

them things. All they oughta know about a lady's make-up secrets is how to hook up dresses.

"It seems, though, mister, that I can't never stick to nothin'. Here I was tellin'

about the withered rosebud and the tender child, and where'd I get at? I meant to be showin' up my fine Eye-talian hand, double crossin' Louise next time she called.

"If you was to ask me, I says to her, 'I'd say for you to get about six links of rully swell curls for on top, Louise,' I says; 'though I don't want to hurt your feelin's. But, I says, 'I'm on the

square with you, and I'm goin' to speak my mind. I seen the young feller sizin' your hair up last time you two was here, and I guess he noticed how sort of hit with a club it looked. You better prop it up from under with a rat, and then pin on them half dozen links. It'll make your face look longer."

"Oh, my gee!" she says. "Was he pipin' me hair like that?"

"He was so," I says, solemn-like, "and I was that worried," I says, "that I run and looked at myself in the glass."

"Well," she says, "I was savin' up twenty-five dollars for to play The Spider in the secon' race to-morruh," she says; "but here's where I blew it for more fuzz."

"Louise," I says, "you got a good head on you, if the trimmin's is a little on the bum just at present."

"I wisht I had more true fr'en's like you, that would tell a lady when she looks on the fritz," she says, as she goes away. And honest, mister, I felt so bad that I didn't eat nothin' but a aig for lunch, to beat myself up, and you might say, for bein' deceitful. But ain't it awful how easy old single ladies is, when you're talkin' beauty dope?"

"They're quite impressionable," admitted the Boarder.

Mrs. Sweeny struggled for a moment with the long word, but her pride would not permit the question which was on her lips. Therefore she put it from her as one of life's unsolved mysteries, and continued:

"I had 'em here for dinner two days after that—and say, mister, she had on a tall and narrow steeple of hair, remindin' you of the Eiffel Tower needin' a shave. Aloysius Boyle, he looked scared. I seen at once that he was worried. I guess he kept thinkin' that if his fyncancy's hair grewed out that fast, folks would think he was married to a excelsior machine.

"Oncet durin' the evenin' he said: 'Somehow you ain't the same, my dear.'"

"How do you mean?" she asks.

"He means your hair is dressed different," I put in.

"It ain't exactly dressed," he says, hesitatin'. "It's sort of—"

"You mean congregated," I says, rememberin' how the minister usta talk, back home in West Baden, Indiana. Then I laughs it all off as a joke, and when I got Louise off to one side, I says:

"There's too much on top. Get some more for the sides, and you'll be there with bells on. Your gent'man fr'en, he's clean fallin' off his seat in admiration. Oh, little girl, I says, 'you're gallopin' home easy,' I says, 'with the money. Go to it,' I says, thinkin' of a joke, 'and you'll win by a hair.'"

"We're goin' to the theayter to-morruh night," she tells me, "and I'll stuff it out on the sides with somethin'."

"Use your gloves," says I. "They'll just fill it out enough with that what's there now."

"And so they hiked along home, but the youngster he was worried. I didn't see Louise with the finishin' touches on; but Aloysius did, and he got so troubled in his mind that he came around to see me about it.

"What," he says, "is doin'?"

"Come again," I says, "and take the cover off your bundle. I can't quite get to your line of talk, little man."

"I mean her hair," he says. "Two weeks ago she looked like women you see in the streets. Now she's the inside of a mattress, and more where that come from," he says. "I ain't goin' to marry no human Angora cat. Why, Belle Sweeny," he says, "if I did, and it kept on growin' that way, there couldn't be no fires in the neighborhood without it gettin' singed—and ma'll tell you I never could stand the smell of burnin' hair."

"Well," I says, "tell her to unhook some of it."

"What!" says he. "Do you mean it's—"

"Sure, little one," I says. "It's as false as a sure-thing tip. All ladies wears it, though," I tells him, feelin' sorry at how hard he took it. You know, mister, men likes to see women with lots of hair, and they keep kiddin' themselves that it's real, though they know better. But the minute the thing comes home, real strong, them same men gets a hard jolt—ain't I right?"

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