

THE MOUTH LIKE THE RED ROSE

Secrets That the Telltale Lines About the Lips of a Woman Reveal

HOW TO MAKE THEM FRAGRANT

The Disposition Indicated by the Wrinkles About the Mouth—Scents for the Lips—A Pretty Mouth as a Matter of Dentistry.

There are women whose mouths do not suggest roses. The main fault is the shape. The rosebud mouth should be rather short and a little wider than it is long. It is a little short to be classic. The trouble with the faulty mouth is generally first its shape, then its expression, and lastly its appointments. The mouth should be filled with rows of white, even teeth. The lips should be a deep pink, more pink than red.

The rosebud mouth suggests the rosebud in other ways than in shape and color. It must have the scent of the rose. Women who can afford it scent the lips with a drop of attar of roses.

The attar being slightly oily will not dry out the lips. It may keep them from chapping, and it certainly makes them plump and fragrant.

Women who do not want to spend half a dollar a drop on attar can do very well with substitutes. A drop of any oily perfume will do the work nicely. Oil of rose geranium is one substitute.

Of course one must not use a heavy sweet odor. Then the personality of a woman must be taken into account. One drop of the oil of pommeline just suits one woman. Others prefer spice, and if not used crudely there is a certain fascination about the slight odor of spice.

The woman of judgment will be careful of the clove or the stick of cinnamon. She can use both or either, in connection with violet. A strong clove odor is not to be desired by the woman.

The rosebud mouth must have no wrinkles around it. There are women who carry a great number of deep wrinkles always around the mouth.

These are the set wrinkles of determination. These are the shape of pensive, and they surround the mouth as though one had marked around it with a pencil. The determination wrinkles look as though they were there to stay, as they generally are unless treated.

There are wrinkles that are really marks of happiness. They are the smiling wrinkles. There are always a few dimples along these happy lines, and the laughing woman need not worry about them. They are pretty, and people will tell her she has a happy look.

There are other wrinkles that are not of happiness. There was a woman who once had a rosebud mouth. One day a couple of teeth were taken out on the same side of the mouth. The result was a crooked mouth.

No mouth can stand two missing teeth on the same side. The lips drew a little to one side, and when the woman smiled there was an expression of sourness.

It took a dentist and a massage to straighten her face.

If a woman has a crooked mouth her first trip should be to the dentist. She will of course seek a cosmetic dentist who aims to make her face better looking. Most dentists merely supply fillings regardless of looks, but the right kind of dentist will do work that does not show.

No mouth looks like a rosebud as long as there is a deep wrinkle extending from the nose to the mouth. It is seldom seen in the young, but it is almost always present in the face of maturity.

Mouth wrinkles are treated entirely differently from other wrinkles because they are of different origin. They are disposition wrinkles. You can judge a woman's disposition by them.

"Don't marry a woman whose mouth is set in deep round and round lines," advised a phrenologist. "Such a woman will have too much of a will of her own."

"Don't marry a woman with a line running down one side of her mouth to her chin. Such a woman will be cranky. She will have opinions. Marry a woman with an evenly balanced mouth."

"Don't marry a woman whose mouth lines are heavy and whose upper lip is long. This means selfishness. The prominent mouth and the retreating chin in all cases mean that a woman is looking out for herself and her own interests."

"Don't marry a woman whose lines are like spider webs enclosing the mouth as in a network. This means that the woman is a worrier."

Marry a woman with a ripe red mouth set in a tranquil face. Don't be afraid to tell your wife after you are married that you married her for a pretty mouth. The woman who knows that her mouth is pretty will be much more apt to preserve her beauty than the one who is in ignorance of the fact that a good mouth is her chief feature."

Four-Flushing.

Women are four-flushers, too. Many a time a woman says "pass the cream, please," when she knows well that there's nothing but milk in the pitcher, mighty thin milk at that.

EXPERT FARMERS WANTED

Indian Service Will Pay \$1,200 a Year to Graduates.

Washington, Jan. 19.—"Expert farmers wanted; salary \$1,200 per annum." The Indian Service is making this attractive offer to agriculture students who are sufficiently equipped to train the braves on the reservations in raising farm products.

The appointments will be restricted to graduates of agricultural colleges. The successful applicants will be designated by Indian Commissioner Valentine to manage model demonstration farms on reservations in arid and semi-arid regions of the West.

TAFT WANTS MAINE RAISED

Offers His Personal Support of Loud Bill to That End.

Washington, Jan. 19.—President Taft is heartily in favor of the plan to raise the battleless Maine from the bottom of Havana Harbor and suitably bury the bodies of the sailors who went down with the ship.

The President has informed Representative Loud, of Michigan, that he desired to see the latter's bill, appropriating money for the purpose, enacted into law, and that he stood ready to offer any sort of support to the proposition that could be suggested. Mr. Loud will push the measure in the House.

MAGAZINES IN TRUST

Department of Justice Informed of Combination on Prices.

Washington, Jan. 19.—The attention of the Department of Justice has been directed by the District Attorney's office in Cleveland to information furnished by W. H. Brett, public librarian at that city, who, it is said, was unable to obtain discounts on a large order for magazines, being told that a periodical clearing house controlled prices.

In this the authorities see a possible violation of the anti-trust law.

Medical Colleges Consolidate.

Richmond, Va., Jan. 11.—The University College of Medicine and the Medical College of Virginia have consolidated and may absorb the medical department of the University of Virginia. It is planned to make the combined college the largest medical institution in the South.

A Treat for the Doctor.

A Philadelphian, who has since then fortunately regained his health, was last year the subject of an extended examination by specialists.

Clerical Repartee.

A prominent rabbi of Pittsburg met recently at a dinner a priest whom he had known intimately years before. During the meal the conversation took a bantering turn, and the father, turning to the rabbi, inquired:

Price of Opportunity.

Town Marshal—Ye can't git a drink under any circumstances in this town.

His All.

Knox—There goes young De Short in Jay Greene's automobile.

No Value Whatever.

Cholly—Doctor, I want something for my head.

In Price, not Size.

He looked in a store window, and saw, "Hats reduced," "Heavens!" said he to himself. "What was their original size?"

Organic.

"Going up to hear that lecture on appendicitis to-day?"

Saves Brother, Then is Drowned.

Atlantic City, N. J., Jan. 11.—Miss Martha Holloway, fourteen years old, saved the life of her brother Edward, two years younger, but was herself drowned when they broke through the ice of Dougherty's mill pond, on which they were skating. Mr. Holloway, their father, is engineer of the Atlantic City water works, at Absecon.

A STATESMAN'S PLEA.

Members from Shellback Tells Why His Bill Should Be Passed.

"Er—H'm—Mister Speaker—" began the moss-grown member from Shellback County, rising in his place in the midst of the Arkansas Legislature. "I ask for the passage of this here hen-hawk bill o' mine in the interests of religion, good morals and civilization."

"If we don't have a law payin' a bounty for killin' 'em, nobody will kill hen-hawks; if nobody kills the hawks the fetch-taken hawks will kill the chickens; if we don't have no chickens we won't have no preachers after a little while, and whur there ain't no preachers there ain't no religion, and whur there ain't no religion there ain't no morals, witho' good morals there ain't no happy homes, and happy homes is the bully-works of the State—without 'em, Mr. Speaker, our boasted civilization becomes a howling wilderness. For the preservation of civilization we've got to have happy homes in our midst, and in order to have 'em we've got to have good morals, good morals depend upon religion, and to have religion we must have preachers, and it bears like preachers have just naturally got to have chickens; if we want 'em to have chickens we must slay off the hawks, and in order to get the hawks slev we are forced to make it to the interest of somebody to kill 'em. No bounty, no chickens; no chickens, no preachers; no preachers, no religion; no religion, no morals; no morals, no homes. Therefore, I agin ask that this here bill o' mine be passed."

GAINING RAPIDLY.

"Where are you?" he cried.

"Here," replied the voice. It sounded from the left of the crowd, which had now grown to considerable proportions.

"Lemme git at him!" roared the big man.

And he pushed into the group. "Look out where you're going," cautioned a stout man as he thrust an elbow into the fellow's side.

"Easy there," snapped a little man. "You're on my feet." And he kicked the big fellow viciously.

In an instant the scintillation of the group changed. The loungers had enjoyed seeing the little proprietor baited by the red faced man. Now it turned against the bully. It pushed and buffeted him and when he was clear of it he had lost all desire to find the man who had impeached his veracity. As for the latter, he seemed to have melted into the air.

The crowd broke up with the departure of the bully and in a moment or two there was no one left in front of the booth save a boy.

He was a boy perhaps nineteen, a clear eyed lad with a sunburnt skin and dark curly hair. He was neatly dressed, but his clothes were old fashioned in cut, and he wore a broad brimmed straw hat that had seen other summers.

The boy looked up at the little proprietor.

"Bad man," he said.

The proprietor nodded.

"Yep. He was out for trouble all right. That was a big bluff, of course, but what could I do? I couldn't afford to have any trouble with him. Business is had enough as it is."

He sighed as he spoke.

The boy looked at him curiously.

"Bad season, eh?"

"Worst I ever knew. An' I've had some pretty tough ones." His eye wandered over the grounds. "There's that loafer, now. He's having a fuss over there at the chutes. He'd better not fool with those fellows. They'll drop him in the pond." He softly chuckled. "I wonder who 'twas called him a liar?"

"I did," said the boy.

"You? Why, you wasn't even lookin' in at him."

The boy laughed.

"Guess I hadn't the courage to look at him when I said it."

"But the voice came from over there," persisted the proprietor.

"It was my voice." The boy suddenly stooped as if to pick something from the ground. As he did so a dog snarled and barked at the proprietor's heels.

"Get out!" the little man shouted, as he quickly looked around—and lo! there was no dog there. He turned to the boy. "Did you do that?"

"Yes."

The little proprietor pushed the balls toward him.

"As many shots as you like," he said.

"Thank you," said the boy. "Not now. Business is bad, eh? Want a partner?"

"There ain't a livin' in it for one, let alone two."

"But suppose a partner could build it up and put it on a paying basis?"

"That's the kind of partner I want." The boy nodded.

"I'm looking 'round," he said. "You've noticed I'm from the country. I had a chance to go on a farm after I finished school, but I thought I'd rather go up to the city and see if I couldn't find some sort of opening. I don't want anything permanent just yet—I've got too much to learn. At the same time, I've got to get a living. Maybe you'd better take me on a salary for a spell. I don't want to tie up for long. Wait. You needn't give me a cent if I don't put your business here on a fair paying basis. When I do I want a reasonable share of the profits. What do you say?"

The little man stared at him.

"You beat anything I ever saw," he said. "Where did you learn that centrioloquial business?"

His Vacation

A little group of men stood in front of the booth where, visitors to the summer amusement park, throw balls at a row of grotesque dolls.

A big fellow with a hoarse voice and a very red face was disputing with the proprietor.

"I gave you a dime," he snarled. "It wasn't a nickel, it was a dime."

The proprietor of the booth, a mild little man with weak blue eyes, shook his head.

"I haven't taken in a dime to-day," he said. "Here's my bank." And he pushed an open cigar box toward the big fellow.

"I don't care anything about your bank," the big fellow cried. "I tell you I give you a dime. I've had my three shots—now gimme my change."

The little man looked about comparably. No park policeman was in sight. The crowd was growing larger.

"You give me a nickel," said the little man, "but I don't want any fass."

The big man snorted.

"Do you mean to say I'm a liar?" he demanded.

"That's what you are," came a voice from the rear of the crowd.

The big man whirled around.

"Who said that?" he roared.

"I did," the voice replied.

The big man straightened up on tip-toe.

"Where are you?" he cried.

"Here," replied the voice. It sounded from the left of the crowd, which had now grown to considerable proportions.

"Lemme git at him!" roared the big man.

And he pushed into the group.

"Look out where you're going," cautioned a stout man as he thrust an elbow into the fellow's side.

"Easy there," snapped a little man. "You're on my feet." And he kicked the big fellow viciously.

In an instant the scintillation of the group changed. The loungers had enjoyed seeing the little proprietor baited by the red faced man. Now it turned against the bully. It pushed and buffeted him and when he was clear of it he had lost all desire to find the man who had impeached his veracity. As for the latter, he seemed to have melted into the air.

The crowd broke up with the departure of the bully and in a moment or two there was no one left in front of the booth save a boy.

He was a boy perhaps nineteen, a clear eyed lad with a sunburnt skin and dark curly hair. He was neatly dressed, but his clothes were old fashioned in cut, and he wore a broad brimmed straw hat that had seen other summers.

The boy looked up at the little proprietor.

"Bad man," he said.

The proprietor nodded.

"Yep. He was out for trouble all right. That was a big bluff, of course, but what could I do? I couldn't afford to have any trouble with him. Business is had enough as it is."

He sighed as he spoke.

The boy looked at him curiously.

"Bad season, eh?"

"Worst I ever knew. An' I've had some pretty tough ones." His eye wandered over the grounds. "There's that loafer, now. He's having a fuss over there at the chutes. He'd better not fool with those fellows. They'll drop him in the pond." He softly chuckled. "I wonder who 'twas called him a liar?"

"I did," said the boy.

"You? Why, you wasn't even lookin' in at him."

The boy laughed.

"Guess I hadn't the courage to look at him when I said it."

my voice. Pretty soon I found I could talk to myself in quite a sociable fashion."

"I'll give you a job right away at the terms you mention," said the little proprietor. "What do you propose to do to help the business?"

"I propose to look around the park first of all," the boy replied. "I'll come back again a little later."

"You'll be sure to come?"

"I'll come," said the boy as he turned and walked away.

He put his hand in his trousers pocket and jingled a few coins. His finances were getting low. At the same time he realized that he was hungry.

He stepped into the restaurant near the big gates and sought a seat at one of the small tables. A waiter took his simple order and while he was gone the boy studied his surroundings. He was interrupted by the return of his order and by the appearance of a tall man who took a seat opposite to him. The boy looked at the man. He was slender and a little gray—a man close to forty. He had sharp eyes and a firm mouth, and the sharp eyes were now bent on some slips of paper that he scanned pencil in hand.

He looked up suddenly and caught the boy's curious glance.

"Bad thing to bring your business to the table with you," he said with a quick smile. "You must never let the thought of money intrude upon your diet."

"Wouldn't the present price of beef excuse it?" drawled the boy.

"Good," said the tall man. "First time here?"

"Yes. I'm enjoying my first summer vacation."

"How do you like it?"

"It's fine."

The tall man smiled.

"See any chance of improving the place?"

"I see a chance of adding to the attractions."

"Eh! Perhaps you'll kindly enlighten me."

"I'd run a monorail line across the entire plaza."

The tall man stared at the boy.

"A monorail line! May I ask what you know about monorails?"

"I know something," replied the boy with a quick laugh. "We have an old inventor down at our village, and what he doesn't know about mechanics—old principles and new—isn't worth knowing. But he hasn't the ambition to carry out any of his own schemes. He's just contented to be the village gunsmith. We are great friends and I've spent a good many Saturdays in his old shop. That's where I found out about monorails."

The keen gray eyes were studying the boy.

"Would your car be on the principle of the Englishman's invention—the gyroscope idea?"

"No," replied the boy. "I would use a narrow car seating four people. I would balance it on the rail by four twenty-foot steel rods, depending on either side and weighted at the lower ends. I would have it run by gravity. When it reached the opposite side I would have it hoisted by an elevator and sent back on another rail. It would be safe, speedy and a great curiosity."

"When did this scheme occur to you my boy?" the tall man asked.

"Five minutes ago. I picked out the locations for the two platforms."

"Oh, you have. What are you going to do this afternoon?"

The boy laughed.

"I've got an engagement, to put a man's business on a sound financial basis."

"Eh. Who is the man?"

"He's the man who runs the booth with the dolls that you throw at."

"Oh, yes. Old Tommy Carter. Tommy's in hard luck. And you're going to help him out?"

"He has my promise."

"Good. But you mustn't make any further engagements without consulting me? Wait. I'm John Temple, engineer and showman. People usually call me Colonel John Temple. I'm one of the owners of this and a half dozen other parks. That's why I don't want you to be running about wild with that monorail idea."

"My name is James Harrison," said the boy. "Where I'm known they call me Jim."

The tall man laughed and put out his hand.

"Glad to know you, Jim," he said. "Here's to our better acquaintance." He looked at his watch. "When can I see you again, my boy?"

"Will you be in the park this evening?"

"Yes."

"You'll find me at Tommy Carter's booth."

"Goodby, boy."

"Goodby, colonel."

The attendance was large in the park that evening. And those who strolled near the Carter booth noticed that the little proprietor had labelled his dolls.

There were only five of them now, and above the quintet stretched a placard which announced in large letters that they were the Original Gooseberry Family. There were "Pa Gooseberry" and "Ma Gooseberry" and "Little Willie," and "Sister Sue" and "Aunt Jane."

Tommy Carter's weak eyes almost sparkled as he chanted the merits of his show.

"Right this way," he called. "An' take a whack at the only original Gooseberry family. Three throws for a nickel an' three elegant cigars for a hit. You can't miss 'em. Three throws for a nickel. There's Sister Sue and Aunt Jane, too. You can't miss 'em." And he turned around and winked at Jim Harrison, who was

standing back up the balls.

His voice was crowd speedily gathering nickel was tendered.

The marksman drew back.

"Stop, sir," cried Aunt high cracked voice, "would a lady?"

"Wh-what's that?" stammered marksman.

"Take one of your own size," Aunt Jane; "hit the boy."

The crowd roared and the man threw wild. He threw wild the second ball and the third, then he bought six more.

"Why, that's Peleg Saunders," said Pa Gooseberry. "Howdodo, Peleg."

Again the crowd roared and again and again the chucking marksman threw wild.

It was a big crowd now and all the new comers wanted to see and hear the talking dolls. The nickels streamed in, and there were dimes, too, and even quarters.

"Hit me if you can," screamed Sister Sue. "I don't care, I don't care!"

"She's nailed on," said little Willie. "Naughty, naughty!" cried Aunt Jane.

"How, wow, wow!" barked little Willie, and the bark was so fierce and so natural that the man with the ball nervously jumped and almost hit Tommy Carter in the ear.

And the crowd roared with laughter and pressed in closer.

"Tis th' last rose of summer," sang Ma Gooseberry in a cracked soprano.

"Hit her! hit her!" shouted the undutiful Willie.

But every thrower who came forward was so convulsed with laughter that anything like good marksmanship was impossible. Old Tommy Carter's stock of cheap cigars was scarcely broken into.

And still the crowd pressed forward and still the nickels and dimes poured in.

"Getting tired" Tommy Carter found the opportunity to ask the boy.

The latter straightened up with a ball in his hand.

"No," he answered, "this is only fun. How's the financial basis?"

"Its nickle plated an' a yard wide," chuckled Tommy Carter.

"What a very handsome young man," said Aunt Jane in her tinny tones as the next thrower poised the ball.

"Don't you believe a word she says," advised little Willie.

"Will you!" said Pa Gooseberry severely.

"Dodge, pa, dodge!" shouted little Willie. "That's the champion thrower takin' aim at you!"

And the crowd roared, and the nickels flowed in and Tommy Carter wore an indelible smile, and the biggest crowd in the park pressed around and fought for chances to throw.

And when the time was up and the big bell over the main gates sounded the signal for clearing the grounds, the crowd reluctantly dispersed.

Tommy Carter turned and caught the boy by the shoulder.

"You're all right, lad," he said and his voice broke a little. "You're all right, partner."

The boy had suddenly turned at Tommy's words. Now he just as suddenly turned back.

"Why, it's Colonel Temple," cried Aunt Jane. "Howdodo, colonel? I hope you're quite peralackety?"

Tommy Carter looked around with a frightened start.

"Hush," he hoarsely whispered to the boy.

The tall man strode forward. He had laughed until his eyes were wet.

"It's all right, Tommy," he said. "Jim and I are on the best of terms. I'll forgive you both for drawing the crowd away from the other shows. Where are you stopping, Jim?"

"Anywhere, colonel."

"Then you'll stop with me to-night. You needn't be afraid, Tommy; I'm not going to steal your partner away from you. I'm going to make him a proposition for use later on. Come, my boy."