

Scent and Its Uses.



New York furnishes the field in which many earn a living in ways that are odd. But the oddest of all has been selected by the young woman who calls herself the perfume girl. Her mission is to make the society woman smell like a flower garden.

"There is no need of trying to scent a house all in a day nor is there any use trying to scent one's robes all in an hour," she says. "Scent in the house is like spice in the cake, it takes days and days for it to ripen and it takes weeks and weeks for it to mature."

"There are only a few scents that are good in a hurry. Orris is clean and sweet smelling, ladylike and desirable always. And the ready-made perfumes are always ready for use. But the woman who is going to carry around with her a lot of garments, all beautifully and tastefully scented, must manage in some other manner."

"I remember one case of artistic perfumery which I have always considered a success. In all her jackets there were pockets and in each pocket I put a sachet bag. The bags were made of Japanese paper and were very tough. I had them folded and sewed just to fit the pockets and I filled each bag with an oriental perfume as heavy as I could procure. The coats were street coats and could stand a great deal of scent. If there were three pockets in the coat I put in three sachets; if there were four I put in four. Positively each pocket had its own little fitted paper sachet lining."

"Next I tackled the dress skirts, which needed the sachet badly enough, for they smelt of tapes, braids, lining and all sorts of things. Many of them had never been worn. As the young woman was slender, I made countless little bags which I hung from narrow ribbons. These I made up as one would make a shower bouquet. Some of the ribbons were long and some were short. But I attached them all at the belt line and sewed them fast."

"But the real secret of the perfumed atmosphere lies in one's locks and in one's lingerie. And also in one's bath."

"There is a girl who takes a bath daily in a tub into which there has been dropped one scented tablet. There is another girl who pours a cup of home-made perfume in her tub before letting the hot water run into it. When partly full she adds a handful of pine needles sewn in a bag and she stirs in some orris powder. It makes a very sweet bath."

"I make a little scented cap for fastidious young women to wear. They put it on at night to scent the locks. It makes the hair deliciously sweet. There should be enough scent in it to make the hair very fragrant. A cap of this kind is made of tulle, of the suggestion of the scent that is used. In this way it is easy to remember the odor."

"I advise my patrons to use a dozen scents. One is heavy and disagreeable. But where many are used the results are pretty sure to be good. It is like stepping into a flower garden to enter a boudoir that has been perfumed with different and harmonizing scents. Each is faint, yet each is distinct. It is like the Ruskin garden—just sweet enough to smell like a flower."

Some of the Latest Dicta es of Fashion.

Musquash is no mean imitation of mink and it promises to be deservedly popular among autumn furs.

For wear with these black and white stoles are pretty marabout muffs, with three tails, tipped with white, laid on the top.

Old-fashioned bottle-green and puce-colored velvets are trimmed with mink or sable for directoire coats to be worn with cloth skirts of the same shade.

A pretty arrangement of the bridal coiffure is to have a nest of little curls right on top, encircled by a wreath of orange blossoms, from which the veil is draped.

Brown furs look exceptionally well against brown or blue, although mink shows off well against certain shades of pink and soft green, white, cream, and biscuit tints.

A short coat, much on the pony order, in beautiful mink skins, is in the wardrobe of a bride-to-be. The stripes of the fur are so arranged as to form a regular pattern and to this and also to the appliques of embroidered velvet the jacket owes its novelty.

A very novel button is of black set in silver and striped in silver bands, studded with rhinestones. Another has a latticework of rhinestones. These brilliant stones are more used than ever, and are combined with oxidized silver, gilt mother-of-pearl and smoked pearl in wavy stripes, scrolls and circles.

Muffs Decorated with Tails. The new muffs that have been introduced are as large as the "gran-

Frock for Child.



nies" of last winter plus a waterfall of most lengthy tails, which falls over the muff from the front.

So long do the tails appear that the fact that they are joined together is very apparent, though there is no obvious proof of it. A sable muff lined with white fur will have brown and white tails alternately upon it, with the heads of the sable and the fox at the top of each tail.

Worn in a carriage or locomobile, the effect of this extraordinary muff is striking, while for the promenade it is not less so, though the weight the tails add to it is not inconsiderable, and therefore somewhat of a deterrent to the case of the pedestrian.

Chapeaux for the Winter.

Just as the taste for picturesque clothes has certainly been due greatly to the influence of certain women of taste of our own country—such as the Duchess of Portland and Rutland and Lady Chesterfield and Lady Windsor and others—so we are refusing to obey the dictates of Paris as to the dressing of our hair, says an English fashion journal. The fearful and wonderful heads "sunning over with curls" like the lady's in the song are not to be copied in London, and the hair should in every case be only suited to the wearer and the type of hat most favored. As to the hats for the winter they will fortunately be larger and larger; I say fortunately, as that invariably means more becoming to the English face. Great plumed beavers in lovely colorings will be the favorites, the once adored black hat being entirely in the background.

The Decorative Button.

One of the pretty things of the year is the wooden button. It comes in many different styles of wood and some are painted and some are natural. One debutante wears a gown trimmed with wooden buttons in the natural shade of wood, which in this case is a pale tan. Set into the buttons are tiny glistening bits of steel. And this fashion of setting steel into buttons is observable upon many of the imported frocks.

Another gown is made of turquoise blue, and trimmed with pale blue enamel buttons, rimmed with silver and set with steel. These buttons are very attractive and it can be stated that they play a very important part in the trimming of the dress.

Add Chic Touch to Gown.

If you want a particularly new note for an evening dress get a wide, straight band of gold lace, put this on as a belt, very high under the arms. In back fasten the ends still higher with two knots of ribbon.

PECK'S BAD BOY



The Bad Boy and His Dad Arrive in Cairo—At the Hotel They Meet Some Egyptian Princesses—Dad Rides a Camel to the Pyramids and Meets with Difficulties.

BY HON. GEORGE V. PECK.
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)

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Cairo, Egypt.—My Dear Old Irish Vegetable: Gee, but you ought to see dad and I right now, at a hotel, waiting for a chance at a room, when a bride and groom get ready to vacate it, and go somewhere else. This hotel is full of married people who look scared whenever there is a new arrival, and I came pretty near creating a panic by going into the parlor of the hotel, where a dozen couples were sitting around making goo-goo eyes at each other, and getting behind a screen and, in a disguised voice, shouting, "I know all! Prepare to defend yourself!"

The women turned pale and some said, "At last! At last!" while others got faint in the head, and some fell on the bosoms of their husbands and said: "Don't shoot!" You see, most of these wives had husbands somewhere else, that might be looking for them. I have warned dad not to be seen conversing with a woman, or he may be shot by a husband who is on her trail, or by the husband she has with her.

Well, sir, of all the trips we have had anywhere, the trip from Constantinople here was the limit. For two or three



days we were on dinky steamboats with Arabs, Turks, negroes and all nationalities camping on deck, full of fleas, and with cholera germs on them big enough to pick like blueberries, and all of the passengers were dirty and eat things that would make a dog in America go mad. The dog biscuit that are fed to American dogs would pass as a delicate confection on the menu of any steamboat we struck, and I had rather lie down in a barn yard with a wet dog for a pillow and a cast-off blanket from a smallpox hospital for a bed, than to occupy the bric-a-brac of any steamboat we struck.

And then the ride across the desert by rail to reach Cairo was the worst in the world. Passengers in rags, going to Mecca, or some other place of worship, eating cheese a thousand years old made from old goat's milk, and dug from the Pyramids too late to save it, was what surrounded us, and the sand storm blew through the cars laden with germs of the plague, and stuck to us so tight you couldn't get it off with sandpaper, and when we got here all we have had to do is to bathe the dirt off in lye.

It takes nine baths to get down to American epidemics, and the last bath has a jackplane to go with it, and a thing they scale fish with. But we are all right now, with rooms in the hotel, and rested, and when we go home we are going to be salted down and given chloroform and shipped as mummies. Dad insists that he will never cross a desert or an ocean again, and I don't know what is to become of us. Anyway, we are going to enjoy ourselves until we are killed off.

The first two days we just looked about Cairo, and saw the congress of nations, for there is nothing just like this town anywhere. There are people from all quarters of the globe, the most outlandish and the most up-to-date. This place is an asylum for fakirs and robbers, a place where defaulters, bribers, murderers, swindlers and elopers are safe, as there seems to be no extradition treaty that cannot be overcome by paying money to the officials. I found that out the first day, and told dad we should have no standing in the society of Egypt unless the people thought he had committed some gigantic crime and fled his country.

Dad wanted to know how it would strike me if it was noised about the hotel that he had robbed a national bank, but I told him there would be nothing uncommon or noticeable about robbing a bank, as half the tourists were bank defaulters, so he would have to be accused of something startling, so we decided that dad should be charged with being the principal thing in the Standard Oil company, and that he had underground pipe lines running under several states, gathering oil away from the people who owned it, and that at the present time he was worth a billion dollars, and his income was \$9,000,000 every little while, and, by giner, you ought to see the people bow down to him. Say, common bank robbers and defaulters just fell over themselves to get acquainted with dad, and to carry out the joke, I put some kerosene oil on dad's handkerchief, and that clinched it, for everybody loves the smell of a perfume that represents a billion dollars.

All the women wanted to dance with dad in the hotel dance, and because they thought I must be heir to all the oil billions, they wanted to hold me on their laps, and stroke my hair, as though I was it. I guess we are going to have everything our own way here, and if dad does not get eloped with by some Egyptian princess, I shall be mistaken. The Egyptians are pretty near being negroes, and wear bangles in their ears, and earrings on their arms. You take it in the dark, and let a princess put her arm around you, and sort of squeeze you, and you can't tell but what she is white, only there is an odor about them like "Araby the blessed," but in the light

Necessity of Industrial Education

By ROBERT M. BURNETT.
Member of Massachusetts Industrial Education Committee.

industry cannot progress. Under our present system we are not turning out such workmen. Take one of our strongest industries, the shoe trade, as an example. A leading Boston merchant told me a few days since that over 60 per cent. of the better grades of shoes sold in this city are manufactured outside of the state. Inquiry among manufacturers shows that the better grades are not made in Massachusetts because the workmen are not trained up to the task.

It is the same story in every line. We have been satisfied to drift along, content when the returns showed that we were not going backward, and unmindful of the fact that our competitor states are doubling and trebling their business in our special lines. Let us take the experience of Germany as our guide in this matter. A few years ago that nation was in exactly the same position that Massachusetts is today. England and the United States were crowding her to the wall, commercially. To-day the Germans are pushing out for trade in every part of the world; a formidable competitor in our strongest lines of production. They have done this by systematized work and by providing for the working classes a complete, carefully graduated system of industrial education, deliberately organized for the promotion of efficiency.

Every ambitious youth has the opportunity to be fortified with the technical foundation which places a premium on competency and which means independence to the individual and prosperity to the community. With this, legislation is adjusted to hold the balance true between strict and proper protection for the worker and promotion for industry, without the unnecessary iron-clad regulations which are the handicaps of workman and employers alike, and have left our industries where they are to-day.

R. M. Burnett

they are only negroes, a little bleached, with red paint on their cheeks. If I was going to marry an Egyptian woman, I would take her to Norway, or up towards the north pole, where it is night all day, and you wouldn't realize that you were married to a colored woman. To be around among these Egyptians is a good deal like having a pass behind the scenes at the play of Ben Hur in New York, only here the dark and dangerous women are the real thing, instead of being white girls with black paint on.

We have just got back from the pyramids, and dad is being treated for spinal meningitis, on account of riding a camel. I never tried harder to get dad to go anywhere on the cars than I did to get him to go to the pyramids by rail, as a millionaire should, but he said he was going to break a camel to the saddle, and then buy him and take him home for a side show. So we went down to the camel garage, and hired a camel for dad, and four camels for the Arabs and things he wanted for an escort, and a jackass for me. There were automobiles and carriages, and trolleys, and everything that we could have hired, and been comfortable for the ten-mile ride, but dad was mashed on the camel, and he got it.

Well, sir, it was not one of these world's fair camels that lay down for you to get on, and then get up on the installment plan, and chuck you forward and aft, but a proud Egyptian camel that stands up straight and makes you climb up on a stepladder.

Dad got along up the camel's ribs, when the stepladder fell, and he grabbed hold of the hair on the two humps, and the humps were loose and they lopped over on the side, and it must have hurt the camel's feelings to have his humps pulled down, so he reached around his head and took a mouthful out of the seat of dad's pants, and dad yelled to the camel to let go, and the Arabs amputated the camel from dad's trousers, and pushed dad up on top with a bamboo pole with a crotch in it, and when dad got settled between the humps he said, "Let 'er go," and we started.

Dad could have had a camel with a platform on top, and an awning, but he insisted on taking his camel raw, and he sat there between those humps, his trousers worked up towards his knees, showing his red socks and blue drawers, and his face got pale from sea sickness, and the red, white and blue colors made me think of a fourth of July at home. We went out of town like a wild west show, and dad seemed happy, except that every time an automobile went whizzing along, dad's camel got the jumps and waltzed sideways, out into the sandy desert, and chewed at dad's socks, so part of the time dad had to draw up his legs and sit on one hump, and put his shoes on the other hump. The Arabs on the other camels would ride up alongside and steer dad's camel back into the road, by sticking sharp sticks into the camel, and the animal would yawn and groan and make up



faces at me on my jackass, and finally dad wanted to change works with me and ride my jackass, but I told him we had left the stepladder back at Cairo, so dad hung to his mountainous steed, but the dust blew so you couldn't see, and it was getting monotonous when the queerest thing happened.

You have heard that camels can fill up with water and go for a week without asking for any more. Well, I guess the week was up, and it was time to load the camels with water, for as we came to the Nile every last camel made a rush for the river, and they went in like a yoke of oxen on a stampede, and waded in clear up to the humps, and began to drink, and dad yelled for a life preserver and pulled his feet up on top, and sat there like a frog on a pond lily leaf.

My jackass only stepped his feet in the edge, and dad wanted me to swim my jackass out to the camel, and let him fall off onto the jack, but I knew dad would sink my jack in a minute, and I wouldn't go in the river. Well, the camels drank about an hour, with dad sitting there meditating, and then the dragomen got them out, and we started off for the pyramids, which were in plain sight like the pictures you have seen, with palm trees along the Nile, and Arabs camping on the bank, and it looked as though everything was going to be all right, when suddenly dad's camel stopped dead still and wouldn't



move a foot, and all the rest of the camels stopped, closed their eyes and went to sleep, and the Arabs went to sleep, and dad and the jackass and I were apparently the only animals in Egypt that were awake.

Dad kicked his camel in the ribs, but it wouldn't budge. He asked me if I couldn't think up some way to start the procession, and I stopped my jackass and thought a minute, and told dad I had it. I had bought some giant fire crackers and roman candles at Cairo, cracker for me. There were automobiles and carriages, and trolleys, and everything that we could have hired, and been comfortable for the ten-mile ride, but dad was mashed on the camel, and he got it.

Dad said "all right, let 'er go, but do it sort of easy, at first, so not to overdo it," and I got my artillery ready. Say, you can't fire off fireworks easy, you got to touch a match to 'em, and dodge, and take your chances. Well, I scratched a match and lit the giant fire cracker, and put it under the hind legs of dad's camel, and when it got to firing I lit my roman candle, and as the fire cracker exploded like a 16-inch gun, my roman candle began to spout balls of fire, and I aimed one at each camel, and the whole push started on a stampede for the pyramids, the camels groaning, the Arabs praying to Allah, dad yelling to stop 'er, and my jackass led the bunch and I was left in the desert to pick up the hats.

I guess I will have to tell you the rest of the tragedy in my next letter.

Yours with plenty of sand, HENNERY.

CAMPING IN THE ROCKIES.

Delights of the Evening Around the Fire Described by an Enthusiast.

About dusk you struggle in with trout or game. The camper lays aside his mending or his repairing or his notebook and stirs up the cooking fire. The smell of broiling and frying and boiling arises in the air. By the dancing flames of the campfire you eat your third dinner for the day—in the mountains all meals are dinners, and formidable ones at that, writes S. E. White, in "The Mountains."

The curtain of blackness draws down close. Through it shine stars, loom mountains cold and mistlike in the moon. You tell stories. You smoke pipes. After a time the pleasant chill creeps down from the eternal snows. Some one throws another handful of pine cones on the fire. Sleepily you prepare for bed. The pine cones flare up, throwing their light in your eyes. You turn over and wrap the soft woolen blanket close about your chin. You wink drowsily and at once you are asleep.

Late in the night you awaken to find your nose as cold as a dog's. You open one eye. A few coals mark where the fire has been. The mist mountains have drawn nearer, they seem to bend over you in silent contemplation. The moon is sailing high in the heavens. With a sigh you draw the canvas tarpaulin over your head. Instantly it is morning.

ENGLISH WOMEN'S FIGHT for SUFFRAGE



Americans are much interested in the struggle of English women for suffrage, and their strenuous tactics in attempting to force their demands have won the admiration, if not the indorsement, of their sisters across the water. American women want the franchise, that is, many do, and have been for years carrying on an active campaign to gain their point, but picture the American woman storming the capitol building at Washington and seeking by violence to gain the presence of the members of congress.

But in England things are different and when the women there want anything from parliament they go after it in a different way from that by which her American sisters would. And it really begins to look as though a few determined British woman suffragettes are going to make parliament give them what they want by means of tactics which, if employed by men, would have not the remotest chance of success. The suffragettes—Suffragettes they call them in England—are making a deliberate and well-organized attempt to shame and scare parliament into granting votes to women. When the cabled accounts of the recent actions of the Suffragettes at the entrance to the house of commons reached this country it looked as though parliament and the law courts had to deal only with a handful of rather violent cranks, but this view must now be considerably modified.

According to the latest dispatches some of the women who created a disorderly scene in the purlieus of parliament and later, on refusing to give bonds for good behavior, were sent to Holloway jail, are still in prison. There if no occasion, however, for any great amount of tears on their behalf. The British government has ordered that they be treated as "first-class misdemeanants," which means that they have all the comforts of home, and that all they suffer is the loss of liberty to go out when they want to.

The women who have been making what some of the London newspapers have called "disgraceful scenes" are by no means mere cranks. Most of them are of gentle birth, and a number of them have attained prominence in various avocations. One of the women sent to jail is Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, wife of the celebrated artist-bookbinder and daughter of the great Cobden, who, with her sisters, is well known as a philanthropist. Another is Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, who has done notable work on behalf of poor girls in the slums of London. A third is Mrs. How-Martyn, a bachelor of science of London university, to gain which degree one must pass an examination the "stiffness" of which is proverbial. Mrs. Montefiore, another of the women sent to prison, is well known as a writer, while Miss Billington is a school teacher, and Mrs. Baldock is a member of the board of guardians and has become celebrated for her efforts on behalf of the poor.

Mrs. Pankhurst, who, if not the leader of the movement, has become perhaps its most prominent exponent, has served for several years as a member of the board of guardians of Manchester. Miss Irene Miller is a daughter of Mrs. Florence Fenwick Miller, the well-known journalist, speaker and author. The mention of Mrs. Miller serves to recall the fact that although the suffragettes are having quite an easy time of it in jail, they were not at first treated as first-class misdemeanants, and the news that they were being subjected to the same indignities as ordinary prisoners drew forth various bitter protests in letters to the London papers. Harrowing accounts of what they had to endure were printed, and many were the epithets applied to the government for its "cruelty" and "heartlessness."

Naturally conservative Englishmen are horrified at the "exhibition" the suffragettes have been making of themselves. The Times was particularly severe in its comments. It spoke of the "unseemly and disgraceful scene" at the house of commons, of the "outrageous conduct" of the women, and of their "pathetic confidence in the mystical powers of a banner." The Times added that the whole affair was "excessively vulgar and silly," and that it offered "a very good object

lesson upon the unfitness of women to enter political life." Hysteria, it added, claimed even these gently born women for its own just as if they were of the rudest and most ignorant class. And then it spoke of the "essential disabilities imposed by the feminine organization" and the "utter debasement of political life that would be involved in yielding to the clamor of such a mob."

But the Times got as good as it gave. Champions of woman suffrage, not women, but well-known men, appeared in the lists of its correspondence column and soundly rapped it for its attack. George Meredith, writing in the cryptic Meredith style, was understood to say that such scenes as had been witnessed at the house of commons were very dreadful, but that it was the only way of making the not-very-much-alive John Bull do anything.

Among the supporters of the suffragettes is W. T. Stead, who at an indignation meeting held in Westminster after the suffragettes were sent to jail, declared that in his opinion the women "were certain of victory and that the more miserable the home secretary and the government feel the better."

Naturally, the humors of the situation appeal to a large proportion of the British public, especially as the suffragettes have unconsciously injected a large amount of humor in the proceedings, thereby proving again the truth of the old principle that the more earnest one is the more likely is one to commit some absurdity. One woman speaker at a suffragists' meeting declared that it was time to "put one's foot down with a loud voice," while another said that there was going to be "the most terrible and determined struggle that the world has ever seen."

But, all the same, as even the enemies of woman suffrage admit, the suffragettes have done more in the last few weeks to obtain victory for their cause than the old-fashioned suffragists succeeded in accomplishing in many years.

Sample of the Work Which the Modern Boomer Has to Perform.

Lillian Vera Smithereen, in the chorus of the "Boulevardier Burlesques" at the Magnifique theater, is the only woman proprietor of a unicorn farm in the world.

Before Miss Smithereen ever thought of going before the footlights she had built up a great institution for the propagation of unicorns, which is the only institution of its kind ever organized.

"I was led to invest in this peculiar enterprise," said Miss Smithereen, in her dressing room, "through a chance remark of my old friend and schoolmate King Edward. The emperor of Abyssinia had just presented the king with a magnificent lion and Edward remarked in my presence that if he only had a unicorn to go with it he would have a fine living emblem of the British nation."

"Let me supply the missing member of the happy family," I said, for I happened to have a pet unicorn which I had raised on my estates in Australia.

"The king readily assented and I gave him the unicorn. The two animals made a great hit at Buckingham palace and there was immediately a demand among the nobility for pet unicorns. I thereupon turned my estates over to the business of breeding unicorns and I now produce more than 1,000 annually. The demand keeps up because of the fact that the lion eats the unicorn on an average of every seventeen days and the unicorn has to be 'renewed.' A unicorn brings on the market from \$2,000 to \$8,000, according to the specimen. So you see the business is a profitable one."

Miss Smithereen has adopted the stage as a career purely through choice, the \$15 a week which she receives as a chorus girl being a mere bagatelle, as it were and so to speak.—Kansas City Times.

was thus the first steamship to navigate the ocean successfully.

Stevens next turned his attention to the subject of steam ferries, and on October 11, 1811, he established the first steam ferry known to man, the boat he had constructed for the purpose opening up on that date a regular service between New York city and Hoboken, N. J.

Where Snow Is Sold.

In some parts of Asia Minor snow is obtained in the mountains and packed tightly in a conical pit which is covered with straw and leaves. At the bottom of the pit a well is dug, with a drain to carry off the water formed by the melting snow. The snow is delivered to customers in near-by cities at the price of ten to 25 cents for 100 pounds.

Wily Ruse of Lion.

When hyenas plague lions by stealing pieces of the prey, the lion will throw chunks of meat toward them at shorter and shorter distances, until they get within reach of its paws and are finished by a blow.