

My Sympathetic Friend

By SUSAN YOUNG PALMER
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My father and mother both died when I was so young that I have no remembrance of them, and I was sent to an orphan asylum. When I was eighteen the matron one morning called me into her room and said to me:

"You have been very useful to us here since you passed out of childhood, but I am expected by the managers to get on without help. You are now old enough to be self supporting and must either work for yourself alone or in a home. I occasionally receive a letter from some man desiring one of our grown girls for a wife. I had one of these letters this morning from a young man in the west, who says that he has a good farm on which he lives alone, and he wishes me to send him some one for a helpmeet whom I can recommend, and he has forwarded letters recommending him. Let me know if you wish the position."

The matron was used to condensing everything she said just as she had spoken these words. She was a good woman, but was so intimately connected with the world's troubles that she could not give much attention to these of any one person. She turned to other duties, and I left her to go to my room to think.

The result of my tearful deliberations was that I was a few days later handed a ticket and what money I would need on the journey and took a train for the west. My leaving was telegraphed to my future husband, who was to meet me at the station, marry me and drive me twenty miles to his farm. I had no money with which to return or go anywhere else in case he should prove disagreeable. Indeed, I felt as though I had been pitched over a precipice.

The train had left Chicago and we were bowling along toward the Mississippi. I noticed a young man sitting near me who was looking at me. I thought sympathetically. I must have shown my despondency in my face, for his own reflected it or, rather, bespoke commiseration. Presently he came over to me and said, with an encouraging smile:

"You look troubled. Is there anything I can do or say to make you feel happier?"

There was that in his honest face and eyes that invited confidence. I told him my story. He listened to it attentively and respectfully and when I had finished said:

"Has it occurred to you that the man who is to marry you is in the same position with regard to you that you are with regard to him?"

"I never thought of that."

"And do you know that many so called love matches turn out very unhappily?"

"I supposed," I replied, "that it was the forced marriages such as the one I am about to make that are failures."

"There is no truer saying than that marriage is a lottery. I think you have a better chance in yours than those people who, blinded by love, see no fault until a number of them are plainly visible after marriage. Un-blessed persons have recommended this man to you and you to him. You both trust to them instead of your own judgment blessed by love. The chances are largely in your favor."

"What you say," I replied, "sounds encouraging, but it seems to me that I would rather begin with love even if I must end with disappointment."

"Spoken like a woman," he rejoined. "And I would rather begin without love and end with love."

What a treasure are these people who have the faculty of lifting the cloud that hangs over us and showing us the sun shining behind. This young man seemed to have only an ordinary education, but any deficiency was made up by common sense. Then, too, it was easy to see that he had a kind heart. He was constantly looking at me out of those sympathetic eyes of his, which said, "Poor child, how I pity you!" He was with me most of the morning and all the afternoon. He soon ceased to talk about my trouble, leading me into other paths, though he told me many instances of persons who had made marriage a matter of business and found it a matter of affection.

My lover—I was certainly thinking the word, mockery that it was—had written that my train would land me in the night at the last principal town on my route, and I was to remain there, taking another train the next morning. When I parted with my newly made friend I relapsed into the same miserable condition as before. But I was tired, and that night, though I went to sleep in tears, I got a fairly good rest. This and a bright morning kept me up the next day till I approached the last station, where I was to meet "my lover," when it was all I could do to resist a temptation to throw myself from the train. I permitted every one to go out before me and wished there were more of them. Then when alone I nerved myself for the ordeal and left the car.

My lover was there waiting for me, extending his hand to assist me down the steps.

A sudden wonder mixed with a wild fluttering of my heart caused me to pause. Was I in a dream or was I waking from sleep? The man waiting to hand me down was my sympathetic friend.



Milady's Mirror

It strengthens the eyes to bathe them either in very hot water or in very cold. Better yet is to take a piece of absorbent cotton rounded and made into a little pad to fit the eyes, dip them in ice water and place them on the lids, changing them as they become hot. After a few minutes of such treatment the eyes will feel comforted and relieved to a great degree. This is especially grateful to the eyes after riding in the wind or after having been subjected to the dust and cinders of a railway or the glare of bright reflections on the water when on a boat. Those who have a tendency to weak eyes should daily use an eye-cup in which is placed a boracic acid solution. The saturated solution diluted one-half is generally the best and should be made fresh for each eye. The eye should be opened and shut in the solution half a dozen times or more so that it will thoroughly bathe the eyeball as well as the lids.

Lines or wrinkles under the eyes may be relieved by the use of a good pure skin food. Steam the parts affected by laying hot wet cloths on them for fifteen minutes, then dipping the fingers into the skin food. Massage gently along the line taken by the wrinkles for ten or fifteen minutes. Give this treatment twice daily with steady persistence, and after a month or so's treatment an improvement should be noticeable.

The Bride Beautiful.

A touch of color in the cheeks on the wedding day is to be desired, and if it can be obtained in no other way a dust of rouge is quite excusable, for the bride who is a wan ghost is anything but good to look upon. But before resorting to this subterfuge try washing the face at the last moment with piping hot and then very cold water and then patting the cheeks, the fingers wet with cologne diluted with rose-water.

But to secure a real look of health, which is necessary for the chill white frock, a cupful of orange juice every morning before breakfast or half the quantity of pineapple juice taken at the same time will very likely promote a natural color on the wedding day, for both of these juices act upon the liver, whose renewed health is immediately shown in the freshening of the skin.

As to foods, carrots contain the iron necessary for color, and when accompanied with rare beefsteak no better food could be offered the bride who fears pallor on her day of days. The girl who is likely to be red should eat only white meats and fish for a month before her marriage and then see to it as well that her collar, sleeves and slippers are not too tight.

A Hair Hint.

Where the hair is inclined to lie unbecomingly close to the head a little fluffing out in the new coiffure is advisable, though it need by no means attain the proportions of a large pompadour. If one has enough hair she may make it into puffs, but most of the hairdressings are made with false puffs or braids, pinned on. These may be made of your own combings or bought in a shade matching your own hair. When the hair is thin a pompadour to wear under it is to be preferred to a roll. A roll may be pinned at the back to form a support for the knot, which may be composed of pinned on puffs, or a switch may be twisted into a Psyche knot and pinned to your own hair.

Face Preparation.

A nice preparation for the face is eau de cologne with glycerin, but while the glycerin is softening and nourishing and the eau de cologne is stimulating the latter dries too quickly and has a tendency to rob the glycerin of its good effects. So that while a face lotion may be helped in some instances it is just as apt to be injurious in others. In Paris at present all the women are trying to get their faces to look like paste seemingly. They use ivory powder and a great deal of it. The blonds remind one of the dead white colorings of the Flemish beauties reproduced by Rubens.

French Powder Puff.

American women are usually content to carry a mouchoir and a fan in their theater bags, but the women of France often add, as a necessary to their well being, a powder puff and a small bonbonniere filled with some favorite confection.

As soon as a Frenchwoman is comfortably seated in a theater she takes out the powder puff, sewed perhaps in the center of a miniature handkerchief, and dusts it lightly over the face.

A Perspiration Cure.

If you suffer from perspiration try mixing an ounce of common baking powder and the same amount of unscented talcum powder. Keep in air tight bottle and use freely after washing.

A little ammonia in the bathing water is excellent. Then dust with the powdered mixture.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH
PERT PARAGRAPHS.

NOTHING thrills a boy to the ends of his toes like the thought of getting the name of being tough.

When kings lose their jobs they seldom have to seek the free lunch counter.

We would be truly grateful if the person who does us a favor could have the grace to forget it.

There are people who would rather be sandbagged than laid under an obligation.

The devil finds much amusement in looking over the list of things which we mortals are proud.

It doesn't take a very upright man to be square when some one is looking.

It takes so much of our time considering how shamed we should be in the other fellow's place that we haven't time to check up our own acts.

Most of us find it mighty hard to get easy money.

The man who makes two pork chops grow where only one grew before is more useful than he who wins a cup race.

Some folks are so slow that they drop behind and get out of sight of old Father Time himself.

Foiled.

Don Pedro was a pirate
Who sailed the Spanish main
With cutlass bright to dare and fight
For what might bring him gain.
If, following his calling,
He plowed the raging wave
When down he ran a merchantman,
Oh, how he did behave!

His voice resembled thunder,
His arm was like a flash,
And there was gore besprinkled o'er
His bright and yellow sash.
And timid traders trembled
When he was at his best
And handed o'er their bulky store
Without a faint protest.

One day when out for plunder
He met a skipper dude,
Who heard his cry and made reply:
"My goodness, you are rude!
You cannot have my money,
And, sir, if you insist
I'll have to slip aboard your ship
And slap you on the wrist."

The haughty pirate trembled,
What was there he could say?
As he recalled he muttered, "Foiled!"
And slowly sailed away.
The moral of this story
Is here and plain enough:
When pirates brash demand your cash
Just simply call the bluff.

He Felt It.

"In a former incarnation," exclaimed the proud beauty ordering a couple of dollars' worth more of food, "I feel that I was Cleopatra."
"Indeed!" said the man who was paying for the dinner and rapidly losing interest in the conversation.
"Yes, I know it. And who were you?"
"I guess I was a goat."

Took No Chances.

"Where you going, Bill, with such deliberation?"
"Looking for work, ye might know."
"Ain't yer taking awful chances?"
"Naw. I got a list of places that didn't want no one before starting out."

Of Course.

"There are women who would really rather be married than not."
"Are there?"
"Yes."
"What do they do about it?"
"They marry."



From Experience.

"Tell me the way to go to Wall street."
"The only safe way is to go there broke."

Which Kind?

"I know a beautiful girl."
"Honest?"
"Honest!"
"Is she really pretty or just got a rich father?"

Overseasoned.

"Do you believe in flirting?"
"It is the salt of life."
"But can't it be overdone?"
"Sure. You can get anything too salty."

Unappreciated.

I try to read the ancient poets,
Who tore off stanzas by the yard;
But, truth confessed, I turn for rest
To modern and more flippant bards.

Explained.

"When is a fellow no good?"
"When?"
"Yes."
"When he is nothing but a good fellow."

Wise Youth.

"It is a good thing to laugh."
"Maybe, but don't let the boss catch you when he thinks he's furnishing either the time or the material."

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