

TABLE BEAUTY CHATS

BY BLANCHE BEACON

Keeping Old Age at Bay

"You cannot pick up a paper or magazine nowadays without finding some one has either asked or answered the question 'How shall I keep old age at bay?'"

"There is nothing that will help as much as to keep up a good circulation and thus eliminate the day ounces of most deadly poisons which should be thrown off by the pores, the liver and the kidneys."

Elimination by the kidneys is helped by drinking much cool—noticed—water. Be sure and drink a glassful of water the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. If you wish you can add a teaspoonful of lemon juice to this.

The latest edict from the dietitian is that you may drink cool pure water with your meals, provided you chew your food carefully and do not take it as you do a pill, by swallowing it in copious gulps of water.

Most of the water cures could be effected at home if one drank the pure water in the same quantities, took the same exercise and diet one takes as a cure.

For the elimination of poison by the liver one should keep it in working large quantities, and starch and meat and sugar in moderation.

One should never drink more than one cup of coffee at breakfast and a small cup of black coffee after dinner. Tea—if you must drink it—is better taken in the afternoon after the business of the day is over and before you have prepared for the excitement and pleasures of the evening.

This afternoon tea is growing more and more popular, and if it is rather weak and hot and is drunk in small quantities it is one of the enemies of old age.

I need not emphasize the necessity of thinking young thoughts.

"Don't lose your enthusiasms or your illusions," says Sarah Bernhardt to me once and truly she is one who has thrived under her own prescription.

The woman who keeps up the



times, who thinks young thoughts, who looks forward instead of backward is going to stay young much longer than the woman who begins early to live on her memories.

Another very easy way to lop off a year or two is not to allow yourself to settle physically. Keep your back-bone stiff, and your joints supple.

Half of the people grow old before their time because they are too lazy to keep their minds, spirits and bodies alert and in working order.

Give Your Hands a Chance

"Will a warm olive oil bath benefit a red, wrinkled, knotty hand?"

It surely will. I know a woman who had a bad case of rheumatism in her fingers and the joints were beginning to swell and look ugly. Each night she bathes them in warm olive oil, allowing her fingers to be immersed in the bowl for at least ten minutes, all the while rubbing her hands and fingers carefully. She soon found that the swelling and ugliness entirely disappeared.

There is not a part of the body that can be so easily molded and put into proper shape and no part of the body that is more universally neglected as the hands.

Few women dry their hands properly, and they are not particular about the soap they use. Even those women who are careful of the kind of soap they put on their faces, do not scruple to put "any old kind" upon their hands and unless they become badly chapped and roughened, they never use cream or unguents of any kind. They wash their hands many times a day with strong alkali soap and then wonder why they look so shriveled and old when every bit of the natural oil has been washed out of them.

Few women have nails that are nicely shaped and, unless they patronize the manicurist, most women usual-ly allow the cuticle to grow around the nails. Cutting the nails instead of filing them makes them thick and brittle. Look at the nails of a man who is always tampering with them with his pocket knife and you will find them thick and usually jagged, even if they are scrupulously clean.

Try putting a little cold cream upon the nails and rub it in with the back of your hand. After each washing, see how quickly they will repay your trouble.

A woman over forty, with beautiful



hands, told me she gave her hands an olive oil bath at least once a week, and sometimes twice, massaged them carefully, and then went through the kind of five finger exercise, where she opened and shut each finger separately ten times and then shut them altogether.

Her hands are as supple, white and soft as those of her sixteen-year-old daughter and yours can be the same.

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SOCIAL REFORM AND GUARANTEE OF SECURITY

Do the New Movements in Government and Industry Threat Civilization?

John Haynes Holmes, Church of the Messiah, New York. (Exclusive Service The Press Press Bureau)

And such a confusion of "chance and change" as seems to be characteristic of our age in the various phases of its social life, it is not surprising perhaps to find that many persons, not over-given to timidity on ordinary occasions, are genuinely disturbed at the course which events are taking; and are asking of the agitators and reformers of the time, in terms more and more insistent, what guarantee they have to offer that their words and works do not spell destruction for the whole existing fabric of civilization.

Those of us who feel the thrill of the new movement of social transformation, and hail the advent of the new day with an exultation which leaves little place in our hearts for any regrets for the passing of the old, are not always realistic. I imagine, how numerous are the revolutions of ancient custom which are involved in the demands which are being put upon every hand, and therefore fail to recognize the fears for the security of the nation, which are latent in many noble and devoted hearts.

What of the indefinite extension of the machinery of our democracy by such devices as the initiative, the referendum and the recall, which may well seem subversive of that whole form of representative government which is at the bottom of our constitutional system, the multiplying assaults upon the integrity and authority of our courts, which have so long been regarded as the very bulwark of our institutions; the call for the active interference of the state with the administration of industry, and the terms as workmen's compensation, the eight hour day for women and children, the minimum wage, etc.; the rapidly growing sentiment of our people favoring the socialization of natural resources and the public regulation, if not ownership of all means of production and distribution—the whole great movement, in a word, for an unbridled democracy upon the one hand and an unlimited social control upon the other—what with all these startling innovations sweeping down upon us at once, it is not surprising that many an earnest soul is wondering as to what the outcome of it all is to be and is seeking rather vainly for any evidence that these courses, which are being offered for our ill, do not mean the dissolution rather than the healing of the patient.

What guarantee can you give us, amid the utter chaos in which we are involved, that there is any real security for the future?

What assurance can you offer that the flood of reform which is certainly destined to bear us far, will not break its bonds and thus sweep us to destruction? What reasons can you present for believing that we may safely enter the untested scheme of political and industrial revolution, and still have anything left of this great republic, which was founded in the blood and tears of the fathers, and was strengthened and extended by the undaunted labors of four generations of valiant sons? Is there anything which may ever partially persuade us that the new movement really involves "the strength and stability of the times"?

These are the questions which are being asked today by many a restless heart, and they are questions which challenge a respectful answer.

There are some of us (of whom I beg to be counted one) who find our all sufficient reply to these inquiries in our abounding faith in humanity. We believe that in a country where illiteracy is at a minimum, general education on the increase, the barriers unknown, freedom of speech, press and assembly granted and practiced, religious liberty everywhere enjoyed, the people are to be trusted to control their own affairs.

This does not mean that the voice of the people is necessarily the voice of God in all places and under all conditions. But it does mean that the people, if given the privilege of responsibility and a due opportunity for self-knowledge and self-instruction, will quite as often decide for the right as for the wrong; and that in the latter case will learn from their experience of error the certain way of avoiding similar blunders in the future.

Thus, by the very practice of their freedom do the people grow in wisdom and virtue. Thus, by the very fact of its operation does democracy perfect itself, as water purifies itself. Thus does the voice of the people become in course of time as if it were the voice of God. Which is all we mean by the ancient maxim that the cure

the ill of democracy is more democracy! It is such a faith in the people that gives to many of us, amid the political and industrial transformations of the time, the guarantee of security which must be had, and for any guarantee beyond this pledge of faith, we see no need.

It is obvious, however, that to many minds, moral faith of any kind can give no guarantee of things material. Blind trust in human nature means nothing when we are talking about such matters as governments and economic systems. We must have something more tangible than this is the cry, if we are to believe that the new social movements of the age may be regarded as typical of effective social progress, is nothing more, and certainly is nothing less, than a scientist who makes society his laboratory and who follows therein the expert's well-approved methods of observation and experiment. The social leader of this new age is primarily an investigator, and only secondarily a reformer. His first demand is for facts; and only every day, and therefore fall to recognize the fears for the security of the nation, which are latent in many noble and devoted hearts.

Here now is the guarantee of security for which so many cautious persons of our time are vainly seeking. So long as the social movement is and remains wholesome, idealistic, and thus genuinely beneficent. But at bottom, at least for the present, the scientific method of effective social progress, is nothing more, and certainly is nothing less, than a scientist who makes society his laboratory and who follows therein the expert's well-approved methods of observation and experiment. The social leader of this new age is primarily an investigator, and only secondarily a reformer. His first demand is for facts; and only every day, and therefore fall to recognize the fears for the security of the nation, which are latent in many noble and devoted hearts.

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EAGLES' COMMITTEE MEETS TOMORROW

Some very interesting reports are expected at the meeting tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock at Eagles' hall of the general committee in charge of the big state parade and sale of the Fraternal Order of Eagles to be held in Bridgeport, July 22. President John J. Heavey of the Bridgeport aeris has been visiting a number of the big state parade and sale of the fraternal order of Eagles to be held in Bridgeport, July 22. President John J. Heavey of the Bridgeport aeris has been visiting a number of the big state parade and sale of the fraternal order of Eagles to be held in Bridgeport, July 22.

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STURDY JURY OF WORKINGMEN WHO HELD ROOSEVELT'S CHARACTER IN THEIR HANDS



JURY IN ROOSEVELT LIBEL CASE PHOTO BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

This is the jury which heard the remarkable libel case brought by Colonel Roosevelt against Editor Newell at Marquette, Mich. It was made up of sturdy residents of the Michigan

peninsula, all of them working men who had been weeded out carefully by both sides. They were plain, unassuming men, impressed with the fact that they were in reality trying a former president of the United States,

although Colonel Roosevelt was the plaintiff in the case. The twelve men "good and true," are shown with the two court constables who had charge of them.

A MILLION BUSHEL OF OYSTER SHELLS

Inexhaustible Supply in the Bed at the Mouth of the Housatonic.

(Special Correspondence.)

Stratford, May 31.—Piled up on the shores of Kneil's Island are a million bushels of shells taken from the bed of the Housatonic river this season. With one exception, perhaps, this is the largest catch ever made in the river. In 1898 the piles were almost as large but probably lacked some of the equaling the present supply. The shells are taken from an inexhaustible bed at the mouth of the river and are sold to the oyster cultivators to be planted on the beds. The young oyster after it is hatched clings to the first clean substance it meets after it has cast loose from the moorings it occupied at its birth. When the oysters spawn the "set" as it is called floats away with the current. Should it meet no congenial resting place it floats on and is either lost or becomes the food of many forms of animal life which need on the minute animal life which floats about with little or no means of propulsion or protection.

Early in the history of oyster farming it was discovered that the fresh hatched spawn would cling firmly to a clean surface. Various substances have been used to attract the spawn in the past but the most natural and available in the shells of the harbor bivalve. Broken stones were used with some measure of success by the big planters but this was soon abandoned and the shells produced by the packing establishments were used. These establishments were unable to furnish enough shells to supply the demand and the shoremans in different parts of this section of the North Shore began to dig up the shells from the harbors and estuaries which have been dredged for mussels which were taken to the shore spread out to dry and rot. The shells were later gathered and sold to the oyster planters.

At the mouth of the Housatonic there is a bed of shells which naturalists assert has been accumulating for a million years. In dredging channels mud diggers have penetrated this bed to the depth of over 20 feet with no indication that the bottom had been reached. Any where from 100,000 bushels up have been taken from this bed every year for three or four decades. This constant drain has made no appreciable impression on the accumulated mass.

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John Goodsell who is the buyer for the Sealship company has over 300,000 bushels ready for shipment. Besides these between 100,000 and 200,000 bushels have been sold to each of the following: H. C. Rowe & Co., New Haven; H. J. Lewis Co., of Bridgeport; Joe. Ellsworth Co., of New York; Landcraft Bros., of New Haven; Ike Stevens of Rowayton; Smith Bros. of New Haven; The Merwin Co., of Milford and several smaller concerns.

Each of these companies has a buyer on the ground and each buyer has his friends among the Shellers. The price is always uniform and it is seldom that any company bids for the trade by raising the price. This year the Shellers receive 6 1-2 cents. It has been believed that the Shellers were well paid for their work but when the hard work and the exposure is considered as well as the time lost during storms the work pays less than most any industry in this vicinity. But it just suits the sturdy and independent Shellers who are about the best fellow in the world after his rough exterior has been penetrated. These men would not exchange their life with all its attendant hardships for the best job in the finest shop in the city. Most of them own their own homes and they are the best providers in the world.

"What are you going to do for shells when the bed in the river gives out?" was asked Capt. Goodsell yesterday. "There are enough shells in that bed in the river to last a hundred years. No one knows how deep that bed is."

ADVERTISE IN THE FARMER.

MEMORIAL DAY MEMORIES

(By Congressman Clyde H. Tavener) Washington, May 31.—Once more the old blue ranks have joined in unison and drums sounding, the remnant of the Grand Army has come down the street. It was Memorial Day.

Again the old "boys" have met at the post hall. It is not such a numerous company as met there ten years ago, or five, or even last year. But it is still "Bill," and "Tom," and "Sam," with a hearty "hello" that even age cannot take away. There are solicitous inquiries after health. Hands clasp silently in reunion. Many are wondering whose place in the parade will be vacant next year, next Memorial Day. "Jim," is beginning to look feeble. "Sam's" shoulders, always so erect, are beginning to have an involuntary stoop in the cemetery.

The Relief Corps has been busy for several days. But now, most of the active work of preparation has been done by the grandchildren of the veterans. The grandsons have been out in the woods gathering flowers. The granddaughters have arranged the memorial baskets and bouquets. And grandchildren this year have placed the market flags in the cemetery. They used more flags this year than ever before.

At last the parade starts. Its military appearance is kept up to the year by the presence of Spanish War veterans and the Boy Scouts. But the chief interest is in the brave little band of Grand Army men. There is a pitiful attempt to be faithful to appear in uniform. With most the uniform consists merely of the black felt hat with its gold braid. With some it is merely the gold buttons in suits of brown hick and gray. While a very few still wear blue suits, brass buttons, felt hat and all.

Most of them still make a brave attempt to be military in bearing. But for all but the few the exertion is terrific. Some still have their buoyant step, but for most the march is halting and painful. And some, who have always marched before this year, are riding in carriages and automobiles.

No wonder that in the average small northern town eyes are wet with tears as they watch the old Grand Army march by again. The faces in the line are mostly known to all. And some are missed. The town knows the story of all of them.

I have a purpose in writing these lines for this memorial day. The goal I wish to make is that the Grand

MEMORIAL DAY MEMORIES

Army is going, and going rapidly. Each month now at the Pension Office in Washington 4,000 names are struck from the roll with the grim word "dead" closing each pension account. Four thousand a month! These men who went forth to give their lives for the Union 51 years ago hardly fell on the battlefields and in fever hospitals at that rate.

The country needs a new sense of the great debt owed to these men. The country owes it to this dwindling band to smooth out their declining years. It ought to be easier for them to get their pensions. They ought not to be subjected to the annoying delays and red tape that they have been subjected to in the past. Their pensions ought to be bigger—a dollar a day is not too much. Moreover, pensions ought to be paid more frequently. There has been introduced in Congress a bill providing for monthly instead of quarterly payment of pensions, and I hope it will pass. It is to be hoped that the new commissioner of pensions will require that pension matters will receive more prompt treatment than they have heretofore, when old soldiers have been compelled to wait week after week, and month after month, for their pension claims to receive even preliminary consideration. Time flies. Whatever is to be done for the Boys in Blue must and should be done quickly.

OBITUARY

The funeral of Mrs. Rose Finneran was held from her home, 159 South avenue, yesterday morning at 8:30 o'clock, and from the Sacred Heart church half an hour later. Rev. Father Matthew Judge celebrated a high mass of requiem. He was assisted by Rev. Father Thomas J. Mooney as deacon and Rev. Father E. P. Curran, as sub-deacon. A quartette composed of Mrs. Thomas Cassey, Mrs. Mollie Daily Ogren, Miss Margaret Cummings and Thomas Driscoll sang "Thy Will Be Done," as the body was being brought into the church; Miss Cummings and Mrs. Cassey sang "His Jesu" at the offertory; Mr. Driscoll sang "There's A Beautiful Land On High" after mass, and as the body was being taken from the church the quartette sang "Abide With Me." The pall bearers were Miles McPadden, Patrick Curran, Patrick Fitzsimmons, Edward Dargan, Thomas McCue, and Patrick Whaley. Interment was in St. Michael's cemetery.

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