

# WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING



"Wear Bloomers Like Mine and See if Your Log Book Does Not Record a Proposal," said the Naughty Girl.

## WOMEN CURLERS.

### Preparations for the Most Popular Sport of the Season.

The inclined to think are going to be more than ever popular this winter. That is because a new use has been found for them in introducing the game of curling. Unless the straws in the wind tell a very false tale, this second game imported from Scotland, is sure to have from now on almost as pronounced a vogue as golf.

Its chief recommendations are that, like golf, it is an old and honorable game, that it is not intricate or costly, and that it is a special appeal to women on the other side. Women in Scotland don't very often indulge in curling on the frozen lakes and rivers, but in London it is being rapidly adapted to the ice rinks by sport-loving women of rank, and pretty soon we are going to hear just as much about "skips" and "hog lines," "cres" and "hoons," as we have heard of "links" and "four-somes" and "drivers," "putting greens" and "lofting."

"If you can bowl well and like to do it," said the girl who was talking about the new game, "you are bound to make a capital curler." Besides it is a wonderfully healthy, exciting sort of sport, and you find that it is not only good for the body, but it is also a special relaxation for the body.

"Up in Canada the girls go in for curling with a great deal of vigor. There is a women's curling club being started in Boston, another in Baltimore, and one of the winter brings any good ice this year our club is going to hold some bonanzas on the Hudson.

"So far we have only just practiced and had some little games on our own account in an ice rink and wear the heaviest kind of rubber shoes with big knobs on the soles, over our high skating boots. A very heavy wool sweater and a short, thick skirt, Tann's rubber cap and a pair of very stout, very loose gloves make up our outfit.

"On the ice outside we will wear nothing fancy save our long kind wooden neck scarfs, because a cutter, no more than a pointer, is a woman's curling club being started in Boston, another in Baltimore, and one of the winter brings any good ice this year our club is going to hold some bonanzas on the Hudson.

to be so flexible that one can bend right over and touch one's toes in them.

"But the matters of real prime importance, of course, are the stones and brooms, or 'hoons' and 'hoons,' as the very Scotch girls insist on calling them. In this country we nearly all use heavy brooms instead of curling stones, and very stout-ordinary, pauper brooms, but the truly enthusiastic curlers, who go in for a 'sharp' and 'orthodox' rig, wear Scotch wool mittens, support their neck scarfs from the old country and have genuine stones sent over."

"The genuine stones are selected by experts from the beds of bams and little rivers, where they are worn round and smooth by the action of the water, and let me tell you if you are buying either stones or brooms, get them about 20 to 25 pounds in weight. The minimum weight for a woman's stone is 20 pounds. That is too ponderous for a woman's arm.

"After you are all provided with the requisites the game is as easy to learn as to play, and just as hard to play well. The sport is conducted on a rink about forty-two yards long, and sloping low, stone in hand, the whole object is to send the missile skimming over the ice, to land as near as possible to the tee, or inside a circle drawn at the far end of the rink. If your stone stops moving too far short of the tee it is called a "hog" and ruled out, and whichever side plants the greatest number of stones nearest the center of the tee wins the game.

"Now, that may sound pretty tame, but in reality there isn't any sport that stirs one up like curling. There are all sorts of licks and cuts, need for a strong hand, keen eye and clever aim, and more up-to-date excitement to the square inch than anything the advanced sportsman has tried yet.

"The ancient, almost national Scotch cry of 'Soop, mon! Soop!' is on this side of the water, changing to 'Sweep, women! sweep!' when a stone goes skimming along the rink and looks dangerously as if it intended to halt at the log line, the skip, or captain, yells for a girl with a broom to sweep away any possible impediment of ice, dust, straws, or what not in the lady's way. Then the skip begins, for everybody shouts in chorus, alternately berates or cheers in most glowing terms, sweeper and player, and a roar of triumph, or groans of despair, greet

the stone's ultimate destination. Lunges and lunges get as bestly exercise as the muscles and what between sweeping, organizing, delivering stones, and generally rousing up and down in the contagious excitement, curling is about as good athletics as a country affords.

Just at present the smart woman's club meets in the morning in the rinks, and the guidance of some Sandy whose Scotch is as broad as the side of his massive shoe, take instruction in the proper play of stone and in mastery of the rules of the game.

As in nearly every other sport she undertakes, the American woman catches on, on certain evenings of the week, there are tennis, or matches, made up of husbands and wives, other folks' brothers and sisters, and the fun is genuine, though the playing, if sincere, is not at all easy.

Now in Scotland there is a tradition that after a couple of hours of an afternoon on the ice, beef and greens is the proper food with which to comfort the weary curler, at any rate solid staying food is a requisite. Here we interpret beef and greens into steak and potatoes. The steak must be tender, thick and rare, the potatoes baked, and it is a marvel to the stranger to see just how much of this food a flower like little curler can consume.

After a morning with the stones she bustles into her street clothes and hurries off to the nearest hotel restaurant, calmly demands a whole steak and a little basketful of potatoes all for herself. And she eats them, too. The potatoes, softened in the rosy juice of the steak, leaving only bones and skins to the assembled waiter, who would wonder still more if he knew what steel-like muscles there were in that pretty right hand and what an aching void under the tight little waist of the enthusiastic feminine curler.

## Very Realistic.

"How do you find it possible to act that role of the persecuted wife so naturally?" asked the reporter.

"It isn't very difficult," replied the great actress. "The villain is my real husband."

—Philadelphia North American.

## SNAPPY FRENCH EYE.

It Has Come Here and Fascinates Young and Old.

While the talk about "drug drunkards" is going on, and people are becoming convinced that the woman who talks so cleverly and sparkles so brilliantly is steadily under the influence of some insidious drug, that same woman goes merrily on—and keeps her secret!

"She is, indeed, under the influence of a drug, and it is this 'drug' that makes her the witty sprite she is. But when all is known it is a harmless little affair, that hurts nobody except the person who condemns it.

"The drug drunkards make merry over the notoriety they attain, and continue to maintain the still tongue and the wise head which is the secret of their success.

"I suppose you would call me one of the 'fiends,'" said a very clever woman, laughing merrily over her classification, "but since you are so horrified at the idea, I will let you see how I will become 'one yourself.'"

A DRUG FIEND.

"Impossible."

"Don't say so until you know more about it."

"I am, as you will admit," said she, tipping back up her chair and she rested against a pile of cushions. "One of the most admired women you ever saw."

"I don't say I am the most brilliant. I leave that for others to say. But you know me! My eyes are called snappy French eyes."

"I learned to snap them from a Frenchman."

"Well, here's the moral truth! My husband, my wit, my whatever you call it, is due entirely to my little drug, if you want to give it that name. Without my little smoke, I should be as listless as some dear good woman we both know. The children, the servants and the new maid would bound my vision mentally."

"With the drug it is bounded only by Li Hung Chang's wit and the Czar's wisdom. I can rove across the earth touching every topic. I can be all things to all men, even conversationally. I can be all sympathy to all women, outwardly. Oh, my drug is a wonder!"

"This drug," chimed the red lips opposite me, "is taken by me in the form of a cigarette every afternoon. Sometimes, if I am going to a ball, I take it again in the evening. I take it about an hour before I wish to smoke. In my indulgence, I take it an hour before dinner, and my husband says I am the only dinner companion in the world worth sitting 'vis-a-vis'."

A PUFF AT THE DRUG.

Leaning across to a small stand my hand flung a tattered packet of a box of bronze lacquer, and taking out a pinch of brown powder, scattered it cleverly along a narrow strip of paper, and rolling it into a cigarette, handed it to me with a smile.

"Strange," said she, "that her matches were first published during the coronation of Queen Victoria. They were christened 'Queen Victoria's.' They were christened

once felt, is forever craved. I don't know exactly how it feels, because I have never smoked opium. But it gives the feelings, the brightness, without all the horrible rest of it.

"The pink powder you are now smoking is a mixture of another mixture, clover and opium. You will find that more soothing if you are tired. If you want to be quiet and restful and hear others talk; if you have got to attend a sewing circle to make satchel bags for the heathen, this is the cigarette you want to smoke.

TEMPING A SEWING CLASS.

"I once went to a sewing class with a box of these cigarettes freshly rolled. I showed them to the old ladies. I thought they would faint away. But they wanted a taste, oh dear, yes! Only they could not make up their minds to puff a cigarette. One withdrew to the hall, with cigarette in hand. She came back looking as though she had seen an angel and a saint. The others begged to try it, if I would invent a way for them that would not be 'cigarette' smoking."

I made them close their eyes, then I wrapped up a cigarette in my handkerchief and carried it around the room, giving each a little puff. They thought it was a miracle of a stimulant for disseminating sweet smoke, or they said they did. They each and every one visited me separately the next day for the recipe.

"I have got half a dozen of these 'brighteners' many men smoke them, and more would if they were not ashamed; and if the tobacco habit hadn't got in ahead of the sweet herb habit. But athletic football fellows and bicycle boys are smoking the cigarettes, and they find them just the thing."

"One of the virtues of the spice smoke is that it is highly scented. It perfumes you deliciously. One of my friends smokes a pipe. Another smokes a pipe, but I like cinnamon best. Coffee gives a lovely odor to the frozen coffee-rooms, if you use the smell of coffee."

"Now, dear girl, don't go away thinking I am addicted to any habit. I assure you I never smoke again. But if I were to stop smoking, I should stop being bright and clever, and my French would be gone. And if that were gone what would become of me?"

SPINNING SUGAR.

Charms and Incantations for the Fateful Evening.

By EMILY FORD.

All Halloween seems to belong to lovers of all ages quite as much as to lovers of all classes. It is the kind of day that is upon this fateful eve indeed that the always fascinating question as to the exact date of the arrival of the prince is answered, and he who would know who is to be the "one girl in the world" must keep his eyes on the way. It is the evening of the year when the most beautiful of the year is to be crowned.

All the well-known incantations, such as whirling the pool of orange, lemon or apple, three times round the head, to ward off evil spirits, when it falls, the bottom of the dish and also naming chestnuts as they lie in pairs, resting before the open fire.

A pump, perfect-looking nut represents belle or beau. Around this are grouped lovers and admirers (represented by other more ordinary nuts) one by one as they are tried by the fire they pop away, but one remains and all the way. All these and many other old signs take on new meaning on this night, but he or she who can fill the mouth with water and run around the block, bringing every drop safely back, is surely to hear the name of wife or husband on the way. The ring in the cake, particularly in the rolled-up pancakes which have there and then been cooked, turned, and tossed in the pan, without dropping by the young people themselves, and the bobbing for apples and other time-honored customs must none of them be omitted this year.

the hostess is always fortunate, however, who can wind up her party with something quite novel, and nothing provides a more satisfactory diversion than spinning sugar. In the sweet spinning of which all sorts of happy fates may be woven by the fingers of the brave and fair. For this magic weaving the company must gather about a large table. A Halloween party should never number more than eight or ten at a table, say from fifteen to twenty. Put about three pounds of hard sugar in the chaffing dish or in a saucepan over your small oil or gas stove.

Cooking thermometers are no longer expensive luxuries, and as the sugar melts and becomes hot this must be brought into requisition. The best for testing the heat of water, melted sugar or fat are cheaper than those for the oven, and one that may be immersed in boiling liquid without injury may be bought for 40 cents. However, if there is not one at hand, by careful watching the sugar may be caught in just the proper melting mood for spinning, which is exactly 320 degrees.

Each guest must now be armed with a common iron skewer, the heat under the sugar to be turned sufficiently low to keep the hot liquid at the required temperature, for it is while in the act of solidification that it becomes malleable. The skewers are now to be dipped into the hot sweet bath, the workers are to have a flat dish or bit of clean pasteboard. The bottom of new boxes sent home from the shops may be kept and covered with clean paper for the purpose. It is now that the fun begins, and he or she who possesses the most vivid imagination has an opportunity to use it to its utmost capacity. Each member of the party now finds at his place a card upon which is written the name of the one whose fortune they are to tell; the skewer is dipped and out it comes with a golden thread attached, which need never be broken until something has been built therefrom by the holder thereof.

Castles in the air may now become materialized, and with a golden house as a text it will be an easy matter to foretell all sorts of happiness for the owner of the name upon the card. A golden slipper may next chance to be woven, and this, of course, foretells a happy marriage, as well do a pair of cooling doves, a box of wedding cake and other matrimonial emblems. Should a mitten or other adverse sign spin themselves from unwilling hands it is well to remember that the spell ends with the year.

People who have a knack at drawing will, of course, build very elaborately, and spin beautiful things with these threads of gold, but often the queer-looking shapes that develop under the hands of those with less deft fingers will be far more mysterious in appearance, and will lend themselves to a much more fascinating fortune-telling than those more readily deciphered.

BRAIN BRIGHTENERS.

"Tell me," I said, as I puffed away at the deliciousness, "what it is."

"Well, I don't like to give the secret away, because I know you will tell it, and I shall, nevertheless. Though, mind you, I am not to brook it as a 'freed' any more. I must stand forth in my true light as a woman who knows a good thing when she finds it."

"The cigarette which you first smoked was a mixture of two very harmless ingredients, cinnamon and green tea. The tea was purchased by me of an importer and rubbed fine with pestle and mortar. See," pointing to a druggist's outfit upon the table, "that is my factory. The cinnamon was the pure spice also powdered extra fine. The two were mixed in equal proportions."

"You have heard of tea cigarettes and their nerve-revitalizing properties. These are less nerve-stimulating and more brightening. They wake you up without unwearying you afterwards. The cinnamon is for perfume."

"Have you ever perfumed your room by burning cinnamon in a flame or on something hot? You know how sweet the air is, as with the aroma of the East. Mixed with the tea there is the same aroma, and the cinnamon is good for the nerves. A cigarette prepared in this way wakes me up suddenly and makes me witty and ready."

"People say that all women cigarette smokers find a mixture of opium and innosinate in the paper roll. The result is a drunkenness, a languor, a rest, a peace, a dreamy, floating feeling which,



Using the Brooms.

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## THE BOULEVARD BELLE

She Carries a Record of Her Daily Bicycle Rides.

Thumb-nail Sketches of Incidents and Accidents.

Has a Log Book and Hangs It To Her Handle Bars—Dismounts and Notes Her Numerous Proposals and Her Many Replies.

The log book is the possession of every belle who rides the boulevard, of every beau who scorches the thoroughfare. It is part and parcel of the bicycle's equipment, almost as necessary as the ship's log to the mariner, and just as necessary to the wheelwoman as the cyclistometer. Most useful for her happiness, indeed, for it serves as a permanent record, and this the stupid cyclistometer does not pretend to do.

The log book is a small volume of blank pages upon which the bicyclist records the day's doings. The book is hung upon the front rod of the bicycle, and is taken off when necessary. Some riders suspend it from the handle-bars, using the club colors for a tie.

The log book is for use while on the road. If a smash-up occurs the bicyclist dismounts, records the street and number where the accident occurred, makes a little diagram of the bad place in the street or road, tells the nature of the accident, the time of day, etc. To this is added a precautionary note in the back of the book under the heading "Caution."

If a very pleasant asphalted street is found, the rider, after traversing it, dismounts then and there, makes a record of the desirable street, tells the kind of day and time of year she traveled it, and adds a line under the heading "Pleasant paths."

The street itself is sketched in the "Supplement." Supplement is the name of the blank pages in the back of the book, where there is a chapter called

lighting, the ever-kind-hearted light, the eventual getting acquainted and the grand finale of the episode. All go in the book. Thrilling escapes from teams are told here, and here also sensational rides down hill, such as all riders experience.

One of these log books told of a girl who started from her country house to ride. Her path lay around a terraced walk high above the street. Below grew a hedge of rose bushes, sharp and ragged. Now the wheel, with its almost human tendencies at times, fancied the rose hedge and made a bee-line for it. The girl hung on. In the pose hedge she went, tearing through it as fast as wheels would carry her. When she viewed that hedge a week later she could still see portions of her clothing hanging to it. One cheek was torn ragged with a big rose thorn.

Another recorded in her log book a start upon a journey with a smart young gallant. This young man was one of the kind the Frenchman called "Smart Alexis." He had only just learned to ride, and the pushing occurred. "Let us take the route down to the village," said he. "We will not have to work so hard. Going downhill is easy. You don't have to work the pedals with any strength."

"But the guidance is hard," ventured the maiden.

AN EXCITING RACE.

"Hard," he said, "said the clever youth. 'You start the wheel at the top of the hill, and before you know it you are at the bottom.'"

"Very well," replied the maiden, with a laugh in her eye, "I will start on ahead to be ready to receive you. I can coast, you know."

"So can I," replied the brilliant fellow. And stepping upon the pedals, he leaped to his seat and started down the hill. Away the machine sped, sixty miles a minute. For the first second it kept its balance, then the young man, who knew nothing about back-pedaling, got rattled and took his feet off. One mighty sweep, the wheel tipped, and off the rider fell. A great jolt upon his jaw tells where he landed. The girl went home, after hiring a cab for hire, taking a flying sketch of the scene as she saw it.

Then, the log book, goes such a confession as this: "Today Rex told me he loves me. He mentioned it at the end of the asphalt, where we dismounted for a soda before starting back. He said, 'You have pushed your way to my affections.'"

"My tires are inflated with love when I see you. With one hand you have steered me in until I see your light ever burning before me."

Replied: "You have gained complete control of my handle bars. I cannot back pedal against your affections. My cyclistometer and yours shall henceforth tick as one."

"Then Rex whittled a branch," says the log book, "and fastened it on my wheel as a duplex coupler, and we rode home, he holding my arm and talking wheel when my eyes could hear and pretending he was giving me a road lesson."

Girls, read each other writing up the log. You see two girls riding, one wearing a white and red outfit, the other in a blue and white. One girl, a Parisian-looking young thing in bloomers, was explaining to a demure little cyclist the secret of comfortable riding. "Wear bloomers like mine, white wool stockings, short leggings and slippers, and see if your log does not say you had the most comfortable ride of your life. It will record a proposal, too. Men love natty cyclists."

The demure girl looked on and said nothing, but before she mounted her wheel she scribbled a line in her "For investigation" chapter.

The outside of the log book may be victim if you want to make it so. It can be covered like one's cycle suit and clasped with a flour de lys. It can have a paper cover with a cyclist upon it. It can be leather edged with gilt. It must be light and not very large. A small log-book of one hundred pages or so, the book four inches square, will suffice. Each month there is a new log book.

When the month is ended the cycling and sits down and looks over her notes. She finds a great deal of valuable information there. Each ride, its length, its route, its incidents and cost, are there told. In another part of the book are the episodes, the love chats, the chats awheel, the dinners en route, the people to whom one is intrusted with riding, and in the middle of the book, where the pages meet, she can write a little chapter of her own, whether the game was worth the candle—whether the cycle is all it is puffed up to be, and the log book an enjoyable adjunct, or the whole a waste of time only, as a reformer says, "Fit for dogs to bark at."

HARRY GERMAINE.

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"The pink powder you are now smoking is a mixture of another mixture, clover and opium. You will find that more soothing if you are tired. If you want to be quiet and restful and hear others talk; if you have got to attend a sewing circle to make satchel bags for the heathen, this is the cigarette you want to smoke.

TEMPING A SEWING CLASS.

"I once went to a sewing class with a box of these cigarettes freshly rolled. I showed them to the old ladies. I thought they would faint away. But they wanted a taste, oh dear, yes! Only they could not make up their minds to puff a cigarette. One withdrew to the hall, with cigarette in hand. She came back looking as though she had seen an angel and a saint. The others begged to try it, if I would invent a way for them that would not be 'cigarette' smoking."

I made them close their eyes, then I wrapped up a cigarette in my handkerchief and carried it around the room, giving each a little puff. They thought it was a miracle of a stimulant for disseminating sweet smoke, or they said they did. They each and every one visited me separately the next day for the recipe.

"I have got half a dozen of these 'brighteners' many men smoke them, and more would if they were not ashamed; and if the tobacco habit hadn't got in ahead of the sweet herb habit. But athletic football fellows and bicycle boys are smoking the cigarettes, and they find them just the thing."

"One of the virtues of the spice smoke is that it is highly scented. It perfumes you deliciously. One of my friends smokes a pipe. Another smokes a pipe, but I like cinnamon best. Coffee gives a lovely odor to the frozen coffee-rooms, if you use the smell of coffee."

"Now, dear girl, don't go away thinking I am addicted to any habit. I assure you I never smoke again. But if I were to stop smoking, I should stop being bright and clever, and my French would be gone. And if that were gone what would become of me?"

SPINNING SUGAR.

Charms and Incantations for the Fateful Evening.

By EMILY FORD.

All Halloween seems to belong to lovers of all ages quite as much as to lovers of all classes. It is the kind of day that is upon this fateful eve indeed that the always fascinating question as to the exact date of the arrival of the prince is answered, and he who would know who is to be the "one girl in the world" must keep his eyes on the way. It is the evening of the year when the most beautiful of the year is to be crowned.

All the well-known incantations, such as whirling the pool of orange, lemon or apple, three times round the head, to ward off evil spirits, when it falls, the bottom of the dish and also naming chestnuts as they lie in pairs, resting before the open fire.

A pump, perfect-looking nut represents belle or beau. Around this are grouped lovers and admirers (represented by other more ordinary nuts) one by one as they are tried by the fire they pop away, but one remains and all the way. All these and many other old signs take on new meaning on this night, but he or she who can fill the mouth with water and run around the block, bringing every drop safely back, is surely to hear the name of wife or husband on the way. The ring in the cake, particularly in the rolled-up pancakes which have there and then been cooked, turned, and tossed in the pan, without dropping by the young people themselves, and the bobbing for apples and other time-honored customs must none of them be omitted this year.

the hostess is always fortunate, however, who can wind up her party with something quite novel, and nothing provides a more satisfactory diversion than spinning sugar. In the sweet spinning of which all sorts of happy fates may be woven by the fingers of the brave and fair. For this magic weaving the company must gather about a large table. A Halloween party should never number more than eight or ten at a table, say from fifteen to twenty. Put about three pounds of hard sugar in the chaffing dish or in a saucepan over your small oil or gas stove.

Cooking thermometers are no longer expensive luxuries, and as the sugar melts and becomes hot this must be brought into requisition. The best for testing the heat of water, melted sugar or fat are cheaper than those for the oven, and one that may be immersed in boiling liquid without injury may be bought for 40 cents. However, if there is not one at hand, by careful watching the sugar may be caught in just the proper melting mood for spinning, which is exactly 320 degrees.

Each guest must now be armed with a common iron skewer, the heat under the sugar to be turned sufficiently low to keep the hot liquid at the required temperature, for it is while in the act of solidification that it becomes malleable. The skewers are now to be dipped into the hot sweet bath, the workers are to have a flat dish or bit of clean pasteboard. The bottom of new boxes sent home from the shops may be kept and covered with clean paper for the purpose. It is now that the fun begins, and he or she who possesses the most vivid imagination has an opportunity to use it to its utmost capacity. Each member of the party now finds at his place a card upon which is written the name of the one whose fortune they are to tell; the skewer is dipped and out it comes with a golden thread attached, which need never be broken until something has been built therefrom by the holder thereof.

Castles in the air may now become materialized, and with a golden house as a text it will be an easy matter to foretell all sorts of happiness for the owner of the name upon the card. A golden slipper may next chance to be woven, and this, of course, foretells a happy marriage, as well do a pair of cooling doves, a box of wedding cake and other matrimonial emblems. Should a mitten or other adverse sign spin themselves from unwilling hands it is well to remember that the spell ends with the year.

People who have a knack at drawing will, of course, build very elaborately, and spin beautiful things with these threads of gold, but often the queer-looking shapes that develop under the hands of those with less deft fingers will be far more mysterious in appearance, and will lend themselves to a much more fascinating fortune-telling than those more readily deciphered.

BRAIN BRIGHTENERS.

"Tell me," I said, as I puffed away at the deliciousness, "what it is."

"Well, I don't like to give the secret away, because I know you will tell it, and I shall, nevertheless. Though, mind you, I am not to brook it as a 'freed' any more. I must stand forth in my true light as a woman who knows a good thing when she finds it."

"The cigarette which you first smoked was a mixture of two very harmless ingredients, cinnamon and green tea. The tea was purchased by me of an importer and rubbed fine with pestle and mortar. See," pointing to a druggist's outfit upon the table, "that is my factory. The cinnamon was the pure spice also powdered extra fine. The two were mixed in equal proportions."

"You have heard of tea cigarettes and their nerve-revitalizing properties. These are less nerve-stimulating and more brightening. They wake you up without unwearying you afterwards. The cinnamon is for perfume."

"Have you ever perfumed your room by burning cinnamon in a flame or on something hot? You know how sweet the air is, as with the aroma of the East. Mixed with the tea there is the same aroma, and the cinnamon is good for the nerves. A cigarette prepared in this way wakes me up suddenly and makes me witty and ready."

"People say that all women cigarette smokers find a mixture of opium and innosinate in the paper roll. The result is a drunkenness, a languor, a rest, a peace, a dreamy, floating feeling which,

once felt, is forever craved. I don't know exactly how it feels, because I have never smoked opium. But it gives the feelings, the brightness, without all the horrible rest of it.

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