

How You Must and Must Not Sleep if You Want to Keep Your Beauty.



Never Sleep This Way.

Avoid Wrinkled Pillows.

DO YOU WISH TO BE BEAUTIFUL?
 Then Discard Soft Pillows and Sleep As Nature Intended Everybody Should.

If a young man with a four dollar bunch of violets in his button hole presents himself at your door and exhibits a card describing himself as "face mutilator of Her Grace the Lady William Boreford" do not dismiss him with harsh words. You may, through the sister of your brother-in-law's aunt, know that Lady Boreford has long since had a superintendent of her toilet, who looks after the maids and mauses of the household. As the man has good ideas and has advised other beauties concerning their looks, he is worth listening to, even if the Boreford part of it is apocryphal.

"The principal cause of wrinkles," says this man, who, though badly wrinkled himself, knows all about the creases of the face, "is in a faulty way of sleeping. If women would sleep right they would never have wrinkled foreheads."

Almond-Eyes and Butterfly-that-Slips-the-Morning-Dew knows more about complexions than the sweet young man's whole family. Probably you do not know who Almond Eyes, etc., etc., is, and may not therefore feel full faith in her infallibility, but when you know that she was the champion middleweight beauty of Canton, Pekin and Shanghai, and was chosen because of the clearness of her color and complexion to be the third wife of the young Emperor, you may be disposed to profit by her experience. Mrs. Almond Eyes, see Miss Almond Eyes, etc., never slept on a pillow in her life. Instead she places under her neck when she retires a rounded block of perfumed wood and in this way not only avoids rumples in her satiny burnt-ivory skin in the wrinkles of a down cushion, which has been responsible for the misfortunes of nine-tenths of Western beauties, but also preserves the elaborateness of her coiffure, and a man would have to get up very early in the morning indeed to catch this lady in curl paper.

THE SOFT PILLOW A HABIT.
 This matter of a soft pillow may seem like a joke, but when you find the little lines between your eyes and at their corners persistently refusing to be rubbed out, you may listen to the voice of this latter day prophet, who raises his warning finger to save you from a dreadful fate. The soft pillow is only a matter of habit, anyway. Throw it aside and substitute a good, stiff support like haircloth, plus needles, bran or seeds, and you will very soon find that it is vastly more comfortable than down.

There was another lady in the Far East who had to drown herself to avoid being the chosen one of the old Bashaw of Kordofan. She attributed the glory of her complexion to the Princess Trombetzki, regarding the cause of Ellen Terry's furrow, which is considered becoming to her.

smothering and awake without wrinkles in her soft skin.
PILLOWS BANISHED BY PRETTY GIRLS.
 Several of the prettiest young women of the season have discarded the pillow during Lent, partly as a penance and partly to try the complexion cure. Their pillow substitute is a bag of dried clover tops, gathered last Summer for the present occasion. The clover tops are soft and the effect in appearance is like a feather pillow, but the head does not sink so deeply.

The most effective way of sleeping is to rest the head upon the pillow, but not supported by the hand and arm, always on a firm, hard pillow. This posture has the sanction of all who have made a study between the relation of complexion and sleep. This is not difficult to do, indeed, it is the most comfortable of all sleeping attitudes after one gets used to it. The little trick is being tried by many of the Lenten devotees, and is working so well that there is no question of its being continued when the time of penance is past. At one of the New York finishing schools the dear girls are taught to care for their complexions as well as to know that Sebastopol is a city and not a Polish Prince. Practically every girl that comes there brings along a sack of pillow stuffed with down. Before many days she will use that for a footstool and not for a pillow.

Deprived of the down, the belles that are to be given a small head-rest about the size and the hardness of a watermelon. They are likely to complain of the little wrinkle between the eyes. Every night it would be massaged away and every morning it would return by the time Mme. Farre had partaken of her luncheon. In vain she consulted specialists and in vain she advised with her maid. One evening, at a reception, she was talking with a certain young man who was wearing "wear spectacles when you read. I venture to say that by the time you have discarded your morning newspaper, that little wrinkle upon your brow is a deep furrow."

A little trouble with the eyes is the cause of Ellen Terry's furrow, which is considered becoming to her. As a rule, though, the way of sleeping is responsible for wrinkles or beauty. If the word of those who have studied looks can be weighed, Amelie Rivers Chamber, the Princess Trombetzki, regards the way of sleeping all important. Her method of sleeping her beauty sleep is to begin an hour before she goes to bed with a bath in cold cologne water, deepening to chilled water more highly perfumed than the first. The alcohol cleanses the skin and the cold water prevents the barrier from taking cold in the skin next day.

As an exceedingly curious land is all this picturesque, curious not only because of its picturesque inhabitants that Daudet has portrayed with such faithfulness, but especially because of this little understood, migratory, ever shifting river Rhone. In what the scientists call the diluvial epoch, slipping down toward the far-off sea, threatening to choke up both the Gard and



Learn To Sleep This Way.

MOUNTAIN THAT MOVES.

The French Peasants Hear It Groaning and Roaring As It Journeys On.

A mountain is moving down in the old Provence District of France. In what long ago used to be known as the "Land of the Troubadours" this modern miracle has come to pass, and before the eyes of the astounded peasantry, who are hurrying to and fro to their wayside shrines and angling in the great rivers of France. For these rivers are continually shifting in their courses, eating away at times great bites of land in one place and building it up in another, but all the time washing down vast masses of earth and stone to the delta of the Rhone, which was called by the Romans, Gallic Egypt, on account of the fertility of these enormous quantities of alluvial soil brought down and deposited by the spring floods which overspread the region to the south of Arles. This moving mountain of the Gard will in all probability be eventually washed down to the Rhone delta, for this same thing has been happening on a smaller scale for centuries along the course of the Rhone and the Gard.

It is likely to do even more. There is more than a possibility that this gigantic movement of leaped up boulders and loosely joined together soil will result in changing the course of the famous river Rhone. Already the colliery of Grand Combe, in the little village of the same name, and the best part of a mile of the Alsais Railway have been destroyed, and the dwellers in that region have had to flee before the mountain's slow and irresistible advance. The entire movement is strange and peculiar. One reads of the transformations of the earth's surface, which took place in the geologic ages, but such an event has not been known to happen hitherto in these times of ours. The primal cause of this movement is not known, but the fact of its being of its base of grit and green mud by the continual infiltration of rain. The lower portions of the enormous mass of soil and boulders have given way, and the whole vast bulk, which has hitherto lifted its head high above the valley, is gradually slipping down toward the far-off sea, threatening to choke up both the Gard and

the Gardon Rivers, which mingle and flow down to the Rhone through the valley along which the mountain is making its way.

Many people are travelling out from near by Nimes each day to get a look at this phenomenon. As many as 6,000 sightseers have already visited the district, and great care has to be taken that none of them ventures on the mountain itself or in the path of the moving mass.

As it moves, and the advance is almost perceptible as one stands by and watches closely, the noise is deafening, and time and again, with a sound like a muffled explosion, the surface of the mountain side breaks into great cracks and crevasses, some of which are wide enough for a railway train to pass through.

It was just such vast displacements of earth as this that used to occur in this region ages ago, so scientists say, before man made his appearance on the earth, and it is owing to these natural phenomena of the far-off period that the Rhone and its smaller sister, the Gard, stand almost unique among the rivers of France. For these rivers are continually shifting in their courses, eating away at times great bites of land in one place and building it up in another, but all the time washing down vast masses of earth and stone to the delta of the Rhone, which was called by the Romans, Gallic Egypt, on account of the fertility of these enormous quantities of alluvial soil brought down and deposited by the spring floods which overspread the region to the south of Arles. This moving mountain of the Gard will in all probability be eventually washed down to the Rhone delta, for this same thing has been happening on a smaller scale for centuries along the course of the Rhone and the Gard.

was a great bay into which the blue waters of the Mediterranean poured. Now the mouth of the Rhone makes almost a broad and flat peninsula, stretching out into the great inland sea.

This wonderful change was largely brought about by a geologic movement, of which this sliding mountain is an excellent example. The Rhone was a small stream in those pre-Adamite days, but it was destined to become a great one. Two colossal deluges swept down from the Alps, along the course of this river and the Du-rance, its tributary, carrying all before them in their fury, and bringing down huge masses of stone, which the force of the torrent ground into pebbles along the overflowing banks.

Such a vast quantity of earth and stone must land somewhere, and it was carried beyond the then mouth of the Rhone, miles out under the Mediterranean. There it makes a bed of rubble that is sixty feet in depth, and which still exists almost as it was in the beginning. But not all of the mountain boulders and soil that was carried down by these torrents in their headlong course reached the mouth of this now great river. A considerable portion of it remained scattered along from the mountains to the sea, forming a vast alluvial plain, the distribution being helped along by a score of tributaries, of which the Gard was one.

TEA CIGARETTES SOCIETY'S LATEST FAD.

They Make Your Head Ache at First, but Later on Transport You to Paradise.

The dainty pink tea girl has a new fad, still with that delicate Young Hyson odor, only the odor comes from smoke—from the very latest up-to-date imported dissipation sanctioned by society—from the tea cigarette.

It is direct from Russia, this innovation of the tea cigarette, and though it took a long time coming, having become commonplace there, it is making rapid strides toward success and popularity in this country. One great point in favor of the tea cigarette is that it is not yet on sale at the shops, and those who have elected to follow the fad so far have manufactured their own supply. This is not so easy as one might fancy. The first one I smoked was not a success. It was the emptied paper tube of a tobacco cigarette refilled with tea. The sticks of the tea made little holes through the paper, spilling the draught; the fine tea fell into my mouth as I inhaled, and the remnants of tobacco that clung to the paper made an unhappy combination.

I persevered all the more because of the difficulties encountered, and when at last I got three long puffs unattended by mishaps, and felt the delicious taste of something new before tasted, I resolved to make further experiments in the line of tea cigarettes. Hence the sending of my old idol, the tea table, to the garret, and the filling up of an alcove off my boudoir with a tiny Turkish smoking room, with two soft, rug-covered divans, a canopy of Turkish hangings, cushions to match, a low Turkish tea stand, and over all an Oriental hanging-lamp, which emitted a soft, red light.

Then I invested in perfumed rice paper, in which to roll my cigarettes, and quantities of English breakfast and green tea. The former, I have found by experience, though better for making tea, is not so pleasant to smoke, the green tea having a more subtle and seductive effect.

My first experiences as a cigarette maker were trying, to speak mildly. The paper would not stick, the fine tea sifted out at the ends, and I had difficulty in lighting them. Indeed, the whole paper of the cigarette would be burned away before I could get the dry sticks of tea to kindle. Then I had a happy idea. I purchased whole green tea, the leaves of which were larger and less tightly rolled than any other, and laid it to soak in alcohol. When the leaves were pretty well soaked, I unrolled them very carefully and spread them out to dry. Then, when there was just the faintest suspicion of moisture left, so little they would not dampen the paper, I rolled the leaves in the rice paper and packed my cigarettes away in a dainty sandalwood case. After lying there for three days, each one of those little cigarettes, allied with purest, strongest tea leaves, tipped with the merest suspicion of alcohol and the faint, sweet perfume of sandalwood, held within it an elixirum, a magic where with all griefs and sorrows might be forgotten, a pover by which all ills and injuries might be dispelled, a haven of refuge which offered itself when all else failed, and human nature craved something novel.

What a delicious novelty it was. The smoke was sweet and cool, not like tea, yet with a peculiar oriental flavor; the faint fumes of the alcohol mingled with the smoke, and the scent of sandalwood made my eyelids heavy with the delicious sense of being soothed. I lit the second cigarette, and as I pulled the long, sweet draught of smoke my head sank deeper in the pillows, the cigarette fell from my hand to the Dresden ash tray and I was conscious of but one thought—the I was fortunate to be comfortably settled upon a couch, or I would have fallen there.

A peculiar dull pain seemed spreading over my head, numbing my brain and tossing my thoughts all in a muddle. Then I grew frightened, and as I forced myself to sit up upon the couch a violent attack of nausea came on, after which I was glad enough to go to bed, and there was one guest missing at the dance that night. When at last I went to sleep it was after the firm resolve that I would tear down the artistic Turkish draperies the next day and restate the tea table, which I fervently declared would be gone enough in future for me.

At 4 o'clock in the morning I awoke filled with but one desire. Before my eyes were thoroughly opened or my thoughts collected, I had reached the divan of my Turkish corner. It the swinging red rug and upon the cushions I lay heavily. How fervently, feverishly thankful I was that I had not acted on impulse the night before and thrown them all away! I took the tiny tube of green tea between my teeth, lit it, sank back among the cushions and was happy. How little I thought as the air about me became freighted with the scent of sandalwood, and the soft smoke diluted my nostrils and contracted the away of my thoughts, that this was the beginning of my slavery to the tea weed! Sweet slavery, indeed, it seemed, as I lit and smoked the smoke as if it were a cigarette, growing less and less conscious of everything that was, except the fantastic shapes of the smoke as it drifted and curled and clung around the red light above me.

Truly it is all fascinating enough to lure the most sceptical on, and yet there is the other side. And what a weak, wretched, pitiable side it is, disclosed in the early morning when I get up, my heavy eyelids and lift my aching head from the pillow. My first glance is toward the Turkish corner, my first longing for a cigarette, that can repair it. For awhile I battle with myself, trying to conquer the weakness, I turn my head to the window, and the sunlight, and tell myself for the thousandth time that I am filling my system with deadly poison, and the strain cannot last long; but my eyes are losing their dash and fire, and my cheeks their color.

By this time the argument usually closes, for I have reached the divan, and a mirror beside me reflects a leaden countenance with cheeks that are pale and beginning to sink, eyes that are heavy and listless and lips that close nervously over a tea cigarette. Once more, as hundreds of times before, I stifle a half sob, and once more, with head bowed low, the victim acknowledges herself a slave to an accursed vice.

T. M.