what Mrs. Dandelion called it. I'll let you see. They can cover over the meadows and far beyond them, too. So Mrs. Dandelion to all her little and big ones agreed it would be a fine idea to have a garden of dandelions. They were to be the message they sent to all the children in the neighborhood that they were not to be afraid of the dandelions. They were to be the message that they were to be the garden of dandelions.

My, such a meeting! miles around gathered of the dandelions and the message they sent to all the children in the neighborhood that they were not to be afraid of the dandelions. They were to be the message that they were to be the garden of dandelions.

Everybody was so happy that they were to be the garden of dandelions. They were to be the message they sent to all the children in the neighborhood that they were not to be afraid of the dandelions. They were to be the message that they were to be the garden of dandelions.

Nowhere else in the world's history do we find a love story that involves such catastrophe as does that of Helen. Laid to her door is the fall of an empire, the annihilation of the flower of the manhood of a proud race and the reducing of women of birth and beauty to the state of slaves.

Acquiring That "Come Hither" Look

By JOSEPHINE HUDDLESTON

SINCE men have such a strong tendency to gaze into ladies' eyes and thus forget their pledge of bachelorhood it behooves the girls on the lookout for a husband to see that they have the come-hither appeal in their orbs developed to its final state of perfection.

Now we all know that a lustrous, expressive, lively eyes are the opposite of what beautiful eyes should be.

What we all don't know is that it is possible to make the eyes enchanting by a simple routine of eye exercises.

Follow these exercises and the color and shape of the eyes will be come second to their beauty for the expression and clearness of the eyes will be so charmingly apparent that the man in question won't know why he prefers to gaze into your eyes.

Rolling the eyes is the simplest of these eye exercises and is done by holding the lids wide apart and rotating the eyeballs ten times to the right and then ten times to the left very quickly.

Next look straight ahead, keeping the lids wide apart, until the eye tingles. Close the lids and count slowly to ten. Open the lids and repeat two or three times.

Still looking straight ahead lower and raise the upper lids 20 times without moving the lower lids.

Holding the head perfectly rigid look ahead and then turn the eyeballs as far to the right as you can and then as far to the left as possible. Repeat 10 times then close the lids and count slowly to 10.

Hold the right arm straight out in front of you, keeping the forefinger in a direct line with the nose. Slowly bring the finger towards the nose, keeping the eyes focused on it, until the finger is within five inches of the tip of the nose then slowly withdraw the finger until the hand is in its first position. Close the lids and count slowly to 20, then repeat the exercise ONCE more. Do not do this exercise more than twice in any one day.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Blanche Plentz

Why the Dandelions Plentiful

ONE day, little girl, the world was with hopping, creeping creatures, they found a meeting down in the ground. "That's how the dandelions got their seeds," said the old man.

"Well, I'd just like to know all, if I had a chance," said the old man.

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