Beauty Hints

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

Wants 34-Inch Bust.

Dear Miss Ayer:

I AM seventeen years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall, with 25-inch waist measure, very small hips and 28 bust. I would like to reduce the bust to about 34 or 35 inches. J. M. ST.

The bust should be rubbed every night with Vaucaire's astringent ointment. Aristol, 2 grams; white vaseline, 30 grams; essence of peppermint, 10 drops. Then cover with linen cloths wet with this lotion: Alum, 2 grams; acetate of lead, 20 grams; distilled water, 400 grams. Cover the wet cloths with oiled silk, and keep them on for twelve hours. The treatment will not show results for several weeks, but should be continued as long as necessary.

A Blood Remedy.

Dear Miss Ayer:

PLEASE give me the recipe for a blood remedy you once published. It was sulphur and molasses. DELLA T.

Here is the remedy. Keep feet dry while taking this: Get five cents' worth of sulphur precipitate. Put two teaspoonfuls in the bottom of a glass. See that there are no lumps in it. Pour six teaspoonfuls of syrup or molasses on the sulphur. Stir. Take one teaspoonful of the mixture before breakfast and one just before going to bed for three days. Omit for three days. Repeat and omit for three days until you have taken the preparation for nine days.

Two Hair Queries.

Dear Miss Ayer

I AM nineteen, and have fairly light hair, but it is slowly turning dark. Is there any way I can keep it from turning, or make it lighter? Is there any way I can make my hair grow without changing its color? A. J. H. S.

The rule that I give you will help to that end. If you do not care for the reddish tint, leave out the cochineal. Powdered bicarbonate of soda, borate of soda (also powdered), 1-4 ounce of each; eau de cologne, 1 fluid ounce; alcohol, 2 fluid ounces; tincture of cochineal, 1-8 fluid ounce; distilled water, 16 ounces. Mix and agitate until solution is complete. Rub daily into the hair.

Think Hair Too Thick.

Dear Miss Ayer:

HOW can a person make his or her hair thinner? L. MacM.

To this most unusual request I can only say "don't." The scalp may became impoverished any time and the process of thinning be easily accomplished.

Marry, Bachelors, or Else Pay Up.

AN old project of taxing bachelors has recently been revived. When the Indiana Legislature meets at Indianapolis in January it will be asked to pass a bill introduced by a Gibson County member levying a tax of ten cents on every $100 salary earned by an able-bodied bachelor of more than thirty-five who receives more than $1,000 annually. It is proposed to apply 10 per cent of this revenue to the school fund and 90 per cent. to the maintenance of the various orphans' homes in the State.

Indiana is not a State in which bachelors are unduly numerous. By the last census there were 9,465 unmarried men in Indiana between the ages of 45 and 55, 4,313 between 55 and 65, and 2,506 above 65, a total of 16,284, exclusive of 21,536 bachelors between 35 and 45 who are to fall within the provisions of the bill, though generally bachelors between 35 and 45 are not deemed totally incorrigible and hopeless.

How many of the 37,000 bachelors in Indiana earn more than $1,000 a year and how many of them are able-bodied are questions which could not be decided offhand. But that many of them, perhaps as many as 10,000, would fall within the provisions of the proposed law seems probable, and the school fund of the State and the orphan asylums would, by the adoption of this act, be considerably enriched.

FOR YOU—JUST YOU.

The dawn dispels the solemn night,
Unveils the canopy of blue,
And floods the world with golden light
For you—just you.

The rose reveals its heart of gold
And sparkles with the morning dew,
With love in every crimson fold,
For you—just you.

The night comes down from out the deeps,
The argent stars come peeping through
Where dusky darkness calmly sweeps,
For you—just you.

The joyous zephyrs lightly blow,
The roses hide the bitter rue,
The skies with love are all aglow,
For you—just you.

—Chicago Chronicle.

Off the Wagon.

The Hats of Fashion Do Not Touch the Hair.

Wide Sleeves Make Big Hats Desirable, but Wearers Are Permitted a Wide Range of Choice, and Small Hats Are as Stylish as the Large Ones.

THERE never was a time when Fashion permitted such latitude in the matter of shapes in headwear; no limit is set to the size. We may have hats as large as we please, and again there are the closest of turbans and toques, plain or decorative as occasion requires. But the happy medium will always be the most in demand in hats as well as other things.

The "Directoire" hat, which at first was looked on with doubt, has steadily gained in popularity all season, this being due to the new coiffures and the styles of costumes that have a suggestion of that period. This is a period of "period" toilets, and every detail should harmonize.

The wide sleeves necessitate large hats, but a short woman in a very large hat is, as an artist would say, "out of drawing;" still, by having the brim tilted at a good angle, height is given to the wearer and also correct lines.

No hat now presses down the coiffure, not even the turned-down hats; bandeaux lift up the brims and save the prettily dressed hair from being crushed.

The way to pin on a hat nowadays is through the bandeau and across the back, which almost invariably is close to the head. With very upturned brims the hair should be worn waved and full; such a hat on a smooth, closely dressed head looks as if it had alighted there by accident, hence the maid or matron of scant locks would well visit her coiffeur before adopting this style.

To be correctly dressed, one must have one's hats in accord with the gown or suit; very simple tailor hats with the cloth or velvet walking suit; something more dressy for the afternoon promenade, and more elaborate for evening wear.

Fur hats cost a good deal, but are extremely elegant; and, of course, it goes without saying they must match the boa and muff which are in constant evidence during the cold weather. These fur toques and turbans are simply trimmed with a few gardenias, camellias or roses, or a pompon of ostrich or marabout tips.

The "restaurant" hat has made for itself a place all its own, and is altogether a very picturesque affair, usually of white, cream, or dainty light-colored materials, these being so various that fancy has fullest play. But although the hat may be of lace, velvet and feathers, or tulle, fur and flowers, it is held in somewhat neutral effect that it may prove suitable and harmonious with various evening frocks and waists.

A hat with deeply turned up sailor brim was covered plain with blue shot-silk gauze—one of the novelties of the moment—the edge bound with panne velvet to match; and where the brim was bent into a deep wave on one side a cluster of delicate pink rosebuds was posed. A big pompon of white and gray marabout feathers almost hid the dome crown, which was swatched around with blue tulle. This was a Carlier model.

Velvet and lace, especially the new lighter make of Irish point, are very effective for dressy hats. Fur bands or entire crowns are used in these hats, the fur matching any that is worn in the costume. The use of furs as a trimming has in no wise abated, and it is surprising how many of the winter hats show a greater or less touch of it.

The envelope hat has seized the popular fancy, and from one corner folding over the crown, we now see fur, with long "snake" plume showing within the opening.

A word as to the small hats. Just as Rejane is credited with popularizing the Louis coats, so has she convinced us of the chic to the small hat, set coquettishly on a beautiful coiffure.

One sees charming little toques of really no special shape, covered with gold tissue, encrusted with pearls, or draped over with lattice work of tulle in knotted strands; a few ostrich tips or pompon of marabout enhancing the richness of the effect.

Little hats in "Napoleon" form are of white silky beaver, the only trimming a long cluster of delicate blossoms, quite often of gold or silver gauze, are set close into a deep curve above the hair. Young women are again leaning toward the small toque.

The Hats in the Picture

A Bridesmaid's Hat.

THIS beautiful Empire model has the flat upper brim covered with white panne satin, the medium high crowd plain on top, and the satin laid in folds around the sides. The under brim is faced with puffings of pale hydrangea pink mousseline de soie, one long end of chiffon to match coming from under the short back brim to be draped at will around the throat. The long "snake" plume that encircles the crown is shaded from pink to pale blue, in the hydrangea tints.

A Fascinating Poke.

THE pretty quaintness of this style of hat is gaining in favor as the season advances, and it certainly adapts itself delightfully to the low coiffure. This charmingly simple model is of stiff white felt, the rather high, well-fitting crown swathed with soft silk, a large aggressive bow of the same posed on the left front. Narrow hems carrying fine wire are stitched along the edges of the loops and ends. The ties of soft wide ribbon are secured on each side of the narrow back brim with tiny crushed rosettes. A crescent-shaped bandeau crosses the front and lifts the hat becomingly.

A Quaint Poke Bonnet.

SIMPLICITY in picturesque expression is the idea of this fascinating creation. The chapeau is composed of deep wine-red velvet, the brim lined with fine moire in palest pink. The crown is just a big, flat puff, plaited in to the head and tied around with a rope of tulle matching the moire; full pink roses are tucked against the sides, where the brim is cut away to leave only a little frill from the crown over the hair at the back. The tulle ends in a chic bow tied coquettishly under the left ear.

Black Velvet Picture Hat.

THIS charming model is of black velvet with black lace inserted half way round the brim. The top of the crown is of lace, the side encircled by a "collar" of fluted ribbon velvet, which ends in a flat bow on the left. A twisted drapery of velvet encircles the base of the crown, holding the long ties of white chiffon. Five black Egyptian ostrich tips are posed around the crown in front, their stems hidden by the graceful forward droop. A bandeau encircles the hat, lifting it clear off the hair and tilting it well up on the left.

The veil is always an important accessory to the hat, and veil modes change even more often than hats. The correct veil just now with the tailor hats, meaning the simple toques, turbans and Amarones worn with the short-skirted tailor suits, is of a fine figured lace the color of the suit, or of some special trimming on the hat. These veils are finished, as indeed are all, on three sides, and when gathered up at the back fall in a short cascade.

For dressy hats the fine lined mesh nets, dotted with a few large chenille or velvet spots, are correct. Sheer Chantilly lace, and fine chiffon with lace insets are also worn by smart women; but the long automobile veil is not worn except for real protection from the cold and wind.

Home Hints

The Housewife's Cyclopaedia

A Spiced Omelet.

AN odd but especially delicious omelet is made by mixing six eggs, beaten, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two of grated cheese, salt and pepper, with tarragon, chives and parsley chopped fine. Put butter size of a walnut in a pan and cook as an ordinary omelet, or finish in the oven as for a soufflé.

Home-Made Boxes.

Covering boxes with chintz and French cottons is the fancy work of the day. These are used for gifts and much ingenuity is shown in them. The smooth surfaced box is bought from the factory and covered with stitches and glue. Some people prefer starch paste to any other method. The dainty woman has anywhere from two to twelve of these in her living room. They hold everything, veils, gloves, ribbons, visiting cards, invitations, amateur photographs and manicure implements.

Baked Bacon.

IF you find fried bacon objectionable and indigestible, try this way: Place thin strips of bacon, after removing the rind, on a broiler. Put the broiler above a pan so that the grease will not touch the bacon, and put it all in a hot oven; turn the broiler once. The oven should be hot enough to cook it in five minutes. The bacon is then so crisp and so greaseless that it can be eaten with the fingers.

A Good Trick for a Party.

Withdrawing the Card.

HERE is a very simple way to quell a boaster or any one who is "showing off," as some youngsters are prone to do when a party of several are together:

You start the thing going by declaring that you do not believe any of those present can lift a glass full of water and carry it five feet in five seconds without spilling most of it. Of course, several will at once claim the ability to perform the feat, and the time for your trick has come.

Fill a tumbler with water and completely cover the top with a stout sheet of writing paper. By pressing the paper firmly against the top of the glass you may safely turn the whole thing "upside down," or invert it. Rest it on the table, and the top of the table will press the paper so firmly against the edges of the glass that not a drop of water will come out.

Now you carefully withdraw the paper, as shown in the picture, and the water is still kept in the glass, this time by the table top alone. When any one tries to lift the glass the water will at once come out, and you have made good your statement at the expense of all those who claimed the ability to lift the glass.

The Garden of Lies

By Justus Miles Forman

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Eleanor Mallory, a New York girl, is induced by her family to marry Prince Carol of Novodnia. She is thrown from her carriage on the way from the church and receives an injury to the brain. She is taken to Sir Gavin McKenzie's sanitarium in Paris, where she recovers her reason. All memory of her marriage and her husband, however, is blank. The Prince is detained in Novodnia by an impending revolution. To alleviate the Princess's worry as to her husband's identity Denis Mallory, a young Irish soldier of fortune, is induced, by McKenzie and by the Prince's aide, Col. Von Altdorf, to impersonate the Prince in several interviews with Eleanor. Denis and Eleanor fall in love with each other. The Prince comes by stealth to Paris, learns of the ruse, insults Denis and forces a duel on him. Denis easily masters the Prince in the combat, but spares his life.

The Prince gains an interview with Eleanor and reveals his identity and the ruse of which she has been a victim. He then goes to Denis's studio, where Mallory and the rest are angrily awaiting him.

CHAPTER 6.

A Lie Detected.

PRINCE KARL, of Novodnia, came into the room with a certain lingering hesitation, and glanced up at our faces one by one, furtively under his brows, as if he feared what his reception might be.

Indeed he met no friendly glance nor welcoming eye. Col. von Altdorf's face was set and hard, MacKenzie lowered upon him gloomily, and I looked away. Only Denis rose at once and spoke with his ordinary courtesy as if nothing had happened.

"Pray sit down, sir," said he. "Sir Gavin has just been telling us that you have had an interview with the Princess Eleanor. Our task then, I take it, is nearly at an end."

The Prince dropped into a chair and his eyes wandered dully about the room, avoiding our faces.

"I thought it time to end this deception," he said. "So I went to my wife and told her the whole truth. She fainted, and I came here."

No one answered. The Prince glanced around uneasily.

"You show small approval of what I've done, sir," said he to MacKenzie.

The Scotsman turned upon him like an angry lion.

"Approval?" he cried, towering above the sulky figure in the chair—"approval, say you? 'Tis no thanks to you that the Princess Eleanor is alive to-day! You've done all ye could to make my treatment an' the efforts of all these gentlemen here of no avail. First ye come here with no manner o' warnin', an' though 't is explained to ye wi care what we're tryin' to do in the matter o' saving yer wife's reason ye try to break in upon her the first instant—through a silly jealousy worthy o' a child. Ye try, furthermore, to kill a gallant gentleman who's givin' his time to your service an' hers an' who spares your life, as by heaven I'd never ha' done. Then lastly, full o' the same silly jealousy, no doubt, ye make yer way into my house an' blurt out the whole truth like an eediot, careless o' whether yer wife can bear the shock or no. Before God, sir, 't is all I can do not to lay hands upon ye!"

The Prince of Novodnia raised his bent head and tried to square his hudded shoulders.

"I give you my word," said he, "that this morning I had no thought of attempting to see the Princess. It—it was a sudden impulse, an overwhelming impulse that could not be denied. I tell you I have waited till endurance cracked. I have been put off day by day with promises of the near future. I've seen myself no nearer the goal than when I came to Paris, another man taking my place, winning my wife's—my wife's—care—nay, sir, I impute to you no blame! I do not question your honor or your good faith—do not misunderstand me! I could bear it no longer! Rash I may be, gentlemen, headstrong and careless, too little thoughtful of the harm I may do, but—I love my wife, and my love has wrecked my judgment. If I have brought grief to her I must be an equal sufferer, for as I live I think I shall never win my wife's love. Gentlemen, gentlemen, have you nothing but condemnation for me?"

"Aye, sir, pity, pity!" cried Denis, springing up and going over to him, while the others of us sat in sullen silence. "Pity—and understanding, sir! There is no one of us who can swear that he would have done otherwise in your place."

"By my faith in God, Denis," said I, "you're the bravest man and the truest gentleman in the world. You shame us all!" I saw his face and turned my eyes away. We two walked to the window, apart from the rest.

"She'll never love the Prince, Denis," said I, after a pause. I thought it might be a ray of comfort to him in his darkness.

"She must!" he cried. "God help us both! She must! It's her only hope of happiness. She'll turn to him in her utter disgust of me, turn to him for shelter——. What do I matter if only she's happy, Ted? That's all that counts—just that she may be happy! Ah, yes, she'll come to love the Prince—in time."

But I shook my head.

"She'll love you while she lives, Denis," I said, "as you'll love her—and that's something."

"As I'll love her," said he, very low, and staring out into the garden that was Paradise no longer. "Why, yes, Teddy, that's something—— Ah, no, no! it mustn't be true—it won't be true! Don't try to comfort a chap, Teddy. I shall get on—somehow."

And behind us, in the room, I heard the three others talking, old MacKenzie in a moderated voice, the Prince very wearily, as if he saw his dream shattered forever; Von Altdorf anxiously, and urging his master to return to Novodnia, where the need for him was so desperate.

Fate had played one of her trumps—but only one.

* * * * * * *

It was two days later that Denis, hearing that Eleanor was out driving, ventured into the old garden—the garden that had once been Paradise, but that now he stigmatized as a Garden of Lies.

He walked, head down, eyes fixed upon the ground before him, hands clasped behind his back, so that he came slowly into the little circle of shrubbery that surrounds the fountain, and where stands the cracked old stone bench, without glancing ahead.

Then he raised his eyes and fell a step backward.

"I—beg your—pardon!" said he, very low, and in a queer, breathless voice. "I didn't—know there was any one—there. I—thought I should be alone.

"And I," said the Princess Eleanor from the old stone bench. "Else I should not have come."

"I'll go away at once," said Mallory, not looking at her. "I—won't intrude upon you."

"Just a moment, please!" begged the Princess Eleanor. "I do not know, sir, what has been told you relative to—to what occurred on the day before yesterday, or to my sentiments toward you at present—and for all time in the future?"

She spoke as if in question, and paused a moment.

"I think I have heard it all," said Denis, quietly, "or at least quite enough to understand; quite. Of course, I'm not surprised," he went on, "at your feeling about it all—I—expected to be—despised, and—all that, for you can't know, probably never will know, how desperately necessary it was to take some immediate action, and how we were forced to lie to you, to impose upon you for your own sake. Ah, I'm not crying for your mercy! I'm not even trying to apologize for what we did. However we hated the task, we knew it was the only thing, and we'd do it again, I think, if the same problem were offered us."

"I can understand, sir," said the Princess, "how Sir Gavin MacKenzie and these other gentlemen—even my Cousin Jessica, might use a deception to save my health. There is nothing terrible in that. But that you should carry the thing on day after day, seeing as you must have seen, what it was coming to—seeing that I must grow to care for you, letting me care more and more, aye, making he care! till you had me heart and soul, in your hands. Ah, there's where the awfulness of the thing lies! To think that a man could be so base, so contemptible, so infamous!

Mallory raised a white and quivering face. His voice shook when he spoke.

"And you—you thought—you think that I was—playing the lover as well as the husband? You thought I went back to my rooms daily to laugh at you? Eleanor, you sear my very soul! You—ah!—As God lives and loves His world, I've loved you and love you now and must love you till I die with all the heart and soul and body that is mine."

"Would you carry your infamy further, sir?" she cried. "Have you not done? Would you insult me again with your pretense of love? 'Love!' As if you knew what that word means!"

"Why did you come out in the garden to-day, Madame?" he demanded suddenly, looking into her eyes. "Why did you come to sit upon the old stone bench?"

The Princess flushed from neck to burnished hair.

"Why—why I—came because the day was fine, sir," she murmured. "Because the house tired me. I came—what is it to you, sir, why I sit in my garden? How dare you demand my reasons for doing as I please? Your insolence is in keeping with your other qualities!"

"As you like, Madame," said he, bowing. "And now before I go, will you let me make an appeal to you?—No, but wait! The appeal is not for myself. I ask for nothing, nothing. I beg only that you permit that greatest of healers, Time, to teach you that there are good and true men still in the world and that not every one is a—liar and blackguard. Madame, Prince Karl of Novodnia, is an honest gentleman who loves you well, nay too well, for he has left his realm in direst peril to come to you—alas too late! I beg that when you have a little recovered from this—this shock, you will listen to him. It is evident that at one time you were willing to give your life to him, even if no great measure of love. Listen to him, Princess, and take the high place in Novodnia that waits for you. You, who are queen among women, must be a princess before the world. There will never have been so regal or so kind a princess!"

The Princess sat staring at the ground and her breathing came a bit fast.

"We will not speak of that, sir," she replied. "I know only that you made me love you with your lying words of honor and tenderness, with your lying eyes and lying smile, and that now I hate you, despise you, as I hate and despise and loathe myself and this Garden of Lies! Have you done?—for I can bear no more of this."

"But one thing more, and I have done," said he, "one very little thing." He put his hand into his waistcoat breast pocket and drew out a little knot of narrow pink ribbons.

"You wore this," said he, "upon the breast of your white gown that first day. It came unfastened and fell when you were not looking, and I picked it up and kept it. I have had it ever since. It has never left me night or day."

He held out the little knot of ribbon toward her, but the Princess shrank back.

"I could not touch it, sir," said she.

"If I have your permission, Madame," said he, in a very low voice, "I will go. I shall not intrude upon you now nor to see you again."

The Princess Eleanor, up in her chamber, pulled aside the white curtains and looked down into the garden.

"And now," said she, in a low, tired voice, "now I have hurt you as much as you have hurt me. Now I've made you suffer as much as you made me suffer, and you'll hate me as I—as I—hate you, for no man can ever forgive what I have said to you, the insults I've heaped upon you. They'll burn you so long as you live, Denis,—Denis? I like your new name. Carlo, it's Irish, isn't it?—as the lying speeches you've made to me must burn always; as, God pity me, the love I bear you must burn in my shamed heart till I die!" cried the Princess Eleanor, and fell to sobbing most bitterly.

(To Be Continued.)

Cut Out This Picture.

CUT OUT THE BLACK PARTS OF INSIDE OF THE OVAL.

LAY this picture on a hard, smooth surface that will offer a good base for cutting. A piece of glass is best, but smooth hard wood will do very well. Sharpen your penknife, particularly around the point, so that it will be keen enough to cut paper without leaving the least bit of raggedness. Then, with an even, smooth movement, cut out all the black parts of the drawing inside of the irregular oval, taking great pains to cut each as true to the line as possible. Everything depends on the minuteness with which this is done.

Then cut out the irregular oval itself. Now hold the completed paper perpendicularly between a bright light of a lamp or candle and a perfectly smooth, dark wall. At once the cut-out portions will throw a wonderful picture of Christ on the wall.

BEST WAY.

"How do you keep the moths out of your clothes all summer?"

"I wear my suit all the time."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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