NOBLE SPORTING MEN.

Rich Young English Lords Who Have Fine Horses and Bet on Them.

A PRINCE WHO LIKES TO BET.

Blue-Blooded Women Who Haunt the Race Courses Abroad.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, May 26.—One of the first things which strikes an outsider visiting the private inclosure of a crack British race meeting is the moody countenance and freezing reserve of the aristocratic habitue. The bookmakers may be screaming out the odds and the common people roaring their delight during the progress of a race, but the noble sportsman rarely raises his voice above its ordinary conversational tone, and he must be watched closely and continuously before one can detect the muscular twitchings, the involuntary flush, the gnawing of the nether lip, which prove that his calmness is simply assumed because it is supposed that only the vulgar people wear their hearts upon their sleeves.

Occasionally human nature will cause even a noble lord to break through this artificial restraint when he has an unusually heavy stake upon a particular horse, and then he proves to be quite a common person, cursing his hard luck in ordinary oaths or offering to stand drinks with the irrational enthusiasm and generosity of the drygoods young man who has won his first bet. But these occasions are very rare and receive no encouragement from the well-bred icebergs who float around the paddock and follow in melancholy procession the Prince of Wales whenever His Royal Highness deigns, and that is not unfrequently, to put in an appearance at Newmarket, Epsom, Doncaster, Goodwood and Ascot.

ROYALTY AT THE RACES.

Royalty rarely misses any one of these meetings, and the Princess of Wales will often accompany her free-and-easy spouse—especially to Epsom and Ascot. She does not devote much attention to the racing, but occupies herself chiefly in looking after her daughters and guests. The young princesses cannot be said to be handsome, for they take too much after their royal father, but they are young and full of spirit, and courtiers say that, like their beautiful and popular mother, they are very gracious to those around them. The Prince of Wales likes the sport, is fond of betting and still fonder of winning. He does not bet very often, but then he rarely misses a good thing. His racing counselors are Sir Frederick Johnstone, Lord Alington, Sir George Chetwynd and Mr. Mackenzie, the latter a rich Scotch laird who claims to be descended in the direct line from the ancient kings of Scotland. These four sportsmen know pretty well all that is worth knowing about form, trials and jockeys and trainers' gossip.

Anyone in a position to obtain reliable news can find a ready market with all or any one of them, and they will spend money freely, secretly or openly, it does not matter much to them, to obtain a good thing which will enable them to place their bets and give the Prince a tip. His Royal Highness does not bet for himself, his commissions being executed by Johnstone, Alington or Chetwynd. He wins much oftener than he loses, because his advisers, knowing that the royal temper is apt to be upset at the end of a bad day, take care to give him what they believe to be the very straightest of straight tips.

FIXING A RACE.

The royal sportsman has made several efforts to become the owner of good flat racers, but his speculations have been unfortunate. But he has had better luck with steeplechasers, in which department his right hand man is Lord Marquis Beresford, brother of the Marquis of Waterford, and chief sporting member of a famous Irish sporting family. Lord Marcus years ago tried to enjoy himself like a Marquis upon the slender portion of a younger son, got into difficulties and was set upon his legs again by being appointed official starter to the Jockey Club, at a salary of $5,000 a year. Lord Marcus and John Jones, the Epsom trainer, persuaded the Prince to purchase the horse Magic which has turned out almost a first rate steeplechaser at three miles. The animal has won several races in the royal colors—purple and scarlet with gold braid—and won them on his merits, but his first win, at Liverpool, was notoriously arranged by the owners of the other horses in order to please the Prince and induce him to attend Liverpool races more regularly.

The Prince's favorite racing town is Newmarket, and he loves it because the natives do not mob him whenever he stirs abroad. I met him in High street there a week or so ago strolling along quite unattended and unnoticed. He was got up in correct sporting fashion, and wore among other striking things a pair of long yellow riding boots, which well set off the handsome legs and ankles of which his Royal Highness is inordinately proud. I have frequently seen the Prince in London, and upon every occasion his face had the same mechanical, half-foolish, half-amiable smile, which is part of the royal outfit when moving about town. At Newmarket, however, the Prince was without the stereotyped smile, and walked along whistling and whacking his big boots with a whip as though life was worth living there at any rate.

YOUNG COLLARS AND CUFFS.

The Prince's eldest son, Albert Victor, better known by his popular name of "Collars and Cuffs," is a last young man, who is engaged just now in having his fling under the kindly and not unsympathetic eye of his royal papa. Albert Victor is not a beauty, and would be considered an average specimen of an ordinary dude were it not for his neck, which is as long as a comelopard's and attracts unwelcome attention wherever he goes. The youngster has recently registered his own colors, but only for regimental racing.

Lord Alington is altogether unlike the popular idea of a lord. He bears a most ludicrous resemblance to Nat Goodwin. His lordship has the same queer property smile, the same unctuous expression and quick perky manner which are connected in the popular mind with Goodwin in some of his burlesque roles. Lord Alington bets with the persistency and courage begotten of knowledge, and rarely makes a serious mistake. He is not so reserved as the general crowd of aristocratic sportsmen, and after lunch he has been known to bandy unrefined jokes with bookmakers. Years ago when he was plain Mr. Sturt, he was wild and reckless, and although he has long since settled down, he is fond of a revel still in congenial company. He usually bets with Bookmaker Steel, a long-limbed, long-faced Yorkshireman, who began business life at Sheffield as a fish hawker, and is now a great iron master and millionaire as well as a bookmaker. His partner, one Peech, is as round, podgy and red as Steel is long, lank and white, and the pair are known as Codlin and Short.

AN ECCENTRIC HORSEMAN.

One of the richest and oldest of owners is Mr. Richard Naylor of Hootton Hall, who in his time has owned Stockwell, Macaroni and other famous horses and has won most of the great races. Naylor is about 80 years old, but Hale and hearty. He guards his money with a parsimonious care heartbreaking to Lord Rossmore, a comparatively poor young nobleman who married Naylor's daughter years ago and has been since disconsolately wondering how long the old man is going to last. But the old fellow is very tough and not improbably may outlive his lordship. Naylor always walks up the hill at Newmarket to save the 25-cent cab fare which the lazy, broken backer thinks nothing of paying. His dress is as slovenly as though designed deliberately to increase the chronic anguish of his aristocratic son-in-law. No one wears his clothes longer or his linen more frayed than does old Dick Naylor, and no one can better afford to disregard outward appearance than he. Lord Rossmore on the other hand, is always spic and span, perfumed and oiled as though fresh from the hand of his valet. He will make a big splash when his millionaire father-in-law dies and leaves him the wherewithal to do it. Meanwhile his lordship judiciously lies somewhat low.

Sir John Astley, who claims to be the originator of the "go-as-you-please" pedestrian contests, is perhaps the most widely known and popular sporting man in England. He is a big, burly, breezy, brazen-lunged old man, fond of strong language and strong drinks. Wherever he may be he cannot help being prominent; his Falstaffian figure, white hair and beard, the enormous black cigar which is never out of his mouth, save when he is eating, drinking or sleeping, his loud strident voice and his frequent boisterous laugh, all help in that direction. It is one of Sir John's peculiarities to ride a very small horse, and as he is a very big and heavy man, the effect is curious to the human observer and distressing to the poor little beast. He has already managed to get through two fair-sized fortunes in the endeavor to make money out of the bookmakers and would

CHEERFULLY RISK A THIRD

if he could get it. But his means are now moderate and his betting is on the lightest possible scale. There is something attractive about this rollicking old baronet and he is entitled to some measure of respect were it only for the fact that he heartily despises the languid set and declines to conform to their ways.

Sir George Chetwynd is the youngest member in the Prince of Wales' set, being just 40 years of age. A year or more ago he was publicly charged by the Earl of Durham with swindling the public by instructing his jockeys to manipulate his horses. It was feared that so grave a charge would have serious social consequences for him, but so far it has apparently made no difference. He is too useful to the Prince to be lightly dispensed with, and the general run of sportsmen do not trouble to look too closely at a man's character especially if he be a Baronet. Chetwynd's wife is the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings, who is a very keen sportswoman. Chetwynd emphatically belongs to the frigid set, but one can tell when he has a lot of money on a horse by the way in which he strokes and gnaws his tawny mustache.

Lord Durham, Chetwynd's accuser, is a supercilious aristocrat who loses or wins with equal indifference and never shows any emotion. He has a big rent-roll and it would not be easy to ruin him.

Lord Lurgan, a close chum of Chetwynd, is a West of Ireland man with little of the fiery Celtic blood, to judge from his demeanor. He would have done well as a reporter, being endowed with a keen scent for news. In the pursuit of information he will made friends with anyone, from a stableboy to a book-maker. He was so badly hit at Goodwood last year that he had to go into retirement for a considerable time. Eventually his friends raised the money necessary to set him going again, and he is well to the fore this season.

WOMEN WHO GAMBLE.

In most countries it is considered scarcely consistent with feminine modesty for a woman to consort habitually with bookmakers and stablemen and to frequent race-courses. But it is all right in England. The Countess of Cardigan, for instance, is never happy unless there is racing goin on. She is over 70 years of age and a decidedly unwholesome old lady. She is tall and straight, and these advantages, added to a curled flaxen wig and a well-padded bust give her a youthful appearance at a distance. But when you get close the illusion disappears, the highly enameled complexion and the other accessories fail to conceal the ravages of age; and one cannot repress a shudder.

The Dowager Duchess of Montrose is as old as the Countess of Cardigan and not much more wholesome. A year ago she married a young fellow named Milner, young enough to be her grandson, and she is not in the least ashamed of the fact. In her hilarious moments, which are not unfrequent, she will even joke about her youthful lord and master, and the merriment is not as a rule of a delicate character. She is florid and fat and as big and strong as a prize ox. Add to these natural beauties the manners and conversation of a fish-wife, and you have the most unwomanly duchess on the face of the earth. She is reputed to be a good-hearted woman but she is subject to fits of temper; and at such times rages around the ring and sweeps through the paddock like a second-grade cyclone. She bets prodigiously but is never satisfied and as she is strongly suspected of manipulating her horses to suit her book she is generally in bad odor both with the bookmakers and the general public.

The foolish young man named Benzon, and more commonly called the "Jubilee Plunger," or "Jubilee Juggins," is, of course, no longer a leading British sportsman; but his memory will be cherished for a long time to come by the bookmakers. During the jubilee year he spent about $200,000 among them, and within a year and a half squandered his fortune of about $2,000,000. He purchased an annuity, which brings him an income of $15 a week, and he can now be seen occasionally eating a dinner costing about 50 cents in a cheap London restaurant. He has a good dinner or outing now and then at the expense of the bookmakers, whom he enriched and whose generosity he frequently praises. While he was spending his fortune, Benzon never wore a shirt more than once. He has no other claim to fame. But what a claim it is, though!

BLAKELY HALL.

CHANGE OF MOTION INTO HEAT.

A Curious Illustration of the Transformation—An Explanation.

The opinion is now commonly accepted by scientific men that all bodies, substances, gases and liquids are composed of multitudes of particles or molecules of almost inconceivable smallness, and these are supposed to be in motion among themselves—this motion, moreover, being heat; that is to say, heat is neither more nor less than a kind of motion, and this interval vibration can be transmuted into a perceptible mechanical movement, or, on the other hand, mechanical movement can be converted into the invisible motion called heat.

How the change takes place no one knows, but the change is none the less a fact. As illustrating this point a writer in the *Mechanical Engineer* cites the fact that the difference between a solid and a gas is simply that the motion of the particles or molecules of the gas is much greater in extent than is the motion of the particles of the solid, some gases also having a greater range of motion than other gases, and if by any means the motion is taken out of gas, say by compressing it into a vessel, the sides and ends of which reduce the range of movement, then, as nothing is lost in nature, the invisible and insensible motion of the gas, which it has lost, reappears as heat in a visible form, and it is found that the sides of the vessel become hot.

Further, the oxygen which has combined with coal has a very considerable range of internal motion, but when the oxygen has combined with the coal, another gas, known as carbonic acid gas, is produced, and the particles of this gas having a much smaller range of motion than the particles of the oxygen have, the difference appears in the form of heat.

The Metric System.

As applied to weights and measures the metric system has been adopted by France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Netherlands, Greece, Mexico, Brazil, Peru, Chili and the South American republics. Switzerland, Denmark and Austria have partially adopted it. It is legalized or permissive, but is not compulsory, in the United States or Great Britain.

Coal Sugar Condemned by Doctors.

In Paris the saccharin, or sugar made from coal, has been unanimously condemned by the medical profession, because it seriously troubles digestion. In consequence of their recommendation, a law has been enacted prohibiting the use of coal sugar as an article of food.

FADS OF RICH MEN.

How the Wealthy Pass Some of Their Leisure Moments at Home.

THEIR ELEGANT BILLIARD ROOMS

And the Costly and Artistic Furniture With Which They are Filled.

OTHER RICH AND ATHLETIC APPARATUS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Billiard rooms used to be in the basement, but as other rooms they are tending upward. Houses will soon have to be all top. Men will go up stairs to play billiards when they won't go down stairs. In the basement they are too near the servants, whose ears are preternaturally acute. Up stairs there is greater freedom for conversation.

Men who have sons find that if there is a well equipped billiard room near the roof with good air, unrestricted vision, adequate privacy and satisfactory means of refreshment, that sons after business hours are much more apt to come home, bring their friends with them, and play until dinner than to go to their clubs.

Wealth and discriminating architects have produced some marvelous billiard rooms in this town. An architect of large experience says that nothing in the country compares with the billiard room of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. It is a Moorish room opening out of the great Francis I. banqueting room. The walls are wainscotted in five feet wide old Moorish tiles brought from Spain, rich with irridescent dyes and peacocks' eyes luster, a secret that modern enamels have never recovered. Above the wainscotting the walls are of papier mache, modeled in designs secured from the Alhambra 20 years ago by Mr. R. M. Hunt, a favor not granted since by the Spanish Government. There have been plenty of models since secured with geometrical precision by calipers and cunning instruments, but these show the blunted angles and softened lines of the original, and as they are colored with the same tints have that charm which the greater precision would not give.

The doors and ceiling are of butternut, elaborately ornamented with Moorish interlaced work. The mantel and the fire-facings of the horseshoe arch are of Mexican onyx, and a series of onyx columns above the mantel breast makes niches where the cues and other necessary solids and liquids of a billiard room are kept. Opposite the mantel is a fountain secured in a niche where the water breaks in spray over silver ribs with beautiful effect. The window of the room is in itself a notable feature. It is filled with perforated ornaments and behind th is a large onyx, so thin as to be almost transparent. This is of butternut, inlaid in Moorish designs, and in keeping are chairs and divan. Adjoining is a Moorish toilet room lined with Moorish tiles with the figures in onyx.

THE NECESSARY FIXTURES.

The essentials of a billiard room are few, but they are very essential. There must be plenty of clear space around the tables. The wall should be such that cues awkwardly handled shall not harm them. There should be no projections to stride out, and imperil the arms and shoulders of the enthusiastic players. There should be raised seats conveniently out of the way for onlookers. There should be recesses for cues and other things. The perfect billiard room contains no non-essentials.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's billiard room is in the basement, the corner room. It is, in fact, a mahogany box within the room proper, and so complete that at any time it could be removed like cabinet work. The niches for cues, the closets for refreshments, cigars, etc., are all inclosed with this mahogany lining, and in order, as has been intimated, that there should be no projections to interfere with the elbow room, the divan for spectators is in the alcove which makes the bay of the parlor. The table is of mahogany, richly carved, a Collender table made according to the designs of the architect.

A billiard table, like a piano, is in form a thing to be endured when it cannot be alleviated. Certain conditions are inevitable. It must have dimensions 4½x9 feet. It must have strong supports. For years it was accordingly strong, but clumsy. Now it is strong, but less aggressive. Architects have wrestled with it and finally brought it into subjection. So important is any successful result that Peabody and Stearns, who designed the tables in the Union League Club, patented the design, and the House Committee of the club, as a courtesy, will sometimes permit members to have the design repeated for themselves. Mr. Louis Tiffany & Co. have designed billiard tables in white enamel and gilt, daintily enough in color for my lady's chamber. Usually, however, they are of sturdier character and in dark woods.

SOME HANDSOME TABLES.

Mr. George Vanderbilt has a table of Japanese design. The wood is lacquered in old red and dragons and other grotesque forms of brass are hammered in. This is presumably placed in a Japanese room. Such rooms are lined with matting, which is an admirable protection for the walls against the cue.

The billiard room of Mr. Calvin S. Brice is pannelled with matting, although not a Japanese room, Mr. Brice's billiard table is considered one of the handsomest in town. It is of oak elaborately carved, and particular attention has been given to making its legs objects of beauty, as the legs are almost the only chance that the designer has. For Mr. Brice's table the cloth was specially dyed to match the antique blue green of the ceiling which gives the color tint of the room. It appears that the cloth used in billiard tables is a special weave made by a man named Simoni in Belgium and can be procured nowhere else. The green of the ordinary table is as well known as the grass from which it borrows its tint. Occasionally other tints are used, gray, for example, but in very rare cases. One of the most astonishing tables just ordered and which the makers call a freak, speaking in the language of the side show, has a bright yellow cloth cover, yellow satin pockets and brass covers to the pockets. It was ordered through a large decorative firm here and it would be interesting to know for what gay-minded and strong-eyed player.

The handsomest billiard table ever made in this country was for Patti, who, as is known, is an enthusiastic lover of billiards, and it is graciously said plays a good game. The table was of rose and amaranth woods, with hand-painted panels bordered by relays of ivory. It cost $3,000 and is now at Craig-y-nos, her castle in Wales.

PRETTY ARCHITECTURE.

The billiard room of a gentleman who forbids his name to be used, has some pretty architectural features. It is a long room in colonial styles, and wainscotted in oak within three feet of the ceiling above, which is a frieze painted by Mr. Francis Lathrop. At each end is a dais with divans, and these are architecturally placed in alcoves by letting down from the ceiling perforated screens, which seem to reproportion the room. The windows are filled with Crowninshield glass, and the receptacles for cues and the closets are appropriately recessed. One feature of this room does not seem so desirable. The table is placed on a platform with room, of course, for the players, but in the excitement of a game it is always possible for a man to take an unlucky back step and lose his equanimity, if nothing more.

Not only one of the handsomest but a billiard room the most appropriately masculine in its fittings is that of Mr. Howell Osborne, at the Osborne villa at Mamaroneck, which is, by the way, one of the most distinguished country seats, both in its architecture and in its decoration in the suburbs of New York. This room is in oak, with oak studded ceiling, and the walls are covered with brown calfskin fastened to place with brass nails. The calf, excepting in its sweet breads, seems never so truly valuable as in this form. The soft brown hue of the tanned hide is one of the most agreeable tints that nature and man have combined to produce. It carries with it also such a pleasant suggestion of strength, endurance, indifference to hard knocks, a sense of virility, complimenting those things one likes to think of men, and therefore so appropriately used in men's rooms and belongings.

A CHAPTER ON CUES.

Not a great deal of attention is given to handsome billiard cues. Length, weight and balance are the important considerations. The wood proper is ash finished with leather tips that are made by the French peasants, and not procurable elsewhere. Each cue is or should be constructed so that it will balance in the middle when placed across the finger. For this reason the end in the hand is usually of lighter wood and here some ornamentation is given. A present fashion consists in bead-like moldings that assist the hand in its grip. But the most expensive cues are ornamented something like peacock eyes, with successive curving bands of color, and these are formed of inlays of colored wood so perfectly joined that they look more like enamels or lustrous paints.

Billiards are rather a polite accomplishment than an exercise, and so owe nothing to the later prominent of athletics. On this subject men hold diverse opinions. One man will tell you how he has recently had all the rheumatism shaken out of his bones by placing him under the direction of a professor of physical development. The professor's regimen usually includes a dietary schedule, which should not be admitted in taking the results into consideration. Other men look with dismay on the increase of sudden derangements of the heart which bowl a man over before he knows anything is the matter with him, and these are attributed to the newly acquired taste for exercise. Mr. Chauncey Depew, to me the other day, attributed his fine health, amid increasing cares, to the fact that he took no exercise, and quoted Mr. Evarts, whose health in a long and busy life has been phenomenally good, in support of the same conclusion.

Still the tide goes the other way. Most busy men make some provision in their scheme of life for exercise. Dumb bells and Indian clubs are found in most bathrooms. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has a pulling machine for getting his muscles in trim. Numbers crowd the athletic clubs, the boys' schools and now the girls' schools are introducing gymnasiums with trapezes and turning bars. Some few private houses include gymnasiums. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt has a private gymnasium above his banqueting room. This was suggested by the construction of the banqueting room, the ceiling of which is hung from the roof. The space above through which the trusses extend seemed valueless except for this purpose, for which the beams and supporters fitted exactly. Accordingly the usual equipments of a private gymnasium are found here and it is a royal place for roller skating and velocipede exercise for the younger people.

A FANCY SKATER.

You do not often get a chance to see a sugar broker dance, as Mr. W. S. Gilbert has aptly remarked. We do more often see a man skate whose income it is alleged is $16,000,000. Nor does Mr. John D. Rockefeller intend that he should be seen in his favorite pastime, for a high board fence now shuts in the refreshing green that used so agreeably to lie exposed for the benefit of tired town eyes on each side of his house, and also screens his private skating rink. This is not for roller skating, but is an ice rink, and is intended primarily for Mr. Rockefeller's own diversion. Here in the winter he skates every morning before going down town, and is joined usually by some of his business friends. There are skating classes for the misses and daughters who do not skate, and all the provisions for a merry time. It is doubtful if out of Russia another man gratifies his taste in this particular way, and there is something delightfully naive in a man so fatally rich prosecuting his boyhood tastes and skill in this ingenious manner in the heart of a city.

Another man who takes his exercise under exceptionally happy circumstances, and in a novel manner is Dr. F. N. Otis, the prominent and popular physician.

Dr. Otis is addicted to the rowing machine, which furnishes an admirable exercise, but is really a great stretch on one's dignity. The idea of sitting up in a dry room and pulling with any heartiness on oars that never touch water requires more imagination than most men are willing to expend in the mere pursuit of health. But Dr. Otis assists the delusion, that it is really necessary to give the first impetus to the blood-stirring current by having the end of the room toward which he looks as he pulls on his oars filled with a large painting. This is a Lake George landscape painted for this especial purpose by Mr. Homer Martin. Mr. Martin has imagination enough and charm of touch sufficient to expand the walls and glorify the ballroom which Dr. Otis has dedicated to his recreation. And Dr. Otis has imagination or he could never have devised so happy an expedient. And so as he sits and rows he has daily the illusory delight of pulling out from the lovely shores of one of the loveliest of all lovely lakes.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

RANDALL'S POPULAR DAUGHTER.

A Girl Without Any Nonsense and Who Sustains Her Father.

I saw the other day a strong-featured young lady, wearing glasses, driving rather a stylish turnout, one of those yellow "buckboards" with a small rail around, and a seat for a footman behind. The horse was raw-boned and clumsy. The young lady held the whip and reins in an independent, off-hand way, as if she were on a genuine Pennsylvania "buckboard" going to the cheese factory, and the load behind were a can of milk instead of a big black man in livery. In her features I recognized Samuel J. Randall, and knew her to be his daughter. Randall is one of the most affectionate men in his family I ever knew, but somehow, if possible, I think he is more devoted to his unmarried daughter than to any of the rest. She is as much like him as a young girl can be like an old man in appearance, and her manners and disposition would make any one recognize her who knew him. She is absolutely devoid of affectation, and is as smart as a whip. During her father's illness she has been his stand-by. When it was thought that he was in danger of death, her force of character sustained Mrs. Randall and the rest of the family, and after he got back to his work she used to come to his committee room to see how he felt and to offer him assistance. No matter how much perplexed and taxed by his work, a smile of pleasure came on his face at sight of her. He would throw his arm across her shoulders as if she were a boy. He says she sustains him, and he is as proud of her as can be. When she walks down the avenue she attracts considerable attention without knowing it. She always walks with a brisk, swinging gait, and never wears a bustle. She is one of the most popular girls in Washington.

MAKING CHROME IRON.

A New Process Discovered by a Norwegian Engineer.

A Norwegian engineer has obtained a ten years' patent for a new process for the manufacture of chrome iron. A well-mixed proportion of finely pulverized chrome ore, powered charcoal and tar are made red hot in a closed vessel, allowed to cool, and finally remelted in a crucible, together with a certain proportion of pulverized iron ore, powdered charcoal borax, ground glass and cyanide of potassium. The proportions of the mixture are secret.

Cautious.

[Yankee Blade.]

Miss Crimp—People say I look like my sister. What do you think about it, Mr. Softy?

Mr. Softy (her sister's beau)—I think you look very much like your sister, but please don't tell her I said so.

HOW TO BE A BEAUTY.

Shirley Dare Tells Why Women Want to be Good-Looking.

REMOVING SPOTS ON THE FACE.

What to Do for Red Noses, Flushed Faces and Shiny Complexions.

ANSWERS FOR ANXIOUS INQUIRERS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

This letter must be given up to cosmetics, or editors will have to answer the 400 inquiring correspondents themselves. Next to money making, or making a living, people seemed to be concerned about their looks, and it is quite reasonable, for on personal attractiveness, in physique and manner, depends most that makes life worth living. So much hinges on personal favor, among men and women, that it must redeem the office of the cosmetic and hygienic adviser, from the mere pander to the vanity to that of the confidante who must minister to soul and body, to put people in right relations with themselves.

There is a half divine pleasure in this impersonal service to those whose names are often unknown, to feel that in removing a blemish, or improving a dull appearance, one is giving confidence to sensitive, shy people, and banishing the smart of undeserved inferiority. Some of these letters touch one deeply, from the motherless girls who have nobody to advise them; the lads away from home, anxious as girls to have a good complexion, and justly so, the young wives who tell a whole story in the line, "I am afraid my husband does not love me as he did when I was better looking," and the women of 40 who still work to look well for their husbands and their big boys. Will correspondents in all cases send an address at which replies can reach them, in no case for publication.

A SALLOW SKIN.

"Bother" writes that she suffered from sallow skin and sulphur-colored blotches on the face, for which she "doctored" with so little success as to discourage her till she tried the taraxacum treatment. The small spots have left her face, the complexion is daily becoming clearer, and she says "I am not ashamed to have anybody look at me. Still one spot on the forehead does not remove, and grows darker instead of lighter. I have no mother, and am the only girl, so that I have nobody but a doctor to go to for advice. All the doctors say it is nothing, and tell me to never mind it. But I do." I wish "Bother" had sent her address, for one can't help having a kind corner in one's heart for the girl who has no mother, and only a doctor to go to for advice, who tells her a blemish of such flagrant sort is nothing. A future of love and success has been lost for such a mere nothing before this. In such a case baths, friction daily, especially over the right side, where the liver is, and careful diet, with coarse bread, cereals and much fruit juice should form a part of the treatment, and two or three doses of compound licorice powder be taken successive nights. This is well known at most drug stores, and costs something like 10 cents an ounce. The spot may be rubbed at night with this paste: Elder-flower ointment, one ounce, mixed with sulphate of zinc, 20 grains. Take care not to let it touch the skin beyond the spot. At morning wash it with Castile soap and soft warm water, and bathe five minutes with a lotion of citric acid and 30 grains in one-half pint fusion of roses. This should dispel the spot in a fortnight.

FACE WASHES.

Formulas for Magnolia Balm and other face washes containing chalk and bismuth will not be given in these letters.

"Hattie S." To make hair grow on a high forehead, try rubbing the skin with flannel till red, and applying another flannel wet with oil of lavender over night, binding it on by a tape round the head. A year's trial is not too much time for the experiment. Or, apply high test kerosene, without rubbing the skin, repeating the application nightly and letting it evaporate at will.

To all inquiries about the toilet mask, and their name is legion, it must be said that the use of any mask proves less advisable than other toilet preparations, which improve the complexion more quickly and pleasantly. For this and other reasons, I advise the use of a lotion which dries into a protective layer on the face, that will not wash off. The lotion is perfectly safe, and refines the skin more rapidly than anything known. The price is $1 a bottle. It is not a paint or powder in any shape, and does not disfigure the face in its effect. But it should be distinctly understood that no lotion or mask, medicated or not, will ever refine the skin, unless care is given to diet and health. Women seem to think a toilet mask will prove all that is necessary to insure a good complexion, which is a great mistake.

"Constant Reader" finds her neck turning brownish yellow where the collar of her dresses rub it, and ammonia will not remove the stain. For such discolorations apply powdered borax wet with very little camphor, letting the paste dry on the skin for 15 minutes, then washing off. Repeated daily this will bleach the skin, provided a thin lawn is worn between the neck and the dress collar. The dye of the material has possibly stained the skin.

A DANGER SIGNAL.

"Ninon." Red noses seem to be the affliction of many persons who take great care of their health. A nose always reddish at the sides and swelling and growing frightfully red at the first touch of cold is truly a humiliation, and when it comes without use of malt or spiritous liquors, in spite of the closest personal care, it is the sign of deep-seated internal disorders. Unsuspected disease of the intestines, inflammation which gives little discomfort, signal their lurking danger by this persistent redness of the nose. At once lay aside the use of white bread and pastry forever, making whole wheat meal bread, and wheaten grits and staples of diet, without discarding meat or other acceptable food. But the use of bolted fine flour is responsible for most of the brain exhaustion and the worst inflammatory disorders of modern civilized life. The experience of the wisest physicians confirm this, and nothing can be said too strongly against this waste of vitality and stinting the most necessary food of the system.

A woman with a red nose should wear a wet bandage about the hips, and take tepid sitz baths daily, to relieve internal inflammation, a treatment which of itself is enough to cure many abdominal diseases without the degrading and painful practice common in such cases. Laxatives like compound licorice powder, figs and senna or castor oil should be used freely, beginning with a dose nightly for three nights, then one every third night, for a fortnight or a month, as suits the person. This removes accumulated wastes which inflame the tissues, and if the habit of using coarse food has been established meantime, nature will prevent further trouble. But few persons have any idea of the

STRICT REGIMEN NECESSARY

to prevent harm when nature has once fallen into disrepair. Going without coarse bread a day or two because it does not suit domestic convenience to provide it, will throw a nervous person back into sleeplessness, oppression of the brain and very likely neuralgia. Just so, one who is dieting for complexion, which includes purity of blood, will find very slight irregularities of food and habits undo the good of weeks of care. All athletes know that a glass of ice water or a rich dish tasted at the wrong time will so destroy their fine physical balance as to lose the product of a month's costly training. Health and supremely good condition are so precious, so invaluable to us, that probably this extreme care is not too high a price to pay to impress us with its worth.

A red nose or a flushed face will excuse nay, demands the use of powder to remedy its unsightliness. Farther, a good face powder cools the inflammation of the skin, and nothing is better than precipitated carbonate of zinc with an equal part of French chalk, which is really a fine soapstone, white and adhesive. Bismuth powders are not to be recommended, delicate as their effect may be. A little good powder laid on and spread with the tips of the fingers, veils the redness and renders the face less oily. Two lotions are recommended for red noses and faces, one a very weak wash of white vitriol dissolved in soft water, say the bulk of a pea in a pint of water. The strength of chemicals varies so with age and exposure that it is only safe to judge such washes by trying them on a morsel of skin. If they burn or smart unpleasantly, reduce with water, spoonful by spoonful till only a slight irritation is felt. The second lotion is 15 grains of tannic acid dissolved in five ounces of camphor water. These washes are to be applied with a sponge or cloth to the face and left to dry several times a day, say from six to twelve times. When the redness of face is due to latent erysipelas no time should be lost in consulting a good doctor, and entering on a thorough course of treatment by baths and out-door living to avert the horrors of settled disease.

A CURE FOR WRINKLES.

One correspondent writes from Omaha: "Since I have been in this country, my skin is so dry and wrinkled I don't know what to do with it. I have never used cosmetics of any sort, with the exception of almond meal recommended by Mrs. —— (a well-known writer on cosmetics), but after three months' use wrinkles were more apparent than before. I am 29 years old, which may account for my wrinkled skin and gray hair, but if I continue at this rate, what will I look like at 40? I cannot explain to you what the lost of beauty means to me, but could I do so I feel sure that you would sympathize with me and help me." R. L.

What the loss of beauty means to these "inquiring women" is too easy to guess. It means often the loss of a husband's interest, or the loss of a lover, which women do not seem to take in the light it is intended, a favor in advance.

R. L. needs to counteract a dry, bilious habit of body, which lessens the natural moisture of the skin, by frequent baths; or still better, wet packs, as hydropaths call them, which are as cosmetic and purifying as vapor baths. For a pack, cover a bed with a rubber sheet and two blankets over it, wrap the person, undressed, in a wet cotton sheet, or wet gown wrung out of hot water, and let her lie down on the blankets and be snugly folded in them, the head wet and a warm brick at the feet. The arms may be left out, and the shoulders wrapped in a separate small blanket, great care being taken not to let the patient get chilly an instant, or, on the other hand, to let the head become flushed and full by

OVERHEATING THE BLOOD.

Presently the subject begins to perspire, as if in a vapor bath, as if the fluids of the body were flowing through a strainer, and she usually falls into the sweetest sleep. Indeed the wet pack is a great cure for insomnia. In half an hour, a warm bath should follow, with clean warm clothing, which last has more to do with clear skins than most people believe. Indoors, one may secure a moist atmosphere by keeping a plentiful evaporation of water in rooms, not from the poor little stove vases, but from broad enameled pans, at least 15 inches across, which should vaporize two quarts a day in a room 15x15x10. This would not only prevent wrinkles, but throat and lung diseases. When about house-keeping duties or out of doors, a little vasaline should be rubbed into the face, especially in the lines next the nose and the droop of the mouth, about the outer corners of the eyes and on the forehead. This should be done when the face is washed and dried, the first part of the toilet, left a few minutes and gently wiped off to prevent a shiny look, leaving a soft moisture on the face. Warm water for washing face and hands, warm soft towels, and vasaline will keep any skin soft and free from wrinkles, if begun in young womanhood. For protection from the drying winds of the West, one must use vaseline or cold cream before going out and wear a very thin gauze veil, not black lace, whose spots and meshes injure the eyes. Some exquisite creams for the complexion are sold, which really refine it, but the formulas are secret. Lastly, in a dry region, one should drink more than usual, to supply the fluids of the system. A large goblet of filtered water five times a day should be sipped, much to the benefit of the health. Vapor baths are indispensable in our dry climate. Glycerine is not kind to all sorts of complexions, and almond meal is too often a mixture of flour, castile soap and the refuse from which almond oil has been pressed, with all the astringency of the skin of the kernels. Women should make their own almond paste, and always blanch the kernels before pounding in a mortar. A pure rose water, distilled from petals of fine roses, is greatly desirable as a toilet preparation, most of the rose water known being a compound of cheap otter and magnesia with distilled common water; and far from possessing the properties of true rose water. These commercial imitations have very little value.

SOME VALUABLE HINTS.

J. F. L.—Use the loofa, by all means, for rheumatic ailments with poor digestion and sleepless nights. If it is too scratchy, try friction with flannel. But the use of coarse crackers and acid fruit, if well borne by the digestion, should be more for you with friction than friction alone. Rubbing the body with cocoanut oil would help you gain strength and flesh, using half a cup of oil for the entire form each night and letting the skin absorb it. Rubbing out lines on the affected parts will often relieve rheumatism and neuralgia.

"Florida, Anita and others," who ask about toilet marks, may address me personally, Tribune Building, New York.

"S. H." should use the finest magnesia powder for a shiny nose. The invisible powder named will do no harm. She may also bathe it in camphor spirits frequently to correct the greasy tendency, and be careful to use none but coarse bread. Redness and coarseness of the nose is index to visceral inflammation and obstructions which must be removed. Drink grape juice at each meal, if you can get it unfermented, or use the juice of stewed rhubarb till grapes come again. Rub lemon juice on the nose, and dust with powdered borax, while moist, at night.

"W. H. Phila." will find the process for cure of crooked shoulders described in "Theory and Practice of the Movement Cure," by Charles F. Taylor, published many years since, but to be found in second-hand bookstores or public libraries.

"Twelve Inquirers" will find the taraxacum treatment and other processes described at length in my "Ugly Girl Papers," printed a dozen years since by Harpers', to which I must refer them for oft-repeated directions. "Admirer" should order a pint of fluid extract taraxacum, with one tablespoonful of mandrake extract added, and should also leave off greasy, indigestible food.

SHIRLEY DARE.

AMERICAN MINING ENGINEERS.

Adventures in South America, Alaska and the Cordelleras of Mexico.

[From the New York World.]

Mining engineers have a hard time of it. They are looked upon as doctors who may be called at any hour of the day or night to go here, there or anywhere else, and it must be conceded that, generally, the engineers are as eager for employment as the medicos. While the doctors are confined to their bailiwicks, the mining engineer's scope is boundless as the sea. We read to-day of a well-known American expert, Edward Bates Dorsey, concluding his examination of certain gold mines in the new South African gold fields, being about to start for London to report. On lower Broadway you meet M. C. Hillyer, another noted export whom a few months ago when heard from was in the heart of the Andes, South America, examining silver mines, and only a few months before he had come down from icy Alaska, where he sampled the remarkable gold mines of that new field. At the Brunswick you meet Augustus J. Bowie, Jr., of San Francisco, who can relate marvellous adventures in the heart of the Cordilleras of Mexico, or upon the deserts of Nevada or Arizona while earning a fat fee on a supposed mining property. They get big pay, but they take their lives in their hands. No wonder when they return after a hard trip they want a good long rest and dread to start out again!

Less in Job Lots.

[Omaha World.]

Chicago Wife—What will you charge for procuring me a divorce from my husband?

Chicago Lawyer—Have we ever secured a divorce for you?

C. W—No, I don't remember ever having gotten a divorce through your office.

C. L—We shall have to charge you $5 for the first divorce, but, as a matter of course, if you will promise to give us all your cases of this nature in the future we can make you a cut rate.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS -ON- MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THE frightful disaster on the banks of the Conemaugh, illustrates again and divin