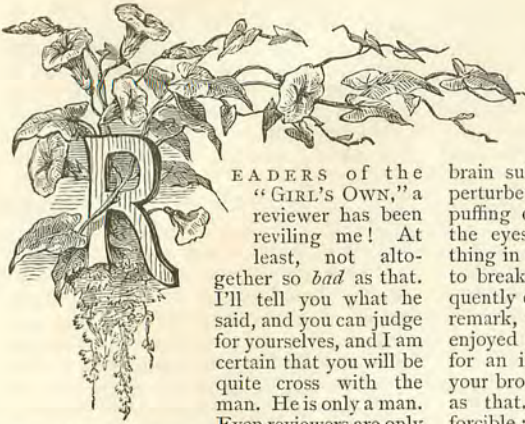


## HOW TO LOOK WELL IN THE MORNING.

By "MEDICUS."



**R**EADERS of the "GIRL'S OWN," a reviewer has been reviling me! At least, not altogether so *bad* as that. I'll tell you what he said, and you can judge for yourselves, and I am certain that you will be quite cross with the man. He is only a man. Even reviewers are only men. Well, then, in expressing an opinion about a book I have recently written, and dedicated to you, but the name of which it is not my place to mention, this—a—this man, at the conclusion of what is otherwise a very handsome review, says, "After all, the doctor is a flatterer."

Did ever you hear of such a thing in your life? He says that I flatter "my fair readers" very much when I write that girls are more amenable to reason and to good advice than boys are, and less frivolous. And he says this to *me*, too! *Me*, who have been writing for girls for over a dozen years! *me*, who have at least half a million girl readers! *me*, who know girls by heart, as it were! And yet this man is alive! He lives on sufferance—and what little he can get to eat and drink. He is a living monument to my good-nature and forbearance. I confess, however, that my first impulse was to call him out, in the good old fashion, you know—pistols for two, coffee for one. But after mature reflection, after burning quarts of midnight oil over it, I concluded I would forgive him. I went and consulted an Irish friend of mine about the matter, and he was of the same opinion. "Forgive him, me bhoy," he said; "forgive him. Forgiveness is a foine thing—especially," he added, "when the other fellow is bigger than you."

So I returned home happy, and feeling good, I have slept soundly ever since.

And talking of sleep brings me face to face with the present article.

Did ever you, reader, or some of you, readers, notice the connection between want of sleep and the early appearance of crows' feet or wrinkles about the eyes? It is true, at all events, that there is such a connection. I am now addressing girls out of their teens. No girl *in* her teens has birds' claws about her eyes, except when she laughs, and then they are doves' feet, not crows'; and no girl out of her teens and under thirty ought to have wrinkles. If she sleeps well at night she will not have any. I do not mean to enter deeply into the subject of wrinkles in this paper; I prefer to leave it for future consideration, with an article all to itself. But a word or two will not be out of place here.

The want of sleep, then, in young folks is caused as often as not by some disturbance of the digestive organs, especially of the great accessory organ, the liver. There is a very intimate relation between the liver, the stomach, and the brain. The liver can never be in the slightest degree out of order without a sympathetic disarrangement of the functions of the stomach, nor *vice versa*. Moreover, there generally is in such cases some degree of acidity

of the blood. The heart is thereby irritated. We thus get not only an irritable, but a semi-congested state of the brain, which quite precludes the possibility of healthful sleep—and that is, dreamless sleep. Now, if there be congestion of the brain sufficient to cause a restless or dream-perturbed night, there will be more or less puffing or swelling of the eyelids and under the eyes. The expression of the face first thing in the morning, or when you come down to breakfast, in such a case as this, is frequently enough to cause sisters or brothers to remark, that you do not look as if you had enjoyed sufficient rest. Oh, I do not mean for an instant to imply that your sisters, or your brothers either, will put it half so politely as that. Family criticisms are frequently forcible; they are seldom over-flattering. As you sit down to breakfast, the remarks of the youngsters—Jeannie and Johnnie and Charlie and Annie and Tib—may be somewhat as follows:

*Johnnie*: "'Morning, Bert. Why, what have you been up to, old girl? Did you go to bed with a boot on?"

*Jeannie*: "Oh! look at Bertha's eyes, Charlie!"

Of course everybody looks.

*Charlie*: "Humph! Same with myself if I smoke much over night—eyes like cockles next morning. Pass the toast, Jack."

*Tib (consolingly)*: "Poor Bertha! But you do look as if you'd slept on top of the bed-clothes."

*John*: "Or on top of the corn-bin. Better come for a drive with me, Bert—blow the cobwebs away."

*Little Annie (sympathisingly)*: "Oh, I know what ails poor Bertie's eyes! Plaps she lied herself to sleep."

The fact is, that your eyes are a little puffy. The physiology is, that the congested vessels have caused it; but the result may be—wrinkles. I don't say, mind you, that such would be the effects from one or two nights of restlessness; but if the skin is kept on the stretch for some time, night after night, for, say, a month or two, then, when the puffiness goes away at last, and sweet dreamless slumber returns like an angel to your pillow, the skin will have lost a deal of its resiliency, and, for a time, at any rate, it will appear round the eyes more or less like a collapsed "pretty-colour-airball."

Well, now, instead of rushing away and buying advertised quackeries in the shops, of applications that are only intended to fill the pockets of the vendors, suppose that, on the first appearance of wrinkles from the cause I have mentioned, you go to the root of the whole business, and endeavour to remove that cause—in other words, the restlessness at night. Ten to one there is something wrong with your digestion. You may not know it locally; all you may apparently suffer from may be an absence of a healthy appetite. That girl, or boy either, who does not begin to feel a little fidgetty half an hour before dinner, who does not pull out her or his watch once or twice and wonder what makes the time lag so, is not really in first-class health.

You may also suffer from slight irritability of brain and temper, necessitating you to bite your lip or count twenty before answering some people. Some people are so provoking and unreasonable at times, you know. Well, but this easily irritated condition of brain is often a rather serious symptom. I don't mean deadly or anything of that sort, but it may be

the forerunner of ill-health. Anyhow, you are to strive to get rid of it. You *must* take more exercise; this is the first essential. Exercise, even to the boundary line of fatigue, draws the blood away from a congested liver or stomach or brain; the heart is supplied with purer blood, and you get sleep. Or, you shall have sleep if your skin is acting well, if your room is perfectly well ventilated, and if you are calm in mind before lying down. Should you be unable to sleep at once, either repeat verses to yourself—learn them by heart for the purpose—some poem of a non-exciting character that you really love, some poem with human nature in it, and, if possible, a description of scenery, so that its beauties seem to surround you as in imagination you recite the piece. If thoughts—and they do fly at random when one is sleepless—keep worrying you, *read*; this at all events keeps the mind for a time in the same groove, and soothes it. I am an advocate, and always have been, for reading in bed, and frequently prescribe the practice for those who are "bad sleepers," as it is called. Of course there is no occasion to set fire to the curtains. The fewer curtains you have about the bed the better, for the sake of ventilation.

If you can get hold of the end of a last night's dream and begin to think it over, you will very soon be fast asleep. That is my own private cure whenever I am sleepless, as all brain-weary men must be at times.

Never be prevailed to take a sleeping draught, unless it be a tablespoonful of cod liver oil. I am not joking; for sleeplessness may be produced by want of proper nutrition, and there is in such cases no better cure for it than a course of cod liver oil.

Perfumed cod liver oil may be rubbed well in around the eyes before lying down. This may not seem a very fascinating way of treating coming wrinkles, but it is often an effective one, for in this way the tissues under the skin are nourished to some extent, and kept full. Face massage may also be used. This is a treatment that few will try and few need. I will speak of it in another paper, for it can be carried on without assistance from anybody.

Worry causes not only thinness of the face and wrinkles, but gives a tired, wearied, aged look to many a girl that might otherwise be bright and happy.

By worry kindly remember that I do not mean cares that are forced upon one, but those produced by thinking and chafing over little matters long before there is any necessity for doing so. It would be foolish of me to say, "Don't do this," without telling you how to keep from doing it. The plan is to engage the mind at some occupation that needs all your extra brain power. Idleness is to blame for one-half the worry on earth. Write that on the tablets of your memory, please.

Now, worry loosens the skin of the face by depriving it to some extent of the supporting adipose tissue underneath. It is this tissue that contributes so much to the beauty of a youthful face. Take it away, and the skin, if not extra healthy and resilient, is bound to get into the folds called wrinkles. In a word, worry ages the face, and there is just as much difference in appearance between the face of a girl of nineteen and a girl of—ninety as there is between a grape and a raisin.

I wish our girls of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER to always remain like bunches of grapes with the bloom on them—not artificial—and never degenerate into the raisin stage. Therefore avoid worry.



Worry spoils beauty in three ways. 1. It gives it a peevish look, because the muscles of the face that come into play in expressing care are more often used by people who worry than the muscles that express joy. The look of worry becomes stereotyped after a time, and it is not pleasant to behold a person of this type of physiognomy. It gives one the "grues," like looking at a sick cat. 2. Worry from nervous action uses up the fat of the face. 3. Worry burns up the cushions of fat that, in youth and health, support the eyes, and render them bonnie, bright, and full.

Now I'm off at a tangent—away on another tack. In my promise-book I see a note to the effect that I engaged myself to say something in this paper about comedons, or black-heads, and also about acid perspiration, red nose, and pimples—a pretty jumble, I must confess.

There was a paper of mine on "Comedons" in the GIRL'S OWN PAPER for December 11th, 1880—a long time ago. Little totties who are twelve now were wee babies then, and those who were little totties of twelve in 1880 are grown up, and, mayhap, married now. How the world runs on! But in that paper I gave good advice about those disfiguring black-heads. They are really most difficult to get rid of, and are often constitutional. The worst of it is, that even when you squeeze them out they fill up again, or leave a pit.

The peculiar diathesis that leads to the formation of these black-heads often leads also to the secretion of acid, or so-called sour perspiration; and people who suffer from either

ought, in the first case, to regulate the diet. Drink warm milk instead of tea. Drink hot or warm milk with dinner and supper in preference to anything else. Take a glass of hot water some time before breakfast with a few drops of lemon-juice in it. The bath daily in some form is absolutely necessary.

Do not imagine, as many do, that these black-heads are worms in the skin. When squeezed out they certainly look like worms. They are composed, however, of sebaceous, or fatty matter, which, owing to constitutional dryness of the skin, perhaps connected with heart *weakness*—not necessarily disease of that organ—gets dried up in the skin instead of coming out in a healthful liquid form. The upper dark part is simply dust. Wash the face in pretty hot water, and afterwards dry with a rough—not *too* rough, towel—and damp with a little of the following twice or thrice daily: Carbonate of ammonia, a dram; boracic acid, thirty grains; rose water, four ounces. This is good also for pimpular eruptions. Californian borax soap is excellent.

Take plenty of exercise, and see that the food is not too stimulating. Avoid sauces, pastry, and cheese.

The black-head, if not carefully squeezed out, may degenerate into an unsightly pimple. A little benzoated oxide of zinc ointment may be rubbed in at night after you have squeezed out the blackheads.

Powdering the face does more harm than good.

Now as to acid perspiration. This also is to a very great extent constitutional, and therefore most difficult to cure.

It is not always the sweat glands, remember, that are to blame. The whole body is covered with minute hairs—even the arms, though they may be almost invisible. Well, at the root of each hair, by way of lubricating it, there are what are called sebaceous glands; it is these that offend, as a rule, and not the sudoriferous, or sweat, glands. But the person so plagued has, I have found, generally a tendency to the acid diathesis—not in temper, but in body. She is not, as a rule, a very hearty eater, and is troubled many times and oft with lowness of spirits.

She cannot be too careful in eating. She must not permit herself to become obese. She must change her underclothing frequently, and must take the daily bath till it becomes a habit she would not wish to give up—not a penance. The body should be rubbed quickly over with warm water and soap before taking the cold or tepid sponge bath of a morning.

The soap is important. It should be a disinfectant, but not too alkaline. Well, we have the Sanitas soap, the Calvert carbolic, and the Borax. The first two are disinfectant—gently, not roughly so, and should be well rubbed in under the arms.

The head should also be washed about once a week, and the feet taken very special care of. But pray remember that a person suffering from this complaint cannot live too much by rule.

The remaining items of my promise I must postpone. But they will *positively* come on next month. Meanwhile, if you take all the good advice I give in this paper, you are bound to look well in the morning.



## THE TEAR-STAINED ROBE.

By LILY WATSON.

It was a hot June afternoon. Out in the country the cattle were standing knee-deep in the shallow river, or resting under the shadow of the trees; the hay-makers were plying their fragrant task in the anticipation of coming rest; there was a cheerful murmur of insect life in the warm sunshine. In the hedges the dog-roses and honeysuckle flung out briar and tendril at their own sweet will; and the woods stood dense in foliage of fresh luxuriant greenness, untouched as yet by dust or heat. All was in the new lovely pride of summer.

How well Cora Maynard could see it all as she sat in the London work-room! Her father's farm! the hayfields, the woods, the men and women busy at their work, the freshness and beauty of the landscape in its June sweetness! There, a refreshing breeze from the adjacent Surrey moorland and pine forests never seemed to be lacking, however sultry the day. What would she be doing, could she fly back to the dear old life she had quitted about three months ago? It would

be near milking time; she would be straying, in her print frock, to call the cows home to the byre. She remembered all their names—Daisy, Whitefoot, Snowdrop, Jennie, Cowslip. What had become of them now? Had they too memory? Were they sorry at parting from their little mistress? Her eyelids drooped; the room with its bevy of white-aproned "young ladies," each sewing away for dear life, vanished from her sight; the endless click-click of the sewing-machine became a drowsy hum.

"Miss Maynard, don't go to sleep!" whispered her next neighbour with a nudge of her elbow.

Cora started. Had she been dreaming? She looked forlornly round. It was no den of misery or oppression, but the second-floor front of a house in a narrow dingy street close to a fashionable London square. The door-plate bore the inscription—

"MADAME ROSE MÉLICHAMP,  
ROBES ET MODES."

The milliner had a high reputation, and would never have thought of overcrowding her premises, even had she been allowed by law to do so. The young ladies had to work hard in the season, of course; but what would you have?

It was considered a great thing for the country farmer's daughter, when her father failed, to obtain a post as apprentice in such a well-known establishment; and she had board and lodging in the house, so that there was no daily and nightly trudging backwards and forwards. No doubt Cora Maynard ought to have been very thankful. She was, on the other hand, profoundly homesick and miserable, pining for her parents and the country day and night, which shows her to have been a highly ill-regulated young person. Roused from her reverie of home, with her back aching, her head aching, every nerve throbbing, tired and wretched, she did a foolish thing, and fell to crying.

The forewoman was absent from the room