## "S'Matter, Pop?"

(Copyright, 1912, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.))

By C. M. Payne

## You Can Be Your Own Beauty Doctor

*By Andre Dupont*

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

"COME on in," said the Average Girl as she stood where the white froth from the waves that broke farther out just splashed the hem of her short bathing skirt. "The water's fine," and to prove the contradictoriness of the female nature she shivered vigiently.

The Woman of Thirty stood at the extreme shoreward edge of the water and cautiously advanced a tentative foot into the Atlantic Ocean. Not meeting as warm a reception as she expected, she drew it out hastily.

"Oh," said the Girl, and she spoke loudly, for both the waves and the bathers were making a good deal of noise, "perhaps the water will spoil your new satin suit," and she paraphrased mockingly:

"Mother, may I go out to swim?
"Yes, my darling daughter.
Dress yourself in your bathing suit,
But don't get it wet with water."

During the rendering of this selection the Woman retreated out of reach of even the very boldest of the waves, and taking a seat on the beach beckoned the Girl to come to her; which she did without delay and dropped down with a laugh in the sand at her friend's side.

"It's not that I'm afraid of the water, really," said the Woman. "I used to be a rather good swimmer when I was a young girl. But I haven't been in bathing for so long that I'm like an old colored woman we once had who used to do our washing. We went away at one time for about six months and when we returned my mother sent for her, but she refused to take home the basket of clothes. 'Yer see, Missus, it's dis way," she explained: "I's been out of work so long, dat now when I could work I finds I'a done lost my taste for it!'"

"The worst thing about surf bathing," said the Girl, "is that if you go in much over your knees you are in danger of getting your hair wet."

"You OUGHT to get your hair wet," replied her friend, tilting the gayly colored beach parasol which she carried down a trifle to shade her nose from an inquisitive sunbeam. "A great many women have headaches after the bath simply because they wear a tight cap which keeps the head perfectly dry. With the body cooled with sea water and the head hot, how can they help feeling badly then or later?"

"But sea water is so bad for the hair," objected the Girl.

"Nonsense! Did you ever see a bald-headed sailor? I never did, though I've travelled considerably by water and spent every summer at the seashore. Sailors don't go in for salt water bathing, to be sure, but they are constantly out in fogs and their hair gets wet with spray, and if there was anything in your theory they would be as bald as eggs."

"I will grant you," she continued, as the Girl shook her head doubtingly, "that salt water makes the hair sticky and heavy and unpleasant. But if you give it a rinse with fresh water under the shower, wring it out and mop it with a towel and then dry it in the sun, it will grow thick and lustrous. Airing and sunning the hair like this not only keeps it sweet and clean, but is exceedingly good for the scalp also. The sun will soon cure any disease of the scalp and make it healthy and active. And a healthy scalp makes strong and beautiful hair."

"But I haven't always time to sit around and dry my hair after the bath. Occasionally I have an engagement to do something more exciting," objected the Girl.

"In that case take up some water in your hand and wet your forehead and the hair just over it and the back of your neck, and that will keep the blood from rushing to your head. Sometimes, too, when one first comes to the seashore, the salt in the air or the extra amount of fish eaten makes the face break out in what looks a little like nettle-rash. Bathing this with olive oil usually cures it in short order. If, however, it gets so bad that even this fails, then take Sairy Gamp's cure—gin and water. But use it externally, not internally, and the complexion will soon be all right again. And, of course, every night at the seashore you should cold cream your nose to keep it from getting red.

"But come," she said rising to her feet. "I have taken my courage in both hands now, as the French say, and I bet you an ice cream soda I can beat you in a swim out to the raft."

## Oh, You Ophelia!

(Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.))

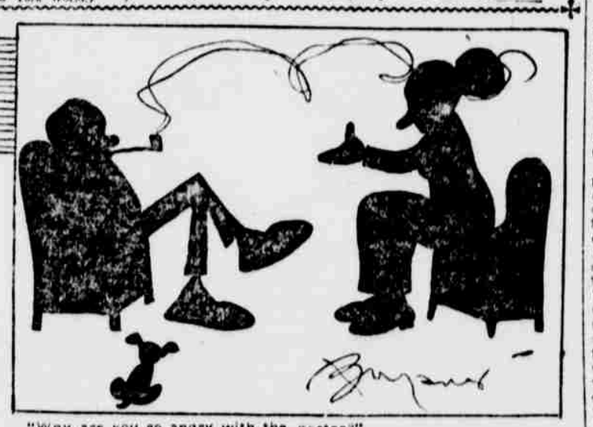
By Dwig

## Silhouette Sayings

(Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.))

By J. K. Bryans

"Waiter, this steak is like cow-hide!"
"Well, watcher expect for a dime? Dressed kid?"



"Why are you so angry with the doctor?"
"Because when I complained of that tired feeling, he looked at my tongue!"

## Some Good Stories of the Day

### Finally Got It.

"DURING the financial depression of 1901," says a Milwaukee man, according to Lippincott's, "a German farmer in Wisconsin went to his bank for some money. He was told that the bank was not paying out money, but was using cashier's checks. He could not understand this, and the officers of the bank took him in hand, one after another, with little effect. At last the president himself tried his hand, and after long and minute explanation some inkling of the situation seemed to be dawning on the farmer's mind. Much encouraged, the president said:

"'You understand the idea now, do you not, Mr. Weber?'

"'Yes,' said Mr. Weber; 'it's like dis sin'd it! Ver my baby takes up at night and vants some milk, I gif him a milk ticket.'"

### Everything Out.

A "CUB" reporter was sent out by his city editor to cover a fire in the Back Bay district. Before he could reach the house the fire had been extinguished and the fire department gone. Nothing daunted, the reporter rang the bell of the house and soon was confronted by a servant girl.

"I wish to see Mr. Robinson," said the reporter, politely tipping his hat.

"He's out," tersely answered the servant.

"Is his wife at home?" asked the reporter.

"No, she's out, too."

"Well," came back the reporter, "I understand you have had a fire here."

"Oh, that's out, too," and the reporter went sadly away as the door slammed in his face.—Boston Traveler.

### Thought Car Was Packed.

HE was very much intoxicated, very polite and very much alone, although he did not seem to realize that fact. He was the only passenger on a westbound Quindaro Boulevard car and the conductor was keeping a watchful eye on him. He was occupying a rear side seat.

Presently a woman got on. The intoxicated man arose, lifted his hat with an elaborate bow and said: Excuse me, ma'am. Realizes I'm no condshun to address a lady, but I fish can't bear to shee you standsh up. Kin'ly take mush sheat."

The woman did so and the intoxicated man stood up all the way to the end of the line.—Kansas City Journal.

### A Happy Outlook.

IN Detroit they tell of a young man who, although he made a great deal of money, was always in debt because of his extravagance. Not long ago, however, he wooed and won a young woman of great wealth, and immediate things took on a roseate hue.

During the honeymoon the bride ventured to ask hubby whether the fact that she had money meant any difference to him.

"To be sure it does, my love," was the unexpected response.

Whereupon wifey was a bit alarmed. "What difference?" she asked.

"Why, darling," continued the husband, "it is such a comfort to know that if I should die you'll be provided for."

"And if I should die?" added the bride.

"Then, darling," was the reply, "I'd be provided for."—Lippincott's.

### Businesslike.

IN a certain town of Nebraska lives a man who has been so unfortunate as to lose three wives, who now bunked side by side. For a long time the economical Nebraskan deliberated as to whether he should erect a separate headstone for each, commemorating her virtues, but the expense deterred him. Finally a happy solution of the difficulty presented itself.

He had the christian name of each engraved on a small stone—"Mary," "Elizabeth," "Matilda"—a hand put on each stone pointing to a large stone in the centre of the lot, and underneath hang the words:

"For epitaph see large stone."—Lippincott's.

### And So True, Too.

FATHER was walking to Sunday-school with little Johnny and endeavoring to improve the time by teaching Johnny his Golden Text, the words of which were: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap," says Harper's Bazar. Johnny repeated it after his father several times and seemed to have mastered the correct wording.

As they drew near the Sunday-school the father gave Johnny his last rehearsal. "Now, son," he said, "tell us what the Golden Text once more with all the big words."

This is what he got from Johnny: "Whatsoever a man sows always rips."

### Have to Rescue Pa.

EDWIND LAMY, the skating champion, said the other day at Saranac Lake, according to the Toronto Mail and Empire:

"Skating on thin ice is very dangerous. I heard two women discussing one of the local millionaires yesterday or the day before yesterday. It seems that

"Did you hear about poor old Jones's accident?" the first asked.

"No," said the second, with a little shiver.

"Well, he was skating through the ice this morning and he plunged in and ruined her."

"Ruined her hat, do you mean?"

"Well," she said, "How dreadful! Now we'll have to rescue pa."

### Should He?

DURING a discussion of the fitness of things in general, some one asked:

"If a young man takes his best girl to the grand opera, spends $8 on a supper after the performance, and then takes her home in a taxicab should he kiss her good night?"

An old bachelor who was present growled: "I don't think she ought to expect it. Seems to me he has done enough for her."—Lippincott's.

## Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

### *Mother Objects.*

"G. P." writes: "I am seventeen years old and very much in love with a young man five years my senior. He has asked me to marry him, but my mother is unwilling that he should even call upon me. Do you advise me to become his wife?"

I never advise anybody under age to marry against the parents' wishes. You should wait.

"C. F." writes: "A young man called on me for some time, and then stopped, though we had no quarrel. Would it be proper for me to go and see his mother at a time when I know he is not at home?"

I think so, if his mother is a friend of yours.

"L. T." writes: "My sister says that I ought not to attend dances or the theatre with a young man unless a chaperone goes along. But I don't see that this is necessary, as I only go out suitable and enjoyable with respectable young men. What do you think?"

The chaperon question is decided differently in different social circles. What is the custom followed by your other girl friends?

### *Undecided.*

"E. R." writes: "Two young men are extremely attentive to me, and each has asked me to marry him. But I can't find out which I care for most. There are certain special advantages in marrying each of the two which I should not obtain if I chose the other. How shall I decide?"

If you are really so uncertain and are calm enough to weigh "advantages," I do not think you care sufficiently for either man to marry him.

"S. E." writes: "A girl friend has just announced her engagement and I want to give her some sort of a party. Have you any suggestions?"

A handkerchief shower would be fine.

## Just a Glimpse Into the New York Shops

A SMART accessory for present wear is found in the leather collar and cuffs that are now being displayed at $2 a set. They are of soft kid made up in a round Dutch collar and deep cuffs. They are in contrasting shades; for instance, the green collars and cuffs are edged with one inch bands in royal blue. Two straps with small gilt buckles act as fasteners for both the collar and cuffs.

A set in white kid with black suede bandings and tiny pearl buckles are very fetching. This neckwear is equally pretty worn with silk, linen or serge dresses.

With the present strong revival of the chiffon veil, new developments of this favorite veil are constantly appearing. For motoring and travelling the waterproof chiffon veils are desirable. They are 1x2 yards and can be had in pretty colorings at $2.25.

The attractive striped blazer coats can be made at home at quite a reasonable figure when the blazer cloth is only 85 cents a yard. It can be had in a large assortment of stripes, including many of the college colors.

Now that combs and barrettes are again in favor the shops are displaying many novelties. Beautiful combs set with rhinestones and a narrow gold beading in design are $2.

Especial attention is being given to gray hair ornaments. Barrettes in the popular bone designs are 75 cents. One in gray combining plain and carved pearl is particularly pretty and can be had at $1.25. The plain bar barrettes that are now so fashionable can be had as low as 25 cents, while the two-prong hairpins that are now so largely used are 75 cents.

Aluminum hairpins set with rhinestones are shown in various shapes and sizes at $1.

Infants' play rugs are of heavy Terry cloth. These are nice for veranda use and come in bright colors in attractive designs to amuse the child. Those 45 inches square are $3.

For the cottage home a bedroom set is a necessity. Beautiful patterns are being shown, but a simple one in white with gold or silver bands is very pretty. It consists of a tray, a covered pitcher, a match-holder and a candle-holder. This practical bedroom china can be had at $5. A similar set with the pitcher uncovered is $4.50.

## The Man in the Brown Derby

*A Great Summer Story of New York*

By Wells Hastings

(Copyright, 1911, by Robbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mason Ellsworth, a young New Yorker, consents for a large income to marry Nancy Bond, whose Uncle Nicholas wants to get rid of her. Mason and Nancy go to a Pennsylvania farm, where they fall genuinely in love with each other. There an object is a mysterious man who calls himself "Dr. Morrison," and who wears a brown derby. Doubting that their marriage was performed by a regular clergyman they plan a second marriage. Mason goes to the nearest town to get a license. On his return Nancy has vanished, having been kidnapped by Morrison and a trained nurse. Mason starts in pursuit. He traces her to Buckingham, where an eccentric old gentleman named Ogilby lends him money for use in finding Nancy. Mason learns that Nancy is imprisoned in a sanitarium at Winford. Mason and Mrs. Lathrop go to Winford. That night Mason scales the walls of the sanitarium and finds the barred window of Nancy's room. Together they try to plan some means of escape. The next morning Mrs. Lathrop goes to the sanitarium with Mason. He tells Dr. Mayhew the revelation that Mrs. Lathrop is his rich aunt, whom he wishes to lock up in order to get her money. While remaining there a nominal prisoner Mrs. Lathrop bribes a nurse and gets word to Mason as to how the place may be entered at night. Mason gets into the sanitarium. He encounters in one room an old man who begs to be released. Going to the next room, seeking for Nancy, Mason is confronted by Dr. Morrison, who levels a revolver at him. Mason attacks Morrison.

### *CHAPTER XXV.*

(Continued.)

### *The Encounter.*

"BUT, with my spring, I had misjudged distance a little, and although I had hit him hard, the blow had come too low, striking his chest and only glancing against his chin, so that he staggered back and would have raised the revolver had I not grasped his wrist. Even then he cursed me heartily, and, I think, had no doubt of his ability to wrest himself free in a moment or so; and indeed, at his first sudden wrench almost succeeded. But I managed somehow to hold on and struck at him again with my free right hand.

But though the blow spent some of its force upon his arm, yet it staggered him and carried him back, so that, as I followed it with my other hand, I caught him this time unguarded, full and fair on the point of the chin, shaking his head upon his shoulders. His arms jerked up convulsively and fell; and he crashed back into the wall behind him; tottered, crumpled and fell sprawling to the floor on his face.

Time was precious now, I felt, and I put my shoulder to it and heaved with all my might, so that the oak panel cracked and split and I could hear the lock groan. With another heave it flew open before me and I stumbled into a room, lighted like my own, turned around and shut the door and saw lying before it a little, huddled-up man who had evidently been listening to the strange sounds on the other side. I paid no attention to him, but strode across the room and dragged back his iron bed to prop against the door, as some makeshift for its broken lock. I put him aside as gently as I could to do this and he turned a frightened face toward me, hiding a wobbling, rabbit-like chin with trembling fingers. I straightened up in amazement, for I was looking into the shifting eyes of Ephraim Bond.

### *CHAPTER XXVI.*

### *The Dark Room.*

HIS surprise was, I think, quite as great as my own. He looked at me for a moment, soft jaw fallen, round mouth agape.

"You?" I exclaimed.

The anger was coming back into his face again. "Yes," he said, "a prisoner, a prisoner! Trapped here and illegally lethined. I have thought, sir, that this was some revenge of yours; but if you did not do it—and I see that you did not—my wrong is greater than I had supposed. I thought I heard his voice, but I could not believe it. Oh, this is terrible, terrible! Mr. Ellsworth, you must leave me. I must have time to think—to think."

"Listen," I said. "I am going to shake the door into the hall, and when I stop, I want you to commence. Make as much noise as you can. Kick it, if you have to. You understand?"

I burst out at last into the hall. There stood a nurse whom I knew must be our little mercenary. Led by her I hurried from room to room, seeking Nancy. At length I reached the door of the office.

"Well," said Dr. Mayhew, "I have been expecting you for some minutes."

He was tilting back in a chair behind the desk, and, with one hand, he blew out a tremendous cloud of smoke, with an elaborate air of unconcern. I had come into the room half crouched for a spring, tensely ready to leap or strike at any least sign of awaiting hostility, so that this cool greeting came to me with all the unsettling force of the unexpected.

"Well, now that I have found you," I said, "I think that you can be of some use to me."

Doctor Mayhew raised his eyebrows. "How?" he asked, and for the first time I noticed that, in spite of his easy manner, much of his high color was gone, and that the hand which held the cigar trembled a little.

"I came here," I said, "as you probably know well enough, for one of your so-called 'patients.'"

"It seems to me you've gone about it in a strange way," he said. "If you had addressed yourself to me in the first place, I am quite sure there would have been no trouble. If you are dissatisfied with the treatment your aunt is receiving here, even now you are at perfect liberty to take her away."

"Come," I said angrily; "you are wasting time. Are you going to show me where you have put Miss Bond, or am I to be under the necessity of hurting you?"

"Miss Bond," he answered, in pained surprise; "I was under the impression that you called your aunt Mrs. Lathrop. Just what right have you to interfere with Miss Bond?"

I took an angry step toward him. "I am that 'delusion' of hers, if you like," I said. "I know she has talked the matter over with you, for I heard her."

"You heard her?" said Doctor Mayhew, in what seemed to me a very genuine surprise.

"Yes, from the ivy outside her window," I answered impatiently. "I am her husband, Doctor Mayhew, and I have come for her."

Doctor Mayhew whistled. "So that's true, then," he said; "then you are—er—Mason Ellsworth."

I nodded. Doctor Mayhew frowned.

"I hope you will believe," he said, "that this is a genuine surprise to me. Miss Bond was brought here by a medical man, a man whom I have every reason to believe is honest. She is, in fact, out of my jurisdiction. I'm sorry, Mr. Ellsworth, but, at the moment, I don't see what I can do to help you. Even if you had come to me in a proper manner, I should be at a loss to know what to do. It is very unfortunate that you did not tell me what you wanted in the first place, for then I might have been able to do something. As it is I have sent for the police."

"The police?" I asked.

"Certainly. You can hardly deny that you have been guilty of breaking in and assault. But I'll tell you what I'll do."

He got up from his chair and came around to my side of the desk. "I see that there has been some sort of misunderstanding. I'll let you get away, if you want, and agree not to press the matter any further."

"Get away," I laughed; "why you can't even get out of the place yourself. If you won't help me willingly, I am going to take you along as best I can."

The doctor lowered his voice; his plump face took on an expression of unspeakable guile.

"Don't be too hasty," he said. "Why not settle this matter peacefully, Mr. Ellsworth? We're both of us sensible men and should be able to come to an understanding. If you will sit down there and write me a full release and your check say for—well, for five thousand dollars, I will manage somehow to send the young lady to you to-morrow morning."

He had taken up again his habit of pacing the floor.

"Doctor Mayhew," I said, "I wouldn't trust you with a blind man's pennies, since we are speaking as one man to another."

"Oh, very well," Doctor Mayhew answered. "Mat!"

From somewhere behind the great oblong desk arose the man I had seen on the floor above. His slung-shot had been laid aside for a revolver.

In his pacing the doctor had got between me and the door, and now threw his arms about me from behind.

"Come, over and get him, Mat."

I stood passively, knowing that I should not be shot at with the doctor behind me, for a bullet of any calibre would pierce us both; so that I let my arms drop at my side, as if the odds were at last too great for me; and as Mat came within reach I wrenched myself away from the doctor's foolish hold and struck the man with the revolver reeling back against the desk. He dropped the weapon as he fell, and I stamped on Dr. Mayhew's fingers as he reached for it, so that he yelled with pain like a little boy. Then I stepped back to the doorway and, with the little mercenary at my heels, raced for the stairs.

There was a muffled sound of hubbub in the upper hall, a trampling of feet, a stifled scream, and then, to my astonishment, a trill of pealing laughter; then again the scuffle and the trampling. I had just decided that this came from Mrs. Lathrop's room, when the door opened and down the dim hall her hand still hesitant upon the latch, poised as lightly and as straight and fair as some young goddess, Nancy stood looking about her.

In a moment, and almost before I could move, she had seen me and ran joyfully forward, straight into my arms—her own she flung about my neck and I caught her to me and kissed her in a blinding wave of happiness. For a little neither of us spoke, only she clung very closely to me; while a measureless relief and joy surged dizzily at my heart and brain.

Nancy gave a little sigh and stirred gently in my arms. "You must let me go, Mason," she whispered.

"No, right away," as I held her closer. "We can hurry, hurry, you understand. Mrs. Olsen is in there with Mrs. Lathrop. Come, you must help her right away."

(To Be Continued.)