

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES.

Bleaching Cream.

A great deal can be done to modify the effects of the midsummer sun by using a bleaching cream on the face. One of the best is cucumber cream, which is made as follows:

Almond oil 4 ounces
Spermaceal 1 ounce
White wax 1 ounce
Cucumber juice 30 grains
Powdered borax 1 ounce

To make the cucumber juice, select cucumbers ripe enough for table use, slice them thin and chop them up or put them through a meat chopper and extract the juice. If you wish, you may boil the sliced cucumbers in a very small amount of water. Strain the juice through a cloth and, if you want, perfume it with a few drops of any cologne extract.



This helps to prevent freckles. Lettuce cream, which is very soothing to a tanned or wind-irritated skin, is made the same way. So is iris cream, which is bleaching. But in this case the four ounces of liquid are made by extracting the juice from the fresh flowers and the white part of the stems, with enough of the deep purple flower petals added to tint the cream a violet color.

If you wish to make the cucumber lotion, which is bleaching, try the following:

Oil of sweet almonds 4 ounces
Fresh cucumber juice 12 ounces
Powdered castile soap 1 ounce
Tincture of benzoin 2-3 ounce

Shake these ingredients thoroughly together and keep in a bottle.

Undecided—It is quite proper for you to go to the dance with the young man you mentioned. He is legally no longer married; consequently, in the eyes of the law he is a single man.

DEMANDED \$5,000

Saskatchewan Farmer Still Uncompensated for Delay to Housekeeper.

WINNIPEG, July 1.—The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has received an unusual request from a Saskatchewan farmer, who demanded \$5,000 from them because of alleged delay of six weeks in securing transportation for his housekeeper, who was coming from Louisiana. A later letter compromised on \$1,000. "I have no more money to give. Just send the money along and I will call it square," he has not yet received his thousand, officials stated.

The Newspaper in Japan

Read from right to left, a topsy-turvy affair.

The "Tray Landscape" of Nippon

Ever since my arrival in Japan, the native product being so different from that to which we in the West are accustomed, I have been piqued to know something, positive, about Japanese newspapers.

The fact that in Japan the newspaper is read from the right side of the page to the left, as also that the last page of a Western paper corresponds to the first of a Japanese, make the reading of them appear a topsy-turvy affair. Indeed, it gives a Westerner a queer feeling to watch the Japanese read. At first one gets the impression that they really are reading, but trying to track down an illusory paragraph, casting their eyes over the page in search of something of particular interest—and at that not sure whether or no good luck will attend their efforts.

There are further three other features about the newspaper which strike one as more or less "queer." Full stories are put at the beginning of every paragraph. "Foot notes" are printed at the top of the page. Finally, by way of spacing, one finds but a few dividing lines between the columns used by the Japanese, of course, another element making for strange and hazy impressions.

These compounds of large and small strokes molded into forms that are more or less "question" marks, double-lined circles filled with dots and dashes, as well as a whole series of long, angled and biased signs which are mazed together, seem to the uninitiated an unspeakable jumble.

I have now examined four or five different styles of newspapers and in all it has seemed to me that the Japanese are extraordinarily small and printed in so light a tone it must be a great strain to read them for any length of time.

The other day I asked some one if newspapers were an old institution in Japan, or if they were one of the "novelties" which the Japanese had borrowed and imitated after the great Treaty in 1858, when Japan finally decided to open her barriers, which she had so long and so systematically placed between herself and all Western nations. At that time not being able to obtain any satisfactory answer, I determined to try another source.

My second source for information has been more successful. Although printing of the "block" order has been known in Japan since 1770 A. D., movable type was not used until about 1839. As for newspapers, properly so-called, they did not appear here until between 1868-71.

Before that time all there was in the way of publicity seems to have been hand-bills, sheets roughly struck off from wooden blocks and distributed whenever anything startling or interesting happened. Little beyond such poor substitutes for real newspapers were known until Mr. John Black—one of the earliest foreign residents in Yokohama—became the newspaper pioneer in 1852.

Japan to-day has its official newspapers, its conservative newspapers, its radical newspapers, its anti-foreign newspapers, its "yellow journals." Several Japanese publications have one or two English columns and The Japan Times is published entirely in English.

The natives of Nippon love a good laugh and see to it that this tendency is stimulated by several features regarding satire and humor.

Newspapers, like books, in Japan are written in the Japanese language, that is to say, in a literary form and phraseology which differs from the colloquial language, both in grammar and vocabulary. Though the Japanese do not go in for "popular style" they do enjoy popular prices—up to the war!

The "text" has also reached the Far East, where one of the most familiar sounds is the jangle of the newsboy's bells, worn attached to a belt as he

runs, calling: "Gogwai! Gogwai!" (extra).

Japanese newspapers are under certain Government restrictions. They are often summarily suppressed for making remarks that offend the dignity of the imperial family, or which may be considered attacks on existing Government institutions. All newspapers are obliged to put up a prescribed amount of money as a pledge that they will abide by the written and unwritten restrictions.

However, notwithstanding these and other limitations placed on the newspapers of Japan, they like all other Japanese institutions, are daily gaining ground in the struggle for an increased share of public attention.

In the "open ports" nearly all foreign newspapers are in English hands. Taken as a whole, I believe, the newspapers of these cities are more interesting than most other colonial newspapers, for the reason that they are able to chronicle an ever-increasing number of changes, both political and social, at this time taking place in Japanese life.

THE TRAY LANDSCAPE

The other day I stopped in my pull up Yokohama, the hilly, shop-lined road that leads to the "Tray" and looked in at the "golden flowers" of a man longing for a sight of the shabby beauties. I was moving on when I noticed a man and a woman sitting on a bench, still bending over a low bench on which were a row of oval sand-covered trays.



Sketches of Cranes for Tray Landscape.

Why sand-covered? A second glance told me the man was making "Bonseki." I was delighted at this opportunity of watching some one set a "tray landscape" together, since but a few days before I had seen some splendid specimens of these "Bonseki" in Tokyo, where I was told something about their origin.

"Bonseki" is a miniature landscape composed within the limits of a tray, and fashioned out of stones, pebbles, tiny stones and several grades of white and yellow sand. "Bonseki" are often the chief ornament of a "Tokonoma," that portion of the Japanese living-room reserved for the special use of receiving guests and for family gathering.

The origin of the "Bonseki" is said to be very old and is traced to the twelfth century. It seems that once the Emperor Tennin—the Japanese of all the emperors—visited the beautiful island of Ise, near the Inland Sea. He was so charmed with its beauty, its wonderful camphor trees and marvelous pines that he referred to it again and again when he returned to the capital. Now, one of the emperor's devoted attendants hit upon the idea of making a miniature representation of the beautiful spot, with pebbles, sand and trees set in a tray. The emperor was delighted and a new craft dis-

covered. A less authoritative legend says that the emperor himself invented the art while he was living in retirement, and that the composition of landscape trays was one of his favorite amusements.

After a time "Bonseki" making fell into disuse. It was revived, however, in early middle ages, by Shogun Yoshitaka, a man of broad tastes in art, who included in his accomplishments "Bonseki" (tea ceremony, floral arrangement, and the aesthetic disposition). When the democratization of the former strictly aristocratic pastimes took place in the early years of the 19th century, "Bonseki" found many experts and lovers among the people.

At one time there were no less than 15 "schools" of the art. At present there are two genuine schools.

The tools and materials needed for "Bonseki" are few and simple. Tools: rulers, feathers, gloves, mat covers; materials: small stones, auxiliary small stones, pebbles, sand, miniature trees, tiny pottery houses, bridges and animals.

The manner of procedure, too, is simple.

The "art of the art" is shown in the artist's compositions, in his ability to make the landscape with the setting in which they are to be placed, as well as in his feeling for proportion and choice of subject.

Having selected the shape and size of his tray, the artist gathers his materials, spreads the sand, covers the tray with a cloth, and places the tray in a convenient position. He then kneels or sits on the floor, sets the tray in an oblique position, at the left, and arranges at his right the stones, rulers and sand.

The artist has no preconceived design in mind, he consults the "design book" and the "Tokonoma" in which the landscape is to be set. Before he begins to set the stones, he looks to see in his imagination the picture as it will really look upon the tray. Like the painter, he has to make his own picture before making them.

The first "design book" or compilation of outlines for the artist, was made from sketches drawn by a student who traveled all over the country, year after year, in search of the romantic and picturesque in nature. "The student" came down after a "grand tour," he chose three or four of his most powerful sketches and presented them out of gratitude to the emperor, his patron.

"Bonseki" are best adapted to the representation of bits of sea shore or distant mountain scenery. The following themes were set in proportion to the five inches in height were placed a little toward that part of the rimmed oval which, for convenience sake, we will call the background. These stones represented a cliff. At the base smaller stones were set in proportion to the cliff stones to place the place of boulders in nature. "The student" chose stones of yet smaller size. These third stones in order of size and position have been set in the background. The effect of the scene was surprisingly natural, and in imagination one could hear the lap of low-tide water, catch the glittering of the sun on the sand, and feel the crunch of the beach pebbles as one walked over them, feel the soft yielding of the sand, and the breaking of the waves against the interposing rock. Seagulls were placed in positions of flight, and waves were cresting, seagulls with outspread wings were alighting on the topmost ridges of the waves. The effect of the scene was perfect in detail.

If "Bonseki" is not, as some say, an art, then it is a science. It is a science in that it is a hard to explain why it is not given a place of its own as a link between finer art and art in the unlimited sense.—S. B.

The Merchants' Column

Edited by Mansfield F. House



LOST \$9.60 IN GOODS—GOT BACK \$68.50.

Yes, it pays to advertise—any one who doubts the statement may get in touch with Ralph Lynn, of Chico, California.

Lynn, who is a firm believer in the cash-and-carry system, and the economy for which it is responsible, recently dropped into one of the C-and-C stores on his way home from the office and bought in quite a good sized load of things to eat. In fact, the bill came to \$9.60.

"Oh, no," Lynn assured me, "they're right here," and he turned to point to the rear seat of the car.

But there wasn't a thing there! The section was just as empty as the day it had come from Detroit.

"Great Scott, I must have put them in somebody else's car," wailed Lynn. "Not much chance of recovering them, but I'll slip an ad. in the paper just the same."

The advertisement appeared on the following morning and two days later Lynn wrote in to the advertising manager: "I advertised for the return of my \$9.60 worth of groceries, which I placed by mistake in the wrong machine out side of Blank's grocery. Stop the ad. I have received \$68.50 worth of goods from seven different people who called on the phone at my ringing."

LINDSAY STOCKS.

JUST FOR SHOPLIFTERS.

R. F. Lindsay is one of the most liberal merchants of Foreman, Ark., and one of the most successful. He not

only stock merchandise for his customers but keeps some specially for his shoplifter visitors to "lift." And as he says that it is decidedly profitable to cater to the latter class of people, "I buy a bunch of junk jewelry—stuff that costs me about \$5 a gross, and at first glance looks about \$50 a gross. This is especially bought for my visitors with shoplifting tendencies. I place a nice display of this on top of the counter, somewhere in the neighborhood of my shirt waists, ribbon and other expensive items," says Lindsay. "We find that the person who is tempted to steal will lift this stuff. Lots of it is missing and the profitable feature about it is that they will steal this stuff in preference to the more expensive things. Must be because it is jewelry. Then, too, we sell quite a little of this jewelry, putting it on cards at 10 cents each."

The effect was startling and most attractive. It meant, of course, a great deal of extra work, but the results were considerable added expense, but the results were well worth while, for it attracted wide attention. Everybody talked about it when it came out.

FOND HOPES.

The city gardener now don't trace the rows of sprouts with care.

And say, "If I prove the fact, I'll be a millionaire."

—Washington Star

IS FRANK HELMS' SLOGAN.

A drug store on the fourth floor of a large office building, devoted exclusively to the filling of prescriptions, with none of the "department store" features of the modern pharmacy, is the unique plan of Frank J. Helms, druggist, of St. Louis, Mo.

Helms, who recently sold his drug store to escape the tedium of long hours behind the counter, had gained the reputation for competency in filling physicians' prescriptions. When the doctors learned that he had given up the business they induced him to open the Murphy building. Realizing the

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'TIGER' OF FRANCE HONORED IN STONE

Clemenceau Shown With Beloved Poilus With Him.

WORK NOT FINISH

Monument To Be Erected In Native District.

PARIS, July 1.—Clemenceau shown at the front, standing at the edge of a trench with his friends, French poilus, below and about him the monument to be erected in his native country the Vendee, early in the year.

Francois Suard, the sculptor, chiselling the group work out of a Burgundian stone. Unfinished, work is already said to visualize a great character the scene often of the old "Tiger" mentally almost physically, fighting for France. The sculptor's figure stands at least high. He is, as always in the days, wearing a long loose green coat and the soft slouchy crumpled leaning on a cane. His face is towed by the eyes, his eyes watching horizon.

Following indications of him by a seated officer with massed side arm. On his right are grouped soldiers and in the trench below are the men in the ranks, looking on with mingled astonishment and admiration at their minister of war.

The scene is said by critics to vividly natural, rough and muddy, heroic and full of the color and character of war days.

DAVID WARNED AGAINST THIS. "I shall never forget the look on face when I found me in her place. I said the plainly dressed woman. You were evidently sitting in a seat of the scornful," remarked friend.—Boston Transcript.

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