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The World.

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HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

Some Secrets of Beauty Revealed by an Expert.

To Get Rid of a Red Nose.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Please advise me how I can rid myself of a red nose? Am temperate in all my habits, eat heartily and have little exercise. BOOKKEEPER.

YOU should take more exercise, and very likely you eat too much. I give you an external wash, and I would suggest your taking hot water three or four times a day, as much as you can drink.

Wash for a Red Nose.—Chlorate of potash, 5 grams; glycerine, 50 grams; rosewater, 50 grams. Bathe the nose several times a day.

Suffers from that Tired Feeling.

Dear Mrs Ayer:

Will you kindly tell me if you think I am too stout for my age and how I can reduce weight? I am fifteen; am 5 feet 1 inch tall, and weigh 147 pounds. I feel very well, but am very tired if I do a lot of work. ANXIOUS.

YES, you are too stout. You do not take enough exercise and do not diet enough. I give you the rules for reducing the weight. Avoid all starchy and sweetened food, all cereals, vegetables containing sugar or starch, such as peas, beans, corn, potatoes, &c. Have your bread toasted; sprinkle it with salt instead of butter. Milk, I regret to say, if it be pure and good, is fattening. Hot water is an excellent substitute for other liquids. Add a little of the juice of limes or lemons to it if you choose. Limit your sleeping hours to seven at the outside. No naps. You must take exercise.

If you cannot walk at least five miles a day, and do not wheel, go to one of the institutions where mechanical massage is given. Several of my correspondents report excellent results from this method of getting the vigorous exercise they require. The system is thoroughly wholesome and not expensive. In reducing flesh the one fact to recollect is that fat is carbon—oxygen destroys or burns out carbon. You must consume the carbon by the oxygen you take through your lungs. The more exercise the more oxygen and consequent destruction of fat by the one healthful method of curing obesity.

The more starch and sugar you eat the more carbon to burn away.

Stout people often feel very exhausted after exertion, but as soon as you begin to take regular exercise the tired feeling will wear away.

To Obtain Red-Gold Hair.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Would you kindly advise me how to color my hair a reddish gold? Would peroxide do it; and if so, how much should I buy and how should it be used? My hair is a light brown. L. E. A.

YES, peroxide will have the effect you desire. You can purchase it at any good drug store, and it should be applied as follows:

Get a bottle of chemically pure peroxide of hydrogen. Before making the application the hair should be thoroughly washed and dried. Pour a little of the peroxide into a saucer, apply to the roots of the hair with a clean toothbrush. You must regulate the color by your own observation. One application will produce a most noticeable change.

Never use ammonia in connection with peroxide of hydrogen. Hair dressers have a fashion of "preparing" the hair, as they term it, by bleaching, and in order to hasten the bleaching process they use ammonia.

Peroxide of hydrogen will not injure the hair if carefully used, but in conjunction with ammonia it will, in the course of time, destroy the constitution of the hair.

A BOOMING BUSINESS.

The electrical motor business is increasing $150,000,000 a year in the United States.

THE CROSS-EYED MAN TELLS HOW LIPTON MIGHT HAVE WON.

"YES," mused the Cross-Eyed Man, as he and the Man with the Whiskers paced the three-and-a-quarter deck of the good excursion boat, "Magnelius J.," on the way home from yesterday's yacht race, "if Sir Thomas had asked my advice, I could have told him how to win every one of these races. But he never thought to ask me; and you see the result."

"No, I don't," growled the Man with the Whiskers. "If it came strutting up to me with a big sign around its neck that said 'I AM A RESULT,' why I'd be likely to see it. But"——

"If you were blind you wouldn't see it even then," pleaded the Cross-Eyed Man, eagerly.

"No, of course not," assented the Man with the Whiskers. "But if I wasn't blind I'd see it. If," he added quickly, "I was looking that way."

"You wouldn't if you were looking the other way, though. Unless, of course, there was a mirror. And even then"——

"It was a fine race," interrupted the Man with the Whiskers, enthusiastically. "Never while life lasts shall I forget the spectacle of the Columbia, her mizzen spars lashed to the helm and straining abaft the main brace, laying aloft and splicing the foretopgallant decks to the belaying pin on the larboard watch, while the Shamrock, all tacks set, veered to windward with her backstays jibed to the bowsprit fo'c'sle, and ran up her lee quarters as she swung about into the flying balloon jibsuppers. I expected every minute to see the man at the wheel cut away the janitor and let the steam heat go by the board. Ah! it was an inspiringly elevating spectacle!"

"But not nearly so inspiringly elevating as if it was twice as elevatingly inspiring," asserted the Cross-Eyed Man, envious of the other's greater knowledge of nautical terms.

"But it was heaps elevatingly inspiringer than if it was only half as inspiringly elevating," amended the Man with the Whiskers, sternly.

"Possibly so!" sighed the Cross-Eyed Man, resignedly, as he gazed at a passing Midland Beach boat. "Pretty near twice as"——

"But you said you had a scheme that would have made the Shamrock win if Sir Thomas had asked your advice. What was the scheme?"

A hundred pairs of ears hung toward the speaker.

"Oh, it was a winner!" gurgled the Cross-Eyed Man. "And yet it was so simple I wonder he never thought of it. It would have been a cinch. It was like borrowing money from your wife's folks."

"But what was the scheme? What would you have advised Good Deacon Lipton to do if he'd had the sense to ask you?"

"My advice," replied the Cross-Eyed Man portentously, "would have been: 'Get ahead and keep ahead. Then you can't lose.' And, enniway"——

But the "Magnelius J" had stopped at the Battery.

She had to stop there.

She couldn't go through it. A. P. T.

TO-DAY'S LOVE STORY

The Professor's Love.

By H. S. Canfield.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THERE was a summer party on one of the wooded knolls of Lake St. George

Most beautiful of the girls was Judith Brown, daughter of a millionaire chemical maker of New York City.

There is no telling what would have happened but for a remark by Mrs. Temple one day. She said:

"John, why haven't you invited Prof. Thomson to come up? You said you would."

John shrugged his shoulders and sent off the invitation. Next evening at dusk a farmer's wagon was driven to the camp. A lean figure hopped from the front seat. Temple went to meet it and shook hands.

"It is wearisome to call names," he said, bringing his guest forward. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. Ezra E. Thomson, professor of psychology in Agamemnon University. Ezra, take your valise to the men's tent over there."

The Professor's eyes behind his glasses seemed to be mild and blue; his beard was sandy and sparse; his nose and forehead were high, his manner quiet, positive and capable.

It was discovered next morning that he knew nothing about fishing. Miss Brown looked at the Professor. She was a generous girl at heart and she thought that he felt lonely. She went up to him and said softly:

There is a punt below, Prof. Thomson. Would you like to spend the morning fishing with me?"

He turned with a start of surprise and answered:

"I shall be delighted Miss—Miss—Brown, isn't it? I shall be delighted, but I know nothing of managing the boat."

"Oh," she said heartily, "I will attend to that and it will be pleasant on the lake."

At noon they rounded the point and came in sight, the girl rowing, the professor placid in the stern beneath an enormous white umbrella lined with green. The prow grated upon the grave and she sprang lightly out.

"Such wonderful, wonderful things!" said Miss Brown breathlessly, pointi to an earthy looking mass in the P fessor's fists. "He has told me all at them. This is a fresh-water lichen, most identical with those upon Arctic explorers live—poor things!— they run out of boots and sledge fa ings. The little piece of rock brought down from northern Ca billions of years ago by a glacier moved four inches every seventy sand years. Here's a bit of flin Indians made arrowheads from!"

The Professor dropped his b plucked a small flower that grew base of a rock, looked at her proud smile and proffered it to "Here, Miss Judith," he said, pansy; that's for thoughts."

There was little change in during the two following weeks is to say, there was little change. A good deal was going der the surface. What this was explained, perhaps, by a snort whi talk between Miss Judith Brown, ster, and Mrs. John Temple, nee ney.

"Do you know," Miss Brown with a thrill, "what his second is?"

"No, dear, I don't What is it?"

She leaned close so that the outside world might have no sha the knowledge and said:

"He told me to-day. It's Euripide

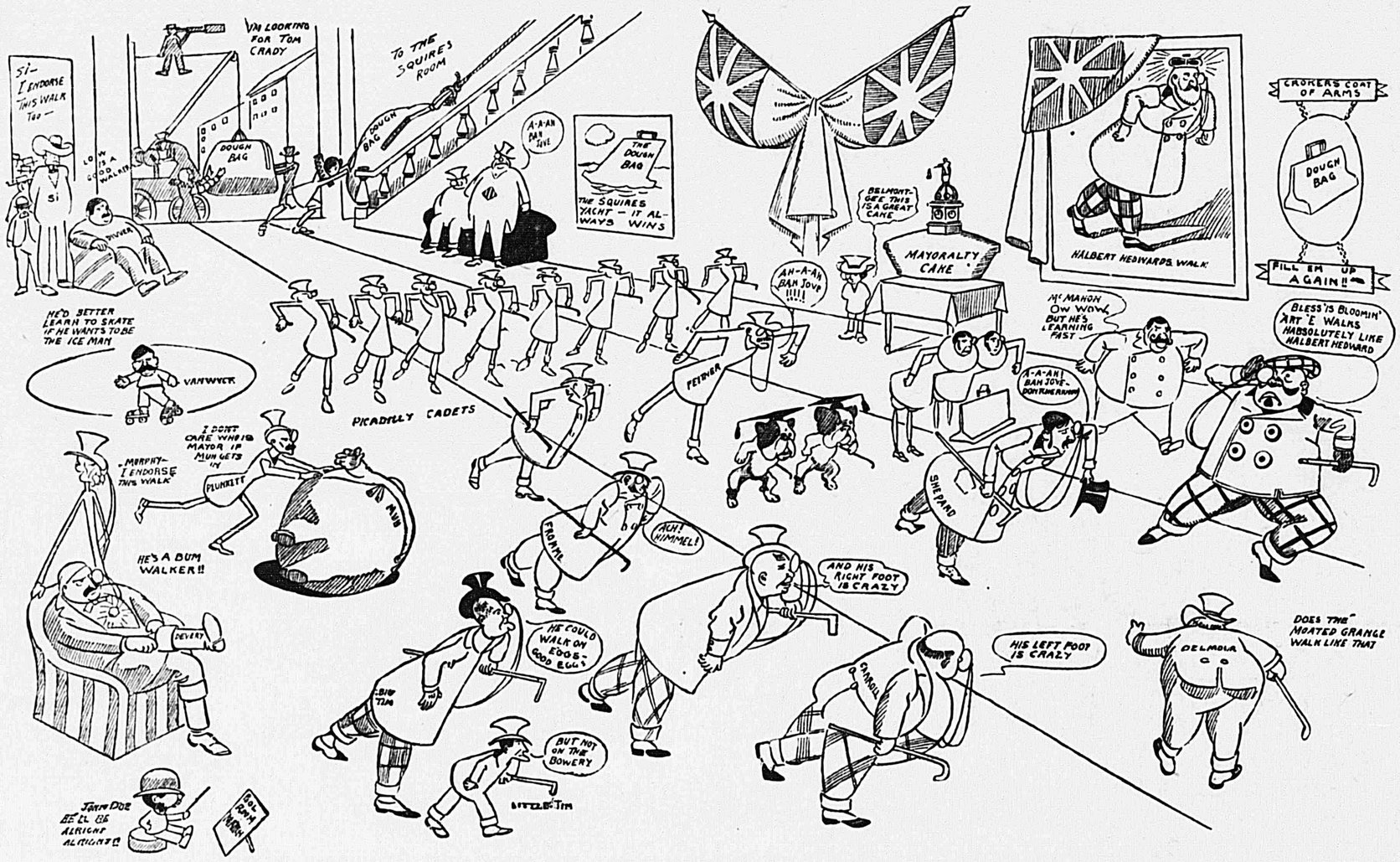
These things happen every day. are as old as the hills and as fresh sweet as the waters that flow from the hills.

A NEW LAW.

The Court of Civil Appeals in Texas holds that a person who receives a letter addressed to another and who retains it an unreasonable length of time is guilty of obstructing the mail, and is liable for whatever damage may thereby result.

THE SQUIRE SHOWS HIS TENANTS HOW HE MAKES A CANDIDATE WALK HIS WAY.

By T. E. POWERS.



E. M. SHEPARD HAS HIS FIRST LESSON IN THE SQUIRONIAL STRUT, WHICH IS ALSO KNOWN AS THE PICCADILLY STRIDE.

KNOWING HOW TO DRESS.

A FEW years ago a well-known teacher who had founded and carried on for many years a successful school for girls in one of the Middle States decided to retire. She looked about for a successor.

Many candidates were brought to her notice. The place was an important one. The emoluments were large, no school higher in the esteem of the public, and Mrs. Blank was anxious to find just the right woman for the position, says the Youth's Companion.

At last a woman offered to take the school who apparently had every qualification to carry it on with distinction. She was one of the most learned women in the country, she spoke a half dozen languages and was witty and wise in them all; she had a long and successful record as an educator.

But Mrs. Blank, after a brief interview, declined to consider her as a candidate, and also refused to make known at the time her reason for this decision. Years afterward she said to a friend:

"There was no doubt as to her scholarship or her ability to teach, but her gloves were soiled and one shoe had lost half of the buttons. Trifles, you think? But they betray qualities which made her unfit to be the guide of young girls. The woman, whatever her ability, who does not respect herself enough to be clean and neat will never command the respect of others."

The applicant never knew that her slovenly glove and gaping shoe cost her a position of ease and honor for life.

A place of trust with a large salary was open to women in one of the public departments in Washington several years ago. One candidate brought the highest recommendations, but was dismissed promptly by the committee who had the power of appointment. She was glaringly dressed in the extreme of the fashion, with glittering jewels and nodding plumes.

"We want a working woman, not a cockatoo," said the chairman, after the absurdly dressed candidate had retired.

Nothing shows sense or discretion more accurately in man or woman than the way in which they dress. If they attach just the correct importance to their coats and gowns, they are likely also to estimate the other factors of life at their just values.

OUTCOMES.

ACRES of earth,
Clouds with far-brought rain,
Months of limitless sunshine!
Adequate outcome—grain.
Furnace for ores,
Tons and tons untold,
Hills of coal wasted for heat!
Adequate outcome—gold.
Ages of time,
Earth, sky without span;
Vast love and labors of God!
Adequate outcome—man.
—Bishop H. W. Warren, in Independent.

THE LOWEST WAGES

AN Atlanta, Ga., woman has been studying the wage scale of her own city. As far as possible the condition of women workers has been investigated, and, making all due allowances for groundless complaints on one hand and the disposition to conceal or embellish facts on the other, the conclusion, as published by her in the Atlanta Daily News, is that Atlanta pays to her women workers, in proportion to other cities, the lowest wages in the whole United States.

In the candy factories of Atlanta something over 500 women and girls are employed. Their hours are from 7 A. M. until 5.30 P. M. They average about $3 per week. Their work is light, and in the main done under fairly sanitary conditions.

Here the saleswomen in the best shops average from $3 to $3.50 per week, working nine hours a day.

LATTER-DAY MAXIMS.

WHEN a company is wound up it stops.

A fireman always works while he plays.

A blow on a ship picks you up.

Cycles must be tired, says The King, before they can run.

When taken in one is always put out.

When thirsty a "bitter" is sweet.

To float anything you have to sink money.

A valet often climbs up a hill.

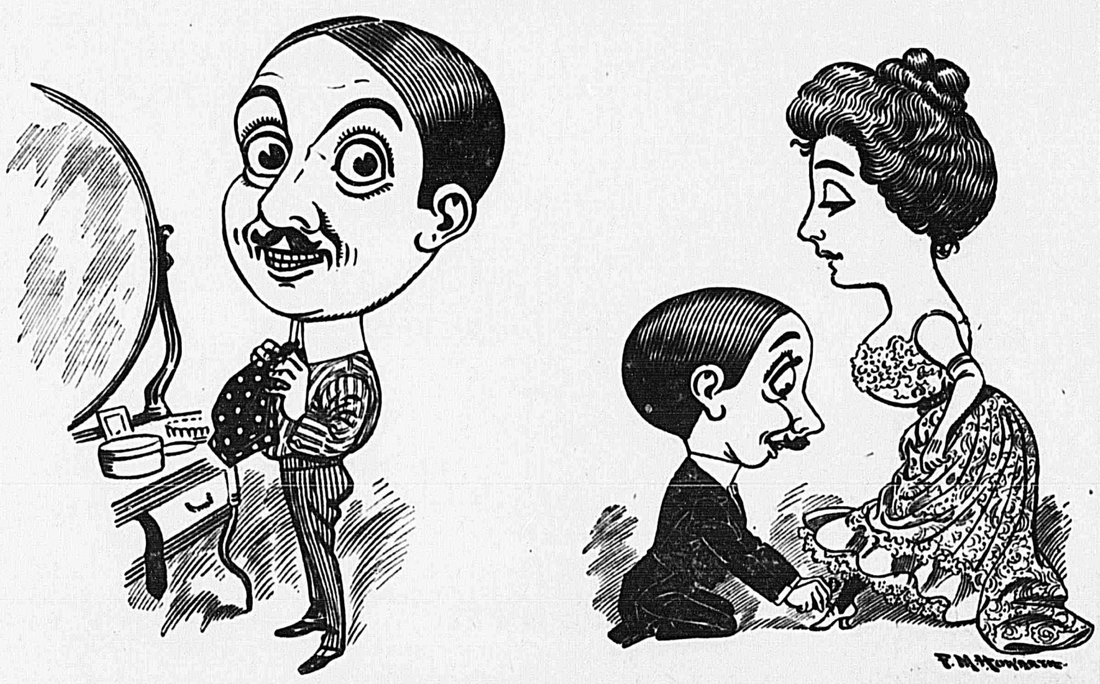
Newspapers, though black and white, are always read.

RIVER OF MANY NAMES.

Before the coming of the whites to America the Mississippi River was known by a different name every few miles of its course. Each tribe that dwelt along its banks gave it a name, and more than thirty of these local designations are preserved in the narratives of the early travellers.

F. M. HOWARTH'S COMICS.

ISN'T IT STRANGE—



That a young man may be able to tie the most intricate necktie in the most speedy manner——

Yet it will take him an indefinitely long time to tie a simple bow knot on a pretty girl's shoe?

MORE ILLUSIONS VANISH.

Now that somebody has discovered that there is no such thing as a Turkish bath in Turkey, it is due for some iconoclast to explain that there are no French fried potatoes in France, that Welsh rarebits are unknown in Wales, that Holland never heard of a Dutch woodcock and that Roman punch did not have its origin in the Eternal City.

BIRDS KILLED BY INSECTS.

BIRDS in cages are often killed by insects. The trouble may generally be detected by the bird's restlessness at night, and also by the way it plucks at its feathers during the day. To exterminate the parasites remove the bird into another cage and blow a little insect powder into its feathers. This treatment may have to be repeated several times. To purify the cage baking is recommended, but if that be not possible, scrub thoroughly with carbolic soap and hot water, and when dry paint over all the wire holes and crevices in the woodwork with paraffin oil. When the smell has gone off, the bird may go back to its cage, but to avoid a recurrence of the trouble the paraffin treatment should be repeated occasionally, as the cracks and holes in the woodwork are the favorite haunts of the parasites.

A WORD WANTED.

The selection of a correct word for a private collection of automobiles, equivalent to "stable," seems to afford considerable difficulty. "Motorbarn," "motorome," "motorden," "motorium," "motorshed" and "motable" have all been suggested. The French term "garage" would be a good one if it was not used for designating a place simply for storing and repairing automobiles.

THE EVENING WORLD'S LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Night School Wanted.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Cannot the Board of Education open a night school up in Harlem above One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street? There is a fine boy's grammer school on One Hundred and Forty-first street. I think it would be splendid to have night school there for the accommodation of the children that are obliged to go to work. This is the cry of many parents uptown. ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Nothing to Laugh At.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Mr. Angus McDugald says everybody laughs at him because he is red-headed and a Scot. Now I don't see why everybody should laugh at him, unless it is because Scotch people name their sons "Sandy." Some years ago a senseless person made up a story about a red-headed girl and a white horse, causing great annoyance to people of that shade of hair. As to Angus's charge that all American girls are pale-faced and unattractive, I don't think he has seen many of them. MANHATTAN.

Malodorous Staten Island.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What redress has poor humanity? See what we have to put up with at Staten Island. Certain factions there are the worst sort of a nuisance that ever were allowed to kill people with the smoke of sulphur, resin, turpentine and benzine. Not only that, but our insurance is enlarged. The smoke from the works will penetrate the houses when the windows and doors are closed half a mile from the works. Why can't the Health Department make them build a chimney that will carry the smoke high enough to abate the nuisance?

JOHN G. VAN NASDALL.
Port Richmond, S. I.

Another Gigantic Baby.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I saw an article about a baby boy who is the pride of Pennsylvania, eleven months old, and weighing thirty-five pounds. There is a New York baby eleven months old, who weighs thirty-eight pounds, has large blue eyes, and he is bright for the age. H. F. C.

The Police Won't Do Anything.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have lived on Twenty-third street between First and Second avenues for three years, but cannot sleep at night from the loafers that lay and sleep on the sidewalk all night fighting, singing and cursing. The language they use is of the worst kind. They all come from the lodging-houses in Twenty-third street. The station-house is not over one hundred feet away, but that don't seem to make any difference. It is worse than the Bowery.

A NEIGHBOR.

PERILS OF THE PRESIDENCY.

"ALL of the Presidents from Washington to McKinley have been in the habit of mingling freely with the people, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and usually without any particular precaution being made for their personal safety. The danger of this procedure was pointed out more than a hundred years ago, in the case of the country's first President. Said Count de Moustier, Louis XVI.'s Minister to the United States, to an American acquaintance in New York in 1789, as he saw Washington passing freely through the streets of that city: "Your republican chief's confidence in the people is magnificent, but it is perilous."

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this apron 2⅝ yards of material 32 inches will be required. The

pattern (No. 3948, is cut in one size only) will be sent for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City.