

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE PIONEER IN THE NEW FAD OF TAPESTRY PAINTING.

Intellectual Value of Clubs—Danger in Hair Ornaments—A Pair of Old Lovers. Dishonoring the Flag—Fashionable Women Gardeners.

Tapestry painting as done by the skilled hands of Miss Pauline Grayson is a new thing in the realm of fine arts. Miss Grayson has after years of toil and much battling with hard fortune succeeded in acquiring fame as the first to make tapestry paintings popular by showing that this novel art can be brought to a state of perfection entitling it to rank with the most beautiful of home decorations. Tapestry paintings are lasting in tone and enduring as to fabric, they can be used for a great variety of purposes, are beautiful as to appearance and inexpensive withal.

The fact of its being cheaper than an oil painting is no discredit to a tapestry, for this pecuniary advantage is due to the soft and yielding nature of the cloth, which shows every stroke of the brush in its entirety, and to a different method of thinning the colors, enabling more rapid production.

The achievement of any considerable success implies a certain degree of natural aptitude for this line of endeavor. Painstaking, conscientious and persistent efforts are essential to anything like satisfactory accomplishment. Practice,



MISS PAULINE GRAYSON.

discipline and experience are the great teachers, but familiarity with the fundamental requirements is an absolute necessity.

In the execution of a tapestry, a painted appearance must be avoided, for the impression the observer should receive should be that the colors have been woven into the cloth and not applied with a brush. The greater the woven effect the greater will be the value of the tapestry.

As a broad axiom it should be remembered that the rep of the material should reveal itself in every thread and never be choked with pigment. In this line of art broad effects should be attained by contrasts and delicate shading rather than by bold daubs of paint.

With regard to coloring, cool colors are more pleasing, and the cleaner and clearer they are kept the better. A muddy effect is of all things to be avoided, and for this reason umbers should be used with caution. This applies generically. In the matter of flesh coloring terra verte is most satisfactory in shadows, as are also vermilion, emerald green and light red, while high lights may be obtained with white and terra verte or emerald green and white, subsequently flushing the flesh with a tinge of rose madder.

In tapestry painting the artist is at a certain disadvantage—he is hampered in his efforts to bring out the tones, varnishes being useless, and the richness of the madders disappearing into the soft cloth. He must, therefore, make amends by relying entirely upon his skill and taste in choice and blending of colors.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Intellectual Value of Clubs.

In The Century appears a paper on "Club and Salon," by Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason, author of "Women of the French Salons." Mrs. Mason says:

It is often asked by thoughtful foreigners why American women, who are free to pursue any career they like, with ample privileges of education and the universal reign of the literary club, have produced no writers of the first order, measured even by the standards of their own sex. One finds many clever ones and a few able ones, but no Jane Austen, no George Eliot, no Mme. de Staël, no Mrs. Browning. This may be partly due to the fact that we have not yet passed the period of going to school. It is possible that another generation, reared in the stimulating atmosphere of this, may give us some rare flower of genius, if its mental force is not weakened by the general pouring in process or dissipated in the modern tendency toward limitless expansion and dilution. But club life in itself is not directly favorable to creative genius.

The qualities of the imagination never flourish in crowds, though a certain order of talent does flourish there—a talent that brings quicker returns and more immediate consideration at far less cost. The salon made brilliant and versatile women who were noted for conversation and diplomacy. It made charming women who ruled men and affairs through rare gifts of administration, tempered with intelligent sympathy and tact; it made executive women and finely critical women and masterful women, who left a strong and lasting impression upon the national life, but though they lived in the main intellectual current of their time, stimulated and inspired its leaders and had much to do with its direction they seldom made a serious effort in literature themselves. The few who have left a name in letters only illustrate the fact

that individual genius is a flower of another growth.

The clubs have hardly lived long enough to justify a final judgment as to their outcome, but the best writers of our own time have not been as a rule actively identified with them, though a few, whose minds were already formed in another school, have had much to do in founding and leading them. The many able women who have given their time and talents to the clubs have often merged their literary gifts, if they had them, into work of another sort, not less valuable in its way, but less tangible and less individual. It is the work of the general, who plans, organizes, sifts values, adapts means to definite ends, but who lives too much in the swift current of affairs to give heed to the voice of the imagination or to master the art of literary form, which alone makes for thought a permanent abiding place.

Danger in Hair Ornaments.

Many, indeed most, of the combs and hairpins worn by women of the present day are of celluloid. Indeed so excellent an imitation is it of shell that in the finer grades the only infallible test is that of fire, a test injurious to shell and destructive to celluloid.

The London Lancet, that staid and sober journal which has never been accused of sensationalism, warns its readers of the dangers of a new comb which has recently been patented in London and New York. It is double, being two combs which are joined by a hinge, and which when closed hold the hair tightly in position. A physician, writing to The Lancet, reports a case in which the comb, when fastened in the hair, came in contact with the hot curling iron with which the hair was being waved and caught fire, emitting dense fumes, producing severe burns and practically destroying the hair.

The explosive and combustible properties of celluloid are undoubted, and it would be well that women should bear them in mind. The heat of a curling iron at the point requisite to curl the hair is quite sufficient to ignite celluloid, and The Lancet asserts that the material burns much more readily in hair than when out of it, as was proved by experiments with a wig.

Severe concussion is also sufficient to produce combustion, and an instance is given where a blow on the head by violent contact with an open door ignited an ornamental comb, which, however, was easily detached, so that the results were not very serious.

Some years since a bride who was on her wedding tour, arriving at a hotel, on opening her trunk found her trousseau practically destroyed by fire, the only possible source of which must have been the explosion of a set of celluloid brushes and combs. It was conjectured that the explosion was caused by the rough handling which the trunk received from the baggage men en route.

Under ordinary circumstances celluloid may be used with safety, but care should be taken to keep it, like other inflammable substances, at a safe distance from fire and also from concussion, while ladies who make use of curling irons must be careful not to bring them into contact with celluloid hairpins or combs.

A Pair of Old Lovers.

There are some of us who have long believed that lovers are never so beautiful as when they have grown old—when youth and romance and the ardor which comes with a first awakening are no longer theirs; when, in place of expectancy, peace has come; when unrest has matured into confidence, sentimentality becomes sentiment and poetry a fact. Now and then we see lovers of this kind—lovers who have become comrades, friends; who live for each other because they live for a common end, and who count the cost of no service to each other, because all service counts the same with love. Beautiful stories have been told of such lovers; beautiful pictures have been drawn.

It is as old lovers that many of us like to think of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who for 50 years or more have loved and labored, suffered, conquered and grown feeble together. If unrest and ambition for herself ever came to the wife, the world has never known it. Hers was absolutely the consecrated life, and hers has been the privilege of ministering to him to the last. Sometimes when one hears an impatient woman murmur at the absorption of a busy man, at the constant putting aside of herself in order that life may be arranged for him and for his work, one wonders why so few can realize what the privilege of such service can mean. Mrs. Gladstone, we are sure, would hardly have resigned hers for any honors that the world could have offered in their stead.—Harper's Bazar.

Dishonoring the Flag.

There was a symposium recently in a New York woman's club regarding the present prevalent use of Old Glory for every kind of purpose, utilitarian or decorative, with a view to solving the question just where the dividing line might be between patriotism and desecration.

Miss Marietta Holley, creator of Samantha Allen and well known as Josiah Allen's Wife, was appealed to for her opinion.

"I think I feel about our flag," said Miss Holley reflectively, "in much the same way that Miss Clara Barton does about the Red Cross. She hates to see its beautiful symbolism prostituted by all sorts of advertising schemes, from beer gardens up. I regret the use of the American flag for any purpose that tends to destroy its sacredness. I love to see it draped in the schoolhouses and fluttering from our homes, so that our children may learn to glory in their country's emblem. My own little adopted daughter insists on waving our big flag at Bonnie View, and it is almost more than she can handle, but I encourage her to do so. When it comes to a question of 'garters' and 'stockings,' it is time to call a halt." Questioned regarding her opinion

about using the colors for sofa pillows, draperies and the like, she said: "I feel hardly prepared to express an opinion regarding those particular purposes, but I think this is a safe rule to follow: Use it for nothing that tends to cheapen or dishonor it in any way. It is a sacred emblem and should be cherished as such."

Fashionable Women Gardeners.

Society women as gardeners—that's the newest fad of the Four Hundred. Almost all the women in New York who possess enormous fortunes could turn about any day should the necessity arise and earn a comfortable livelihood as professional gardeners.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont can give the best gardener she can employ valuable information as to the growing of violets, and Mrs. J. Hood Wright is a veritable encyclopedia on the subject of foliage plants and the cultivation of orchids.

It has become the custom with the women of wealth in New York to spend the greater part of the year at their country houses, and digging in their gardens, planting seeds and studying the plants which bloom about them are their very latest diversions.

This new fad involves not only much study, but it incidentally furnishes a new way of spending money, for the soft, jeweled hand of society would never grasp the handle of an ordinary tin watering pot or use such a plebeian article as a wooden handled, 10 cent trowel. If society persists in digging in the dirt, it must have garden implements of its own. And they are here.

The best silversmiths in town sell silver watering pots which rival in beauty and equal in price their best designed silver teapot. They are made to order to suit the individual fancy of the amateur gardener and can be bought anywhere from \$15 to \$150. Those most in demand are plain silver, with the owner's monogram as the only decoration.—New York Journal.

Keeping Cool.

City people who cannot hie them to mountain, farm or seaside are learning how much comfort there is in roof tents and back yard camps. Even if a storm comes up in the night, the tent protects the campers, and in case of a violent wind or rain they can always retreat to the house.

Back yards are cooled and shaded by ivy and trailing vines, thickly covered grape arbors, etc. Here, on the back piazzas or in the arbors, afternoon tea and other refreshments may be served to guests, while books and sewing, lounging and chat find their devotees. Watering the grass and flowers with a garden hose at intervals will bring down the temperature several degrees.

Sleeping rooms and offices may be cooled by allowing water to trickle through one inch hose festooned on the walls, or boxes filled with ice may be attached to the seats of cane chairs, or ice chests may be rigged up with electric fans inside, so that drafts of cold air come sweeping out and make a cool area within ten feet of the box.—Housewife.

Learning Our Songs.

"One great advantage of the present war," said a woman veteran of the civil war, "is the opportunity it gives the younger generation to become familiar with war songs."

"Just how unfamiliar they were with them everybody knows. 'Not one man or woman in a hundred could repeat the words of 'America,' much less of the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

"Now that patriotism is to the fore once more, however, and it has become the fashion as well as a matter of principle to know everything relating to loyalty by heart there is hope of knowing our war songs."

"It may seem like a big price to pay for a thing that might easily have been purchased for nothing, but to my mind the war will well be worth while if it results in familiarizing the present generation with these songs which they ought to know without any training."—Philadelphia Press.

Tribute to a Great Woman.

At a public meeting of the delegates of the British Women's Temperance association in Queen's hall, London, recently, at which there were representatives from New Zealand, South Africa, Honolulu and Australia, a reference to the name of Frances Willard caused the entire audience to arise and remain standing until the reference was finished. Woman, a London weekly, speaks of the occurrence as "a magnificent tribute to the memory of a great reformer."

The supreme court of Indiana has held that a secret conveyance by a man on the eve of his marriage of property which he had informed his prospective wife that he owned is a fraud upon the prospective wife and does not defeat her dower interest in it.

To keep overshoes in a shiny black state: After coming in from a muddy walk, wash the overshoes with hot water, then dry them briskly with a chamois leather. They will look respectable until they are quite past using.

Mary F. Nixon, the author of "With a Pessimist in Spain," is the daughter of Rev. J. H. Nixon, D. D., who was for a number of years pastor in Wilmington, Del.

Lemon slices for afternoon tea—where that function is still kept up—are now superseded by the juice itself, served in a little cup and laded out with a tiny silver spoon.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, who has been making her home at the Hull House, Chicago, intends to remove to New York to live and continue her work.

RIDING ON A DOOR.

The Steed Which a Cyclone Furnished an Impromptu Traveler.

Christian Van den Harver, familiarly known in Celina, O., as Cyclone Johnny, is perhaps the only man living that enjoys the unique distinction of having ridden a cyclone astride a house door for a distance of over a quarter of a mile. This remarkable feat was performed not as a matter of choice, but of necessity by the above named person when the cyclone swept across Celina in May, 1886.

Cyclone Johnny's description of the cyclone is graphic and thrilling. He was living at the time eight miles west of Celina, and on the night of the cyclone he and Mr. Bryan's family were watching the raging of the storm in the west. The electric display was wonderful, and to him it seemed as though the world was about to come to an end by fire. The flashes were so brilliant that the eyes could not withstand them. The family became alarmed and decided to go to the cellar for safety. The cellar was directly underneath the porch, on the west side of the house, and Harver assisted in getting the children to this place of safety, and he was the last one to leave the house. Just as he stepped upon the porch and before he released his hold upon the doorknob the storm swept down upon him in all its fury. He went sailing through the air, over the tops of trees, the uppermost branches of which tore his clothes from his body. The gait he traveled was terrific, and it seemed but a second from the time he started until he found himself safely dropped into a large field uninjured, save for the scratches inflicted upon him as he sailed over the top of the trees. This field was a little over a quarter of a mile from Mr. Bryan's house, and Harver wandered around in the darkness and driving rain until he met a searching party, among whom was Mr. Bryan, who, together with his entire family, were saved by their opportune flight to the cellar.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TWO BLONDS.

One of Them Was Impolite, but the Other One Got Even.

A sallow little blond entered an electric car and sat down effusively by a very handsome blond with brown eyes.

"Oh, Harriet! I am so glad to see you! I've had so many engagements lately that I see nothing of you. How have you been?"

"Much as usual," answered the brown eyed blond.

"Are you going to the —s' little Lenten dance?"

"No."

"You aren't! Why, everybody is going."

"It will be a very populous dance."

"But why aren't you going?"

A shade of annoyance passed over the brown eyed blond's face, but she answered simply, "Because I'm not invited."

"Oh, that's too bad! I'm so sorry you were left out. And they seemed to have gone into the highways and hedges, too, from what I can hear. I'm going to wear violet silk."

"I think you might wear violet silk," said the brown eyed blond gently but distinctly, turning a searching gaze upon her companion's complexion, "if you put on plenty of powder. You are determined to wear violet silk?"

"I thought—I think"—stammered the other woman, reddening through her sallowness.

"Then be sure to remember my advice and put on plenty of powder—yes, I think in that case you might venture to wear violet silk."

The sallow blond did not say another word, but sat over ostentatiously and gave a newcomer a seat. Perhaps she had not meant to be rude, with her sorrow and her highways and hedges. But people were smiling around her, secretly glad, as we cannot help being, of witnessing the neat pat with which a skilled fence drops a roistering and bullying antagonist.—Chicago Post.

A Nice Little Order.

A man who had "got on" in life and rapidly amassed a large fortune, on furnishing a new and luxuriously fitted house, suddenly discovered, to his great distress, that he had omitted the "harmless necessary" library. He went to a local shop and ordered a supply of books.

"What are your particular tastes?" asked the bookseller.

"Oh, I've no ideas about the matter," was the reply. "You're a bookseller—you ought to know all about it. I simply ask you to provide me with a library."

"And you have no preference?"

"No, but wait a second. I've a preference. There's a man whose books I ought to have. Now, bless me, what's his name? Shakes—Shakes—Shakes something."

"Shakespeare," suggested the bookseller.

"That's 'im—Mr. Shakespeare. Get all he's written, and see that any new books he may write are ordered for me immediately."—Pearson's Weekly.

Advertisement for Elastic Starch. Features a box of 'Elastic Starch' and text: 'A Beautiful Present', 'Beautiful Pastel Pictures', 'These rare pictures, four in number, by the renowned pastel artist, R. LeRoy, of New York, have been chosen from the very choicest subjects in his studio and are now offered for the first time to the public.' Includes list of picture subjects: Lilacs and Pansies, Wild American Poppies, Pansies and Marguerites, Lilacs and Iris.

Advertisement for South Oregon City. Text: 'WHEN YOU BUY, ALWAYS GET THE BEST'. 'This applies to real estate as well as other commodities. Every family in need of a home desires the best location.' 'SOUTH OREGON CITY'. 'Has the greatest number of advantages to its credit, of any of the suburbs of Oregon City. It will pay you to investigate this property. Good clear lots at reasonable prices on easy instalments. Call on or address T. L. CHARMAN, Trustee. Charman Bro's. Block, Oregon City'.

Advertisement for Regulator Line. Text: 'Regulator Line. HELLO! 1800 miles of long distance telephone wire in Oregon and Washington now in operation by the Oregon Telephone and Telegraph company. Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Salem, Walla Walla, Pendleton, Albany and 96 other towns in the two states on the line. Quick, accurate, cheap. All the satisfaction of a personal communication. Distance no effect to a clear understanding. Spokane as easily heard as Portland. —Oregon City office at—'. 'PORTLAND TO THE DALLES'. 'By the fast and com-modious steamer Regulator'. 'Leaves Portland daily except Sunday at 7 a. m. This is the Great Scenic Route. All tourist admit that the scenery on the Middle Columbia is not excelled for beauty and grandeur in the United States. Full information by addressing or calling on J. N. HARNEY, Agent, Tel. 914. Portland, Or., Office and wharf, foot of Oak St.'.

Advertisement for C. N. Greenman. Text: 'A. W. PHILLIPS, EXPRESS AND DELIVERY. Established 1865. C. N. Greenman, PIONEER Transfer and Express, Freight and parcels delivered to all parts of the city, RATES - REASONABLE.' 'Special attention to hauling in any part of Oregon City. Moving attended to promptly and carefully. Special rates given on hauling to and from Gladstone and Park-place.'