# Modern Department Stores Change the Business Conditions In Chile's Capital

By Frank G. Carpenter
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South American Capital Has the Most Wonderful Park in the World and the finest Cemetery, and One of the Best Race Courses.

SANTIAGO, Chile, Oct. 24.—Santiago is the social, political and business heart of this country. It is the pulse of the nation and the people move as it beats fast or slow. It contains all of the statesmen and most of the money.

It is the center of all great movements, and, in fact, it might be called Chile itself. The Santiago of 1914 contains fully one-sixth of all the people inside the republic. It has a population of over 500,000 and has doubled in size in the past 15 years. It has grown in beauty and modern improvements. It has widened its streets and paved them with asphalt.

The Alameda has become a grand boulevard, with a garden running through the center and driveways on each side. The Cousino park, the gift of the millionaire family that owns the coal mines, has sprung up on one side of the city and a forest park has been created, skirting both of the banks of Mapocho river. The Quinta Normal has been greatly improved and Santa Lucia, the table mountain that rises straight up out of the heart of the city, has developed into a creation more wonderful than the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

**Santa Lucia a Marvelous Park.**

I wish I could show you Santa Lucia! No city of the world has a public park to compare with it. If you could drop down into the very center of Philadelphia, Baltimore or Boston a mighty rock with almost precipitous walls 200 feet high and with a base of 100 acres or more, you might have the park as it was at the beginning. To make it what it is now you would have to cover the walls with vines, plants and trees until the whole became one mass of green. This mass would include eucalyptus and palms, oak trees and pines and semi-tropical plants and flowers of every description. The rock is so rough that natural grottoes are formed in its walls, and as you climb your way up you go past fountain after fountain and waterfall after waterfall.

You walk through paths shaded by gigantic fern trees and flowers of many colors, the names of which are unknown in North America. Every step upward gives a different view of the city, and at the top a beautiful little park at the height of a 20 story flat overhangs the capital of the Chilean republic. In the center of this park, right on the top, is a level space floored with tiles, where the city band plays of an evening, and there on a curtain stretched across the rock is an open-air moving picture show, where the people sit out under the clear sky of the Andes, as the domes of other parts of the world pass before them.

The view from Santa Lucia shows the magnificent location of Santiago. The town lies in flat basin or valley surrounded by razored blue mountains. It is 1,700 feet above the Pacific ocean and in plain sight of the Andes. Around one side of it flows the Mapocho river, further down is the Maipo, and beyond them are the rich farms, orchards and vineyards of the great central valley.

**The City Under and Around You.**

The city is right under and all around you. It is a vast expanse of gray roofs, cut here and there by wide streets that cross one another at right angles. In its center is the Plaza des Armas, on which stand the cathedral, the city hall and other great buildings, and a little further over, taking up a whole square, is the Chilean capitol or house of congress, one of the finest buildings of all South America. The capitol building is surrounded by gardens filled with tropical trees, including great palms, the trunks of which are as large around as a hogshead, although they are not more than 20 feet high.

**Street Cars With Women Conductors.**

But let us go down from Santa Lucia and take a ride through the city. There are plenty of street cars with women conductors, who will give us a seat on the roof for 5 or 6 cents, or we can get an automobile quite as cheap as in any town in North America. We choose the motor car, and fly this way and that through the town. How big the houses are and how low! The older ones cover acres and but few of them have more than two stories. They are made of brick, plastered with stucco and painted in the brightest of colors.

In the best parts of the city the architecture is Greek. The doors are upheld by pillars and I venture there are more Corinthian and Doric columns in Santiago than in Athens. Others of the residences are like Italian palaces, and not a few have each cost $100,000 and upward. Nearly every great house has some legend connected with it. There is a magnificent one on the Alameda whose plans were drawn in Paris and sent out to the builders. In some way they got the plans mixed and put the back of the house to the street, and so it remains.

**Stores More Modern Now.**

I find a great difference in the stores of Santiago over those that I saw here about 15 years ago. At that time there was no attempt at display. The prices were not marked on the goods, and nearly all dealing was a matter of bargain and sale. Now every large store has its plate glass windows and the price marks are changed from day to day.

This revolution was caused about four years ago by the inauguration of a department store. This was a branch of a big Buenos Ayres establishment. It sold goods at fixed prices and had expert window dressers who changed the display every night. The people took to it and they forsook the old stores in such numbers that many of them failed. Today a new class of business establishment is going up. The buildings are of several stories, with a more regular sky line than that of our American cities. They are more like the shops of Germany and France than those of North America, and, indeed, in many respects the town is a miniature Paris.

The street scenes of Santiago are a combination of the old and the new. You still see the donkeys and mules carrying their panniers of vegetables and fruits about from door to door. You still see horses close to the sidewalks hobbled by rope around their front legs, and the ox-cart still creaks its way through the town. At the same time there are cabs and automobiles everywhere. The street cars have great numbers on them indicating their routes and there are motor cars that carry the heavier merchandise and all kinds of building materials.

**Old Costumes Are Passing.**

The people have changed and the characteristic costumes of the past are tramped upon by the heels of the present. There are Paris bonnets and slit skirts everywhere, and also women, and girls clad in black with mantas or black shawls covering their heads, necks and shoulders, so that only the faces show out of the black. This costume used to be common with the rich and poor. It is now dying out among those who can afford the more costly modern clothing, and the rich and fashionable now confine its use almost altogether for going to church.

The manta is often used for shopping during the morning, the better clothes being reserved for the promenade between 5 and 7 in the afternoon, the hours when every one goes along the chief business streets to see and be seen. The manta has the advantage that it can be thrown on quickly, and also that it hides any slovenly dressing beneath.

**Not a Cheap City.**

Santiago is not a cheap city in which to live. It is a town of the very rich and the very poor. Many of the citizens own large estates out in the country and live at the capital, where they have magnificent houses and entertain in grand style. The city has a municipal theater subsidized by the government. This gives a season of Italian opera which lasts of 80 nights. The companies are brought from Italy and nearly every person of prominence has his own box that cost $400 or $800 in gold. On such fashionable occasions full dress is always worn and the women are resplendent with diamonds. The men keep their heads bare during the acting and as soon as the curtain falls every man puts on his hat. He may stand up in his seat and sweep the house with his opera glass. There is a great deal of visiting among the friends in the boxes during the intermissions and the opera is more of a social occasion than a musical one.

**Have Fine Races.**

Another social feature is the races, which are usually held upon Sundays. Santiago has one of the finest race tracks of the world. It is outside the city on a plain surrounded by mountains which rise up against the horizon like walls of snow. Above these white walls is streached a sky of the bluest blue, and in winter, when the best races take place, the weather is as mild as June in Virginia.

The race track is owned by the Club Hipico de Santiago. This club has done much to improve the breeding of horses in Chile and has made the Chilean horse one of the best in the world. The Chilean horse is a cross between the Flaunand and the Arabian horse brought here by the Spanish conquerors, which through the temperate climate and the cold snow has grown into what is an entirely new type. It has great staying qualities, with an extraordinary courage and spirit, like the Arabian horse, it eats but little, and it has all the endurance of the Arab and the strength of the Flaunand.

**Races Help Charity.**

A part of the race track receipts and also the lottery receipts of Chile are given to charity. The charities are under an organization known as the Junte de Beneficencia, which is one of the richest institutions of Chile. It gets its income not only from private charity, but also from its own properties and from funds donated by the state. It has 87 boards of management, and altogether 122 charitable institutions. Here in Santiago it has a home for children that accommodates 1000 inmates and also a children's eating house that supplies meals at regular hours to poor mothers and children to the number of 1000 daily. It has orphan asylums, associations for giving cheap homes to working people, tuberculosis hospitals and foundling asylums.

**Cemetery a Beautiful Spot.**

Under the care of the Junta de Beneficencia is the cemetery of Santiago, which is one of the most beautiful of the world. It was founded by Gen. O'Higgins, when he was president of the republic along about the time that John Quincy Adams was in the white house. Before that the Catholics had their own cemetery and there was no place for the poor nor for the heretics. Gen. O'Higgins believed that death "makes all men of one size" and he established this great burial ground.

The cemetery is an enormous enclosure, filled with old cypress trees that extend for 75 to 100 feet above the paved sidewalks and courts. It is a real city of the dead, with many vaults and monuments, the coffins being stored away above the ground in houses of marble, granite or sandstone.

One of the finest monuments is the bronze figure of a woman who stands on a pedestal with her arms outstretched toward heaven. This is to commemorate the 2000 women who were burned to death when the church of the Jesuits took fire and was completely destroyed. That was in December, 1863. Santiago had then no fire brigade and the inmates crowded to the doors which opened inward and forced them shut so that they could not get out. One of the men who did the most to save the women was the American minister, a man named Wilson. He received a testimonial from the city for his courage and is still remembered there.

**Bronze Figure of Christ.**

Another striking monument of this cemetery is a bronze figure of Christ. It stand right in the center of the city of the dead, with the avenues radiating from the four sides of the rock pedestal upon which the Christ stands. The rock represents Calvary. The figure is more than life size, and it is wonderfully effective and impressive. It is the finest monument I have ever seen in any cemetery.

Santiago is a city of many churches and schools. Full religious tolerance is granted and the Protestants have their missions and churches and schools in different parts of the republic. Roman Catholicism is the state religion and the church receives a large subsidy from the government.

The most of the people are Catholics, and that church is extraordinarily rich. It owns in Santiago alone property to the amount of $100,000,000 in gold. It has some of the best business blocks, and the whole of one side of the plaza, which is the center of the business section, belongs to it. It has thousands of rented houses and acres of stores. It owns haciendas outside the city upon which wines and other products are manufactured and offered for sale. Nearly all of the church property is controled by the archbishop, although some of it is held by the different church organizations, male and female. The Carmelite nuns of this city are said to be the richest body of women in the world.

**Has Excellent Newspapers.**

The Chile of today has excellent newspapers. It has altogether about 70 dailies and more than 200 weeklies and semi-weeklies. There are a hundred different periodicals issued here in Santiago, the chief of which is the Mercurio. This has editions for both the capital and for Valparaiso, and it is published both morning and evening. Like the New York Herald, its evening edition is printed in pink. It has also a big Sunday issue including features similar to those of our metropolitan dailies.

The paper has fine offices in Santiago, with a counting room that looks more like the rotunda of a cathedral than the ordinary place for transacting such business. It belongs to Don Augusta Edwards, one of the richest men of Chile, and at present minister from this country to Great Britain.

# Togo and the Fireless

*Republished By Special Arrangement With "Good Housekeeping"*

Drawn by F. Strouthmann

In Hon. Kitchen Hon. Mrs. show me enlonged box resembling snake coffin. "This are Hon. Fireless Cooker," say she. "When Hon. Stone get sifficiently heated he import great warmth of hotness to Hon. Cooker inside." "I absorb these thoughts," I promus. I am thankful to know all knowledge.

By WALLACE IRWIN.

To Editor, "Good Housekeeping Magazine," whose words about food are eaten by millions.

DEAR SIR—I am now enjoying eternal vacation from home of Mrs. Sardinta Coy, West Battlefield, Ind., where I was there shortly. Reason for this climax were so scientific that I felt quite educated when I retired out.

First day I was hitched onto this job Hon. Mrs. Coy approach to kitchen looking quite so. All ladies feels very sweetheart to help first hour of employment, because they still remember disagreeable qualities of last one, and are willing to salute any change, however disgusting. So she say so with smiling eyelids.

"Togo," she narrate, "you will find this kitchen especially domesticated because there will be no sunstroke from hot stove during summerness of weather. In facts, I have forbidden hired girls to use gas-heat or coal—yes, iron—yes; but nothing shall be stewed, baked, or scorched by expensive gas and coal bills."

"So gladsome!" I revere. "Cooking foods by fire have caused me considerable inconvenient in past. Perhaps I shall escape from cookery altogether in this nice home."

"You can escape fire but not cookery," she renig.

"How could there be food without blazes?" I require in voice resembling insurance.

"You never have heard of fireless cookery?" she ask it, putting scorn in her mouth.

"Never have." This honesty for me.

"Well!" she converge. "On what does Japanese barbarism live on?"

"Raw fishes," I oblige. "But when we fry them we scorch it."

"Hum!" Thusly, she exclaim. "I shall now teach you how to bake without flames."

Mr. Editor, since arriving in America I have seen so much marvellous, I am willing to walk into anything. So I strode forthly into Hon. Kitchen, where, snuggled slyly in corner, Hon. Mrs. show me one enlarged box resembling snake's coffin.

"This are Hon. Fireless Cooker," she say.

"Please to meet you," indulge politely.

"Lift up lidd & have no fears," she devote.

With ginger fingers I open topside. Interior I could see considerable zinklash compartments, entirely filled by vacuum. Hon. Mrs. stretch down inside compartment with daintiness of rinsa on her hands, and fetch forth one enlarged stone brick which was in there. This crude object look as if it had fell there from some building.

**"How Careluss."**

"How careluss of last Cook to include stones among your foods!" I sympathize.

"That are not careluss—that are science!" she romp forth. "This Hon. Stone are what does the cookery."

"Excuse—I forgive it," are tone from me.

"When Hon. Stone get sufficiently heated he import great warmth of hotness to Hon. Cooker inside," she divulge. "To bake, boil & stew with this science take long time, but make delicious results when done. Now I give you educational lesson in cookery. I shall be away to lunching with other ladies all day, so shall not require feeding until tonight dinner. But you must spend all daytime preparing dinner victuals, because Hon. Mr. Coy shall return back tonight with business acquaintance of considerable Delmonico in his appetite."

"I absorb these thoughts," I promus.

"For dinner we shall have following: chicken fricassee, beans baks, cremeary of potatus, tabioca pudding. I tell you how commence cook it by that scientific way," say her. "By 10 clocktime a. m. you must put prompt beans in fireless firebox. This permit them 5½ hours feverishness. By 12 noontime Hon. Chicken must be there stewing without fuel. This give him 6½ hour. By 2:17 in an Hon. Tabioca Pudding, while Hon. Potatus must be there doing similarly by 2 sharply, so all shall be done together like a chorus by 6:30 dinner-hour."

"Will anything become hot in this fireless cookery?" I ask to know.

"If left there sufficiently long time all things will heat," she negotiate while departing off with hair containing style.

I am thankful to know all knowledge.

Mr. Editor, I am simular of brain to Hon. Thomas Edison. I am willing to believe any science until I try it. In this age of remarkabilious advantisement nearly everything impossible has been accomplished. It are only the easy things that cannot be solved. Persons can telegraph from Peru to Peoria in 2 hours, yet it oftenly take considerable longer for messenger boy to deliver it. Persons are enabled to fly 1000 miles by airship, but they cannot come down without enjoying breakage.

When Hon. Mrs. had withdrawn away I got more acquainted with Hon. Fireless Cooker, and found him entirely sweet in his friendship. He contained none of the spiteful qualities peculiar to gas & coal. You could stroke him on lid without getting stung in thumb, and even that Hon. stone laying snuggled in his compartment never sprung up with hot scorch peculiar to stoves.

**I Go to Work.**

So, I go to work, and follow up R. R. time-table of that day's cookery. At 10 a. m. time I poke in beans for bake it. Hon. Chicken was failed in that box by 12, while Hon. Pudding & Hon. Potatus was put in with promptness peculiar to commutation. Each time I drop something else in I could observe foods laying there, looking too comfortable for cookery. Such are phenomenal of science.

All day long I set singing Japanese opera and thinking gladnes. It make me especially enjoyful to remember how many Swedish girls had been popped to sky by means of gasolene explods, and how much insurance had been burned down from old-fashioned spark. But now this date was ever. Here was quietness peculiar to ice chest, yet dinner should feel as hot as ever when Hon. Boss return with business friend. Another virtuous quality I notice about Hon. Fireless Cooker—complete lack of steamed air was not observed escaping from him with smudges. Ah, yes! Great satisfaction was enjoyed from that box all day while I notice him.

At hour 6:30 p. m. Hon. Mrs. approach back home quite hurridly, and corrode while making headpoke to kitchen:

"Hon. Coy now come with business friend of great expense. Are dinner entirely in Fireless Cookery?"

"Entirely," I diminuish.

"Then serve him when ordered," she denounce, while vanishing for fashionable dress-change.

At 6:45 Hon. Mr. and Hon. Bus. Gent. emerge in.

"I smell no dinner smell," growell Hon. Coy, making erge-eye to kitchen.

"Dear, darling," suggest Hon. Mrs. amidst hugg. "Fireless is also smellless."

Then she elope joyly to kitchen.

"Serve him!" she dement hashly.

With obedient thumbs I derange platter, plate, bowl and other so-forths around fireless fireside of Hon. Cooker. I open him. Still I smell no excitment. Great coolness enjoyed there, which make me very happy for housework. Making my hands skillfull I remove Hon. Chicken to platter, Hon. Beans to dish, Hon. Potatus to bowl. When I walked forthly to dining room with this treasury Hon. Business Friend set there talking Wall Street, and looking Delmonico.

**The Fireless Foods.**

I place those foods to be-front of Hon. Mr. with flourishes resembling France.

He look.

She look.

Hon. Bus. Gent. look.

"What this???" howell multimplies voices.

"Fireless foods," I pronounce cordially.

"Raw!" snarrel Hon. Mr., while Hon. Mrs. pronounce "Raw-raw-raw!" in successions resembling Vassar yell. Hon. Mr. poke fork to Hon. Chicken, who merely bounce.

"Undone!" snork Hon. Mrs. Then she spoke furthermore, "Togo!"

"I listen." This from me with quaker knees.

"How long you kept Hon. Food in that Fireless Cookery?"

"All day and several hours," I dignity.

"Did you throw that soapstone in, too?" she nagg.

"With brutal enerjy," I manipulate.

"Did you heat Hon. Stone before put in?"

"Not did."

"Brain of insects! How you sippose stone would get hot if not heated?"

"I am disgusted with such cruelty!" I ellicute. "This A. M. you tell me how Fireless Cooker would heat anything. I put stone in there expecting him to heat like any other roast."

"Dementia of Nagasaki!" growell Hon. Mr., with slam-bang to table. "Togo go to kitchen and fetch me Hon. Stone."

I go. I fetch.

"And now," he arrange with crushed teeth, "do you observe this hard heater?"

"Distinctually." This from me. He aroused it above his elbow with Asteo expression.

"Dear darling, what you go do?" Hon. Mrs. ask it. "In that cold condition Hon. Stone are useless for cook chicken."

"I do not intend it for chicken," he tell. "But unless he exit by one—two—three, I shall employ it for cook Hon. Togo's goose."

I took those hint and went away with it.

When nextly seen I was walking in considerable dust.

Hoping you are the same.

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

# :·: When a Woman Proposes :·:

By DOROTHY DIX

IN a recent article I expressed the opinion that it would make enormously for the happiness and well being of the world for woman to have a right to select her mate and to have the same privilege of popping the question that men enjoy.

I have received many letters on the subject, two of which bring up novel and interesting points.

One man who heartily agrees with my point of view thinks that changed economic conditions make it highly desirable for women to take the initiative in love making in many cases.

He points out that a poor young man making a small salary lacks the nerve to ask a woman to share the hardships of his lot, although she might be perfectly willing to do so, or she might be able by adding her own income to his to supply the financial backing that is necessary to make any marriage a success.

Romeo, for instance, couldn't say: "Juliet, I love you, but I only get $25 a week, and we can't get married on that, but you also get $25 a week, and on that $50 we could get married and be happy as the day is long." On the other hand, Juliet could make such a proposition to Romeo, and it would be a proof of devotion strong enough to draw money on at the bank.

Likewise, if convention gave woman the right to pick out the man she wanted to spend the next 30 or 40 years with and ask him to be her husband, it would do more than anything else to ameliorate the hard matrimonial lot of the poor little rich girl. The reason that divorces are so common among millionaires is because a very rich girl seldom gets a chance at marrying a real man.

The worth while men are so afraid of being thought fortune hunters that they keep away and the unfortunate heiress becomes the prey of some bankrupt aristocrat, or brainless fop in her own set.

**The Rich Girl's Chance.**

Rich girls would marry intelligent, wide awake, hustling poor men just as often as rich men marry pretty, bright, poor girls if they had the privilege of looking about them and picking and choosing as their brothers have.

As a matter of fact, one of the happiest marriages I ever knew was one in which a very rich girl did usurp the prerogative of a queen and ask a poor man to marry her. He was glad enough to do it, but his pride would have kept him from ever making the first move.

Another correspondent, also a man, objects to women proposing, on the ground that it would degrade her, and give a man the right to insult her. He says that when a man offers marriage to a woman it is an honor to her, because he undertakes to support her, but that if a woman proposed marriage to a man she would merely be offering him herself.

This objection seems to me rather far fetched. To begin with, no man supports his wife. The woman who runs the domestic machinery of a home, whether it be managing a big establishment or doing the sewing, cooking and scrubbing for a family with her own hands, is self-supporting and earns her own board and keep if any woman in the world does. Just in actual material service that has a market value the wife is quite with her husband. She gives him value received for her food and clothes.

Moreover there is not one man in a million who looks upon matrimony from the sordidly materialistic standpoint. When he thinks of marriage he thinks of it in its spiritual essence, and when he dreams of a wife his vision is of her bringing to him a limitless devotion, a loyalty that never fails. He sees her standing by him through thick and thin, watching with a love that finds its finest happiness in service.

**Too Precious for Money.**

What a woman brings to marriage is something so precious that no money can pay for it, and that is what every normal minded man sees in it, and there would be small danger of any one ever committing the sacrilege of rejoicing the offer of this sacred thing with ribald insult. If it did happen, the woman could only thank her guardian angel on her knees for having saved her from such a brute.

After all, the whole proposition goes back to the one contention that marriage is the most important thing in life to both men and women, and that they should have an equal right to select their mates, and that as conventions now obtain women suffer a great handicap in being denied this privilege.

Also that it would be both more dignified and modest for a woman to be able to come squarely out and pop the question to a man she wanted to marry than it is for her to have to try by various and sundry devices of manner and dress to attract his notice and inveigle him into asking her to marry him.

Men shouldn't object to the innovation. It would all be to their advantage. Every eligible man knows that he is pursued by women who want to marry him, and he'd have a much better chance to escape if they came out into the open instead of laying traps for him into which he is liable to stumble at any minute.

# "DESPICABLE HUNS," SAYS LADY RANDOLPH

Lady Randolph Churchill, who in an address at a Red Cross meeting in London described the Germans as violators of the flag of truce and "despicable Huns." "They have committed treacherous acts under cover of the white flag," she said, "and have killed persons wearing the Red Cross. They are despicable Huns."

**If It's Worth Having, It's Worth Paying For.**

We don't have to give our advertising away, in order to get it. Our patrons are satisfied to buy it. A word to the wise.—Advertisement.

*Stirring in Its Appeal*

# :-: The Fortunes Of Fanny :-:

## Fanny Finds That It Requires Much Courage to Win in the Battle of Life.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER X.

(Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.)

FANNY HEDDEN'S first opportunity to show any ability she might possess came late one afternoon in early December. All the operators were busy when a handsomely gowned woman entered Madame Ridetti's beauty parlor. Madame stepped forward to greet her, her face wearing the beaming smile with which she was wont to meet customers whose bearing would indicate that they could afford expensive treatments of various kinds.

"Good afternoon!" she said. "What can I do for you?"

"I would like my hair shampooned and waved and my nails manicured," said the newcomer.

"I fear there is not time for all that," Madame regretted, "for it is not after 4 o'clock."

"Well, then, can I have a shampoo and a manicure?"

Madame Ridetti looked anxiously about the room. Every girl save Fanny was occupied. Stepping to the doors of the various shampooing and hair dressing cabinets, Madame asked of each operator if she was "busy," although she already knew what the answer would be.

Still the question and reply might impress the stranger with the idea that this establishment was a popular one. At two of the manicure tables she paused, and made the same inquiry, receiving the same answer. She did not see the swift exchange of glances that passed between Nellie Benson and Fanny Hedden.

The former lifted her eyebrows and nodded in a way that signified, "There's your chance!" and Fanny's slight nod meant comprehension of the wordless signal. Summoning all her courage Fanny checked Madame as she was returning to her customer.

**She Makes an Offer of Services.**

"Excuse me!" she stammered. "But if you do not object I will shampoo that woman's hair."

The proprietor gasped in surprise, yet at the same instant she appreciated that if a person who evidently was well to do were turned away she might go elsewhere, and future patronage from her might be lost.

"You!" she asked of Fanny. "Have you ever done shampooing?"

"Quite often," Fanny replied glibly, stung to the reply by a recollection of what she considered Madame's failure to give her a chance of advancement. "I can also manicure the customer if you wish."

"When have you been practicing?"

"Out of working hours," Fanny informed her employer.

The interchange of remarks had taken but a minute, and Madame Ridetti turned to the waiting customer.

"This young woman will take you," she said suavely. "Fanny, the third cabinet is unoccupied just now."

Thus put upon her mettle, Fanny Hedden worked quickly and well. At heart she was angry with Madame Ridetti and was determined to show her that she was worth some remuneration. The new customer liked the girl immediately. She may not have found her especially skilful, but she noted her quiet, deferential manner and found it a pleasant contrast to the patronizing demeanor of the usual manicure and hair dresser who calls each woman she addresses "my dear."

Fanny's ready smile, her polite "yes, madam," and "no madam," produced a favorable impression. The girl worked with extreme caution, cleansing the hair thoroughly and drying it carefully. Then she risked the question upon which she felt much hinged.

"Shall I do up your hair, or would you prefer to do it up yourself?"

"I'll do it up myself, thank you," was the reply. "I always prefer it."

Fanny drew a long breath of relief. She knew little of hair dressing, and was afraid that she might make a botch of this, her first attempt in public.

**Customer Asks for Further Work.**

"And now will you manicure me?" asked the customer.

"Certainly, madam," Fanny replied. "This way, please."

She led the customer to an unoccupied small table, regardless of the looks cast upon her by Josie Smythe and Henrietta Burns. She started with indignation when the latter remarked audibly to Mme. Ridetti:

"I've finished with my marcelling, Madame, and will take this woman's nails if you wish."

But Fanny's customer interposed quickly. "Since this young woman has done my hair so well," she said, "I would like to have her manicure me, too."

She gazed straight at the proprietor in saying this, ignoring the presence of the much painted young woman who had come forward officiously.

Though Madame was chagrined, she replied at once, "Surely, if you wish it, Madame. Fanny, do the woman's nails!"

Perhaps the customer noted the unsteady fingers that clipped the cuticle and filed and polished her nails, and recognized the situation. For except for one little wince when the scissors cut a little too close to the flesh, she made no criticism. She may also have noticed that as Josie Smythe strolled back and forth, passing Fanny's table repeatedly, the operator's hands were more unsteady than before.

Fanny Hedden knew that she had increased the enmity of Josie Smythe, also that the generous tip left on the table by the kindhearted stranger was spied not only by Josie but by her chum, Henrietta Burns.

"If I come again I shall ask for you," said the woman as she rose to take her departure.

"Bully for you!" Nellie Benson exclaimed when she and Fanny were alone together. "You surely did throw a good bluff. But remember, this is only the beginning. You haven't learned to do good work yet—and until you do you can't be sure of yourself."

"And as long as those two girls have their eyes on me, I won't get on at all," Fanny said dejectedly.

To which complaint Nellie returns her usual unanswerable argument.

"Rats!" she said.

(To Be Continued.)

# *Diamond Business in Amsterdam Is Improving*

Amsterdam, Holland, Oct. 24.—A slight improvement in the diamond business is recorded here. Since the outbreak of the war very little has been done by the diamond cutters and dealers. The improvement, though very slight, has been noticed with general satisfaction. Three firms have reopened their cutting establishment, giving work to about 500 cutters. The number of unemployed has decreased.