The Times-Dispatch

Published every day in the year by The Times-Dispatch Publishing Co., Inc.

THE TIMES Founded.....1888
THE DISPATCH Founded.....1850

Address all communications THE TIMES-DISPATCH.

Telephone.....Randolph 1
Publication Office.....10 S. Tenth Street
South Richmond.....1020 Hull Street
Petersburg.....109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg.....218 Eighth Street

Hasbrook, Story & Brooks, Inc.
Special Advertising Representatives,
New York.....200 Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia.....Mutual Life Building
Chicago.....People's Gas Building

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

BY MAIL. POSTAGE PAID.	One Year.	Six Mos.	Three Mos.	One Mo.
Daily and Sunday..	$6.00	$3.00	$1.50	.55
Daily only.....	4.00	2.00	1.00	.35
Sunday only.....	2.00	1.00	.50	.25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg— One Week
Daily with Sunday.....15 cents
Daily without Sunday.....10 cents
Sunday only.....5 cents

Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1914.

Improvement to many of the Richmond streets will reduce the dust nuisance.

Better Than Bond Issue.

The Board of Aldermen has voted for a half-million-dollar short-time bond issue for street improvements. Why not sell the bonds to the Sinking Fund? This is nothing but a circumlocutory way of appropriating money, but if a direct appropriation is not now practicable without some delay, it is better than a bond issue for temporary improvements.

Now that the Illinois Supreme Court has declared the women's suffrage law constitutional, Mr. Asquith, the British Prime Minister, will probably take up his permanent residence in the cyclone cellar.

Congressman Montague.

The Third Congressional District is to be congratulated that for the next two years it will be represented in Congress by Andrew J. Montague. Mr. Montague has served his district and country well during his short stay in Washington and has brought honor to his State. Those who supported him and those who voted for his opponent can unite in expressions of satisfaction that the capital city district of Virginia is to be as ably represented as any other in the country.

When they say that modern dances improve American manners they doubtless refer to the North, where—well, where there are quite a number of all sorts of people.

No Failure Yet of Mediation.

Carranza's refusal to agree to an armistice seems final, and just as final is the decision of the mediators not to admit his agents to the conference under the circumstances. In this latest event, those critics who have predicted failure of mediation so frequently as to hope for it will find another "rock" on which mediation is bound to split, but the break-up may not come yet. For instance, the Constitutionalists may soon capture Mexico City, and there will be no reason for an armistice. In that event Carranza delegates will take the place of the Huerta delegates, and the mediators can work on toward an agreement.

When you read that "Convicts play real baseball," it's very hard not to write something about the number of stolen bases. Yes, indeed, it's almost impossible.

That North Carolina Mine.

That men in public life cannot be too careful of their actions is shown by the attempt to make a scandal of the part ownership by several United States Senators in a North Carolina gold mine and the use of committee stationery to disseminate information about the mine. There is no reason why Senators should not invest in a legitimate mining or any other kind of company, but they should be sure that there is no connection between the business in which they invest and the public's business. When the Senators' committee paper is used an appearance of such connection is established, a fact of which political opponents are sure to make use, and which is certain to make an impression upon those who wish to believe evil. The Times-Dispatch thinks the Wall Street organ which thought to "explode a bomb" has failed, and it accepts the explanations of Senators Chilton and Overman, but it believes their friends will wish heartily that they had been more careful. A United States Senator should be like Caesar's wife.

The size of yesterday's vote, while not as large as it should have been, showed that there was more interest in the campaign than expected.

An A. B. at Sixteen.

The authorities of Harvard have decided, if the reports be accurate, that at fifteen years of age one is too young to bear the weight of the A. B. degree, but that at sixteen one's shoulders are broad and strong enough for that responsibility. For we are told that James Sidis, now sweet sixteen, will this week receive his baccalaureate degree, which he had earned last year, but was barred because fifteen was too young.

We have heard of young Sidis before. It was he who addressed the grave dons at Harvard on the Fourth Dimension, and it was his father, Boris Sidis, a psychologist of some note, who told the country that its educational methods were shockingly bad and wasteful, and pointed to son James to prove what could be accomplished by educational methods of the correct—that is, the Sidis—model.

Modern educators agree that pedagogic methods are not perfect, but we have not seen that any who talk with authority believe it either possible or desirable to lead average boys of fifteen or sixteen to graduate honors. The younger Sidis is doubtless unusual and responded readily to unusual educational methods. Whether in the end he will be more valuable to himself and to the community than those who graduate at the normal age, it is now too soon to say.

While waiting for Time's verdict on young Sidis, which we all hope will be favorable, it is wholesome to remember that a general system cannot be based upon what is found to be suited to prodigies. In his autobiography John Stuart Mill tells us what an ocean of learning his father had soaked him in before he was eleven years old. Mill's contribution to the science of political economy is very great, but he might not have made of it "the dismal science" had he been permitted to be a child mentally when he was one in years.

The way is clearing for the extension of our national trade.

Imagination and Polo.

Only a very small fraction of the American people can ever have seen as much of polo as a mallet, and an infinitesimal number of us have ever seen rival fours display their horsemanship and high daring in a "chukkar." Yet the polo games, now at their crisis on Meadowbrook's famed lawn, give all the world—and his wife—a thrill which is as real to the millions for whom polo exists only as an abstraction as it is to the few whose eyes have seen the exciting drama of "riding off."

All of us are playing polo on the field of imagination; and even if our own quartet should lose, we shall have had the exulation that comes from competing in a fiercely-fought contest between two sides of honorable sportsmen.

The cup itself is a small thing. Even if it crosses the water, we can see it go without tears, for it will have been well won and well lost, and it may come back again. The big thing, the permanent possession of us all, is the spectacle of these gallant British soldiermen, who have played the game where Rajahs ride on "elephants drunk with pride," confronting our own valorous and oft victorious Americans, both sides looking to defeat or victory as all men of sound heart regard failure or triumph in the larger game of life—with a steadfast eye and an unbroken spirit.

If we lose that polo match the Wilson administration will be a failure.

A Foreign Right-of-Way.

In diplomacy and trade, the destiny of the United States has now an unobstructed right-of-way. Such is the deeper-lying effect of the action of Congress in nullifying the Panama subsidy grab at the behest of President Wilson.

When Mr. Wilson asked Congress to do that which was right and honorable by England and the rest of the world, he coupled it with the significant statement:

That upon the action of Congress depended largely the channels into which our history in the direction of statecraft and industry would run. If we kept our solemn word, England would naturally stand at our side in complications that might involve us in the Far East no less than on our own hemisphere; the right hand of the world would be extended to us in fellowship and co-operation, barring only that inevitable rivalry to be expected between trading nations.

The United States has met its part of the compact—unimpeachably. It is logical to assume England and the rest of the world will redeem the implied pledges put forth. From this time forward our relations in the great international arena depend upon our own energy and initiative. Our expansion cannot be hampered by veiled or outright hostility of other nations.

From these angles, so freighted with possibilities is the undoing of the canal tolls blunder, Congress would be justified in making the anniversary of repeal day a national holiday.

Quoting the headline, "Southern Crops are Drying Up," the Boston Transcript remarks: "What a pity the Southern Congressmen can't take a hint!" Southern Congressmen like Vic Murdock, Mann, Bristow, Martine, O'Gorman and Britten undoubtedly have been talking entirely too much.

If people in comfortable houses, with electric fans and an ample supply of ice cannot find relief from the heat, what of those in hovels and without the money with which to buy ice, even in the smallest quantities?

Buenos Aires has a new subway system which cost $30,000,000. The surprising feature of it to New Yorkers is that it all went to pay for the subway.

Alfonso may have given the Colonel a royal time, but his publishers give him a royaler.

As usual, the claims of Vanitie have been punctured.

The Spaniards had no difficulty in giving the Colonel a "bully time."

The mediators keep on disappointing the cessimists.

Subscribe to the ice fund.

Hopeful Influence.

"So you favor your wife's membership in political societies?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Meekton. "I'm hoping that sooner or later Henrietta and I will be able to reduce our little domestic controversies to a basis of parliamentary procedure."—Washington Star.

Persistent.

The News and Courier says, "Coattail swingers would do well to remember that most men take off their coats in the summer." Quite true, but they generally put them on again, and the swinger can continue to dangle to the tail as before.—Lancaster News.

Wayside Chats With Old Virginia Editors

The newspapers of Virginia have been almost unanimous in their advocacy of the repeal of the tolls exemption clause of the Panama Canal act, and most of them hail the passage of the repeal bill as a victory for the President and a vindication of the national honor.

The Danville Register agrees with Congressman Underwood that the Simmons-Norris amendment is meaningless, characterizing it as entirely useless and as a sop "to American sentiment." We would rather characterize it as a sop to a few opposition Senators who were willing to vote for repeal if the sop were thrown to them that they might save their faces. We don't think they managed to save their faces, but that is their lookout; they got the sop. May they find pleasure in it.

"The fight over the bill has been long and bitter," says the Staunton News. "The successful issue is a source of congratulation to Democratic members of Congress with a few of their Republican friends and to President Wilson." It is a source of gratification also to the great majority of the people of the country.

"The President has triumphed over the combined opposition of Senators within and without his party, and has again established the fact that an executive backed by right can generally accomplish what he set out to do." That is the secret of the President's strength with Congress, though opposition Congressmen howl of executive interference. When the President is wrong in the eyes of the country and Congress is right, there will be an end to "executive infringement" upon congressional rights and powers.

Discordant notes come only from Newport News and Petersburg. The Times-Herald, of the former, believes the fight is not yet over, and the Index-Appeal thinks England has "added the international polo game to her bag, already carrying one Panama Canal," whatever that means.

"If you were to tell those who thus argue that a half a dozen women could successfully defy and render helpless the greatest power of modern times they would probably laugh at you, but it has been done," says the Fredericksburg Journal. Isn't that a rather bold statement? Great Britain has not been rendered helpless yet. But is not the fact that these "wild women" have been able to work so much destruction in defiance of the whole government somewhat complimentary to the maligned male of the tight little isle? The man who allows a woman to beat him unmercifully may or may not be foolish, but he certainly cannot be accused of cowardice or weakness.

Quoting the remark in the Wayside column that our standpatters have a fellow feeling for Vic Huerta, the Southwest Times observes that "some of the American standpatters remind us very much of Huerta." Organized wealth in Mexico, led by Huerta, won with bullets; organized wealth in this country, once led by Mark Hanna, won by ballots, corruptly obtained.

THE PUBLIC PULSE

Editorial Expressions from Leading Newspapers.

Lighted Playgrounds.

Why should not city playgrounds be lighted and used at night? The only objection is the cost, and some Western cities are finding it practicable. President Churchill, of the New York Board of Education, has visited some of them, and is so impressed that he urges the adoption of the plan, and President McAneny, of the Board of Aldermen, is in favor of going as far in this direction as the city can afford. For adults evening is in many cases the only time for recreation, and an evening playground might keep many boys out of mischief.—Springfield Republican.

Business Men in Politics.

If Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, and other able and prominent business men would practice what he preached at the meeting of the New York Bankers' Association in New London, Conn., a mighty change for the better would take place in Congress and the State Legislatures in this country. Mr. Vanderlip asked the bankers to whom he spoke, "What greater duty have you to perform than to give the best you have of wisdom and judgment to the direction of political currents and to give your wisdom and judgment effectively, not merely to stand aside in the rule of dissatisfied critics, but rather by getting truly and effectively into the organization and machinery of public life?"

Time and again the New York Commercial has advocated the entrance of business men into active politics. This is no experiment. Business men have served this country with distinction in the past, though they have not always been as prominent in its public life as have those of other countries, especially England and the British dominions. John Bright was a great manufacturer, but he entered politics, and so was Joseph Chamberlain, to mention only two of the great leaders of thought in the political life of Great Britain. Business men have always been prominent in the Parliament of Canada and in the Cabinets which carry on the business of the Dominion. As a Cabinet Minister in Great Britain or in Canada must be a member of one of the houses of Parliament, he never occupies that detached position in relation to legislative matters that the members of the President's Cabinet do in this country.—New York Commercial.

America's Foreign Cities.

Chicago has 54,000 Lithuanians and claims to be the largest Lithuanian city in the world. The claim could probably be substantiated, for Lithuania itself is, generally speaking, a land of farms and small villages, though Libau is a sizable city.

The situation, emphasized by the statement concerning Chicago Lithuanians, is familiar to every one who understands conditions in practically all the larger American cities. New York is credited with more Jews than dwell in Palestine. Not many Italian cities contain as many Italians as could be mustered in any one of several cities in the United States. And much the same might be said of Russians, if not of Bohemians.

It is a condition natural enough, and, if rightly handled, need cause no concern. Russian oppression has driven Lithuanians and Poles to a country where they may develop and work out their unhampered destiny. A stream of emigration starts towards America from every centre of persecution abroad.

Not the new American's origin, but his ideals and aspirations should concern us. And these lie to a large extent within our own power to control.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Campaigning With Villa

Gregory Mason, in the Outlook.

The lustre of Villa's name is bringing him scores of recruits every day, and foreigners who have just come to Northern Mexico via New Orleans from Mexico City assure me that thousands of Federals, disgusted with the bungling of their officers, are itching to get into the command of the former Chihuahua mule-driver. The Federals are convinced that he bears a charmed life. Time and again their sharpshooters have tried for him as he loomed up suddenly on his big bay horse, directing the aim of the artillery with quick, deep commands: "Mas derecho" ("more to the right"), or "Poco mas izquierda" ("a little more to the left"), as he rode up where the bullets whined louder and dismounted to take a rifle in the trenches. One of these keen-eyed Federal riflemen when taken prisoner had the brazenness to tell Villa of his efforts to bag the big leader.

"I tired at you ten times, mi general; but it's no use; you bear a charm, and my old girl (his rifle) knew it and balked."

The frown that had begun to cloud Villa's unshaved face broke into a smile.

"That's right, boy. No use wasting ammunition on me. Now go back and tell that to your companions." He waved toward the hills that sheltered the enemy.

"But, mi general, I want to fight for you," pleaded the little sharpshooter.

"Do as I say; andale (hurry up)," bellowed Villa, and motioned to three soldiers, who threw the poor Federal onto a knock-kneed, razor-backed mule, which, under the urge of a bayonet thrust in the flank, sped for the distant hills at a jack-rabbit's speed, with the unhappy soldier bounding on the animal's sharp back like a live crab on a grill.

"He'll tell his friends some good stories if they don't shoot him before he reaches them," said Villa, with one of his queer, characteristic facial puckerings, as he turned to help a brother officer who was having trouble with a new saddle.

Villa has plenty of faults, but they are the faults of the man of action. To those whom he calls friends he shows traits of justice, gentleness, and quizzical humor, wholly lovable, and belonging to the part in his repertoire called "Panchoe Villa, the Man," rather than to his more celebrated role, "Francisco Villa, Conqueror and Man of Destiny."

One torrid afternoon two or three of us were seated in Villa's private car, which had stopped at a small lake to afford men and women a chance to bathe. Villa came in, dust-covered and hot from his ride to Paredon and back, and began stripping for a swim. His disrobing was interrupted by a lieutenant who pushed ahead of him two soldiers that had been caught wasting ammunition on pigeons, an offense punishable by execution. The culprits, well set-up, but stupid owl-faced fellows, were visibly trembling in their boots.

The lieutenant finished his charge, Villa looked sternly at the offenders, his lips half opened to pronounce sentence; then his eyes wandered to the milky waters of the laguna, iridescent in the oblique rays of the sun.

His mouth lost its cruelty and screwed into the slanting, good-natured smile of his carefree, outlaw days; his small, bulging eyes twinkled. "Oh, pobrecitos (poor little fellows), pobrecitos! Take them out and give them a couple of sword slaps."

He looked at us; the fire in his eyes went out; he became confidential and reminiscent.

"They call me many unflattering names—thief, assassin, and bandit, especially bandit—but yesterday, when I was a poor 'scandal-foot' in Chihuahua, no one bothered to call me anything; and to-morrow, when I'm in Mexico City, they will say: 'Villa, the hero. Villa, the liberator.' Pah! their tongues are as soft as their brains. I guess I'm not quite so bad as I'm painted. Anyway, El Largo," said he, turning to me and giving me the nickname that stuck thereafter—"anyway, you needn't fear me. Your legs are so long I could never catch you." And, roaring at his own joke, he wound a bath towel around his middle and slouched out tof the car to the lake.

Voice of the People

Rural Credits.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Having every reason to believe you have the interest of the people at heart, I am going to ask you to discuss through your columns, preferably the Agriculture Section, the French system of rural individual credit or credit agricole. The proposed land mortgage bill is good as far as it goes, and it looks to the writer that the community system added would make our whole financial system stronger and more democratic. However, these are the points I would like discussed. We know the trying need of the farmer is some credit system that would enable him to carry on his business better than he does now—and it looks like as if the best way to help them is by assisting them to help themselves. I know of no better way to get this subject before the people than through your paper.

ROBERT C. HART.

Apple Grove, Va., June 15, 1914.

An Open Letter to Mrs. Richmonder.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—With apologies to the editor of The Times-Dispatch, I submit this:

The voters of the city, a large proportion of whom are city employes, are the constituents of the city officials, and not you who have no vote. The city officials represent them and look to them for approval. They do not represent you, nor do they worry about your approval or disapproval. You cannot vote. Are you satisfied?

DISSATISFIED.

Richmond, Va., June 16, 1914.

Ships of My Soul.

I come each night to a quiet shore;
My thoughts slip out to sea:
Without a goal these ships of my soul
Sail out of the reach of me.

They fade so quick to the skyline dim
And many are lost in the deep;
But some come back from their outward track
And into my visions creep.

My soul is tortured by the wrecks
Where gallant sailors die:
But I love the song of the happy throng
When the pleasure boats come by.

From yonder ship a brother speaks,
I see my father smile;
Across the sea they call to me
And the years turn back a while.

With sudden ache of empty arms
I stand on the shore and pray
That the ship may last till the night is past
And at dawn ride into the bay.

But the ships of my soul are fated ships,
Whatever their freight may be;
There is never a dawn but finds them gone,
For they all go down at sea.

—John Carl Parrish, in National Magazine.

Dr. Brady's Health Talks

THE LAST OF THE MOLARS.

Our teeth are crumbling away even faster than we may imagine. Dr. Eugene S. Talbot, a noted stomatologist—which in plain English means a combination medical man and dental expert—has tabulated the reports of thousands of examinations of the mouth and discovered that 47 per cent of adults over twenty-five years of age are shy from one to all four third molars, or "wisdom teeth." In other words, the human jaw is undergoing a rapid process of evolution.

If one compares the facial angle—the angle made by the line of the face with that of the jaw—in profiles of the different races, the gradual recession of the lower jaw in the profiles becomes apparent as the scale of racial standard is followed upward from the lowest human type, the Malay, to the pre-eminent white man. The Apollo Belvidere profile, deemed the perfect face, shows a right angle. Some faces recede still more, so that the weak chin is completely overshadowed by the bulging frontal eminence—and these are the very people who have a struggle cutting their wisdom teeth.

Mongolians live almost exclusively on vegetarian diet, principally rice. This requires thorough mastication, hence the Mongolian jaw remains prominent. Negroes in Africa live on a natural diet; in America they partake of the artificialities and refinements in our national diet, and the negro type of facial angle varies little from the average white man's profile.

Evolution of the jaw, therefore, explains why we experience such difficulty in cutting wisdom teeth. There is scarcely room in the jaw for the third molars to crupt; indeed, many of these useless teeth remain buried in the jaw bone—impacted, as the dentists say—and cause all sorts of inveterate neuralgia, which defies diagnosis and treatment until the X-ray discloses the entombed malefactor and the surgeon's chisel removes it.

"The strength of an organ is determined by its use." Our molar teeth get too little exercise. We deputize the great mills to grind our food for us instead of doing the work with our own grinders. And the mills remove a very vital portion of the staff of life, namely, the outer mineral layer of the wheat kernel, offering us the denaturized, refined, colorless substitute, which neither needs nor is worth the trouble of masticating, since it furnishes no lime phosphate for the teeth themselves. No wonder we are anaemic, dyspeptic, nervous. Could we hope to be anything else on our molly-coddle diet?

Questions and Answers.

N. Y. Z. inquires: Is there any cure for goitre, and what is the result of it; also can it be inherited? Would it be advisable to use iodine?

Answer—(1) Yes. (2) One kind of goitre (exophthalmic) seriously affects the general health; the other kind (cystic or simple) is merely unsightly and locally troublesome. (3) The tendency to disease of the thyroid seems to run in some families. (4) Don't use iodine without the advice of your doctor.

C. E. K. writes: Which is the more nutritious and healthful, white bread or brown bread?

Answer—White bread contains a slightly larger proportion of available energy, and is more digestible for some persons. Brown bread—or better, whole wheat bread—is more healthful for the average person, in my opinion. Let your own individual medical adviser be the judge in your own case.

Dr. Brady will answer all questions pertaining to health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed. Dr. Brady will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Address all letters to Dr. William Brady, care of The Times-Dispatch.

What Was News Fifty Years Ago

From the Richmond Dispatch June 17, 1864.

The only report we have to make from "the front" this morning is a confirmation of Grant's sudden change of base to Westover, on James River, coupled with the additional fact that he has sent a portion of his troops to the White House with the view of shipping them from that place to some point hereafter to be developed. Westover is in Charles City County, about eight miles below City Point, on the north side of the river. It was formerly the residence of Colonel William Byrd, who figured conspicuously in Virginia in Colonial times. In 1862 it served as a place of refuge for the unlucky McClellan, after the severe flagellation he received in front of Richmond.

The fact that General Grant is endeavoring to so far flank General Lee as to place the river between his left and our right, that he has broken up his supply depot at the White House and moved away everything collected there in the last few weeks, is a virtual acknowledgment of defeat, and though he may not confess defeat, it is more than likely that it will be so regarded in the North. Therefore, his recall may be looked for with confidence.

The only report received from Lynchburg yesterday was that the enemy had burned Campbell Courthouse, fifteen miles from Lynchburg.

A special dispatch from Concord, on the Southside Railroad, thirteen miles from Lynchburg, says a raiding party of the enemy crossed James River at Galt's Mill the night before and reached Concord at 2 o'clock yesterday morning, burned the depot, the commissary building and several other houses. They also destroyed a locomotive and tore up some of the railroad track.

The remains of General Leonidas Polk arrived in Atlanta yesterday morning, and were taken to St. Luke's Church, where, in the presence of a great assembly, Rev. Dr. Quintard conducted the funeral service. The body was escorted to the depot and carried by rail to Augusta, where the burial will take place to-day.

General Loring is now in command of General Polk's Corps of Johnston's army.

Joshua R. Giddings, a man of great note in the ranks of the abolitionists, died suddenly in Boston on the 11th instant.

The rates of the Southern Telegraph Company have been advanced from 50 to 100 per cent. This is an extortion, and the company owes it to the public to give an explanation.

Baird's foundry in Manchester was burned to the ground yesterday.

A grandson of General William Henry Harrison is a colonel in the Union army, and is serving under General Hooker. His name is Benjamin. It was Benjamin Harrison, his great-grandfather, who signed the Declaration of Independence.

ROYAL
Absolutely Pure
BAKING POWDER
Makes Home-Baking Successful and Easy

Beauty Seeking

BY LILLIAN RUSSELL.

[Copyright, 1914, by Lillian Russell.]

[Copyright, 1914, by Lillian Russell.]

Every woman may be seeking beauty of one form or another, whether in beauty of face or figure, or beauty of intellect and common sense. After all, what most people are thinking about and striving for is youth. Youth is beauty, the beauty women fear to lose, yet lose so quickly from sheer neglect. It is, like all worldly possessions, of little interest until half lost.

The freshness of youth is the thing that must be cherished and retained in order to be beautiful. Having once lost that indefinite something which represents girlhood, age and heaviness overtake a woman. How then to retain that girlhood? Don't merge your personality in the personality of others. Do not look at the world through another's eyes. Don't let another person color your life with ideas other than your own. In short, retain your own personality, cultivate your own opinions. Don't always act upon the advice of others, think for yourself.

There are too many women of the pliant type, willing to let others think for them and plan for them, allowing their freshness and vitality to be led into channels foreign to their own desires, while they might be creating for themselves youth and exuberant beauty with all of its flowery fragrance. Be wary of taking advice from others; you know what you like and dislike; you know how to decide an important problem as well as any one. It is better for your moral development to take the initiative in deciding things pertaining to your own happiness. Retain your personality and you retain your youth.

The only women who keep youth for ages are the women who keep occupied, active in mind and body. Youth cannot be cultivated in a rocking-chair, you must be up and doing. The mind and body are elastic, as the mind stretches out and broadens so it can govern the body.

Remember, youth is ever on springs. The mind and body that respects its own personality is always buoyant, young and beautiful.

Lillian Russell's Answers.

P. T.: I do not care for greaseless creams. A greasy cream is more beneficial to the skin, for it is the oils that feed and nourish the skin. However, if you care for a formula for greaseless cream I shall send it to you upon receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

G. O.: I am sorry I cannot send you a permanent dye for your eyebrows. Why don't you use a good eyebrow pencil? You can get one at any drug store or beauty shop.

Carrie: If you freckle easily, the face should be protected as much as possible. If your face freckles, tans or burns easily it should be protected, first, by using some cold cream, and then dusting with a pure rice powder—never wash the face immediately on coming in from outdoors. A liberal amount of cold cream should be dabbed on and carefully wiped off with sterilized gauze. If you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope, I shall be happy to send you a formula for tan and freckles.

Fanny: If you wish smooth elbows do not use them as props. The elbows must be given as much care each day as the face and hands. Scrub them well with a hand brush and plenty of soap and water, then rub a good cold cream into them. This will make them soft, and gradually make them smooth. I shall be happy to send you formula for a good cold cream if you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope.

Arlene: Here is a good formula for face bleach. One-quarter ounce of peroxide of hydrogen and three ounces of witch hazel. Put this on your face, and then, after it is thoroughly dry, dab the face with any pure cold cream that agrees with it. Do this night and morning, and you will see a great improvement in your skin.

The Summer Squash

BY JANE EDDINGTON.

The squash and several other members of the gourd family are exceptional vegetables, in that they are eaten unripe or ripe, and in all the stages between. In no state are they quickly perishable, therefore they are of great service in hot weather, and in some hot countries they are extensively used.

By unripe and eatable we may mean that they may be cooked when they are no larger than plums and apples. The Italians even fry the blossoms. It is perhaps the custom of the world over to thin the fruits of the squash and pumpkin vines by pinching off the blossoms or the small sets in order that those remaining may attain greater perfection and size, and both of these may be found in Italian markets, for in Italy no sort of eatable thing is wasted.

The cymling, or "cymbling," or patty-pan and crookneck are immature or unripe things, which, like the English marrow, are by far the most delicate when immature. They have come into the market this year considerably earlier than usual. It is but a few years since they were quite uncommon in our city markets, but new varieties of the gourd family are being tried out commercially, and promise to be profitable as well as to enrich the variety of our tables.

The people who use this summer vegetable far more than we ever did in the United States, even in our palmiest garden days, fry instead of boil the watery thing, thus removing some of its water. It is a quicker method of preparing it than any other. The flavor may be much varied, too, when cooked in this manner.

Plain Fried Squash—Cut the vegetable into thin slices, skin and all, after washing it, and fry in butter until the surface is crisp on both sides. This is the simplest method of frying, and one which preserves all of the squash taste. Cooked in this way, it makes a good garnish when it would not be good if boiled and mashed.

Sweet Sour Squash (Recipe adapted from the Italian)—Peel a white summer squash—the so-called cymling or scalloped variety—and cut it in thin slices. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, and cook in it for a few minutes two tablespoonfuls of flour. Put in a layer of squash, packing it as closely as possible, and when it has a nice crust on one side turn and fry on the other. Before it is done the butter and flour may begin to get too brown. If they do, add a little boiling water, and more than once if necessary to cook the squash thoroughly. Sprinkle a little vinegar over the squash, and then some powdered sugar, and cook for a few minutes longer. Serve hot, either as a separate dish or as a garnish. It will taste more like a fruit than a vegetable. Some squashes will taste like fried apples when thus cooked.

The fashion of stuffing the squash with rice and highly-flavored minced meat and then boiling it is common in some countries where meat is dear and where a bit of it chopped fine or made into a paste is combined with a good deal of vegetable to give it the meat flavor.

Sweet Potato Squash—This is one of the less well known of the summer squashes. It comes a little later than some. The only way to bring out its elusive and almost tantalizing flavor, suggestive now of the sweet potato and now of something much of its own, is to cut it open and to bake it in its skin, then season and mash.

Those who lack meat for soups, but like to suggest its presence by multiplying flavors to keep the palate guessing, use a piece of squash or pumpkin to a soup whenever it is obtainable, which is during a large part of the year in Southern countries. The great vegetable which is a compromise between a pumpkin and a squash, which is sold out in bits in Italian markets, is to be seen when the new product of the vine has come, these new ones being mostly picked off, in order that the few of great size may be obtained.

Armistice a Requisite Condition to Constitutionalist Participation

—From the Washington Star.