

THE RATIONAL CARE OF THE COMPLEXION

Facial Massage and Applications to the Skin—Danger of Cosmetics—Aids to the Complexion in Rational Outdoor Occupations.

By CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK, Author of "Cradle and Nursery," "Housekeeping Made Easy," "What to Eat," Etc.

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Even the beautiful woman must take care of her good looks. Nature may bestow these but she does not intend to keep them in order.



ward the cold cream must be wiped from the face with a soft cloth and the skin again washed and dried.

At bedtime. The girl who follows this plan will not escape tan altogether. Probably she will not wish to escape it, but will rather seek to have some evidence in her complexion of her outdoor life.

Senator Dewey stated once that there were nearly 100,000 millionaires in the world. Strange how some wise men get tangled in figures.

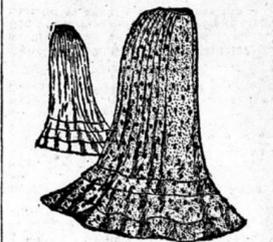
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UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS

A Daily Hint of Practical Value to Journal Readers of the Fair Sex.

The fashion pictures given daily in this department are eminently practical, and the garments pictured can be reproduced easily from the paper patterns.

CIRCULAR SKIRT 4665. TO BE TUCKED OR GATHERED. Pull skirts that the confined over the hips yet take soft and graceful folds below, make the latest shown and can be relied upon as the favorite of the coming season.



4665 Circular Skirt.

ored foulard, figured with brown and white, and is trimmed with folds of the material stitched with corticelli silk.

Both skirt and folds are circular and the latter are gathered to fit smoothly over the foundation, which can be tucked at the upper edge as illustrated or arranged in gathers, as preferred.

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct number and size of patterns wanted. When the pattern is best measure you need only mark 32, 34, 36 or whatever it may be.

PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, JOURNAL, MINNEAPOLIS.

There is a Chinese bank note in the British museum that was printed in 1368 or nearly 100 years before the birth of Gutenberg.

IMPATIENT.



IMPATIENT. IRRATE BUG—Confound that waiter! Why doesn't he bring me a check?



China—I Wish the World to Understand That I Am Neutral in This Affair!

—Philadelphia North American.

SEPARATE COATS A FEATURE



Gray Broadcloth, With Strapped Trimming.

New York, 1904.—From present indications long coats are to be quite out of style for spring and summer.

among the older relics. They wore the Chinese, the classic and the weapons denoted their nationality.

Some one, long ago, had discovered valuable minerals in the volcanic rock. Mining operations were in full blast when the extinct volcano took its revenge upon the human race.

Then there came a European, who knew how the anhydrite gas, being heavier than the surrounding air, settled like water in that terrible hollow.

Below this belt the place was a charnel-house. The bones of men and animals mingled in weird confusion. Most were mere skeletons.

The labor of many hands had torn a chasm, a quarry, out of the side of the hill, roughly circular in shape, it had a diameter of perhaps a hundred feet, and at its deepest part, towards the cliff, it ran to a depth of forty feet.

Below this belt the place was a charnel-house. The bones of men and animals mingled in weird confusion. Most were mere skeletons.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS FOR THE NORTHWEST

For Minneapolis and Vicinity: Probably snow to-night and Tuesday.

Weather Now and Then: Minimum temperature to-day, 26 degrees. No date available for comparison with last year.

Minnesota—Snow to-night and possibly Tuesday; colder in northwest portion Tuesday; variable winds.

Wisconsin—Rain or snow to-night and possibly Tuesday; brisk to high northeast wind; probably shifting to southerly Tuesday.

Upper Michigan—Snow to-night and Tuesday; brisk to high easterly winds.

Iowa—Probably cloudy to-night and Tuesday; variable winds.

North Dakota—Partly cloudy to-night and Tuesday; colder; variable winds.

South Dakota—Generally fair to-night and Tuesday; warmer in extreme west portion to-night; variable winds.

Montana—Partly cloudy to-night and Tuesday, with probably rain or snow in west portion; variable winds.

Cloudy weather is general on the Atlantic coast, in the Ohio valley, the upper and middle Mississippi valley, the lake region, the Dakotas, Montana, the British possessions and on the north Pacific coast, with scattered snows or rains during the past twenty-four hours across the whole northern part of the country.

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Table with 2 columns: Location and Minimum Temperature. Locations include Minneapolis, St. Louis, Buffalo, Chicago, Duluth, etc.

WORKS TEN YEARS WITHOUT SLEEPING

Hostler Goes to Bed Regularly and Rises Refreshed—Incurable, but Healthy and Fearless.

New York Sun Special Service. Trenton, N. J., Feb. 29.—Albert Herpin, 42, a hostler, declares he has not slept in ten years.

He is in the best of health and works hard every day. Physicians to whom he has gone for treatment say his trouble is due to a breakdown of the nervous system.

ASKS PENSION FOR SEVENTH HUSBAND

Woman Has Already Been Pensioned Twice and Only Three of Her Husbands Have Died as Yet.

New York Sun Special Service. Dublin, Ind., Feb. 29.—Miss Sophia Denton, who, in the 50's, was a widow, has a marriage record that is surpassed by none in this state.

She is now 73 years old and is for the seventh time a widow. She has always been married under her maiden name, which she still retains.

Three of her husbands are dead, but the rest are still living. She has drawn pensions for two of her husbands, and is now applying for a third.

In '56 Miss Denton was married to William Walker. Her other husbands were Henry Morgan, John Sullivan, Martin Morgan, Noah F. Hall and John Rich. The name of her last husband the pension attorney says is John Rich.

Henry Morgan and Martin Sullivan had each been married six times, Sullivan four times, Noah Hall three and John Rich once.

pique, linen and silk coats proved so satisfactory that she is absurd to think they must be tabooed and the short coats put in their place.

There are some gowns of changeable taffeta made with embroidery and applique of lace, with shirring and tucks galore, that are all in one piece or rather the skirt and waist are joined with rows of insertion or shirring of one type, small, lanky, one is carried out. Both in the white and black taffeta it is much smarter to have waist and skirt than to have coat and skirt, and from present indications the separate coat is to be quite a feature of the spring season.

GOOD MATERIAL.

MRS. NEWWEDD—Oh, I'm sure you'll like the pie. I made it entirely out of my own head!

They were in prophetic vein that morning. They returned in silence to the cave.

"You can never tell," he answered. They were in prophetic vein that morning. They returned in silence to the cave.

"I don't want to die. Of course I will keep away from this place and this island. I don't want to die."

"She bit her lip to suppress her tears, but, being the Eve in this garden, she could not help it."

"How did you find out? Is there anything nasty—in there?"

"Yes, the remains of animals, and other things. I would not have told you were it not imperative."

"Are you keeping other secrets from me?"

"Oh, quite a number."

He managed to conjure up a smile, and the ruse was effective. She applied the words to his past history.

"I hope they will not be revealed so dramatically," she said.

"You can never tell," he answered. They were in prophetic vein that morning. They returned in silence to the cave.

"I should have imagined that sago

The Wings of the Morning

A Thrilling Tale of Shipwreck and Adventure.

By LOUIS TRACY.

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CHAPTER V. Iris to the Rescue.

"Before my eyes in opposition sits Grim death."—Milton.

He awoke to find the sun high in the heavens. Iris was preparing breakfast, and a fine fire was crackling cheerfully, and the presiding goddess had so altered her appearance that he regularly surveyed her with astonishment.

He noiselessly assumed a sitting posture, tucked his feet beneath him, and blinked. The girl's face was not visible from where he sat, and for a few seconds he thought he must surely be dreaming.

So soundly had he slept that his senses returned but slowly. At last he guessed what had happened. She had risen with the dawn, and conquering her natural feeling of repulsion, selected from the store he accumulated yesterday some more suitable garments than those in which she escaped from the wreck.

He quietly took stock of his own tattered condition, and passed a reflective hand over the stubble on his chin. In a few heavy minutes he resembled a scrubbing-brush. In that mournful moment he would have exchanged even his pipe and tobacco box—worth untold gold—for a shaving tackle.

Who can say why his thoughts took such a trend? Twenty-four hours can effect great changes in the human mind if controlling influences are active.

Then came a sharp revulsion of feeling. His name was Robert—a mental. He reached for his boots, and Iris heard him.

"Good morning," she cried, smiling sweetly. "I thought you would never awake. I suppose you were very tired. You were lying so still that I ventured to peep at you a long time ago."

"Thus might Titania peep at an ogre," he said.

contained patent fodder until I enlightened them.

"It was only the tip of her tongue to pounce on him with the comment: 'Then you have been an officer in the army.' But she forbore. She had guessed this earlier. Yet the mischievous light in her eyes defied control. He was warned in time and pulled himself up short.

"You read my face like a book," she cried, with a delightful little moue. "No printed page was ever so legible."

He was going to say "fascinating," but checked the impulse. "He went on with brisk affection—

"Now, Miss Deane, we have gossiped too long. I am a laggard this morning; but before starting work, I have a few serious remarks to make."

"More digs?" she inquired saucily. "I repudiate 'digs.' In the first place, you must make many more experiments in the matter of food. The eggs were a wonderful effort, but, flattered by success, you may poison yourself."

"You must never pass out of my sight without carrying a revolver, not so much for defence, but as a signal. Did you take one when you went bird's nesting?"

"No. Why?"

"There was a troubled look in his eyes when he answered—

"It is best to tell you at once that before help reaches us we may be visited by cruel and blood-thirsty savages. I would not even mention this if it were a remote contingency. As matters stand, you ought to know that such a thing may happen. Let us trust in God's goodness that assistance may come soon. The island has seemingly been deserted for many months, and therein lies our best chance of escape. But I am obliged to warn you lest you should be taken unawares."

Iris was serious enough now. "How do you know that such danger threatens us?" she demanded.

He countered readily. "Because I happen to have read a good deal about the China sea and its frequent 'typhoons.' I am the last man in the world to alarm you needlessly. All I mean to convey is that certain precautions should be taken against a risk that is possible, not probable. No more."

She could not repress a shudder. The aspect of nature was so beneficent that even the birds seemed to be out of place in that fair isle. Birds were singing around them. The sun was mounting into a cloudless sky. The

gale had passed away into a pleasant breeze, and the sea was now rippling against the distant reef with peaceful melody.

The sailor wanted to tell her that he would defend her against a host of savages if he were endowed with many lives, but he was perforce tongue-tied. He even reviled himself for having spoken, but she saw the anguish in his face, and her woman's heart acknowledged him as her protector, her shield.

"Mr. Jenks," she said simply, "we are in God's hands. I put my trust in Him, and in you, I am hopeful, may, more, confident. I thank you for what you have done, for all that you will do. If you cannot preserve me from a threatening peril, no man could, for you are as brave and gallant a gentleman as lives on the earth to-day."

Now, the strange feature of this extraordinary and unexpected outburst of pent-up emotion was that the girl pronounced his name with the slightly emphasized accentuation of one who knew it to be a mere disguise.

The man was so taken aback by her declaration of faith that the minor incident, that it did not escape him, was smothered in a tumult of feeling.

He could not trust himself to speak. He rose hastily and seized the ax to deliver a murderous assault upon a sago palm that stood close at hand.

Iris was the first to recover a degree of self-possession. For a moment she had bared her soul. With reaction came a sensitive shrinking. Her British temperament, no less than her delicate nature, disapproved these sentimental displays. She wanted to box her own ears.

With innate tact she took a keen interest in the falling of the tree.

"What do you want it for?" she inquired, when the sturdy trunk creaked and fell.

Jenks felt better now. "This is a change of diet," he explained. "No; we don't boil the leaves or nibble the bark. When I split this palm open you will find that the interior is full of pith. I will cut it out for you, and then it will be your task to knead it with water after well washing it, pick out all the fiber, and finally permit the water to evaporate. In a couple of days the residuum will become a white powder, which, when boiled, is sago."

"Good gracious!" said Iris. "The story sounds unconvincing, but I believe I am correct. It is worth a trial."

"I should have imagined that sago