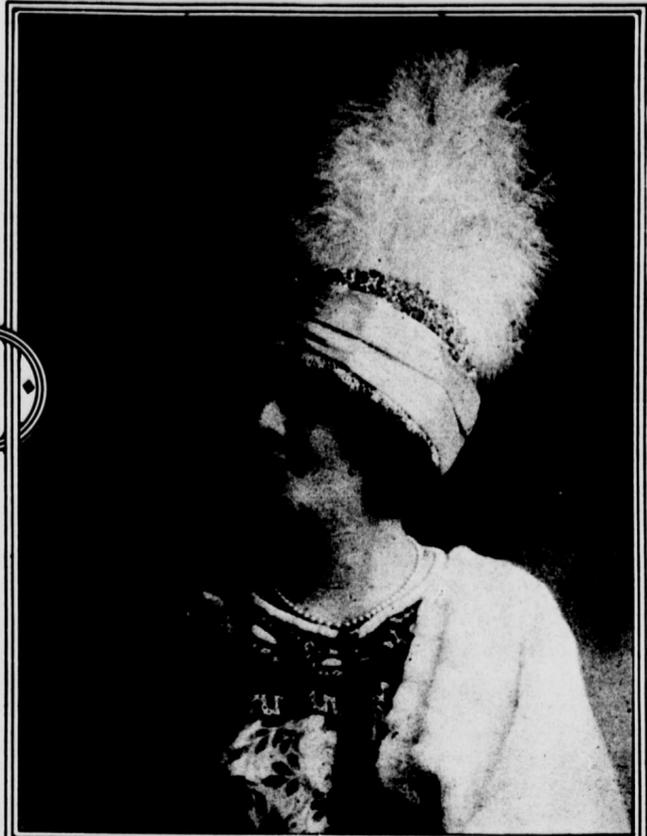
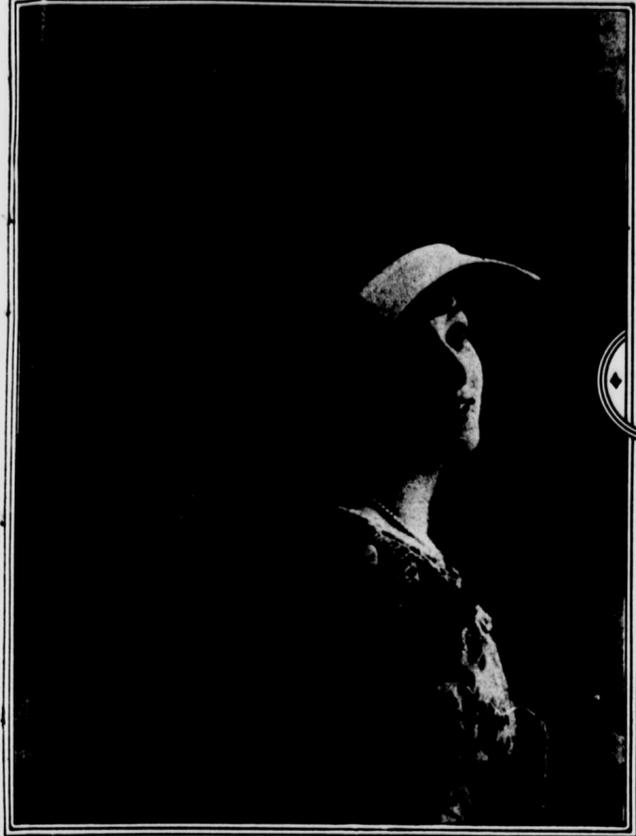


AIGRETTE QUEEN OF PARIS RENOUNCES HER CROWN



Wearing of aigrettes "had become a vice with her."

Mlle. Renouarde

She will no longer glory in such wonderful headdresses.

Bird Lovers Made Threats Against Mlle. Renouarde and So She Has Stopped Wearing the Gauzy Plumes

Mlle. RENOUARDE, the Paris actress who stepped into the shoes of Mme. Lantime after the latter was drowned, has been called the Aigrette Queen of Paris, because she wore more aigrettes than any other woman in the gay capital, stripping even Gaby Deslys in her craze for them.

But she will no more glory in that title, for she has renounced aigrettes.

Why?

Alas, thereby hangs a tale.

Mlle. Renouarde has had a severe fright. She has been compelled to give up the wearing of aigrettes because of the threats sent to her by mail, threats of personal violence if she continued to wear the love plumes of devoted mother birds on her hats and in her hair.

At first when the threatening letters came Mlle. Renouarde paid no heed to them and went on purchasing and wearing the lovely gauzy plumes about which she has always been enthusiastic, till, as Gully said, they had become a vice with her. But as each time she wore the aigrettes the letters increased their threats she became to be a little nervous, and finally when a shot whizzed past her ear while driving in the Bois she afternoon wearing an especially large mass of aigrettes, she appeared in a perfectly plain hat, which she ordered sent specially in a hurry from her milliner. The dozen wonderful new hats that she had just purchased, each loaded with a different color of aigrette, were set aside, and the stage beauty sallied forth timidly without a single foamy spray in her hat.

The letters were written in several different hands and each writer declared that he was a protector of the birds and that it was wanton cruelty on the actress's part to wear such tragic decorations and thus set the example for others.

Death by various means was threatened finally if she did not cease to wear the plumes. The writers said that if she wore on her head as she went out the plumes of several hundred nesting mother birds her life might well be destroyed to save these beautiful birds, since her heart could not be touched by the history of the plumes. The bird lovers declared that by purchasing more

and more aigrettes at a fabulous cost she was encouraging the cruel slaughter of the birds more than any other woman in Paris.

All manner of poison packages came to her. These she could defy, but when the whizz of a bullet came it destroyed her courage and she drove home in a hysterical condition.

The Paris police were informed and now a detective rides behind her motor or carriage when she takes her airing. But even with this precaution she does not dare to exhibit the aigrettes again and she declares that she will never dare to wear them again unless it is in her own home among her friends.

The Audobon Society has of late made some ardent converts in Paris, and when the French take up a thing they become fanatic about it, and it is suspected that some overzealous French Audobonite, or a number of them, maybe have been intimidating the actress. No one else so far has been threatened and Mlle. Renouarde sees her rivals all about her wearing masses of aigrettes waving above their heads, while she dare not sport a single spray.

Rose Scent From South America.

NEWS has come of late that a war in the Balkans has worked havoc among the rose farms, but if you are fond of the scent of this flower don't let the matter distress you. All the roses that are used for perfumes don't come from that part of the world, and, what will probably be news to you, there is an increasing supply of a substitute for the attar.

The well known Oriental attar of rose is a bit too assertive for American taste, although it is still a prime favorite in the East. For years the French soap makers have been prominent in the manufacture of rose flavored soaps, and not unlikely the secret of their success has lain in the source of their raw material. Most people imagine that the extract of rose is drawn from the petals of the flower, but this is only partly the case. Of course synthetic chemistry has made it possible to produce artificially clever simulations of floral scents, but the medical profession has discovered that these are not quite satisfying and that they actually irritate the nerves.



The Aigrette Queen appears to-day in a perfectly plain hat.

But it is not the cunning of the chemist that furnishes the substitute. A natural source for the extract has been found in a tree which grows in

South America and is related to the tree that supplies the rosewood of the cabinetmaker.

Until very recently all the essence

obtained from this rosewood was sent to France, and a small group of merchants there regulated its sale and its market price. Of late the native pro-

Famous Stage Beauty Has Set Aside Wonderful Millinery Creations and Now Appears in a Plain Hat

ducer has turned to the United States for a more profitable field for the sale of the extract.

The Indians of French Guiana and of northern Brazil immediately to the south are familiar with this particular type of rosewood. The native creoles call it "female rosewood" to distinguish it from the hard, dark material dear to the cabinet maker. Through Bahia Brazil exports a variety of sweet scented wood which bears, in English, the name of tulip wood. This wood differs slightly in color from the female rosewood of Cayenne, the latter being generally yellow on the outside and changing gradually to a beautiful pink inward. The essential oil which it contains in large quantities renders it proof against the attack of insects. The day may come when beautiful clothes chests will be made of this material, thus supplanting the aromatic cedar in this service.

Down in Cayenne the Galibis search the dense forests for the Amazon River north for these valuable trees. They do not grow in groups but are scattered here and there in the dense forests. Until a few years ago this rosewood was shipped to France for the single purpose of extracting its oil; but to-day this is done by distillation on the spot, although the industry is in its infancy, and the facilities are rather crude. It is not hard to understand how in the past the French perfumers and soap makers have been able to control the market and the use of this delicious scent. In Paris the crude extract has brought from \$2.50 to \$2.75 a pound.

The manufacture of the essence in South America is very simple. When the wood is brought in by the hunters it is chopped up into small bits by means of a machine driven by steam. These bits are then put in a still and boiled, the steam so produced being led off through a cooling coil. Compared with the outfit of a Tennessee moonshiner the plant is fairly pretentious, but otherwise the apparatus is far removed from one capable of producing the best results.

When produced in this way, and while still in the raw state, the essence is either colorless or of a pale amber hue, a shade which deepens as the oil ages. At first the rose extract is very fluid and clear, but in time it loses some of its limpidness and becomes the consistency of syrup. It has a fresh and piquant flavor and its bouquet is very agreeable and lasting.

The yield of the essential oil varies considerably with the age of the tree, the time of cutting, the care of the wood afterward and a number of other conditions.

There is a decided advantage in distilling the rosewood on the spot. A cord of raw material, which weighs from 1,600 to 2,000 pounds, will produce on an average from seventeen to twenty-two pounds of the oil.

At the present time the native distiller pays from 75 to 80 francs per ton of rosewood, and in some seasons the wood hunters demand as much as 100 francs a ton. The net cost of one pound of essence is anywhere from 70 to 90 cents. At the present time the native product is decidedly crude and considerable after treatment is necessary to render it fit for use.

Fashion Notes.

Keen appreciation of the effective lights and shadows given by a moire effect has returned. Many frocks worn by Paris mannequins at the Long-champs races were made of soft crepe with the moire effect.

The French designer knows where a line must be accentuated and in many cases uses tiny buttons for this purpose.

The soft draped bodice minus the high restraining collar is a feature of artistic gowns worn by women in Paris.

The waistline is not only allowed to remain normal but by swathing it in wide supple sashes its size is considerably increased.

The following plan will be found preferable to the use of salts of lemon, oxalic acid, &c., for cleaning straw hats and panamas. Take peroxide of hydrogen, and use an old tooth brush to rub the peroxide well into the straw. Rinse the straw hat well with cold water and dry it in the open. The straw will become beautifully white and will not return yellow.

In drawing threads from hemstitching or drawnwork wet a small brush, rub it on a cake of soap and then on the threads you wish to draw, and they will come out easily and without breaking.

When shutting up a dress for a long time pack the silver in dry flour and keep the forks, knives and spoons together, arranging them in layers with flour between them. The silver will remain perfectly bright and untarnished.

Flower Courtships of the Old South

The reason why young people don't marry as soon as they did when I was growing up? A handsome woman who is chaperoning two granddaughters and a grandniece at a fashionable summer resort shook her head as she repeated the question, seemingly hopeless of finding an answer.

"One reason is because the boys don't go about it in the right way," her husband said, coming to her assistance. "Why, what would you have said to me, my dear, if after chasing you around a tennis court on a hot afternoon I had asked you to marry me?"

The grandmother smiled and shook her head.

"Of course you would have given me the mitten, and I should have deserved it," the grandfather went on. "Just think of the way that young man treated Agnes. About the hottest night of the summer she came out young and told us she was engaged. That young fellow had been jumping around the ballroom with her—they called it the tango, I believe. That was when it happened. Why, in our day a man would never have thought of proposing in such a way."

"How did we manage it?" he repeated the question thoughtfully, then con-

tinued, "There were the serenades." "Yes, we girls liked to be serenaded," the grandmother said, smiling as though at pleasant memories.

"Then we used to send a lot of flowers, I think?" He glanced at his wife questioningly. "We all knew the meaning of flowers."

"You see, we were not so strenuous in those days, especially in the South. We went about things more gently. At first we would get a number of fellows and we would make the rounds of the neighborhood, serenading every woman where there was a girl of marriageable age. Then as things progressed we would serenade her alone. After this happened a time or two, we would help along by bunches of flowers of the right variety and maybe a box of candy now and then."

"Every flower had a meaning. If a girl didn't like the young man who was serenading her it was an easy matter to tell him so with the right kind of flower. I've seen a girl give a young man a flower out of the bunch with which he had just presented her that amounted to a refusal."

"In those days it was not considered correct for a girl to announce her engagement," the grandmother remarked. "Even now it always gives me a start to hear a young girl speak of her en-

gagement publicly and call her fiancé by his first name."

"No, in our time even the nearest friends were not told until a day or so before the invitations were out," her husband replied. "Sometimes that didn't work very well, though. Do you remember how Annie Shewmake treated Henry Butherill?"

"I had just come home on my second furlough. Henry and I were passing the Baptist Church. We noticed something was going on, so we stopped in. Of course we knew it was somebody's wedding from the crowd of boys and girls who were making the decorating. Henry asked who it was."

"'Miss Annie Shewmake,' one of the young men answered."

"When he got me out the church Henry took his watch out of his pocket and opened the case. There was Miss Annie's picture and a bit of her hair. He had called to see her the night before. He told me years after that she never returned his engagement ring."

"You don't think the men of to-day would put up with such treatment? I reckon you are right. They are too half-fellow-well-met with girls these days. They know too much about each other. I've heard the change attributed to coeducation. Maybe that is it, though I believe it is athletics."

Uses for Old Lace

The woman who possesses rare old family lace is as fortunate as she who owns lovely jewels. Lace lends itself to a thousand adaptations. A woman of taste and individuality can do more with lace than with anything else to solve the problem of dressing well at a moderate cost.

Lace is never old fashioned. Take, for instance, a dress of supple white silk over which is a clinging straight gown with a tunic effect. The bodice is plain over the shoulders. Under the arms and across the bust is a full, straight piece of lace with a blue velvet ribbon threading the top. The fullness is gathered in at the waist, under a blue velvet waistband, and in front is a row of pretty shaded roses over the waistband. Could anything be more charmingly youthful? Almost any woman has old pieces of lace laid away which would serve in such a gown.

For a young matron a yellow crepe de chine is rathered up over a lace front panel. Another frock of white lace is partially veiled in old rose, and pale blue mousseline de sole, draped toward one side. With the present fashions of draping the possibilities of using beautiful laces without cutting or destroying them is endless.

Little Stories of Fact and Fancy

WITHIN two weeks after the recent assassination of Mahmoud Sheket Pasha, the Grand Vizier of Turkey, thirty-two men were put to death for taking part in the conspiracy. According to Turkish custom, handed down from the time of Mohammed, there is no limit as to the number of lives that may be taken as a penalty for the murder of one man.

Even those interested in the remotest degree are liable to the Sultan's vengeance. It is not so much the number of the ruler of Turkey is authorized to put out of the way, but rather where the line is to be drawn.

The Turks have a story of one of the earlier successors of Mohammed whose life was only endangered because of a rock falling down a declivity near which the Sultan was riding with his retinue. Half a dozen of those in charge of the trip were put to death as an ordinary matter of course. Then half a dozen more who might have remotely known something about the facilities afforded by the road for killing the Sultan. Finally all the members of a secret club or lodge were ordered executed because it was ascertained that one of the responses to a password was: "Will you roll down the stone?"

Despite the protestations of the club members that the words had no signif-

cance at all with respect to the Sultan or the Sultan's trip along the road, they were ordered to the scaffold. They numbered 118 in all, and died bravely, assuring their executioners to the very last they were innocent. Later a eunuch who told how the falling of the rock was merely an accident, was also put to death for daring to say so.

MANY people consider the end of the worst pests that the summer brings, but they certainly are not any more offensive than the selfish subway passengers who crowd into the first car and stand at the front door, monopolizing the breeze," exclaimed a subway traveller. "Thus three or four persons may receive all the benefit of the breeze while the other passengers have to swelter."

"On many occasions there are vacant seats in the car to accommodate the greedy and inconsiderate passengers, but they are not satisfied to sit down and share the breeze with the others. With them it is all or nothing."

"I saw a very sensible and capable conductor on an uptown Broadway express train on a recent hot night. He saw a group of persons clustered around the front door taking all the breeze and he promptly went up and made them

separate, warning them not to gather around the door again. In this way the other passengers were enabled to get their share of fresh air."

HIGHCOSTOV didn't worry Con-necticut man who worked for eighteen years as clerk in retail shop without drawing wages. Boss gave him combination of cash drawer and told him to help himself whenever he wanted to. Such unparalleled generosity probably unhinged his mind, for all he ever took was 15 cents for food per day.

Question the cynical ask is where the boss really put the money he took in over the counter.

"MY! I didn't bring half enough coathangers," said one girl, unpacking at a summer hotel.

"Well, then, I will make some for you," said another, which she proceeded to do.

She took a newspaper and rolled it up snugly and tied a string around the middle of this roll and then made a loop in the free end of this string to hang it up by.

Such an improvised coathanger will do very well for light coats or for shirt waists.