

temperament was an obstacle in his way. Commonplace comfort and luxury did not appeal to her very strongly, although, as Judith said, she was the kind of girl who would not live long without cosseting and care. He almost wished that he could compel her to do his bidding, as if she had been a stubborn child.

"It's just her obstinacy that makes her stand aloof," he thought wrathfully. "If she would come to me, I should give her all that heart could wish. Why, it's as much as she can do to pay for her frocks, and they are plain enough, I can see! I'd never waste another thought upon her if I could help it. A pretty fool I'm making of myself, and all because a slim, white young thing gives herself the airs of an empress. Why did Judith bring her here at all? I wish with all my heart that she had let her stay in Oxford."

This was a wish which Judith herself echoed shortly afterwards.

The girls had reached home fresh and cheerful after their long ride, but as the afternoon wore on they grew a little drowsy, and betook themselves to the bare drawing-room with a couple of old books. Sis drew one of the stiff arm-chairs near a window, and sat with her book on her knees, looking out at the wide expanse of sunny moor, far-reaching to the base of the hills. The land seemed as if it were covered with a gay car-

pet of flowers, and Sis thought of Christian Andersen's *Story of the Year*, till she could almost see the lovely wife of Summer dropping blossoms from her apron. When her eyes closed unawares, she still beheld the charming vision, and wandered off in dreams to a paradise of sunshine and bloom.

She woke with the consciousness that someone was watching her intently. Martin Bourne was standing near her chair with his light-blue eyes fastened upon her, and as she met his gaze her cheeks grew warm. She did not like that fixed stare of his; it brought all her pride into her face.

"Did not you hear him come in?" said Judith in a lazy tone. "Why, Sis, you were as soundly asleep as a dormouse! But there is no reason why you should wake up cross, my dear."

Sis responded to Martin's greeting with a frigid dignity which made him furious. Judith, seeing that there were signs of a coming storm, pulled the bell and ordered tea at once.

"You are tired, Sis, I know," she said amiably.

"No; only sleepy," the girl answered, leaving the arm-chair to sit close to the tea-maker, thus depriving Martin of the pleasure of handing her cup.

"How she detests me!" he said savagely to himself.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTY HINTS.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

THE EVILS OF TIGHT-LACING.



AM extremely glad that wasp-waistedness is going out of fashion. It will no doubt linger long among a certain class of girl, but signs are not wanting that sensible young ladies are reverting to the contour of beauty so much in favour among the ancients. I do not think for a moment that the reason for such a transformation has anything to do with common-

sense, or with the preaching of such health-educators as myself and others. I know women better than to believe *that*, flattering though it may be. No, it is more likely that leaders of fashion want to be somewhat different from girls of lower circles. Never mind, it is a very sensible change, and one to be heartily welcomed. There is no need, however, for a lady to have a figure like what a sailor would call a badly lashed up hammock. I have all along advocated the wearing of well-made and comfortable corsets as supports. It is only when they are so tight-fitting as to interfere materially with, or even displace important internal organs that the medical man's duty is to interfere. I should think that the trade in these articles of apparel must be very considerable, for I cannot peep into a ladies' newspaper without seeing dozens advertised, and strangely enough every one of them seems to be perfect—from the manufacturer's point of view. But really, noticing the amount of custom these corset-makers get, one cannot help wondering at what age women cut their wisdom teeth.

However, the evils of tight-lacing are so numerous that I scarcely know which to speak of first. If a girl never laced tightly until she was about twenty there might not follow much permanent deformity, because the rib bones are, by that age, hardened, and the pressure and injury would be done to the joint ends, but younger girls' chest-bones are still soft, and if they are compressed, permanent deformity is the result, and it is out of all reason to imagine that such a person can live a healthy life, or reach even to the age of fifty. Fifty may seem a long way ahead, and I've heard many girls hope they will never live to be so old, but when

women do reach that age, then, if they have obeyed the laws of health, a long, calm, and happy life is still before them. Fifty *plus* thirty only makes eighty, you know, and I know many dear old active ladies much more than that. Now the natural shape of a girl's chest is like the capital letter A, from the middle line downwards, but the letter V represents pretty nearly the tight-lacing young lady's chest. And what is the result? Well, the liver, the spleen and pancreas are pressed upwards, and the lungs thus confined, the breathing space is limited, and chest-disease may be engendered. If in such a case of malformation consumption comes on, there is not the ghost of a chance of cure. Dyspepsia is very common in these cases also, to say nothing of liver trouble. The complexion becomes pale or yellow, and the whole system deteriorates.

Mentally, too, the girl suffers. She is peevish by day, has spells of irritability and bad temper, which may lose her many a friend, and she has moods of melancholy. Moreover, she sleeps but badly at night and feels languid, drowsy and out of sorts in the morning.

Such a girl can never become a useful member of society. If she marries she must lead a wretched life, and if she doesn't or can't marry, she rapidly degenerates into the genus "superfluous woman." The world does not want her, there are more and better without her, so she has to retire and lie low for life.

Well, I know this paragraph will not be very pleasant reading to many, so I shall not insist upon making it any longer, though I might have mentioned the effects of tight-lacing on the heart itself, which so often give rise to the most alarming symptoms. But believe me, girls—and forgive my bluntness—no one who is shaped like an hour-glass can expect to live long. "Death," you know, is usually depicted as holding an hour-glass. Don't forget that when dressing of a morning.

A HOME-GYMNASIUM FOR GIRLS.

There is a good deal to be said in favour of this. When a man has a large family, perhaps he cannot easily afford to let every member of it attend gymnastic classes, but the apparatus of a home-gymnasium is not very

expensive; such as horizontal bars, swings, ladders, the trapeze, etc. It is not my purpose at present to describe these at any length, but rather to point out the advantages that accrue from the home-gymnasium. If a girl can only be got to appreciate these, she will go in for training with heart and soul, and will hardly need to be told that only from diurnal regularity at such exercises, scientifically taken, can good flow. She must know also that the best time for these is about two hours after a meal.

There is something else, however, to which I want to draw your attention, namely, the fact that no one part of the body or group of muscles should be exercised at the expense of others. Proper gymnastics, begun at, say, the age of eleven or twelve, and properly carried out, lead after a time not only to muscular strength, but perfect symmetry of every limb and of the trunk itself. The heart is also strengthened, to say nothing of the nerves, and the mind or brain is rendered clear and capable.

There is another species of gymnastics at home to which I should like to draw attention, and I refer to household work. I know that a great many girls are inclined to shirk this, and consider it irksome to assist even their own mothers. It spoils the hand, they may tell you, it ruins the complexion, and ruins the temper too. There may be some truth in this, but hands can be protected, and faces as well, and it need not ruin the temper if you are good-natured and work with a will. I have seen whole swarms of you girls doing the most menial work, washing plates and dishes, scouring pots and pans, and bending over smoky fires of half-wet wood, as you stirred the stew or sauce, and as full of merriment as a marmoset, while your bonnie faces positively glowed with excitement, but—oh, that wicked wee wordie “but”!—it was at gipsy picnics, and you thought it a great honour and pleasure to attend upon us men folks, although two or three of us were relegated to the labour of hewing wood and drawing water.

It is great fun being at a picnic and cooking for yourselves, your big brothers and their friends. It is different indoors, isn't it? Well, you may say what you please about it, but so long as you dress neatly and wear corsets only for support, not only is domestic labour dignified, but it is the best exercise and the best sort of gymnastics conceivable for training every muscle of the body equably.

READING AND HEALTH.

This is but a short paragraph. Yet there is a hint or two in it worth remembering. Some girls then spend more time in actual study than the subjects are worth. These are few of course, but they succeed in injuring themselves mentally and bodily. Over-much study on any one line or branch does not tend to fit the mind for the battle of life. A world of blue stockings and specialists would not be a pleasant one to live in. I like a Robinson Crusoe kind of girl far more than a specialist. And that is the sort of lass that gets best on in life, and that makes the best wife and the best mother, ay, and the best mistress of a household.

Well, I wish my own girls—that is you, and I have at least two hundred thousand of you—to take a general interest in everything, and to learn almost everything that is useful.

You haven't much time? Is that what you say? Well, I hope I am too much of the sailor to contradict a young lady, but will you permit me to draw attention to the fact that some girls could make lots of time, to do lots of useful things, to learn lots, to play and sing more, and even to mend their brothers' socks, if they did not throw away so much precious time reading trashy magazines and so-called ladies' papers. There are many good ones among these latter, including the “G. O. P.” of course, but there are hundreds of others that are actual rot. There! And it isn't the time you lose over these that works all the mischief. The text of most of them is bad, the ethics crude, and the illustrations positively petrifying to the budding soul of art. Pitch them away, by all means. If you do, what a gainer you will be!

WHAT DO YOU WEAR?

Men are hardly ever vain enough to imagine that women dress for them alone. In fact, I happen to know that they

do not. Altogether that is, for women dress to please themselves, to look nice, and often enough to cause envy in the breasts of their fellow women. Well, I want to tell you something—men who are worth being acquainted with from any point of view, seldom if ever know what the woman they are talking to—say, at a garden-party or in a drawing-room—is wearing, whether as regards frocks or jewellery. Don't run away with the notion, however, that there is no use dressing to please. Because if there is anything out of harmony about your dress, anything discordant, a man will notice that at once. It will in some measure repel his attentions, and this, despite the fact that he might not be able to describe what is wrong five minutes after he left.

Dress need not be expensive, but it must always be tasteful. Jewellery on the other hand must be good, but there is no need of a great display thereof.

Dress must be of a colour to suit the complexion of course. But dress alone will not draw a man who is possessed of a soul, nor will it cause him to linger a moment longer by a lady's side. Modesty without shyness, refinement and a gentle voice will though, and—well, he may notice what you wear, after a time.

SLEEPLESSNESS AND BEAUTY-WASTE.

Young women lead fast lives in one sense as well as men. They sit up too late in winter, and if there be any chance of doing so, they excite themselves by talking to such an extent that the sleep they obtain when they do retire is not of much value.

Really sleep is a most excellent preservative of beauty. As I hope very soon to devote a whole article to this subject, I shall not say much to-day about it. Just this—sleeplessness wastes beauty of face and form. It spoils the complexion, by weakening vital internal organs. These are thus unable to eliminate the poisons of the blood, which are retained in the system, rendering the skin dry, unwholesome and sallow. The areolar tissue beneath and around the eyes becomes filled with fluid, and this distends the skin. When better health returns, the fluid is absorbed, but will leave slight lines, if not wrinkles. The want of sleep does more, it renders dull the brain, and irritates the whole nervous system, so that the eyes lose much of their brightness. The cure, of course, lies in the removal of the cause.

PRETTY HANDS AND NAILS.

These add a great charm to feminine beauty, yet very few get or retain them. With the actual shape of the hand we cannot on the whole interfere. That is, we cannot make it less broad or the fingers less long, but in young girls much can be done towards the formation of a pretty hand. Employment that necessitates much grasping is antagonistic to beauty of hands, because it tends to broaden the knuckles. Even in cycling the whole force should not come upon the steering bar; the fingers are sufficient in most cases.

As a general rule girls pay more attention to the complexion of the hands than to their formation. But a pretty hand must be well nurtured, and well though not roughly exercised. Too much exercise makes it clumsy and hard; too little, lean and skinny. The hand should be fairly plump, but this will not be the case if the body itself is not well nourished.

Never expose the hands to rain and wind when driving, or to cold and snow. Never warm them at the fire, but rather chafe them to restore heat. I think a sun-browned face is charming on a young girl especially if a brunette, but sun-tanned hands do not look well, yet thousands of girls ruin their hands in summer with salt water, sand, and exposure to all weathers. Wear gloves at night if you want the hands soft as well as white. Oatmeal and water is a good wash. Be most careful with the nails; clip them, do not cut them; never use steel to clean them, only ivory and the brush. Do not use hard water, nor strong soap. Keep the skin that has a tendency to grow up over the nails well back. Do not use acid to the nails, but lemon juice, and keep them shapely and well polished. Treat both hands and nails with all the respect that is their just due.