

## Helpful Beauty Hints

Proper Use of Cosmetics, All Picturesque Results—Effective Treatment of Rouge for Cheeks and Ear Loops—Whitening Lotions for Neck and Shoulders—Hair Treatment.

The use of cosmetics, so long an acknowledgedly important part of European woman's toilet, has always been strongly disapproved in America.

Public opinion is, however, undergoing a gradual change in this respect, probably brought about in part by the general harmlessness of the articles used.

In the past much was heard of the poisoning of actors and actresses (for many years the only large consumers) by white lead, which was a principal ingredient of paints used on stage. Nowadays all paints, powders and hairdyes that are bought from a reliable source, are as carefully and healthily compounded as prescriptions ordered by a physician.

As a matter of fact pure face paint is not injurious when properly removed. Any one who has a large number of acquaintances among theatrical people will tell you that as a rule their skins look as smooth and fine in private life as when seen on the stage.

This is largely due to the fact that professionals have learned to remove all the makeup carefully with a good cream before retiring, and to take as much care of their face as they do of their clothes. Also to the fact that cosmetics are more carefully prepared than formerly.

Now that the use of rouge has come so decidedly into fashion it may be helpful to explain the proper method of using it.

In the good old days of shaded candles and even in the more recent ones, when gas was used only a fairly good complexion passed muster very well by artificial light. But under the uncompromisingly truthful electric globes, one must be a beauty to look only fairly well, for this particular form of illumination casts a bluish tinge over all skins. To guard against this unbecoming effect a touch of rouge will be most satisfactory.

We are passing through one of those periods in the history of fashion that demands that we all look picturesque and "if we can't look picturesque we must look as picturesque as we can."

Now for a few directions as to the best method of making up the face. The color can be little deeper in the center of the cheeks and then should be blended off lightly all over the cheeks. The tip of the chin should always be tinted as well. After you have done this you will observe that this gives a natural appearance, and does not look blotchy or "painted." If the ears look very white by contrast, tint the outside edges and the lobe very delicately. This detail is one whose neglect has been the cause of many failures.

The lips, pale, should be reddened also and don't make the mistake a person I know did of putting nail salve on them, and thus removing all the skin. After you have finished with the rouge, powder the entire face. Rouge must be very sparingly used and so this a coat applied that what natural color you have will have an opportunity to show through. Nothing adds so much to a face as play of color and the changing dimple.

Some dermatologists offer to make a permanent dimple, but it is most emphatically to be avoided, for its uncertainty is its greatest charm.

A whitening lotion for the neck and shoulders is more lasting than dry powder for use in the evening when a décollete gown is worn. It is much more satisfactory than powder as it does not rub off.

A girl of pliant type of beauty may dare to put a tiny bit of black court plaster at one side of the chin or on the cheek near the eye, but not the fair, placid lady for it would look most incongruous.

Whatever is put on the face during the waking hours, must be removed before retiring, and then no ill effects can possibly follow. This is best done with cleansing cream, which frees the pores from all foreign substances.

**A Simple Hair Treatment.**  
A woman of sixty-five years, who has a head of hair few girls could boast, says the secret of it is her constant brushing.

She has her head shampooed much less frequently than is the present fashion, but preserves a clean scalp by both wet and dry brushing. Twice a week she flips the brush in water and works all over the scalp with it, following it up by a dry brush.

Once in ten days or two weeks she substitutes witchhazel for water. The alcohol in it acts as a cleanser and cuts the oil in the hair.

The only other treatment she believes in is singeing the ends of the hair every six weeks. She does this herself by dividing the hair into tightly twisted strands, while she goes over with a long wax taper used in a gas lighter.

**To Whiten the Hands.**  
Whenever you bathe your hands dry them very thoroughly. Before retiring spread this paste all over the hands and draw on a pair of loose, white cotton gloves, leave on over night and bathe in the morning with warm water, then rinse off with cold. Tight corsets will make the hands red, so if you are in the habit of lacing you must loosen your stays before you can expect to have white hands.

## Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

### "MOTHER'S DAY" BURLESQUED.

The Way Daysey Mayme Honored It Will Set Many Parents to Thinking.

Saturday was Mother's Day, and there are a few who were so busy they didn't observe it, writes the Atchison Globe man. But Daysey Mayme Appleton was not in that number; so, not she! Daysey Mayme arose early, and putting on her best clothes, ate a breakfast that Mother had prepared and then, leaving the dishes for Mother to do, walked to the greenhouse, where she invested in a dozen snow-white carnations. "Some may wear only one," said Daysey Mayme, "that being the badge selected for Mother's Day, but I think Mothers can't be honored too highly, and will wear a dozen."

Daysey Mayme paraded the streets till noon, when she went home to a dinner Mother had prepared, grumbling because it didn't suit her, and then, after telling Mother how well iron her shirtwaists, went to take a nap, leaving the dishes. Daysey Mayme felt guilty upon awakening. She had slept two full hours of a day that should have been spent in honoring Mother. She got up hurriedly and dressed and left the house again, wearing her dozen snow-white carnations, and to every friend on whom she called, that afternoon she told how sweet, how uplifting and how noble it was to set aside a Mother's Day, and how she intended to observe it as long as she lived. Daysey Mayme was invited out to supper, and when she got home at 10 that night Mother was still ironing shirtwaists. "Dear Mother is slow," said Daysey Mayme to herself in her mirror, "but I have honored her all day." Then she went to bed, satisfied that one good day's work was done.

**New Light on Electricity.**  
Attention was recently called in this column to the remarkable observations of Professor Nipher of St. Louis on the property of the electric current, when passing near a sharp corner, of apparently projecting a discharge along its original line of motion. More recently Professor Carter of Wurzburg has independently observed the same phenomenon, and now Prof. Silyanus P. Thompson declares that this seems to be evidence of the existence of a true electric momentum, resembling that of water flowing in a pipe. Prof. Carter had thought of the possibility of such a thing, but his experiments led him to conclude against its existence. Prof. Maxwell afterward asked the question again, and also decided in the affirmative. But Professor Thompson points out that the phenomenon is in accord with the most recent theory of the atomic nature of electricity, which had not been worked out in Maxwell's day, at any rate, says Professor Thompson, we have here a newly acquired fact about electricity, whatever the ultimate explanation of it may be.

**The Joy of Life.**  
Pray heaven that when your child is born he may have the joy of life. There is not a gift he can compare with it. Riches will not buy it, health will not rob its possession of it. Miracles do not insure its possession. Luck of wife prevent one from feeling the joy of life.

It must now and then amuse the gods when they see some long-faced and heart-heavy philanthropist "spilling" some child of poverty, whose debt is more enormous than his pocket or the small amount of food he eats can take away from him.

That poor lame maverick, who barks on the warm griddle along Newspaper row and whose knees peep out of his trousers and stimulate your sympathies as you pass by, needs neither your kind words nor your coin to make him happy. He happens to have the joy of life, and it will stay by him to the end, whether that end be the porter's field or a more fashionable burying ground—Smith's Magazine.

**Put Yourself in His Place.**  
Two weeks ago a young business man married and boasted to his friends that no one should fear when his wedding journey would lead to the couple disappeared absolutely after the last shower of rice lit their carriage. The very next day the bridegroom's mother, between whom and himself an unusual devotion existed, fell dead in her home, without warning. Frantic efforts were made by relatives and friends as to locate the honeymooners, and chiefs of police of several cities were telegraphed to, but without avail. The mother's body had been buried several days before the bridegroom returned. The bridegroom has not recovered yet from the shock. If you were in his place how would you have had events ordered? Or in the bride's place?

**Radium and Vaccines.**  
An Italian physician who exposed fresh vaccine virus to the emanations of radium for varying periods and then made use of it for vaccinating children found, says Dr. Policinello, that there was no effect on the solution of the virus produced by the exposure to the rays, but that the pustules produced by the virus were entirely free from any septic suppuration; there was no inflammation; area and no fever. He holds that this is an efficient method of purifying vaccine virus, but on account of the expense of radium he does not think it can be commonly followed.

**It Stuck.**  
The cat was being pursued by Patrick around and around the kitchen. A sudden turn in the chase landed it "kerplunk" into the crock containing the pickle batter. It scrambled out barely in time to escape a blow from the poker wielded by Patrick, and shot into the yard. "Leave the poor baste go," begged Biddy, seeking to make peace. "The batter 's' turt in the paste. Every place he touched it has stuck to him."

**Silliness in New Zealand.**  
The most illiterate country of the world is New Zealand. Two-thirds of the population can neither read nor write.

**Round About the House.**  
An onion cut up in a saucer and placed in a room will absorb all the odor of fresh paint.

Ammonia "kills" grease by a chemical process and lends luster to silver in the same manner.

A piece of flannel dampened with spirits of camphor will remove stains from windows or mirrors.

A little orris root added to the water in which handkerchiefs are boiled will impart a final scent of violets.

## THE HOUSE OF CLOSED DOORS

It stood back from the street with a sort of dignified remoteness; and was undoubtedly the home of wealth and refinement.

Silperry Sam leaned against the iron fence and peered into the walled garden. The concrete walks were covered with autumn leaves, while an unmistakable atmosphere of desolation surrounded the entire premises.

"Ain't back from the country yet," he reassured bravely. "Looks ripe for a pull. I'll make a bat at it any way."

The gate clanged noisily after him as he walked boldly to the front door and punched the electric button. His hand could hear the answering of the door as its peal rang through the silent house. Getting no response he sauntered around to the back door only to meet with the same success.

"Here's where I come in," he muttered, with a grin, as he paused beside a secluded cellar window. It was the work of a minute to remove the glass, insert his hand and raise the sash. This accomplished, he slid cautiously through the opening. His keen ears listened for the faintest sound. Hearing nothing he took out his boots and, tying them around his neck by their straps, stealthily mounted the stairs.

Like a shadow he crept noiselessly through the handsome rooms. The hall was cluttered with a pile of strapped trunks which he eyed speculatively.

"They are back and have most likely stayed in the city for lunch," he concluded. "I'd better get a hustle on me. Those trunks look promising, but I must find the key of the land first."

The test room to be entered was evidently a nursery, as a small brass crib, hung with silken draperies, ornamented one corner. On the floor was an open trunk and tumbled from it a heterogeneous assortment of toys, lace-trimmed garments and articles of value.

"Hello!"  
"Holy smoke!" Sam seized his pistol and whirled around.

The laughing face of a child was peeping from the hangings of the crib. A tangle of curls shaded its beautiful, sleepy eyes and the soft cheeks were flushed and dimpled.

"Up, up." Small arms were stretched impudently toward Sam, who with set jaws was breathing heavily. Fearful of the consequences if he disregarded the request he stumbled dizzily over to the crib and lifted the child in his shaking arms.

"What do you mean by scaring the life out of me, you young imp?" he hissed savagely.

The baby, used only to loving playfulness, gurgled with delight and covered Sam's rough cheeks with moist kisses.

"Oo is funny man. Piny baby by." Not daring to refuse, Sam, holding the child gingerly, sat down and tried to puzzle out the situation. Whoever left it would in all probability rain shortly; so the main object was to muzzle the kid as quickly as possible. He looked down at the small face and decided confidently against his breast.

The innocent eyes returned his gaze trustfully. Had he the will, he could not find it in his heart to do the helpless little creature any injury.

"Ping!" Again the command, and two tiny fingers were thrust between Sam's constricted lips.

What songs did he know that were fit for those unsullied eyes? He was silent, and then half consciously broke into a crooning whisper:

"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so,  
Where had he heard it? While he sang, the closed doors of memory swung slowly backward.

It was a child again. It was Sunday evening and his young widow mother was touching the keys of the parlor organ with careful fingers, and he followed the notes in a clear, shrill drif. Through the open windows drifted the fragrance of new-mown hay, while the drowsy cheep of the birds blinded the exultant chorus:

"Yes, Jesus loves me,  
The Bible tells me so."  
Later, when tucked in bed, his mother's kisses warm on his untinted lips, and her breathless prayer—"Good night, my darling, God keep you safe from harm," lingered protectively in his ears, as he had lain contentedly.

Sam came to himself with a start. The tender memories of the past fled away frightened, and left him quivering from the pain of their touch. What had they in common with Silperry Sam, the notorious sneak thief? An intolerable wave of self-loathing swept over him. He lifted the sleeping child gently back into its crib, and emptying his pockets of their booty, quietly left the house.

He lounged around until a cab drove up rapidly, and a handsomely dressed lady jumped out, followed by an elderly woman, evidently a domestic.

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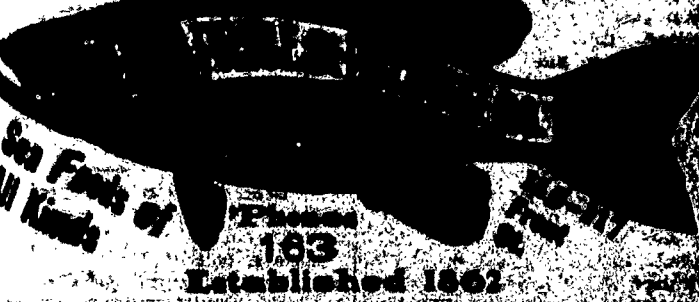
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