

Health Hints -:- Fashions -:- Woman's Work -:- Household Topics

To Get Rid of Ugly Wrinkles

That wrinkles are bound to come, even on the fairest face, is not altogether so, for with care these tell-tale furrows can be prevented from making their appearance if you will take proper pains. There are, however, many women who do not know how to ward off the evil, and to them the following advice is recommended:

Women suppose that crow's feet are the most important sign of age, as far as wrinkles go, and so long as they have not these they imagine that they can hide their years. Nothing could be farther from the truth. At the base of the eye by the time you are 31 a little line will make its appearance. Every ten years after that another little tally will be marked there by the hand of time. Take good care then when smoothing your visage by massage that this little corner will not be neglected, or, despite all the rest, your secret will be betrayed.

American women particularly have a tendency very early in life to show lines about the mouth, which are not only a disfigurement at all times, but often become so accentuated by fatigue or illness as to completely alter the expression of the face. Most readers of these lines would probably resent the accusation that in the case of American women these lines are due largely to the pernicious habit of chewing gum. If you do not chew gum, however, you surely indulge occasionally in caramels or bonbons of a like nature which require an unusual amount of effort in mastication. It is impossible to eat these things without making faces, and frequent facial distortion is sure to leave its mark.

Another reason for the furrows around an American woman's mouth is her nervous temperament and the consequent volubility of her speech. Actors and public speakers invariably have these wrinkles in the vicinity of the mouth as an inevitable outcome of the extra effort which the pursuit of their careers bring to bear upon the facial muscles in that region. No beneficial effect can be accomplished without the abolition of the harmful cause. If you will avoid doing the things which are detrimental to the beauty of the lower part of the face, such as making faces when you talk, you can, by the aid of careful and persistent massage with astringent lotions, smooth away the evil marks.

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Next to the ugly mouthlines, nothing gives the face a more unpleasant expression than a frown. Now, a frown generally implies an unpleasant temper; as a matter of fact, it may be only the result of a nervousness, or worry, or pain, but the world takes little account of these last named causes.

For the wrinkles in the forehead above the brows, in addition to the treatment by massage, a bandage should be worn. Owing, however, to the conformation of the face and the impossibility of binding the space between the eyes without also covering the visual organs, the only really convenient cure for frown wrinkles is massage. Incidentally, the friction applied to these parts with emollient creams will bring relief to the sufferer from a cold in the head or a catarrhal affection of the nasal organs.

And now we come to the terrible crow's feet and another "don't." If you would avoid crow's feet before their time don't be forever winking. Also do not sleep with a light in your room. Unfortunately, if you live in the city a certain amount of light is bound to filter through your room from the street if you sleep as you should, with your windows open.

That you cannot avoid, but what you can and must avoid is facing the light while you sleep. Unconsciously you will make an effort to shut out the light by closing your eyelids tighter in sleep than you otherwise would, and the result of this effort will be crow's feet.

Massage for the crow's feet should be applied in a rotary motion with the thumbs, beginning the circle with a light downward movement and bearing on the upper curve. In addition to the lines about the mouth, which run from the nose to the lip, there are others which go from lip to chin, and from the demarcation between the point of the jaw and the cheek. When these lines exist they are due to a superfluity of flesh in the lower part of the face and can be effaced by working the flabby muscles back into their proper place, or by reducing the superfluity of tissue.

Coquette

By Jane McLean.

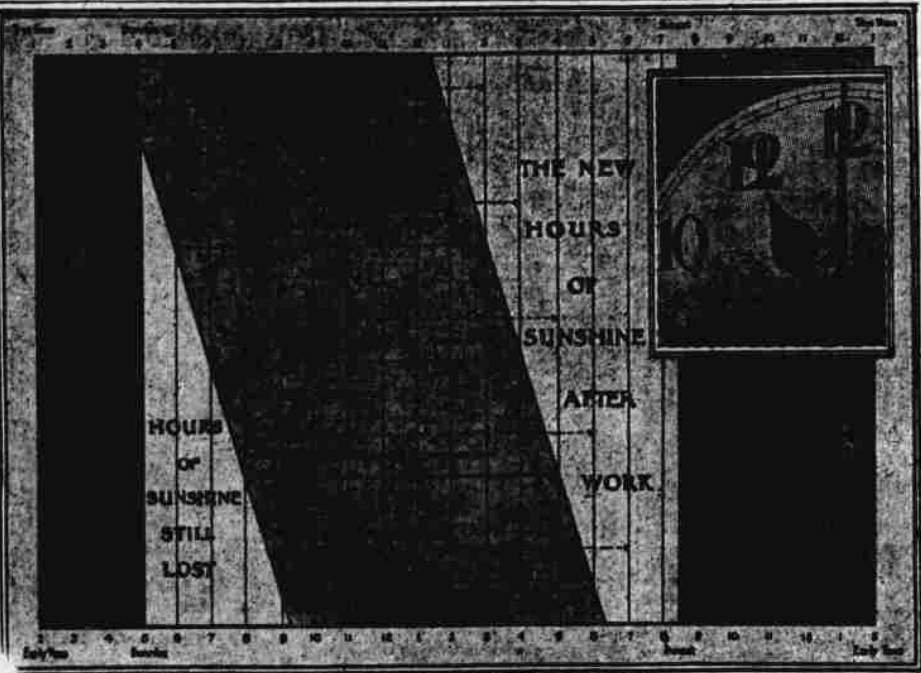
Eyes that tell so very much, Lips that are discreet, Hands that tremble at a touch, Who would dream that you were such, Cruel and yet so sweet!

Yet you threw a rose away, Smiled to see it die, And you scorned the ugly gray, Of the grub that might some day Be a butterfly.

Love's true gift you would not see, With your narrowed sight, Yet through all eternity, Men will wonder, can there be Women born so light?

Daylight Saving -0-

By Garrett P. Serviss.



The hours of ordinary clock time are shown running from left to right at the top of this diagram, which is divided into twenty-four parallel hour spaces. At the bottom of these hour spaces is shown the result of the daylight saving scheme. The figure above shows how the hour will be theoretically saved by moving ahead the clock hands one hour.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Herewith is a diagram prepared in England which shows at a glance the practical application of the much-talked-of "daylight saving" plan, which has, or is to have, the sanction of law in Germany, England and some other European countries and which some people think ought to be introduced here.

Judging from remarks that I have heard it would seem that there are persons who really suppose that an act of the legislature can change the course of the sun in the heavens or, more correctly speaking, the consequences of the rotation of the earth and of the inclination of its axis. But, before discussing that, let us see what the diagram tells us.

It must be remembered that it was drawn to show the situation in England, and that London lies nearly eleven degrees north of New York. At New York the longest summer day is about fourteen hours and fifty-five minutes; at London it is about sixteen hours and twenty-four minutes. On the diagram a summer average has been struck, the hours of daylight being represented by white and lightly shaded spaces covering fifteen and one-half hours, and those of darkness by more deeply shaded spaces covering eight and one-half hours. Nine working hours are represented between the heavy sloping lines. The figure of a clock face, below, shows how the new law, in effect on May 21, causes (apparently) the loss of an hour by making the clock read noon when it is only 11 a. m. by mean sun time, and 1 p. m. when it is noon by the sun.

As long as the new setting of the clock continues clock noon will remain an hour ahead of real noon. Along the bottom of the diagram the hours have been arranged according to the new schedule, and along the top according to the old, or true, time. By running the eye along the vertical lines from the bottom to the top the effect as regards the hours of rising in the morning is seen. Take, for instance, the heavy line on the left showing the sunrise; by the new clock time it is 5 a. m., but the true time shown at the top of the line, is 4 a. m.

Of course the sun has not been having a morning nap. It rises at the same absolute time as before, and the man who has been in the habit of getting up, by the clock, at 5 a. m. (an hour after sunrise), will continue to get up at 5 a. m., but since the clock has been set ahead, the sun will now rise at the same time the man does. In other words he deliberately sets the clock to fool himself into getting out of bed at sunrise instead of when the sun is an hour high. He abrogates his own will, and becomes a slave to a lying clock.

Take a broad view of the chart, it will be seen that the general effect of the change is to shift the working hours back toward the time of sunrise, or eastward across the meridian. This increases proportionately the afternoon hours of leisure. But precisely the same effect would be obtained without any falsification or self-fooling by simply rising an hour earlier, or beginning work an hour earlier, and then quitting work and going to bed an hour sooner.

You remain awake or you work the same number of hours in either case. Our clocks fool us enough by their caprices as it is; why, then, add a systematic deception to their indications? It is a sop to human stupidity. It is an attempt to make a machine rule the day when the only possible real ruler is the sun.

Calling 11 o'clock noon does not make it noon; nor the arrival of the sun on the meridian can bring noon. And that fact reveals a weakness of the new scheme which is well worth considering. It is everywhere customary to stop work for an hour at high noon, and that for reasons which need not be pointed out. But if we go by a clock which says 11 o'clock is noon we will quit work an hour before the sun has culminated and resume work at precisely the moment when its rays are poured down most effectively.

And if, to counterbalance this, we decide to make the hour of quitting work 1 p. m. by the clock, then we reintroduce into the new system the very thing it was invented to avoid, viz.: a change in the habitual clock hours or beginning or quitting of work. Would it be any easier to accustom oneself to keep on working until 1 o'clock p. m., by the clock, before stopping for the noon rest, than to begin working say at 6 a. m. instead of 7 a. m.?

Of course, as everybody knows, even our present clock time is not absolutely true to the real sun time. Owing to causes which cannot be discussed here, no clock can be made to precisely follow the sun.

For that reason a "mean sun" has been invented which keeps the average steps of the real sun. But the departures are usually slight and never exceed, at the maximum, more than about fifteen minutes, while at certain times there is no difference between mean sun and real sun time. The system of standard meridian times, especially useful for railroad purposes, falsifies the record more or less, but this has now become fixed and causes no great inconvenience, because in longitudes where the departure of standard time from local time is conveniently wide, clocks in shops can be regulated to local mean time.

But the "daylight saving" scheme introduces a new and unnecessary complication into what is already a very intricate subject and its adoption here would emphasize the assertion of the poet (slightly amended): This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion given; There's nothing certain here below, The only truth is in heaven!

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The Little Old Woman at the Big, New Convention

By ADA PATTERSON.

She was small and stooped and her hair was white as a drift of new fallen snow. The blue ribbon with its silver-letter-spelled word "Delegate" looked strange on that narrow, black clad breast—at first. But only at first. It was the spirit of the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs to be interested in everything and surprised at nothing.

I learned that that blue ribbon was not a jest, nor a mistake. It was the little old woman's badge of honor. She was a delegate to the convention. The club in a village far from the metropolis had canvassed its talent and had decided that she was the wisest woman among them. They concluded that being the wisest she would gather more wisdom in the world's capital and bring back more of it than would some younger and more foolish woman.

I am sure they were right. Every day when I dropped in to hear some distinguished speaker or gather inspiration from that assemblage of 15,000 women, I looked for the little woman with the white hair and the big, blue badge. She was always there, her delicate face, seamed with the marks of time, turned toward the platform. She was like a withering flower drinking the long-delayed dew. She was a human flower and her thirst was for knowledge—knowledge not of the world of her bygone youth, but the world of today with its new problems, its new needs, its new solutions.

The sun shone, too, upon the withering flower. Younger women of the convention stopped beside her. A glance at the badge on the breast was an introduction to the convention. They asked her what she thought of the governor's address and listened with smiling attention while she said that it would reconcile her to the navy taxes at home if she knew the rise in them was due to measures for the public health. They timed their quick, vigorous steps to her slower ones on their way to the officers' mess room that had been changed into a tea and lunch room for the convention.

A neighbor, watching her with soft eyes, as she took notes in her steady hand, of a lecture on "The Americanization of the Immigrant," whispered: "Won't you rest your note book on this book? I shan't need it."

A determined looking young woman in a green silk dress, whisked her into a cab while the little woman hesitated, wistfully clutching her thin little purse, and said: "To the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I must have an intelligent person with me while I look at the pictures."

The convention was teaching these younger delegates not the sisterhood of woman, but the daughterhood of women. For the little woman in the black suit the heavens were opened—the heavens of a new intellectual domain. The old horizon had given way to a wider. She had done well her work. She had been a good wife, a good mother, a good housekeeper. And now that her life's companion had preceded her beyond the sunset, her children had married and moved away and were represented to her for the most part by letters, since she had sold the old house and was living in a cottage down the street, she had felt lonely and useless. But she would never again feel lonely and useless. She would be companioned, though alone, by these women who in their home towns were carrying forward the work of making their homes, their neighborhoods, their towns, their state and their country better and finer. She was going home to tell the women of the club all the wonderful things she had heard. She was proud that she could remember the gist of all the lectures. The thin, old hand, with its withered back was firmer the day she looked back at the armory for the last time and started on the sea trip to Coney Island on the convention play day. Her hand must be strong and steady, for it bears a torch.

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If You Want a Thing Done-- Do It Yourself

By FORTUNE FREE.

If you want a thing done, do it yourself. It is good old advice, and I dare say it could not be better in some circumstances. But surprising results often attach to doing things oneself.

A friend of mine who cannot afford much in the way of paying for an abundance of attention, asked me the other day if I knew anything about darning socks. Now that is a thing I have never studied.

"Of course not," he said sarcastically. "Wonderful what a useless thing a man is generally! He's helpless—dependent upon other people! And how do they look after him? Here you have been all these years wearing socks and couldn't for your life stop a hole in one! Now these socks, which I only put on this morning, have a hole here—we were walking down a street, and he stopped on one leg, lifted up one foot and tugged the sole to the astonishment of passersby—as big as a silver dollar! Enough to give a fellow his death of cold."

I asked him how it was, if he could mend socks, he had not seen to it. He informed me that he had never mended socks before, but having bought some worsted and needles, he meant to mend his own socks in future.

He set up that night in bed, smoking his pipe and mending that hole, and the next morning astonished his fellow clerks by turning up at the office in one light blue sock and one dark brown. The explanation was that, having completed his task "somehow," he had gone to sleep, and when he had turned out in the morning—with only fifteen minutes in which to dress, shave and have his breakfast—had discovered that, for some mysterious reason, his foot would not go into his sock. Could it have swelled in the night? No. It was the ordinary size. It dawned on him at last that in mending that sock he had sewn the bottom of the sock to the top. In his—well, agitation and rush—he put on the first sock he could find. He will do better next time.

Doing a thing oneself—or trying it—is often a revelation. One may find the thing which seemed easy remarkably "tricky" or impossible without a lot of practice, or, on the other hand, easier than one expected.

I know a lady to whom the necessity of having to do her own shopping has proved a revelation. She was certain she would never be able to do it herself. The person who attended to that department of her household occasionally gave her the most harrowing accounts of the almost superhuman energy and daring she found necessary to foil shopkeepers bent on obtaining unscrupulous profits from her. Her saving to the establishment was tremendous—according to her own accounts—and the lady, who had "no head" for figures, hugged herself on her good fortune at having secured such a "treasure." Blank despair seized on her when suddenly her income was greatly reduced, and the treasure, being called upon to manage things on a smaller weekly amount, promptly declared it could not possibly be done. She seemed really quite insulted at the suggestion.

She left. The hoot of the taxi that bore her away had hardly died down in the street before my lady friend, taking her courage in her hands, determined to see to things herself. It was wonderful! Shopkeepers, she found, to her amazement, quite polite and considerate folk. They were nothing like the brigands she had imagined. One great worry, however, afflicted her. How was it, having bought everything she wanted for the week, she still had \$15 left over? What had she forgotten?

"You don't know how worried I got, Fortune," she smiled at me. "What could it be that I had not thought of? Of course, I had a list of things on paper, but there must be something I had forgotten. What was it?"

"The treasure," I remarked. That was the explanation. "The treasure," used to impress upon my friend that she regarded her interests as her own. Certainly no one ever looked after her own interests more keenly. Yes, her employer's money was regarded as her own.

Don't Feed Your Baby Every Time He Cries

Many are the mothers who feed the baby to make him stop crying. Poor Baby! He stops for a while—and then it's all the worse. For the tiny stomach has had another load added to its already undigested burden.

The baby isn't always hungry. Perhaps he's getting too much of the wrong kind of food.

Give him your breast milk as long as you can. It may be the saving of his life when he is sick. You'll be able to nurse him nine full months if from the beginning you use one feeding a day of

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(A complete food—not a milk modifier.)

Give him that feeding at any hour each day in place of your own milk—and leave yourself free to take a little air or pleasure to build up your own milk.

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Things Worth Knowing

If a gloss is desired on linen, add a teaspoonful of salt to the starch when making.

To remove obstinate stains from hardwood floors rub them with a cloth wet with turpentine.

When heating the whites of eggs be careful that there is no grease on the beater, as it will prevent the eggs from frothing.

Clean-mother-of-pearl articles that have become dull and blurred with pure olive oil, then applying ordinary nail brush and rubbing with a chamois.