

## Vacation Beauty Hints And First Aid Course

By PAULINE FURLONG

What to Eat, How to Exercise, and What You Should Do to Get the Most From Your Outing.

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co., 1110 New York Building, N.Y.

### The Benefits of Bathing.

THE entire body benefits by the daily cold bath, and its good effects are not confined to the skin and surface of it by any means. Every internal organ is aroused to activity through the cold plunge—the brain, heart, lungs, liver, blood circulation, etc.—because when the heart is excited to pump the blood more rapidly, the blood is sent to remote corners of the body, which seldom get their share. The glands are stimulated to produce more gastric juices, which aids digestion and causes a natural craving for food. The contact of cold water with the surface of the body also arouses the brain and spinal cord to action and thereby the nervous system is also benefited. The entire body is excited and aroused to activity through cold baths, and it is a mistake to labor under the impression that they are dangerous and weakening.

Very cold water applied to the skin causes sudden contraction of the surface blood vessels, and when the body is thoroughly rubbed after the bath, a dilatation of the surface vessels follows, which fills the skin with blood. This causes the healthful pink glow to appear all over the skin, which is so attractive and the surest indication of superior health.

A feeling of warmth follows the cold plunge and vigorous rub, even though the skin may be cool, and a sensation of exhilaration and buoyancy are in evidence, because when the blood has been drawn to the surface of the body and skin, the congested brain and other organs, which have been filled with blood, are relieved. It is a well-known fact that persons who take cold baths are seldom subject to colds.

### FIRST AID LESSONS.

#### How to Roll the Roller Bandage.

TO ROLL the roller bandage turn in one end of it about six inches and then fold this up on itself over and over again until a hard roll is formed. Rest the foot on a chair until the leg is nearly at right angles with the body and then place the hard roll well back on the top of your thigh, with your right hand extended. Begin by rolling with the ends of the fingers of right hand, pushing forward firmly, allowing the roll to travel from the tip of fingers to heel of right hand. The left hand should then grasp the bandage and place it back to where it started on the thigh, and then the same rolling takes place again. Continue in this manner until the whole bandage is rolled. The left hand must hold the loose end of the bandage, keeping it in a perfectly even and straight line with the rolled part. When finished the bandage should form a hard, firm roll, with even edges, and should be fastened with several pins.

### Answers to Health and Beauty Questions.

**HOT FLASHES—MRS. GERTRUDE G.** These are usually due to a disturbance of the sympathetic nervous system. Neutral baths lasting about twenty minutes, free action of all the eliminative organs, cold towel rubs and much open air exercise is advised for this by several prominent physicians.

**POOR CIRCULATION—MRS. HARRY T.** Almost all diseases and facial blemishes are caused by a lack of pure, moving blood in proper volume and under normal pressure. Shrinkage of the tissues and muscles, anæmia, wrinkles, obesity, excessive thinness, pimples, salivaceous, constipation, cold hands and feet are some troubles which arise through sluggish circulation and weak blood.

**EXERCISES IN MIDDLE LIFE—MRS. H. J. M.** More persons die from lack of exercise than from the health of the body depends on healthy blood pressure and muscular motion. Those who sit all day and do sedentary work usually suffer from cold hands and feet and hot head because the blood is not encouraged to circulate and the arteries are not freed from it and resupplied through oxygen fast enough. This can only be done through exercise and deep breathing of pure stirring air.

**NERVE FOODS—MRS. EDNA F.** All nourishing foods feed the blood and strengthen the nerves. Alcoholics, tea, coffee, soda water, etc., affect the heart and irritate the nerves, and should therefore be avoided.

**SHAMPOO TO KEEP WHITE HAIR FROM BECOMING YELLOW**—Shampoo the hair with pure castile soap melted in hot water and then rinse in clear cold water. When all traces of soap have been removed put a tiny bit of indigo (not bluing) in a bowl of clear water and rinse the hair well until every strand has become saturated. This leaves the hair a beautiful silver white, rather than streaked with yellow.

**RUNNING TO STRENGTHEN THE HEART—WILLIAM H.** Runs which are not too violent, not practiced in the hot sun or very hot weather and not until three hours after eating, should stimulate the blood supply to the heart and thereby benefit its nutrition and muscular tone. If you have any doubts about the condition of your heart you should have an examination made by a competent physician, but the normal heart is able to stand great strains made upon it.

**BOW-LEGS—MARGARET R.** These can only be corrected by operation and probably not then. At your age, eighteen years, it is not possible to overcome this defect through any exercises.

**ABOUT SUMMER FOODS—A MAN READER.** In the article to which you refer, I think you will find that I have said "those who engage in much vigorous and outdoor physical exercise should supply the energy

## Life's Little "Ifs"

By Jack Callahan



THIS SUBJECT AROUSES INDIGNATION AMONGST ALL RED BLOODED PATRIOTS AND DENOUNCING THOSE COWARDLY CHAPS WOULD BE JUSTIFIABLE

IF THEY WERE DENOUNCED BY A PERSON WHO HAD THE RIGHT TO BE A DENOUNCER.

OH, SEE THE MAN - THE MAN DROPPED A BILL. THE OTHER MAN WILL PICK IT UP AND KEEP IT. 'CAUSE HE IS A BAD MAN. SUCH WOULD HAVE BEEN THE CASE

IF THE WIND HAD ONLY BLOWN THE OTHER WAY!!!!

IT DOES SEEM FUNNY TO SEE A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL PARADING AROUND WITH A GUY WEARING A CLOCK STOPPING VISAGE, AND

IF THE OPPOSITE CASE DIDN'T HAPPEN ALONG OCCASIONALLY - IT WOULD SEEM EVEN FUNNIER!

## MY FOURTEEN MONTHS AT THE FRONT

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES FROM DAY TO DAY  
Told by William J. Robinson  
An American "Tommy" Who Has Seen It All

Copyright, Little, Brown &amp; Co.

SYNOPSIS OF PLEADING CHAPTERS.

William J. Robinson, the author, goes to England on a business trip and catches the war fever. He enlists in a cavalry regiment and is sent to the front at once. Then he is transferred to the 1st division of an automobile and gets his first glimpse of war. He also takes a turn at despatch riding on a motorcycle, and as the driver of a two-man cycle car having a machine gun. Robinson gets a furrow and goes on a short trip to England. He returns and gets into the battle of Ypres, being assigned to carry an officer to a dangerous point by auto.

### CHAPTER XIV.

(Continued.)

WE were about 800 yards to the rear of the first line of trenches and were given an old barn to ourselves, and we laid out our blankets and made our beds, for it was 10.30 o'clock. The attack was increasing in fury, all kinds of shells landing around us, and the Germans were using their same old tactics of hurling great masses of troops against our position. Our machine guns gave the usual good account of themselves, and the German dead were piled up over our wire entanglements in great heaps. The Germans would fall back, reform and come on again in their usual close formation. So it went all night, and when the morning came the "dead ground" between the two lines of trenches was a gruesome-looking place.

During the day the Germans bombarded our first and second-line trenches with high explosives and shrapnel all day, and at night they resumed their infantry attack on our position. Day after day and night after night the battle continued until we all felt dead and numb all over. Sometimes the Germans would penetrate our lines for a few yards, and then we would immediately "counter" before they had a chance to strengthen their position. We lost an awful lot of men, but even though I don't know the exact figures I know I am safe in saying that the German losses were more than double what ours were.

We despatch riders were certainly

kept busy during this time. Our work was to be standing by every minute of the day and night, and the moment we were wanted, to sling the despatch case over our shoulder and get away for the headquarters to the rear. The riding at night was terrible. The Germans were shelling all the roads in the vicinity, and we had to go dashing along through the inky blackness at breakneck pace. It was impossible to see more than a yard or two ahead, and so it was a case of ride like the dickens and trust to luck. The road was covered with shell holes, and the first intimation we would get of the fact was when we would feel the motorbike drop beneath us and feel ourselves shooting through the air like amateur sky-rockets.

We would pick ourselves up, drag the motorbike out of the hole, and if it would still run, jump on it and get away again. We certainly got some terrible spills, and there were a good many who got broken bones, and a few who had their necks and backs broken. Imagination cannot conceive of our utter misery. Everywhere I looked at all hours of the day and night, it was just nightmare. Most of the time we were kept too busy to sleep and would be so tired we could hardly move. The constant din of the guns and the exploding shells was enough to drive nearly all of us insane.

Perhaps this little incident will show what condition our nerves were in. A young fellow named Lewis and I had chummed together for the time being, and we rode the same route during the entire battle. One night he came down to headquarters just ahead of me, and I assure you, we came through some mighty hot territory. I was in awful condition myself, but I think he was even worse. I handed my case in, and while I was waiting for orders, I went out to the petrol stores to fill up the tank on my bike. Lewis was talking to the

officer in charge of the riders, and was standing with his back to the door. Another fellow came in carrying two empty petrol tins, and, unintentionally of course, he dropped them just behind Lewis. They made quite a racket, and coming so suddenly, Lewis jumped over a table and fainted dead away.

We were all in about the same condition, and it didn't take much to get a rise out of us. Poor Lewis was killed the next night by falling into a shell hole.

About the fifth or sixth night of the battle, the Germans broke through us, and advanced nearly a mile into our territory. They held their gain about fourteen hours, when we counter attacked and took it all back again. Of course our advanced report centre retired as the Germans advanced, but I was down at the permanent headquarters at the time, so I didn't get any of the excitement of the retirement.

When we advanced again our road lay over ground that had been in German hands during the few hours they held the ground.

A despatch rider was coming over this road just as daylight dawned. Two wounded Germans lay on the side of the road, and as the rider passed, one of them called to him and asked for a drink of water. The rider stopped, turned around and went back, threw his water bottle to them, and then turned around and started on again. As the rider turned these two men both fired on him, and one of the bullets struck part of his motorcycle.

All the time this great battle was raging the bombardment of Ypres continued, and not only Ypres alone, but all the surrounding villages, and the roads leading from one to the other also.

I said that at the beginning of this battle our corps of despatch riders numbered thirty-one in all. At the end of the engagement, three weeks later, there were only four of us left out of the original thirty-one who started. The Germans failed to break us, and so the Kaiser kept his word regarding the city of Ypres. Day after day they bombarded the place, so that now there is not one single house left standing. For some reason the Germans continue to shell the place from time to time, but they can't do any more damage than what they have already done. The end of the battle found us with our position still intact, and I don't think they will ever come any nearer to break through the British lines. After the battle I was, of course, relieved of my job as motorcycle despatch

rider and resumed my duty as orderly to headquarters.

### CHAPTER XV.

A GREAT deal has been said of the Canadians. Too much praise cannot be given them.

The first of the Canadian regiments to come into action was the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. This regiment was in one of the divisions in our army corps, so I saw quite a bit of them from time to time. They were a fine body of men and were very highly thought of by all the English regiments with whom they were associated. They were strong men and needed strong leaders to keep them at their highest point of efficiency. Such men as Col. Paquhar they adored, and there was nothing he could ask them to do that would remain undone. It was his custom to lead his men into action carrying nothing but a walking stick, and little things like this mean a great deal to the men of a regiment.

At the time the Canadians were brought into action we had some black troops on our extreme left. The Germans sent over gas and these black troops were forced to retire. Reports were called for, and as ours was the nearest headquarters in the vicinity the call came to us.

We had no spare troops available right on the spot, so the men of the headquarters unit (orderlies, messengers, etc.) were called upon to go up and act as supports until reinforcements could be brought up. We went up on the dead run and found that the black troops had retired, so we went into the position just in front of the Germans. The Kaiser's troops had advanced about two miles, but had stopped at the last trench of our first line of defense. There were no more trenches for four miles.

The troops who had retired were ordered into rest camp when we took the position over, so we had to go in and hold until the Canadians came up. The Germans made no attempt to advance any further, and we certainly were in no position to quarrel with them just then. We waited there all night, and just before dawn the Canadians arrived. They didn't stop for anything, and went right over the top of us and at the Germans. We acted as supports for them during this engagement, and it was a treat to see the way they went after them. Trench after trench they took with-

out any letup. The Germans contested every inch of the ground, but nothing could stop the Maple Leaf boys that morning. When the Canadians waited long enough for the fighting to come to close quarters, the Canadians were right there with the cold steel, and when the Germans kept their distance those boys showed that they knew which end of a rifle the bullet comes from.

The Canadians had advanced about a mile in this way when the Germans brought up some reinforcements and immediately started to counter-attack. They drove us back a few hundred yards, but we made a stand, and after the edge had worn off the German attack we commenced to advance again.

This time there was no denying the Canadians, and they went right through until they had retaken all the ground that had been lost. They also recovered four guns which the Germans had captured. As nearly as I can tell, it was at this time that the reports began to fly around that no prisoners were being taken. This is an extremely difficult thing to speak of. There is no doubt that on certain occasions both sides have refused to take any prisoners, but I would not care to place the responsibility of the beginning of the practice in any one particular place.

There is no doubt of the fact that the Germans hate and fear the Canadians. A peculiar thing happened soon after the Canadians so distinguished themselves. A certain English regiment received orders to take some trenches at a given time. The officers of this regiment had the men fix their bayonets and stick them over the parapet of the trench several minutes before the attack was to be made. They did so, and kept clashing their bayonets one against another and making an awful row generally.

When the whistle blew a young subaltern was the first man over the parapet, and he yelled at the top of his voice, "Come on, Canadians!" This got the Germans goat, and our fellows took three lines of trenches without losing a man. All of which goes to show that the Ger-

## "Ma" Sunday's Intimate Talks With Young Girls

THE GIRL WHO TAKES CARE OF HER MOTHER

By "Ma" Sunday

(Wife of Billy Sunday, the Famous Evangelist)

A BRIGHT, clever girl is Helen. Her employer, whom I know, says that she is the best and most promising stenographer he has ever had. Helen is ambitious, but she is also to be met with a young man whom she would like to marry.

"You know, mamma is frail, and all she can possibly do is the little housework in our apartment," she said to me when I was in New York. "Yet I seem to think we cannot have her with us if we marry. He knows I could go on working in my present position if I wanted to, but he's not willing for me to do so. I feel as if I were pulled in all sorts of ways, but there is one thing I am sure of: my mother must always be my first care. There is not a soul in the world to do anything for her except me. She has been the most wonderful of mothers to me, and such a dear!"

"Will thinks that I ought not to feel that way. He says I ought to put him and his wishes first. What do you think, Mrs. Sunday?" "I think any man who would not admire a girl for what you are doing is not worth marrying," I promptly replied. "The boy who does not think a mother the most sacred thing on earth is not the man who will make a good father to your children."

"He accuses me of being unwomanly," she said. "He thinks I ought not to be interested in business. He argues no woman was ever meant to be independent, and it's not to be expected a girl should support her mother or that a girl's husband should take her mother into his home."

"The best thing you can do, child," I said, "is to tell that young man that you do not wish to marry him."

Helen's face looked grave and thoughtful. She is too self-controlled to cry, but that is all the greater reason why she suffers keenly. The most profuse weepers are not always the sincerest sufferers. However, she took my advice.

Still, I knew she was finding compensation when I saw her several times afterward. There is a sweet, grave peace on her face. The unselfishness and beauty of her life are impressing themselves on her for the world to see. I cannot find it in me to pity Helen. I know she still suffers over the man who was too small and too mean to appreciate her, but merciful time will surely heal that wound, I know. Some day a fine fellow, Helen's real mental and spiritual mate, will come along, and she will know what true happiness means. And she will know a depth and completeness of joy which very few ever gain, for service to others is wonderful in its after effect upon ourselves.

I think that Helen's problem is one of the commonest which confronts girls of to-day. Many a girl is the support of a mother or a younger sister, or is putting a brother through college—and many such girls lose what they think is a wonderful opportunity for happiness in marriage because some man does not agree with their ideas of duty.

Let no girl imagine all the romance of her life is shattered because she finds that the man to whom she is engaged or who asks her to marry him has the ideas of Helen's fiancé. God rewards us all according to our willingness to live by His commands, and one of His greatest commands is that our lives be unselfish ones.

Copyright, 1917, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

## Professor's Lot Is Made Hard By Poverty

IT'S BETTER to be a super in the movies and tumble off a cliff for \$5 a day than to be a college professor with a half dozen degrees after your name. For a good many college professors do not get \$5 per day and those who earn perhaps twice as much are men that would rank with real stars of the films—if it were proper to compare a mere professor with Algonquin Pampadour, the bay hero.

The fact is \$2,600 a year is about the average for college professors in the United States. After twenty to twenty-five years of training they can earn that much and are expected to live in a style to which their particular in-stitution is accustomed. Although the better kinds of steak may be hard to get for the professor who has a family, he can console himself by considering the glory he is enjoying.

In this commercial age we are accustomed to measure everything by its money value. Gauged by that rule, the college professor plays a poor part in American affairs. But the rule is not a true one, and the reason for his poor lot in life rests upon our civilization and not upon this important factor in that very same civilization.

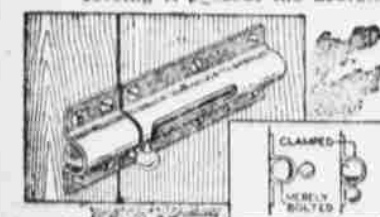
But it is interesting to consider how much better other vocations pay than that of instilling knowledge into others. The cub baseball player who gets a trout in the major leagues will receive \$5,000 for six months' work, and if he makes good he can earn anything between that amount and \$10,000 a year. Ten thousand dollars for three months' service is a fair compensation for any hardworking football coach. The moderately successful prize-fighter can get \$10,000 for thirty minutes' arduous handling of an opponent. The lawyer who can win one case in three may feel assured of \$10,000 a year, and the doctor of fair reputation will easily make as much. Both have the opportunity to run that \$10,000 up to \$50,000 per annum. And every one would feel that they deserved it.

The average member of a college faculty is compelled to wear his dollars twice, and to shine his own shoes, even though he be a man of the finest mental equipment and long experience. And it is a safe presumption that his wife is turning every corner to keep up the appearance that should be made by the wife of such a man. In the meanwhile, Gertrude Golden, hair, the girl hero, is getting a sum of money for stopping the fast express which it is really sinful to think about. Such is our queer civilization.

THE GREEN-GOODS KING By Arthur B. Reeve  
Another Fascinating Story of Craig Kennedy,  
the Scientific Detective  
WILL BEGIN ON THIS PAGE MONDAY, AUG. 13

### Eccentric Drawbolt Stops Rattling of Door.

A SIMPLE method of preventing a bolted door from rattling, by forcing it against the doorstop



or a weather strip, by means of an eccentric filed on the socket end of the bolt, is shown in this sketch, reproduced from Popular Mechanics. The bolt is fitted closely to the door and casing, and when the bolt is turned so that the eccentric end is in action the door is forced firmly against the doorstop.