

THE EMILY ENMINS PAPERS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

MISS ANNA was certainly a goddess. It was due to her comprehension of the "human various," and her experienced knowledge of London, that I was myself to revisit places I had never seen before.

When she calmly asked me to spend a day sightseeing in the "City," I gasped. But when she reminded me that I ought to look once more on some of the old landmarks of London, I was flattered into a gracious acceptance.

One fine, sunny August morning we started out. I was supposed to be absolutely under her direction, but when she remarked casually that we would take a "bus," I rebelled.

"I have never been in or on the horrid things," I protested, "and I never intend to."

But she only said, "We'll stand on the corner of Oxford street, and wait for a City Atlas," and somehow I immediately felt quite accustomed to City Atlases, and intuitively knew it would be a blue one, but it wasn't.

Imitating Miss Anna's air of habitual custom, I swung myself aboard of the moving monster, and laboriously climbed the curving companion-way at the back.

Once in our seats, it was not so bad; though very like riding a wild horse, without being allowed to direct the storm.

Miss Anna drew my attention to points of interest as we passed them. In her tactful way she humored my idiosyncrasy. She never said, "On your right is the 'Salutation and Cat,' where Coleridge and Southey and Lamb used to congregate on a winter evening." She said, "I have heard that you always thought 'Salutation and Cat,' the very dearest tavern in all London."

Not when we came to the half-timbered houses of Holborn did she say, "Here lived Lamb's godfather, who was known to and visited by Sheridan."

She said, "Don't you like 'Flower-de-luce' way of putting things? You remember how he tells us that on his first visit to London he went astray in Holborn, through an arched entrance, in a court opening forth with a great many sunflowers in full bloom."

All this pleased me, as did also Miss Anna's great book-shop, which is, I think, in this neighborhood.

Another delightful pastime was observing the signs over the shop doors. As the English are adept in the making of puns, so are they especially happy in adjusting their callings to their names.

Least I be considered frivolous, I shall mention only two; but surely there could

not be more appropriate names for dentists than two whose signboards proudly announced Shipley Slipper, and across the street from him Mr. Strong-Tillman.

We went on, absorbed in our view of kaleidoscopic London, until Miss Anna decreed that we go down to the ground again. There was no elevator as in the Flatiron buildings, so we tumbled down the back stairs and were thrown off.

The sequence of the places we visited I do not remember, but they seemed to be mostly churches and taverns.

St. Paul's was taken casually, as indeed it should be, being like a corporation, without a soul.

Exteriorly, and from a goodly distance, St. Paul's is perfection. From the river, or from Parliament Hill, it is sympathetic and responsive. But inside it is a mere vastness of mosaic and gilding, peopled with shiny marbles of heroic size. There is an impressive grandeur of art, but no message for the spirit. It is magnificent, but it is not church.

Miss Anna and I walked properly about the edifice, fortunately agreeing in our attitude toward it.

From here, I think, she led me across something and through something and around something else, and then we were in St. Bartholomew's Church. Being the oldest church in London, St. Bartholomew's is historically important, but it is interesting and delightful as well. The very air inside has been shut in there ever since the twelfth century, yet one breathes it normally, and enjoys the sudden backward transition. Had I the time, I could easily find an inclination to walk every day round its ancient triforium.

As we left the church the Charterhouse put itself in our way. Though other British subjects were educated at this school, it remains sacred to the memory of Thackeray. From here he wrote to his mother, "There are but 370 boys in this school, and I wish there were only 36." But visitors to the Charterhouse are glad that the 37th boy remained there, and stamped the whole place with his gentle memory. The atmosphere of the Charterhouse is wonderfully calm; it does not connote boys, but seems tranquilly imbued with the later wisdom of the great men who spent their youthful days within its walls.

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X 'I Went and Ranged About to Many Churches.'



proximity to the garden of a great man. Now, were I of the stone-throwing sex, there is many a dead hero at whose garden I should aim before I turned toward Carlyle's. But of course this was not my friend lived in Chelsea. Therefore the non-resident, not being confined to a locality, can throw imaginary stones into any one's garden.

A desultory discussion of this subject caused Miss Anna to propose that our next scene be aimed at the garden of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

So to the Cheshire Cheese we went. The imposing personality of Dr. Johnson and the antiquity of the famous tavern led me to anticipate great things; and I was sorely disappointed (as probably most visitors are) at the plainly-spread table, the fearfully hard seats and the trying umbrella-rack filled with sawdust.

Of course we occupied the historic

corner, where, according to the brass tablet, Dr. Johnson loved to linger; but two young American women whose tastes are not of the sanded floor and muffled air variety cannot at a midday meal whoop up much of the atmosphere that probably surrounded the smoke-wreathed midnight of Johnsonian revelry.

Not that we didn't enjoy it, for we were of a mind to enjoy everything that day; but the appreciation was entirely objective. Methodically we climbed the stairs and viewed all the rooms of the old, old house, and on the top floor were duly shown by the guide the old arm-chair in which Dr. Johnson used to sit. A stout twine was tied across from arm to arm, that pilgrims might not further wear out the old cushion. When I, as an enormous jest, asked the guide to cut the string, that I might sit in the historic chair, he cheerfully did so, and I considered the fee well spent that allowed me to linger for a moment on the very dusty cushions of Dr. Johnson's own chair.

I afterward learned that the string business was a fraud, and was renewed and cut again for each curious visitor. I accept with equanimity this clever ruse, but I'm still wondering how they renew the dust.

While we were going Early Restaurants Miss Anna said, "We must take in Crosby Place."

This pleased me hugely, for I remembered how Gloucester, in "Richard the Third," was everlastingly repairing to Crosby Place, and I desired to know what was the attraction.

I found it interesting, but lacking Gloucester, I shall not repair there often. To be sure, it is a magnificent house, Gothic, Perpendicular and all that, the hangings and appointments are, probably, much as they used to be, but

after all, I do not care greatly for eating among Emotions.

Whereupon Miss Anna cheerfully proposed that we visit the Tower. Not only "No," said I, with decision; and then, my mind still on "Richard the Third," I quoted: "I do not like the Tower, of any place."

I'm not sure I should have been able so bravely to disclaim an interest in the Tower, had it not been that the night before I had heard a wise and prominent Londoner state the fact that he had never visited it.

"No Londoner has ever been to the Tower," he declared. "We used to say that we intended to go some time or other, but now we don't even say that."

I was greatly relieved to learn this, for I'm positive that the Tower is hideous and uninteresting. As an alternative, I asked that we might visit the railway stations.

Aside from the romance that is indigenous to all railway stations, there are peculiar characteristics of the great London termini that are of absorbing interest. And so strong are the claims each puts forth for pre-eminence, it is indeed difficult to award a palm.

Euston has its columns, Charing Cross its Tribute to Queen Eleanor, St. Pancras a spacious roominess and Victoria a woefully-crowded and limited space. Each station has its own sort of people, and though indubitably they must mingle upon occasion, yet the type of crowd at each station is invariably the same.

And yet, after all, my heart goes back with fondest memories to Euston. Not the sight of them as you approach from London, but the queer, almost uncanny way in which they permeate the whole place. They follow you through the station and into the train, and not for many miles can you get out from under the presence of those perfect shapes.

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Women Now Have Diet Luncheons

DIET luncheons are the newest fad with women. There is in consequence despair in the hearts of many of the fashionable maitres d'hotel who made reputations by composing tempting menus for midday feminine feasts, says the New York Sun.

Extravagance began to run riot a few seasons ago, when women woke to the fact that the dinner table was more easily and even more inexpensively at the hotels than in their own homes. They changed the dining-rooms from dreary, half-filled apartments into gay bowers during the hours from 1 to 3 P. M., and each hostess tried to outdo the others in ordering rich and rare things for her feast.

Besides that, for years the meals known to most women as luncheons, were made up of strange combinations of hot and cold foods, with much rich pastry and cakes. Chocolate and coffee were the liquid and women stimulated flesh and cultivated dyspepsia in trying to keep up.

But all that is changed now, and even in the cheaper places, where the shopping woman was wont to run in for a few eclairs, a lobster croquette and an iced tea, there is rigid avoidance of the old-time dishes and a marked tendency to the regular diet foods, such as un-buttered toast in place of bread, coffee and tea without cream or sugar, and avoidance of sweets.

Reduction cures and beauty cures started the new order of things and within the last few years doctors have been prescribing diets as a cure for various ills such as rheumatism, nerves and the troubles which proceeded directly from the stomach. It looks as though the druggist's age was about to dawn when high-priced specialists tell their patients to drink hot water mornings and live on rare beef, spinach or asparagus and salads without oil, which is one of the universal cures that a well-known doctor is giving dozens of his patients.

The fight against fat is getting to be so serious a matter that nine women out of ten are cutting down their daily allowance of food and when two or three of them meet for a midday bite they agree on the simplest possible fare. At a Turkish bath the other day a party of women ordered for their lunch dry toast and coffee with an extra large and fine dish of fruit.

It cannot be said that the restaurants enjoy the new fad for diet luncheons. Several of these places, the best-known, in fact, have a specialty of providing hundreds of the very richest kinds of cakes and confections made with cream and sugar for the feminine luncheon each day. Now an observer will see women with glasses of milk instead of chocolate or coffee, and toast or bread and butter substituted for the little mounds of cake and jelly covered with pink and green icing and rimmed with whipped cream.

"There is a decided change in the midday orders for women's luncheons," said the head waiter of one of the popular rooms, "but it is only a fad and will not last. A woman who goes in for a luncheon alone may afford to have a cup of soup and a biscuit, but when she goes out to luncheon it is different."

She looks then for something more tempting, and, above all, new. These things may not be heavy, in fact they must not be, but the beef and spinach diet will not remain a standing order, you may be sure, with women.

"For centuries they have been fond of sweets, and it is, you might say, a part of the feminine nature to care more for things with whipped cream and sugar and icing than for plain foods. I think it would detract from the charm and the fascination of women generally if they became vegetarians or adopted the idea of mere meat and a vegetable as a diet."

"The women of Russia and of France are notably beautiful and charming and they are certainly not abstemious so far as the luxuries of the table are concerned. American women have always lived well from the days of the Puritans when they discovered the excellence of turkey and mince pie, in spite of their strict sense of life's responsibilities and duties."

"American women have always been famous cooks, and this proves that they can appreciate good cooking. The

South, which is famed for its cooking, produces the most beautiful women. They remain slim and elegant and charming, although they eat waffles and fried chicken and other foods for which their section of the country is famous.

"New York women have a tendency to stoutness, but this is a matter of climate rather than of their food. Some of the very stoutest women weigh every bit of bread and butter they eat, or maybe they eliminate both and take saccharine tablets in place of sugar."

"At present there is a taboo on many of the dishes that used to be feminine favorites, notably chicken and lobster salads, but then does anyone eat these two dishes as they used? I think not. At supper there is a call for them, but luncheons and dinners find them left out."

"On the other hand, there are many new dishes that have come to take their places and are undoubtedly better. Grapefruit seems a substitute for soup at women's luncheons, and chicken sweetbreads and fish to a great extent take the place of beef and mutton."

"The rule is to have very few vegetables, two at most, and this obtains with women's menus. Potatoes are entirely barred by many women, as their fattening properties are generally understood."

"Others bar tomatoes in any form, as they are supposed to tend to uric acid, which means rheumatism and kindred disorders. Sweets of all kinds stand for obesity, and women, many of them, will order coffee and fruit as a dessert."

"But men are the real diet fiends. For instance, we have a number of men who will have nothing but crackers and milk for luncheon; others will have pie

and milk, and the waiter's fee is as much as the check. At this season we have several men who order strawberry shortcake with cream and sugar and have nothing else.

"But the sad thing is that with all this sacrifice the flesh stays on some people, especially women. And that is why I am sure that the simple diet fad will not be long-lived with them, except in cases of actual illness."

"Dieting will help the health and the appearance of women, but climate it appears to me, is what determines the type of the feminine sex. The women of England, for instance, eat a great deal more than Americans, but they remain long, lanky and languid and never fatten until late in life."

"French women are plumper, but of delicate frame, with long, thin feet, and they are not inclined to be tall. But the American women are Junos and they are built sturdily with straight backs and exquisite feet and limbs. Unfortunately they have a tendency to take on flesh, but they have awakened to the danger of late, and that is one reason why the diet luncheon fad has taken hold of them."

The Proper Grooming of the Hands

THE woman who keeps her hands in good condition now manicures twice a day, once when dressing in the morning and once when retiring. The second manicuring is the more important of the two.

The grooming of the hands, like the grooming of the hair, takes a great deal of time. The hands must be bleached until snow white and they must have the skin treated until it is fine.

Then the temperature of the hands must receive attention. Women who sit with hands tightly clasped will have hot hands. Women whose nerves are unstrung will have hands suggesting the zero point.

The most agreeable hands are those that merely convey the impression of warmth. They are neither hot nor cold. It is part of the work of the hand culturist to make the hands of the right degree of warmth.

The French woman gives much care to her hands. She is very economical of all things and specially of her beauty lotions. Thus after manicuring she slips on an old pair of gloves which she has patched and fitted until they are big and comfortable upon her hands.

In those who keep her hands encased for half a day. When she removes them her finger tips are beautifully manicured. The gloves have been treated to keep the hands white and soft, and while she was working for gloves have been making her hands prettier.

The French treatment for the inside of gloves is simple. The gloves are turned inside out and the inner surface is ironed with a cream made by taking sheep's fat and trying it out on a warm stove. It is cooled, and as it hardens into a white cake of cream a few drops of camphor is put

into it. The result is a camphor smelling cake of whiteness.

With this on the inner side of the gloves is ironed. To make the outer surface a little white wax can be added. It is applied with the point of a warm iron.

Hands must now be prepared in a new way, for the fashion in hands has changed. No longer do they lie in repose upon one's lap. They must move about and be expressive.

Hands need various treatment according to the latest fashions. The English is a literary woman in London who uses her hands to signify deep thought. She sits with the tips of the fingers lightly touching. It is a pretty trick if one can perform it cleverly and if one's hands are good.

The shape of the finger tips is of the utmost importance. They must be short and the ends of the fingers plump yet tapering.

The girlish posture for the hands is in the lap, open and with the palms upward. They must have no rings or other jewelry, and the color of the palms should be a deep rose.

Hands that are not exercised grow old so soon. Yet the exercise of the hands is difficult for the reason that one is apt to carry it too far. The little girl who plays marbles unconsciously puts her hands through just the right movements to keep them supple. She turns her wrists; she rolls her arms; she moves each finger separately, and she dimples her knuckles.

The dimpling of the knuckles is very important. Try to dimple the back of your hand, open your fingers wide, stretch them as far back as you can and see if your knuckles do not show little dimple spots. Practice each day, and your hands will begin to look pretty.

A graceful movement of the hands is that of placing the palms together so that the hands clasp each other loosely. This is very effective if the hands are young and full of pretty curves. It shows the rings and enables one to display a set of perfect finger tips. But it is trying if the hands be old and wrinkled, knobby or disposed to be coarse.

The most important manicuring of the day comes at night. The finger-tips must be soaked in oil and the flesh pushed back with a stick cut like a horseshoe on one end. This is worked with cotton and pressed upon the nail gently, so as to force the flesh back and make the nail almond shaped.

Then the nails should be gently rubbed with some good nail emollient to keep them from splitting. Finally, the hands are lightly bleached to keep them in good color. Then the hands are ready for the night.

Sleeping in gloves is annoying in the summertime. But if the backs of the hands are growing freckled or tanned, one can sleep in gloves from which the palm has been removed. The backs and fingers of the gloves are ironed with a good bleaching cream or are filled with olive oil.

In the morning the hands are washed well in oatmeal water and soap, and rinsed in boracic acid and water. Once a week they are whitened in a very weak carbolic bath and once in two weeks they are bleached with a lemon bath. This course with an occasional sponging with peroxide of hydrogen will keep the hands in good color.

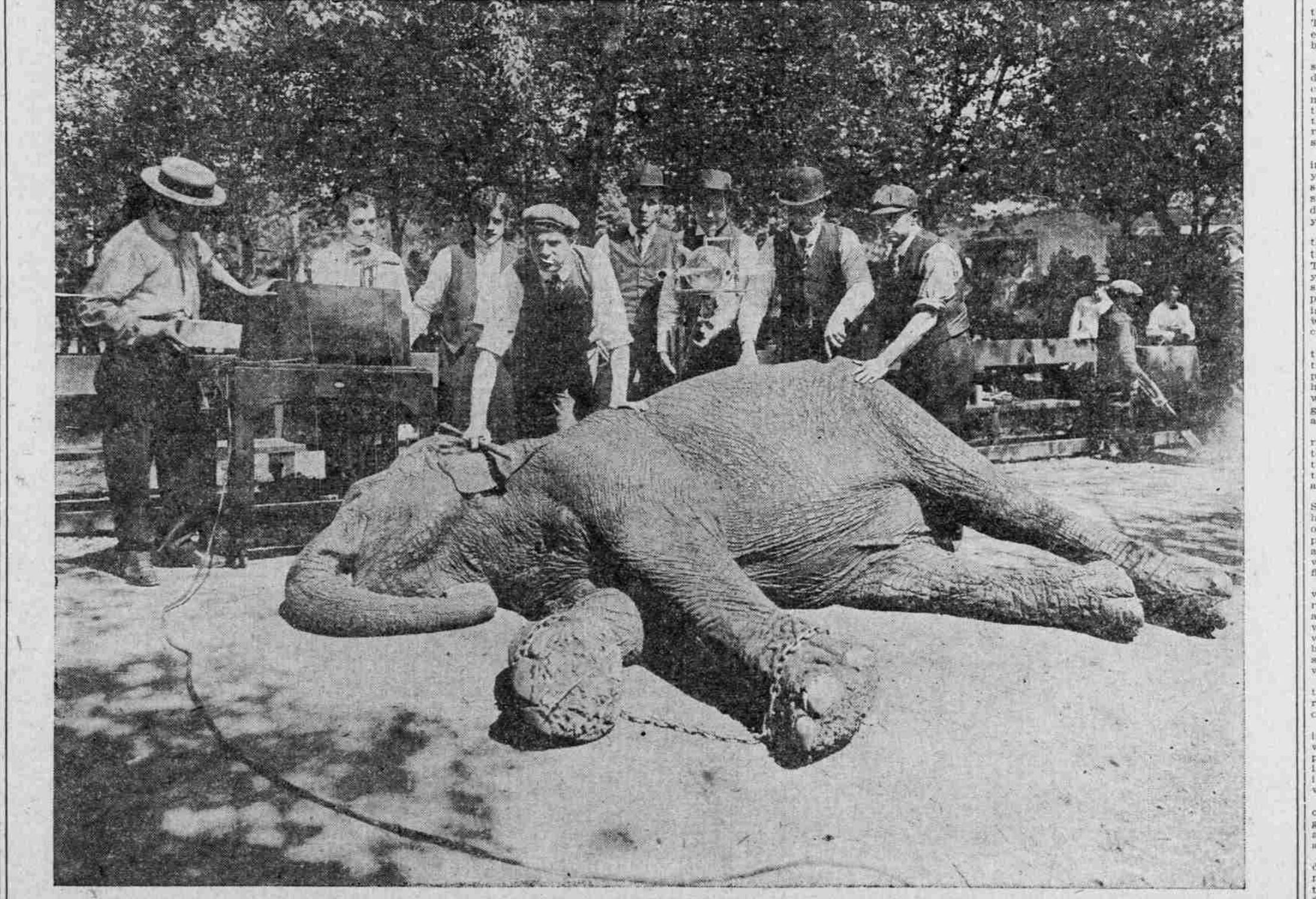
When the hands are manicured in the morning they are well washed and rinsed. They are then whitened with a cold cream and the nails are polished.

If they are dull a little colored salve is rubbed into them or they are stained with fresh strawberries juice. Then the plush is applied, and the woman who is careful of her hands will slip them into big, loose gloves for the morning's work.

The individuality of the fingers is one of the tricks taught to the aspirant for good hands. Do not keep your fingers all grouped in a little bunch, but separate them.

Hands must be properly dressed these days. The woman who wears rings must wear them smartly. In London they wear rings a series, on all four fingers.

The dressing of the hands takes a great deal of time. The woman who keeps her hands nice must put half an hour a day upon them. But this is not an extravagant price to pay for a pair of handsome hands.



PHOTOGRAPHING AN ELEPHANT WITH THE X-RAYS.
"Several days ago an elephant in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens swallowed a diamond ring which had been dropped by a lady visitor. It was important that the missing jewel be "located." For this purpose the service of an X-ray photographing apparatus was called into use and the great beast was "taken" in sections. At first she resented the strange device and became obstreperous, her keeper being obliged to use his wits and his instruments of punishment to make her tractable. When, the animal learned that the camera was harmless, she submitted in good grace. Her pose is here shown in this remarkable photograph."