"S'Matter, Pop?"

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By C. M. Payne

You Can Be Your Own Beauty Doctor.

By Antoire Dupont.

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A NEW IDEA FROM PARIS.

"DID you notice what a vast improvement there is in our first vice-president's appearance this winter?" said the pretty clubwoman in fur-trimmed velvet to her neighbor in a nearseal coat

DRY CLEANING HAIR

"I can tell you in two words—corn meal!"

"You mean she eats it?"

"She may, for all I know to the contrary, but that isn't the idea at all. She takes a dry corn meal rub every day. She told me she learned about it at a famous Parisian beauty shop where she went for repairs last summer. They called it some outlandish French name that meant 'dry cleaning' and charged a wicked price for it, but it was nothing in the world but plain corn meal.

"She says," continued the pretty woman in velvet, "that the proprietor of the beauty establishment originally got the idea from Hawaii, where the native women have the smoothest and most perfect skins imaginable. These women rub themselves all over every day with the finest sand. If they were sandpapered they couldn't be smoother. And the corn meal rub has an even better effect. It stirs up the circulation of the skin, cleanses the pores and is a beauty builder generally. For ugly elbows it is said to work like a charm."

"What do you do? Just rub them with it?"

"No; you make a sort of poultice of a heaping tablespoonful of corn meal, a teaspoonful of scraped soap dissolved in hot water—glycerine soap is the best—and a good pinch of borax. Add enough hot water to make a thick paste, and plaster this on the elbows, letting it stay on for fifteen minutes. Then wash off and rub the elbows for five minutes with lanoline or old fashioned mutton tallow. Do this every day for a while and you will be astonished at the improvement in a very short time. Then there's another beauty stunt you can do with corn meal. Don't you think my hair looks nice? Well, it's all due to corn meal. I put some of this useful meal in one of the cheap shakers that are used for powdered sugar and shake it thoroughly through my tresses and then I brush my hair with a hot brush."

"What kind of a thing is that?"

"Just an ordinary hairbrush with a wooden back. I heat this in the oven and brush my hair with it until every particle of cornmeal is out."

CORN MEAL RUB

Novelettes of New York Streets

—— By Ethel Watts Mumford ——

7.—Love and Old Clothes

The Romance of a Second-Hand Shop on Sixth Avenue

ETHEL W. MUMFORD.

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SHE was a small woman with furtive eyes, and she carried two obviously heavy straw suit cases. She took her way Sixth avenue from Twenty-sig[illegible] street, pausing now and again befor[illegible] shows where second-hand women's [illegible]ments were displayed. Before a partic[illegible]rly up-to-date show window she paused, looked over her shoulder and darted to the door, which resulted in a collision with Miss Ivy Engle, who was examining laces with her back to the shop entrance.

"Pardon," gasped the woman. "I would like to speak with 'madame.' I have here some fine dresses. I am a lady's maid."

Miss Ivy swallowed her annoyance. "Step back, please. I will get mamma."

She led the way to the rear of the store, which boasted a "fitting room" formed by the side wall and three plush curtains on brass poles, and "an office," also curtained, and containing a desk, three chairs, heaped with clothing, and stacks upon stacks of soiled cardboard boxes. A fat woman with faded blond hair was in the act of stabbing a bill to death on the file. She turned pale, inquiring eyes on her daughter and the stranger she convoyed.

"Mamma, some dresses," said Miss Ivy.

Madame swung a suit case to the desk top with a practised hand and slipped the catches. The pupils of her eyes contracted as she noted the contents.

"Shake eet oud," she ordered her daughter in an Alsatian accent of mingled French and German, as she handed her a rose taffeta gown that shimmered in the gaslight, and delved for further loot. A gray beaded evening gown came next, and a black velvet with strass ornaments. She put down the empty bag, and swung the second into convenient position. A green charmeuse house gown, a white and silver ball dress and a sable and ermine stole and muff. Every article was of extravagant perfection and almost new, the size "a perfect 38." Madame turned each garment inside out and noted that the identifying marks both of maker and customer had all been removed. Then she glanced at the lady's maid.

"Five apiece for the dresses," she said sharply.

"But, madame," expostulate the woman, "they cost two or three hundred apiece! They are the clothes of a rich lady who can afford to have anything!"

"Who did you say the lady was?" inquired the buyer coldly, holding up a bodice from which the waistband had been ripped.

"I did not say," the woman replied angrily. "She gave me these to sell. She does not want her name known. She owes money for bridge," she added by way of explanation (at which madame sneered). "That stole is ermine and real sable."

"Twenty-five for that," said madame calmly, "and ten for the muff. We have, let me see, seexty dollar." She turne'l and unlocked a drawer in the desk.

"One hundred for the lot," said the maid sullenly, picking up the stole and folding it, "or I go to the place two doors down."

Madame's eyes watched the folding of the dainty fur covetously.

"All right," she agreed. "It is too much, but I have a gustomer that size—it is lucky for you." She counted over the money painfully, returned the suit cases and escorted the woman to the door. "Come again—perhaps we can do pis'ness." She bowed and turned to face her daughter. "Some buying, zat!" she exclaimed. "They is stolen, all right, all right."

They retired to the office to gloat. Each garment received the most careful scrutiny.

A Hidden Treasure.

"Fine, fine," Miss Ivy commented. "Miss Beatrice will pay you forty apiece for the dresses; they're joost sooted."

"I take me this to Bentziski," said her mother, smoothing the fur. "Tree hundred dollar I get me."

"Oh, look, what for a sachet!" exclaimed the girl. She turned over the bodice of the rose colored gown and showed, pinned to the left side, a pansy of mauve satin about four inches in diameter that gave forth a delicate odor. "Oh, and see!—it is pinned in with a gold pin with a real diamond!" They cackled wildly over the find. "There's something inside of it," Miss Ivy cried. "I feel it."

"Give here," her mother exclaimed as her fat fingers pawed the delicate petals that had lain so close above a heart. "Sure, it iss!"

She caught up a scissors and ripped the top leaf. The sachet was lined inside and contained a letter. It was still encased in its envelope and was directed in a firm, flowing hand to Mrs. Henry Lawlor. Mother and daughter glanced at each other. Mrs. Lawlor! The Mrs. Lawlor whose picture so often adorned the society columns of the Sunday papers they read with such avidity. With trembling fingers madam withdrew the inclosure and held it to the light.

"My own," she read, "when I left you I left my heart behind. I am coming back for it as quickly as I possibly can. My darling, I curse these wretched conditions that keep me from you—you who are my very life. Goodby for a little while. THINE OWN."

"Oh, my gracious!" said Miss Ivy.

"And she didn't have the sense to burn it!" Madam exclaimed. "Ach, Gott! What fools de women are!"

Miss Ivy put a finger on her mother's arm and leaned close till their faces almost touched.

"What would she pay to get it back?"

Madam's puffy face leered evilly. "What would HE pay—hein? You know what Smart Gossip wrote about—how he was crazy about that actress—hein?"

A Blackmail Plot.

"Mamma," said Miss Ivy, "remember we are here, without any doubt, receivers of stolen goods. The first thing I do I go with these clothes to Miss Beatrice and sells them all and gets them out of here. Then you to Bentziski and sell the fur. Then we say only one pink dress a strange woman brought to us, do you see? But even then we got to take a cheaper price for that letter—we must not make for ourselves troubles."

Admiringly she packed away the gowns.

"I will telephone to Miss Beatrice," she said at length. "She rehearsed this morning, and I think she will be home."

Left alone in the little shop, Madam cogitated long. The interruption of a customer was for once unwelcome. But at last her daughter returned and cast a check on the desk with a look of triumph.

"You go now, mamma."

Mamma obeyed heavily. "You do nodings until I get back," she commanded, seeing the girl's face assume its executive expression.

"Go on!" said Ivy, shortly. "You know I am a better manager as you are."

No sooner had the door shut on Madam's ponderous form than Miss Ivy seized upon the telephone book, then turned her attention to the accumulation of society gossip papers with which she beguiled her leisure. The gowns she so often handled gave her a vicarious feeling of position in the land of wealth. She studied the situation in the house of Lawlor, weighing the pros and cons carefully. Then she decided. Calling the little girl in the manicure parlor to mind the shop for a moment, she slipped into her hat and jacket and made for the nearest public telephone of the nickel-in-the-slot variety. There she called up the office of Mr. Lawlor.

"It is important," she insisted in her best telephone voice to the various functionaries who inquired her business. "It is about Mrs. Lawlor. Please give me Mr. Lawlor—no, thank you—no, it is private."

At last a hurried and annoyed voice sounded over the wire.

"Well, well, this is Mr. Lawlor—who is it?"

Miss Ivy's heart throbbed, but she steadied her voice.

"It is about Mrs. Lawlor's pink silk gown with the black girdle."

"Oh," came the voice, "the stuff that was stolen. Is this the detective agency?"

"No," she panted. Time was precious now. She knew he would hang up angrily. "No," she answered. "In the dress wa found a letter from a gentleman to Mrs. Lawlor, of the first order compromising. I am writing to your office. Open your own mail to-morrow morning."

Then she hung up and ran back to the shop. Miss Ivy's experiences and her special brands of literature had taught her many things, mostly about human nature. She had calculated quite correctly that Mr. Lawlor's better nature and natural repulsion to blackmail would take a few hours to be downed by hurt pride, curiosity and personal interest. That he would give his personal attention to the morning mail she never doubted.

Mr. Lawlor transacted no more business that day. In a tempest of mixed emotions he left the office, dismissed his motor and furiously walked uptown.

Curse it all—Sylvia! Countound it! She had fooled him to the top of her bent. Here he had been suffering the tortures of the damned from his conscience. And all the while she——. Let him find the cad! Who could it be? He canvassed the list of their friends and could suspect nobody. That infuriated him the more. Was she as sly as that, with her sweet, unsophisticated ways and her reproachful eyes?

He swore out loud and quickened his pace. The rose colored gown with the black girdle. She'd worn it at the silly tin wedding party she had insisted on giving—and from which he had fled the minute he decently could—yes, that was the day before the robbery. She had suddenly taken it into her head to go down to the country place the following day. And the maid had seized the opportunity.

He lashed himself into a fury and cajoled himself into self pity. He'd make her smart for this, he'd not spare her. He'd jolly well make a show of himself and Lillian. The vision of Lillian, blondined, marcelled, overdressed and underbred, came before him. No, he didn't want Lillian, her shallow laugh and flimsy flatteries. He wanted his own wife, his Sylvia. They'd only been married ten years. Lots of people were married four times that and were true to one another. By this time he had quite forgotten his own shortcomings. He was, head to toe, an injured husband. Without a word of explanation to his home he spent the night at the club, fuming with rage and jealousy, and reached his office the following day before the first clerk.

Miss Ivy's letter was short and to the point.

"Five hundred dollars in gold, if you agree; advertise Sunday," followed a close description of the sachet and its contents, and a transcript of the letter, with the added remark that doubtless the identity of the writer could be learned from the handwriting.

Henry Lawlor's bloodshot eyes devoured the note. Then he snatched up the loose sheet on which, in a neat, round hand, Miss Ivy had copied the burning words. He groaned, his heart ceased to beat, then leaped to his breast. Tears burst from his eyes and he dropped his head between his trembling hands, and, elbows on his desk, cried like a child.

Your First Letter.

His own letter—the letter he had sent back to Sylvia by messenger that morning of their honeymoon, when imperative business had called him away. And she, loving and unforgetting, had treasured it all these years, had worn it in her dress—that night she had pitifully tried to celebrate their tin wedding, hoping, perhaps, that he would soften to a reminder of the dear past, and that she might proudly say:

"You see, dear, your first letter—your first married letter!"

And he had treated her with indifference, scorn and neglect. His spirit lay in the dust of repentance before her altar. Thank heaven! he was awake now from his evil dreams; from the silly, vain infatuation he had cultivated in the very face of this gentle, uncomplaining devotion. But he would make amends with all his heart. He recovered himself, and glanced at the letter. Yes, he would pay the price, and get the letter back. It was worth that, ten times over.

No question of ethics bothered him. He was too full of his own concerns, too deep in his own heart.

* * * * * * *

A month later, when Madame and Miss Ivy balanced their books and took stock, Madame paused in the midst of an item and scratched her head with her pen.

"I must say, Ivy," she said, "you iss a fine manager. And gold you can't mark so easy. And I gif you credit for getting afferything wish no droubles to us. But until I die I shall not know vy it iss, ve look and ve vatch and ve read all de papers and de 'Smart Gossip' and nothings happens. And now, vass iss? Mr. and Mrs. Lawlor go off to Europe 'on a tin wedding trip'! And he with dat letter. Gracious! Mens iss fools!"

Miss Ivy shook her head. "You dunno, mamma," she said, "that letter may have been from some very big financier, perhaps, yes."

Twenty Gems Of American Humor

Famous Selections From the Works of Our Country's Foremost Laughmakers.

20—THE ROMANCE OF THE CARPET, by Robert J. Burdette

R. J. BURDETTE

BASKING in peace in the warm spring sun,
South Hill smiled upon Burlington.
The breath of May! and the day was fair,
And the bright motes danced in the balmy air.
And the sunlight gleamed where the restless breeze
Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple trees.
His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned,
As he stood with a carriage whip in his hand.
And he laughed as he doffed his bobtail coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote.
And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
And said she'd tell him when to stop.
So he pounded away till the dinner bell
Gave him a little breathing spell.
But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one,
And she said the carpet wasn't done.
But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
And he pounded like mad till the clock struck six.
And she said, in a dubious kind of way,
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.
Then all that day and the next day too,
That fuss from the dirtless carpet flew.
And she'd give it a look at eventide,
And say, "Now beat on the other side."
Till at last, one cheerless winter day,
He kicked at the carpet and slid away—
Over the fence and down the street,
Speeding away with footless feet.
Years twice twenty had come and passed,
And the carpet swayed in the autumn blast.
For never yet, since that bright springtime,
Had it ever been taken down from the line.
Over the fence a gray-haired man
Cautiously climb, climb, clum, clum, clumb.
He found him a stick in the old woodpile,
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile.
A flush passed over his face forlorn
As he gazed at the carpet tattered and torn.
And he hit it a most resounding whack,
Till the startled air gave his echoes back.
And out of the window a white face leaned,
And a palsied hand the pale face screened.
She knew his face; she gasped and sighed,
"A little more on the other side."
Right down on the ground his stick he threwed,
And he shivered, and said, "Well, I am blowed!"
And he turned away, with a heart full sore,
And he never was seen not more, not more.

The White Sales

WOMEN are now interested in the white sales that have become a January feature of the shops throughout the country and the tables piled high with dainty lingerie are very attractive.

Gowns are shown in many fancy styles, the delicate yoke, butterfly sleeves and dainty bows and rosettes being featured of the higher priced garment. Tucks and hand embroidery form another favorite embellishment in gowns as well as in the chemise.

The latter garment has become very popular, but it has undergone great changes since its former days of favor. The present day style is a well fitted article known as the vest chemise, which is quite short, the average length being twenty inches. And then there is the envelope chemise combination.

As it is now customary to wear only the slimy petticoat over the corset, a strong preference for the chemi pantalon, which eliminates all bulkiness, has been established. This garment received the approbation of good dressers immediately upon its introduction, about two years ago, and the present displays bear witness to its success as a practical article of wearing apparel. It is now being shown in various styles, some having the lower section fashioned in the new envelope type, others being developed in the usual style drawers.

The vogue of wearing muslin under the corset has been disastrous to the feet merly popular combinations. These are still seen at the sales, but they are no longer fashionable. Corset covers, too, have been entirely superseded by the well shaped brassieres that are now being offered in styles to fit every figure and in designs both dainty and substantial.

The new drawers are narrow and have well fitting tops. All trimmings are applied flat.

The fashionable fabrics for underwear line are nainsook, handkerchief linen, silken soft, crepe de chine and the cotton crepes that require no ironing. These are shown in various fancy weaves trimmed with lace insertion and hand embroidery. There are also many printed and colored effects in cotton crepes noticeable in the present sales.

Optimettes . . . By C. L. Cullen

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WHEN you Build your Bungalow, leave out the Cosy Corner—it Leads to the Comatose Condition!

C. L. CULLEN

It's Asking a Little Too Much to Expect Destiny to Tip us Off on what's Going to Happen Next!

The Mid-Plane is the Safest—the Heights and the Depths are for the Gods!

The Man who Trumpets his "Wrongs" makes such Discordant Music that All Hands Take to their Heels!

The Reflection of the Game Man who has had a Hard Jolt is: "I Got Exactly what was Coming to Me!"

Somehow we Always Develop a Mental Reservation about the Man whose Wife describes him as "Perfect!"

It isn't so Very Hard to Paddle into the Peaceful Waters—but that's a Thing that Nobody can Do for you!

For Fatty Fermentation of the Mind consult Old Doctor Get-Next-to-Yourself!

"Dicers' Oaths" are Trust Company Bonds compared with the Promises made by a Man just Coming Off a Jamboree!

Don't Proclaim that you're Never Going to Do It Again—for Father Time has Heard a Lot of those Proclamations!

Perhaps you've Observed that Each Time it's Harder and Harder to Get Out of the Bad Hole of your Own Making!

The Accuser that we Dread more than Any Other is our Shaving Glass!

Emulation is a Stimulant—but Envy needs an Eliminant!

Diamond Cut Diamond

A New York Romance of Laughs, Thrills and Treasure

By Jane Bunker

—— (Copyright, 1913, the Bobbs-Merrill Co.) ——

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The heroine is middle-aged New York spinster, who tells the story) meets in Europe a pretty girl, Claire Revenal by name, and Mrs. Delario, a [illegible]. On their return to New York one of Claire's diamonds is put by mistake into the spinster's suit case. The spinster soon after is entertained by Mrs. Delario to take temporary charge of seven blood-red diamonds worth $1,000,000, as she says, by enemies who would steal the treasure. The spinster hides the jewels in her own flat, among the stems of a bunch of hyacinths. M. de Ravenel, Claire's father, declares the diamonds are his, and demands their return. The spinster refuses. That evening when she returns from the theatre with Billy Rivers, a young reporter, she finds that her flat has been entered and searched. But nothing has been taken. Her telephone next day is allowed, so she writes an appeal to Billy Rivers.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

Locked In.

MONSIEUR had turned the slippers when he set them down hurriedly—the suggestion of all the other slippers toe to the wall had been too strong for his memory of their sister heel to the wall after he had picked them up. That was his one inexcusable blunder in the whole affair—it had set me watching.

Next day he'd taken the slippers away to complete his examination and draw his conclusions from the glue mark at leisure. I came home before he got them back, and being sure I'd miss them he put them in my wardrobe Monday morning the moment I went to Mrs. Delario's, calculating that when I found them I'd think I put them there myself. In which he would have been correct, if he hadn't turned those slippers—which only goes to show!

But Claire a thief!—or the accomplice of a thief! That high bred girl—that rare, accomplished child!

I couldn't believe it—I wouldn't believe it. She was acting in good faith whatever she did. Perhaps he had convinced her that the diamonds were his—that Mrs. Delario was robbing him! I felt it then the boldest, cleverest plot I had ever heard of—I actually admired him for the daring and the intellectuality of it—as a feat it stimulated me.

At a quarter after six or thereabouts I heard the front bell ring three two's I'd told Billy Rivers to use as his signal, and I skimmed along the hall in my eureka frame of mind—never once thought of precautions or of calling through first and making sure it was Billy—and flung the door wide open.

CHAPTER VIII.

Another Trap.

AS the door flew back I realized the fool thing I'd done; and then, without even looking to see who it was, I caught the door and tried to shut it again. But he pushed. I looked, then cried "Billy!" and grabbed him by the arm. I knew I didn't deserve it—it ought by the rights of romance to have been the villain.

"Oh, Billy—my deliverer—you dear!" I gasped the minute the door was shut. "I declare you're good enough to kiss!" and with that—I up and did it!

He had brought an armful of provisions. Before I began to eat, I told him the story, all of it.

He was still staring when I got through and asked him, "And now, how am I going to get those beastly things out of the house and where am I going to get them to? She doesn't dare to have them at her house"——

He took a cigarette out of his case and with a short "May I?" lighted up and began to blow rings, gazing at them abstractedly. I ate. After I'd stood his silence for half a cigarette I repeated my question and told him "We've got to do something right straight off—now—to-night."

"Of course." He smoked another quarter and threw the cigarette with energy into the empty chicken tin, bouncing up as he spoke.

"What are we going to do?" he gave forth masterfully. "We're going to trap that bold, bad man all by our little ownselves—you and I." He whipped out another cigarette and lighted it. "Trap him—we! See?"—I didn't see—"Right here in this little flat—see?"—I saw still less—"And we'll give him one nice lesson on stealing diamonds from defenseless women—and threatening you."

"But we've got to hurry," I urged. "I can't live this way much longer—it's simply killing me!"

"Sure," Billy agreed, suppressing a smile at me. "I'm hurrying all I can. I calculate to have your 'mosseo' in handcuffs to-morrow night." And he unfolded his plot and I entered into it with fervor. The truth is, Billy and I were having the fun of our lives.

The scheme was to decoy monsieur to the flat by a letter from Mrs. Delario indicating where the diamonds were hidden; we banked on his remembering the one place he hadn't searched—the hyacinths; and if he got the tip we believed he'd return the moment I went out.

I had a sample of her handwriting, which we copied as well as we could, and the joint literary efforts of myself and Billy produced the following—this, purporting to be from me to her:

"My Dear Mrs. Delario: Since he searched everything but the bunch of hyacinths, as I told you over the telephone Tuesday"—(this struck me as an exquisitely neat, convincing touch, for his detective must have reported both that I telephoned and the number of the call)—"I thought the same place would continue safe in case of a second invasion. I got a fresh bunch, so you will know where if anything happens to me. If so, come and get them at once, break in the flat if you have to.

"I am going to try to see you Saturday night for final arrangements if I can slip out without being seen. But if the detective is in the hall, I'll have to wait. Expect me between eight and ten. Be sure to be alone so we can talk. I still hold to my promise—one-third to you if you will help me to dispose of gum-drops."

"Gumdrops" was Billy's touch—he declared that "mosseo" would read it "diamonds" sure as anything.

And this, purporting to be from her to him:

"Monsieur: I have refused to have anything to do with this matter since I know the truth of the ownership. Under the circumstances, I feel she is foolish to try to hold on. Get the hyacinths while she's at my house to-night, and the trouble will be over for everybody."

I typed my own letter, with a carbon copy while Billy laboriously produced the one from Mrs. Delario.

The decoy letters we sent to the hotel where monsieur was staying. The rest of our plan was this: Billy was to "sneak in" upstairs, and get into the flat; I was then to put on my wraps, go down in the elevator, telling George I was going out for the evening—so he'd report it to monsieur; wait in the lower hall for a mythical automobile till George went up with the car, and then creep up the stairs.

"This time to-morrow night I'll present you with a nice 'mosseo' in handcuffs," affirmed Billy confidently.

"Suppose he doesn't come? Or suppose he murders me to-night?"

"Oh, the guns!" He snatched up his overcoat and dived into the pocket. He laid two revolvers on the table, saying cheerfully: "He will come and he won't murder you—not if you keep your wits about you. They're loaded."

"Keep a stiff upper lip—heroine of the greatest diamond robbery of the century!" he bantered. "I'll be here at 8 to-morrow." He picked up his hat.

"Oh, I'm all right."

I rang for the elevator, and while the one was running up, Billy glided silently away in the darkness of the entire back of it. He must have reached only the first turn, when I heard him exclaim: "Old Bounce me! I never saw you!"

Followed one word—"Thirteen!"—and I recognized monsieur's voice!

I had the presence of mind to stifle my curiosity and slip back into my flat, noiselessly shutting the door. Was he merely coming to look me in? Had he been listening? My forebodings every moment increased, for up to 1 o'clock—when I went to bed—he had failed to look me in.

That night nothing happened to me; but somehow the [illegible] nothing happened [illegible] this when he was taken [illegible]

(To be Continued.)