

THE SUMMER COMPLEXION.

A Talk With Blondes.

Sunburn may be fashionable, but, alas! it is undeniably unbecoming to blondes.

A brunette usually tans a glorious bronze that suits her dark hair and eyes to perfection, and offsets the reds, browns and yellows that she preferably wears with a picturesque charm all its own, so she needs little advice on this subject.

A blonde, on the contrary, simply burns a deep, painful-looking red, extending from the waving locks on her forehead to the frill of her jaunty shirt-waist. Even the bluest eyes look faded out above it, and if a day or two of stormy weather gives it a chance to cool off, it leaves a dark-some hue in its wake that is anything but desirable if beauty and not fashion is to be considered.

"It's no use! You can't take care of your complexion and have a good time, too," said a pretty blonde to me the other day. "I've tried it myself, all smothered up in a green veil when the mercury was at 90 in the shade, never going anywhere without a sun umbrella, or out rowing till the sun went down. O, dear! I was a perfect martyr all one season, and now I just get nicely burned as soon as I can, and have it over with for good and all. There's no going back then, and I do enjoy myself, so that I don't care a fig for looks, only for fun."

It is a little hard to "dress up" in the evening, when nothing seems to suit the sunburned face and hands so well as the negligee outing costume we wear daily, which, by the way, should be navy blue or dark green; but suppose we have a secret talk together, my blue-eyed maids, before it is time to appear at the tea-table, and see if things cannot be bettered a little?

First let me tell you, before you go on a water excursion, to thoroughly bathe both face, neck and hands with any pure cold cream, an excellent preparation for warding off and removing sunburn, that can be bought at any druggist's. Then when you enter your room all heated and tired on your arrival home, first take a sponge bath, and after it fill a deep basin with lukewarm water, and into it boldly plunge your face, holding your breath and closing your eyes. Keep it there as long as possible without breathing, then "come to the surface," take a deep breath and try it again, repeating the process a number of times. Gently dab your face dry with a soft towel, afterward sponging it lightly with alcohol, and sit or, what is better, lie down and rest half an hour or longer. At the end of that time you will find its color will have perceptibly diminished, and a little baby powder deftly applied will remove the shiny appearance and tone down the over-redness effectively. On retiring for the night, bathe the face, neck and arms again, and apply the cold cream as before directed.

Cool grays, blues, greens and pure white will be found the most satisfactory for a blonde's summer wear.

Lastly, get a yard or two of pink,

blue and white-checked gingham, and make yourself a picturesque shirred sun-bonnet, with all manner of frills and fluting, and wear it to the bathing beach, or on the cat-boat—in short, wherever shade is not, and you are likely to be for any length of time.

Besides being very useful, this sensible headgear is considered very appropriate and becoming for country wear.

What Nots I

Why not remove white spots from furniture by holding close to them a hot shovel? This will cause them to quickly disappear.

Why not sprinkle sassafras bark among dried fruit when it is stored for winter use? This is the best method of keeping out the worms, which often prove troublesome.

The best material to use for a pudding bag is thin unbleached muslin. The bag should always be scalded before it is used. The string used to tie it with should be a piece of strong and immaculately clean white tape.

Macaroni is a paste or dough prepared from the glutinous, granular flour of hard varieties of wheat pressed into long tubes, through the perforated bottom of a vessel furnished with mandrels, and afterward dried either by the sun or by artificial heat.

Two years ago I had occasion to fumigate the house on account of scarlet fever, and burned brimstone plentifully. Previous to that time I had been somewhat troubled with moths, bedbugs and buffalo bugs. After fumigating I did not see a sign of any kind of a bug.

In the care of brass bedsteads no polishing powders nor liquids should be employed, the brass requiring nothing more than a rubbing with a soft rag to keep it looking bright. After the lacquer is broken by the use of powder it will be a task to keep the brass in anything like good condition. The lacquer with which these bedsteads are finished is not meant to be disturbed, but is intended to protect the brass from tarnishing through action of the air. These remarks apply equally as well to the brass handles and other trimmings to be found on furniture. Should the handles tarnish by moisture from contact with the hand they may be relacquered at small expense to look as well as ever.

Learning to Swim.

The directions sound so easy. "Let the body take an easy horizontal position, with the legs about nine inches below the water and arms about three, the back slightly hollowed, and the head lifted sufficiently to keep the nose and mouth above water." You repeat it to yourself while your patient instructor holds up your chin, and wonder, weakly, how you can find out how many inches below the water your feet are. You decide you will not attempt absolute exactness on that point, but will follow your teacher's advice and take a long breath and

It is not

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strike out. You strike out, trying to make long, deliberate strokes, as you have been told to do, but probably paying much attention to your arms, and giving little irregular, ineffectual kicks.

"It is the legs that ought to do the most of the work," says your teacher, "and you should give the strokes in unison."

It sounds easy, but each arm and each leg seems to have some crazy notion of its own, and wants to go floundering off aimlessly and awkwardly by itself. After several lessons you get them under a little better control, and your teacher takes his hand from under your chin to let you try it alone. Upon which you kick wildly, get the water in your mouth, and make a great fuss.

"Body in an easy, horizontal position," "lungs full of air," "long, deliberate strokes," "arms and legs in unison," not a word did you remember of it all. You were only conscious of that awful sinking feeling, that wild clutching at safety. Can one think of long deliberate strokes when death stares one in the face? No. When you come to consider, you have to admit that there was no real danger, and that you could not possibly have drowned in that depth of water; but still you cannot feel sure that you would be any less frightened next time.

Say Not.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor falleth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dopes, fears may be liars,  
It may be in you smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

Copied for THE LADIES' JOURNAL by  
Mabel Morgan, aged 11 years.

Other People's Convenience.

We ought to think of other people's convenience more than some of us do. The home is the place where this thoughtfulness ought to begin to be cultivated. One who comes late to breakfast admits that he is guilty of an amiable self-indulgence, but forgets that he has marred the harmonious flow of the household life, and caused confusion and extra work. The other day an important committee of fifteen was kept waiting ten minutes for one tardy member, who came sauntering in at last, without even an apology for causing fifteen men a loss of time that to them was very valuable, besides having put a sore strain on their patience and good nature. Common life is full of just such thoughtlessness, which causes untold personal inconvenience, and oftentimes produces irritation and hurts the hearts of friends. We ought to train ourselves in all our life to think also of other people.

The Overkind Friend.

"Did you ever have an overkind friend?" One of the sort that considered it her duty to tell you unpleasant truths? To pay you visits when you wished to be alone? And to criticise closely everything you did or said or thought? The kind of friend that came at 4 o'clock in the afternoon with the intention of dining with you, and when she departed at 9 left you feeling so unhappy that you wished somebody might be killed, you don't exactly mention who? This is the kind of a friend, so-called, who talks about your weaknesses to her other friends and never confesses that you have any virtues. She doesn't require an invitation to pay you a visit, and consequently, she is certain to appear at some time when your skeleton is dancing the cancan, and making it overvisible. She gets acquainted with your pet vice and then she talks to you about it before people.

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.