

Daily Magazine Page for Everybody

Severe Sunburn May Lead To More Serious Trouble

—Take Summer Tan in Moderate Doses
—WARNS DR. COPELAND

Accustom Your Skin Gradually to the Beneficial Rays of the Sun, Don't Overdo It, Says Authority, for in Addition to Burns Disorders May Result.

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

WE are now in the midst of vacation time. Most of us are able to spend more than our usual time in the sunshine. Of course this is to be desired. Very few, especially among city dwellers, spend enough time in the sun.

But we must exercise care so that the skin is not severely burned by being exposed for too long a time at first. Pretty soon your skin will adapt itself to the sunlight.

Last season many young women suffered greatly due to their desire to acquire the fashionable sun-tan.



DR. COPELAND

But if you do desire a tanned skin, begin temperately. If you are light complexioned you must be especially careful in order to avoid a red, unsightly looking skin.

The results of sunburn may be much more serious than the irritation of the skin. There may be fever and considerable constitutional disturbance following a severe sunburn. As a result, your efficiency will be lowered for several days.

But if you are not seeking a deeply tanned skin, or if your skin is easily irritated, take pains for a few days and avoid trouble. It is a good plan to wear a broad-brimmed hat. Even a thin veil gives a lot of protection.

Quinine applied locally is useful. It may be prepared as a powder—one part to fifteen parts of talcum powder—and dusted on the skin. Or the quinine may be dissolved in petroleum oil and applied to exposed surfaces.

Cold cream may be used to prevent burning, also. It is soothing if the skin has been burned. Do not wash after exposure to the sun. After a drive, or a half day or more on the beach, cleanse the skin with cold cream, rubbing it off gently with a soft cloth.

Whether or not you want to be tanned, accustom yourself to the sunlight by wearing your hat and veil. Sunlight kills germs, enriches the blood and has a tonic effect.

Answers to Health Queries

A. E. F. Q.—I am 16 years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. tall—will I grow taller? Is there any way in which I can stop this rapid growth?

A.—You may have attained your full height, but in most cases the growth and development continue until the age of 21. There is no way to stop growing. As you grow older you will fill out and develop generally.

H. H. Q.—When I walk my knees and ankle joints make a loud creaking noise; sometimes they're painful. What can I do for it?

A.—This is due to a lack of synovial fluid around the joints. There may be a rheumatic tendency at the source of the trouble. Massage and heat should give relief.

2. Proper rest and medication will help toward this end. See a doctor and follow his judgment in the matter of treatment.

A. A. Q.—What causes falling hair? There is no dandruff. What treatment is suggested?

A.—The trouble may be due to the hair being overwashed. Use a mild shampoo and avoid hot water. If the hair is falling out in patches, see a doctor.

Famous Phrases

Who Said Them
—When and Where.

—By M. H. TILLITT

"The Voice of the People Is the Voice of God."

THIS famous utterance traces back through twenty-seven centuries to the Greek poet, Hesiod.

It was in Boeotia, under the shadow of Mount Helicon, the home of the Muses, that Hesiod heard that great message, and later chanted it to his lyre.

Born in the first half of the eighth century B. C., in the Boeotian village of Ascra, Hesiod passed his early years in pastoral pursuits—tending his father's flocks, studying rural life, indulging in rural pastimes. But the Muses kept calling to him, and hearing that call, Hesiod turned to poetry. And he embodied in his verse numerous thoughts based on observation of moving events and political developments around him. In his "Works and Days" are to be found many powerful maxims. But outstanding among them, in the might of its significance, is his inspired utterance: "The Voice of the People Is the Voice of God."

Although Hesiod did not figure large in the development of political thought—except as a singer of such

verities in maxim form—and though his career did not run along dramatic lines of public life, this utterance gave him claim to place in the ranks with the great exponents of political thought. He recognized a mighty verity and put it into words that have, in the centuries since, proved, often in a severe way, the truth carried therein. And the force of the utterance is increased by the fact that it was uttered by a poet, and not by a philosopher.

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The Stars Say

For Thursday, July 17.

By GENEVIEVE KEMBLE.

ALTHOUGH this day is forecast as a lively one, with many stirring activities, yet it is not without its annoyances, doubts and complications. It will require patience, determination and precaution against treachery and open attack in order to rout adverse conditions, which are a menace to success, finances and to personal peace of mind. Shun speculation and be not misled by visionary schemes or hypocritical advances. Those whose birthday it is may look for an active and enterprising year, in which their own perseverance, alertness and judicious use of funds may be the main factor of success. There is an element of fraud, hypocrisy and financial peril to be cautiously manipulated, but the mentality may be shrewd and dependable. Domestic, social or affectional matters may prove intriguing or mysterious. A child born on this day should be resourceful and enterprising, and should wrest its success from many visionary, subtle or strategic situations.

Hesiod was born at Ascra, in Boeotia (a division of ancient Greece). He flourished in the eighth century B. C. He was a great didactic poet. Among the works that have survived him is "Works and Days." A tradition runs to the effect that, on a visit to Oeneon, in Locris, he was murdered by the sons of his host.

Marie Marot Describes Old Ideas in Modern Garb



WHETHER it be evolution or revolution, we do not know, but the fashions of yesterday seem to be descending on us in increasing numbers. Designers are finding a mine of inspiration in phases of various modes of the past. The Empire, Directoire, Victorian, and even the ancient Grecian eras have been studied, and various details of the costumes extant during those periods have been cleverly utilized and blended with the ultra-modernity of the current mode with a touch of incongruity.

As we see, off-the-shoulder décolletages, ruffled hemlines, dolman capes and wraps, Greek draperies, princess gowns and other fashions featured in the dress parade, and all of them are charming and lend a refreshing variety to the scene.

We have had sketched for you to-day several new trifles. Among them you will find two fashions reminiscent of other days. The first is the shoulder cape which in this case is of black broadtail, and we feel sure that this delightfully demure touch will be welcomed by many women who seek the picturesque. The second is of course the sailor hat, that style that is so indordinately becoming to the youthful and piquant type. This sailor is made of heavy straw in a weave of brown, tan and black with a blue band.

Other items include stockings of striped silk and wool, excellent for sports wear, and three exceedingly good shoe models. The shoe of brown and tan calf has a strap and buckle trimming that is purely ornamental, but the broad strap on the white kid slipper performs a strictly utilitarian purpose. The oxford is in brown pin-seal and tan kid.

Love's Reawakening

By Adele Garrison

I FELT as if icy fingers had touched me when Noel Vertizen whispered that he wished he did not have to tell me of his father's letter to him, that "it was too horrible for words." But I was too horrible for words. "It was too horrible for words," I said as he looked at me with a look of surprise. "I am sure it is nothing that cannot be dealt with. Suppose you sit back and pull yourself together, and I go to the doctor. I know of the matter, and then you can tell me all about it, and let me be the judge of how bad it is."

Who Prompted Leslie? I smiled at him as he obediently sank back into his chair. But I could not help but have a look at his strained, pallid young face. I struck into speech, swiftly, instead, for I was sure that he needed all the help I could give him.

"Here is my understanding of the situation," I said, holding his eyes with mine, for I hoped that attention to what I was saying would enable him to forget for the moment his brooding over his father's message. "When your father left the city after

Before Permitting Noel's Revelation, Madge Reviews Events Which Pre-Dated and Prompted His Father's Letter.

Madge Makes a Guess. "I know that," he said. "But my father is hardly himself. You don't know what he might try to do or what instrument he might use." "I am positive he never would use Jack Leslie," I retorted, "just as I am positive Jack Leslie would never assist your father in anything. He hates your father, if anything, worse than he hates you."

Noel's face brightened ever so slightly. "Yes, that is true," he said. "I never thought of that." "You would better think of it now," I told him a bit severely. "and put that idea out of your head. You have enough reality to worry you without going out of your way to find fresh causes of uneasiness. Now to go back. While you were convalescing from that attack upon you Mary and you each received a letter from your father. I read Mary's, which promised her \$100,000 in cash and her restoration to favor as a Vertizen star if she gave up in such fashion as to make you believe she had thrown you over. Yours you read, and when Mrs. Bickett was out of the room you burned it. But am I right in thinking you could repeat it from memory?"

"It is cut into my heart," Noel said, and it would have been a cynic indeed who could have smiled at the boy's melodramatic words. "Do not be angry at me," I said, "but I want you to answer me one question before you tell me of that letter. 'Is it the accusation against Mary or the threat against her which is troubling you?'"

Noel sprang to his feet, with fingers pressed into his palms. "You think," he began hoarsely. Then as I spoke an imperative that he should answer me, he looked at me with a look of astonishment. "How did you know what was in that letter?" he whispered. "Did my father show it to you?"

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS.

The Technique of Ventilation.

LET'S get some more air, portable while the room is cool and well aired. If the windows are so situated that opening them creates too much of a breeze, then some kind of board can be placed on the sill of the window that is opened at the bottom, thus sending the current of air upward. There are special ventilating boards obtainable at most housefurnishing stores, consisting of a wooden frame with a fabric stretched between, which can be adjusted to windows of various sizes. The habit of good ventilation will do a lot to ward off fatigue, and help protect one against these annoying colds.

Especially at night it is desirable to have a room adequately ventilated. The windows wide open, one at the top and another at the bottom. Light weight, but warm blankets should be depended on to keep one com-

Helpful Hints Warm, damp days bring troubles to the salt cellar. And there are few things that are more annoying than the salt cellar that refuses to give up its appetizing treasure. Be careful that the salt cellar is absolutely dry before they are filled and slip in a few grains of rice, say two or three, before the cellar is closed. This will help to keep the salt dry and in a "sprinkly" condition.

Picnic?—Not for Mother She's Had Enough of 'Em

—Let the Family "Enjoy" the Day
—By WINIFRED BLACK

Cool and Calm at Home, Far from the Inevitable Bee-Stings, Flies and Mosquitoes—and Anyway the Swains of Her Picnic Days Are a Bit Dull—Now.

MOTHER'S not going to the picnic—after all. Poor Mother, she sort of hates to be "out of it," but somehow she's a good deal relieved, too.

She's been baking cakes and handing up the old receipt for a specially good salad that will "carry" in the lunch kit in the back of the car, and she had a cushion all picked out to take along to sit on, but somehow, at the last minute, she thought she wouldn't.

She likes woods and trees, and ferns. Mother does, and oh, how she loves the sound of water running through the woods, down, down, to the sea. But she hates spiders, and she can't bear flies and hornets always find her and so do bees, and Mother had rather be ill for a week than to even hear about a snake.

So she is going to stay at home and have a nice cool luncheon on the porch with something cold, tinkling in a tall glass, and Son Jim is going to bring her a cool blue and white frock and a pair of white house slippers and she'll hear all about the picnic and about the "horrid people" who came and but she can't close that the smoke just spoiled the day.

And she'll hear about the way

Billie tipped over the canoe and how Little Mary would go wading in her best flowered dress. Oh, of course, she tucked it up, but, of course, it didn't stay tucked up. And little Johnny will show her his lip where the bee stung it, and everybody will, all at once, get round-eyed and look mysterious and Mother will know that somebody saw a snake somewhere, and they're keeping it a secret from her, and she'll be glad she stayed at home.

"I'm glad too," Mother has had lots of picnics in her time. She has tipped over in a dozen different canoes, and she's been stung by bees, bitten by flies, tormented by mosquitoes. And she's had a grand time sitting on the ground and looking up into the tree tops and saying: "Isn't it beautiful?"

And all the young men who used to sit beside her and say "Yes, isn't it beautiful?" and look right at her when they said it, are middle-aged and saggy, or old and rather tired. I think it's really clever to know when she has had enough.

And to give the children a chance to get "enough" in their own way without bothering to make her comfortable all day long. What do you think?

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Helpful Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE.

DEAR NANCY LEE: We are two girls who are steady readers of your column in the paper and have decided to come to you for advice.

We both have steady fellows, although we go out once in a great while with a few others, and we might be termed "modern girls." We are respected by our young and old friends through school and making our own living. The greatest question in our minds is how to tell whether or not a boy means all he says. We are devoted to these boys. They have told us of their love for us a number of times, and even asked us to wait for them, but still there seems to be a doubt in our minds whether or not they are speaking from their hearts. It is absolutely impossible for us to give up these boys because our whole lives depend on them.

TWO BLUE-EYED COUSINS. There is absolutely no test by which we may determine the affection of those who profess to care for us. Time alone holds the solution to that problem. But where there is love one must take something for granted, and so it is wisest to assume that that love is true, lasting and real until there is reason to believe otherwise.

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am a young fellow twenty years old, and about two months ago I met a girl about my age and fell deeply in love with her.

Now I never have gone out much or had many dates, so I don't know how to act when I talk to her. I only see her about twice a week. She always acts very nice when I see her, but I never talk about that which I would like to talk about. Now, could you please tell me how I should act when I'm with her and how I can tell her of my love for her?

LONELY TROUBADOUR. Don't make yourself and perhaps some one else unhappy by your shyness. If you feel that you do not care to make your own "talkie" then perhaps you could express your sentiments through the medium of your pen. Is it that you fear that the girl's response will not be favorable that you hesitate to declare yourself? If it is well try it anyway. It may help you to overcome your shyness and so would be well worth the effort. So go ahead and act fast for the average person is not a mind reader.

A Fashion Model's Diary

By GRACE THORNCLIFFE.

She Discovers a Way for Every Girl to Have a Lingerie Trousseau.

WHILE it's fashionable to be short on the lingerie market this year, it certainly is unwise to let one's stock of underthings get below par. I was really distressed last night when I had to search for a dainty, fresh set of underwear to wear beneath a Summer frock. Billy was taking me to one of the roof gardens to dance and I was wearing one of my sheer chiffon frocks, so my lingerie had to be perfect. Everything seems to be conspiring these days to make us careful that our beauty is skin deep. Chemise must be fitted according to the princess silhouette so that not a wrinkle will mar the beauty of the moulded silhouette and fragile fabrics that fashion our afternoon and evening frocks just demand foundations of loveliness.

Helene and I decided that each week we could buy one piece of lingerie of good material so that we would always have an ample supply on hand. In that way we would always have a few new pieces ready for special occasions and could keep our cedar chests in trousseau condition.

We started the program today. I thought quite a time about the shorts that are so practical for wear under sports suits and tennis dresses. They are really very swagger looking when made of some of the cotton materials, such as gingham, broadcloth or of silk shirtings. However, I decided to remain femininely dainty and chose a chiffon milanese set of panties and vest in the French shades of blue and pink. The body of the garment is pink, with a form-fitting chemise was Helene's choice, and I teased her about the "bridey" satin of which it was made. She is getting quite self-conscious about such references, as she knows that we all suspect she is



Pantie Set of Chiffon Milanese and Satin Chemise.

Good-Night Stories

By MAX TRELL

"Up and down, Up and down, Ride a horse around the town. Feed it twice On milk and rice And give it sugar when it's nice." —Shadow Song.

ONE evening Knarf came running up to Mij, Flor, Hanid and Yam in great excitement. "Hurry, we're all going for a horseback ride!"

"We are," said the other shadow-children in surprise. It was quite late at night. Their masters and mistresses were fast asleep. It struck them as strange that they should be getting up to go for a horseback ride.

"No, no," Knarf broke in. "They're not going. They don't know anything about it. I've just discovered a horse in the house and it's promised to take us all out for a ride." At this they were more astonished than ever. A horse in the house. They had never heard of such a thing.

"Where is it?" Hanid asked after the others had quieted down a little. "I'll show you. Follow me," he said as he led them down the dark hall and into a small room in which the moonlight came faintly through the curtains. There in a corner stood a horse. It was a very handsome horse—dark, with long black mane and tail and huge eyes. It didn't move at all as they approached. "I told you it was a horse," said Knarf.

"It's a very nice horse," the others admitted. "What is it doing here, though?" Horses don't belong in houses.

"Oh, yes," the horse said. "I've been here. I was brought here by the people in the house. I'm quite satisfied to be here, even though I am not treated as well as I should be."

"It isn't fed enough," Knarf explained. "Enough? I'm not fed at all. I've been here for a full day already and

"Faster! Faster!" They cried. no one has even thought of even giving me a dinner." Knarf said again. "Yes, I'm very fond of sawdust. Luckily I filled up very well before coming here, so I'm not as hungry as I might be. Here, you feel my sides."

The shadows patted its sides and found them bulging with what felt like sawdust. "It was odd to find a horse full of sawdust."

"I thought horses liked hay and oats," Flor said. "They're not half as filling as sawdust," it replied. "I wouldn't trade a bag of sawdust for anything."

"And I've promised to get it some tomorrow," Knarf said. "So it has agreed to take us all out for a ride tonight. Shall we jump on your back?"

"I'll be delighted to have you," Knarf jumped on at once. The others, however, held back. "I don't think we ought to go," said Hanid. "It's too late at night and we might get lost."

"Oh, don't worry about that. I know my way about. I never get lost."

"Are you sure you won't go far?" "Quite sure. I'll have you back here in no time."

It sounded so certain about it that they all jumped on its back. "Hooray!" Knarf shouted. "And now let's go far, far away!"

"All right," the horse said, as it began to rock up and down. "Faster, faster! We're not moving!"

"Oh, yes, we are moving," it answered. "We are moving as fast as a hobby horse ever moved. Away we go!"

Up and down, up and down it rocked. It really was a very fast horse, but not exactly the kind that Knarf thought it was.

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Words of the Wise 'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise. —Tennyson.

It is much easier to be critical than correct. —Disraeli.

Grief is itself a medicine. —Cowper.

I never think I have hit hard. —Johnson.

A pretty woman is a welcome guest. —Byron.

Architecture is frozen music. —Schelling.

Men that are greatly guilty are never wise. —Burke.

Nature works on a method of all for each and each for all. —Emerson.

Great is the force of habit; it teaches us to bear labor, injury and pain. —Cicero.