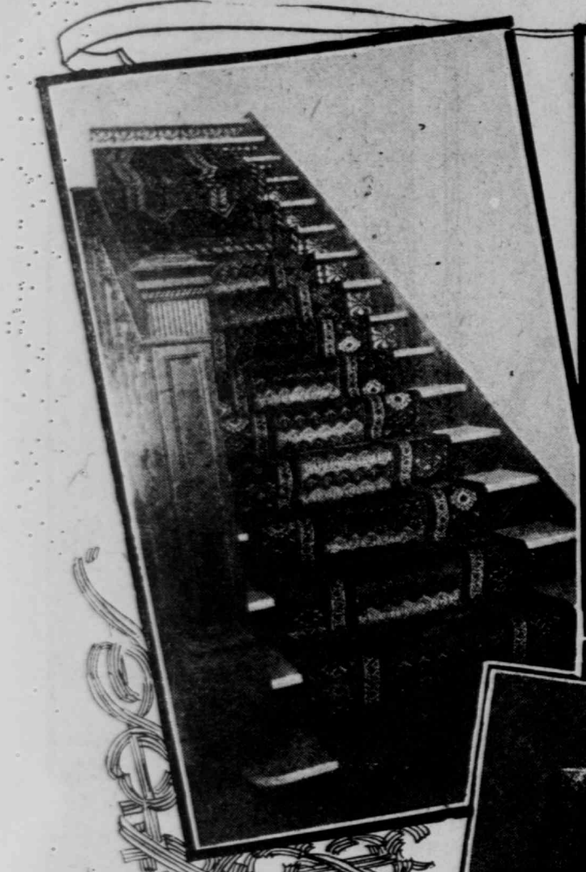
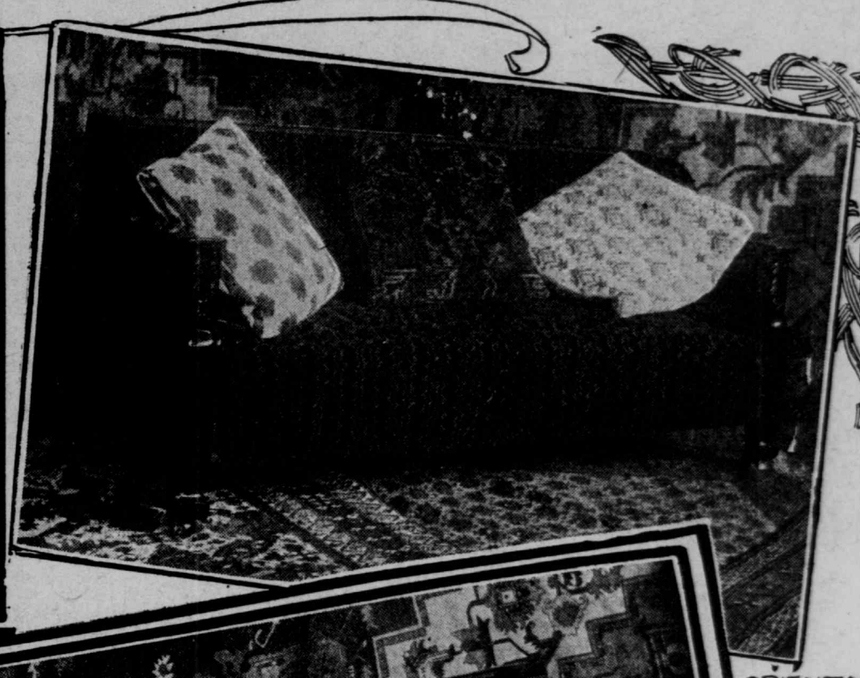


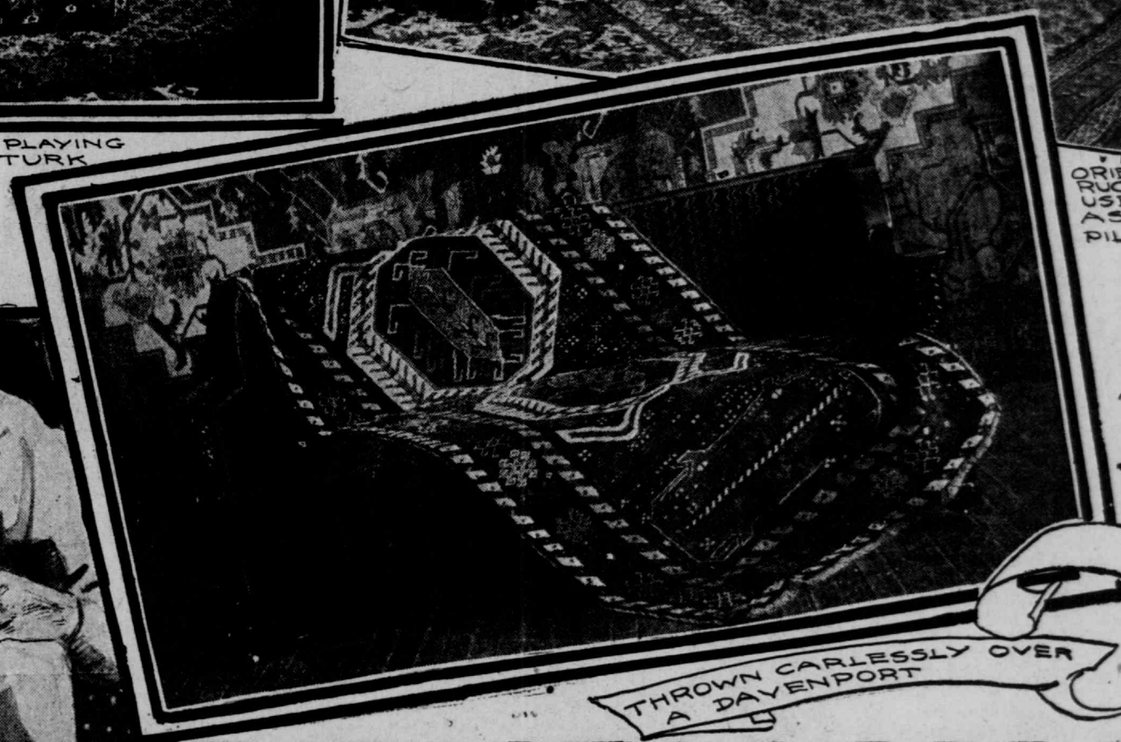
RUGS USED IN PLACE OF CARPETS

THE DEBONAIR BACHELOR OF TO-DAY PLAYING THE TURK



ORIENTAL RUGS USED AS PILLOWS

A BIT OF ORIENTALISM INSTEAD OF A LINEN DOILY



THROWN CARLESSLY OVER A DAVENPORT

ORIENTALISM STRONGLY TO THE FORE

ORIENTALISM has come strangely to the fore. Now is the time to take a quiet little trip to China, to Japan and to far-away Persia instead of to Paris and London if you are about to furnish a $100,000 house.

Everything and anything on the oriental, of so far as that is concerned, even on the ragged border of orientalism, goes, and what is more, goes in rattling good shape. Never before in the history of these fine old rugs have they been so universally popular and so much sought after in occidental homes. It is the fashion, the sudden fad of the moment, to fling them about on the floor, on couches or on the stairs in the utmost confusion. Here, there and any old where—that is if one has the necessary length of pocketbook, for orientalism in any shape or form costs, and everything from these strange people is dear in more ways than one.

The debonnair bachelor with plenty of money at his command and an eye for solid comfort goes forth in quest of rugs. He buys them for several reasons. First of all they add to his physical ease, for they are soft and cozy. Secondly they add an air of refinement and elegance to his apartments that pleases his inner soul, and last of all they are about the most durable, serviceable thing that he could possibly purchase.

In fact, unlike most things of this earth the more hard wear they get, the more sunlight that is permitted to stream on them and the more washings they get the better they are, until one that has seen active service for years will sell any day at two or even three times the original price.

To the uninitiated be it said that all oriental mats are the product of the hand and that an unlimited supply of time, patience and skill is necessary before one can be turned out that will command a good figure. In Persia, the home of the finest weaves, the secret of patterns and dyes run in families, and a man, woman or child would suffer all kinds of tortures before betraying the trust which is considered sacred to them.

In many respects these people are not unlike our Indians. Each tribe has its peculiar style of baskets and blankets and the colors and geometrical figures mean something to them, and so it is with the makers of the Persian rugs. Each tribe makes a specialty of one thing, and whether they do not know, and, as a consequence are unable to make other designs, is a matter for discussion. No matter how many rugs a man might make no two are exactly alike, for he uses his eye instead of measurements and it is absolutely immaterial to him how the pattern runs as long as the weave is good.

The Americans, known for their extravagant hobbies and the right good way that hey have of riding them, have suddenly taken it into their heads that mats are positively essential to their welfare and happiness.

You who are not interested in the slightest and think yourself safe from the fever, take a little jaunt some day into their homes and see the thousand and one kinds that are offered you. Look at the soft rich color and the dull effects and if you are able to leave the shop without a single pang you are indeed a marvel. The rule is, the more you see of them, the more you understand them the more fascinating they become, until the desire grows to be almost a mania.

Instead of a tapestry couch cover these days it is fit to carelessly throw a cashmere rug over it and then pile on as many pillows as you wish. The cashmere, for the mere reason that it is beautifully soft and pliable, lends itself in any number of ways that a heavier rug could not, unless it is the silk ones, and even then they are not as comfortable to sit on.

The dull red tones relieved by brighter ones that always form a part of their large geometrical designs are splendidly adapted for portiers and table covers, while now and then they are thrown recklessly over a grand piano, and certainly we have yet to manufacture anything that looks as rich yet quiet withal.

In a drawing-room that is fitted out with mahogany a bit of the Orient seems quite the finishing touch. Instead of using the rugs as a flooring they are now and then used as draperies, and in a manner change the appearance of the room from the ordinary to something quite novel.

With a dark green or a dull red velvet carpet, the hangings over a fancy grill, at the doors and even thrown over a great carved davenport should offer a slight contrast yet blend to a nicety. And that is one of the secrets that the Orientals understand better than anybody else on earth. Pick up any of their work at random and toss it on any carpet or put it with any colors and see if they fail to harmonize.

With a few elegant things an ordinary plain room can be so transformed that one would scarcely recognize it, and nothing aids more materially than carpets, curtains and bric-abrac.

What a queer notion it is that a room must be crowded to be pleasant and cozy. That every available inch of floor and wall space must be crowded with bits picked up here and there and scattered aimlessly about in a happy, careless fashion.

Go into a room that is rather bare than otherwise but that contains a few gems and see what a blessed relief it is. Instantly a feeling of peace and rest that is never possible when things are jumbled comes and you go away wondering vaguely what it was that left such a pleasant impression with you.

Nothing, no matter where you search, will add quite as much to the quiet elegance as this sudden fad, the oriental rug. They seem a part of the house, something that has always been and that will always remain there, not a bauble worth so many dollars and cents that will be in evidence to-day but not to-morrow.

Unfortunately, however, the American demand has so stimulated production that a distinctly lower class of rugs is being brought into this country to fill requirements for cheaper floor coverings, and in some districts of the Orient almost the entire population is now engaged in turning out as rapidly as possible rugs which are not only poor in material and weave, but also crude in color.

Such work is so entirely foreign to the nature of the Oriental, to whom time is eternity, that it is spoiling him as well as the rug, for while he is undoubtedly a shrewd trader he cannot be a quick one. The charm of barter, the genuine pride in the result of patient work and the diplomacy exercised in disposing of the finished products are gone, and with them the artistic temperament. The commercialism of the West has no place in the atmosphere of the Orient. They simply cannot live together.

Fortunately for us, tradition is too strong in certain sections, notably in the Persian empire, to be corrupted, and for thousands of years, generation after generation have followed, with infinite patience and with the true feeling of the artist, the making of rugs into which are woven sentiment, history, poetry and love for the beautiful.

True art lives, and the rug, modern and antique, has never been more in demand or more appreciated than now.

In tossing a rare rug over the railing or using it as a covering for the stairs, it is almost an everyday occurrence to hear some one say, "Well, how on earth can one tell a good rug from a bad one. What is the grand distinction?"

The answer is very simple. So simple, in fact, as to appear almost childish. When you Milady or you Milord start out to purchase burden your mind with but one thing. Remember that the more knots there are to the square inch the finer and more expensive the rug is. In other words, if there are but twenty knots to the square inch the workmanship cannot be compared with one that contains anywhere from 1000 to 1200 knots, for it stands to reason that neither the time, the ability or the material has been utilized.

Turn the rug over and critically examine the texture of the wrong side. It will, of course, vary according to the wool and the effect will be plain to see on both sides. If you can bend it so that it falls in creases it shows decidedly coarse work, but if the wool or camel's hair, as the case may be, clings closely together and refuses to make a broad part you may know that a great many knots must have been put in.

The process of making a rug sounds comparatively easy. In the first place, the wool of the mountain sheep, which is as soft as soft can be, is laid out in the sun to bleach. Now and then lye is used when the maker is in a hurry, but it not only gives it a different shade but rots the wool as well.

After it is a pure white it is dipped in great vats filled with pure vegetable or natural dyes, not only once but three and sometimes as many as four times, both for the sake of getting a rich color and for the purpose of preserving the wool. Then comes the loom. From day to day the wool is put in according to the design and the ends are left anywhere from one to two inches in length.

Now, if by any chance, the dye runs out before the rug is completed, it is utterly impossible for the maker to again mix exactly the same color. It isn't his fault and he tried hard enough, but one look at many of their rugs will show conclusively that the red which so cheerfully commenced a Shiraz or a Bokhara is not the dull garnet with which it was finished.

Then comes the last and finishing touch. After it is quite finished it is taken from the loom, spread on an even space and carefully sheared, which gives the rugs their uniformity of nap.

For table covers and the backings of open bookcases the Saraband is about the best weave, as it still maintains to this day all its simplicity and directness. The weave is usually fine and close and the pattern small, universally the "pear" or the "palm leaf," which is repeated with great exactness and with much intricacy of detail.

Oftentimes a rug can be found that will fit a table splendidly, for the modern production of this weave is like that of the oldest, and there never fails to be a peculiar border of stripes, sometimes many of them and usually with a fine and small flower design running through each line of Persian blues, reds and a peculiar shade of ivory.

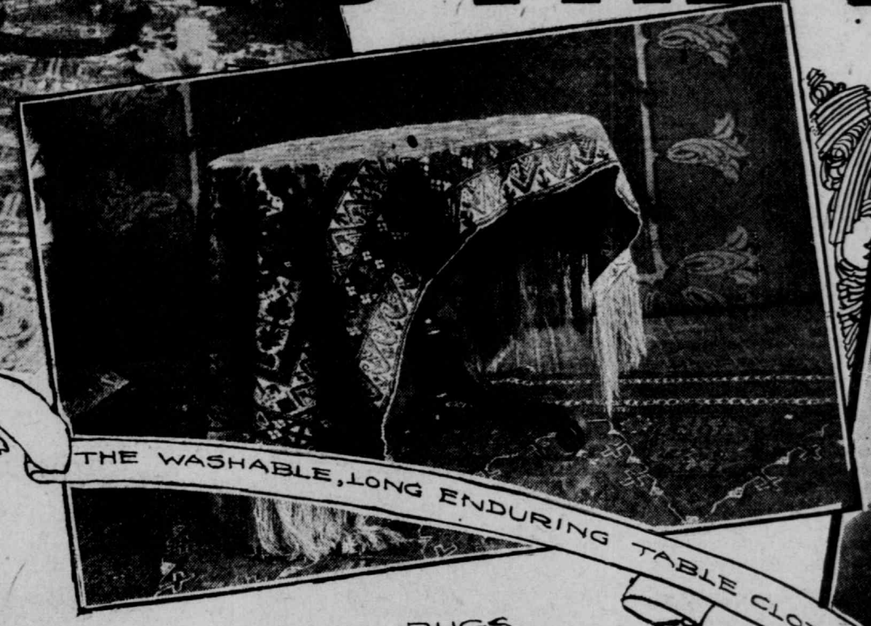
One of the prettiest notions is the usage of the orientalism in the making of cushions. A good sized pillow covered with a rug will last almost from one generation to another and the men of the family need not be afraid of the tiresome old cry, "Take your head off my best cushion," a thing that even the busiest men have learned to regard with awe.

Unfortunately for the beauty of the dull colors and the quaint old patterns modern occidentalism is getting in its deadly work, and it only remains a matter of time until many of the designs will resemble nothing else but our ordinary carpets. Even now there are houses all over the United States that will furnish your house and send a sample of the predominating color to the Orient and order a Turkish rug made in exact duplicate of a green velvet carpet sprinkled with pink roses.

Fancy such a combination! Yet if you go to a shop and ask for an occidental pattern in green and pink it will be but a few moments before it is placed before you.

The cheaper rugs, and mind this, when you want one for the back of a Turkish corner are very apt to be in bright colors. Avoid them as you would the pest, for ten to one they are colored with imported dyes, and as sure as fate they will fade, wear shabby and discolor generally.

It needs but a few minutes spent in examining the beauties of the rugs to show how much there is about them that is well worth studying. Each and every one possesses strong characteristics. Now it is the weave, again the colors, and, further still, the rug in its entirety from an artistic standpoint. While you might consider them one of the luxuries of life they really are not, for they wear a lifetime, and, what is more to the point, always look well. In the long run this rage is a good one, and every bit of orientalism that is stored up in your house is practically just that much money put in the bank.



THE WASHABLE, LONG ENDURING TABLE CLOTH

A UNIQUE DRAPERY FOR MARBLE STAIRWAY

RUGS FROM THE EMPORIUM

A COMBINATION OF THE ORIENTAL AND THE MISSION

BIRDS THAT EAT ON THE WING AS THEY MIGRATE.

The birds which travel by night include by far the greatest number of migrants. Among them wil be found the thrushes, with the exception of the robin and the bluebird, which migrate by day; the nuthatches and titmice, creepers, thrashers and wren, warblers, tanagers, vireos, most of the sparrows and finches, orioles, meadow larks, flycatchers, with the exception of the kingbird, the cuckoos and the woodpeckers.

You will observe that most of these birds have neither very strong nor very rapid flight, and consequently require the shelter of the darkness to protect them from their enemies. Moreover, most of them take their food in small quantities and require some time to make a full meal. If they attempted to divide up the day between eating and migrating they would travel but slowly.

The day migrants, on the other hand, are, for the most part, birds strong enough to resist attack or swift enough to avoid it. They include the horned larks, titlarks, robins, bluebirds, cedarbirds, swallows, blackbirds, grackles, jays, crows, nighthawks, chimney-swifts, humming birds, hawks and doves.

Some of these—the nighthawks and chimney-swifts, for example—do not require to stop for food, but feed on the wing as they travel; the rest, although they may have to stop for refreshments now and then, are so swift of wing that they can easily make up for lost time.

Of course, there are times when some of these migrants are obliged to cross considerable bodies of water, and in such cases it sometimes happens that they to travel during a part or the whole of a night.

JAMES' FERTILE INVENTION.

A Pittsburg teacher has a 7-year-old pupil whose mind is very fertile in invention.

Seeing an expression of pain on his face as he raised his hand, she asked, "What is it, James?"

"I have such a bad headache I think I must go home," was the reply.

Putting her hand on his head and finding it quite cool, she said. "I think it can't ache much, James. You would better not go now."

Jamies went back to his work, but soon his hand was raised again and inquiry developed the fact that his tooth ached so severely that he felt he could not remain a moment longer.

The teacher looked at his teeth and finding them in remarkably fine condition once more assured him that the pain was only imaginary and returned to her class.

She had just become absorbed in the lesson when a wail from James' seat caused her to go to him again and with some impatience she said, "Well, James, what can it be this time?"

With tears in his eyes and raining down his cheeks James answered, "It's stomach ache, and that's so far down you can't see it."

THE ONLY REAL VAMPIRE THAT SUCKS BLOOD.

Much has been written in the world of fiction about vampires and their awful doings in the way of bloodsucking. As a matter of fact there is practically only one blooksucking vampire bat, although there is a smaller one which connects the common species with the other members of the family. The first one, the common bloodsucking vampire, measures only about three inches in length, is of a reddish-brown color and is found from Central America to Southern Brazil, on the east, and in the west as far as Chile. From the structure of this bat it is more than probable that blood actually forms its entire food.

After a long, heavy sleep all day, this vampire comes out at night, hovers about in ghostly fashion until it has selected its victim and then sets to work. In the first place it proceeds—should the animal be woolly or thickly haired—to carefully shave away the hair or wool, with the thin part of the skin, by its peculiarly sharp upper incisor teeth. In this way the blood oozes slowly from the small capillary vessels, when the vampire bat at once begins to suck and goes on sucking the blood until its small body can contain no more.

Horses, sheep and cattle are often served in this way, and as the operation apparently causes little or no pain, the animals are not cognizant of what is going on; but should the attacks be repeated they become weak and thin and finally become wrecks.

Although this is the only bat which subsists entirely on blood, it is possible that occasionally a few of the javelin bats may vary their ordinary diet in this way.