

## How to Retain Youthful Appearance of the Nose



Handsome noses are few and far between. Even those that are well shaped are often spoiled by large pores and red or purple tips, and—worst of all—age, says the beauty doctor, shows first in the nose; so the woman who wants to keep her youth and improve her looks must be up and doing.

Massage, which does such wonders for every part of the body, is most necessary if the youthful appearance of the nose is to be retained. Go about the massage gently, but thoroughly. Soap the nose once a day and scrub it with a cloth. The skin's texture will become finer and the nose will keep young.

If the skin is very coarse and ugly and the pores large (a very common misfortune among womankind alas!), treat your nose to a daily benzoinated bath for awhile. Use tepid water, into which enough benzoin has been poured to make it milky. Benzoin is one of the best skin tonics and astringents in the world; but if you don't care for it, a daily nose bath in pure alcohol or witch hazel will have very much the same effect, used with discretion. The result of these baths should begin to be apparent at the end of a week, anyhow.

If your nose inclines a little too much to one side, press it gently toward the other. If it is too fat, a little judicious pinching is bound to help matters. If it tilts skyward, press it gently down. If it droops too much, your task is harder. There is very little to do except changing your nature or dressing so as to make the length less apparent.

## Suggestions of Value to Hostess and Guests

### A Conundrum Luncheon.

This scheme offers a pleasing way to entertain. For the centerpiece have a large interrogation point of small flowers—a tinsmith will make the form which may be filled with sand and the flowers have the appearance of growing. The name cards should also be question marks cut from cardboard. Any color that the hostess selects should be carried out in the place cards, and the covers of the little booklets which contain the conundrums. For ornamentation draw the figure of an owl sitting on the branch of a tree and a large interrogation point.

Specimens of the questions are given below, but of course each hostess will have others she wishes to add:

When is it easy to read in the woods?—When autumn turns the leaves.

Why are the western prairies flat?—Because the sun sets on them every night.

Which is the largest room in the world?—Room for improvement.

When is a cup like a cat?—When your teasin' it.

Why is it dangerous to walk abroad in the springtime?—Because the grass is putting forth blades, every flower has a pistol, the trees are shooting and the bullrushes are out.

Why is a washerwoman the greatest traveler on record?—Because she crosses the line and goes from pole to pole.

If you throw a stone that is white into the Red sea, what will it become?—Wet.

What is the difference between a duck that has one wing and one that has two?—Merely a difference of a pinion.

Why is a schoolboy being flogged like your eye?—Because he's a pupil under the lash.

Why doesn't Sweden send her cattle abroad?—Because she keeps her Stockholm.

What is the difference between a clock and a partnership?—When a clock is wound up it goes; when a firm is wound up it stops.

What belongs to yourself and is used by your friends more than yourself?—Your name.

What is the center of gravity?—The letter V.

### A Miscellaneous Shower.

In reply to the request from a correspondent for a "shower," we think by way of novelty this scheme probably exceeds any "shower" yet bestowed upon a bride-elect. Twelve close friends made out a list of things very useful but very often forgotten in the best regulated families. When the afternoon arrived for the farewell tea, a huge paper sack was deposited at the feet of the honored guest with the request to look for anything she didn't have, or could not find. As the couple were going right to housekeeping the contents were purchased with that thought in mind.

The following are some of the objects: A paper of tacks, ball of string, paper of needles, labels for bottles, box of wax matches, lead pencils, clipping scissors, tack-hammer, cork-screw, memorandum pad and a bottle of ink.

### A Novel Hunt.

Perhaps the hostess had the quaint old story of the "Mistletoe Bough" in mind when she concocted this amusing entertainment, only a very much alive young woman was to be discovered in the chest instead of the bones of the little English bride in her wedding gown. Ten jolly girls were guests of the house for a week end party and ten equally jolly men received notes to appear at eight o'clock to participate in a hunt for "deer."

Not a girl was in sight and the hostess explained that a half hour would be allowed for discovering the whereabouts of each lassie.

And what fun they had, the girls had shown great ingenuity in stowing themselves away, but all were hunted down except the tallest, slimmest girl in the crowd; she finally was brought to bay inside of a man's ulster hanging on the rack.

A chafing dish supper completed a very merry evening.

The "hunt" was started by a blast from a horn, and each hunter had to play fair, bagging only one "deer."

MADAME MERRI.

### A Point to Remember.

One of the main points to be recorded in relation to smart outer garments, whether they be the wrap proper or short tailored coat, is that the short sleeve is on the wane. Three-quarter and full-length effects are growing more conspicuous daily, being handsomely finished with cuffs of their own or contrasting material.

### Velvet Bolero



The bolero is of gray and white checked velvet trimmed with straps and buttons of the same, the latter encircled with velvet rims.

The collar and shoulder straps are of cerise velvet. The under cuffs and wide girdle are of plain gray velvet, of which the plain, untrimmed skirt is also made.

## The Poverty of Lady Isabel

By Mrs. Neish

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Lady Isabel is one of those essentially feminine-looking women who appeal to you by reason of their obvious and inimitable helplessness.

I use the word "inimitable," since the helplessness is merely a carefully acquired attribute, the result of much painstaking and innate art.

I was busy writing letters when Lady Isabel called me into her room and asked me if I could come out with her at once and do some shopping.

"Do come, dear," she pleaded, "it's your duty to your hostess; besides, I'm going to walk—it's so good for one's skin to walk out of doors—and I simply detest going about by myself."

This was only natural; she was so fair and youthful, and so utterly and childishly dependent, that I almost wondered how she dared cross the road alone.

"Aren't you taking Babs?" I asked, "she dearly loves a walk with us."

Isabel regretfully dismissed the idea of bringing her little girl. "No! poor Babs hasn't anything fit to go out with me in. Nurse makes her outdoor coats so abominably." She glanced unconsciously at her own elegant garment. "But I shall take Minto; he wants a new coat, and I am going to get him some of those boots I hear they keep at Purlin's."

"Really," I said; "but do dogs wear boots, Isabel?"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, "No, I suppose not, but he must have them, he needn't wear them, of course—but they are so cheap. Poor Minto!" she added, irrelevantly.

"And poor Babs," I murmured under my breath.

She caught the words. "Yes, I do wish I could afford some nice things for Babs instead of the awful clothes"

out of pure good nature, and, after all—no one has to live."

I began to wonder how the trade would live if the female aristocracy took to commerce.

"I just want to look in at Pont street, Marjorie," said Lady Isabel presently. "It's horribly out of the way; but I must see little Mrs. Barrington-Brown for a moment to-day."

"Who on earth is Mrs. Barrington-Brown?"

"Oh, she is a perfect income to poor little me," said Lady Isabel with an infantile sigh of deep content. "She is one of those nice 'new' women who is paying ever so much to get in with us."

"Really; and do you select her motor cars?"

"Oh, yes, of course, but she has only had two at present; but she goes to Felice to buy her clothes, and he almost dresses me in consequence; it's such a comfort and such a help—"

"It must be," I said; "and does he dress little Babs, too?"

She stared at me. "No, he doesn't build children's dresses—at least, I don't think he does, although, to tell the truth, I have not asked him. Besides, it might mean he wouldn't make so many for me."

"No," I rejoined dryly, "I suppose he wouldn't—not quite so many."

"On arriving at Pont street we were ushered with much ceremony into Mrs. Barrington-Brown's magnificent drawing-room, when Mrs. Barrington-Brown came hurrying into the room, looking very happy if rather flushed."

There was a shade of languor in Lady Isabel's manner as she turned and greeted her.

"I have just looked in," she said, in a pretty tired voice, "as I happened to be passing by your house, and I wanted to ask you to come to my little party on Tuesday next. Quite a small party," she continued; "only Princess Bertini and Lord Eberstone, and Sir Frederick Stole and ourselves."

Mrs. Barrington-Brown flushed deeply, and murmured she would be delighted.

"Then that's all right," said Lady Isabel gaily, and she led the conversation—very skilfully, I thought—into nearer housekeeping channels.

"Your house always looks so clean, dear Mrs. Barrington-Brown," she murmured sadly, and added, "I never can understand how you do it—but, of course, you've got heaps and heaps of servants. By the way," she went on, "that reminds me, talking of things looking clean, I know of such a delightful laundry. Do try it. They are rather expensive people"—Mrs. Barrington-Brown rose to take the address—"but you won't mind that I know, if they are really good; and they do all the Princess Bertini's things—and ours, of course. They really do things very well."

"I did not know you were such a keen housekeeper, Isabel; it was kind of you to recommend a laundry," I said admiringly, as we reached the street once more.

Lady Isabel shook her muff and carefully smoothed the fur. "Well, you see, dear, they pay me 20 per cent. on every one I send them," she said; "and so I really think we might afford a hansom," she added cheerfully, as she hailed one with a graceful movement of her head.

"Robertson's," she said, and we drove up to a large and well-known linen-draper's. Lady Isabel took some small beaded chains from the fancy bag in her hand.

"I want you to sell these for me," she murmured, showing them to the shopwalker in the fancy department. "I am selling them for a friend—a charity, you know—a lady who has lost all her money, and makes them herself; she only wants 35 shillings each."

The shopwalker shook his head. "I am sorry, your ladyship, but all this kind of thing is done on the premises or bought in the city, and costs us less than half your friend is asking."

Lady Isabel looked plaintive. "She is so poor," she pleaded.

"I fear it is quite impossible," he repeated firmly. "I am very sorry, but we never do anything of the kind."

Lady Isabel grew petulant. "Whatever is the good of my dealing at a shop of this class?—this with the inimitable impertinence that sometimes marks the smart lady—"if you cannot do a little thing like that for so old a customer!"

He hesitated. "I will tell you what we will do, your ladyship," he said politely, "we will take these, as there are only six, and put them in with our own, and try to sell them for you—to oblige you, your ladyship."

Lady Isabel became helplessly grateful. "Will you really; how very, very good of you. And you will be sure and sell them for me, won't you? And send me the money, so that I may send it on to her at once; she will be so delighted. Thank you so much. Yes—the handkerchief department, please."

Having purchased one small cambric handkerchief for Babs, we then left the shop.

"How nice of him to take them," said Lady Isabel with enthusiasm. "Wasn't it nice of him—and he will be sure to sell them, I know he will. I can tell by his eye; wasn't it lucky I thought of going?"

"Very," I replied, "but who is the friend?" Lady Isabel halted another hansom and stepped lightly to, while I carefully withheld her dress from the wheel, and then quickly seated myself by her side.

"Charity," she replied with a sigh of relief, having finished her morning's work at last. "Charity, my dear Marjorie, begins at home!"

Remember This.

Saving comes too late when you get to the bottom.—Seneca.



Lady Isabel Grew Petulant.

nurse makes for her. It's hateful being poor, Marjorie," she added.

She fired an expensive picture hat on her head as she spoke, and took a pair of long white gloves from her drawer. They were lined with blue, and I ventured to admire them.

"Yes; aren't they nice," she said, as she handed me one to see. "I had six pairs made to order the other day."

Isabel's first visit was to a large automobile firm, where she interviewed the manager. She said she wished to see two motor cars, one for a friend, a countess, for whom she had offered to choose a car, and the other for her brother-in-law, who was in Egypt at present, but who wished his car to be built while he was away, so that it might be ready for the bride he was bringing home.

"Lady F— will, of course, come and choose hers herself, and I am only looking at it for her, as I know so exactly the kind of thing she wants."

The man bowed and said he hoped to please her ladyship, and thought he had the exact car she would require; and he begged us to step for a moment "this way."

When all was arranged we turned to go.

"Oh, by the way," said Lady Isabel, the helplessness becoming exceedingly apparent, "what will my commission be?"

The manager did not move a muscle of his face. "We are not in the habit of paying commission to private ladies," he said quietly.

"Oh, well, of course there are other places where one can buy motor cars," said Lady Isabel, looking pathetically first at me and then at a small address-book in her hand.

"If you will kindly wait a moment, your ladyship, I will ask the senior partner to come and speak to you," replied the manager, and pulled forward two chairs for our use as he spoke.

"Fancy their giving you so much as all that, Isabel," I said, as we emerged once more into the noisy street. "Didn't it make you feel very uncomfortable—what he said, I mean?"

"Uncomfortable?" she echoed in amazement. "No, of course not, why should it? It was a greater bother for me to choose them; I only did it

## Fine Serge and Canvas Voile For Street Costumes



A useful walking costume of nut-brown fine serge is shown in No. 2. The corselet skirt is made with three shaped flounces, each hemmed at the edge, rows of stitching being worked above them.

The bolero has three tiers at the edge; it opens in front over a vest of pale blue broche double-breasted; it is cut with deep-pointed revers that turn back over fronts of bolero. The puffed sleeves terminate at the elbow in stitched cuffs and a band, then beneath these are puffs of the broche.

finished by a fringe of lace. Pale blue straw hat, trimmed with bows of brown ribbon.

No. 3 is in canvas voile in a pretty shade of reseed. The skirt is trimmed with two tucks, divided by a band of ficelle-colored guipure insertion.

The bolero is a pretty, simple pattern, trimmed with insertion of a narrower width than that on skirt; the little buttons are covered with silk.

The hat is of a pale blue crimoline trimmed with a shaded blue feather and pink roses.

## Fur Worn on All Costumes for Street

Early in the season all indications pointed toward a great fur winter, but the vogue of fur coats, wraps and trimmings of every description has far surpassed all expectations. On gowns alone fur trimming is not extensively used, but on all outdoor wraps, or hats, and even on the coat and skirt of the street suit fur forms the principal adornment. Never have so many fur coats and wraps been seen as this winter, and unfortunate indeed is the woman who does not possess at the very least one handsome fur jacket. It was thought at one time that short fur jackets would be worn altogether, but this is far from being the case, for the long, loose wraps and the short fitted or loose coats are about equally popular.

A style of coat that is exceedingly smart for afternoon may be worn over a cloth or velvet matching the shade of the gown as nearly as possible. A wrap of Russian sable trimmed with bands of velvet, embroidered in silk and old gold, is stunning and decidedly effective if a muff of ermine trimmed with three sable skins is carried. Sable is never out of fashion, but at present it seems more than ever the favorite.

An extremely smart coat may be made in the empire style. Such a model is handsome with a yoke or upper part of astrakan and the skirt of black velvet. The coat is fitted just enough to show the natural good lines of the figure. The trimming on the coat may consist of bands of black satin embroidered in gold and silver.

A charmingly attractive afternoon costume may be made of brown crepe, the jacket trimmed with pipings of brown cloth, with bowknots and buttons of brown velvet. The coat is worn over a brown cloth gown, the skirt trimmed with bands of caracul. Waist and jacket alike are relieved by the touch of deep cream-colored lace. This style of jacket may have the loose box back or else be slightly fitted in at the waist line.

## Elaborate Blouse



Blouse of white lace or tulle, elaborately trimmed with lace ruffles or frills and gold braid and narrow black velvet ribbon.

The yoke is of guipure or embroidery, bordered with a fringe of lace headed by the velvet and braid. Three-quarter sleeves are made and trimmed to correspond.

## Things to Remember in Care of the Hands

Never dip your hands in very hot or very cold water. Do not handle ice without gloves nor sweep, scrub or dust without them. If you have been abusing the skin of your hands reform to-day. You have not a moment to waste. If they are cracked and painful get some good old-fashioned mutton tallow. Make it yourself, if possible. Grease your hands with this every night before retiring; then sleep in gloves. Mutton tallow is finer than any patented article on the market to heal chaps and cracks.

In the morning have a basin of tepid water with soap that you know is absolutely pure. You can test it by touching it with your tongue. If it "bites" it contains too much alkali.

Soak your hands thoroughly in the soft suds. Do not use ammonia or borax or any other quick dirt removers.

If you use a brush at all select one soft enough to scrub the face with. Hands are too tender to withstand the drastic, rough brush often sold under the name of a nail brush. An oatmeal bag may be thrown into the water when you wash or a dash of almond meal. These soften the skin, and that is what you are trying to accomplish above all else. You want skin on the hand that shows a fine grain.

Now, with the hands perfectly cleansed, mop them almost dry with old, soft towels or cloths. Never use new, harsh towels for drying sensitive hands. Then drop into the palm of one hand some healing emollient. If vaseline agrees with your skin there is nothing better than the pure white vaseline for this purpose. Another excellent emollient is made as follows: Glycerin, rosewater and benzoin in equal parts—that is, a third of each.

Rub the hands together until this lotion penetrates every pore of the skin and then pat thoroughly dry with the old cloths. If you can go direct to breakfast after dressing you should have the hands absolutely free from grease, but if you must do housework first allow a little of the grease to remain on the surface of your hands and draw gloves over them before beginning to work.

## Bridal Veils

No bridal veil can be prettier in its girlish simplicity than the tulle veils which have been so long in favor. It is safe to say that these will never wholly go out, but for those who prefer greater elegance very handsome veils of real Brussels lace are shown in such variety of lengths and sizes that it is apparent they are to be largely used. These are wide, straight scarfs, the middle part lightly sprigged with a flower, which is lavishly repeated in an exquisite

## Violet Sachet Powder

Here is an excellent recipe for the always popular violet sachet. Powderedorris, one pound; powdered bergamot, half, one-quarter ounce; powdered saeada, one-quarter ounce; musk, 20 grains.

Orris alone is much used as a sachet powder—it is always far better to add a little musk to it, as the musk holds the perfume.