



## SOME TOILET HINTS

Paris, November 9, 1920.

If I hoped that I would be able to find here a great many new lotions for the care of the skin and hair, I see now that I am sure to be disappointed. Paris is indeed the place where many of the best of these things are made, but most of the toilet lotions are extremely complicated to make and contain ingredients which we would find it impossible to purchase at home.

However, there are a few simple lotions which are widely sold here and which anyone at home can make for herself. Personally, I am inclined to think that these are quite as effective as the more expensive and more complicated varieties. I would like, for instance, to give the formula for a strawberry emulsion, which is splendid for an irritable, dry or scaly skin, and which is somewhat astringent, and, therefore, good for the middle aged as well as the young woman:

Strawberry Emulsion  
Strawberry juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tumbler full  
Powdered horseradish, 1 generous pinch  
Eau de Cologne, 20 drops  
Fresh milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  glass.

This will be sticky if the strawberry juice is sweetened. In that case, I think if you add a little more cologne it will make it right, since most strawberry juice, to be obtained now, comes in preserves. This makes a delicious looking emulsion which can be patted on the face after washing and allowed to dry in.

It is a very pretty color and it is supposed to lend a healthy tinge to a

sallow skin. This emulsion was sold me in a perfectly lovely little bottle for a great deal of money. It will cost practically nothing to make at home.

Mother's Darling—I would not advise you to try anything more complicated in treating the nose than to massage and tap it with the fingertips, to stimulate circulation, and then to rub it with ice. This will tend to overcome the flabbiness. Of course if you are too stout, as you say are, you will find it a great improvement if you will reduce. Frequently those lines around the cheek are nothing but the result of too much stretching.

Stenographer—it is not true that if one is too fat in any special part of the body, the whole body must be reduced. You are troubled with the commonaliment of all stenographers—fat in the collar bone, the waist and around the hips. In your particular case, I wouldn't advise you to go with out corsets, but would suggest instead that you wear hip-confiners to bind in the hips, leaving the waist free. Take bending and stooping exercise to reduce the flesh around the waist. You are, from your description of yourself, about 20 pounds overweight, so, of course, if you reduce to normal the hips would not be so large.

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## A SWEETHEART AT THIRTY

The Story of a Woman's Transformation  
BY MARION RUBINCAM

## ESTHER'S NEW IDEA

Chapter 50

We never did any work Sunday afternoons. That was a rule observed religiously in the house, and a very welcome rule too. For aside from any religious or sacred respect for the day, it gave us the only hours during the week to relax, to think about things other than the immediate task, to take hold of ourselves once more.

Violet and James would go together often, and sit under the trees in the little woods across the fields from our house. Violet would carry her books along and would read aloud and study, while James lay on his back on the grass and listened. It was rather charming, and so unlike the spirit existing between most brothers and sisters that we knew.

"What are you reading all the time?" Esther said fretfully one hot Sunday as the two started away.

"Elementary geography," VI answered.

"Humph," said Esther. "I don't see as any such fancy knowledge will do James any good. Won't make him plow any better, as Jim would say."

"James is so interested in machinery," VI said. "I wonder what books or magazines I could get him about that?"

"Machinery!" Jim said suddenly, coming through the door in time to hear my question. "Don't talk to me about James and machinery! I let him repair the reaper when it broke this summer and you should have seen the mess he made. Cost me \$25."

He fairly stormed out of the room. I turned around to Esther in surprise. She shrugged her shoulders a little—an action that somehow emphasized the layers of fat over them and over all her body.

"James wanted to make up some sort of engine, I dunno what," she explained. "So last winter he borrowed some little wheels from the reaper and some ball bearings. Jim tried to run it, not knowing, and it wouldn't work of course, and got stuck somehow. I don't know how. Anyway, James remembered and put back the parts he'd borrowed, but even then something was strained and it cost Jim a lot of money."

She walked, flat-footed, across the room.

"Well, I guess I'll lie down a bit," she announced. "What you doin', End?"

"I'm going to rest, too, perhaps read." I said, starting upstairs to my room.

I looked at myself in the unfriendly glass when I was alone. I did not look as well as usual.

This is the tragedy of age, after all—at least the tragedy of middle age. Youth can put almost any strain upon the vitality, and wake up with rosy cheeks and bright eyes next morning. But we who are in the middle period must be so careful. We have so little to give out that we must some-

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Easily and cheaply made at home, but it beats them all for quick results.

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Get  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of Pine from any druggist, pour it into a pint bottle and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make a full pint. If you prefer, use clarified or plain honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely removes the tickle, the tickle and dreaded cough disappears entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, hoarseness or bronchial asthma.

Pine is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2 $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of Pine" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded.

The Pine Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

I ought to know it," was her method of excuse.

She had taken off her housedress and the flimsy corsets she sometimes wore, and rolled around herself a curious old garment. It had once been a housedress; it was striped gingham with the wreck of a ruffle around the wide skirt, and a hastily put in seam where the sleeves had been shorn off at the elbow. Esther's method of making a kimono out of it was to sit it up the front and turn back the raw edges. The voluminous affair was wrapped around her now and held by being grasped at one side with her hands.

"Go right along, don't mind me," she said, stretching out on my bed. I turned a little red. I felt somehow that I was doing something wrong trying to make myself look better. But Esther was, with cold cream on my skin and my hair down, and there was nothing to do but go on with my treatments.

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These will keep the figure flexible and young," I said, and unconsciously I spoke in superior tones.

I glanced at her careless wrapper—and at the pretty kimono which somehow made me look so much younger. Then I went on with my treatments, explaining what I was doing and why. And Esther, flat on her back, watched with a great deal of interest.

"Yes, you do look better," she conceded, sincerely though rather grudgingly, when I was through. "And that way of doing your hair does improve."

I slipped into one of my pretty dresses, and stood up for inspection. And then Esther made an amazing remark: "I been thinking," she said slowly, "that since going to the city did you so much good, made you new all over, as I might say, that I would go back with Violet this winter. I can stand a little improvement myself, I guess. Besides, you seem to have had a real good time."

And again I felt that unseen hand, clutching my throat and stifling the life breath out of me.

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Every Night  
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Innate & Natural Movement  
in a Natural Way  
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