

Family Magazine Page for Everybody

Scrub the Face For a Good Complexion

—Don't Fear to Use Soap and Water

Most Common Skin Eruptions Like Acne and Blackheads, will Improve with Frequent, Thorough and Regular Washing of the Skin, Says Authority.

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

NOT long ago I talked with the owner of a "beauty parlor." She is an unusually intelligent person and I was much impressed by her common sense views regarding the skin.

I want my readers to have the benefit of what this good woman told me. If all or some of these suggestions are followed, they cannot be otherwise than helpful to the sufferer from a bad skin.

I had spoken of the remarkable output of one American soapmaker. This firm produced and sold last year 96,000,000 boxes of soap. That is an amazing thing — 192 million pounds of toilet soap, perhaps a billion bars!

"Oh! I am so glad to hear that," said the lady. "Too little soap and water are used by the people. Cleanliness, the cleanliness that comes from scrubbing the skin with soap, water and a rough wash rag, are essential to a good complexion."

Then we talked about the skin eruptions, particularly the acne and blackheads so many boys and girls have. "If only these children would scrub their faces and then leave on the surface to dry in a lot of the



DR. COPELAND

Answers to Health Queries

FATHER. Q.—What can be done for hot, perspiring feet; also blisters on the toes? My shoes seem comfortable, although I am on my feet a good part of the day.

A.—These are more or less common ailments. Changing the shoes and socks as frequently as possible will bring about increased comfort. Foot baths should prove soothing under the circumstances.

DORIS. Q.—What are among the first symptoms of chickenpox, and is there any way in which small children may be made immune?

A.—The presence of small red blisters on the skin is the outstanding symptom at the onset of the attack. No. In most instances the disease is apt to be slight and of short duration.

ANXIOUS. Q.—Can you tell me something about exophthalmic goitre?

2.—What is the cause of my hair falling out in small patches all over my head?

3.—What is a carbuncle?

4.—Can you advise treatment for boils and carbuncles?

A.—Yes. For particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and repeat your question.

2.—It is possible that you may be

troubled with alopecia areata. Special treatment is advised.

3.—A carbuncle is like a group of boils. Instead of discharging its contents through one opening, as a boil does, it has several, perhaps many openings.

4.—Lowered physical vitality, fatigue, poor ventilation, loss of sleep and any other cause which lowers the resistance will prepare the way to colds. Try to build up your general health.

5.—Osteomyelitis is an inflammation of the marrow of the bone.

A. A. P. Q.—What will reduce the hips?

A.—It is difficult to reduce weight in any part of the body without reducing in general. Eat very sparingly of starches, sugars and fats. Get regular systematic exercise. A gradual reduction in the amount of food consumed, with the regular exercise will work wonders.

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Winter Thrills



WHO said that Summer was the most thrilling season of all? It must be the opinion of the girl who looks best in a bathing suit. But for the athletic girl who adores Winter sports such as tobogganing, skiing and skating, the Winter is the most joyous season of the year. Just watch and listen while a group of young people make merry on an outdoor skating rink, whether it be in town or country. Just listen to their joyous laughter, just watch their happy faces and fine forms as they glide over the glistening ice and you will know why

Heart of a Wife

By Adele Garrison

ALL THAT I had ever read of "pineapples" and gang wars, fare swirled around me sickeningly as I saw the man on the running board of the speeding car hurt a sinister dark object with a glowing red end toward the farmhouse. Even through the terror which froze me motionless, the whole scene seemed fantastic, unreal. Surely it was not the peaceful farmhouse which was so menacing, and why should I be so alone object was the securing of Marion's lock-box with its secret compartment, and mysterious contents as to try to bomb our home, when their plot to burglarize the bank was foiled?

For there was no longer any doubt in our minds that the men in the speeding car were those whom Mr. Corwin, the banker, had just telephoned us, had been drowned in the second bay while trying to escape from his posse in pursuit of them. Harry Underwood had deduced a fake escape, and a doubling back upon their tracks, but I think even he had had no idea of what had just happened.

"A Dash in the Dark"

Thoughts, of course, are quicker than any actions, but it seemed to me that the dark object flung by the man had not yet reached the ground before Dicky, nearest the veranda door, had torn it open and dashed toward it. The lights of the speeding car faded away, and in the darkness we could see only the glowing end.

Harry Underwood dashed out directly after Dicky, but the lighter, younger man outdistanced him and, crushing back the scream which was tearing his throat, I saw my husband stoop as he ran, pick up the black object, with its sputtering red tip, run with it to the road and hurl it in a tremendous arc into the open field beyond. Then he sprinted back to the house, calling, "Run to the children! There are broken glass, if nothing worse."

We were half way up the stairs when the explosion came—a sputtering, rattling bang such as results from a large Roman candle.

As we reached the bedroom doors my father's voice spoke softly from the stairs.

"I do not believe there will be anything more," he said. "Come down, please."

There was that in his voice which made us obey him as if we were children, and in a moment we were again back on the veranda.

"That was either a dud, a threat, or a bit of quipish humor," he said. "In any case, we have been spared. My sons! He put a hand upon the shoulder of each of the two men, that was as fine an exhibition of bravery upon the part of both of you as I have ever seen."

"Hang the laurels on the Dicky-bird!" Harry said. "He deserves them. All I did was to fall over my own feet, while he skinned the ground like a cat."

Dicky growled affectionately. "You were a split second back of me all the way. But are we going to take this lying down? Are these the birds that are supposed to be feeding the fishes at the ferry slip over in North Haven? If they are, they're the liveliest corpses I've seen for many a day. Or are

they, perchance, our Chinese friends?"

"Not the Chinese," my father's tones were grim. "If they had attempted anything like this, we would not be here now. They are more efficient in their methods; but, happily, they are too wily to come out into the open like this except in their own private wars. We must look for something more subtle from them. No, these men are the ones whose car is in the water at the foot of the ferry, I am sure. They simply have executed a clever feint, and doubled back upon their tracks."

"Are you going to let them keep on doubling, Dad?"

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Modern Sons Choose Their Professions

—Refuse to Follow in Father's Footsteps

Pershing's Boy Doesn't Want to Be a Soldier—How Different, Says Winifred Black, to the Olden Days When Trades Were Inherited for Generations.

By WINIFRED BLACK

NO Army life for him. No West Point—no parade ground, no Benny Havens—in his young life!

Not for Warren Pershing, son of the commander of all the American forces in France during the World War.

Warren Pershing is a student in Yale. He's 21 years old and he is a senior. He doesn't know what he wants to do, after he graduates.

But one thing he does know. No Army life for him!

And here we all think it's so romantic and soul-stirring to wake to the bugles and march to the drums, and see the sun go down to the good old time that makes the shivers run up and down your back to hear it.

Well, I am not surprised—are you? The young men of today don't seem to be so crazy about war, as their fathers and grandfathers were at their age.

And you'll have to admit that it is rather messy—this war business, what with submarines, airplanes, poison gases, and no chance for personal gallantry or real individual distinction, in the whole stupid, cruel, brutal business.

And, anyhow, how many doctors do you know whose sons want to study medicine?

How many editors do you know whose sons are consumed with a terrific ambition to run to first and hunt police stations as police reporters?

Once in a while there is a lawyer who takes his son into partnership and puts up a shingle, "Smith-Smith & Smith, Attorneys-at-Law."

But as a usual thing it is the plumber's son who wants to be a

lawyer, and the railroad man's son who is determined to be a newspaper man and the newspaper man's son who knows that no matter what else he does, he's not going to be a newspaper man and have the telephone ring just as he is sitting down to a decent dinner and find himself tearing from where to where, in a taxi, looking for the real murderer when he wants to be at home like a sane man telling bedtime stories to his own son.

Did you ever know a singer who would let her daughter even look at a piano, and did you ever meet a fiddler who would think of encouraging either a son or daughter to play the violin—for a living?

Over on the other side of the water it seems to be different. Plumbers are plumbers for generations. Carpenters are carpenters because their great-grandfathers were carpenters and they intend to turn it.

Even the chimney sweeps inherit their father's trade, they tell me, and I'll never forget my petrified amazement when I wanted to go to the Old Bailey Police Court and write a few modest, humble sketches and they told me that no one was allowed to write news from that court but a man named Dickens, who had inherited the job from his illustrious grandfather, who made the world laugh and cry with his tales of the sorrows of those brought to justice in the old court.

Imagine an American police reporter handing down his job to his grandson. He couldn't do it if he would, and if he would do it—he couldn't.

And that's why, perhaps, American business is livelier than business in other countries. It's always full of new blood and new ideas, and new people.

Here's to you, Warren Pershing, son of Black Jack Pershing, and here's to your American idea of standing on your own feet and making your own living in any trade or profession it may please you to choose.

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The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

Secret of Good Soups.

SOUP-MAKING is another of the almost extinct arts of the home, at least in this country. There's a reason. Good soup is a composition of a large number of ingredients—fresh vegetables, meat, spices. (Or as someone once said of the French who excel in this dish: "They put everything in the soup pot except old love-letters!") And when one considers the mere number of ingredients, it is plain that it pays to make soup at home only for a large table. It's hardly a practical dish for the average family of three or four.

However, there are times when there is a large dinner party at which soup is to be served. And a choice home-made soup is a cheerful beginning. Perhaps the most delectable is—

Mock Turtle Soup

Calf's head or 5 lbs. knuckle veal.
3 onions.
1 small turnip.
1/2 cup diced carrots.
1/2 cup celery and leaves.
6 whole cloves.
6 whole allspice.
1 lemon, sliced thin.
2 large tomatoes.
1 tablespoon salt.
3 tablespoons butter.
3 tablespoons cooking sherry.
1/2 cup flour.
1/2 teaspoon pepper.

Place the washed head or meat in a large saucepan, add salt, cover completely with water and cook slowly until meat falls from bones. This may take two or three hours. Then strain, add the vegetables and seasonings and cook an hour longer over a low flame. Strain. Brown the butter in the large saucepan, add flour and slowly add the strained liquid, stirring constantly. When it boils up, simmer 5 minutes longer, then serve.

Diced veal may be added to the soup before the last five minutes of simmering and served with it.

Good-Night Stories

By MAX TRELL

I wish I had a house To carry all about me, For when I'm far away from home My house must do without me. —Shadow Sayings.

"OH NO, I haven't seen Ting-a-Ling's house." It was Sing-Song who said this. He was addressing Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf, the shadows who had turned about names. Ting-a-Ling was there, too. He was sorely disappointed at not finding his house. Just imagine how you would feel if you came home one night, and did not find sight or sign of your house.

"But I'm sure I left it there this morning," the poor Chinaman kept repeating, shaking his head in a puzzled way.

"You couldn't have mislaid it, could you?" Hanid asked.

"Oh, I'm sure I didn't mislay it." The shadows were all in a quandary. They didn't know just how to console their friend. He looked terribly weebegone. He wanted to sit down in his favorite chair—and the chair, along with the rest of the house, was gone.

"Maybe," Sing-Song said in a hopeful tone of voice, "maybe you sold it."

"No, no—I didn't sell it. Why should I sell it?"

"You may have wanted to buy another house," Knarf broke in. "Lots of people sell their houses to buy others."

The Chinaman shook his head. "I

didn't sell it! Besides, even if I did it would still be here, wouldn't it? A house wouldn't get up and take itself off just because it happened to be sold."

Ting-a-Ling seemed to be right. The house certainly ought to be there, where he left it. But it was plain as day that it wasn't. They started looking around for it, behind bushes, and along the margin of the pond. Mij even went so far as to climb up a tree. Suddenly he uttered a loud cry. "I've found it, I've found it!"

"HERE IT IS!" THE SHADOW. BOY CRIED, pointing to a tiny house, set out on the end of a stout limb.

"Silly," Flor shouted up to him, "that's not Ting-a-Ling's house. It's only a bird-house."

Ting-a-Ling uttered a deep sigh. That was too bad, really. He had thought for a moment—only a moment—that the missing house had somehow gotten up into the tree. But a bird-house—hm, that wouldn't do at all. He motioned Mij to come down. "I think we'd better go to the police station and tell them all about it," he said. "They'll know what to do." So they all trooped off to the police station, and here they found Constable Gog. Sing-Song, who could speak much faster than Ting-a-Ling, explained what had happened. Constable Gog ("What a curious name," remarked Yam) wrote it all down in a big book and then sounded a big gong that hung at his side. The next instant there were sounds of heavy footsteps in the next room. "It's Detective Kloo-Kloo," said the constable. "He'll find your house!"

(Tomorrow: Kloo-Kloo at Work.)

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Words of the Wise

Some men, imagining themselves possessed with a divine fury, often fall into toys and trifles which are only puerilities. —Dryden.

There are few mortals so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by meanness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn or neglect. —Zimmerman.

The mind is not always in the same state, being at times cheerful, melancholy, severe, peevish. These different states may not improperly be denominated tones. —Lord Kames.

Study is the bane of boyhood, the ailment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of old age. —Lander.

Nothing is anything more unjust than an ignorant man who thinks nothing done properly unless he himself has done it. —Terrence.

It is to live twice when you can enjoy the recollection of your former life. —Martial.

Logic is to teach us the right use of our reason or intellectual powers. —Watts.

By superior capacity and extensive knowledge a new man often rises to favor. —Addison.

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Three-Minute Journeys

By TEMPLE MANNING

Sarajevo—"The Marriage Market"

MOST Americans never heard of Sarajevo, Serbia, until fifteen years ago, when Archduke Francis Frederick of Austria was assassinated there, plunging the world into war.

But today, Sarajevo is one of the quaintest spots in the Old World. Her Balkan people live in the past, with their age-old customs and traditions, ignoring for the most part, the swift onslaught of progress.

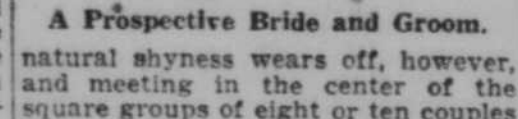
One of the most interesting of these old customs is the marriage market which is held each year, on Easter Monday, in the city's main square. The ceremony is part of the rites of the Greek Orthodox Church.

On the appointed day all the unmarried young men and women journey from their farms and home villages. The youths come in twos, threes or larger groups, but each of the young ladies is accompanied by her parents.

Needless to say they are all attired in their finest clothes. The more wealthy girls are dressed in the lovely old costumes that have been in their families' possession for generations. These are beautifully embroidered and each girl who can afford it wears a chain of gold coins in her hair or on her belt.

The clothes of the hopeful bridegrooms are also heavily embroidered and they wear colorful girdles. Arriving early in the morning the youths and girls stroll up and down the square, very seldom mingling with members of the other sex.

After the first few hours their



A Prospective Bride and Groom.

natural shyness wears off, however, and meeting in the center of the square groups of eight or ten couples begin to dance. Music is provided by chequer-fife or pipe.

After awhile acquaintances are struck up between the participants, although most of them have already made up their minds as to their future life-partners.

In the afternoon the groups break up and couples are seen strolling together arm in arm. This is equivalent to an engagement announcement. The marriage market is over.

The Stars Say—

By GENEVIEVE KEMBLE

For Friday, February 13.

THE astral testimonies for progressive and prosperous conditions are uppermost in this day's planetary chart. There is every promise of growth, expansion and gratifying financial returns in business, especially in new undertakings and plans, and the auguries for personal happiness, preferment and prosperity are definite. It is a time for pushing vigorously toward big goals in position and prestige, although these may entail some abrupt upheavals or unforeseen reverses.

Justments. The purely personal relations may also be unusually gratifying and happy.

Those whose birthday it is may look for a year of splendid progress and prosperity, with business as well as personal affections bringing much satisfaction. Finances should increase, business expand and personal preferment and prestige spell a time for pushing to such goals.

A child born on this day may have excellent abilities and attributes for attaining success and high position in life, with distinction, prestige and high personal standing in social as well as business associations.

Beauty's Newest Fad—Dyeing the Eyebrows

By JOSEPHINE HUDDLESTON

SINCE the practice of dyeing and shaping the eyebrows is becoming more popular each day I think we'll have a series of articles explaining just how this work is done. New modes and methods have been developed since last we discussed the subject here and I know you are anxious to learn all about the artful practices which go to make up this branch of beauty culture.

Several articles will be devoted to shaping and dyeing the eyebrows and I do wish you would save them as they appear, so that, at the completion of the series, you will have all the available information you are apt to need for beautifying your own eyebrows and lashes.

Don't fear that shaving or tweezing the eyebrows will encourage a heavier and closer growth. It won't. Therefore, your only problem in shaping the eyebrows is finding the lines most becoming to you.

Before going into actual shaping, however, I want to make a few suggestions for the removal of unnecessary hairs from the brow line, for it

is important that infection and soreness be avoided.

Most beauty shops favor a specially constructed razor for the shaping of the eyebrows. Those of you who prefer to do your own shaping, however, probably will find the tweezers easier to handle.

It is necessary that the exact line of the eyebrows be determined before removal of hairs is begun and this is best done by brushing the brows.

Use the Brush First

Regardless of the shape or condition of your brows at the time, brush them upward until each hair is pointing toward the top of the head. Then run the edge of your brush lightly along the top of the brows, beginning at the bridge of the nose and drawing the brush out to the ends. This is the very best method for brushing the brows and arranging the hairs in their natural positions. Many women find that an entirely new and lovely brow line is achieved by this simple treatment. Should be trimmed with the scissors until it blends into the general mass of hair forming the brows.

In our next article we will begin the discussion of modes for the eyebrows.

When using the tweezers it is im-

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Today's Fashion

By Vera Winston

Today's fashion is a wealth of interest for the fashionable.

The bag holds a wealth of interest for the fashionable.

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