

NEW YORK BEAUTY HINTS

Little Makeup Dangerous. Things Judicious Touching Up Declared Most Helpful By Expert.

He and she had had a spat. As lovers often do. And then she said "I am too." She raised her fair face to him. All glowing pink and white. Her scarlet lips so tempting. His kissed with all his might. Upon his manly shoulder. She cooed like his head. And with a happy slumber. "Now we're made up," she said. Against the viewless heavens. His burning lips wrought. The pink and white was straky. "Twas worse than he had thought. These vivid lips of scarlet!" Had now become a smear. "Yes, I'm made up," he answered. "But you're not now, my dear."

New York—There are two kinds of women—those who powder and those who don't. It is the wine woman, however, who really makes a multitude of skins, to her great advantage, and that the bloom of youth added with a rabbit's foot is better than no bloom at all.

When the painted lady was eyed across by not everybody that is anybody is doing it. A little makeup is a dangerous thing, however, unless it is put on by an artist. Painting the face is just as much of a fine art as painting a canvas.

The first and most important thing is to have pure materials and coloring, matter that matches up with the complexion based on you by nature. For instance your shade of powder may be the most clashing note in the whole of your makeup. One person in a thousand has a skin white enough to employ a flesh color or pinkish face powder. A color of this is preferable for the majority of skins and a deep cream is the thing for the olive tinted brunette. The shade of rouge is almost as essential but each individual must use discrimination in handling up the tint of the cheeks.

With your pigments at hand a good strong light is needed and then to work. First of all the face should be some or other carefully with a good cream. Then the last vestige must be wiped off carefully with a bit of clean cheesecloth or sanitary gauze. Next apply your rouge either liquid, dry or grease to suit your outfit.

If your face is fat bring the color close to your nose and if your countenance is a measure one spread the color out generously toward the ears. On top of the head apply the powder smoothly, go over your lips with a thin coat of light red lip rouge, and your picture is complete. For street purposes eye make-up is never a success. No matter how carefully it is applied is never defensible.

The only permissible touch may be in application of brown mascara to those eyelashes so pale as to look like none at all. For evening, beneath the shade of electric lights, you may go to the eyebrow pencil and the lines at the edges of your lids and the bit of dark shadow blended underneath your languorous orb with more impunity.

As a matter of fact, husbands and wives notwithstanding, a bit of judicious makeup helps every woman. And no matter how elaborate and elegant your attire, if you are shining and your face greasy and red you never hope to be well regarded or good to look upon. And have you not noticed your husbands like it in the other woman?

Novel Hints

When cooking spinach cook in a cheesecloth bag, easily lifted and drained dry.

Put the ironing board on both sides. Use one side for white goods; the other for colored.

A teaspoonful of glycerin added to the rinse water makes woolen blankets come out like new.

Clean the rust off the wire clothes-line with a woolen cloth dipped first in kerosene, then in soap.

To insure finely flavored coffee heat the dry ground coffee before adding boiling water.

Powdered magnesia will effectively remove grease stains.

When preparing meringue add one-half teaspoon of baking powder to each beaten white of egg. Will be wonderfully improved.

Six Varieties of Cream Pie

For each pie one cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, well beaten yolk of two eggs, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one egg white, thick layer to taste, and put in crust previously baked.

Beat the whites of the two eggs until stiff. Put two tablespoonfuls of sugar in, put on pie and set in oven to brown. The variations are following:—1. Cream filling as directed and beat two tablespoonfuls of cocoanut in the white of the eggs. 2. Chocolate Pie—Grate two heaping tablespoonfuls of chocolate in each pie and cook in the filling.

3. Banana Pie—Slice two bananas into balls, crust, then pour filling over same and bake as directed. 4. Orange Pie—Prepare same as banana pie, using oranges instead of bananas. 5. Nut Pie—Cook filling as directed, then stir in one cup of finely chopped nuts through the pie, reserving a few to dot on top.

Stuffed Eggs, Tartare

Cook six or eight eggs until hard, cool and remove shells. Cut a small slice from the top of each and remove the yolk without breaking the white. Mix the yolks with a tartare sauce and fill the whites, rounding it up so as to keep the original egg form. Place each on end in a round circle of toast spread with caviar, or anchovy butter or pate de foie gras. To make the sauce, mix into a dripping pan a pound of butter, add a good-sized onion, a cupful each of good rich stock and strained tomato. Cover closely and braise in a moderate oven for two hours. Thicken the gravy remaining in the pan.

Beef Steak En Casserole

Take a large porterhouse steak two inches thick, wipe and broil for two minutes on each side. Transfer to a casserole (a covered earthen stew pan), add one pint of Spanish sauce, one cupful of button onions which have been lightly browned in a little butter, and four tablespoonfuls of Madeira. Cover and place in a moderate oven for one hour and a quarter. Add one cupful of potato balls which have been browned in deep fat and send to the table in the casserole.

The monogram papers are now shown with the initials up in the left-hand corner instead of the middle of the paper, while especially smart are the new London smoke papers with the address in very small black type at the head of the letter.

The wise woman will not use such a thing of any sort in her desk, and will also be careful to paste the stamps on straight and to use black ink, for all these things are marks of good taste.

I miss thee, dear Mother, when young health has fled, And I sink in the languor of pain! Where, where is the arm that once pillowed my head, And the day that once heard me complain? To other hands may support me, my gentle accents may fall; But the fond and the true are still mine. I've a blessing for each; I am grateful to all; But whose care can be so loving as thine? —Ellen Cook.

MINISTER SHOCKS BANQUET

Meat 'Baron's' Old English Feast Has Unexpected Feature.

Chicago—Several hundred meat eaters have not yet recovered from the shock administered by Rev. Rufus A. White, pastor of the People's Liberal church, whose brief address to a church, being merely an incident in the \$125,000 English banquet held recently at the Congress hotel.

Flanked by Nelson Morris; Edward F. Swift, Lawrence H. Armour and a score of other big Chicago meat barons, Rev. Mr. White quietly dropped this thrust while responding to the toast, "The social side of business."

"In just the degree that you create a dominant and exclusive class of capitalists of industry, each having decided rule over thousands of subordinate men, from whom aspiration and ambition has been crushed out by the hopelessness of advancement, in just that degree you have weakened the citizenship of America. If you reduce men to the level of mere employees, you reduce the nation to a success in life, you have killed the citizenship in these men. You have killed their initiative and their chance of advancement by perseverance, industry and effort. Collectivism and socialism are the necessary result of the individual. It is a grave question as to what the outcome will be upon citizenship."

Aside from the remarks of Rev. White, the banquet moved along pleasantly, which was, however, a surprise, for the evening was a social gathering, and the guests had been seated, on "Peacock Alley," mounted on a coal black horse, and rushed into the dining room, where his entrance was acclaimed by the buglers.

The roast beef was carved on the tables by white-capped cooks, and long English church garden pipes were handed around in the place of the usual cigars.

LITTLE BAD MONEY CIRCULATES

Secret Service Agents Only Able to Find Few Counterfeit Coins.

Pittsburgh—There are few counterfeit coins and apparently no counterfeit paper currency in Pittsburgh. Only seven penny nickels of the Indian-buffalo kind have been discovered here by secret service men after a thorough search embracing banks, street car companies, gas companies and 5-and-10 cent stores.

Such is the result of the probe instituted by Morris K. Manabe of the local secret service force of the government. "My men or myself visited all the banks in the city," he said yesterday, "and discovered that in three months only 14 of 15 in counterfeit money had been taken in. The officials of the Pittsburgh Railways Company told me they had not found a single counterfeit coin in all the hundreds of thousands of pieces of money collected on the cars for several months. At a large department store only \$150 had been taken in and at another only a single counterfeit silver dollar. It was at the Bell Telephone office that they found the seven nickel of the Indian-buffalo variety had been dropped in the pay phones."

"MY WORST FOE"

New York Spouse is So Designated in Will by Mrs. Maude Williams.

New York—Mrs. Maude H. Neal Williams, who died June 13, 1912, at Crawley Downs, England, bequeathed \$1 to her husband, Charles W. Williams. "He is the worst influence that ever came into my life and brought me nothing but sorrow and trouble," she will read.

She gave her father, George A. Neal, of Kansas City, Mo., the sum of \$50, explaining that he "being a man, is not in need of any money." She gave her mother, Little Bell Dennis, of Kansas City, Mo., \$1,000, and \$500 each to a brother and sister. The remainder of her estate was bequeathed to friends.

Must Stay Awake on Train. Louisville—According to a court ruling it is not the duty of trainmen to wake up sleeping passengers. The damages had been filed against a railroad by a man who had been carried past his station.

The Court holds that the train crew did all that was required in calling the station and stopping the train. For the man who occupies a berth in a Pullman there would be cause for action in such a case.

STRANGE HOME OF CATS TORN DOWN

Dilapidated Structure in Wesson, Miss., Built Long Before War Had Become Nuisance

HUNDREDS OF CURIOUS SEEKERS Over 500 Cats Come Running Out When Residence is Demolished—Peck of \$20 Gold pieces Fall Out of Walls.

Wesson, Miss.—Hundreds of curiosity seekers' braved rain and wind through mud to visit an old, dilapidated residence, built in 1840, on one of Wesson's main streets. The building had not been occupied for years. It was suddenly brought into public attention in this way.

Situated next door to a large boarding house and surrounded by several fine residences, the building's roof was badly decayed and the wooden pillars straining to fall from it. The seven-story structure, owned by a family of prominent owners were afraid it would catch on fire and burn them out of house and home. They made complaint to the mayor and board of aldermen, who asked its owner to either put the building in good repair or remove it. He did not care to repair the house, so he sold it.

For some time past citizens in that neighborhood have been missing their house cats. It is now known that the cats could be seen around any of the houses, and it was decided that some person had been killing them with poison, until W. G. Bailey, who bought the house, began to clear it. He was about to be frightened away by a peculiar noise. Some say they had been hearing this noise for a long time, and were afraid to pass the structure at night, believing it haunted. On the day of demolition all their mysteries were solved when the workmen tore away a portion of the walls and 500 cats came running out, going in all directions.

Among the cats was Wesson's "Toby," a favorite that had been mourned as dead a long time. As the cats came out the amazed workmen threw hammers, bricks, etc., at them as they sped swiftly away. Just how the cats got into the house and could not get out is known only to themselves. That was attraction No. 1. After this excitement the purchaser of said house resumed his work, and was about to be frightened away by the house cats until he pulled down another portion of the walls, when about a peck of \$20 gold pieces came rolling out on his feet. The news soon spread over the community and many have been curious to see the looting place of so many cats and so much gold. It is not known how the money came to be in the walls of the old house, but he'll say \$100,000 in gold somewhere in Wesson during their time, and may deep holes have been dug in the hillsides by these whose hope was to find gold. The house was about the only one in that part of town during Copeland's time. At any rate, the old structure has created a sensation in its last days, and Bailey is delighted with his prize, while others who refused to pay the price asked for it now threaten to order a kicking machine for personal use.

His Fond Ambition

All at once Mr. Biglow sighed—not gradually, or by degrees, or little by little: Ah, no. But all at once he sighed, setting the plenitude of his countenance into a cast of woe that resembled a mask of tragedy, and sitting as though he simply and to do it or else burst into tears. And while this sound of sorrow was taking physical form and rippling mournfully over the plumpness of him and over the manifold charms of him with it shakes his mighty breast with ever mightier tremors of woe, let us look at Mr. Biglow and consider his case.

He was, then, one of those noble men of nature who exemplify the might, majesty and dominion of man, and when he walked across a floor or leaned against a wall the three Fates drew three long breaths of apprehension and pitched a penny for it. And yet his cheeks blushed with the blossom of roses and his utterance trembled in the throat. When he was measured for his raincoat his tailor performed feats of pedestrianism and when he leaved over to pick up a pin for luck the earth trembled and the Goddess of Chance teetered like a lady with the ague. And yet his smile was the smile of wisdom, and the smile of his eyes was the smile of a man at which dyspeptics turned their heads and ground their teeth in envy. And when he walked he walked together and in the perfection of synchronism. And when he slipped on the icy pavement the glaziers presently rubbed their hands together and blessed the day. Yes, even thus was Mr. Biglow, the gentleman who sighed.

"Oh, dear!" he said. "Why, Mr. Biglow?" exclaimed Miss Gableton. "What is the matter?" Wherefore we will now survey the scene in general and Miss Gableton in particular. Miss Gableton, newly married, Mr. Biglow sitting on a lounge, upon which he had inlaid himself with care through fear that the lounge might spring up on each side of him and slip him and his shadowed lamp and a bit of mistletoe still hanging on the chandelier. Let us therefore turn to Miss Gableton and reflect.

"Speculate boldly, then, and making no bones about it, she was hardly anything else; and jumping quickly from a glare so horrible we will seek the shade of smiles and hide ourselves in the dystem of clouds. In substance, so be it, Miss Gableton resembled the fourth dimension; and when the focus of philosophy caught the attention of her arms, reason ran riot and marvelled at the mysteries.

"Mr. Biglow," exclaimed Miss Gableton, "what is the matter?" But with his eye on the mistletoe, Mr. Biglow shook with sorrow again and made no further speech. "Don't you feel well?" asked Miss Gableton.

Mr. Biglow moved forward as though about to speak, but he and the lounge only groaned in concert. "It is something troubling you, Mr. Biglow," she asked, and caring him all at once with the contralto of her voice, she added, "Tell me, Mr. Biglow."

"Miss Gableton," said Mr. Biglow, blinking his eyes as though in perpetual surprise at the falsetto of her tone, "I am not a half bad fellow." "Why, Mr. Biglow? I should say you weren't. Why, you are one of my dearest friends."

"But sometimes," he continued, with a rising inflection, "I feel as if—as if—as if nobody cared for me—e-e-e-e-e!" "Why, Mr. Biglow?" he repeated. "Nobody!" he repeated. And in an arch, arch manner she lifted her brows and cried: "Am I nobody, then?" For a moment she seemed to him to be nothing, but a spiritual mist floating in the shadows of the room, but knowing that she was there all right, he looked at the mistletoe again and said: "I am nobody." "Miss Gableton!" "Do you know that—" "Yes, Mr. Biglow?" "Ever since I—" "Ever since—er—Angelina!" "Peter!" He arose, and so did she; he took a step forward, and so did she; he took another step, and so did she; and they met beneath the mistletoe. So much for the prologue, the prelude and the preface. Let us look carefully now together and consider these things and hide themselves in the innermost heart of man. Half an hour had passed and they were sitting on the lounge. On his face was the rap look of a mystic whose ideals are fast being materialized, but now and then a look of wisdom passed over his countenance as if—as if—"Are you happy?" she whispered. "Awfully," he answered. "But—" "Ye-e-e-e-e-e-e, Peter!" And dropping on his knees with a fearful impact he caught and found his most plaintive tone, crying: "Oh, God, God, God, God!" Adding, with the tender smile of one whose dreams have all come true: "Call me 'Tiddlewee'!" "Needed a sister. One night little Margaret, on knowing by her mamma to say her prayers, finished, 'Now, I say me,' and forgot. 'Mamma,' she said, 'you just start me and I can go a-whizzing.'"

PHOTOGRAPHIC SWINDLES

Detectives Say Swindles Will Reach Thousands.

Philadelphia—A cheap swindler with a talent for scientific photography, who is wanted by the American Bankers' Association for obtaining money from national banks in different parts of the country on fraudulent drafts, is suspected of being the same man who within a week has swindled many banks in this city.

Although each bank here, among them the Fourth Street National Bank, lost only \$200, bank officials and detectives feel certain the total of swindles throughout the country will reach thousands. The drafts on which money was obtained were drawn on the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Montreal, which has a branch in New York city. Following an investigation, bankers have declared the drafts to be bogus and say they were made from photographic prints of the original draft.

The original draft was drawn several weeks ago on the Canadian bank, for \$200, and was issued on the New York branch. After the original draft had been granted, the swindler was presented on request with a letter of introduction. On presenting himself to various banks and trust companies, the swindler, who is believed to have posed as a tourist, always showed this letter.

DOING—UPBRAIDS WIFE.

Takes Poison and Dies While Spouse Makes Charge Against Him. Donora, Pa.—"Get out of my sight! I don't want to see you any more! You have driven me to hell!" With these words directed to his wife, J. R. Joy, aged 68, of this place, staggered into the courtroom of Justice of the Peace J. C. Coatsworth, where he died an hour later, the result of drinking carbolic acid.

Joy was to have had a hearing before the justice on a charge of assault and battery preferred by his wife. She alleged that on Saturday, when she visited Joy at his boarding house, he struck her, and again that morning committed a similar offense. She had been in the office of the justice making a second complaint when Joy learned of it and purchased the acid. Just before he entered the justice's court he drank the acid. When he staggered across the floor it was thought that he was ill. When questioned, he replied, "Go away from me! Let me alone. I have taken carbolic acid and want to die!" A physician was rushed to the justice's office, but the man was beyond medical aid. Joy, it is alleged, separated from his wife two years ago on account of domestic troubles. He was at one time a prominent merchant of this place. Besides his widow, nine children survive.

DOG CROSSES SEA IN MUFF

Woman's Friends Aid Her in Concealing Pet When Search Is Made on Steamer.

New York—The principals in a little comedy which was a source of joy to the passengers of the steamer America were Mrs. Grace V. Lloyd Clapper, of New York, Captain Schukle and F. Fum, a high pedigreed Pekinese pup bought by Mrs. Clapper in London. F. Fum is only eight inches long, but he created eight miles of trouble for the ship's crew.

There is a rule at sea that dogs be left in the care of the butcher in the baggage room. But F. Fum's mistress decided that her precious should travel first class, and he came aboard inside a big sable muff. The second day another passenger, whose dog had been sent to the care of the butcher, told Captain Schukle there was a dog on board that was not playing the game according to the rules.

The commander investigated and remonstrated with the owner of F. Fum. He finally intimated that he could not tolerate mutiny aboard his ship, even though committed by a charming young woman. Mrs. Clapper then held a secret conference with a score of friends. While the captain made a tour of inspection, F. Fum was passed from one to the other. For four days an ineffectual search was made. The day before the steamer arrived here, while the captain was in the palm room he turned to Mrs. Clapper, who was at the next table, and said: "I'll get that dog before we land." He did not know F. Fum was "wagging at him all the time out of the muff." "I didn't want to take any chance of losing the darling," said Mrs. Clapper on the pier.

"38" TAKES PLACE OF "23."

Slag Borrowed From Fortune Teller Is the "Latest." New York—The slag expression "thirty-eight" is the "latest." "Thirty-eight" was borrowed from the fortune tellers. In the "38" it means "a sucker." It is the man who goes to a charlatan for tips on a horse race, or a girl who turns to the occult power to have her love affairs straightened out, for those who rely on "occultism" in matters of investment.