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HISTORY OF HAIR DRESSING.

Law's Once Passed Limiting the Size of a Woman's Headress.

No matter how sensibly a woman may adorn the rest of her person, when it comes to her hairdressing and headgear her fancy is apt to take some fearful and wonderful flights.

It has been so ever since, away back in the dark ages, some woman discovered that there might be other modes of hairdressing than the time-honored "pigtail."

Then some obliging man invented hair pins and the trouble began. The



women of Greece were almost the only civilized women on earth who always retained their simple, artistic manner of hairdressing. In France and England during the eighteenth century it reached such ridiculous proportions that finally a law was passed limiting the size of a woman's headress.

Then for a number of years it was comparatively simple until a distorted reincarnation of Mme. Pompadour appeared and the girl of to-day is quite as absurd as her great-great-grandmother. She does her hair in the most extreme style, and on top of it perches a ridiculous, flaring hat. She looks top-heavy, and does not even reach the goal for which she is striving—style.

The pompadour, as worn by the woman who invented it, was a graceful fashion, but poor, pretty Mme. Pompadour would turn in her grave could she see the evolution of her fad—N. Y. Evening Journal

Tanning Time Is Upon Us.

However fetching a bronzed coat of tan may appear on the outdoor girl, it is out of place in a winter ball-room. Once acquired, however, it is difficult to get rid of, and an appreciation of this fact makes the summer girl careful of her complexion.

Not that she goes about swathed in veils and heavy hats. There are the daintiest of light sunbonnets this year, protecting face and neck. Or all headwear is discarded and a parasol carried.

Then there are other precautions that may be taken. When a day is to be spent outdoors the face should be wiped with a bit of old linen on which has been spread the following cream: Spermaceti (pure), 1/4 ounce; white wax (pure), 1/4 ounce; almond oil, 1/4 pound; butter of cocoa, 1/4 pound; lanoline, 2 ounces. Melt and stir in one dram of balsam of Peru. After setting pour off the clear portion and add two fluid drams of orange flower water and stir briskly until it concretes.

This cream should be thoroughly rubbed into the skin, and what has not been absorbed should be wiped away and a little powder dusted over the face.

Light new freckles acquired in the early summer succumb to a wash made of salicylic acid, 60 grains, bay rum, 4 ounces, applied morning and evening with a sponge.

Where everything else has failed the woman with obstinate freckles may with benefit try the following formula which has succeeded in a very obdurate case:

Oxide of zinc, 1/2 dram; sublimed bismuth, 1/4 dram; dextrin, 1 1/2 drams; glycerine, 1 1/2 drams. Spread the paste upon the freckles at night before going to bed. In the morning remove what remains with a little powdered borax and sweet oil.

Tomato and Rice Soup.

Put one can of tomatoes, one pint of hot water, three cloves, two peppercorns, one tablespoon of sugar, half a level teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and three tablespoonfuls of washed rice in an agate pan over the fire; put one tablespoonful of butter over the fire; add one slice of onion and a sprig of parsley; fry slowly without browning; add this to the soup and cook until the rice is tender; rub through a fine strainer; serve hot.

Developing Real Strength.

There is only one way in which man or woman can develop real strength, and that is to fight unceasingly and to stand absolutely alone.—Gertrude Atherton in North American Review.

Tea Frappe.

Upon six teaspoonfuls of mixed tea pour two quarts of freshly boiling water, stand for ten minutes, strain off and sweeten to taste. When cold, freeze.

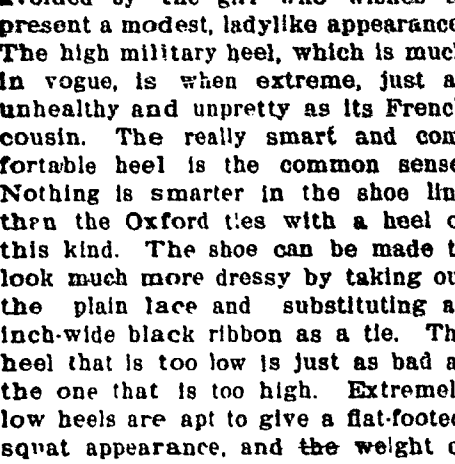
THE RIGHT AND WRONG SHOE.

How to Distinguish One From the Other and the Reasons.

There is no way in which a woman's good or bad taste shows more plainly than in the manner in which she dresses her feet. The ridiculous heels that have been worn the last few seasons have been neither pretty nor sensible. Nine out of ten girls one meets are tottering along on these spindly heels, the figure thrown out of its natural lines and the feet tilted up at such an angle as to be most harmful.

With these they wear the most open of open-work stockings, and the result is that they attract a great deal of objectionable attention, and the wearer cannot even have the satisfaction of feeling that her feet look pretty. Nothing looks prettier than is unnatural and forced. If the girls must have French heels let them wear a shoe with a heel that is moderate—and comfortable. Open-work stockings never look well in the street; in fact, loud stockings of any kind are avoided by the girl who wishes to present a modest, ladylike appearance.

The high military heel, which is much in vogue, is when extreme, just as unhealthy and unpretty as its French cousin. The really smart and comfortable heel is the common sense. Nothing is smarter in the shoe line than the Oxford ties with a heel of this kind. The shoe can be made to look much more dressy by taking out the plain lace and substituting an inch-wide black ribbon as a tie. The heel that is too low is just as bad as the one that is too high. Extremely low heels are apt to give a flat-footed, squat appearance, and the weight of



the wearer is thrown too much on the spinal cord. Children should always wear spring heels until they are eight or nine years old. Pointed toes are just as injurious as high heels. They pinch and cramp the foot and are agony to wear. This year the pretty tan pumps are exceedingly smart, especially when worn with stockings of the same shade.

Window Garden Flowers.

Any plants other than geraniums should be grown in boxes about nine inches deep and some ten inches wide. Good black soil should be used, mixed liberally with a good fertilizer. Seeds and plants should be purchased from a reliable seed man, otherwise they have a peculiar habit of not coming up, and every evening in summer the plants should be liberally watered, not merely sprinkled, but well drenched.

Supposing it should be decided to have six window gardens, two looking toward the east and four toward the south; then, in one of the two eastern windows may be sweet alyssum. In the other sweet peas, pansies and cypress vine.

In the southern windows may be grown mignonette, phlox and old-fashioned lavender, pinks, nasturtiums and dwarf sunflowers, petunias, asters and poppies, and in the last box bachelor's buttons and four o'clocks.

Of course, if variety is not liked, each box may be devoted to plants of one kind, gladiolus bulbs growing admirably in this way, and, of course a whole box of pansies is sure to be a success.

It is sometimes possible to grow sweet peas and pansies in a northerly window box, although nasturtiums and begonias grow with better success in that aspect.

Some people have had great success with seeds by soaking them in hot water, and allowing them to remain in the water for twenty-four or thirty-six hours. This process hastens germination.

American Girl in Italy.

A large endowment was left by Mrs. Mary Boorman Ceccanini, who died not long since in Italy to continue the good works started by her in the village of Riccione, near Rimini. She dedicated herself to the poor, founding a hospital with every modern convenience, opening a kindergarten and improving the village in many ways. The kindergarten, opened in 1891, cares for sixty children, to each of whom a hot meal is given at noon. The hospital, opened in 1893, has twenty beds, with an annex of four more for infectious cases. Mrs. Ceccanini was before her marriage to Dr. Ceccanini, a New York girl, but spent her later years with her husband in Italy.

Carries Uncle Sam's Letters.

One of the few women who carry the United States mails is Miss Jessie Ayer of Charlotte, Me. Miss Ayer makes the trip three times a day between Charlotte and Ayer's Junction, a distance of six miles, much of the road lying through thick forest.

THE FLYING VISIT.

By Sir Richard Tracy.

Sir Richard Tracy was a gentleman of easy fortune and many friends, although his age was fifty-six and he was unmarried, yet no one ever dreamt of calling him "an old bachelor"—least of all his nephew and heir, Capt. Guy Tracy, since that gentleman might have turned his uncle's thoughts in the direction of a wife. Sir Richard found the estate of single blessedness entirely to his taste—he was master of himself, his time, and his purse. He assumed a fatherly manner toward pretty girls, daughters of his contemporaries, and accepted the post of "family friend" in various pleasant houses. He rented a luxurious flat near Victoria street, and every day at stated hours walked through St. James' Park en route to his equally luxurious club.

One May afternoon he experienced a little adventure which for an hour or two disturbed the serene monotony of his daily round. As he passed through the park about 6 o'clock, on his way home, he noticed a tall, lady-like girl standing not far from the gate opening into the Birdcage Walk, through which all the foot-passengers from St. James' Station stream through the park. She was evidently awaiting some one—a most fortunate some one, for the damsel was young and amazingly pretty—a lady, too. As she caught the glance of Sir Richard's keen, interrogative eyes, she reddened and looked down, apparently overcome with shyness and embarrassment. What were her people about, to allow this mere child to stand by the wayside, a gazing-stock for all men?

Sir Richard was dining that night with friends in St. James' Square at 7.30 sharp, as they had made up a party for the theatre. Having affected his usual leisurely and careful toilet, as it was a lovely May evening he returned on foot across the park. He had entirely forgotten the girl, and was not a little startled to find her still standing in precisely the same spot, still gazing into the distance with great wistful gray eyes.

Sir Richard had a kind heart as well as an attractive paternal manner. He paused and said, as he swept off his hat:

"I am afraid—you are—or—a tired standing; you have been here for some time. Can I help you in any way—or get a cab?"

The girl shook her head slightly, and then, to his dismay, burst into a storm of tears—yes, loud, half hysterical sobs.

"Here, come with me," he said in an imperious tone. "Come—over here"—hastily leading the way to a sequestered seat—"and tell me all about it."

The girl followed him with childlike obedience, sat down beside him on the green bench, and continued to sob, and sob, and sob.

"Oh, this won't do at all!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Come now, let me hear all about it. Your friend has never turned up. Have you been waiting long?"

"Since 6 o'clock. I came over from Ireland this morning."

"And drove straight from Euston here?"

"Yes; I was so afraid I'd be late—at—"

"At the rendezvous—I see. And so she had disappointed you?"

"Oh, sir," and she blushed to her hair, "it is not a lady who was to have met me."

"Not?" with well-affected surprise. "Then your father or some relative?"

"No, indeed; but a stranger—that is," she stammered, "a stranger to them."

"This is unusual. Have you friends in London?"

"No, not one. I don't know a soul except him—"

"The stranger?"

"Yes, and I've—Oh!" and she dropped her hands in her lap, with a sudden dramatic gesture, and looked up at him with a lovely but tear-stained face. "I know you are kind and good, and so I must tell you the truth. I have run away from home, and all I have in the world is a crooked sixpence."

"Go on," he urged. "Tell me all about it, my dear. You are perfectly safe."

"Oh!" and she covered her face with her hands. "I feel so dreadfully ashamed. Please don't look at me, and I will try and tell you."

"All right. Then I will shut my eyes."

"We live out in the west of Ireland, and I came up to Dublin to have music lessons, and to stay with grannie. She is nearly blind, and has a companion to read to her, and do the housekeeping. Miss Tooke was my chaperon, and went with me shopping—and to my music lessons—and the dentist's—and once or twice to concerts—and the theatre—matinees, of course."

"Yes, and at the matinees?" he went on briskly.

"I—I—There was one actor—he had the best part—he was the hero. He was so handsome, and—and—a hero, indeed. I lost my head—I fell in love with him."

"And Miss Tooke was just as crazy. We went to every matinee, and gramma thought it was to the dentist. He noticed me from the stage, and smiled at me. After that Miss Tooke wrote and begged for his photograph, and then I got to know him—and I felt so proud—and so happy."

"Yes?" he muttered. "The usual foot's paradise."

"Yes, I recall it as a sort of nightmare—sometimes I almost perceive that it was not a dream. Oh, I am glad to hear of my uncle. What was I doing when you last saw him?"

"What question is easily answered. I was on a walk with my gramma in St. James' Park—"

"And you were with me?"

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