The Home

UNIRONED CLOTHING.

To iron flannel is a mistake. Let us spend as many hours as we choose upon table linen and cotton garments. But do let us be wise enough to retain the magnetism, the vitality, of the fresh air and sunshine in under flannel. A hot iron kills those life-giving forces. Don't laugh at this, dear housekeeper. The flannel has enmeshed the subtle, sweet life of the air which only our finer interior senses can apprehend. When once exhausted it can never be regained by proximity to all the orris root or sachet bags in the world.

In place of ironing, if flannels are hung evenly on the line, then pulled out, smoothly folded straight and put under such pressure as the clothes basket with its burden for the next day's ironing, it will be found, the next morning that they are smooth enough to satisfy most fastidious. In like manner, coil cut hosiery, fold, and spread under the basket with the flannels,

Sheets that are in constant use may be treated in like manner. Unless one has tried it, one cannot imagine how well they look after pressure. The hems and selvages may be rubbed over, nothing else. More than one eminent physician is a believer in the life-giving properties of air and sunshine, administered through the interstices of clean, unironed clothing.

HAND-MADE UNDERWEAR.

There is certainly a great satisfaction to be had from home-made underwear. In the first place, the material is sure to be good, the embroidery or lace is apt to be carefully selected, with an eye to durability, and each garment is well fitted and adapted to the wearers' individual whims and fancies. Hand-sewed underwear, which is almost the most expensive to buy, and incomparably the most beautiful, can easily be made at home, out of simplest materials, if only there are patience and even moderate skill.

Silk lingerie is but little used nowadays, because it does not wash prettily, and cleaning is so very expensive. The preferred cottons are nainsook, fine cambric and lawn. Lace is more used than embroidery, and elaborate puffs and tucks have quite gone out. Hemstitching is very much in fashion, as are pin-head tucks and narrow soft lace.

Chemises, corset-covers and many of the new night-gowns, too, are cut low-necked, either heart-shaped, square or round. The prettiest chemises are drawn in at the waist-line with ribbon run through a beading, and the newest corset-covers reach just to the waist and are often filmy bits of lace, lawn and ribbon. The wide umbrella drawers continue most-popular, and of night-gowns there is an infinite variety, including the Empire, Mother Hubbard, round-yoke and sacque.

NEW TOUCHES FOR OLD PRESERVES.

Instead of being entirely supplanted by the more modern canned fruit, old-time 'pound for pound' preserves were never more popular than now, for the reason that we have learned how to give them a delicate, natural flavor of the fruit, instead of a pungent, cloying sweetness.

There are certain rules for every variety of fruit and method of preserving, but the gist of them all is that no skill in making can give prime preserves if inferior fruit, coffee sugar, tin pans and iron spoons are used. Have a porcelain-lined or granite-ware kettle and use it solely for preserving; and in preparing as well as in cooking fruit, let every other vessel be of granite or earthen-ware, and spoons and ladles of silver or wood. This done, with prime fruit, granulated sugar, knowledge and careful work, you can defy "luck" and be sure of success. Heating the sugar in the oven before it is added to the fruit gives a handsomer color to jams and preserves as well as jelly.

Raspberry Jam.—Red raspberry jam has a far more refreshing flavor if it is made of one part red currants to three parts raspberries. Stem, wash and dry the currants on a towel; mash slightly in the preserving kettle, and stew slowly till soft enough to strain through a jelly-bag. Allow one pound of sugar for every three-fourths of a pound of berries and one gill of currant juice. Heat the sugar; boil the juice twenty minutes; add the sugar; stir till dissolved; then add the berries, and cook slowly for one hour, stirring almost constantly.

Spiced Currants—Make a richer and finer-flavored meat sauce, if one-fourth of a pound of seeded and chopped raisins is added to every three-fourths of a pound of currants. To every four pounds of fruit add two pounds of sugar and one ounce of stick cinnamon, the same of mace, half as many whole cloves, and a teaspoonful of white mustard seed tied in a piece of muslin. Cook slowly for one hour; then add one and one-half cupfuls of cider vinegar; stir constantly for five minutes and put away in pint-size glass fruit jars or jelly glasses.

Canning Rhubarb.—Rhubarb sauce is wonderfully appetizing with meat, especially in the late winter and early spring, when the appetite most needs coaxing. Select fresh tender stalks, pare, cut into pieces, weigh, and allow half its weight of sugar. Cover the rhubarb with boiling water for two minutes; then drain; put part of the sugar on the bottom of the preserving kettle, and sprinkle the rest among the stalks as you add them. Cover the kettle closely and cook in a hot oven for half an hour. Fill hot fruit jars to overflowing and keep in a cool, dark place.

Crab-Apple and Plum Marmalade.—Plums, used in the proportion of one part to three of crab apple, add richness and a finer flavor to crab-apple marmalade. Stem and cut out the blossom end of the apples; stew, close-covered, in a little water, and when soft rub through a sieve. Cut up the plums, cook in a little water, adding the stones, till soft; rub through a sieve and mix with the apple pulp. Heat slowly, and when it commences to boil add heated sugar in the proportion of three-fourths of a pound to every pound of pulp, and cook half an hour or longer, stirring constantly.

Spiced Pears.—Pare evenly, halve and core rather sweet pears that are not over-ripe. Make a syrup of two cupfuls of vinegar, three pounds of sugar, one heaping tablespoonful of finely broken stick-cinnamon, and the same amount of green ginger root, both tied in muslin. This will be enough for six pounds of fruit. Cook the latter in the syrup until it can be easily pierced, and keep in fruit jars.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS

The insipid taste of dried prunes is alleviated by stewing with them an equal amount of raisins. Cranberries perform the same kind office for dried apples.

Some people can accomplish marvels with gasoline; others complain they "can't do anything with it." The trouble is that the unsuccessful ones don't go at it properly. Generally the trouble is that not enough fluid is used. A silk waist, for instance, should be wholly immersed and allowed to soak several hours, then it must be worked up and down in the gasoline till all the spots have disappeared. It must then be rinsed in fresh gasoline and dried out of doors. The vessel in which the waist is soaked must of course be covered as the fluid is so volatile. Professional cleaners are said to use soap with the gasoline, exactly as if it were water. To clean gloves, wash them in the gasoline as if it were water.

The author of a book of salad recipes says that when the lettuce in the garden shoots up quickly during the summer into long seed stalks it can be utilized by stripping the stalks of leaves, cutting the tender portions into lengths, and tying in bundles like asparagus. Boil till tender and when cold and well drained serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

Should any cereal like oatmeal, cracked wheat, etc., remain after breakfast, pack it in a clean baking powder can and put in the ice-box. Next day turn it out into slices about a third of an inch thick, dust with flour, fry, and serve with maple or sugar syrup.

BETS OFF!

An amusing telephone story is told of a certain lady named Brown. One morning recently she proceeded from breakfast table to the telephone in the hall to order some things from her butcher.

Hallo! said Mrs. Brown. Are you Bify's the butcher?

Yes.

Well, this is Mrs. Brown's residence. Will you please send me a large, thick steak by 12 o'clock?

The boy employed in the butcher's shop happened to answer the telephone, and promptly responded;

Well, you just bet your sweet life I will!

Do you know, sir, to whom you are speaking?

Sure I do, said the boy. You're Jenny, Mrs. Brown's cook.

You are mistaken, young man. You are speaking with Mrs. Brown herself.

Is that so? replied the boy. Then in that case, madam, we'll call the bet off!

ON THE EVE OF HIS DEATH.

GEN. WAUCHOPE'S LAST WORDS BEFORE THE BATTLE.

His Great Love for the Brave Black Watch—Possessed a Premonition That He Would Lose His Life in the Next Day's Battle.

David Lyall in the British Weekly, tells of a conversation he had with General Wauchope before the fateful battle of Magersfontein. He says:

What interested me most was the fact that I should come to close quarters with General Wauchope, who was a man not onyl of my own land, but of my own country side. I had never seen him, but I had often heard my grandfather speak of him, as he had come in contact with him in public or county business. His home, the old keep of Niddrie Marischal, was not further distant than four miles as the crow flies from the old farmhouse lying in the shelter of Westerlaw hills, which to me in memory still was home. It was Sunday afternoon when I saw him first, pacing up and down before the commanding officer's tent in close conversation with him.

"That's Wauchope," said my brother of the Pilot, pronouncing the name after the extraordinary manner of the Southern, putting the full emphasis on the last syllable, and giving the "ch" its full due.

"Wa-hope," I tried to correct him mildly, whereat he waxed wroth.

"Why don't you make an alphabet for yourself, you Scotch?" he enquired witheringly. "You're so mighty saving in most things it seems a pity to waste letters. I believe in making use of all I can get, so I shall call him Wa-chope, whatever you may say."

STRONG AND MANLY FIGURE.

I did not for a moment reply, for, indeed, my whole attention was given to the man whose name raised Luttrell's ire. The figure I saw in some strange manner moved me mightily. Whether it was the tie of kinship, the feeling that the same air had nurtured us, that the same scenes had filled our eyes and hearts in youth, I know not, but there it was. I felt my being stirred. I longed to go to him, to shake his hand, and bid him at once welcome and God-speed. But I did not dare. An obscure journalist is not hail-fellow-well-met with distinguished generals whose breasts are covered with the trophies of their valour. He interested me mightily. He had a very tall, spare figure, loose-knit, yet suggestive of enduring strength; his face, clean-shaven and terribly thin, I thought, gave each strongly-marked feature full play. It was a good, true, honest face, but a sad one. At that moment sadness was undoubtedly its outstanding characteristic.

"Your Wa-chope looks down on his luck, doesn't he?" said Luttrell, with his aggravating drawl. "I shouldn't like to incur his wrath. What an eye! I say, they don't look as if they happened to be of the same mind."

NOT AGREED WITH WAUCHOPE.

Luttrell was a shrewd observer. At that moment he had put his finger with unerring precision on the weak spot. I believe it is no longer doubted that Methuen and Wauchope were not agreed about the plan of the approaching engagement. But the mystery of it remains a mystery still, for of the two one who could have explained it lies dead on the veldt, and the other holds his tongue, perhaps wisely, since the evil thing is done, and can never be undone. It is one of the things one finds it difficult to write or to think of with that calmness which alone justifies criticism. That Sunday, the 10th of December, was a close and murky day, presaging rain. It seemed to me as if a singular depression lay upon the camp, which had been all the week in uproarious spirits. Although no orders had yet been given, it was generally understood that a move would be made at daybreak.

The great gun, but newly arrived, and already nicknamed Joey, had been dragged by oxen and men to a ridge overlooking the supposed position of the enemy. That and other signs led even the uninitiated to surmise that to-morrow would be the day of battle. About five o'clock in the afternoon, as I was taking a stroll outside the camp, I came suddenly, rounding a little hillock, upon a solitary figure, sitting on a boulder, looking steadily before him. He had a pair of field glasses in his hand and appeared as if he had been reconnoitring the position. I gave a start as I recognized the General, and half hesitated. Here was my chance, if I wished a word with him, and yet I feared to intrude. When he saw me he saluted me courteously, and I, hat in hand, took a step towards me. He flashed a quick glance of enquiry at me, which seemed to demand my business.

HE TALKS WITH WAUCHOPE.

"My name is Lyall, General Wauchope," I said in my lamest manner, "I am a Midlothian man, a grandson of old Andrew Wallace, so long a tenant in the Byres."

The aggressive reserve of the Scot, never more strikingly exemplified than in the General's first look at me, was immediately melted in the sunshine of a smile which changed the whole man, and he frankly extended his hand.

"I know your name, of course. I have heard you spoken of at the Claud Inneses. I am glad to meet you. What paper do you represent?"

"The St. George Gazette."

"Ah, yes, of course, I ought to have remembered. Well, Mr. Lyall, this is a strange business we are embarked on. Have you been here since the start?"

"I joined Lord Methuen's column just before Belmont, sir. My chief, Mr. Wardrop, has his only son shut up in Kimberley."

"Oh, yes, there's a good many vested interests of one kind and another in this country," said the General, with a slight, inscrutable smile. "And there'll be more before we finish this business. I dare say you have guessed that we are to attack to-morrow."

"I have thought things pointed that way, sir," I said, more and more impressed by his frankness and the inexplicable charm of his manner. It may be that my heart, being soft to him who had come straight from home, was apt to exaggerate the qualities of the man, but in my brief interview with him I came to the conclusion that he possessed all that was necessary to bind his men to him in that passionate ardour of devotion which next day was so sadly exemplified in the field.

A PREMONITION OF DEATH.

"The Black Watch looks very fit," I ventured to remark when he did not reply to me. "I've been talking to some of them. They seem in tremendous spirits."

"Ah, they're fine fellows, fine fellows whom any man might be proud to lead. They and I have been in some tight places together. I wonder whether this will be the last."

"Sir, do not hint at such a thing!" I stammered, for the sadness with which he spoke staggered me.

"I much fear it; in fact, I may almost say I am certain of it. I shall never see Niddrie or the green Lothian plains again, Mr. Lyall. But if a man dies at his post, whether at home or abroad, in peace or in war time, he has fulfilled the Creator's purpose in him, and no man need say his end comes untimely."

With that he got up and strode away, and I dared not follow him. I stood still, and looked after him almost stupidly. The thought in my mind that he was a great soul and solitary, set apart in some strange way from his compeers by the shadow of approaching death. The impression made by these moments on my mind can never be effaced or forgotten.

A FEW HOURS' REST.

As I sauntered back to the great busy camp, my mind was full of many strange thoughts and some natural forebodings concerning the morrow. I saw him very near once more that night before we turned in to snatch a few hours' broken rest. It was late, and he had been long closeted with the commanding officer in his quarters, receiving, we supposed, his full and final instructions concerning the plan of action. I was within a few yards from him when he left the tent, and I saw that his hands were clenched, his mouth set, his brows knit, either in perplexity or distress. My heart rushed out to him. The desire was upon me to offer a word of sympathy, to beg him to use me as he willed. But I wisely refrained. It would have been a foolish action, which he would have been the first to resent and condemn. It was a raw, biting night, and a drizzling rain was beginning to fall. I stood out in it until I had watched the General disappear within the door of his tent.

WHY NOT HOME MADE ICE.

Looks as if We Would be Making Our Own Ice in the Near Future.

"If the courts fail, science may be depended upon to knock out the ice trusts," says a chemist in the Kansas City Star. "I venture the prediction that the average well to do family will be making its own ice inside the next two years.

For a long time past a number of the cleverest inventors in the country have been trying to devise a small, compact ice machine, with a capacity of from 50 to 500 pounds a day, that can be operated by any domestic servant, and they have made sufficient progress to bring success clearly in view. It is an interesting fact that nearly all the remarkable improvements which have been made in large commercial machines during the last two or three years have suggested themselves in this tireless search for a practical household apparatus.

"When I say that success is in sight, I mean that all the most serious problems have been solved, the difficulties that remain to be overcome are purely mechanical. As a matter of fact, four or five small machines are already in the market, but none of them quite meets the requirements. The ideal apparatus for use in cities will probably obtain its power from an incandescent lamp socket, just like the ordinary electric fan. The cook will fill up the receiver with water, make the connection and go about her business.

"There is nothing Utopian about this little forecast. Private ice plants are already practical for very small commercial concerns—restaurants, confectioners, etc.,—and the household machine is one of the advances along the line of domestic economy to which we may look forward with absolute confidence. By the by, one of the inventors who is pegging away at the problem is a New Orleans man, and I was told lately that he had turned out a very successful working model. I have said nothing about liquid air, because that strange product has proven so tricky and intractable that it is risky to venture any predictions as to what may or may not be done with it. Another substance which has been exploited as the 'refrigerant of the future' is a so called 'freezing powder.' It is really nothing new, but an expensive chemical salt that is frequently used in laboratory experiments. It has no possibilities in practical operation."

Great Cures Brought About

By the Use of the Famous Prescription of the Venerable Dr. A. W. Chase.

Here are reported three cases in which Dr. Chase's family remedies proved a blessing of incalculable worth. There are thousands of others just as remarkable, for Dr. Chase, through his recipe book and home medicines, is the consulting physician in the majority of homes in Canada and the United States.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

Mr. Joseph Geroux, 22 Metcalf St., Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I was nervous, had headache and brain fag. I was restless at night and could not sleep. My appetite was poor, and I suffered from nervous dyspepsia. Little business cares worried and irritated me. After having used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for about two months, I can frankly say that I feel like a new man.

"My appetite is good, I rest and sleep well, and this treatment has strengthened me wonderfully. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Pills are certainly the best I ever used, and I say so because I want to give full credit where it is due."

KIDNEY DISEASE.

Mr. James Simpson, Newcomb Mills, Northumberland County, Ont., writes:—"This is to certify that I was sick in bed the most of the time for three years with kidney disease. I took several boxes of pills—different kinds—and a great many other kinds of patent medicines; besides that I was under treatment by four different doctors during the time and not able to work. I began to take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and since that time have been working every day although a man nearly 70 years of age. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured me."

ECZEMA ON BABY.

Mrs A. McKnight, Kirkwall, Wellington County, Ont., writes:—"I feel it my duty to let you know what Dr. Chase's Ointment has done in a very bad case of eczema on our baby. We had tried any number of cures without any permanent relief, but from the hour we commenced using Dr. Chase's Ointment there was great relief and the improvement continued until there was complete cure. We think it the greatest of family ointments."

Dr. A. W. Chase's portrait and signature are on every box of his genuine remedies. For sale everywhere, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Beauty Factories.

If any woman comes to Paris these days with the laudable determination to overcome her physical defects there is no earthly reason why her ambition should not be gloriously realized, writes a correspondent. In Paris just now there is more feminine beauty created by science than by nature, more physical loveliness by direct application of remedies ranging from hypnotism to hot water, than by health or inheritance, and the powers behind the throne of beauty dwell in what are called Ateliers de la Beaute. They are all specialists, devoting their lives and their brains to the study of the improvement of the feminine form or face divine and the artists of great fame who paint portraits for rich people earn no bigger incomes than some of these hair or complexion creators. Some of them are women and some of them are men, but all of them make their first fame by the creation of a successful actress.

The scheme of advertisement is simple enough. When a pupil from the conservatory is preparing to make her first appearance under particularly powerful patronage, one of these fairy god-mothers takes her in hand and for nothing at all creates for her a feature. To this are added fine gowns and no matter if the debut is a failure the feature is sure to find favor with the appreciative Parisian audience, and the next day every one is talking of Mlle. B.'s marvellous waist, or exquisite hair, or stunning shoulders. Talk of that sort in Paris creates a fashion, and to the beauty artists who made Mlle. B. famous, rushes the feminine Parisian world.

It was a poor, unknown but burningly ambitious friseur in a back court three flights up who did Jane Hading's hair ten years ago in large ondules that stayed, and to-day he airs himself in the Bois de Boulogne in the most gorgeous and expensive automobile ever seen in that park. The woman who made Rejane's figure and now keeps her waist permanently at the 19-inch measure, has one of the finest studios for the cultivation of the waist on a big boulevard back of the opera house. The man with the new electric appliance for restoring color to gray hair is growing almost bald and gray himself from overpatronage, while as to the cultivator of lovely bones, the creator of supple beautiful leanness, her clientele runs now into the thousands.

To begin with the coiffeurs. Their business is not only to arrange hair exquisitely but to guard it from all the weaknesses that the human scalp is prone to, to impart to scant ugly hair a vigor and gloss as well as a curliness without which no woman's beauty can of course be considered complete. Just drop into the operating rooms of one of the best of these artists and see him take a stiff gray handful of short and what are called badly bitten locks into his hands. The saddened possessor of this uncompromising looking mass says she once had nice brown curls and then she was ill, finally resorted to dyes, let the dye wear off and then took to curling irons. With the profound gravity and attention of a great physician the head of the establishment questions and listens. He absorbs and makes elaborate notes upon the whole history of the case, inquires whether grayness and thinness of growth are hereditary, and then orders his assistants to examine the scalp, take samples of the hair and when full microscopic and chemical investigation has been made he decides on a treatment.

A remarkable application of coloring fluid through electric baths is what they now give in cases of premature grayness. The process is long and exciting and furthermore it is expensive. The head is washed and rubbed and steamed and then a tinted oil is worked into the open pores. Curiously enough a sweetly perfumed white oil gives a brown tone, a faint brown oil brings back a shining black gloss and then electricity is expected to do the rest, after the clipping, singeing and brushing with a huge revolving, softly bristled wheel has been undergone.

All these appliances give to the hair dresser's little mirror lined toilet rooms the appearance of a modern torture chamber. Down from the ceiling, by green electric wires, revolving hair cleaners of various sizes hang for some heads are so delicate and the tints of some hair so pale and beautiful, that a dry cleaning is the only kind even, since the hair dresser has decided that more women bleach and injure the quality of their hair by washing and brushing than through any other agency. All day long women are coming in to have their heads brushed and the earlier the hour the greater the number of visitors.

Some women, like Lucy Gerard and Cleo de Merode, come direct from baths and breakfasts, for it is against their principles and the order of their coiffeur to attempt even the simplest arrangement of their locks unaided. Coming in her delicate luxurious peignoir, over which a long dark cloak is worn through the street, the stage beauty drops into a deep armchair and an elegantly attired young woman takes out the shell pins and proceeds deliberately to comb the silken tresses with her fingers. Tangles are not rudely torn from the mesh nor long precious strands uprooted, but every knotted curl is patiently raveled until the assistant's fingers run from scalp to tip unimpeded. Then a wheel shaped brush, covered with long bristles as soft as camel's hair, is allowed to whirl over the head and down the white partings made by the assistant's index finger. This detaches and blows out every particle of dust and a little finger massage stirs the blood under the skin. After this, if it is the day for the ondule, steel tongs are brought fourth and instead of heating the surface of the metal over a flame, hollow tongs filled with hot water are employed. The water supplies the requisite intensity of heat without running any danger of scorching the hair, and besides actresses hundreds of well-cared-for Parisian fashionable women drop in during the day, slip into white silk peignoirs and subject their heads to the dry cleaning process which is not only good for the hair but prevents the headaches, the nervous attacks and weariness that comes after a regular soap and water shampoo.

Never indeed, no matter what the conditions, does the up-to-date hair dresser in Paris permit a head under his care to go into a tub. When a woman arrives in the frescoed parlors, where in cupboards hang peignoirs of every tint in silk satin or linen that may please her taste, she is booked for a steaming. The hair is incased in a long bag of the thinnest rubber, one end of which fits about the forehead, back of the neck and ears. Steam is turned on and for nearly an hour rises into the locks, condenses on the scalp, and a steady drip, drip, goes on until a proper point of cleanliness is reached. The drying is all done in a trice with an electric brush. This is followed by thoroughly perfuming the tresses, a process also accomplished by steam, and this perfume treatment supplies to dry hair just the requisite gloss. After long and patient experiment to such a point of perfection has the drying of hair been recently brought, that if a blonde or a gray head is to have a darker tint, one treatment every six months is enough to hold the color bright and true against all, save salt water tests. Red is the tone most difficult to fix, unless the process of changing from the natural to the artificial color is begun in youth and carried on gradually. In Paris now-a-days it is no uncommon sight to see girls of twelve and fourteen going every week to the hair dressers for the changing of their sober brown or black locks. Girls there are destined for the stage or for smart society and their ambitious mothers willingly undergo the trouble and expense entailed in order to secure for their daughters a feature so rare and so difficult of attainment.

Hair dressers, however, great as is their influence, are no more potent or advanced along the road to scientific manufacture of beauty than the corset makers. Wonderfully shaped and supple bodies they fit to exquisitely cared for heads, and the making of special corsets alone in Paris is a business amounting to millions of dollars a year. No one knows really how strong is the link that binds the dressmaker to the corset maker in this city of good gowns.

When the great modistes call a convention to consider vital changes in the style, nothing can be decided until the corset makers admit the possibility of producing stays that will cast the figure into the mould requisite for the new form of skirt and waist. Three years ago a staymaker in Paris invented the straight front corset with a view of satisfying the demands of Worth and his colleagues who had decided to move slowly toward the restoration of the Louis XV. and XVI. styles of dress.

At first the women refused to wear the corset, but the dressmakers put on the thumb screws by promptly and flatly refusing to take an order for a gown unless it was fitted over the new corset. The women gave in and that staymaker is a rich man. He did it all by fooling willingly beguiled femininity; he made the waist bigger, but he made it longer, and now when he has a woman whose body no human force could crush into a 24-inch corset, he turns her over to the producer of bones, to the woman who keeps Rejane's figure in trim, brushes flesh from the limbs as easily as a housemaid whisks cobwebs from the wall.

They call her the cold water witch, because she spouts an icy fluid on her victims form every point of the compass and is even capable, her subjects say, of massaging and pounding obstinate flesh with bags filled with finely shaved ice. Wrapped in a sheet her patient is first laid on a wooden table with a gutter all around its edge, and then the rubber hose is turned on. It plays in a spray, a circle and a steady spout first, from this angle and then from that, and after a few moments of spraying the thumping with ice filled bags begins until the offending flesh does melt like dew according to Hamlet's eloquently expressed desire. After the spraying and thumping the patient is ordered to run around the room, is rubbed down, wrapped in a flannel robe, allowed to rest fifteen minutes and to eat a dry biscuit and half a cup of hot, black coffee with a little of what tastes like a delicious liqueur in it.

After two or three treatments the bones begin to sprout, first those around the neck come, then a good sharp elbow developes itself, and at last the hip measure begins to shrink. Hip flesh is the last to go, and this precedes the diminution of the waist girth. Rarely does a subject prove wholly resistant to the cold water treatment. Plain water, directed from a sufficient height through a hose, will do as much as faith, namely, move mountains, and it is therefore perfectly logical to agree that less water through a smaller hose directed at unstable human flesh, will break down fatty tissues and bring out the solid bone foundation.

This reasonable conclusion has been practically reached so often here in Paris, that no longer is there an excuse for a clumsily fat woman. That is what the corset makers insist, which accounts for the tremendous number of patients who meekly, winningly, shiveringly but hopefully stand the shock of spout and spray. When the bones begin to show, then the way back to the corset maker's satin-lined little boudoir is taken and the responsibility is left to her of bringing the flesh-bent bones back into place.

First the regenerate figure is laced into a straight-front stay, the back of which is laced in two sections. Broad, flat shoulders, prominent collar bones, long lean arms, the waist of an ant, hips flat and without curve—that is the rule for the fashionable figure to-day. To make the shoulders flat the brace is used and pulled up just one button a day, then eased for twenty-four hours, for a flat back should not imply a stiff back, and where the shoulder blades protrude the figure is looked upon as ill-proportioned and ungraceful. An outstanding shoulder blade implies a sunken chest, and no military man boasts in proportion a broader chest than the most modern Parisian woman in her skimpy, skirted gown of lace or liberty tissue and her hair piled so high that she towers above her stalwart escort.

To add to her height she wears the extreme pompadour heel to her shoe, whether by day or night, and to complete her charm she affects the new powder rogue that only the microscopic eye can detect from the color that comes of high health and fine living.

Here is another loophole for plain woman's escape from the curse of real ugliness. She must indeed be a hopeless sort of creature who fails to find damask cheeks and a lily brow in some atelier of Paris. There are still those beauty parlors where rouge is daubed, powder dusted and eyebrows penciled, but they are not the little warm rose lighted boudoirs to which the smart Parisienne and imitated foreigner go.

To get a complexion that is worth having and guaranteed to wear, you must have a card and out of the dust and noise of the street you pass from a court up a pair of stairs and into a pink and white drawing room that looks as if the decorations were done in curds and whipped cream and where a velvet voiced young woman, whose very presence inspires confidence, takes you in hand. She whisks you into a boudoir all to yourself, tucks you into a silk crepon and lace robe de chambre, speaks tenderly to you, pushes your head back on a cushion and begins her operations.

There is a soft bright light overhead and you attempt for a while to watch her manoeuvres, but it is better to shut your eyes while she examines you through a powerful lens and tells you your skin is just the quality of such and such a Duchess, and that just a little of this and that will render it quite ravishing. First she washes cheeks, chin and brow with a sponge hastily dried out from very hot water. That relaxes all the nerves and opens the pores and then with two tiny rubber-headed drumsticks she plays a rat-a-tat-too, from one end of your countenance to the other.

After this a liquid of delicate odor and secret composition is massaged in gently and what is called electric air blown into the face. This last smells like a warm south wind wafted over a bed of violets or carnations, and while you are trying to decide which, you fall into a profound and refreshing slumber. It does not last more than ten minutes, the nap, but you wake softly out of it to find that the young woman is throwing many shaded lights on your face. She is trying to decide what tint of powder will suit your skin best, and the varying nuances of color come from thinnest sheets of crystal behind which there is an electric light. Every crystal sheet is matched by powder, a powder which when blown, not smeared, on the face, produces exactly the normal tint of rose your cheeks would wear were nature kind enough to prevent this sort of art. When the color is decided upon the powder is blown on by a new device, and if the decision is that a delicate rosy radiance over the whole face is likely to produce a more natural effect than an application to the cheeks alone, the powder is applied and then by the deftest touch in the world it is worked in and the surplus blown off, with an enormous swansdown puff on the end of an ivory stick.

Finally, when the treatment is over and you sit erect in your chair facing a long mirror, you realize for the first time that you are a particularly attractive young woman and that none but you and the young woman need ever know but what your exquisite rose-leaf skin came through other than health's own agency. Go as near the mirror as you please or roll in from under a thick green shade the hard light of day on your face and the charm of reality is just as keen and your conscience is clear of the crime of using rouge. You are simply wearing a tinted powder adjusted with infinite art to your clean softened skin. No pores are clogged and a dash of cold water will wash it all away, yet left alone it will remain fixed for twenty-four hours.

Go more deeply into the question of complexion treatment with the young woman and she will inform you that these powders are laid on after a treatment with peroxide of hydrogen is given and that in some cases they do use hypnotic force to give the modern nervous woman, whose facial muscles are not at rest even when she sleeps, a period of profound repose.

With a little magnetism we treat wrinkles successfully, she will assure an interested listener. The patient is put into complete relaxation and then the face is bathed and massaged, but enameling—oh, no, never does the Parisian actress or women of fashion submit to that nowadays, though we do sometimes make little brown moles on the left cheek.

WHO LIKED STRAWBERRY JAM?

The Lady Bountiful of the parish was going her rounds, and called at a small cottage occupied by a model peasant, whose wife had been an invalid for some years.

And how is Mary to-day? inquired the visitor.

Just about the same, thankee kindly, mem, was the reply.

Did she enjoy those little things I sent her yesterday? asked the lady.

The things come all right, mem, an' we be greatly obleeged; but if I might make so bold, would ye not send her any more of that jelly? Some jam—strawberry jam—be much more sootable, mem.

Why doesn't she care for the jelly? was the natural query.

Yes, mem, she do; but I can't say as I does.

AN ALL-AROUND MAN.

He goes in for everything. He's quite an enthusiast.

Yes; if somebody were to send him on a wild goose chase, he'd speak of himself afterward as a sportsman.

GAINS MADE BY RUSSIA.

Important Advantage Secured While England Was Busy With the Boers.

Now that the end of the war in South Africa is believed to be in sight attention is being turned in England to the advantages that have been gained by Russia during the eight months which it has lasted while the hands of England have been practically tied.

The first step taken by Russia immediately after it was seen that the Anglo-Boer war was going to be a much longer and more tedious affair than was first reckoned on was the mortgage she established over Persia, followed by the movement of troops to the Afghan frontier on the road leading to Herat. The next was the concession from the Turkish Government giving Russia the monopoly of railway construction in Eastern Asia Minor which virtually converts the great plateau of Armenia into a Russian sphere of influence. Simultaneously with the negotiations that give her this foothold in the regions overlooking the low lands of Mesopotamia and facing the German sphere in Anatolia, Russia, acquired a lien on Bulgaria in return for a small loan; she obtained the use of the important harbor of Bourgas on the Black Sea, which is connected by railway with Sofia, the capital and the Servian and Macedonian railways; and the Bulgarian army becomes again the advance guard of Russia in the Balkan Peninsula. These are her gains in western Asia and the near East.

In the Far East, Russia has obtained two notable concessions, one of which is believed by many to endanger the continuance of her pacific relations with Japan. The first of these concessions is the right to build a railway from Kiakhta, the Siberian customs frontier station, south of Lake Baikal, to Kalgan, on the great wall of China northwest of Pekin. The obstacles to the construction of this road through eastern Mongolia, are nothing compared to those presented by the country through which the Manchurian railway passes to Port Arthur and Vladivostock.

ITS STRATEGIC ADVANTAGE

is also greater, as it is so far removed from the coast that the chance of its being interrupted by an enemy foreign to China and Russia is reduced to a minimum.

The last concession was obtained from Corea on March 30, when the Corean Government made over to Russia a site on the shore of the harbor of Masampho at the southern extremity of the Corean Peninsula, to serve as a coal depot and naval hospital for the exclusive use of the Russian fleet. The value of the concession is doubly enhanced by a clause which prevents Corea from alienating to any other power any land in the neighborhood or even on Kojedo or any other island, which would cover Port Hamilton and Quelpart, islands which England has had an eye on for a long time.

The last concession gives Russia an exclusive ice-free harbor midway between Vladivostock and Port Arthur thus securing a winter base for her Pacific fleet which is being steadily increased. It also gives her command of the sea road to Pekin, and in a measure isolates Wei-hai-wei, and threatens Japan from across a very narrow channel. So secretly was this treaty negotiated that it was still unknown to foreign correspondents at Tokio in Japan in the middle of April, and apparently also to the Japanese Government.

The feeling in England in relation to the Masampho concession seems to be stronger than with regard to the others, England having evacuated Port Hamilton in 1886 after obtaining an undertaking from Russia, not to "occupy Corean territory under any circumstances whatever." In 1894, Sir Edward Grey, then British Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, intimated that the British Government regarded this pledge as still valid. In the present circumstances, however, protest is unavailing and the precedent of Port Arthur makes it doubtful in the opinion of many whether Lord Salisbury would persist in any objection he might raise; while an untimely threat might set in motion the troops Russia has collected in central Asia along the Afghan and Persian frontiers.

The end of the South African war is therefore the more ardently desired, in order that the hand of the British Government may be sooner free for contingencies which some believe are not very remote.

The Paris coutourieres are cleverly combining cloth, silks, poplins and embroidered muslins with foulards.