

Milady's Mirror

MODIFIED STYLES.

A Slashed Skirt
That is Modest.



OF STRIPED SERGE.

After a Day in the Open.
After a blowy, dusty jaunt outdoors it is necessary to remove whatever grime the skin may have collected, but if a good face bath with hot water and soap is taken at night, as it should be, this temporary scrub can be done with cold cream. Pick up a good dab of the cream with the fingers of the right hand, smear those of the left and work the unguent into the skin with both hands, going round and round over each spot with the finger tips.

After the skin has absorbed as much of the cream as it will, wipe it as dry as possible with a clean cloth and then go over it with another rag dipped in some good toilet water made hot. Rose water, violet or lavender will do, but the heat is required for a good effect, the warm perfume acting as an astringent.

When washing the face during the day in this manner the throat should also receive the same treatment so as to keep its condition up to that of the face.

But if the skin does not respond well to the cleansing with cream a teaspoonful of the following lotion might be used in a small quantity of clean warm water:

Tincture of benzoin..... 1 ounce
Tincture of musk..... 2 drams
Tincture of ambergris..... 4 drams
Rectified spirits..... 5 ounces
Orange flower water..... 1 1/2 pints

Add the tinctures to the spirits, then mingle with the perfume water. If only a small quantity of the lotion is needed have it put up by a druggist, as in this way the proportions are certain to be measured correctly.

This lotion is cooling and refreshing to the skin, astringent, bleaching and softening, and if the teaspoonful is put in only a cupful of warm water it will have a better effect than if a larger quantity of water were used.

The effect of massage upon the face and skin is magical. If the massage is done at home care should be taken not to drag down the muscles of the cheeks or to work the throat in such a way that the skin will be loosened too much under the chin. The movements needed are very simple. The tips of the fingers of both hands are put at the center of the forehead first and worked round and round. They are then run toward the temples in the same manner.

The cheeks are massaged upward, the throat away from the center toward the ears, and after the rite is over a cold spray and a rub off with cold water and benzoin are needed for astringent purposes, as, together with the unguent, required with such manipulation, massage is loosening to the skin.

New Gospel of Prêtiness.
Serenity, not vivacity, is the chief aid to beauty.

Dr. Bertha Seher, a Viennese beauty adviser, says:

"Brainstorming, envy, nagging, nervousness and jealousy, all these things women must stamp out of their lives if they would be healthy and fair."

"Serenity is more than a faded amaranth up to date women who make the most of themselves. After years of wasting nervous energy American women are beginning to understand how luminous to good looks and well being are the habits of hurry and worry."

"Pulse and good cheer are now being practiced as religiously as deep breathing exercises and gymnastics. 'Vivacity' is another salient feature of the life at any cost, which used to be the motto of the fashionable woman, is no longer observed."

"And, thanks to the change, we are less afflicted with nervous giggles and empty chatterers than formerly. In view of present improvement in woman's self control and manner we may even hope for a time when an after-noon tea in full swing won't sound like a babel of phonographs."

"In New York, where I have spent several years, the women are even more carefully groomed than those whom I knew in Paris, where matrons actually fifty-five years old deemed it a disgrace to look more than thirty years old. With proper habits of living, thinking and grooming, any woman can be young and attractive looking even at the grandmother period."

"To me there is something sad in the appearance of a woman who seems to be surrendering meekly to the touch of time. A woman too stout or too thin, who merely combs her hair any old way and allows lines and sagging muscles to disfigure her face, is really pathetic."

The Sun Bath.
Select the sunniest window in the house, one with a southern exposure is preferable. Throw up the shade to the top—better yet, open the window and spend your working hours in the light instead of peering off in some dark corners.

Do not say you have no time. You may have to take time to be ill, and your days drag when you feel sluggish and heavy from lack of light and air.

It is not necessary to sit in idleness by your sunny window. Here the wending basket can be emptied, books read and fancy work finished.

If the spring sun tempts you to laze away don't feel you have committed a crime in yielding to it. Loaf and dream in fresh air and sunshine part of each day and you will be better wiser mothers and housekeepers.

Points for Mothers

The Hour Before Bedtime.

The best hour of the day to many little people is the delightful time just before Old Man Nod comes to take them away to Sleepy Hollow.

Card houses are ever popular, and threading beads, discovered in the treasure house of mother's workbox. Acting a story is the very best for does it not include "dressing up" and what girl child can resist the charms of a long train and a feather in her hair?

The old fairy tales, "Beauty and the Beast," "Cinderella" and "Little Red Riding Hood," all make delightful impromptu plays.

The Beast, ferocious and lifelike beneath his sluggy hearth rug; Beauty, asleep on a pile of cushions in a satin gown and a royal crown of cardboard and tinsel; Red Riding Hood, all in scarlet; and the Wolf, quite ready to eat her, in daddy's motorcar, are a never ending source of merriment.

Plays of this kind have a twofold value. Besides amusing the children they bring out their originality and imaginative powers, and "make-believes" of all sorts are preferable to "ready made" games.

It is not wise, however, to let the little ones get too excited so soon before bedtime, and a careful mother will call for order and a few minutes' rest before the clock strikes.

"I'll tell you a story" has a wonderful power to restore calm again, but especially with nervous and delicate children it is dangerous to set the little brains working on any excitable topic, and great care must be taken as to the theme of the tale, for nightmares and restless dreams are the inevitable result. In the case of occasional sleeplessness, a cupful of hot milk is the best of all sedatives.

The Children's Supper.

The question of supper for the baby and growing child is a very important one, says Marianna Wheeler, author of the "Infant Hygiene." The method by which the food is administered is also important. No matter how carefully a supper may be planned, it will disagree with the child if it is swallowed in large mouthfuls, only half chewed, or if the dishes meant to be temptingly hot are served almost cold; if it is hastily washed down with large drafts of cold water, or even milk, for that matter, or if on top of the supper candy is allowed or even a very rough and exciting romp. All these petty details are of great importance if the supper-hour is to be a necessary one and is to prepare the child for the quiet sleep so necessary to his growth.

Whatever food is intended to be taken hot should be fed to the child at a uniform temperature, the least spoonful being of the same degree of warmth as the first. To accomplish this the pretty nursery hot water plates have been invented which are now so much in vogue. With one of these it will be necessary to hurry the meal in order that the food shall not grow cold. For cereals, milk toast, egg, fish, etc., these plates should always be used. I do not mean that a child should be allowed to play or prolong the supper unnecessarily; he should be made to attend to his meal properly. But he should not be made to hurry. A good rule to give a child is to chew each piece of food twenty times.

Baby's Teeth.

After the baby is five or six months old, if it cries or frets in any way, the young mother is more than likely to think that the trouble is being caused by its teeth.

If the baby is getting the proper kind and amount of nourishment that it ought to its teeth will not bother it. If you cannot find out just what makes the baby fret ask your family doctor, and, if he understands the case, in all probability he will tell you to either change the food or to increase the amount.

Proper food and fresh outdoor air will carry the baby safely through this period that used to be dreaded so much by all mothers. With these two the child cannot help but take long, refreshing naps and will also sleep well at night.

Do not take off the flannel band until the child is at least three weeks old, and even after that in most changeable climates it is wise to have some flannel about the baby's body. The other garments may be very thin, and this keeps the little one comfortable during the hot summer days without allowing it to catch cold.

Don'ts For the Mother of Boys.

Don't think that a little boy must necessarily be less polite and well mannered than a little girl. He is often shyer than his sisters, but this is no reason why you should excuse him for abruptness and rudeness. Self controlled, courteous manners are quite as necessary for a man as a woman, and the fact that your son is naturally shy should make you more than ever particular with him on this point.

Don't think that the only punishment which affects a boy at all is a whipping. Boys are even more sensitive than girls, and they feel a sharp word quite as keenly. Though less ready to cry and say that they are sorry than their sisters, they take a scolding quite as much to heart.

For the Children

Princess Mary, King George's Only Daughter.



Princess Mary, only daughter of the king and queen of England, recently celebrated her sixteenth birthday. She is a pretty girl with a clear skin, very blue eyes and curling golden hair. She used to be much of a tomboy, insisting on joining in her brothers' games, but she is growing more sedate. Though very fond of jewelry, she is not allowed to wear any except a string of pearls on state occasions and a little gold chain and locket in the home circle. The pearls were her mother's gift to her at the time of the coronation, and the locket was presented to her by the Prince of Wales, her brother. Queen Mary, who is very firm with her children, has let it be understood that no one is to give Princess Mary jewelry of any sort until she is seventeen, which will be a year hence. So the princess must content herself with what she has for a while.

To Impersonate a Dwarf.

For this humorous deception a table should be arranged between two rooms, separated by portieres or in a deep window recess. One of the performers then puts her hands into a child's stockings and little boots or shoes. To disguise her face put a small piece of court plaster over one of her front teeth, darken the eyebrows with a little water color and arrange the hair in some unaccustomed fashion. Add a little rouge and powder to the disguise. Then put on a bonnet and shawl. As two performers are required, another young lady, carefully concealed by the window curtains, stands behind the first and, passing her arms around her, supplies the dwarf's arms and hands. The table is then drawn up, and the booted hands rest upon it, and a perfect dwarf appears to stand upon the table. She may introduce herself as Mrs. Melchizedek Steady Canton and speak in favor of extending women's rights to all women less than four feet high, etc.

Bird Ventriquist.

Ventriquism is not confined solely to the human race. There are many birds whose notes it is almost impossible to place.

Take the crow, for instance, with its harsh "Crake, crake." One moment the sound is by your feet, the next fifty yards away. The grasshopper is another offender in this respect. Its shrill note is hard to locate.

The English sedge warbler goes one better. Not only is it an accomplished ventriquist, but it will mimic or parody the song of other birds. In a lesser degree the robin and the crow possess these powers, and foreign doves come under the same category.

In Brazil the bird is exceptionally skillful with its voice, while the chickadee invariably deceives the listener. Canada boasts of a partridge which is known to deceive sportsmen as to its whereabouts for hours on end.

Lighting a Lamp With Water.
When a bit of potassium the size of half a grain of corn is dropped into a tumbler of water some of the oxygen of the water leaves its hydrogen owing to the intense heat which the chemical action produces and combines with the metallic potassium, causing a violent bluish flame. When the piece of potassium is placed on the wick of a coal oil or alcohol lamp the flame produced by touching the potassium with a bit of snow or ice or a drop of water will in flame it.

What We Wash With.

It is said that the ancient Britons were the first makers of soap and that the Romans when they conquered this island took the invention back with them to Italy.

Most of what we wash with is made from fat, but in foreign lands there are natural soaps. There are the soap root of Spain, the soap berry of Chile and the bark of the Peruvian soap tree.

A Riddle.

A certain room has eight corners. In every corner sits a cat, on every cat, sits a cat, and before each cat are seven cats. How many cats in the room?
Eight cats.

Little Dappled Sunshine.

Little Dappled Sunshine
To and fro doth pass,
Playing with the shadows
On the green, green grass.

When the sky is gloomy,
On a rainy day,
Little Dappled Sunshine
Runs and hides away.
Then the big cloud giants
Build a high white wall,
And Little Dappled Sunshine
Can't come out at all.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Little Miss Tardygirl.

At bedtime she sat in the firelight's gleam,
And little Miss Tardygirl had a queer dream
She dreamed that she'd turned to a wee flower-pit
And was out in the meadow to live by herself.
Her breakfast was served in a big butter-cup,
But she came there too late, and a bee ate it up!
She managed to miss every thistle-down car,
That went to the knoll where the blue-berries are,
And she was too late at the Toadstool cafe,
And so she went hungry the long summer day.

At last it grew dark, and she looked for a bed,
"I'll sleep in that lily," she dreamily said
To reach it she climbed up a grass stalk so green,
How soft was its gold heart, a bed for a queen!
"Too late!" said the lily and shut her bud tight,
Leaving poor little Tardygirl out in the night.

At bedtime she sat in the firelight's gleam,
And little Miss Tardygirl woke from her dream.
She blinked her blue eyes as she rushed to the bed
"Oh, don't shut it up! I am coming!" she said.

—Youth's Companion.

At the Goldsmith's.

"Economy is the poor man's mint."
You may all know this quotation and see the wisdom of it, but economy is also the rich man's bank, and they are wise who practice it wisely.
Here is a great economy; in every wise goldsmith's shop where he works there stands a barrel containing more or less dust and rubbish which have been swept up from the floor.
You might rightly wonder why the goldsmith would allow so much dirt to stand in his shop, and you might even ask him why he does not have it emptied.

He will tell you that in the dirt and dust in the barrel are particles of gold which had fallen to the floor and been gathered in with the sweepings. He even wears a leather apron, so that the gold dust can roll off and not cling to his woollen clothing and thus get lost. Such a barrel of trash might easily net him \$50 after the smelter does his work. The floor of the goldsmith's shop is usually corrugated, and into these ridges the gold particles drop until cleaned up. The profits represented by the saving of this dust in a large shop is very considerable, and the smith looks to this gold dust for much of his profit.

Telephoning the Dog.

The following dog story comes from Toronto: One morning a woman went to see a friend who lived two miles distant, taking with her a brown spaniel. When she left she forgot the dog, and as soon as he was discovered the people did all they could to make him leave, but with no avail. Some hours passed and he was still there, so they telephoned to the dog's mistress to let her know of his whereabouts.
"Bring him to the telephone," said the lady.
One of the boys held him while another put the phone to the dog's ear. Then the lady whistled and called, "Come home at once, Paddy."
Immediately he wriggled out of the boy's arms, rushed at the door, barked to get out and then dashed away in the direction of his home.

To Cover a Ball.

To cover a ball take a round, well shaped orange, cut it evenly into quarters and number them at one end to aid in putting the parts together again. Scoop the pulp out of the orange. Next cut out of kid four pieces exactly like the rim of the orange; then with strong thread sew over and over three seams, thus joining the four pieces, being careful to place 1 next to 2 and so on, just as they were in the orange. Unravel an old stocking or cut into narrow strips and shape into a round mass until it is exactly the size of the original orange, fit the kid covering around it smoothly and sew the seams up neatly.

A Famous Old Tree.

The most ancient living thing on the American continent, said to be a wonderful old tree in Ravenna park, Seattle, is dead at last.
For several years it has been known that the fir tree was badly infected, but not until this year did the forestry experts pronounce it entirely lifeless.
The famous old tree is said to antedate the Christian era, its age having been estimated by a fir stump near by the rings in what showed that its age was about 1,000 years, and from this it was computed that the tree in question was undoubtedly 2,000 years or more in age.

The Falling Soldier.

Falling soldier is a jolly game to play in the house or on the lawn. The whole company stands in a row like soldiers. The order is to stretch the right arm forward, then the left one, second, kneel down on one knee, only with the arms still outstretched, then push your next neighbor, and the whole file will collapse like a house of cards.

Colors For Mourning.

Violet is the color for mourning in Turkey. Pale brown or the color of withered leaves is used in Persia. In Ethiopia and Abyssinia earth color or grayish brown is mourning. Scarlet is a mourning color occasionally used by a French king. The sea yellow of a leaf is used as mourning in Egypt and Burma.

TEN ACRES OF SAND

By M. QUAD

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Everybody knows that to build walls and chimneys you must have sand. Perhaps that was the reason why Grandfather Sharp founded the town of Sharpville where he did. There were hills around it, and those hills were full of sand and gravel. For thirty years every man that built a house or had need of sand was free to dig into any hill and help himself to all he wanted.

Sharpville had got to be a town of 1,500 people and was jogging along in a humdrum way when a great and sudden change swooped down on it. A railroad decided to come that way; a shoe manufacturer decided to erect a big factory there; it was a fine site for a chair factory, and as the country around was agricultural a cannery was to be established. In a shy, secret way, sites were purchased and then came the announcements that fairly made the town stand on its head. All the sandpits were bought up except one. There were ten acres of that, and it was owned by a plaster named Hannah Goodhue.

Three or four different times Miss Goodhue had offered to sell those ten acres for \$50. Nothing but sorrel and mullen stocks would grow on the sandy surface, and nobody could tell whether the material below amounted to anything. Not over 100 cart loads of sand had ever been taken out, as there was plenty to be had nearer. The land buyers inspected the sand, pronounced it good and offered \$50 for the ten acres. They would have got it but for old Ezra Johnson, one of the old pioneers of the town, who had known the "plaster" since her birth. He had overheard some talk and he called on her to advise.

"Hanner, I hear you are goin' to sell them ten acres for \$50. Don't you do it."
"But why?"
"I've got a sneakin' idea that the other sand pits are peterin' out. I know Taylor's is, and Johnson's never did amount to much. There's a big pile of sand used here, and if it turns out that you've got the only pit you can get your own price for it. Jest hang on for awhile anyway."

"Well, if you think so."
"I surely do. Say, Hanner, you know I was a wldower ten year ago?"
"Yes."

"I kinder hung around here for a spell."
Hannah looked embarrassed.
"Guess maybe you thought I was after you?"
"Why, Mr. Johnson?"

"To be honest with you, I was after you, but them relations of mine talked and talked until I got switched of after the Widdler Cobly. It's allus kind heavy on my conscience."
"But I never even dreamed of marrying you!" exclaimed the blushing spinster.

"Tut, tut. It's all right, however. I'm goin' to show you how to get a better husband than I would have made. Them ten acres is goin' to do the trick."

"But—but I don't want to marry!"
"Oh, yes, you do! This pokin' around alone ain't good for folks. You jest refuse to sell that land at any price, but throw out a strong hint that when you have a husband he can do as he will about sellin'. Now, don't be afraid about it. Every woman on earth is entitled to a husband. If he don't come through love make him come through ten acres of sand. Love and sand will mix all right after a bit. Mind what I tell you. I order married you myself, but I'm doin' the next best thing, if not the best."

Now and then Ezra Johnson met Miss Goodhue on the street and winked at her, and when he judged the time ripe he went to the president of the big shoe concern, who was tearing his hair in anxiety, and asked:

"Do you want to git bolt of Miss Goodhue's sand lots?"
"Do I want to?" was shouted in reply.
"Why, man, you may go and talk her that I'll give her a check for \$15,000 for them right now."
"She wants more than that."
"Well, make it \$20,000."
"No use to offer money—not now."
"Then in heaven's name what can we offer?"

"Have you got a mighty good man hanging around—a feller about forty—good natured and of a loving disposition, widow or bach?"
"Um! Um! Let's see. Yes, I have. He's one of my foremen and good as the day is long. Why?"
"Get him to marry the old maid, and you'll get your sand all right. No husband, no sand."

Then Mr. Johnson explained and the foreman was sent for, and within two hours the plot was laid. Was it a brutal affair? By no manner of means. Why, it was the plainest case of doing the right thing at the right time you ever heard of, and Cupid came flinging the doorbell almost as soon as the principals had been introduced.

In a month there was a marriage, and the town was bustling again. The husband thought the land worth about \$3,000, and he got his price, and though Ezra Johnson doesn't wink at Hannah any more when they pass, he does chuckle to himself and slap his leg and exclaim:
"I owed her one and have paid it, and now my conscience feels just like 'tassels runnin' across the kitchen floor!"