NOW AND THEN

The tide makes music
At the foot of the beach,
The waves sing together.
Rumble of breakers,
Ships that are swaying
Into the distance
Thrum of the cordage,
Slap of the sails.

The tide makes music
At the foot of the beach;
Low notes of the organ
'Gainst the dull clang of bells
The tides tense purple
On the untrodden ground
It throat is blue.
Its hands are gold.

The tide makes music
The tide all day
Catches light from the clouds
That float over the sky.
Ocean, old serpent,
Colls up and uncoils
With Sensusous motion
With rustle of scales.

John Gould Fletcher.

What a rush there is to the seashore these warm days! What a longing to hear the surges of the ocean, to see the glint of the sun changed to all colors of the rainbow on its waves and to feel the cool stimulating glow when one bathes on its beaches!

The sea has certainly a lure and a call for vacationists wherever they may be and the crowds that are seen there show how they respond to the call.

A happy crowd there was that started off today, June 22nd, the girls scouts with their leader, Mrs. Roberts. They are on their way to Canada, such a wonderful trip, where they will attend the convention, and see the leading towns of that country, but oh, far better still, they expect to see Dr. Dafoe and the famed quintuplets, the wonders of the age.

There will go with them, too, loving anxious hearts, that are rejoicing with them but will be truly glad when they are safely home again.

A NATURE LOVER

Perhaps there was never a greater lover of nature than Lord Gray, the foreign Secretary of Great Britian, during the world's war.

His physique was superb, and he was a great athlete as well as a most successful fishermen. While a great statesman, everything in nature appealed to him and he was especially fond of birds, knowing every bird and their song. Theodore Roosevelt, as he walked through the woods with him, was so impressed with this, that he called him the naturalist of his time. The birds gathered around him just as they did for St. Francis and Audubon. It is sad to think that, in spite of his health and vigor, his last days were spent in blindness though he could still go out in the open and listen to the birds.

JUNE TWENTY FIRST

It has gone, the longest in all the year. It is the last day of spring, and now summer takes up its solstice under Capricorn, and every day will grow shorter and shorter until the 21st of December which is the shortest day of the year.

It always seems that on the 21st of June one ought to do something especially fine, something for others, perhaps, that will make both the giver and the receiver happier for it.

But it passes by like so many days. One is too busy to think of it, and an opportunity is lost.

JAMES BARRIE

James Barrie, the Scottish novelist and poet has passed away.

He was a most appealing, winsome writer, and was well loved by every one who read his works.

It may be he is best known by his story, Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up, which has been staged so successfully but he has written very many interesting novels of Scottish people, "The Little Minister", "Quality St." (both of which have been dramatized,) "Sentimental Tommy" and a number of others with their quaint description of the Scottish people, written in the Scottish dialect.

And if you have a little time to spare, take up "Auld Licht Idyls," especially "The Window in Thrums", the story of the old woman who was confined to her chair, and yet she knew everything that was going on by watching from her window. It is very humorous and well worth reading.

Sir James was in good health until he caught cold which afterwards developed into pneumonia from which he died.

THE WHEAT FIELD

What a change in the wheat fields from what there was a short time ago.

First, there was the beautiful green fields which was followed by the waving yellow grain that looked like a sea of gold as the wind passed over it.

Now the wheat is standing still and prim in its shocks all ready for the thresher which will decide what the yield will be.

Not only the farmer, but the whole world is waiting to hear the result.

ELSA MAXWELL CURES BOREDOM

PARTY-GIVER

Members of Manhattan's smart set apparently are going to be just a bit bored this summer. Although they still will have money to play with, their pet playmate won't be around to tell them how to amuse themselves —last week, Elsa Maxwell, leader of the swank and sometimes silly Park Avenue "gang" sailed for Europe.

For the past six years, Elsa has kept New York society amused by its own antics. At Alsa's "Come-As-Somebody-Else-Party" in 1930, and at the next year, Wall Street brokers, industrial leaders, bank presidents, their wives and debutante daughters frolicked as they hadn't since childhood. In 1932-33 owners of 16-cylinder cars left their chauffeurs at home and drove madly all over New York in search of "treasures" which Elsa had planted and to which she had given them the clues. By 1934 she had her playmates scurrying around with a slip of paper which offered a prize to the person who could collect such items as a hair from a horse's tail, the mayor's autograph, and a policeman's badge—this became known as a "scavenger" hunt.

Fun is expensive in the largest city in America, and although Elsa provided fun she did not provide the money for it. At each of Elsa's parties some wealthy New Yorker played host. As one of them remarked, however, their names were forgotten before the guests got inside the door. The party's always have been "Elsa's."

Elsa, whose age must be indefinitely estimated at between 40 and 50, gave her first party when she was ten—and someone else payed for it then just as now. She invited all her young friends for a launch ride on San Francisco Bay. The parents who came to collect their offspring when the ride was over had to foot the bill.

Jolted out of San Francisco by the earthquake, Elsa joined a Shakespearean Company. Eventually landing in New York, she became accompanist to a vaudeville singer, Dorothy Toye, and with her went to South Africa. Paris and London saw something of Elsa for the next few years, but didn't seem to know much about her. When the War came, however, soldiers and civilians began to hear of her. Her ballads (not always designed for innocent ears) were sung in the trenches and at charity functions.

When the War was over, Elsa seriously began her conquest of Europe. Going to Venice in 1920 she found a quiet, picturesque city entirely without night-life. Elsa put an end to all this. She turned the Lido into a smart beach resort, inaugurated motor boat races on the Grand Canal, and launched a night club on a floating barge.

Elsa's ability to show society how to entertain itself is based entirely on an imagination that apparently knows no bounds or inhibitions. Those who know her say she is neither a particularly good organizer nor a shrewd business woman. It is doubtful whether she has made any money for herself, although she has helped others spend thousands of dollars in chasing away boredom. Her friends in New York will expect her to return from Europe with new ideas for fun at any cost.

NUBIA

Many spend their vacation canoeing in winding rivers. This was written by Mayor R. Ravenhart to the New York Times.

The Nile is dull, as a waterway, almost currentless, dead easy; but there is no river in the world that offers so much to see along its banks, especially from the Sudan to Luxor, the part that I rceently canoed. And the part that I recently canoed. And there was no other way for me to see that series of Nile temples—the steamers do not stop at them, and I do not happen to have a steam yacht or money to hire one.

Welcomed by Villagers

My trip was planned to vsiit the temples; but, unexpectedly, the Nubians proved as great an attraction. Needless to say, many kind and "well-informed" friends had insisted in advance on their unattractiveness: "Nubians, you konw—you have to keep an eye on your gear! And of course you can't touch their food; have to carry all your provisions with you. What sort of gun are you taking along, by the way?"

As a matter of fact I lived "on the country" and ate and enjoyed the native food tiny eggs, and pigeons, and vague vegetable stews, mostly, with huge Nubian flap-jacks, wafer-thin and a good three feet in diameter. Often I was a guest and ate with the village notables, dipping biblically into a common dish with fingers protected by the bread; oftener my meal arrived at my tent in a lordly procession, headed by the father carrying a basket tray, and tapering off into smaller and smaller sons with bread tray and water jar and teapot. The Nubian drinks tea for preference, and packets of tea were often the only return that I could make, after my arrival back in Cairo, for the hospitality pressed on me; and as an Englishman I must of course take this tea drinking as another sign of Nubian superiority over the coffee-drinking Egyptian. The procession usually ended with the sugar basin, clasped tightly by the smallest son to a stomach as round as the pot itself.

As for honesty, there are few countries in the world where I would do as I did in Nubia, leaving my boat and gear unwatched (except once for a totally unnecessary urchin who took it upon himself to act as their guardian and dubiously accepted in return a piece of chocolate candy, unknown delicacy to him) while I visited and sketched and photographed a temple, or slept untroubled in a rock-perched village while my boat and kit lay a good 590 yards below on the bank.

They are a great people, the Nubians. They are not Egyptians, please note, unless you want to offend them beyond forgiveness. The mixture of ancient Egyptian and Negro and Arab and Blemmye (whoever they were) and Roman and Circassian and Turkish has bred a fine, aristocratically lean, hard-flanked type, with greyhound lines, so that a Nubian lad stripped for work or a swim looks like the shadow of a young Greek god.

A Progressive People

They have taken the best that civilization has to offer them they are far more progressive than their neighbors in Upper Egypt, building better houses and ornamenting them artistically, using modern rigs on their boats, which are built of long, imported timber, whereas in Egypt the laborious patchwork of small acacia planks is still common.

I delighted in the temples, the joy of being able to study them at leisure, to sit for hours and get the feeling of cruise again for the temples; I would do it even were there no temples to visit, for the sake of visiting the Nubians themselves.

THE GREATEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED

Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in an obscure village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty, and then for three years he was an itinerant teacher. He never wrote a book. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where he was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but himself. He had nothing to do with this world except the power of His divine manhood. While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property he had on earth while he was dying—His coat. When he was dead he was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, today he is the centerpiece of the human race and the Leader of the column of progress.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has THAT ONE SOLITARY LIFE."

Phillips Brooks.

HOUSEHOLD

BRIDES, DISHWASHING

June is the month in which a large number of brides come to realize that one of the most frequent and most essential tasks of housekeeping is washing dishes. It comes regularly three times a day. Hence the following dishwashing tips:

First, the task is easier if performed immediately after each meal before the food particles become dry and hard to remove. Then, home economics experts have found that the task is still easier if a certain procedure is followed. They recommend: (1) carfeully stack the dishes on the table or sink in piles; (2) soak egg and milk dishes and silverware in cold water; (3) rinse sticky and greasy plates and other articles with warm water; (4) use plenty of hot water and soap suds in the actual washing; (5) wash glassware first; (6) the silverware next; (7) then the chinaware, and (8) finally, the pots and pans.

WEEK'S HINTS

Chewing gum can be removed from clothing by rubbing the spot with kerosene and brushing off the remaining residue.

To help prolong the life of cut flowers, wash the vases thoroughly with soap and water, and scald them.

The setting of a jelly can be hastened by placing the mold in a pan of cold water.

Soiled window shades may be washed by spreading each shade on a flat surface and then rubbing it with a clean cloth or sponge and soapsuds.

Tar is easily removed from the hands and clothing with lard, followed by warm water and soap.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and at 'em." Gentle, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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BY

GEORGE A. HANSON

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