Women's Realm

THE FASHIONS OF THE DAYS OF "THE EMPIRE."

The vogue to-day in Paris is to follow the fashions of "The Empire" in everything. Even the great playwright Edmond Rostand adopts his "color" from the year 1812, and in the "Frisson de l'Aigle," now being played at the Theatre "Sarah Bernhardt," all the costumes are of that period. The hats, which are declared to be marvels of beauty, were created from prints of the period in the possession of the great Parisian modiste Madame Carlier, whose famous library contains invaluable works of various centuries showing contemporary costumes in colors. The fetching style of these hats has decided Madame Carlier to adopt them as her models for the coming Spring and Summer. By permission of Madame Carlier the accompanying pictures of a few of her clients are reproduced to enable the reader to judge what the effect is of a Carlier hat when worn by a beautiful woman. Amongst the celebrated women of the Stage and leaders of fashion from all parts of the world who make the Salons of Madame Carlier, at 16, Rue de la Paix, a general rendezvous, may be seen Madame Rostand, wife of the celebrated playwright. Prominent among other women of note who are clients are Mesdames Hatto, Bréval, Litrine, Calvé, Jane Hading, Duse, Tetzlaff, Barkani, Yahne, Nethersole, Le Bargy, Megard and Garden.

ODD WAYS OF PARROTS

The Secret of Teaching Them to Sing and Talk—Their Playthings.

"Of all birds parrots are the most sensitive to affection or indifference and take the most violent likes and dislikes for human beings," said the woman bird doctor to her visitor. "Take Polly Sheffield, for instance, that beautiful African gray, with the brilliant scarlet tail. She is a creature of fierce loves and hates."

Polly at the moment was lying flat on her back on the bottom of the cage and holding aloft in her claws a small china doll, which she inspected with the utmost gravity. The bird doctor's parrots all have china dolls to play with, and amuse themselves with them for hours. One big green bird never goes to sleep without his doll grasped in one claw.

Polly Sheffield, on seeing the doctor approach, dropped her doll, rose hastily and presented her bill for a kiss. The doctor took no notice of her and went on talking.

After a while Polly plucked her sleeve and said insinuatingly, "Give us a kiss." Still receiving no attention, Polly reflected for a time and then gurgled mournfully, "Poor Polly sick." The doctor yielded to this and put down her face to Polly with a laugh. Polly kissed her on the mouth, then presented the top of her head and said, coaxingly, "Scratch head."

That Polly Sheffield is strictly discriminating in her affection was proved by her vicious peck at a finger cautiously advanced by the visitor and by the vigor with which she seized a pencil advanced as a peace offering, broke it viciously in two, threw the pieces on the ground and glared at the intruder. It was through her bad disposition that Polly first came under the doctor's care. She took a strong dislike to her mistress, and one day set her beak in the latter's finger. To force her to let go Polly's neck had nearly to be twisted off, and she came to the hospital with her head lying around on one wing and an extremely stiff neck. During her illness she slept in a basket on the bird doctor's bed, a custom which she insists on retaining. At 10 or 10:30 every night she toddles down the long hall into the doctor's bedroom, where she perches on the footboard and waits patiently to go to bed. When the doctor brings out the basket and begins to arrange the blanket Polly hops over and gravely assists her, pulling at the blanket with her bill. In the morning Polly's little gray head is stuck out from the towel which covers her and she pipes cheerfully, "Good morning, sweetheart." When she toddles out to breakfast she will murmur contentedly, "Pretty Polly take a walk."

In teaching the birds to talk, the doctor begins by invariably associating an act with a word. No covering is ever taken from a parrot's cage in the morning without a cheerful "Good morning" from the attendant. In the same way all of the birds are bidden good night when the coverings are put on. The birds soon learn the words and their meaning. The doctor never goes out without coming into the aviary in her hat and coat to say "Goodby." She plays "peekaboo" with them by lifting a corner of the cage covering and calling "Peekaboo." After they have learned "Peekaboo" it is easy to attach "I see you" to the phrase, all other words coming easier after the first one is learned. After "Peekaboo, I see you" can be spoken, it is comparatively easy to teach them to sing it, and after they have learned the tune they can be taught to whistle it. The doctor and her sister have had remarkable success in teaching birds to sing and whistle tunes from instruments, taking one bird alone and playing the tune over and over again upon the guitar or flute. Polly Sheffield whistles "Over the Fence and Out" and "Pop Goes the Weasel" in a most accomplished manner. Parrots are like children. Some words they catch easily, others with difficulty. A stately green bird named Loretta had "Yankee Doodle" sung over and over to her, but she could learn only one line, "Stuck a feather in his cap." When the singer reaches this line Loretta joins in, and comes out strong, with unique effect.

Hoo Ta Ta is a Mexican parrot who named himself. Whenever any one asked him his name he would respond politely, "Hoo Ta Ta." Hoo Ta Ta he remains. The doctor believes that parrots have a language of their own in which they converse. Often two appear to be holding a conversation together, jabbering away in a foreign language which does not sound any more unintelligible than Chinese. Hoo Ta Ta and a bird named Caro were talking one day in this way. They jabbered away for a long time, when suddenly Caro, parrot language apparently failing her, exclaimed, "Go to ——!" Where she learned this sulphurous expression is unknown. She had kept it very still in her present polite surroundings until apparently Hoo Ta Ta irritated her beyond endurance.

The doctor's own pet bird, Charlie, stays out in her private rooms, away from the boarders and patients, as the latter are all extremely jealous of him. The doctor stepped into the hall and called "Charlie, Charlie," and presently a little form was perceived waddling down the long, dark hall. "Hulloa!" he remarked, as he emerged from the darkness, and repeated his salutation as he pursued his way. His appearance was greeted by a perfect bedlam of shrieks from the boarders. Paying no attention to his detractors, Charlie climbed into his mistress's lap and coughed. "Why, Charlie," said his mistress, "have you got a cold?" Charlie made no reply, but coughed again, painfully, distressfully, humanly. At this Loretta laughed. It was a cynical, sneering, Mephistophelian laugh, dying away in sarcastic cachinnations, irresistibly infectious, and all the humans in the room laughed, all the parrots who knew how to laugh joined in, and finally Charlie laughed too, taking the detection of his fraud about the cold in the best possible humor. A Panama parrot joined in the uproar with the remark, "Oh, I don't know," and when things had quieted down Panama was still observing, "Oh, I don't know," with a sage, worldly inflection which seemed to imply that he knew a great deal if he only cared to tell. Panama says this whenever anything out of the ordinary occurs. He is very fond of flowers, and when they are given him will exclaim, "Oh, what pretty flowers!" in a tone of rapt admiration.

All the boarders have things to play with in their cages. They ring little bells; bounce little rubber balls, and gnaw clothespins.

Their landlady says that parrots are so accustomed to peck hard substances in the forest that if they cannot have something to exercise their bills upon in their cages they will pick out their own feathers. Their playthings keep them amused and contented. One washes his china doll in his water basin. Another, who has a ribbon attached to a bar of the cage, will swing himself on his perch by this ribbon for half an hour at a time. This parrot would not touch a red ribbon, but took with joy to one of pale blue. In various ways the parrots have made it manifest that they do not like red. Some parrots will not peck red seed from the floors of their cages.

While the doctor was explaining this a raucous voice suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, what a lie!" This courteous remark came from Lida, a parrot who lost a good home owing to her uncivil habit of talking about lying. Lida belonged to a woman who kept a little store. When the woman would be showing goods to customers and expatiating on their merits, Lida would "chip in" with her comment, "Oh, what a lie!" This was bad for trade, and Lida is for sale cheap.

TEACHING A PARROT THE BUGLE CALLS.

Need of School in Little Italy.

Colony of Fifty Thousand Italians Where Children's Aid Society Think Educational Work Should Be Started.

"I landed in New-York on a Sunday, twenty-five years ago," said F. L. Frugone, who is the Editor of the "Bollettino," one of the Italian daily papers of this city, and who is raising a fund for a second school for Italians to be conducted by the Children's Aid Society.

"I landed at Castle Garden," he continued, "with $1 70 in my pocket, and not a friend or relative in America. I never shall forget the strange impression New-York made on me that Sunday. At home the people were all in the streets in their best clothes enjoying themselves on Sunday. Lower Manhattan, closed, silent and empty, seemed to me a city of the dead. 'What kind of a country is this?' I muttered to myself. I had come to America to work in the mines, but there didn't seem to be any mines about. I walked up Broadway, my heavy old country valise in my hand, about as lonesome, homesick, forlorn a boy as could be found on the continent. I didn't know what to do or where to go.

DRESS IN BLACK CHIFFON TAFFETA.

Flounces of black spotted net, edged with black panne and passementerie; waistcoat of white moire, edged with pale blue.

"The best luck that ever happened to me in my life was when I met an Italian, who saw that I was a green immigrant boy and stopped to speak to me. He took me to a decent place to spend the night, and the next day took me to the Italian school of the Children's Aid Society, at No. 156 Leonard-st. The late A. E. Cerqua, who had helped the late C. L. Brace in starting the school, received me and put me in a printing class. I worked in that little print shop during the day, and in the evening I went into the English classes. What would have become of me had it not been for Mr. Cerqua and the Children's Aid Society I don't know. In two days after I landed at Castle Garden I had found good friends and was hard at work learning my trade and studying English.

"There are five or six Italian printing offices in town, including nearly all the most important ones, the proprietors of which were all in that printing class in Leonard-st. with me twenty-five years ago. All of them now have good businesses, and are bringing up their families in comfort. Another of my classmates there is manager of an American printing office; another holds an important position in one of the largest American print shops in the city. Another owns one of the best and oldest machine shops in Centre-st., a shop which makes machinery for the American trade. Another is a large fruit importer, with a business in Park Place, and another has a fine fruit store in the Equitable Arcade. Another became the first Italian policeman in New-York and is now in the real estate business.

"Now, all these were poor, friendless boys, who would have had no other chance to get a start in life. All had to work in the daytime and would have had no other chance to learn English, which was the most important of all things to them. I remember particularly three brothers, all of them now successful business men. They all sold quill toothpicks on the street. It was before the days of wooden toothpicks. None of them knew how to read or write Italian, nor even to talk it, for they spoke dialect. They learned to read, write and speak English in that school, and through that picked up the Italian afterward for themselves. There were girls in the evening classes who sold flowers by day in the streets, or worked in factories. Mrs. Weygandt, now the principal of the evening school at No. 156 Leonard-st., was one of them. My wife was also one of the pupils, and afterward taught in the school. All the girls who went to that school have trained their children more intelligently because of it.

"Now, there is just as great need to-day for another Children's Aid Society school for the Italians in Little Italy as there was twenty-five years ago in the downtown colony. The Fabbri family and other early comers among the Italians helped to build the Leonard-st. school, and befriended it for years. The late Mrs. Fabbri for many years provided the hot dinners served daily at that school. Little Italy comprises the territory, roughly speaking, from 100th to 115th-st. and from 2d to Pleasant-ave. In this territory live fifty thousand Italians, later comers, and therefore poorer than the downtown colony. There are few centres of social uplift in this region. The city provided Thomas Jefferson Park, which is a great benefit. There are two public schools, I believe, and one Settlement. There is one kindergarten, provided by a private agency. Two more like it could be filled in its immediate neighborhood from its waiting list. But what the section needs is another great children's aid society school, where immigrant children will be sought out, visited in their homes and got into school. Children who have not decent clothing cannot and will not go to the public schools. The Children's Aid Society clothes such children. Children who are not sufficiently nourished cannot study. Such children are fed by the society. Sewing, cooking, millinery and dressmaking classes are needed for the girls; trade classes for the boys. As in all immigrant families, the children pick up the language and other American ways more quickly than the parents, and then begin to look down on their parents and escape from their control. Such children have peculiar need of American friends, to bring them in touch with the better American life, not merely the life of the streets. A gymnasium is needed for them. Social clubs are needed for them, where they can go in the evenings for enjoyment, and be kept off the streets. A small free music school, where children who showed special talent could receive musical training, would be extremely useful. There is no people arriving among whom more musical talent goes to waste than the Italians. People can earn a living by music as well as by other things, and many a talented boy and girl would be discovered among the poor Italians of New-York in such a school. The two upper stories of that school ought to be a dormitory for homeless Italian boys. There are numbers of them running wild in Harlem, with no home ties, and no prospects of a useful life. The probation officer of the Special Sessions Court is responsible for this statement.

"But most important of all is the English. Nothing else is so vital to the Italian in America. No Italian can hope to get on here without the language. And the English classes should be put late in the evening to accommodate the working people. There are no short hours for Italian workers in New-York. They do the hardest work for the poorest pay, and with the longest hours. Evening English classes should begin for them at 8 o'clock, even at 8:30 and 9.

"Now, I have no doubt that Americans who see the almost daily religious processions in summer in the Italian colony, with the cash left on the saint's altar and the amounts spent for candles and illuminations, think that the Italians could easily furnish their own school if they wanted to. But the mass of the immigration from Italy is of poor and ignorant people. This is the sort of religion they have been accustomed to at home, and this is the way they have been accustomed to enjoy themselves at home, by outdoor processions and holidays. They need to be here a long time before they understand and appreciate American ways of spending money. You never find any Italian boy or girl educated in American schools supporting these processions, although they are generally quite as devoted members of their church. But we can depend for subscriptions only on the educated and Americanized portion of the colony, and they are comparatively few, and there are still fewer persons of means among them."

Mr. Frugone has raised over $4,000 for the school, which is to be called the Verdi when built. It is interesting to know that over two thousand Italians have contributed to this sum, showing the small amounts in which it has come in; mostly from former pupils of the Leonard-st. school. The largest subscription, $250, came early in the collection from that former pupil of the school whom Mr. Frugone recalled as the first Italian policeman in New-York. The money is all placed to the credit of the Children's Aid Society.

MRS. E. M. TOWN.

Chairman of social committee of Woman's Guild, St. Luke's Church, which will give an entertainment on Tuesday evening.

FASHIONABLE SUMMER LACES.

Combination laces, showing Cluny and net laces with baby crochet applied to a foundation of batiste embroidery, or some such juxtaposition, are promised for the summer. Importers say that batiste laces will be all the go for thin dresses and waists, although baby Irish and "Val" will be immensely popular. For wash dresses there is a so-called French crochet lace, made of heavy cotton braids, joined with lace stitches, which comes in insertions, in separable motifs and in princess robes. All laces come in matched sets this season, so that the woman who fancies a certain pattern will find it in the allover, an insertion or galloon and three widths of edge lace for flouncing purposes, or the like. This is not only a great convenience, but also an advance artistically.

"If you don't want to be thought old, don't act old," was the advice of a beauty doctor, the other day. "Don't walk like an old woman, for one thing. Old women bow their heads and walk with their chins depressed. So hold your head up well.

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