

VEGETABLE BEAUTY

Cucumbers Will Give the Desired White Neck—Lemons, Lettuce, Tomatoes Also Help.

"Three things are necessary to the woman who wants a nice throat," says a woman who treats necks as a specialty. "These are plenty of air, a little sunshine and nothing at all around the neck."

A neck whitener is cream of cucumber, made at home and in a few minutes. Take a cucumber, cut it up in a pint of water, let it simmer fifteen minutes, strain and bottle. Into this shake ten drops of benzoin. Use it three times a week.

In Paris they are whitening the neck with a cut tomato. Cut the tomato in slices and rub it on the neck well. Let it remain on for five minutes. Then wash it off with very hot water and plenty of soap.

In the water use a teaspoonful of powdered borax to a quart of water. This will whiten the neck, it is said.

The lettuce lotion is also good. Cut up a heart of lettuce. Stew it in a quart of water until it has simmered down to a pint. Then strain and add half a teaspoonful of powdered borax and five drops of benzoin.

All the fruit acids are good for removing stains from the neck. One of the best is the strawberry. But it must be used very carefully or it will discolor the skin.

For the neck it must be diluted with an equal quantity of water and made soft by the addition of a little borax. For the cheeks it can be used pure.

A neck that is yellow requires a different treatment. It must be bleached.

Carbolated vaseline is good for the neck that is chapped and rough. If the skin is in very bad shape it can be subjected to a treatment which resembles the bleaching process upon the hands.

Make a good hand paste and apply it to the neck. Let it remain on for fifteen minutes or half an hour, and take off with good soap.

"The best shoulder and neck whitener," says she, "is sour milk. Sour milk applied to the face, the neck and the shoulders will bleach them. Let it dry on. Don't wash it off for an hour. You cannot use it too often. It is the best known bleach for the skin."

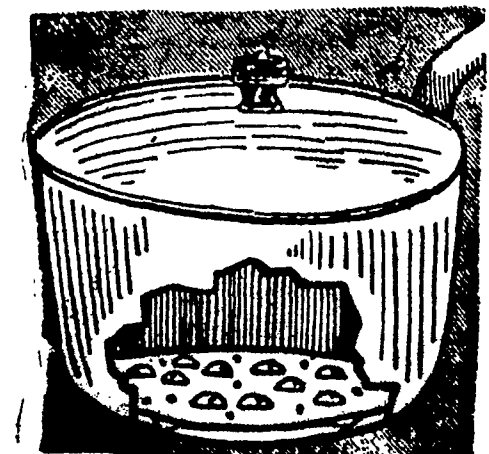
"The sweet milk bath is pleasant and sometimes more available. Whole pure sweet milk, creamy and about a day old is the best. Wash the face and neck in it."

"Women who have access to a buttermilk tub, as they call it in the country can have a nice skin. Take a cup of the buttermilk, put it in a shallow basin and hold the hands in it."

"Buttermilk stirred thick with bran makes a nice whitener for the neck, and it is very fine indeed for the hands, used as a glove paste."—New York Sun.

A Useful New Utensil.

A Food Protector is the latest novelty in the line of kitchen utensils. It is made of enameled metal and



looks like a sort of perforated shelf. Inserted in the cooking pot it positively prevents the food from burning. It is particularly valuable in the making of purées and cooking vegetables, etc. The protector comes in various sizes.

Left-Overs of Soap.

Almost every woman of dainty instincts indulges to a greater or less extent in perfumed toilet soap, the better qualities of which are always rather expensive; and it is the latter fact which prompts her, if she is economically inclined, to use each tablet down to the very last fragment, in order that as little as possible of the precious substance may be wasted.

The smallest left-overs of soap may be used by placing the bits together in a small bag of linen cheesecloth, and tying securely, so that none of them can escape. The bag is used in precisely the same way as a tablet of soap would be, the soap oozing freely through the fabric when the latter is immersed in water.

For the bath a soap bag, is to be preferred to the piece of soap, being decidedly less elusive and on the whole easier to manage. The bag may be embroidered, if one cares to bestow the necessary time and labor upon it, but a plain bag of cheesecloth is quite as satisfactory in use as an elaborately embroidered linen one.—New York Journal.

Dress Items.

Both plaited and circular skirts will be worn.

Suppleness and luster are characteristics of the fashionable silks.

Skirts will only be trimmed at or near the bottom.

Amethysts are promised considerable vogue this season and will be worn alone and combined with pearls and diamonds.

WHAT THE MOUTH TELLS

Drooping Corners Show Habitual Frivolousness and Discontent.

In these days of beauty experts every feature of a face may be more or less changed, but there is just one a woman makes herself, and which indicates her character. That one is her mouth, and by the lines about it one can tell whether a woman is nervous or placid, whether she has a sweet nature or a sulky one. For any of these influences the way she habitually shapes her lips. As one woman summed it up:—"Your other features you are born with, but your mouth you make yourself."

In other words it can be trained, and is, and she is therefore a wise woman who makes it look pleasant even though she does not feel so.

Looking happy is merely a trick of the lips turning upward a little at the corners. It is really just as easy to do this as to let them droop, as is habitually the case. But instead of looking as though life held some happiness the faces of women taken as they sit side by side in a street car are appalling. While they are not talking and the faces are in repose they look as though they had not a friend in the world and could never smile again. This is indeed a characteristic of American women.

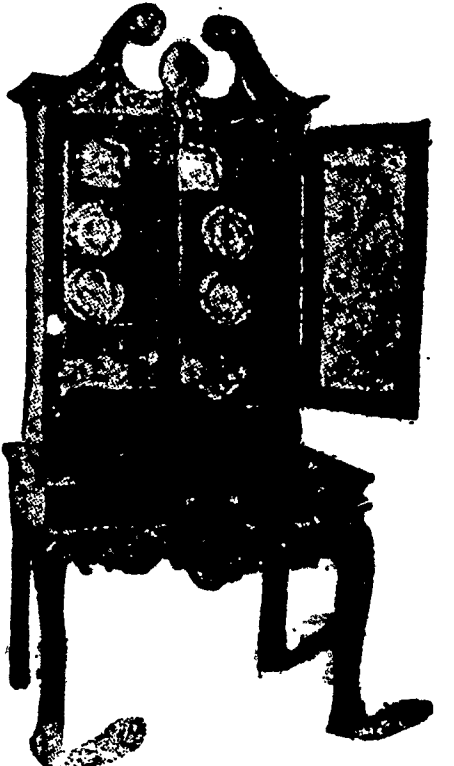
When the corners of the lips turn up a trifle the face may be quiet, but still has an appearance of serenity which makes it extremely attractive, as it seems on the point of breaking into a smile. Conversely, when the corners droop in the common way a woman either seems to be crosser than two sticks or else unhappy. As a rule the latter expression prevails. Moreover, many a pretty face is spoiled by a peevish expression about the mouth, and instead of being an attractive person the woman is quite the contrary. As though this were not bad enough, drooping corners emphasize the two long lines, possibilities of which are on every face, that run from the nose to the ends of the lips, and which always increase the effect of age.

Pointing lips develop the same lines merely at a little different angle, and again spoil the prettiness of a face, while lips drawn in tightly give a hard expression and cause little fine lines near the corners. This expression is largely a result of nervousness and might readily be overcome.

It may seem foolish to a woman to practice a pleasant expression before a mirror, but indeed it would be worth the effort. It is entirely a matter of muscles about the mouth, which may make her pretty or the reverse. It is not when she is talking that the average woman need fear how she looks. It is when her face is in repose, when she is riding in street cars or waiting with nothing to do. Then her face assumes a faraway look, and the mouth that she has made herself shows for what it is.—New York Telegram.

Antique China Closet.

The demand for antique furniture



is on the increase, and in the shops are to be seen odd tables, desks, and china closets, and these are artistic and useful.

White Hair Not Honored.

In Serbia fair hair is so much disliked that even white hair is regarded with scant approval. Indeed no self-respecting Serbian matron would appear in public with the white hair which seems to us so venerable.

Neither her mother nor grandmother would have thought of doing such a thing, and so her feeling of what is seemly makes her dye her hair, and she is not in the least ashamed of the fact.

Why should she be? asks a writer in Home Notes. She only does what custom demands, and the dyeing of her hair shows not vanity, but that she has a proper regard for the proprieties.

Laundry Hints.

A practical laundress says that all the towels should be thoroughly dried before they are put in the hamper.

That clothespins are made much more durable by boiling for ten minutes before they are used.

That linen may be made beautifully white by the use of a little refined borax.

That calicoes, ginghams and chintzes should be ironed on the wrong side.

That a very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woollens.

That napkins should always be folded with the selvedge toward the ironer.

That embroideries should be ironed on a thin, smooth surface over thick flannel and only on the wrong side.

MOVEMENTS OF SEISMOLOGICAL

Often Come Without Warning and Force Felt Miles Away.

Seismographs are mighty disturbances of the waters of the ocean, their cause or causes being identical with the causes of earthquakes. In Maj. C. E. Dutton's book, "Earthquakes," the author has some interesting facts regarding the ocean variety of quakes. From the entries in the logs of many ships he concludes that in rare cases the power of the seismograph shocks may be great enough to render standing on the deck as difficult as it sometimes is on land. It may even be great enough to cause the fear that the vessel is being shaken to pieces. A frequent accompaniment of the seismograph. On the west coast of South America, where these waves are frequent, they sometimes follow a quake having its center below the sea level, that is also felt on land. But more often they come without warning. The most memorable seismograph of this locality occurred Aug. 3, 1908.

Maj. Dutton describes it as follows: "The coast of South America was shaken all the way from Guayaquil in Ecuador to Valdivia in Chile, the highest intensity being manifested in the neighborhood of Africa. The force of the quake in this town was very great, throwing down most of the structures and producing land slips. A few minutes later—precisely how many minutes is not known—the sea was observed to retire slowly from the shore, so that ships anchored in seven fathoms of water were left high and dry."

"A few minutes later still it was seen returning in a great wall or 'bore' which caught up the ships in the roadstead and swept them inland as if they were mere chips of wood. Among them was the United States steamer Waterlee, one of the improvised war vessels of the blockading fleet of the civil war, which was carried inland nearly half a mile and left with little injury on shore by the recession of the wave."

Trivial Causes of War.

The immediate cause of the great wars of history has often been a surprisingly trivial incident. It is said incidentally that no two wars have ever been brought about in exactly the same way. Mere jests have often caused dreadful wars. In the time of William the Conqueror, for instance, it was a jest pure and simple that brought on the war between England and France and ultimately cost the great William his life. One day his contemporary Philip of France delicately remarked at dinner that William was "like a fillet of beef on castors and ought to be exhibited at a prize monarch show." William heard of this and in a furious rage ordered his troops to invade at once. This was done, and a war commenced, which ended in the English king being thrown from his horse and killed while superintending the siege of Mantes. A more recent case is told of Frederick the Great, who nearly caused a war with England by referring to King George as "a bloated ox."

In a recent war between the army of Ecuador and that of a neighboring state considerable damage had been done before any explanations were forthcoming. Then it transpired that the rival armies had been "manoeuvring" on the frontier rather too near each other, and could not resist the temptation to try conclusions. The only recent case in Europe of a formal declaration of war made before actual operations were begun was that of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. The first intimations of the intentions of the Boers in their war came out of the muzzles of their mauzers.

More Boys Than Girls Born.

Europe—Since more boys than girls are born in the countries of western Europe, the proportion being 1,040 to 1,060 boys to every 1,000 girls, how can we account for the fact that there are more women than men in these countries? To this question M. de Varing, a French scientist, replies at length in a leading Paris paper.

"Since there are more women, although more men are born," he says, "we must conclude that more men than women die because they are not as healthy. There is no other solution, and, moreover, all the obtainable facts point in the same direction. More boys are born than girls, yet there are almost always more girls alive than boys. Many persons think that the principal reason why more men die than women is because they lead intemperate lives, but, though there may be some truth in this, it cannot be the sole solution of the problem, as the mortality among males is greatest during their early years, before they know what vice or intemperance means."

Germany's Puzzling Cement.

In Germany puzzling cement is now a well recognized trade product, with a good reputation for its properties of strength and hardness. This cement is produced by grinding and thoroughly mixing 85 per cent granulated slag with 15 per cent of lime hydrate. Slag has also been employed in Germany largely by the Portland cement manufacturers as a substitute for the marl and limestone, and the claims that cement made with this addition is stronger than the ordinary cement have now been recognized by eminent authorities.—London Engineer.

African epicures consider the tongue of a young giraffe a great delicacy. The meat of the animal is said to taste somewhat like veal.

In Prussia the price of medicine is regulated by the state, a new price list being published every year.

ACQUIRE GRACEFUL MANNERS

Dancing Cuts For Awkward Young Women—Steps For Home Practice.

Almost the first thing taught by dancing masters is the proper way in which to point the toe. This means a simple enough feat, no pun intended. As a matter of fact, it is exceedingly difficult for the ungraceful girl to learn.

With the acquirement of this primary lesson in the art, the beginning of graceful carriage is learned. Not a foot movement in fancy dancing, but is accompanied by movements of the arm and head. The entire body is, indeed, brought into play and becomes through constant practice a some what of a whole. It is the whole that is unbending as a tree trunk. One notices always in awkward people that the carriage of the body is stiff and unbending, so that any exercises which tend to overcome this defect are to be commended.

Pointing the toe, that is, really pointing it, not merely thrusting it out, and at the same time throwing the arm above her head in a graceful loop, is a good exercise and one which will take some time to learn how properly to accomplish, easy as it sounds. When this has been satisfactorily tried, take the same position and at the same time bend the body as far back as possible.

Try this repeatedly, five minutes at a time, with intervals of rest between. If awkward or heavy on the feet, try bending the body suddenly forward at the waist line and, grasping the skirt or clasp the hands in front, jumping up lightly on one foot and extending the other as far behind you as possible as you jump. This is a very good exercise to make one light upon the feet.

Another grace-producing posture is to point the toe and at the same time throw one arm over the head, pointing upward with the index finger, while the other hand points toward the extended toe. All these actions must be in unison to acquire the right dancing position. That is to say, you must not first point the toe, and raise the arm over the head and then raise the other hand toward the toe, but you must execute all of them simultaneously. Therein lies one of the secrets of real grace, all attitudes suggesting grace of the entire body.

At first you may have to try each action separately. Then try combining them until you can take any posture instantaneously by calling out to yourself its number, say, "number one" for the first set just given, "number two" for the next, and so on.

If there are several girls in the family and they care to try these dancing positions they will get some fun and at the same time some real good out of them. If one acts as accompanist and plays a minuet or other music in stately measure while the rest try the postures, calling out the numbers according to the accustomed rhythm of the melody.

For instance, a set of positions might be as follows:—

No. 1.—Pointing toe.

No. 2.—Pointing toe, throwing arms above head in graceful circle at the same time.

No. 3.—Pointing other toe and bending body backward as far as possible from waist line.

No. 4.—Pointing toe, throwing one arm high over head, extending other arm downward with finger pointing at toe.

No. 5.—Jumping up quickly and lightly on one toe with other foot extended behind and hands clasped in front.

No. 6.—Jumping up lightly on one toe with arms thrown above head as in No. 2.

Variations of these postures and movements may be had by trying them first with one foot and then with the other. That gives twelve good dancing postures. Where there are several little girls in the family this will be found an excellent exercise from a hygienic as well as from a purely pretty point of usefulness.

A brother or older sister can act as accompanist, and the children will enjoy the fun while at the same time they are learning to be graceful.

Numbers of other postures, there are, and many of them equally as excellent as these given here, but this number, if followed faithfully, will do very well for a start, and when they have been acquired others can readily be added.

A Pretty Hat.

There is no end to the variety of pretty hats in shape and coloring to be worn the coming season. The tri-



cone shape promises to be most popular. This pretty one is made of mixed blue and green straw with a band of blue and green ribbon around crown finished by bunch roses and foliage.

To Clear a House of Beetles.

Take a pound of powdered borax and put it into a tin box with a perforated lid. Next dust the borax lightly over the floor, on the walls, and in fact, where the beetles are found, and they will soon disappear.

THE NOVELIST'S YOUTH

The eminent novelist was in a bad mood. For some minutes now he had been regarding rather blankly the equally blank sheets of paper lying before him on his desk. It was a June morning and—somehow—reminded him of another June morning far off in the long ago. He was in the room, the bright sunshining streamer through the open London window, filling the air with dancing thoughts that made our novelist so retrospective—and idle. He had in his mind vaguely a vision of that June morning in a Devonshire orchard, when in the seclusion of youth he had talked and she had listened. When, half-fearfully, he had touched the mysteries of love.

Long ago—oh, very long ago! Blame that—what was the girl's name? She had had ridiculous ideas, incompatible with such a serious room and such an important and—well—the eminent novelist recollected. Her father had owned the older orchard and many others. What was the name? Sampford or Widdicombe, or Debbyside?

Not any of them a bit like it. She was a memory—nothing more. The eminent novelist sighed. Time had changed since then. Now he was—well, famous, in a sort of way. That is, he had not worldly, sordid troubles.

A discreet tap at the door disturbed these more comfortable reflections. It was the page boy.

"Please, sir, a lady."

"Yes?"

"Won't give her name, sir. Wants to see you very particular. Has called twice already."

"Ask her to be good enough to come in," interrupted the eminent novelist with a faint hope of "copy" rising within him. Those blank sheets were reproachful.

A moment later a girl rushed into the sanctum. She was dressed in violet, made in the extreme of fashion, with a great black feather that on her well-polished head. She appeared very much at ease, and smiled affably enough toward the eminent novelist.

"You must forgive my boarding you like this," she began, graciously. "I haven't sent the carriage away, so you can imagine that I won't really detain you." The novelist indicated a seat, and bowed. "Thank you, actually. I see I have disturbed you. Well, to the point, then, at once. I have come to talk about your books. Your last one is a distinct falling away."

"Oh, I know it's unusual and all that for one to speak one's opinion in the open," the girl went on, airily. She had a perfume of violets about her, and a pretty trick of dimpling her cheeks.

"I have read all your books, don't you know," continued the girl, suddenly becoming serious. "And, in a manner, I have rather gone in for them. A woman's first enthusiasm sort of thing, falling in love with a portrait idea. You understand?"

"I think so," (he rather flattered himself on comprehending the sex.)

"Well, honestly, you know, you're not doing yourself justice. I won't say you're potboiling exactly; but, at any rate, you're lighting the fire preparatory to it. Now, I'm sorry—and so are heaps of people—who—who care, don't you know?"

"It's very good of you."

"Not at all. As I said, one has ideals and things in one's youth." (The novelist admitted that.) "You're rather my ideal—or you were. I can prove to you that you are falling away. Take your first book, for instance—"

"Crude, and very young," suggested the novelist.

"Crude and very sincere," corrected the girl swiftly. "Begin to believe that with age and experience one's eyes grow dim. I understand it's physiologically so in the fifties, but as regards the soul, decay appears to set in much earlier. I'm not keeping you?"

"Please go on."

"Well, do just read some of your early work again. I'm sure—"

"If you can really prove to me that my stuff is becoming worse instead of slightly better," the novelist checked her, "I will very willingly give a check for 100 guineas to any charity you like to name."

The violet girl laughed again, and dimpled her round cheeks. "Well, that's business, certainly, and I'd dearly like to take up the challenge. But I want to speak of your books generally, with a view to helping you and myself. You know that now it's your name that sells."

The novelist shrugged his shoulders and glanced toward the clock.

"I've got to go," said the girl, smoothing her skirts decoratively. "I won't keep you a minute longer. This is my notice. I'll write your stories for you, and you'll sign them. It will be a good deal less work for you, while I—"

"Yes?" inquired he, rising.

"I don't seem to be able to sell my stories as it is, don't you see?" she continued, with the first signs of losing her nerve. Her dimple had vanished temporarily. "And I'm sure—"

"I'm profoundly obliged to you," remarked the eminent novelist very coldly. "But I fear such an arrangement would be scarcely fair."

"Not fair?" she echoed, with a touch of scorn. "Not fair? To whom? To your publisher? He doesn't even read your manuscripts now, of course. It's just your name and his imprint."

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