

# THE WHOLE WORLD WORKS TO CLOTHE HER

## Modern Woman Has Slaves in Every Land

by virtue of the fact that thousands of dusky persons under white masters are raising those great birds of adornment on the fields of Africa, or pursuing the wild birds on the plains. It's one of the big industries of the country, and all founded on the flimsy bauble of fashion.

Not only that, but there is now under way an industry in the southwestern part of the United States which may in time almost supersede the African ostrich traffic. It is evident that the ostrich is not likely to be soon given its deathblow by the dictators of woman's fashions, for clear-headed business men have undertaken to raise ostriches in America to provide for such a demand for a number of years.

Nor must one forget the pin which fastens the woman's hat to her hair. Frequently it is made of the shell that covers the tortoise which has its home in African rivers, in Madagascar or in Asia.

So, too, with the haircombs—they are usually made of the rarest shells, which great hordes of workers keep



Picking Cotton in a Southern Field.



A South African Source of Ivory

WHEN you bedeck yourself in your finest dress and ornaments, if you be a woman; or when you pay for so rigging out your wife, if you be a husband, do you ever stop to think of what it has cost in labor to make up that costume, how many persons in various parts of the world have been employed on it apart from the dressmaker and the merchant?

It's astounding, when you come to think of it. To get furs for madame, what hordes are working all their lives in Russia, Siberia,



Making Straw Hats in Anzora.

British Columbia and on the Pacific. To make her hat attractive, ostrich farms are maintained in far-away Africa. Asia, Oceania and the isles of the South Sea furnish her pearls and other ornaments.

Laborers in gold mines all over the world are digging out of the ground yellow nuggets to make her rings, her chains and lockets and crosses. Slaves in the darkest of subterranean dungeons of South Africa and Brazil are making it possible for her to wear those beautiful diamonds on her fingers and in her ears.

The laces and silks and costons—how many people are spinning in China, knitting in Ireland, working in the fields of the Southern States to provide them?

Indeed, if one should ask, What parts of the world are most necessary to the toilet of milady? the answer would be easy—"All."

IT IS easy to picture the modern woman as a queen, seated on a regal throne, holding a wand which reaches to every corner of the known world, and tyrannically tapping, now here, now there, her millions upon millions of slaves lest they lag in the work of bringing tribute of vassalage to her. She's an exacting monarch, but willing to pay well for her service.

When milady—or her husband, or papa, which all amounts to the same thing—pays for her Easter or fall hat, the milliner's price may seem more reasonable if the genesis of the handicraft be considered. The day of birds on hats is on the wane, and yet the business of securing them continues to be an extensive industry in many parts of the world, especially in Asia, Oceania, and the South Sea islands.

### FEATHERED BEAUTIES FROM AFAR

Birds of splendid plumage conceal themselves far in the depths of the silent forests, in trees where the foliage is so dense that sunshine seldom strikes the trunk.

constantly busy obtaining. Few of the laces that you see on milady's costume were made in the United States, although probably some of them that bear foreign marks were really made in New England mills. The most expensive points, however, come from France, England and Arabia; and there is the lace of Belgium, Venice and Austria, and there is the lace of Ireland, the large flowered lace of Ireland.

All of which serve to enhance, but not hide, robes of silk, velvet or wool material from China, Tibet, Arabia, Algeria or the Southern States of America.

Think of the thousands of negroes toiling day in and day out in these Southern fields picking the fluffy white bits of cotton at harvest time; of the other tens of thousands in the mills of this and other countries who spin and weave it, and if you have plenty of time,

What battles with Leviathans on the mighty deep, what feats of half-civilized peoples, what stories of commerce could be told of this little item alone—for you mustn't think that all is the only thing derived from whales.

Behold the rare pearls of the East as jewels of priceless value on head, neck or arm. Many come from the bottom of shark-haunted seas.

With them may be the diamonds dug with incredible toll from the mines of South Africa or Brazil. Here are sapphires and rubies torn from their secret hiding places in India. And the precious gold in which they are set comes from far Australia, California, the Klondike, Siberia—there is hardly any part of the whole world where it is not being dug.

What is lacking in the toilette—what final touch? Perfume. A sprinkling of it on robe or handkerchief must not be forgotten.

There are violet, lilac, clover, rose, many others.

Follow its progress through the wholesale houses, the retail stores, the dressmaking shops until it finally reaches the wearer it was intended for from the beginning.

Again, the fine linen that forms the more intimate part of the costume may have been grown originally in any one of a number of lands.

And the whalebone which, perchance, gives elasticity to her corset—what a wealth of romance, if it could be told, has hovered about the harvesting of it.



How Her Seal Skin Coat is Secured.

How most of them are distilled from the flowers whose names they bear immediately suggests itself to any one. But there are other—stranger—ways of getting it.

For instance, the "new mown hay" which often delights the nostrils was, as like as not, derived, not from hay, but from coal tar, that by-product of gas, which was once thrown away, but now is used in the making of scores of articles.

Then, there is that dear little animal, the musk deer, or musk rat, which, propagating as fast as he can on African fields, is yet unable to entirely satisfy the demand for his refreshing essence which fashion in all parts of the civilized world craves.

But there are other things to be thought of when the frock and hat are arranged. There are the outer wraps. The seal skins, for instance—how are they procured?

One is minded of the sea wolf and the Alaskan seal industry, the pathetic story of how every year thousands upon thousands of helpless seals are slaughtered with clubs in the hands of men as the animals lie on the beach after the tide has gone out.

Not only are the parent seals killed, but poor seal pups by the thousands are left there to die. So scandalous has this traffic become that the President of the United States has raised his voice against it.

Add there is the fur trade of Siberia and British Columbia. It is in itself one of the commercial romances of the age. In America there is associated with it the story of the oldest trust on the continent, the Hudson Bay Company, which all the year round commends the services of thousands of Indian and Canadian Frenchmen in the great northern wilds as yet unopened to civilization.

Thus, to clothe milady, the whole world must constantly bend in its efforts.

Far from Civilization Men Hunt for Gold in the Klondike for Her Adornment.

What of the boot of kid, of deer skin or of chamois that encloses woman's dainty foot? Men daily risk their lives in mountain pathways, trackless forests, along African rivers, where the hunt of the dangerous crocodile never ceases, for crocodile leather is now largely in demand.

In this all? By no means. Hundreds of other articles from many lands just as remote must also contribute their share toward enhancing woman's beauty. When the gown is adjusted and the hat got on straight, then come other articles of the toilette.

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## OFF FEW EARTHLY PARADISES ONE IS UMBRIA

GIRDLED by snow-capped mountains that tower toward the warm skies of Italy is an enchanted valley, as beautiful as Poe's "Valley of the Many Colored Grasses."

Threaded by limpid streams and colorful with sweeping fields of tones and semi-tones of green, it presents a scene of perfect calm and natural repose.

Over it seems to hover some spirit of tranquillity—the sky is transparently blue, the air rarefied and clear, the sun intensely, purely golden. The valley has a soul—the memory of saints who walked a path of sanctity from those fair vales to those in the spiritual Paradise, of poets who sang here, of painters who dipped their brushes in nature's tints.

This is Umbria, one spot in Italy left unvisited by the majority of tourists. Secluded in northern Italy, it is sought by few save the aesthetic, painters of wealth and leisure and poets whose livelihood does not depend on a daily grind. Lovers of the beautiful seek this earthly paradise and dream.

There are a holy poem, sweet Umbrian plain, Forever sung to the angelic ear, Thy tender vines beneath thy hills austere, Thy shining poppies and thy springing grain.

IN THE exquisite landscapes of the old painters—Nicolo da Foligno, Francesco Melanzio and Tiberio d'Assisi—one sees views of the divinest landscape ever portrayed on canvas. It is Umbria!

Ask any man who has traveled in all parts of the world if he has been in Umbria, and he will tell you it is an earthly paradise, the most beautiful spot on earth.

In the fourth century four pilgrims from Palestine, so runs a legend, went to Pope Liberius and asked him to direct them to a land where they might live perfect lives; a land whose pure, natural beauty would bring God close to their souls, where their spirits could rise in an exaltation of devotion in the most beautiful temple of woods and skies in the world.

The good Pope told them to go to Umbria. There, sixteen centuries ago, those four—the first of many saints who have trodden its lovely vales—lived and died. There in later centuries small monasteries arose,



and there pious men, looking upon a perfect world of nature, pondered on the perfect spiritual life of the soul. There St. Francis of Assisi, in a little leper colony, washed their sores and nursed them, and there the humble man, on La Verna, saw the divine vision and received the stigmata.

There, up on the Apennines, in the great old castle lived the rosy, buoyant Santa Chiara, and there down in the valley, in the sixth century, St. Benedict built a little chapel.

In Umbria young Raphael first saw his angels. There painters, since then, have felt the holy hush that evokes an inspiration.

Umbria! It is out of the way of ordinary tourists, and, fortunately, has escaped desecration; travelers have not written their names on the walls of its cloisters, nor defaced the little chapels.

It is unspoiled; the valley breathes the fragrance of a newly created earth; one seems to smell flowers blooming in the early days of creation when all the air was pure.

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in the gay red bandana they wear on their heads. In Umbria, not assailed by the humming of trolley cars, one can rest and dream.

"Dream? Ah, that soul of Umbria—the spirits of the saints who lived and died—fills one with feelings of a higher purpose in life than the money-getting of great cities. One feels he would be well content to live as the brothers who pray before the great cross on the mountain where the heavenly vision appeared to Francis.

"From the Hotel Subasio one can see, down in the valley, the great Church of St. Mary of the Angels. Beneath it, little and dilapidated, the chapel of the Portuncula, built by the four pilgrims in Palestine and rebuilt by St. Benedict. Passing along the popular road one will come to the site of the Rivo Torto—there are two small chapels, the holy well and farmhouses.

"Here once was the lupar colony, where St. Francis won the favor of the Most High by ministering to the most lowly, most despoiled of sufferers. Going up the steep road of Monte Subasio, one will reach the mountain retreat of Francis; one can view the carcass where he prayed and meditated.

### A LAND OF ROMANCE

It is a land of romance, of folklore and religious piety. In Perugia, the queen city of Umbria, is the cathedral of San Lorenzo—San Lorenzo with the remains of three popes in her tomb; San Lorenzo with the betrothal ring of the Virgin Mary on her altar.

"In a silver casket, fastened by fifteen locks, this sacred relic reposes on the altar. The keys are in the possession of fifteen distinguished Italians. Once a year they come to the church, the fifteen locks are unfastened, the silver casket is opened and the ring which tradition says Joseph gave to Mary is revealed to the reverent view of hundreds of peasants who gather there.

"In Perugia women still weave their clothing by the spinning wheel. Weavers use the hand loom, they sow their grain broadcast in the fields. And this has been done for centuries.

"Long before Rome was built Umbria was the home of one of the most athletic races of the earth—the Etruscans. Umbria—why, it is a land of history! At Costana, at Chiusi, at Orvieto, at Perugia are great formidable walls and impregnable gates more than three centuries old.

"Wandering through Umbria one is impressed by the heavenly silence that prevails—a sacred hush, even to hover over vales and hills; even the silver streamlets creep silently through dim and mysterious forests, the perfumes of the flowers stand motionless and golden on the quiet breeze.

"Only at marriage, at money and at political sound breaks the silence—the whist, sweet, jangling of bells. At these times a liquid melody such as a melody a fiery melody! The Angeli—the soul to heaven!

Australia Raises Wool for Her Dressfit.