

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

**T**HERE is a business man in an eastern city who has a very pretty daughter with whom one of papa's office staff has fallen hopelessly in love. As the young man is not invited to the paternal mansion, and the young woman has been notified to keep away from the paternal office, the course of their love does not flow very smoothly. However, they have hit upon an expedient which gives them a channel of communications, and they will continue to employ it if papa's eyes do not rest on this expose. It was the girl who thought of it—it always is the girl who finds a clew to the situation.

It is this way: When papa enters the office in the morning, he hangs his hat on a certain nail among a row of other hats, and proceeds to business. Then the interested clerk, while the head of the firm is reading his morning mail, takes the hat from the nail where it is hung, looks inside, slips his hand under the lining, and takes out a tiny missive, which he at once conveys to his own pocket, and the contents of which delight and amuse him all day.

At night, when papa returns home, his pretty daughter slips into the hall and makes a raid on that hat, always finding there an answer to her missive of the morning. How much longer papa will occupy the position of Cupid's mail carrier remains to be seen. He will be madder than a hatter when he finds it out.

There seems to be no room for doubt that the cigarette habit has gained a foothold among the feminine British aristocracy. In a London police court, only a few days since, two waiters from a fashionable restaurant were charged with stealing a diamond-studded cigarette case belonging to the Countess of Roslyn, who was in the habit of smoking cigarettes daily and openly in the restaurant. It was also shown that a jewelled cigarette case is one of the appropriate presents for a British bride, though they still have delicacy enough to keep them from appearing in the published lists of wedding gifts.

The disclosure will be a boon to British novel writers. They have been compelled heretofore to present their heroines without any cigarette and to gnash their teeth in jealousy of their French competitors whose heroines can be found any evening with a cigarette between their cherry lips or rolling one in their dainty fingers. But on the whole the fact is to be deplored by everybody but the novelists. The tendency of the cigarette habit is conceded to be in the direction of physical degeneracy, and that is something which the British aristocracy cannot

stand. It is degenerate enough now, and nothing has prevented its being wholly wiped out but the strength and vigor of the feminine portion. Let that be destroyed, as it will be if the cigarette habit gets a foothold, and its doom is sealed.

So-called skin foods are good things to let alone. The skin does not need feeding or greasing. It only wants a chance for free circulation. Give it fresh air, keep the gates open, and the channels free and it will take care of itself.

In the laudable search for complexion-improvers too much emphasis cannot be given to the bath. The body must be kept clean and sweet, and when that is done all is done on the outside; further improvement belongs to the department of the interior.

There are said to be three thousand pores to every square inch of the epidermis. Perspiration is nature's way of cleaning house. Waste material is drawn from the blood and through the glands forced down to the surface of the body, and, for obvious reasons, should be removed as soon as it is detected. This done, nature's oil is poured out to cleanse the canal and soften the epidermis, which becomes smooth, healthy, and so transparent that the blood is reflected and shows the pink and crimson colors that make a brilliant complexion.

Now, if through untidiness or by intention—as in the use of powders and chalk-loaded lotions—the pores are clogged, of course these natural outlets are closed, and the results can be imagined by the feeblest reason. While the perfect action of this invisible discharge of waste material may not result in a bright or even clear complexion, its benefits are apparent to every student of health and every person of refinement. The uncleanly habits that check the human drainage frequently cause the blisters, sores, rash, chaps, and other eruptions that disfigure the skin. A woman may be ugly, but she will not be offensive if she is kept clean, and that is one step in the direction of pleasing.

Keep the skin exquisite, not with scent, but with soap and water and fresh body garments; feed it warmth, air, and sunlight, and save the vaseline and cold cream for creaking rocking-chairs and stove-pipes that go into damp summer quarters.

To make a pretty basket, dissolve three or four sticks of red sealing wax in a pint of alcohol. Dip the basket into this mixture—or rather paint it—and drop grains of clean rice all over it—on the outside, of course. Then take a small bristle brush and paint the rice evenly after the coating to which it adheres perfectly dry. Paint it that way several times, adding

grains of rice here and there, and you will have a pretty red coral basket. Line the inside with some harmonizing color and tie the handle with a ribbon bow.

Towels and washrags of raw silk are among the luxuries of the toilet. They are used for the face by those exquisite women who believe rough handling makes the skin hard and coarse.

Opinions differ as to the correct form in dining tables. John Bull loves a round table, the German is partial to an oval board, and the French like the cold square lines; in America all three are used.

A greasy sink is best cleaned by mixing one pennyworth of potash in two quarts of boiling water and scrubbing with a hard brush. Be careful, however, that the hands do not touch the liquid, as it would take the skin off. Colza oil will take the black from a brass or copper kettle which has been on the fire a great deal, and paraffin oil mixed with bath brick or rotten stone will finish the cleaning.

Candelabra, with the shades and candle receptacle festooned with orange blossoms, have been designed to decorate Hymen's festive board.

A lady of great beauty and attractiveness, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, once crowned her praise of it at a party by saying: "I think I was meant for an Irish woman."

"Madam," rejoined a witty son of Erin who happened to be present, "thousands would back me in saying you were meant for an Irishman."

A provincial paper records that Mr. Herbert Gladstone was addressing a woman's suffrage meeting at Leeds one afternoon, and passed a compliment upon the eloquence possessed by the fair sex, and the pleasure it gave the masculine portion of creation to listen to them.

And then a male voice issued from the background with:

"Wait a bit, lad; tha'rt noan wed yet!"

Be careful where you keep flour. Like butter, it absorbs odors readily. It should not be kept in a place where there are onions, fish, vegetables or other odorous substances, nor in a damp room or cellar. Keep it in a cool, dry, airy room, where it will not be exposed to a freezing temperature, nor to one about seventy degrees. Always sift before using.

Stockings that are openwork throughout their entire length are delightful