

Parasols as Works of Art

ONE looks coldly upon the sunshades in New York at this stage of the game, unless, indeed, one is turning one's face toward southern climes for February and March; but even in midwinter it would be difficult for a woman not to feel some interest in the parasols that are now being shown in some of the shops.

Lingerie parasols were exquisite last summer. They are to be more exquisite this season; and the hand embroiderers lavished upon them sends their prices soaring to appalling heights.

There is great variety among the fine lingerie parasols. Every kind of embroidery plays a part, and inset laces and applied laces join with the embroidery in the embellishment of many of the parasols. But for our part, the acme of elegance is in the use of those sheer lingerie parasols devoid of frills and furbelows save for a line of real valenciennes insertion, and of a frill of narrow real valenciennes at the border, but bearing on each panel or section an exquisite design in embroidery so fine, so perfectly executed, that it deserves to rank among the fine art.

A few of these parasols stand out clearly in our memory, even after a round of the shops which left in mind a wild whirl of parasol impressions. The loveliest of all was lovely because of the grace of its design and the marvelous fineness of its workmanship.

On each section of the parasol was embroidered a basket of grapes, with a high curving handle, on which floated a ribbon bow, an embroidered bow of course, and the design was all in white. Filling the basket, climbing up the handle, falling over the edges of the basket and trailing off into garlands which wandered continuously around the border, the grapes were embroidered blossoms, tiny roses, forget-me-nots and daisies. Translate this vague description into the finest French embroidery, you can imagine and you may have some idea of the beauty of the costly thing.

Other models, still more simple, have for ornament only a deep border of hand embroidered dots large at the parasol edge and lessening in size toward the top of the border. The heavily embroidered designs, with centers filled with valenciennes, already mentioned in connection with frock embroideries, are used upon the lingerie and linen parasols, and among the parasols of sheer lingerie stuff are many bordered by frills of the material, which are either lace edged or hemstitched and embroidered with a fine garland design.

One finds hand embroidery, too, among the silk parasols, but here it usually takes on a Japanese aspect and is at its best when done in shades of one color upon a ground of that color. We have seen a beautiful parasol of brown silk covered almost solidly with Japanese embroidery in shades of brown. And, once more, there are the pongee parasols, around which huge dragons wonderfully embroidered in self-color are coiled.

In flowered silk there are usually good effects, and these flowered parasols are, if the manufacturers' calculations do not miscarry, to be very popular during the coming season. Sometimes the whole body of the parasol is in a silk blurred floral design, exquisite of coloring, and the wide border is of white, striped horizontally with the color most prominent in the silk.

Another parasol has floral bouquets on a light or light blue ground, alternating with groups of fine black stripes—from ten to fifteen of them—running around the parasol. One of the wide groups of stripes forms the parasol border. Or, again, there may be a deep floral border, while over the body of the parasol are scattered little floral sprays matching the border.

Plain parasols of heavy grosgrain with a floral garland festooned around the border are handsome, and on the same order are parasols of heavy grosgrain in plain color with a border design of floral clusters connected by festooned ribbon.

Parasols covered with net printed in designs especially for the purpose and showing the same floral design repeated upon each section, while a corresponding design runs along the deep net frill which finishes the parasol, are among the novelties and handsome lace parasols of many kinds of fabric.

Going back for a moment to the embroidered silk parasols, certain models in plain heavy silk, exquisitely embroidered with flights of birds in colors shading into the color of the silk, deserve mention, and one of these parasols in gray, with sea shells embroidered on it, was really a work of art.

Delightful parasols of a simple sort, but for some reason or other unusually replete with coquetry, are in one tone of chiffon taffets, soft lavender, or rose, or blue, or yellow, and have for trimming only many narrow overlapping frills of the silk with pinked edges.

Handles of wood, natural, painted, plain, carved, etc., are in the majority, the smooth, finished white handle being liked for the lingerie parasol; but there are beautiful, elaborate handles of many styles for those who want them—pink quartz set in silver or gold and with monogram inset with brilliants, all of the semi-precious stones set in silver or gold, enamel—the list is a long one and there is something to suit all tastes.

Superior in Every Way.
Thomas Power O'Connor, Irish member of Parliament and London Journalist, who visited the eastern states last fall, expresses the opinion that the American woman is the best on earth. He thinks her far superior to the English woman in almost every way. For one thing, she can talk and talk brilliantly, while the demure English woman has been trained for all centuries to let her husband do all the talking. The American woman is the friend and confidant of her husband, his chum and ally. There is rarely any such relationship in England, where the sexes are kept apart in youth and never acquire real understanding of each other.

"And so Mr. O'Connor thinks the American woman, with her quick perception, her lively intelligence, her opportunities of knowing and understanding something of human nature, and the protection and care she receives from her men, is the most fortunate woman in existence." Her exquisite taste, he declares, is a matter of instinct, while in England it must be cultivated for three generations.

All this leads him to observe that the American woman is having a remarkable influence on English society. English women have looked with wonder and admiration at the intimacy and friendship and helpfulness of one American woman for another. Now they are beginning to copy American manners in this and other respects. Instead of glaring at each other at dinner parties "like Gueyphs and Ghibelines, ready to do battle at an instant's notice," they are now more or less polite and informal to each other.

Mr. O'Connor relates how he replied to an Englishman who said he detested the American accent: "You ought to become accustomed to it as quickly as possible, because the next House of Peers will speak with an American accent." The Englishman begged pardon and didn't understand the humor of the remark. Whereupon he was assured that it wasn't humorous, but a cold fact. The number of American peereesses is growing, and their children, it would seem, acquire from their mothers the hated accent.

With this glowing apostrophe the noted Irishman closes his tribute: "If there is ever a genuine understanding and a real entente cordiale between the two countries, it will be due to that wonderful, that gracious, that daring product, the American woman."

Men Afraid to Wed.
There is many a man today who chooses a solitary career because in his estimation matrimony is too expensive.

His argument is the well-thrashed-out and too generally accepted one that girls expect too much for the ordinary Irishman.

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A great many might be saved by testing the appeal in advance. He consequently arranged to have every manuscript favorably commended by his corps of maudlin readers passed on for feminine approval, installing several woman readers, whose judgment proved of such commercial importance that they became permanent fixtures.

The Fire Test for Rugs.
The dusky rug salesman took a red-hot coal from the grate, and, holding it tight in the tongs, touched it to the splendid Persian rug, relates the Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Oh," gasped the visitor, as the costly rug sizzled and gave off a little smoke and an odor of burning.

But the salesman smiled. He threw the coal back into the grate. He pointed to charred spot, as big as a half dollar, on the rug's cream-colored ground.

"Regard, madama," he said.

And with his hand he brushed the brown entirely away. In a moment nothing of it was left. The rug came forth from its fiery ordeal the same as before, only in that one spot the fabric was perhaps an eighth of an inch thinner.

"A Persian rug that will not come unburnt from the fire test," said the salesman, "is not, madame, worth your attention."

Carmen Sylva's Epigrams.
In order to raise money for the Home of Light, the asylum for the blind which

she has established near Bucharest. "Carmen Sylva," the queen of Roumania, has composed a new set of epigrams which may be regarded as supplementary to her "Thoughts of a Queen." These she has written upon photographs of herself, one epigram to each, and signed them, and the collection has been sent to Paris for sale.

These are some of the sayings: "We exaggerate everything in this world. The church is insufficient and we reject religion; monarchies sin and we create anarchy; history is a trifle legendary and we deny the existence of the great."

"If we are afraid of doing harm we will do no good; we will do nothing, lamenting meanwhile the waste of our time and gifts."

"In this century of inventions you can't invent an engine of peace."

"The heart is like a fountain pen. It is filled but once and it writes forever."

"We never exact enough from our hearts and our heads. It is only our muscles that we use for all they are worth."

"What a friend our pen is! It seems to be endowed with a will and an inspiration quite independent of oneself."

"Before aiding the unfortunate we should love them like brothers. But how hard that is! Hunger, blindness fails to stimulate our

imagination, for imagination lacks power to create the horrors of the truth."

"The solitude of work is so peopled that it is the vastest of all worlds."

"Our sweet friend, death, comes so late and after so many struggles that we do not salute it with the affectionate warmth of our youth. It has tired us with waiting."

"Patience is one of the heroisms that is never appreciated, because no one realizes how much impatience is behind it."

"Vanity is a sense of beauty gone wrong, like good wine turned to vinegar."

"Frankness needs courage because it is like the surgeon's knife. You never know by a match."

The Horrid Man.
A woman of middle age who has applied for a divorce in St. Louis City, Mo., expresses in rhyme her opinion of men. This is her second divorce case. She entitled her effort "A Matrimonial Juggler." When the petition was read in court the judge and spectators roared. Here are two stanzas:

A substitute for man is the latest hit,
Just keep a dog to growl and a cat to spit.
A domestic parrot can both jaw and swear,
A monkey to dispute and pull your hair.

Don't think you need a man to strike even by a match.
There are better places a light to scratch.
Talmadge says matches in heaven are made,
But brimstone attachments show where plans are laid.

Pays for Own Improvements.
Mrs. Frederic Schoff at a meeting of a mothers' club in Philadelphia talked of the training of children.

"Just an smallpox and yellow fever are quite rare diseases," she said, "so will children be rare when proper attention is given to the cause of badness."

"Men," she went on, "will not take any part in correcting or training children, though when the children turn out well they are willing enough to take the credit."

"They remind me in this," said Mrs. Schoff, "of a certain landlord. He called on a tenant one day and said:

"'Jones, I'm going to raise your rent.'"

Selections from the Story Teller's Pack

Lost Most When He Won.
A Philadelphian was praising for his learning and uprightiness the late Judge M. Russell Thayer.

He quoted the moving passage from Judge Thayer's will: "Owing to the fact that almost my entire life has been passed in the public service of the United States and of the state of Pennsylvania, I have but a small estate to leave to my dear children and wife."

"Judge Thayer," he continued, "was a very honorable man. First as a lawyer, afterwards as a judge, he treated all with whom he had dealings with the greatest fairness. Once, years ago, after he had served me well in a difficult case, I remonstrated with him about the smallness of his fee."

"Well," he said, smiling and smelling the flower in his buttonhole, "I, you know, am not that type of lawyer whose client once said, 'I never was entirely ruined but twice. Once when I lost a lawsuit and once when I gained one.'"

Falls to Comprehend.
Stephen Tasker, who had been congratulated on his exploring expedition in Labrador, an expedition whereon he had taken his wife.

"Those wild regions," said Mr. Tasker, smiling, "made hardly an appropriate place for a quiet married pair to visit on a pleasure trip. Still, everything came out well in the end—came out better than the young widow's adventure, eh?"

"A young widow was consulting a tombstone maker about her husband's tomb. She ended the discussion with: 'And I want to say, 'To my husband' in an appropriate place, Mr. Slab.'"

"All right, m'am," Slab answered. "And the tombstone, when it was put up, said: 'To My Husband. In an Appropriate Place.'"

Complies With Request.
Dr. H. L. Hoffman was talking to some friends when some one mentioned having a tooth pulled. That reminded Dr. Hoffman of a story.

"In a town back in Vermont one time," he said, "a big, husky lumberman entered the office of a dentist I knew and showed

the doctor a bad tooth. The dentist decided that the tooth should be pulled."

"All right," said the lumberman. "But listen, now; if I tell you to stop you stop pulling, or I'll beat you up."

"The dentist agreed, and the lumberman got in the chair. The dentist took hold of the tooth and began pulling. Almost immediately the lumberman yelled 'Hold on!'"

"The dentist continued to pull. 'Hold on!' yelled the lumberman. The dentist kept pulling and the tooth came out. Then the lumberman jumped from the chair mad."

"Why didn't you stop when I told you to?" he asked, fiercely.

"You didn't tell me to stop," said the dentist.

"I did, too! I yelled 'Hold on!' twice."

"Oh," said the dentist innocently. "I thought you meant to keep hold of it."

"The lumberman believed him and cooled off."—Denver Post.

Betrays Her Motive.
Anthony Comstock was talking in New York about certain information that had been leaked with him.

"It is perhaps helpful information," he said, "but I confess that I mistrust its motive."

"It suggests to me an incident that occurred last month in Matawan."

"A young woman at Matawan said to her husband one night: 'My dear, there is a gentleman in the parlor. He wants to speak to you.'"

"Who is it; do you know?" the husband asked.

"Dear," said his wife, "you must forgive me—but that cough has bothered you so much of late—and, though winter is coming on, still it clings to you, and—oh, if you only knew how worried I've been about you!"

And she threw her arms around his neck. "What would I do if I were to lose you?" she moaned.

"Come, come," said the young man, patting her shoulder tenderly, "men don't die of a slight cold. So you've called in the doctor, eh? Well, I'll see him gladly if it will make you feel easier. Which one is it? Squills?"

"It isn't the doctor," was the answer. "It's the life insurance agent."—Indianapolis News.

Chatty Bits of All Sorts for Women Readers

Handsome new silk parasols are of more, with deep border of blurred floral design.

The new lace robes are superb, and among them are some marvelous princess designs smoky in real tulle.

Pongee embroidered with small designs in self tone are shown in all the fashionable colorings for combination with plain pongee.

Miss Helen E. Wood of Minneapolis inherited a large hotel from her father, but instead of selling it she runs it herself, and through it, in years, manages her army of servants and guests with ease.

Miss Jean Gordon, president of the New York Suffrage club of New Orleans, a sister of Miss Kate Gordon, whose name is familiar to every one, has been appointed the mayor's factory inspector for the city.

Waneta Toekatomba, a full blooded Chickasaw girl, well educated and possessed of an ample fortune, is to make her home in Oklahoma City in connection with some charitable institution, having made up her mind to devote herself to charity work.

Plaid suits were never more in favor than they are this season, both for adults and for children. They make serviceable school frocks. All that is needed is a plaid skirt, and either a cross-over or yoked and fitted sleeves from puff to wrist.

The printed chiffon cloths and silk mousselines among the new goods are even more beautiful than those of last season. One of the loveliest shows a ground of white, thickly sprinkled with black water dots, and has a deep border of peacock feathers printed in their natural hues and exquisitely realistic in lustre and coloring.

A short time ago the German empress was asked by a rich baroness what things in the world she would like best. "I can't tell you," she said, "but there is a dress. There are four things I prefer to all others and they all begin with 'K.' They are my kitchen, my kinder, my kirche and my kuche" (my king, my children, my church and my kitchen).

There are many girls who would make their own blouses could they get someone to fit them. One girl at a loss to know how to fit her blouse, had the novel idea of standing a feather cushion on a table and placing her corsets round it, then a well fitting under bodice, which she padded out where necessary with soft paper, and over this she satisfactorily fitted her blouse.

The variety in linen collars increases daily. The high turndown embroidered collar is first favorite, but there is a straight standing collar, also embroidered, of which Parisians are fond. This is usually worn with one of the narrow lingerie ties hand embroidered at the ends. Plain linen collars with the narrow fluted border

of a hunter's coat and a short walking skirt. Her husband and two children frequently accompany her on her hunting trips.

Slippers of cloth of gold dazzled the eyes of beholders last year, but this season more cloth of gold is not remarkable in the promotion of peace and the settlement of international differences through arbitration rather than war. The members have also worked toward abolishing the use of dangerous fireworks on the Fourth of July and the substituting open air sports and patriotic ceremonies.

The Valaques club was organized for the purpose of "increasing appreciation of the best art by means of loan exhibits of approved copies of famous paintings."

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This remedy is also a certain cure for croup, and has never been known to fail. When given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack.

Whooping cough is not dangerous when the cough is kept loose and expectoration free by the use of this remedy.

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Our Wedding Goods are the recognized standard, the engraving being done by skilled craftsmen, insuring perfect satisfaction and the latest and most fashionable sizes.

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Mother's Friend, by its penetrating and soothing properties, allays nausea, nervousness, and all unpleasant feelings, and so prepares the system for the ordeal that she passes through the event safely and with but little suffering, as numbers have testified and said, "it is worth its weight in gold." \$1.00 per bottle of druggists. Book containing valuable information mailed free.

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