

cigarette, those who are satisfied with the corn cob, and those who are too English to use anything but the "bull dog" briar, there is one man who gets constant enjoyment from a pipe, and he has a pipe, "as is a pipe." It is a handsome affair in meerschaum, with a long amber mouth-piece, and the artistically carved bowl is about the size of a dude's cranium. The person who sits behind it and works the air exhaust at the hither end is Charlie Gibbons, the city editor of the *Colonist*, a gentleman, and a smoker of taste and experience, who can easily out-smoke any other smoker with both hands tied behind his back. For really he doesn't need his hands when he smokes this pipe of pipes. It is so large that it would not be convenient or easy to hold it, and so he has invented a delicate tripod stand with an arrangement at the top which holds the pipe in the right position with the business end where it can be readily reached by his trained and unerring lips, when he courts My Lady Nicotine. The invention is a clever one, but it should be seen to be fully appreciated, and Mr. Gibbons is always willing to show the practical workings of his device to all earnest devotees of the weed.

A young lady writes THE HOME JOURNAL complaining severely of the conduct of a gentleman to whom she is engaged, but who is now acting as if he wanted to violate his obligation. No honorable gentleman will break an engagement with a young lady without at least giving her some reason for it. There are, doubtless, engagements which it were better to break than to keep, on the ground of incompatibility of temper, lack of congeniality, and change of mind as to the suitability of the match; but where these causes do not exist, it is mean and contemptible for the man to withdraw himself from the presence of the woman for whom he had professed to have great affection, and who in turn had bestowed

upon him her fondest love. I am informed that this is not the first engagement the young man has broken off—in fact he has acquired quite a reputation in that direction. Therefore, all things considered, it would be wise to let the young man go his way, and no explanation, however plausible should suffice to restore him to favor. If he really cares for the young lady his own thoughts in future will be sufficient punishment for his perfidy.

Nearly every newspaper of any importance on this continent retains one or more lady contributors, and the article on "matters of interest to women" is read with much pleasure by those for whose pleasure it is written. The male sex, like Peeping Tom, occasionally cast their eyes over the column of Lady Godiva, evidently with the desire of discovering something which the secretive genius of women has hitherto concealed. I must confess that of all the letters written by women, none interest me quite as much as the weekly contributions of "Caprice" to the *Seattle Telegraph*.

Miss "Caprice" is evidently a close observer of the peculiarities of her own sex, and sometimes she does not feel backward in exposing to public gaze the little lapses of which the weaker vessels are guilty. But I cannot say that I altogether agree with her war on widows in a late issue of the *Telegraph*. In the opinion of many there is no one who is deserving of so much sympathy as a widow. She is envied, very often by her single sisters, and, sometimes by her married sisters, but yet it is quite apparent that "the relict of the late lamented" holds a firm place in the hearts of all men.

However, "Caprice's" letters must be read to be appreciated at their real value, and I strongly recommend my female readers to buy a copy of the *Sunday Tele-*

*graph* and peruse the epistles of this most interesting writer.

In a curious old volume which was published years and years ago, a volume of copies of one of the London newspapers in the middle part of the Fifteenth century, there appears an advertisement which has an old flavor in these days when artists would as soon think of putting an advertisement of their wares in the prints as would the ministers or the doctors. The advertisement reads in this way:

"Philibert Beydaels, lately arrived in England, dwelleth at Brompton Park, near Knightsbridge, where he practices the Art or Misery of Painting, and gilding of Leather in Forrest-works, Flowers and Figures, proper for the adorning of Chapels, Dining Rooms, Galleries and Closets, with Beauty and Lustre, which will endure many ages. Selling them at Reasonable Prizes."

Well, the more prosaic will say, and why should not a painter advertise his wares as well as any other man? And the ultra artistic artist will rejoin, the man whose works will not sell without being flaunted in the face of the public, is not an artist at all in the true sense of the word.

Next to the window screens which are a necessity, but which make a view of the outside world a blurry nightmare, there is nothing quite so disagreeable to the ordinary man as the conventional white lace curtain of commerce. Its soils much, and yet 'twas spun, and still Solomon in all his glory used to kick when he tried to catch a glimpse of his neighbor's new pair of bays driving by, through these stiffly draped and ghostly abominations. It is a fine dust collector and is the happy hunting ground of moths, who in its kaleidoscopic meshes, find softly shaded nesting places for their too numerous and fertile eggs. From its angular bifurcation at the curtain rod down to its ungraceful