

take "to paper-hanging, in-door painting," and a little plumbing thrown in. Certainly workmen in a house all agree are an evil most householders will avoid if possible, and paper-hanging is easy to learn, and there would be no flirting with the servants. But where shall we find a plumber bold enough to commit, even for money, the suicidal error of teaching his trade to the fair, if treacherous, sex? And as for painting, I fancy our sisters will prefer painting faces to houses; and besides the smell of the paint, which often causes a painter's life to be a short, even if a lofty one, would be sure to affect their health prejudicially.

In New York there have lately been appointed eight female inspectors of factories, and the question as to whether the appointment of women inspectors is advisable will be fully discussed at the coming Convention of Factory Inspectors, to be held this autumn in that city. In regard to manufactories where women work, it seems but natural that the inspectors should be women also, and certainly they cannot be more susceptible to bribes than are their male rivals, who are noted for becoming suddenly blind at sight of gold.

It is a fact, according to the *Woman's Penny Paper*, that when lately an old Michigan bachelor, "eighty-seven years of age, but rich," advertised for a wife in one of the American papers, he received two hundred and fifty answers. Evidently there are many women who desire to don the widow's cap, most, I expect, with the ultimate aim of setting that cap at some other and more juvenile party. Still these two hundred and fifty run a terrible risk, for the octogenarian might live to be a hundred, for he does not add, "and in bad health, and life heavily insured." Had he, he would probably have had at least twice as many replies to his advertisement.

INTENT on seeking information for the columns of "Women and their Work," I called the other day on the well-known perfumers, Messrs. Piesse and Lubin, of Bond Street, W., to know if they employed ladies in the, I should imagine, charming and healthy work of filling, tying up, and labelling their dainty bottles of perfume. The answer was in the negative, the reason given being the difficulty of searching ladies on their leaving the premises—an expedient which the enormous export trade, by far the largest in London, of this firm renders necessary. Youths, and not maidens fair, are employed, therefore, at the large manufacturing premises at St. Katherine's Wharf. At the same time I learnt

many things I knew not before—we live to learn, as well as to eat—about the perfumer's trade. Poor perfumers, they must indeed need sharp noses. Fancy distinguishing between a hundred different scents, so as to be able to remember and give the name of each; but practice makes perfect. The perfumer's art lies in mixing the different primary scents, so as to form new ones; for instance, *ess. bouquet* is made of "four different perfumes, the flower of the rose, the root of the orris plant, and the fruit of the lemon and bergamot trees," carefully blended.

BY-THE-BYE, what a charming shop it is, and how wonderfully moderate! I was lost in astonishment at some of the prices—Guimbure soap only fourpence a cake, instead of, as elsewhere, sixpence. Then, also, one has the satisfaction of knowing everything is good; no adulterated scents here—the well-known name of the firm is sufficient guarantee for that. Their specialities, too, are excellent; the well-known Riband de Bruges is one of them. They have also a new soap, especially adapted for the face, called cold cream soap, which contains very little alkaline, and which also is only one shilling a box of three tablets, though they have soaps which are seven shillings and sixpence a cake, if your purse and inclination can run thereto. Then there is their special eau de Cologne, made not in Cologne, but in this dirty old London town, but very delicious for all that. Let me tell you a little secret; our old friend, the bride's emblem, the fragrant orange blossom, plays an important part in the making of this delicious perfume. Poetry and perfume go ever hand in hand, so I will quote you sweet Will Shakespeare:

"A rose by any name will smell as sweet;"

but Piesse and Lubin's lavender water is sweeter than any other. This sounds very advertisement like, but what a delightful, reviving, perfect scent real old English lavender water is! Don't you agree with me?

LADIES have been to the fore at the British Association, which assembled this year at Leeds. A most interesting paper was read by Miss Ménie Dowie, on a journey in the Carpathian Mountains, in the Geographical section. Miss Dowie, who travelled alone both on horseback and foot through these beautiful mountains, and who gave her personal experiences, is a very adventurous as well as pretty young lady, and bids fair to be a second Miss Bird. She appears to have had rather a rough time of it, but still she announces her intention of returning some day to Kuthenia.

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