

should, from the start, be familiarised with beauty of touch and tone, and so imbibe a refinement of taste and purity of *technique* which will never deteriorate during subsequent study.

Above all, it should be remembered that music varies in the meaning which it conveys to us according to the frame of mind in which we may be at the moment. Herein the great tone language demonstrates its wonder-working and beneficial power. If we are in good spirits when we listen to music, there is no doubt that it fills us with a deeper sense of happiness; tranquillity and thankfulness mingle with our bliss, we inhale the glory of the sound-forms that sway the air around us, and we rejoice in the blessings of a Creator who has given us a surfeit of beautiful things, and, with them, a *sense to enjoy*. If, on the other hand, we attend concerts or musical performances in a worried or sorrowful condition of soul, the chances are that we are more or less lifted out of ourselves and taught, by bright and cheerful rhythms and harmonies, that happiness still exists around us, could we but grasp it; while solemn and sad progressions fall like balm on a troubled heart, for do they not throb with a great sympathy for us in our suffering, and remind us that the cross we bear is not weightier, perhaps much less weighty, than that of many others still less fortunately circumstanced than we? The cold, the apathetic, and the lethargic are also

often shaken out of their habitual states of mind under the influence of "linked sweetness long drawn out."

Indeed, music is one of the most potent of mind spells. Centuries ago David, "the sweet singer of Israel," drove the evil spirit from King Saul by his exquisite minstrelsy. Again, in legendary lore, we read that fabled Orpheus melted the heart of Pluto and won his Eurydice back to life by his clever performance on the lute; and the Gaelic sagas tell that the "Daghda," an ancient Druid, once fascinated a fierce band of pirates so powerfully by his marvellous harp-playing that he made them weep and laugh in turns, and finally put the entire host to sleep!

Certainly, to the appreciative hearer, the language of music means a keener sense of gladness in the hour of joy and success, a solace in sorrow and suffering, and lessons of fortitude, dignity, symmetry or beauty whether the genius of a Beethoven, a Handel, a Mendelssohn or a Schubert speak to us. And truly the intenser will be our pleasure in hearing music at all times, if such music be good of its kind, and be interpreted in the best manner. There is no doubt also that the *educated* musician has a more intelligent and exalted understanding of the sound language, than has the music lover whose education scarcely extends beyond the A B C of the art. Hence, a knowledge of musical theory,

history, and literature is to be cultivated; and executive skill on one or more instruments, or the development of the singing voice, are desirable qualifications for anyone who would thoroughly enter into good performances of vocal and instrumental music.

In conclusion, it should be said that regular attendance at first-class concerts constitutes one of the best means of cultivating the musical ear, and hence of obtaining a clearer perception of what is the *meaning* of music. In this respect every facility exists in London for the student. Besides the numerous miscellaneous concerts at St. James's, the Albert and Queen's Halls, and elsewhere, there are the admirable "Crystal Palace Concerts" with the veteran conductor, Mr. August Manns, still happily at their head; the "Popular" and "Ballad" Concerts, and the "Richter Concerts" every season. Chamber music concerts, such as those given by various "Quartet" Societies, Mr. Clinton's Wind Instrument Chamber Concerts, the recently formed "London Trio," etc., are essential factors in ear-training. All these interesting functions are quite within the reach of the musical girl, if she be inclined to avail herself of the occasions for self-improvement and pleasure which they afford. Then, softened in heart, refined in manner and elevated in mind, she will come to learn, as Luther says, that, "The faculty of listening is a tender thing."

## A NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO OUR GIRLS.

By W. GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

"Fair tresses  
man's imperial race  
insnare,  
And beauty  
draws us  
with a single  
hair."  
*Rape of the  
Lock.*

"Beautiful as  
sweet,  
And young as  
beautiful;  
and soft as  
young,  
And gay as soft, and innocent as gay!"  
*Night Thoughts.*

I HAVE said before that beauty is a duty which a young girl owes to those in whose society she has to move. If she is all unconscious of the beauty she possesses, so much the better, and so much the more real it is sure to be. Self-consciousness on the other hand detracts from beauty, it makes it seem very artificial, and gives a certain air of awkwardness to the owner thereof.

Well, now, we cannot take up a lady's newspaper without our eyes falling upon the advertisement of some wonderful preparation, warranted to do great things in some one or other of beauty's departments, if I may so phrase it. Would my readers be surprised to be told that nearly all these are the output of arrant quacks, who do not care three straws if their purchasers remain as ugly as sin, so long as the specialities sell, and they pocket the cash? Or would they be surprised to learn that most of these, I do not say all, are useless? This is the case. But on the other hand I myself *do* feel an interest in the

readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for whom I have laboured so long, and therefore I have taken care to carefully study and choose the recipes I now present them with, by way of a New Year's gift. They can be for the most part easily made even by a girl of thirteen, or any chemist could compound them for her.

I am only sorry it is not in my power to give the prices of the various ingredients, but these are for the most part low, and for a few pence one can often make five times as much as she could get of an advertised cosmetic.

Laboratory work I think myself is very interesting. I do not say this because I am a medical man, for literature is now my real profession, but if I had nothing else to do I should frequently be found engaged in chemistry work. It has often been a wonder to me why so few young ladies are found behind the counter. Women nowadays are fond of adopting the professions of men, yet they fight shy of the druggist's shop.

Well, now, if you elect to make up some of the recipes I shall here give you, don't make a mere pennyworth. It is easier making things in some little bulk, and if you have too much, it is so nice to be able to give your friends some.

You do not require many necessaries to work with, but you cannot well do without some. The chief of these are a minim and a dram measure, a tiny pair of brass scales, a spatula and a small crystal pestle and mortar. I cannot tell you precisely where to get these, as I do not know where you live, but your chemist would, or he could get them for you.

Well, let us take tooth and mouth beautifiers first, because the teeth are, as a rule, most neglected, indigestion and general ill-health often being the result of such neglect.



There are both powders and washes, and the name of each is legion. But the more simple a tooth-powder is the better. If I could only get the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to adopt the plan of lightly brushing the teeth after every meal, I should really be a benefactor to my species. Here is a wholesome tooth-powder. Take an ounce and a half of precipitated chalk; half an ounce of levigated bole; myrrh forty grains and quinine ten grains, and carefully mix.

The Germans have a pretty tooth-powder which is made as follows: half an ounce of red sanders, and one ounce and a half of Peruvian bark. Mix, adding five or six drops of the oils of bergamot and cloves.

Another. This is French and very simple. Mix burnt crust of stale bread, Peruvian bark and the whitest, driest sugar in equal proportions, and add a drop or two of oil of bergamot. Two ounces of charcoal to six of powdered chalk is also a useful powder.

One part of camphor to six of chalk is a wholesome tooth-powder. The camphor is powdered by means of a few drops of spirit.

I purposely avoid recommending powdered cuttle-fish bone, as nothing gritty should be applied to the teeth, if the enamel is to be preserved.

If tooth-paste is desired, it may be made by mixing two ounces of myrrh, one ounce of levigated bole, some oil of bergamot—just two or three drops—and enough clear honey to make a nice paste.

Tooth or rather gum washes are usually most unnecessarily complicated. The simplest and the best may be made by steeping one ounce and a half of the best powdered Turkey myrrh in a pint of eau de Cologne for a week, and then filtering through blotting-paper.

I may add that I have very great faith in myrrh as a mouth-wash, and it is very pleasant. The tincture of myrrh, added to eau de Cologne, does in itself make a useful wash used on a soft brush.

I may as well say a word here as long as I am about it *re* that terrible complaint toothache. If there is one so-called cure by application, there must be a hundred and more. Some are good and assist, but mostly all simply made for the penny. Here is one of the best, but it must be compounded by a chemist. Chloroform two drams and a half, creosote one dram and a half, tincture of opium half an ounce, tincture of benzoin one ounce. Mix and label POISON. Apply with cotton wool. But in the toothache of young people there is always an inflammatory condition of the blood. Well, that should be corrected by free aperients, and the best is half a tumblerful of Apenta water filled up with hot water before breakfast. The diet must be lowered and no meat eaten for a day or two, but rest on the sofa with the cheek against a woollen pillow should be taken, and a quinine mixture will be beneficial. This treatment is simple but often very efficacious.

Now a few words about the *hair*. Remember, to begin with, that the more loosely a young lassie wears her hair all day long, the

longer and stronger will it grow. And no one should wear it up at night, or confine it with a cap. You may not take my advice in this matter, I know; I cannot help that. I've got to tell you what is right, and, having done so, I have done my duty.

But I wish you to have beautiful hair all the time, as the Yankees say, and so I must repeat what I have said in these columns before, that it should not be washed with soap, and I will tell you why. Each hair grows from a small *cul de sac* which is placed in the skin. There is at the bottom of this a tiny papilla, and the cup-like root of the hair grasps this. The papilla, or protuberance, is, wonderful to say, served with an artery, a vein, and a nerve, and from the former colouring matter is secreted. But this is not all, for alongside are two tiny glands which pour oil into the *cul de sac*, the finest oil in the world; and if one is in health, this is always flowing, and finds its way along the hair even to its tip. This lubricates the hair, gives it a gloss, and protects it from the dust. Well, if you use soap, especially a strong alkaline stuff, the oil is removed, and it is some time before enough is secreted to lubricate the hair again. So I advise lukewarm water and the yolk of a new-laid egg.

Let it be rain-water if possible; at any rate, it must be soft. And do not dry till you have well rinsed first with warm water, then sluicing with cold. Use a soft towel.

When it is perfectly dry, there will be no harm in using some application. Sparingly, remember, because no preparation can produce so beautiful a gloss as that which nature gives. I do not advise you to spend money on shop quackery.

Hair-oil of roses is a pleasant preparation. It may be made by heating in a water bath a pint of the finest olive oil, and adding a pound of the nicest fresh-picked Provence roses. This is let stand for a day, being stirred now and then. The oil is then expressed through a cloth, and you proceed as before, perhaps half a dozen times, or until the oil is perfumed to taste. Tedious work this, I admit; but, if well done, the result is ample reward.

Ordinary rose hair-oil is made by adding fifteen drops of the finest attar of roses to a pint of olive oil. I should inform the reader that the Florence flask oil you buy in shops, though it may do, is not olive but cotton oil, and the real thing can only be had at large emporiums. Green oil is useful. It is made by macerating a dram of guaiacum in a pint of olive oil, straining and perfuming with bergamot or roses.

*Depilatories* I shall give no recipe for. They are dangerous, and I think superfluous hairs should be left severely alone. Young girls at all events have no need of such things, and older might do well to remember that in some parts of the world a slight downy moustache is considered a point of beauty.

Girls losing their hair, as one does sometimes after fever, may use Erasmus Wilson's compound: four ounces of eau de Cologne, four drams of tincture of cantharides; oil of

lavender and oil of rosemary, of each twenty drops. Here is rather an elegant and efficacious application: an ounce of the vinegar of cantharides and four ounces of eau de Cologne. These have to be rubbed into the roots of the hair, which should never be covered up. In fact the more the air blows across the scalp, the stronger will the hair grow. There is no doubt, I think, that it is too much heat, and the want of air to the skull which causes premature baldness. You will observe, for instance, that men are only bald on that part of the skull which the hat covers.

Just one other hint. Girls getting thin on the top, as the hair-dresser expresses it, should wear a hat as seldom as possible, and never a hard one.

Every girl desires to have a beautiful complexion. Well, I must tell every girl that, unless the health be good, the face and eyes also are bound to be muddy. Health should be apparent from a single glance at the face. Digestion is everything. Keep this all right and the skin is bound to be clean and clear. Exercise in the open air, free from excitement, and the morning cold bath, and weekly warm bath are essential to real beauty. To wash with, use the softest water and the mildest, most emollient of soaps. I could name many good ones, but my best advice is, never to buy a cheap soap. It is ruinous to the skin, and pray don't forget it.

Some girls cover the face at night with an emollient paste of, say, barley meal or honey; but it is not a nice plan and gives the complexion an unhealthy and too transparent hue.

A white waxy complexion may be got up thus; but it is constantly coming to grief, for it cannot stand a puff of cold wind with rain.

If the face has suffered during the day from sun or the weather, I don't think there is much to be done. However, better be bought, as it requires distillation in its manufacture. Almond emulsion is another good application; so is buttermilk that has become rather acid, and so too is cold tea.

An excellent cosmetic lotion is made as follows: Californian borax four drams, eau de Cologne one ounce, elderflower water half a pint.

It is running in my head that I gave the following lotion for sun-brown and freckles long ago. However, here it is again: simply take a pint of pure, clean rain-water, and add thereto a dram of chloride of ammonium and half an ounce of lavender water. It should be used thrice daily.

An infusion of horse-radish in buttermilk may also be tried. This is best put on at night.

Heigho! here I am at the end of my tether and I have not done half what I meant to do. Well, my girl readers must take the will for the deed; and, if I am spared to work, I hope to give them many a hint in the course of the year 1900. That it may be a happy one to you all may God grant.

