HOW TO BE PRETTY

Practical Pointers Concerning Powders and Cosmetics.

INTERNAL FACE BEAUTIFIERS

How to Make Face Masks and Skin Bleaches—A False Nose Would Be a Boon to the Summer Girl.

The GREATEST damage done to the complexions of today is by the constant change of treatment and outward application. The mixing of many harmless ingredients on the delicate texture of the skin is as bad as the steady application of one that is injurious. Women, through ignorance, abuse the skin as they would not any fabric in their wardrobe, yet it is more delicate than any. Inasmuch as women will tamper with their complexions and use outward applications, I give a few that cannot possibly harm and may help.

Pure powder, properly applied, never of itself hurt any skin. Aside from the temporary effect it refines the texture and preserves it by catching dust and soil and the sun's rays. It is cheap powder carelessly used that hurts. It must be kept perfectly clean, the chamois frequently washed, but above all powder must never be washed off by soap and water. This makes a soiled plaster which lodges in the pores, makes it dark and yellow, and is one of the most fruitful sources of "blackheads." A safe cream or oil should be laid on and allowed to remain during the preparation for retiring, and well wiped off before the bath of warm water and soap. After the bath apply retiring cream and let it remain on all night—well rubbed in.

A thoroughly good and safe mask preparation is this: Beat the white of an egg stiff, add fifteen drops of almond oil, a trifle more of rosewater, about as much powdered alum as a doctor gives in a quinine powder; stir well together into a sweet smelling cream. Spread upon a cloth in which eyes, nose and mouth have been cut and tie on at night by means of three strings in each side. Apply about every other night for a week, and in nine out of ten faces a remarkable improvement will have taken place. The laughter that will ensue if three or four girls form a "mask party" will not be lost on the good looks.

Raw veal or beef applied in this way is a method used with great success by many for freshening up a skin jaded by overwork. It is one of Mrs. Langtry's favorite beautifiers.

One of the most efficient and simple skin bleaches in the world is: To fifteen cents' worth of glycerin add an equal quantity of rosewater. Mix one ounce of borax and four of alcohol and add one teaspoonful of the mixture to the above. Some are afraid of glycerin, but there is not enough of it to harm any, and its effects are made valuable by the other ingredients.

In bygone times ladies wore masks during outdoor exercises, especially during the hunt. I wish the practice might be restored for our summer rambles. A false nose certainly might be introduced, which under a veil would not be perceptible, and would do away with that foe to all summer comfort for some—the red nose. After a long ride last summer two girls used a bleach which had been recommended by one who had used it successfully. From one it removed the sun's kisses in a night: on the other it brought out a regular bridge of pimples across the nose and both cheeks to the ears! Zinc ointment cured them quickly. Camphor and camphorated vaseline must be avoided, being hair producers, but there is nothing like the latter to kill a pimple; sweet almond oil is also good. A little tannin and opium mixed with the retiring cream is a harmless, quick, sure cure for red nose. Specialists now have a way of reducing redness by compressing the blood vessels.

Buttermilk is splendid to bleach and make smooth the skin. One tablespoonful of tincture benzoin added to equal parts (about ten cents' worth) glycerin and rosewater makes a good steady wash. A few drops of tincture of benzoin in bath water is beneficial to the skin, but too much makes it yellow. One ounce lemon juice, one-quarter dram powdered borax, one-half dram sugar tightly corked up for a few days will remove freckles temporarily. Roncegno water, a colorless mineral water which comes, I believe, from south Tyrol, in Switzerland, and which is highly impregnated with iron and arsenic, will cause freckles to disappear without breaking or harming the skin. Borax, camphor and cologne is a splendid application for greasy noses. Hazelnut powder is a good "wash off" at night. It is mixed with a little warm water in the hand and rubbed into the face before the hot water bath. Retiring cream to be applied after.

In the line of internal cosmetics clover tea is first, last and always. There is nothing to compare with it. It works like magic in all cases and can hurt none. It tones up the health as well as beautifies the skin, and it has been known to cure incipient cancer. It comes in little pressed packages, is steeped just like tea and should be drank freely.

Taraxacum and charcoal are purifying, but severe. Carrots are the best vegetable for the texture of the skin. Beets make blood, and, singularly enough, they are the chief ingredient in the making of the best modern rouge of the day. Sweet oil on eyebrows makes them grow. In most cases they may be made to grow luxuriantly by fussing with them, massaging with cream, brushing, combing, etc. Washing in tea darkens them. Eyebrows are absolutely necessary to bring out the other features of the face.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Giving a Car Seat to a Woman—A Disappearing Fashion.

It used to look very queer to a person from the west or south when he entered a street car or a coach on the elevated roads in New York and found women standing hanging to a strap, while all about them men occupied seats, with their noses buried in newspapers. It seemed unmanlonable rudeness at first. Then, by and by, if they remained in New York, these same men who were at first shocked gradually acquired all the gall of the native New Yorker and kept their seats with the best or worst of them. New York men have good reasons in explanation of their conduct. They say truly enough that if they gave up a seat to every woman who comes into a car in New York they would be bobbing up and down all the time, and that this would be impossible in the crowds that fill the public conveyances of the big city. Then there is another plea. They say, these New York men, that since woman is pushing her way into all the industries and going down town every day, let her take her chances and hustle the same as the men do. If she can't hustle, then let her quit. If she is equal to a man, let her prove it. So, since New York sets the fashion for the rest of the country, men of other cities are falling into the habit of keeping their seats and letting women stand. Well, I for one do not object. There is, however, a place to draw the line. It is when a strapping young athlete sits in his place and leers up with a look of infinite impertinence into the face of a feeble woman old enough to be his grandmother, while she stands tottering. I pity the woman who is his mother and the woman who is to be his wife. But for the rest never mind. Men tell us that if we claim to be their equals we must hustle and prove it. Very well, we accept the gage. In no spirit of antagonism, but as friendly comrades, we shall prove to men that we are their equals in learning, in endurance and business ability, and their superiors in the finer spiritual and moral qualities they have so neglected. Not destroying our nervous systems with whisky and tobacco, we shall be receptive to all the finer, more powerful forces of the universe. With souls full of fire, with immortal patience and determination we work on, and the kind of women the glorious Twentieth century will smile down upon—you shall see.

The summer's fashion of belt and blouse waist has revealed defects in the figures of young American white women that one is sorry to see. The belt is too often girted in till the girl looks as if she would break in two. The necessary effect of this is to throw the body out of poise. Below the waist it stands prominently forward in an unsightly way. The back, on the contrary, hollows so far in that the young woman looks as if she had been struck in the back and dented in. Then the shoulders bow out round again till the expression of the whole figure is something like the letter S. So far as I have noticed, the strong, lithe, graceful young negro women have much finer figures than the average white girl. Their strong, splendid shoulders stand firmly above a waist not too small, and the figure below the waist is straight and willowy. They seem somehow to be built for looks and for wear both. Perhaps the active physical exercise their mothers have been taking for generations, with little pampering and luxury, gives the daughters such firm, beautiful figures. If today a sculptor were to look in America for the model of the Venus of Milo, he would be more apt to find it among the colored girls than among the white ones.

Mrs. McGuirk, that able and enthusiastic newspaper woman, knew Lizzie Borden some years ago. Both were associated in the fruit and flower mission at Fall River. Mrs. McGuirk believes Lizzie Borden could no more have murdered her father and stepmother than an angel could, and she has written a powerful letter to the New York Recorder in the accused girl's defense. She paints strongly the injustice of calling a woman a fiend simply because she does not "wave a tear stained handkerchief in public."

Let us pray to be lifted out of the commonplace up into the region of great ideas and great aspirations.

Arlo Bates tells a good story of a woman who, though she needed work and had no immediate prospect of it, refused to take an engagement at very low wages because of the effect it would have on the price for such work in general. It is a pity there were not more women like this. If there were then women's wages would not be so low. One is glad to be able to add that soon after her refusal to take the cheap place this admirable woman who stood up for her sex got a good paying place.

There is no disguising the fact that a long skirt does not look well on a bicycle. It mars the appearance of the prettiest girl, flapping about and flying up and down with every motion of the pedals. For this reason a woman never looks as graceful as a man on a bicycle. But women must not on that account give up the bicycle. They should get a dress more in harmony with the movement. This will be simply a gymnasium dress, as ordinarily worn, with rather full trousers, covering the knees, and blouse and short skirt all in one piece. Long leggings, reaching to the knees, should be worn. This or something near it is certainly the coming bicycle suit for women.

About once a year or so I think we newspaper women ought to publicly thank our friends, the city policemen, for their courtesy and helpfulness to our sex. There are, I know, bad and brutal policemen, but they are so few, and the rest are so courteous. Whenever in a city you are in doubt about a street or number, a shop, a train or anything else like that, ask a policeman. These blue coated big men are the modern edition of the ancient knights of chivalry who went abroad aiding fair ladies in distress.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

A BRIGHT WOMAN.

She Edits the Woman's Page of the New York World.

Away up in the tower of the Pulitzer building, fifteen stories from the street, in a cosy room that overlooks the lower part of the city and the glorious bay, there sits a young, handsome and brainy woman. She is Miss E. G. Jordan, editor of the woman's and children's pages of the New York Sunday World and assistant editor of The Sunday World.

She is always dressed in elegant and fashionable gowns—severely simple and stylish. She is tall, beautifully proportioned, and makes a charming picture as one opens the door of her little sanctum. Her hair is dark and worn in plain classic coil. Her eyes are clear, deep and of an intellectual gray. Although her brain and hands are full of work, she never seems hurried or ill at ease. Miss Jordan is always courteous and cordial to visitors, and cannot fail to make a charming impression upon all who meet her.

Elizabeth G. Jordan was born in Milwaukee May 9, 1867. She went into newspaper work in 1887, after her graduation from the state university. She was connected with Peck's Sun for one year, having charge of the woman's de-

ELIZABETH G. JORDAN.

partment and doing general editorial work. During this time she was also a special writer for the St. Paul Globe, Chicago Tribune and a number of large southern dailies.

In 1888 Miss Jordan went to Chicago and did special writing for The Tribune of that city. She went to New York early in 1890, at the invitation of Colonel Cockerill, then editor in chief of the New York World. She has been connected with The World ever since. During the first year she did all around reporting. Her special out of town assignments included a trip through the Virginia and Tennessee mountains, which she made on horseback, accompanied only by a negro guide, sleeping in the cabins of the mountaineers by night, and identifying herself with their home life as closely as possible.

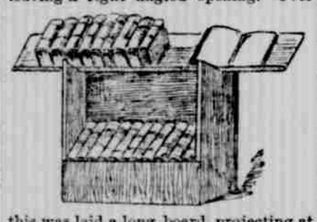
The work on which she made her reputation was the publication of The World's "True Stories of the News," one of which appeared in The World every morning. They were chronicles of the happenings in a great city, and ranged from the humorous to the deeply tragic. The preparation of these articles took Miss Jordan into the hospitals, police stations and police courts, the morgue and the great east side tenements of New York. She soon became known to the majority of the city officials, who were very helpful to her in gathering her material. One night she went to the charitable hospital on Blackwell's island to write up the death of a consumptive. She sat by the side of the dying woman from 6 o'clock in the evening until twenty minutes past 3 the next morning, when the patient expired. Another time she went to the morgue at midnight to find the body of a baby whose parents could not afford to give it burial, and which had died in their arms on the street as they were taking it to the hospital. Her story of this baby brought in enough money to bury the child in Greenwood and to make the parents comfortable for some time to come.

MEL R. COLQUITT.

A New Book Rack.

Here is a rack roughly made for holding reference books by a literary man who was camping out and had no book shelves with him. He is so pleased with its convenience that he intends to have one made nicely of oak for his town residence.

For a foundation he used a champagne box without the cover. Side pieces of wood the width of the box and high enough to enable a person sitting to see the books open on the top shelf were nailed firmly to each end. These were first cut out at the top in V shape, leaving a right angled opening. Over



this was laid a long board projecting at each end, to whose lower edge a strong cleat of wood was fastened, as on a reading desk. A piece of board was also fastened, slanting in the box below, to support the big volumes set on edge therein. On the shelf above a dictionary is kept always open, and another row of big volumes is held in position by the cleat and tin library supports slipped under the end book.

Popular in Society.

Miss Kate A. Deering, who attracted a good deal of interest in Washington society last winter, is a decided brunette, with a tall, willowy figure. She has been carefully educated, speaks French, Italian and German, plays charmingly upon the mandolin, and has been study-

KATE A. DEERING.

ing drawing at the Corcoran Art school and shows decided talent for it. Her father, dead some years, was an officer in the navy, and a member of the family which, coming several generations ago from England, gave the name to the old town of Deering in Maine. Her mother is of the well known Swaine family of Boston.

Both Go Together.

Mrs. Bangupp—Marie, I wish you would take my diamond ring to a jeweler's and have it cleaned.

Marie—Yes'm.

Mrs. Bangupp—By the way, you might as well take my lorgnette, too, and have it polished. One is of no use without the other.—Life.

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