

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

New Parental Duties.

The responsibilities of parents seem to be increasing. Formerly when a child was born with a pug nose and grew up with the same style of nasal appendage, the father and mother were sorry if the nose did not please its owner, but their conscience was easy. Likewise if their young hopeful's ears were of the aspect delicately called *st. st.*, they were grieved, but not overcome with anguish.

But the parents of to-day are less easy-going. Moulding noses has supplied a new outlet for their energy. "A tiny little nose," says an authority on such subjects of vital import, "may be changed and much improved in shape. It can be enlarged by gentle but persistent massage. It can be lengthened by a series of gentle pulls, steady and continuously applied."

This authority, however, admits that he should hesitate at the nose-pulling in the case of boys, as they generally get plenty of it sooner or later. "A nose too generous in size," he continues, "may be compressed by means of an ingenious little instrument a good deal like a clothespin. If properly applied it cannot injure the nose, as it acts simply by diminishing the flow of blood to the nose."

Of course, the ear question was settled long ago. If a person grows up in this day of ear-caps with outstanding ears he will be at liberty to rise up and call his parents shiftless, to say the least of it.

Another point to which painstaking parents are invited to give their attention is the care of the eyebrows. A judicious and persistent application of vaseline to the arch where these desirable items should grow is said to work wonders.

Children who wear drooping heavy fringes should be no longer allowed to do so. It is given on the authority of an old family doctor that a heavy fringe prevents the eyebrows from growing. He was at a house one day when a little girl came in. Her golden hair was hanging, in the way which has been celebrated in song and story, down her back. Also a heavy fringe was hanging over her forehead, reaching almost to her eyes. Now the doctor declared that if the fringe was allowed to hang over her eyebrows it would be at the cost of the latter, because, as he said, "hair eats hair."

However that may be, the fact remains that few persons seem to have any idea that the eyebrows and eyelashes should receive special care. The use of vaseline is good for the eyelashes as well as for the eyebrows, and when it is judiciously applied it will have a very perceptible effect on them, making them less likely to fall out or be rubbed out. It is the reckless way in which people rub their eyes which is to a great extent responsible for the scarcity of lashes. It is almost always the lower lid which bears the brunt of this rubbing, and the result is apparent in the much smaller quota of lashes which the lower lid always has.

For one kind of strict surveillance a girl, at any rate, will thank her parents when she reaches years of discretion. In her callous days it will irritate and annoy her to be told not to frown and not to blink; but should the command have been enforced, she will be grateful it was some day. Habits of this kind induce indelible wrinkles across the brow and about the eyes, wrinkles that will grow with the child's growth, and annoy her excessively when she is old enough to care for her personal appearance.

A Lace Landscape Fan.

Landscapes in lace form the very latest novelty in fans, and they can be easily made by the amateur. The foundation is made of black net, and the landscape is applique in white lace, and finished off in sequins and silver thread. A group of irises and water-weeds can be placed in the foreground, the silvery stream behind them being worked in curved lines of silver thread, sparkling with sequins here and there.

On THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER are banks and trees with a ruined tower, all made of bits of lace, and there are clouds outlined in silver

thread, with silver sequins for stars.

And how are all these wonders effected? says the reader. The flowers and foliage are simply cut with a very sharp pair of scissors out of some old bit of Duchesse lace; they are then tacked on to the black net, which is tightly fastened to an embroidery-frame. The thicker parts of the lace can be used for the tower; and

BANKS, BRIDGES AND BOATS

can all be cut out in the same way. When all the parts of the landscape are in place they must be applique to the background with very fine cotton, the edges being covered with silver thread. The parts which are to be worked in silver thread come next (such as the clouds and the water), and the sequins are put in last of all. Any old bits of lace come in for this purpose, the remains of a lace-bordered handkerchief or anything of the kind. Imitation Duchesse is quite good enough to practice on, and it is always full of pretty flowers and foliage, which can easily be detached from the background.

"Aren't Men Silly?"

"Aren't men silly?" sighed bright little Miss Dimple with a mournful expression, as she surveyed her pretty little hands, which she had just encased in a dainty pair of new gloves.

"I daresay they are generally," said I; "but surely you know of one bright exception to the rule?"

"No, I don't. Though there is not another man in the world that I think is equal to my Jack. I must confess that in one way he is just as silly as all the others. Do you see this lovely pair of gloves? Well, he gave them to me, and that's why I am wearing them. They are heaps too good for a country walk, and I know I shall spoil them carrying the flowers and berries he is sure to give me. I'd like to put on an older pair, but I daren't do it, after the other day."

"What happened then?" I asked.

"Well, I did put on an older pair then, and Jack was so hurt and offended! 'Why could you not tell me,' said he, 'that the gloves I got for you weren't right?' 'But they were,' said I. 'Nonsense,' said he; 'if they had been you would have been wearing them at once, and you certainly would have worn them to-day that I might see that you liked them.' Did you ever hear anything more silly? I do think men are exasperating! The gloves were just perfect, and I was saving them because it would have been a shame to wear them out in the lanes, and the pair I was wearing were really very nice."

"Perhaps not every man is quite so unreasonable as Mr Jack," I insinuated mildly.

"Oh, they are all alike in that," said Miss Dimple sadly, shaking her head with an air of long experience. "Here is another example. A friend of mine gave me a lovely crocodile leather purse, mounted in silver. I hardly liked to use it for fear of spoiling it, and kept it quite for high days and holidays. Well, one day I was out, quite in the early morning, shopping for mother, and I was carrying my old purse all bulging with copper and silver. I would not have treated my new one so for the world!"

"Suddenly, in turning a corner, I came face to face with a man who gave me the purse I prized so much. Well, nothing could make him believe that I was merely saving his gift for a worthier occasion; he was convinced that I did not like it. Aren't men tiresome, unpractical things? But here comes Jack, and I must be off!"

And away she went smiling gladly, and apparently quite oblivious of his "silliness," and quite careless about curing it. That, perhaps, will best be accomplished by her when he is married.

Woman's Ideal Man.

Look for him chiefly in a woman's novel. Look for him in a man's novel once in a blue moon. Look for his kindly qualities scattered among a hundred men in real life, but rarely assembled in any one finite being. Not that he is faultless—rather the contrary—but he is so extremely impracticable. Woman usually contents herself with the few of his attributes

which she is able to find in any one individual, jogs on merrily enough and when she is wiser laughs (with perhaps a hidden minor chord) at the early extravagance of her expectations.

The ideal man is first of all strong. It may be strength of mind, of soul, or, not least to a woman, physical strength. Of course a girl with a cherished ideal may eventually marry a weak-chested hero, but all the same you will find that in her heart she still worships strength. She loves a strong right arm to make a path for her through life, to do battle for her if need be. Inherent weakness in man rarely ever appeals to a woman, though she is most tender to strength grown weak from any cause, and dearly loves to cosset a Hercules when he has been wounded in battle or stricken by disease. The old, old simile of the ivy and the oak still holds true, though the ivy does rather less clinging than of yore. It likes the oak to be there, however, to meet any possible need. When the case is reversed and the man (from inherent weakness) impersonates the ivy you will commonly find the improvised oak carrying out its destiny with grim heroism, but with scorn, or at best a contemptuous pity (not love), for its parasite. Woman adores strength, and a man of feeble nature may never hope to sound her heart to its depths.

In line with great strength comes courage. To a woman who in the nature of things is unable to conquer by force this seems a noble and god-like quality. She loves a hero. Even in the everyday affairs of life, in case of a burglar, for instance, the ideal man would never, never show the white feather. The man who crawls under the bed to get out of danger (and he isn't so rare as might be supposed) is leagues away from the ideal.

Besides strength there is the quality of largeness which appeals to a woman. Not necessarily strength, though the ideal man is never small, but big-ness of nature and of views in general. A woman is apt to look with some contempt upon a man who makes minute calculations in the affairs of life. She expects him to have a breadth of vision which disdains mere detail. "Oh," he will say, with a gesture, which seems to take in the whole continent, "a man cannot be bothered about those little things."

It must be confessed that the ideal man is something of a tyrant—a very loving despot, mild you see—and one who, whatever tyranny he may perpetuate, is obviously thinking of her. Let him in his domineering unwittingly reveal an unflattering or selfish motive and, lo! his slave either cries desperate tears or flutters rebels. For instance, he may upbraid her for imprudence whereby her health has suffered, and she will meekly submit. But suppose he takes her to task for letting the fire go out whereby he has caught cold—well, the effect is entirely different, and needs no explanation.

A woman's ideal man can seldom be described as good; never in the sense of narrow squeamishness. But little faults which have no touch of meanness and are essentially masculine find ready absolution at a woman's hands. With what a note of tenderness may she say, "You had fellow" when he has mischievously tried her patience by some purely manlike peccadillo. Would she be better pleased if he had no such small failings to be forgiven? Probably not.

But of all things a woman most detests in a man are those little foibles which are supposed to belong exclusively to her own sex, but which really are of very common gender. Woe to

"KOKO"

UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRIF

PREVENTS HAIR FALLING

PROMOTES GROWTH.

IS DELIGHTFULLY COOLING & REFRESHING.

CONTAINS NO OYE

The Celebrated Author,

MRS E. LYNN LINTON,

says:—

"I have used your 'KOKO' hair dressing since June last, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been excessive after a severe illness, but have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer than I am not a young woman, but an old one. I think this is a convincing test of your preparation."



1/-, 2/6 & 4/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC.

KOKO MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 10, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, ENGLAND.