MME. MAKEM-UP'S PARLOR.

MRS. DOBLEY VISITS IT AND PAYS FOR HER TEMERITY.

Heroic Treatment Which Some Women of To-Day Willingly Undergo in Order to Preserve Their Beauty—Its Efficiency May Be Questioned in View of Mrs. Dobley's Experience and That of Her Friend.

"Too many women," said Mrs. Dobley over her teacup, "simply throw away their husband's affections by their own neglect."

"Oh, there's no doubt of that," said Mrs. Van Ripper. "A woman feels that she's married, and that's the end of everything. She lets herself go, even the most particular of us do."

"Do you notice that a widow is never like that"? said Mrs. Dobley. "There's Cora Cleverly. She keeps her hair touched up with that Titian red-bronze that is so becoming to her. When Tom Cleverly was alive her hair was a pretty enough brown, but when she became a widow she decided that a touch of that coppery brown pottery color was more attractive to nine men out of ten."

"I know now Cora Cleverly keeps looking so well," said Mrs. Van. "She spends one day each week beautifying."

"Beautifying?"

"Yes. And I know where she goes—to Mme. Makem-up's, and she gets made over just like new. You have no idea how they improve one. But, of course, a woman doesn't care to go and meet other women; all sorts of women go, you know, and then you get the reputation of making up. Cora Cleverly is one of the sort of women who simply doesn't care. She said the other night, at dinner, that if beauty was only skin deep, she knew a lot of women who ought to change their skins. She thinks remarks of that sort funny, when they are only fast." Then, looking at her watch, she added: "I think I'll drop in at Cora's and—and have a cup of tea. Don't forget that you and Mr. Dobley dine with us to-morrow night at 8. By-bye."

Next morning Mrs. Dobley started out with considerable mystery, without mentioning her destination or the hour at which she would return. She travelled downtown and then across to one of the fashionable avenues which she traversed until she reached a high brown-stone dwelling. Then she gave one hasty glance right and left and hotted up the steps.

"Mme. Makem-up"? she said faintly to the neatly aproned maid who opened the door in answer to her ring.

"For a consultation?" asked the maid.

"Er—yes"— said Mrs. Dobley, nervously; "for a consultation."

The maid ushered her into an office that looked like the boudoir of a fairy queen. It had a series of little cabinets screened off by swinging mirrors hung with silk in delicate shades—blue, pink, yellow and violet. Mme. Makem-up was a stately-looking person in creaking black taffeta, who looked as though she might take some of her own reduction powders to advantage. She had diamonds on her knuckles, and her complexion was a creamy white, just tinged with rose pink on the cheeks. She gave one the impression of having lived indoors all her life and having been constructed for gaslight only.

"You wish to consult me?" she said, sweetly, indicating a chair and seating herself opposite Mrs. Dobley, "about treatment?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dobley; "I wish you to—to—tell me what I require to improve my appearance."

"I always suggest a full course," said Mme. Makem-up "for ladies who are beginning. After that the beautification process is easier."

"A course?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"Yes; a week of Turkish and Russian baths; the preliminary toning up takes about a week."

"Oh, I just wished to have something done to-day," said Mrs. Dobley.

"You can have very little done in a day," said Mme. Makem-up.

"Why, a Mrs. Cleverly comes here one day each week," said Mrs. Dobley, boldly.

"I rarely mention my patrons' names," said Mme. Makem-up, "but the lady you mention has taken the full course. Why, I reduced her twenty pounds, to begin with, and trained her nose."

"Her nose?"

"Oh, yes—we do that for many ladies when the nose is inclined to be a little—er—too retrousse—as in your case, madame," said the Goddess of Beauty, smiling at Mrs. Dobley. "You mustn't mind my speaking plainly to you at the first consultation. Then your ears—just turn your head—your ears ought to sit back closer to the head. Then your eyebrows need shaving badly."

"Shaving" said Mrs. Dobley in horror.

"Oh, yes; that is the very newest thing. We arch the eyebrow delicately. You have no idea how it improves the face. Mrs. Cleverly has her eyebrows shaved each week."

"What would it all cost?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"One hundred dollars in advance for the preliminary treatment. Then our artists study your face and figure and decide what is best," said Mme. Makem-up blandly. "We train the features and bleach the skin and color and train the hair and eyebrows. We can enamel the skin so that it will stand the sun and rain. We turn you out a transformed woman. After that, a visit weekly is all that is required to keep you in thorough repair," said Mrs. Dobley. "But what can I have done to-day? I will decide later about the complete course. I should like to consult my husband."

"You make a great mistake, madam, to get any man's opinion on this. So many men associate cosmetics with injurious compounds forgetting that most laws we have hygienic powders, rouges and bleaches."

"What can I have done right away?" asked Mrs. Dobley, anxiously, taking off her hat.

"I would suggest that you have one of our artists study your face and arrange your hair properly prettily. But first let me beg of you to take a face steaming and massage, then have your eyebrows shaved and the lashes clipped. After that you can have manicuring and hand massage, which beautifies and causes dimples to appear on the hands. We straighten fingers and make them slender at the tips, and round the wrists to the proper proportion."

Madame touched a bell, and a tall, handsome young woman came to the door. "This is Miss Sellemthings," said Mme. Makem-up; "one of our artists. This lady, Miss Sellemthings," said she, "wishes a little superficial beautifying for some social function this evening."

As the beauty doctor left her to Miss Sellemthings, she rose, and went out to greet another customer as Mrs. Dobley was led into an inner room. Here a number of women were undergoing face steaming, their faces buried in towels and strange-looking machines from which steam gushed [illegible] There was an odor of perfume in the air which was hot and sticky. Mrs. Dobley was placed in a chair, and her head and neck swathed in a towel so she can't tell. A girl smeared her face with a rose-colored paste, and held it in one of the queer machines until it was quite moist, warm and disagreeable. Then Miss Sellemthings applied with several little camel's hair brushes in [illegible] hands.

"It is a mixture," she said, "that you purchase at the complexion brushes. After a steam it is much more disagreeable texture than it was originally unless you use this brush as directed before starting. Only a dollar."

"Oh, well, said Mrs Dobley, meekly. Miss Sellemthings smiled upon her. "I never saw such an impressment," she said, "after one treatment, come with me."

She led Mrs. Dobley into another room, and gave her to a Swedish girl in a big white apron, who began to knead her face as though it were dough. With vertical strokes over the brow and a circular sweep of thumb and forefinger about the eyes, and a firm pinching at the corners of the mouth, she proceeded over Mrs. Dobley's face until she thought it would never end.

Then Miss Sellemthings appeared with a little glass jar in her hand. "How do you feel now?" she asked.

"My skin stings awfully," said Mrs. Dobley; "it feels all puckered up, as though it were too tight a fit."

"That is always the effect of the first massaging," said Miss Sellemthings, "and we have made this cream for the special purpose of relieving it. You must use this daily. Two dollars a jug. Now you are ready for our hairdressers." She dusted a powder puff over Mrs. Dobley's face. "Such a beautiful glow," she murmured. "This way, please."

Mrs. Dobley followed her into another apartment which had an odor of violet powder and scorched hair. She seated herself nervously before one of numerous mirrors. "This lady," said Miss Sellemthings to one of the young women barbers, "wishes her hair done; let me see." She threw her head back and regarded Mrs. Dobley critically. "I think a pompadour flat on top and wide over the ears will best suit her style. Wave it in loose waves and put in a bunch of curls and puffs in the back to fill out—the $8 kind, and see that it matches."

"Oh, but I never could think of wearing false hair," said Mrs Dobley; "I never have—I never—"

"Oh, we can do nothing with your hair as it is," said Miss Sellemthings decisively. "Just wait till you see, when our artist gets through with you." Then turning to the girl barber, "Be sure not to lose the line of this lady's brow; it is her best point."

The girl began with Mrs Dobley's hair, waving it and rolling it over the hot irons until it grew to a mighty mop.

"Gracious is that me?" gasped Mrs. Dobley, looking in the mirror with a shudder.

"You must not look in the glass until we are through," said the hairdresser; "then you will see," and she adjusted a bunch of false curls back of Mrs. Dobley's head.

"Now," said Miss Sellemthings "when she came in, "for the eyebrows, hold back your head and don't get nervous please." She scraped both eyebrows with two deft strokes. "Now," she said; "look at yourself."

Mrs. Dobley looked, then she gasped. "Why I look like a Indian," she wailed.

"You look too artistic for anything!" said Miss Sellemthings. "And you must buy one of our safety razors and keep them just at that line."

Mrs. Dobley nodded limply. Miss Sellemthings looked over her critically. "You must let me touch up your eyelashes—just a little"—she said; "and just a trifle of color on your cheeks?" She manipulated a rabbit's foot over Mrs. Dobley's face and penciled her eye lashes.

"I'll never dare to meet my husband with all this on" she moaned.

"Nonsense! Every woman feels like that first. If you could only see the improvement! It's simply wonderful. This is a special pearl powder that we make for a skin like yours. You must take a box. Yes? Shall I send these home or will you take them?"

Mrs. Dobley walked faltteringly out to the dressing room to put on her hat and coat. As she pinned it on before the mirror she saw a strangely familiar face opposite. It turned and so did she.

"Well Leila Van Ripper!" she exclaimed; "I wonder if I look as badly as you do?"

"You couldn't look worse, dear" said Mrs. Van, sweetly.

"What shall we ever do?" said Mrs. Dobley.

"I'll have the lights dim so they can't notice."

"Not notice these eyebrows? You look like one of these Japanese dolls! And I look as though I was wondering at something all the time! Isn't it dreadful?"

"I'll tell you one thing we can do" said Mrs. Van Ripper as she saw tears gathering in Mrs. Dobley's wondering eyes. "We can hurry home and get our faces washed before those men come in for dinner!"

SHE CATCHES BUTTERFLIES.

Profitable Industry Developed by an English Girl in California.

Mary Yeomans, an English girl who settled with two brothers in California, has developed a profitable industry in catching butterflies. She had some knowledge of butterflies when she went there. One day a flock of yellow pansy-like butterflies hovered a moment over her and then flew up the mountain side to a patch of yellow honeysuckle. She followed the butterflies up the steep mountain side. She thought she recognized them as a species known only in the higher Alps, and very rare and valuable.

"When at last I did get one in my hands I was sure it was the very kind," she said in telling about her new business. "I was too excited to wait till morning, which is the best time to catch butterflies, because they are sluggish then in the cold, damp foliage. I caught six before night, and the rest of the flock in the morning. I pinned one out carefully and sketched it in water color. I had to be saving of my postage, so I sent the sketch instead of a box of butterflies home to England. Such a long wait as it was! And fancy my delight when I had word at last to send all the butterflies to London. You would never guess what they offered me for them—$25 each, and as there were twenty-three of them, I had the tidy little sum of $575, all my own, and the first money I ever earned in my life. That was my beginning, and I was always on the look-out for butterflies. With my money I bought ten fancy sheep."

Miss Yeomans's cellar is not for eatables, but is her nursery for beetles. What appears to be unsplit store wood lies in rows on the floor. Each piece has been split, but tied together again, and in each piece are different species of beetles. They eat the wood, making their way out, and lay their eggs in the wood.

"I keep watch, and when a beetle gets to the surface I put it back," she said. "The most valuable one? It all depends upon the demand. A beetle is worth just what I can get for it. Dr. Le Fontain, who came out from France to study the insects of California, came to our house by chance. He did not tell us who he was, merely that he was a stranger passing through the country, but when I chanced to see him before dawn creeping with a candle in his hand under the pine trees, I knew he must be after insects. He was in raptures over a beauty he had found, and when I told him about my butterflies and showed him what I had, he forgot all his English and rhapsodized in French. He taught me a great deal about beetles and told me of a certain one he was most eager to find in California. He believed it was here, though he could not find it. It had been found only in Italy, and had almost disappeared. Ah! You had better not look at it; you will be disappointed."

She poked about in a box of twigs and produced what seemed a most ordinary little black bug with long, slender legs, and then she placed beside it a little round red one, no larger than a pin head.

"The tiny one is the one which Dr. Le Fontain travelled miles and miles to find and could not—I found it. The other is the beauty he caught under the pine trees. You understand, a collection of beetles is not complete without all the different species. Some are very common, but others are most difficult to find. Dr. Le Fontain made me a sketch of the beetle he was looking for, and then we went out to find a mate for the beauty he had caught in the morning, for where one is, more are sure to be. We found four, and they were the ancestors of the ones I have here. He showed me how to make what we call a series. That is, a butterfly or a beetle in all its stages from the egg to the perfect creature—each stage shown by a specimen and tacked in order on a card. I always make notes as to time each stage requires and food and where the life was lived. He was so kind and interested I was delighted when at last I found the beetle he wanted. It was three summers later, and I made a long journey for it. I had wanted for so long to go back to the Redwoods we passed coming up. You stopped in the woods and know how that silence of the great trees haunts one who has once known it. Brother Tom and I made the journey on horseback, and camped a week right in the heart of the belt. It was there I found my beetle. I carried a white sheet along and spread it on the ground. Taking up an armful of dried pine needles, I shook it over the sheet. If any of the fallen particles scuttled off I knew it was an insect, and one of the scuttling specks was my long-wished for, much-desired beetle.

"The Indians know about butterflies, and know where to find them, and they are the only ones who have even helped me to any extent except a Chinaman. I have a great respect for Chinamen and Indians; they see things which few of our own white civilized men can comprehend, even though it means dollars."

FUR GARMENTS AND BOAS.

Excessive Decoration One of the Features of the Season's Display.

Fur garments and novelties in fur neckwear are out in full bloom in the shops, and if the variety shown is really a good illustration of what is to be worn, then no one need hesitate about making a selection. All sorts of capelets, collarettes and boas figure in this department of dress in a bewildering array of combinations.

Two and even three kinds of fur are worked in together, and with the addition of heads, innumerable tails and feet, the effect is quite as easily imagined as described. The question of what not to have becomes the one for consideration very promptly after a few moments' reflection. There is much to be said in favor of these little novelties, as they can furnish warmth, and if you purchase one made of only one kind of fur, it gives an air of elegance to your costume.

Combinations in fur are stunning in the coat department where the broad flaring collars are of fluffy long-haired fur, chinchilla, sable or fox, on the baby lamb and sealskin coats. In the smaller things for the neck, the mixtures have a patchy appearance. Some of the first-class furriers will tell you that they are making very few of the collarettes and little capes, boas being in better style. The long round boas are coming in again, huge in size, as they are made of bearskin and fox, and the muffs, round and plain, are proportionately large. In fox, a muff with a head at one end and a fat bushy tail at the other, is one of the novelties. Another fox muff has a head directly in the centre of the front.

Again we see the combination of velvet and lace on coat revers, and appliqués of black cloth worked in on the body of broad tail coats; but this is simply a fad to promote the season's scheme for excessive decoration, and add more expense where there is enough already. Embroidery of any sort, in fur, is never more than a passing fancy as it is wasted elegance in the first place, and very poor taste in the second. A knot of cream lace, or a jabot of soft lace at the neck or on the muff, is always a pretty addition, but the special craze which supplants the lace this season is the use of chiffon plaitings with a tiny ruche on the edge, all matching the fur in color. When ever lace might be used for frills, scarf ends and edgings, the chiffon is substituted, brown chiffon for sable, and gray for chinchilla.

Pretty little shoulder capes are made of beaver-colored velvet shirred around the neck and down on the shoulders to give them shape. The edge is finished with a band of silver fox, below which falls a tiny plaited frill of chiffon matching the velvet in color. This has a narrow ruche on the edge and long scarf ends of chiffon, also finished with a ruche, tie in front. Sometimes these ends are accordeon plaited, and again they are simply a full straight scarf with rounded ends, trimmed all around. A pale blue or pink chiffon frill may be substituted for the more sombre color on the inside of the neck. A pelerine and muff of chinchilla outlined with gray chiffon frills are the daintiest things among the fur novelties. The stylish coat shown in the illustration is of breitschwanz with chinchilla collar, and one of the Eton shapes with a full front is made entirely of chinchilla. Breitschwanz in its natural gray color is used this season for evening wraps, one speciality being a long cape with a shaped flounce, lined throughout with pink satin. Pink chiffon frills with cream lace decorate the inside of the collar, cover the revers and trim the front edge, and a hood drapery formed of folds of gray mirror velvet is carried around the shoulders.

An Unknown Hero.

From the Two Republics.

La Gaceta of Sept. 24, published in Guadalajara, part in English and part in Spanish, prints in a prominent place the following:

"A CAN.

"Will the gentleman who embraced my wife at the entrance to the P. Office about nine o'clock Thursday evening, please send me his photograph for my 'Album of Heroes?' He will greatly oblige J. I."

THE TESTIMONIAL HUNTER.

A WOMAN WHO PREYS ON THE FRAILTIES OF HUMAN NATURE.

Every Man, and Every Woman, too, Has His Price She Declares, and May Be Induced to Proclaim the Virtues of a Patent Medicine He Hasn't Tasted.

"How do I get them? High class testimonials, you mean? Let me think. In a sense, I may be said to run a factory. And yet I would prefer to say briefly, and comprehensively, I get them by my wits."

"But we want to know specifically."

"Specifically, it will be a long story."

This was said meditatively by a sprightly little woman who is the representative of a patent medicine house, and had been asked to explain the seemingly mysterious methods employed in securing the pictures and testimonials used in advertising. What could possibly induce the Governor of this State, the Mayor of that city, and women in private life to testify to benefits received from patent medicines? she was asked and presently came the answer.

"As you know, it is my business to gather these pictures and testimonials, and I have been at it for several years, although I am by no means a pioneer. With these years of experience behind me, whatever the difficulties may once have been, I think that I may say that now it has been reduced to a science worthy of respect, certainly on account of the amount of brains and skill required. Perhaps you have noticed that in some of the largest cities we run each spring a two-page advertisement, one of the pages being brightened with the faces of prominent business men or politicians, local celebrities, while the other is solid with paragraphic laudatory remarks from wholesale and retail druggists. I have been told that away back before my time, money used to change hands in the securing of these, not from the company direct, understand, but from its representatives' rather large salary and expense accounts. Be that as it may, we manage things better now, and if any cash ever does reach the actual giver of the testimonial it is because the many hands through which it has passed have not known their business, and what has slipped away must have made the trip so indirectly that Sherlock Holmes would have difficulty in tracing its route.

"There are few men or women, be they ever so strong-minded and self-reliant, and no matter to what heights they may have risen through the possession of these very qualities, who have not some weak points in their characters and who have not also some friend who can strike them safely and surely. It is my part to choose the people whose testimonials we want, discover their weak points and become the intimate friend of their friends. The process is simple, though not easy. Sometimes it is a business man who thinks himself shrewd in getting a half-column illustrated advertisement of himself and his business at no cost to himself. He does not want or need the medicine probably, but some kind friend can easily make him see that thousands of people must read our advertisements or we would not keep paying out good money for such an amount of space as we purchase for so many years. Of course people cannot read our advertisement when we print his testimonial without learning about his business as well. It is easy enough to word the little paragraph in which he pays his respects to the remedy in such a fashion that only the most painstaking reader would ever guess that he had not actually ever tasted the stuff he so highly recommends.

"Perhaps it is a good-natured man with an eternally impecunious friend whom he is always helping over financial snags. How could there be an easier way of helping that friend to earn possibly $25 than by letting him have a photograph and his signature to something which he has not time to read, but which his friend assures him is thoroughly unobjectionable? Then again it is the man who has never had his portrait published, but has always had a sneaking desire to see what it would look like. He falls an easy victim to the graphic representation of the unusual amount of space which will be given in a prominent paper to his physiognomy. If he has a single quality, it is easily reached by a rapidly recited list of his associates, for our gallery of photographs is largely made up of local, national and world-known celebrities.

"Another man whose photograph is easy to secure is the over-economical business man. He probably has no use just now for the help he held out, the pen and ink sketch framed, if he likes and the original zinc etching; but he thinks he might sometime, and his habit of never letting anything get away becomes our very efficient help. Another good way to catch both men and women is an offer of eleven out of twelve photographs which we are quite willing to have taken for any reputable citizen, free, at the best studio in his town. In short, every man has his price. The minister is helped to a friendly feeling by a timely contribution to the needs of his church. The philanthropist is rendered willingly helpful by generous assistance in pushing his favorite fad. The politician is induced to think that it is well to keep his face before the public in and out of season and is told that it is very democratic to announce publicly that he takes a popular remedy when he needs toning up instead of wasting his money on some high-toned doctor. The hypochondriac is coaxed into actually imbibing the medicine, and is made to believe that it has helped him—and probably it has—and so it goes.

"There is little difference in the method of getting what we want from either man or woman. It is a difference of character, rather than of sex which we have to study. The thing is to get the chosen victim interested. This must chiefly be done through intimate friends. We sometimes have trouble, though not so often as one might suppose. I remember back a couple of springs, when we published the annual announcement in the Chicago papers. The work was done in this way: We paid a morning paper a good round price to furnish and print once two pages of brand new matter, illustrated and made up in the regular way. The newspaper hired a reporter for a stipulated sum to turn in the matter subject to its approval. The young man hired in turn a young woman whose business made her acquainted with most of the prominent business men and politicians to suggest to him whom he should approach for pictures and testimonials and how. In less than ten days the thing was accomplished. Six pictures and testimonials had been obtained from semi-public men, and all the wholesale and retail druggists in the city had been marshalled into line. The two pages were printed in this morning paper. Two weeks later, when all the advertising men from the other city papers had made the necessary contacts, the same thing appeared in every newspaper in town. Then it was that a storm broke. It seems that the young man, anxious to break his record for doing the thing up quickly, and perhaps wanting to collect his money and take a rest, had told each of his testimonial givers that the portraits and remarks would be put by him only in his own paper. It seems that when the two pages first appeared, the pictured gentlemen were most unmercifully guyed by their friends, and fearing a repetition of the fun, they descended in a body, fighting mad, upon the office of the newspaper in which the matter had first appeared. Then it was that I earned my salary. The newspaper sent the men to me, saying that it had fulfilled its contract and refusing to assume any responsibility for the subsequent publication. I treated them royally, deplored the error, and promised that it should not occur again. This was easy, since we would not have used the stuff again anyway.

"Recently I was put in a more difficult position. In sending me to a large city our superintendent gave me the name of a woman who he had learned would be extremely useful in securing illustrated testimonials through her large acquaintance which had been gained chiefly by alleged philanthropical work. I think that subsequent revelations will show that I use the word alleged advisedly. To save time, I was recommended to see this woman at once and get her help. I did so, and the testimonials fairly snowed in. As she was so highly recommended by my own employers I was a little lax and did not try to discover her methods. So long as the signatures and pictures went together, I took the rest on faith. Fortunately we were a little slow in the home office about that time, and had only published one of the batch, which I had paid well for, when the lady's methods were, in a measure, exposed. The signatures were undoubtedly authentic, and the photographs were all right, but in most cases the women who had lent their names and pictures did not know exactly what was to appear under them, and understood that the money collected was being given by our company to this woman for her philanthropic work, and that she wished to do us a good turn in payment. Probably if the woman had not been so grasping as to sell these testimonials which were definitely proved for us, to other makers of proprietary articles, and some of them not of the best character, nothing would have happened. But that was what she did, and we were supposed to have countenanced the selling. It took me a month to get the business straightened out, and then I had nervous prostration."

"Took your own compound, I suppose?" said the wag of the party.

"No. I went to a watering place."

Interminable Struggle.

From the Washington Post.

"Do you know," said a girl I know across a supper table to me, night before last, "I shall not be at all surprised when I die to find that the dead are just as busy staying dead as we are living, and that they dread coming to life as much as we do dying? I dare say they have to work day and night to stay dead, and that all the time they are haunted by the horrible thought that if they make failures of themselves, they'll starve to life. What do you think?"

THE ROCKING CHAIR HABIT.

One Cause of Nervous Prostration Among Women, Says a Doctor.

"You must give me something to help me, doctor, you really must," said the woman patient. "Why, I'm a total wreck. I can't sit still a minute. I'm on the verge of prostration."

She swayed listlessly back and forth in the leather chair as she spoke, and looked at the doctor helplessly. He nodded gravely.

"Yes, I see," he said. "Your nerves are in a terrible condition, and no mistake. I wonder," he added, after a moment's reflection, "what portion of the day you spend in swaying backward and forward as you are doing now?"

The rhythmical motion of the woman's body ceased and she stared at him in surprise.

"Why, my land!" she ejaculated. "What a question! I don't do this any of the time at home. I don't have to. We have rocking chairs there." The latter statement was made somewhat spitefully, but it did not fease the doctor.

"So I supposed," he said, coolly, "and I've no doubt that you have often felt like denouncing doctors soundly for not having a goodly supply of them in their offices for the accommodation of nervous patients."

The woman started up the pendulum-like motion again. "Well," she returned, "I must say it would be a good deal more comfortable than having to sit in one of these straight, uncomfortable things."

Whether the doctor took offence at her uncomplimentary reference to his office chairs, or whether he had been whetting himself up to the point where he could give her a sharp, professional talk, it would be impossible to say, but certain it is his lecture broke loose then with vehemence.

"Now see here," he said. "I have scores of women patients just like you. They come in here and tell me all about how their nerves are frazzled into strings, and they can't sit down, and they can't stand up, and they can't walk, nor eat, nor sleep, nor do this, that, or the other thing. Oh, they're in a terrible condition. Well, that's right. They are in a bad fix. And so you want me to cure you? Well, I'm willing, but you've got to do your part. You cannot very well remove these deplorable defects without rooting out the cause, and you can't dig out the cause without throwing away rocking chairs. Oh, yes, I mean it; throw away the rocking chairs. They send more women to the grave and the insane asylum each year than all the sewing machines in the United States. They are at the bottom of more than half this nervous trouble you women are always complaining about, and if I had my way fully two-thirds of the rockers that now clutter up our houses would be split into kindling wood, and three-fourths of the factories that are now turning them out by the hundred would be shut down. People who have never given the matter thought have no idea how much energy is wasted in keeping a rocking chair on the go. The pretty, graceful things move very easily, I admit, being the best substitutes for perpetual motion yet invented, but for all that they eat up a vast amount of strength in the course of a day, that might well be turned to more useful and less harmful ends. Why, I pity the person who suffers from the rocking chair drunk as much as I do the toper who burns his gullet out with

The sufferer from nervous prostration suddenly found her voice at this point.

"Oh, doctor," she protested, "don't put it that way. Don't say we get—get drunk. It sounds disgraceful."

"Does it?" said the doctor, calmly. "Well, unfortunately I always did believe in calling things by their right names, and that's what it really amounts to. I can tell people who are addicted to the rocking chair habit the minute I clap eyes on them, and I honestly think they are the most pitiable objects I find in my daily journeys. They are ever restless and fidgety and ill at ease, and when deprived of the chair, their distress is manifest. They simply don't know what to do with themselves. Take you yourself, now, for instance. You can't sit there for five minutes without getting up the rocking-chair motion. Now, I am in earnest about this. If you want to get well you must give up your rocking chair just as a drunkard gives up his whiskey. If you do that you'll come out all right. A rocking chair may be restful and helpful up to a certain point, but if taken to excess it is bound to play hob with the nerves sooner or later."

HER ILLUSTRATED ACCOUNT BOOK.

One Woman's Way of Keeping a Record of the Gowns She Wears.

When one has the artistic soul there are many ways in which it may find expression besides painting hangings. One clever woman gives this talent full rein in her personal account book. Not only the cost of clothing herself is therein entered, but a beautiful water-color sketch is made of every important gown that she possesses. For a long time her gowns have been greatly admired, and among her friends it is generally known that she designs them herself, and does much of the embroidery and bead-work that gives them such a costly appearance. Often she has been heard to say: "That gown cost me just $60; I could not have had it made at one of the importers for less than $300."

The first gown that this woman designed was the one she wore at her wedding. At this time also she began to keep her account book. She called it "starting fresh." It then seemed to her quite natural, along with the account of the gown, to make a sketch of it as worn by herself. Her veil and coronet of orange blossoms, her fan, bouquet, slippers, and in fact everything that she wore on that day, she accurately sketched on the page next to the one with the figure of the bride. Following comes the page of expenses, and here not the smallest item is overlooked. Just how much time was by her expended, and how often the gown was worn are also recorded.

The next illustration in the book is her going-away gown. A large and beautiful muff is one of its noticeable features. It is revealed by the page of costs that it was made of two fox skins which were bought in Canada at the astonishingly low price of $6. The lining was entered at $2.45, and the stuffing at thirty cents. The whole cost, therefore, of this confection summed up $8.75. It was twisted into shape by the girl's own nimble fingers. Another costume entered in the book is of orange satin, and it is also recorded that it had upon it 992 spangles.

For four years now the book has been faithfully kept. It has in it 120 stunning costumes. Hats, slippers of many shapes, buckles and hair ornaments have within its pages all found a place. Every new piece of jewelry and lace is also most artistically represented on a square of black background up in one corner.

The book is really a most interesting chronicler of the changes in fashion that have swept over us in so short a time. Should this lady ever smile upon her grandchildren, it would be to them a book of interest. Each one of the water-colors is in itself a work of art, and the gowns mark periods in history quite as well as those we see in the very expensive costume books that have come down to us from the time of Louis XIV.

Although the loss of color would be considerable, it is quite feasible for those that are not artistic to carry out the scheme by the use of photographs. Much of the effect of the gowns would be preserved and the path of fashion as surely followed. The mere idea of illustration of an account book, however, is one that makes the task a pleasure.

The particular account book that has been referred to is large, with pages of fine water color paper. It is handsomely bound and has inscribed upon the outside the name of its owner.

American Locomotives in Sweden.

From the Chicago Record.

GOTHENBURG, Sept. 20.—There has been considerable newspaper talk here about the twenty locomotives which the Swedish railways recently purchased in the United States. A Stockholm newspaper began by saying that from a business point of view the transaction was a failure, because the American engines were defective in material and workmanship. The article got into German newspapers, and certain dealers in American machinery say their business has suffered in consequence. The Director-General of the State railways explains that the ten freight locomotives landed at Gothenburg have proved so good that on the nine boilers tested up to date only one rivet had to be put in. On the ten tank locomotives which have arrived at Stockholm the frame work, cylinders, cranks and the like are irreproachable, but faults have been found in the riveting of the boilers, which work has to be done over again. For this reason about $20,000 of the purchase money has been retained, with the consent of the American firm. The builders say that this fault is owing to the hurry in the delivery, and the Director-General shows by figures that the purchase of the locomotives has proved a good business transaction, inasmuch as it would cost about $18,000 to build here a locomotive of the same weight which in America has cost $12,000. The objections against the purchase of the American locomotives may, therefore, says the Director-General, be considered unjustified.

Fatally Hurt for Stepping on a Pig.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Oct. 9.—While feeding his stock Moses Massengale accidentally stepped upon a small pig, which began squealing. The mother, a very large animal, threw Massengale to the ground and he was badly injured before the infuriated beast could be driven away. He will die.

A MAN VISITOR AT SMITH.

TIME OF MANY TRIBULATIONS FOR THE GIRL STUDENT.

Miseries and Delights of Entertaining a Male Friend at the Glee Club Concert—Triumphs That Compensate for the Tasks and the Man's Own Blunders.

The miseries and delights of entertaining men friends at a woman's college are many and perplexing to the girl students. The young woman hostess has by no means the freedom allowed her in her own home and the young man is bewildered at the restrictions which meet him at every turn.

For weeks before the Glee Club concert at Smith College, the calm demeanor of the young women students is very much ruffled. With the exception of the Junior "Prom," this is the big event of the year; an occasion to which men are invited and which requires the handsomest gowns. It is a matter of great importance to decide just whom to honor with an invitation to this social event. So the young woman goes over and over the list of friends eligible to an invitation and generally decides upon the handsome man, bravely discarding the man she likes best. After the momentous question of the right man has been settled there is the matter of a gown. Luckily there is a great liberty allowed in dress at Smith and anything that is becoming is considered good style. But this is an unusual occasion, when there will be many men to criticise, and no young woman wishes to be considered less stunningly attired than her friends. Maybe the young woman looks especially well in a gown of some fluffy material; but certain ruin awaits a delicate gown in the Glee Club concert crush. At last material, handsome, substantial and becoming, is procured from which a dream is evolved.

The hardest task of all is next in order, procuring tickets. For two hours the young woman stands in line, waiting for her chance to draw for tickets. She is pushed from behind, stepped on in front, has her gown pulled awry and thinks of the lessons she must prepare for the next morning. She loses her temper and says bitter, sarcastic things about the method of selling tickets and mutters savagely that neither "her man" nor any other man is worth all the trouble she is taking. The line moves slowly up, the door opens and five girls are admitted. Then the senior in charge bars the passage with a wand. At last the anxious maiden is admitted and carefully selects a slip from the box, only to find the number 250 printed upon it. She at once tears it up and is almost reduced to tears for she has drawn a practically worthless number. As three tickets can be bought on a slip, the limit of the little Academy of Music will be reached long before the turn of 250.

She sees the mortifying necessity before her of telegraphing to "her man" not to come. But this is a last resort at such times and she will first try the power of a sign. With elaborate care and plenty of red ink, she prints a sign something like this:

Attention All!
Must Have Two Tickets for Concert.
Will Pay Double Price.
Will Pay Anything.
Room 121 Dewey House

The sign is glaring with red ink, skull and crossbones and other signs of distress. There are many students in the same plight as she, and the small ante-room of the gymnasium is plastered over with urgent notices, some of which are ingenious and even beautiful. She flunks all her lessons on the following day and makes frequent visits to the sign. At last she sees "Call at No. 5, Hatfield" written on it. But many other signs say the same thing, and another girl may have called first. After several such false alarms she manages to secure two poor seats in the last row in the balcony.

Now, that she has conquered, she becomes suddenly tired of the whole thing, and wishes there were no men and no concerts. But when she turns on her gown, and is pronounced the "dearest thing, don't you know," she grows enthusiastic again. Now she has given "her man" emphatic orders not to appear until the afternoon of the great day. Then recitations will be over, and there will be plenty of teas with which to entertain him. He has planned to give her a delightful surprise, however, and, bright and early on the morning of the concert, he appears, smiling and complacent, at the door of the college house. She cannot help but make his reception rather cool, for she is busily thinking what in the world she can do with him. She dare not cut all the morning's recitations. She talks to him absent-mindedly while she runs over her list of friends who have certain of the morning hours vacant. She finally leaves "her man" to stare at three or four other men who are sitting around the parlor, and bursts into her chum's room with the words, "Men are so stupid!"

"Yes, I know, dear," responds her chum, "your man has arrived several hours before time, I suppose. Well, I'll tote him around the second and fourth period. Virginia will probably take care of him the third, and you have nothing to do the first period. He can just look out for himself the fifth."

This programme is carried out and the man is taken to the greenhouse; but not caring for botany he does not appreciate the rare plants. The different campus houses are pointed out to him, but he incurs the maiden's scorn by caring more for the up-to-date Plymouth Hall than the old-fashioned comfortable, historic Dewey. He goes into the Science Building and heroically breathes the air laden with hydrogen sulphide and visits the morgue, where he sees a preserved monkey and pieces of cats.

From the music building comes forth a medley of sounds and he asks if it is a lunatic asylum. His escort smiles wearily. She supposes it is a witticism, but she has heard it so many times. Finally his hostess appears and takes him to walk in Paradise. He feels at his ease for the first time, for the spot is beautiful and romantic, and his fair entertainer does her best to be charming. As they come across the campus she shows him the rosy spot which is reserved for her hammock and he insinuates that a hammock party would suit him better than a concert. He is emphatically told that "college girls do not spoon."

In the afternoon he is taken to a round of teas, where there is delightful informality and a number of pretty girls. Somehow they are a little too independent in their views and are not much impressed with his masculine superiority, but they are very jolly and he enjoys himself. His hostess feels rather proud of him now, for she chose to invite the handsome man, and he looks extremely well in his frock coat, and one of the stunningest girls has pronounced him elegant. She knows she would have enjoyed a tete-a-tete in the window seat with the man she did not invite much better but she is achieving a much greater social success with the handsome man.

Dressing for the evening concert follows the teas. This is a slow process. The college girl scorns rouge, of course, but she must have some color so she pinches and slaps her cheeks until they have the right glow. Then her hair must be made fluffy. This is brought about by holding her head over a basin of hot water and letting the steam curl the little loose strands. It sends all the blood to her head but this only increases her color. All her friends must come in and criticise her appearance and tell her whether the stiff bow is most becoming on the right side or left. Then she opens "his box of flowers" and finds that they are Jacks while her gown is of a deep blue. She sputters about the blind belief of men that anything in the way of flowers will do, provided they are costly enough. Wearing the flowers is an impossibility. Her chum suggests that she carry them and wear her white opera cloak. She hums the "Red, White and Blue" and accepts the suggestion.

"Her man," resplendent in evening dress, has been awaiting for her half an hour, but he finds many companions in the parlor doing the same thing. When she arrive he thinks his escort well worth waiting for. The Academy of Music is crowded with girls and his companion laughs mischievously as she pushes unconcernedly ahead and sees him struggling after, his masculinity being for once a drawback, as he cannot jostle rudely the mass of girls.

"I have been waiting nearly fifteen minutes for you," she says sweetly when he at last emerges from the crush. "You were awfully slow. All you needed to do was push with your knees. We all do it and no one minds."

He growls something about its being a pretty thing for a man to push in such a crowd, and she finds him entertaining for the first time. She also enjoys taking matters into her own hands, keeping the seat checks, asking the young woman usher to find seats, and she enjoys seeing him standing helplessly aside, with that bewildered look on his face.

The concert is a success. She sees many young women gazing at "her man," and he is sufficiently impressed with the novelty of it all. To be sure he asks to meet some of the most stunning girls and cares little for those she knows are particularly nice, but then the stunning girls are more than willing to be introduced, for he is pronounced so "distinguished looking." The next morning she takes him to chapel and then cuts all her recitations to take him driving. Now she is perfectly ready for him to go home, but he has decided to stay until an evening train. There is absolutely no new way of entertaining him, so she wearily walks him all over "camp" and florence and is heartily glad when he is gone.

She confides to her chum that evening that she will go to the next concert "stag" and she does not want to set eyes on another man for two years.

His Valuable Time Wasted.

From the Chicago Daily News.

A Chicago lady who is the wife of a wealthy and influential citizen had a great deal of trouble recently with her domestics. She