

IT IS THE THING TO SMILE.

POPULAR GIRL NOW IS THE ONE PLEASANT IN MANNER.

Therefore the Cultivation of the Smile is of Importance—It Requires Red Lips, White Teeth, Bright Eyes and a Steamed Skin to Be at its Best—How to Get It.

"Please smile the Julia Marlowe smile." The speaker was a beauty specialist. As she spoke she stepped back and viewed her pupil.

"The Julia Marlowe smile is becoming to you. Smile again," said she. Then, gazing her client critically, she said: "Now please rise and walk about the room and smile as you walk."

The pupil, as directed and walked across the room.

"Now come toward me and smile," said the teacher. And the pupil obeyed.

"You would be surprised," said she, motioning her pupil to a seat, "could you but know how large a part the smile plays in real life. In these days it is the woman who smiles."

"Once upon a time it was the woman who frowned; and there were periods, in the Jane Eyre days, when to wear an imperious expression was the real thing. But that was long ago. In these days it is the girl with a laugh."

"Even queens laugh. In the latest picture of Queen Amelia of Portugal that royal lady wears a smile so deep that it will not come off, while Queen Alexandra has been caught by the camera smiling."

"It is the thing to smile. It is strange, but true, that woman has come off her regal pedestal and become anxious to please."

"It may be due to competition in the feminine ranks. But, whatever may be the cause, true it is that all of the reigning belles are smiling these days. They wear an expression sweet as honey."

"The prettiest smile in England is that of the Princess of Wales. The lady, who is a perfect blonde, is the owner of a set of very white teeth, and these teeth look at their best when the lips are parted in just half laugh."

"It is a deep smile, and the princess cultivates it assiduously. She has taken lessons in it."

"The Julia Marlowe smile is a set one, and it is good for beginners to practise upon. In Miss Marlowe's case it is perfectly natural and is very becoming."

"She has, you know, a deep dimple in her chin and a couple in each cheek. Her face is a study in natural dimples, for there are dimples around mouth, chin and in cheeks. At the slightest hint of merriment these dimples break forth afresh."

"The Julia Marlowe smile is becoming to all who have dimples."

"Dimples, by the way, are very easily acquired. In these days of cosmetic surgery the making of a cleft in the chin is not a difficult matter."

"The way to smile is not to open your mouth and show your back teeth but to smile with the lips only slightly parted. When you smile make the experiment of parting your lips ever so little. Then smile as broadly as you please."

"You will show your teeth by this process and your lips will redden. Lillian Russell knows how to do it."

"Red lips are absolutely essential to white teeth. White lips will make the whitest teeth look pallid, so I always insist upon red lips. They are an aid to good front and go about with smiling faces; these last thereby gaining strength to conquer their troubles and by the same effort confer a blessing on all the rest of mankind."

"It is to this last named class that Mrs. Billtops belongs, a woman of indomitable courage and a woman who never brings it out in public. At home or abroad she sweeps around undaunted, ever smiling, and is a real, sympathetic, ever being the troubles and worries of others who lay them upon her as though she had none of her own."

"But the fact is we have our troubles—and if I am not detaining you too long—it is a relief to us to tell them to somebody; we all like to have somebody who we can talk to, and who is a good deal more than Mrs. Billtops should come to me, proud to listen, with her troubles, though chronically cheerful as I am—really, I do not know what I ought not to do, even about such prospective troubles as those of the moving one year or two or three years hence, or as I look back I realize—well, indeed, I have always known—that in whatever measure of success we may have attained the happiness lies in the main spring, to be long the credit."

"Still I should say, if I might do so without betraying undue vanity, that to the particular person who has the means, to do something at least in my persistent optimistic cheerfulness."

MUST BE PERFECT IF ONE IS GOING TO SMILE TO GOOD EFFECT.

BEAUTIFUL EYES ARE ALMOST NECESSARY IN ORDER TO ACHIEVE A PRETTY SMILE.

Unfortunately nature did not gift her children equally in this respect, and all eyes are not beautiful.

"But a great deal can be done by artifice. The eyes must smile when the face smiles, and this is apt to bring wrinkles around the temples."

"Temple wrinkles are smiling wrinkles; and the pretty woman who wants to stay pretty must heat her temples with hot water twice a week and rub a good wrinkle cream into them. That will keep wrinkles away. Shiny temples must be treated in the same manner."

"Eyes that are inexpressive can be improved by painting the eyebrows every night with warm oil. The oil should be heated and used with the fingers, not hot by any means, and then it should be gently painted into the brows."

"The lashes will be improved by protecting the eyes with a bright light and by bathing them once a day in water that is not too hot. Never go out just after bathing the eyes with water."

"The smiling girl, the sweet, bending, yielding type of girl, is the girl of the period. She must not be very talkative, but she must be very smiling."

"That is the way to pick out a popular girl these days. Select the girl with a pleasant expression, the girl who says nothing but 'Yes,' and 'No,' and 'I like it.' She is the girl the chaplains admire."

NO GOOD AT WORRYING.

Moved by This Verdict, Mr. Billtops Ventures on a Few Remarks.

"You're no good at worrying," Mrs. Billtops says to me, and, Mr. Billtops admitted, "that is true. I never was much of a hand to worry."

"Just now we've had about half the house torn up while the men were knocking some of the ceilings, and that sort of a job does make an awful mess. If I had my way about it I never would have a thing done to a house while I lived in it."

"I'd let the ceilings show patches from water leaked through from overhead till they looked like the first efforts in fresco work of a 'prentice artist who used diluted mud for paint, but never would have them there till the ceilings didn't fall down I'd let 'em stay just that way as long as I lived in the house, for I don't like to be disturbed."

"But those ceilings certainly were bad, and Mrs. Billtops said they ought to be done, and of course I agreed, and so for some days now we've been all torn up, with kalomine scattered everywhere and tracked all over the house. It was this state of affairs that prompted Mrs. Billtops's remark about me."

"Just think," she says as she surveyed the furniture piled up in other rooms after the men had gone for the day, "just think! We're going through all this now and we're going to move a year from now, and then we'll have to go through it all again!"

"Yes," says I, "and just as likely as not two or three years from that we'll move again, and then there'll be more trouble." It's then that Mrs. Billtops says to me, "Ezra, you're no good at worrying."

"And that's a fact. I never borrowed trouble, the one thing that you can always borrow, however tight the money market. I never worry over anything that can't be helped."

"Of course, there's a danger here; we can get this anti-worry habit in too pronounced a form, we can persuade ourselves that everything belongs in the can't be helped category and so degenerate into a sort of fatalism. If we do that we're anything and are entitled to get along without worry we've got to keep our end up, but, as I said, if I don't do anything mean and a little neglectful I do myself to worry. I take a cheerful view."

"But I'd hate to have you think because I say that of myself that Mrs. Billtops is a Time-Fond of Handsome Cases, and that I'm not taking up too much of your time I would say right here that I have never yet met anybody that didn't worry some, and, as a matter of fact, I suppose a little worrying is a healthful irritant for us, but there's different ways of worrying."

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WOMEN CARELESS OF WATCHES.

VIEW OF A NEW YORK DEALER IN TIMEPIECES.

Wind Them Only When They Run Down. He Says, and Forget Them for Days at a Time—Fond of Handsome Cases, Though—Some High Priced Watches.

As a general thing women are careless of their watches. At least that is the opinion of some of the leading watch makers. A man connected with one of the pioneer watch factories of this country let in a good deal of light on the subject when approached by a Sun reporter. The reporter had been a few hours earlier a witness to the following incident:

A woman sailed into a Fifth avenue jewelry establishment and made for the watch department. Evidently she was a regular customer.

"Something is the matter with my watch," she began in an injured tone. "Half the time it refuses to go and this is one of the times. And I paid enough for it, goodness knows."

"Do you wind it regularly?" asked the man behind the counter.

"Why, certainly," answered the woman, "with an infection which clearly meant, 'What a silly question.'"

The man took the watch and began turning the stem. He wound and wound and wound and presently the thing began to tick.

"The watch was run down," he observed mildly.

"I don't understand how that could be. I'm positive I wound it last night," the owner insisted with some severity.

"The spring indicated that the watch had not been wound in more than twenty-four hours," commented the man.

"Well, I certainly thought I wound it last night—this is a less confident tone."

"If you will leave the watch, Madam, I will have it looked over carefully and put in perfect condition," was the rejoinder, and the customer swept out.

"No use in the world," the clerk commented, "to insist that all the watch needs is to be wound regularly. Every watchmaker, every repairer of watches, has this experience often, and there is none who has ever met a woman who did not resent being told she was careless."

"As a rule," explained the man first referred to, "the watch is the most abused article in the world. Women in particular are almost criminally careless in their treatment of a timepiece. Generally speaking, a man wears his watch all the time. A woman, on the other hand, wears her watch one day and keeps it in a top bureau drawer for the next two or three days, where it has every chance to get filled with dust. In the meantime she forgets to wind it up. Ask most women and they will confess that they never think to wind their watch until it is run down."

"As for taking a watch once a year to be cleaned and oiled, probably not one man even in a hundred dreams of doing such a thing and never a woman. The usual mode of procedure is to wait until the watch begins to stop unexpectedly or to lose time."

"A good watch needs only one drop of oil a year to keep it in first rate condition, but that one drop it must have and seldom or never gets it."

"The small wheel of a watch in one year covers as much space in its revolutions as would bridge the distance from here to London, and all it asks and doesn't often get in return is a drop of oil and a dusting out once in twelve months."

This carelessness is of comparatively recent date and an outcome to some extent of the increased supply of watches and their lower cost. If women now treated their watches as women treated them fifty years ago it is scarcely likely that 20 per cent. of the more than 3,000,000 watches manufactured in the United States last year would have been designed for women. Why in 1850 I think that was the year when the first woman's watch of American make was turned out in Waltham, Mass., and presented to Mrs. N. J. Banks, wife of Gen. Banks, a woman lucky enough to possess a watch treated it as if it were a prize. It was kept in a case when not worn, which was only on state occasions, and so let it knock around in a bureau drawer or on top of a dressing table would have been considered sacrilege."

"Business women are almost as careless as are the idlers of fashion. One of the former, at the head of the workroom of a large manufacturing concern, was amazed when I told her one day that she employed by a railroad she would have to carry a watch that kept time."

"When it comes to elaborate chateaine watches, that is another story. These are more fashionable, if possible, than ever, and they represent scores of designs showing precious stones in all sorts of groupings. Three of these designs lead all the rest, and here they are."

The dealer took from a drawer three watches and spread them out on a piece of velvet. The first was covered entirely with diamonds—small diamonds set so close together that not a glimmer of metal showed between. The pin of the watch, in a flower and leaf design, was also solidly diamonds. Watch and pin were \$2,000, which, the dealer explained, was really cheap for the thing.

The second design was paved with pearls, meaning that small pearls were split and applied to the gold, not quite touching, giving a checkered effect, the same idea being carried out on the chateaine pin, which represented a winged bird. The price was \$2,500, some designs of still smaller pearls costing only half so much. Larger whole pearls set on a circular row near the edge of the watch, or studding it, are always a favorite decoration for chateaine watches, it was explained, but their price is not beyond the reach of any but the wealthy.

FIFTY YEARS WITH POCKETS,

CENTURIES WITHOUT THEM, WOMAN'S HISTORY.

As Usual, the Frock of the Day Supplies No Storage for Money or Other Valuables—The House Serviceable Till Made to Button Behind—Fashion and Morality.

More man, trifling as he is, still reigns superior to sovereign woman in one thing: he is shrewd enough to have plenty of pockets in his clothes, while she, who has quite put him out of business in the matter of making, caring for and spending money, has never a pocket for her name in which to put that money for safe keeping.

Fashion so dress it and even forbids belt bags, permitting only purses or bags to be carried in the hand—makeshifts which in better cases. There was the auilomiere, ancestor of the modern belt bag, a beautifully worked little pouch worn during the middle ages; and the renaissance attached to the girde, which with its guard of a wicked little pair of knives seemed to say, "Rob me at your peril!"

The large detached pocket or pair of pockets of chintz or linen used universally during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and tied about the waist under the skirt in such a position that the pocket hole of the gown was directly over the opening of the pocket was by no means awkward, for petticoats were then intended to be shown under the tucked up gowns that were often looped by being drawn through their own plackets.

But the pocket which really fulfilled its true mission in life was that one which combined safety, discretion and convenience by being sewed into the full skirt at the side. Curiously enough, and a tribute to the modest good sense of our grandmothers, this style of pocket, Mrs. Earle thinks, was in general use only during some fifty years of the nineteenth century.

It was usually of black satin, in a manner that would be quite scandalous if they were young and pretty and wore silk petticoats of gorgeous dye.

The blouse, which used to be a capacious receptacle for all sorts of treasures, has

trinsically wrong about extracting money from one's stocking, but no matter how dextrously it is managed the practice of keeping money in the stocking is frowned upon by squeamish folks.

Just why the pocket in the petticoat should have been carried by sedate middle aged ladies it is hard to tell, but one often sees them in railway stations, when they wish to get at their money, displaying large portions of that stout garment, which with them is usually of black satin, in a manner that would be quite scandalous if they were young and pretty and wore silk petticoats of gorgeous dye.

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THE MOST PRIMITIVE WAYS OF TAKING CARE OF TREASURE

THE PRACTICE OF KEEPING MONEY IN THE STOCKING OFFENDS SQUEAMISH FOLKS.

Those long suffering men who have charge of places where pocketless women folk most do congregate concede the justice of this statement. The man behind the desk where lost articles are received and inquired for in the department stores will tell you how often purses are reported lost, but how seldom they turn up with their contents intact, though they are frequently found in some corner of the store stripped of the money that was in them.

This was just a true hundred years ago as it is to-day. Witness the famous case of Lucy Locket, who in the fashionable shortwaisted gown of the period, the scantiness of which refused to support a pocket, walked out with her reticule dangling on her arm.

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket," as the reticule was often called, and it will be remembered that when Kitty Fisher found it "there was not a penny in it but the binding of it was black satin, in a manner that would be quite scandalous if they were young and pretty and wore silk petticoats of gorgeous dye."

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