

In Woman's Realm

Fancy Combs and Other Hair Ornaments Are of the Most Brilliant Materials—Tresses of Every Hue Shown Off to the Best Advantage by Their Sparkle—Georgeous Fans for Midwinter Everywhere in Evidence.

We use the terms "silver" and "amber" and "tortoise shell" quite recklessly in talking of fancy combs and hair ornaments, but we really mean things that look like silver and amber and tortoise shell. Real silver is labeled "sterling," and real amber or shell ornaments are seen so infrequently that it is not often necessary to describe them.

The original patterns of some of our combs and ornamental pins are made of real jewels and other precious things, and the imitations differ so little from them in appearance that the great difference in price is not worth

Some of them add perfumed wood to their charms.

In one of the fans shown here the sticks are of plain ivory strung together near the top with narrow ribbon. The material is worthy the fine art in the painting which adorns it—a picturesque drawing-room scene with men in satins and laces and women with powdered and curled coiffures.

A fan of the fashionable palm-leaf shape is made of satin delicately embroidered in steel beads mounted on carved ivory sticks with gold tracings. Many of the newest fans are of quills, curled and uncurled ostrich feathers,



GRACEFUL PATTERNS IN HAIR ORNAMENTS.

white. These beautiful imitations bring the high art of the jeweler within reach of other people than millionaires.

No less a personage than Madame Flore Reville of the Russian Ballet is pictured here wearing two of the combs and one of the headbands that are fashionable just now. They adapt themselves to either the high or low coiffure, the combs looking particularly well with a high hairdress.

The headband shown is of silver set with rhinestones, and it bears a crest at the front of silver filigree, which also sparkles with small brilliants.

Silver and rhinestones have the advantage of other more colorful things, because they look well with hair of any color. Raven locks and those like snow, and all the shades between, are set off by their keen sparkle.

One of the back combs shown is especially good looking with blonde hair. It is of amber with gold tracery, and small inset rhinestones make it a spirited hair ornament. The other is of chased and filigree silver to which

and the richest ones are still of fine lace with mother-of-pearl sticks.

A luxurious bag for a fine fan is pictured also. White satin decorated with spangles, gold lace and gold braid, put it in a class with any handsome fan. The envelope closing fastens with a snap fastener, and gold cord provides the hangers.

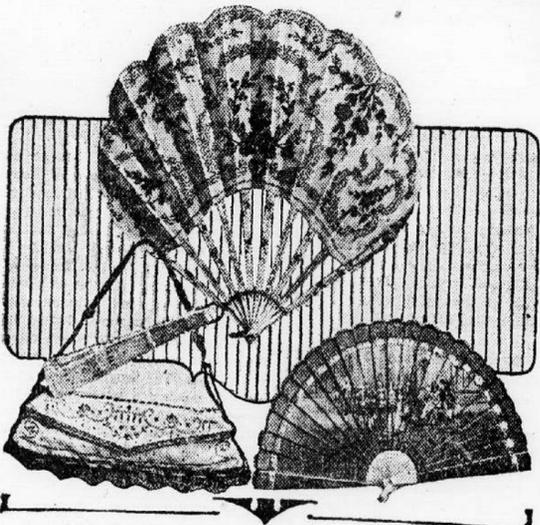
Julia Bittorley

All That Glitters.

A tam-o'-shanter of black velvet with a crown of solid jet spangles is an innovation surely. It put emphasis on the renewed interest in jet for all parts of the wardrobe.

A chemise entirely of silver lace with silver ribbons over the shoulders is carrying the metal idea to an extreme, but a lovely extreme, without a doubt. A bouclier cap to match this piece of underwear is trimmed with old blue velvet ribbon.

A new metal cloth with a dull silver



FANS THAT FLOURISH IN MIDWINTER.

rhinestones lend the necessary sparkle. These combs are worn in the hair in many positions.

With no sensible reason for flourishing in midwinter, and with the inconsistency of things feminine, fans are just now in the zenith of their popularity. They are bits of splendor that give the finishing touch to winter toilettes, and they become especially enticing just before the holidays. Just now they are more in evidence in the shops than they ever will be in the hottest of midsummer weather.

The pieces asked for the new fans are rather outrageously high, but, measured by their beauty, money is something to forget. All the corners of the earth are called upon to furnish the materials and the art that produce them: They are limitless in variety, and most of them sparkle and gleam and flash and please with lovely color.

sheen shows stripes of color. The stripes are very wide. One could imagine this only as an underskirt for a tulle evening gown.

Attractive Blouse.

Most blouses have a bishop sleeve, whether they are in linen or silk or chiffon. A good model in linen, with a high collar opens down the front. The loops and crocheted buttons start at the neck, but are not buttoned till a low décolleté is reached. The blouse fronts are outlined with several rows of soutache braid. Black silk ribbon, which runs under the waist over the shoulder, emerges to view in front and falls in a long tasseled end below the waistline, passing under the belt. A band of this ribbon, encircling the cuff, shows only on the outside. The wrist ruffles are encircled with the soutache

HISTORIC CRIMES and MYSTERIES

BY WALT MASON



THE MARTYR OF MANNHEIM.

AUGUST FRIEDRICH FERDINAND VON KOTZEBUE, who was born at Welmer in 1761, and slain at Mannheim in 1819, was one of the great men of his time. He is among the most celebrated of German dramatists, and his originality is attested by the fact that his works have been a mine for later writers of all nations. He wrote 200 tragedies, dramas and farces, and most of them were successful during his lifetime. His best-known work is "The Stranger," which, 50 years ago, was as popular and famous in the United States as it was in Germany. He also wrote successful novels, and a remarkable satire, in which he took a fall out of Goethe and Schiller, who had declined to admit him to their society.

Kotzebue was a trifle too fond of satire. When displeased with any person or cause, he was wont to hold the same up to public ridicule. This weakness led to his tragic death. His life was adventurous. Much of it was spent in the service of Russia, and once he was banished to Siberia, but was recalled a year or two later by Emperor Paul, who squared things by giving him a fine estate. His later years were spent at Mannheim, where he was employed as correspondent by the Russian government, reporting upon matters literary, artistic and intellectual. In these days such a post would be considered honorable, but at that time many people believed he was a Russian spy. When in a satirical mood he found much amusement in making fun of the "Bursenschaft"



"You Are From Mitau."

movement, or "the universal German students' association." The students took their association seriously, if he didn't.

On March 23, 1819, the indications were that Kotzebue would spend his declining years in peace and comfort under his vine and figtree at Mannheim. He was prosperous, and had congenial employment, and his genius was being generally recognized. On the afternoon of that day he went into the town on an errand, and when he returned to his home a maid told him that a young man had called to see him, and promised to call again. Half an hour later the young man returned, and the maid showed him up to the family sitting room. He waited there a few minutes, and then Kotzebue entered the room, with outstretched hand and smiling face.

"You are from Mitau?" inquired Kotzebue. The stranger drew a dagger from his sleeve, and, crying: "Traitor to the fatherland!" stabbed him repeatedly. Instead of trying to escape, the murderer tried to pacify his victim's four-year-old son, who had entered the room and stood there shrieking.

Karl Ludwig Sand, who committed this cold-blooded and senseless murder, was a student and enthusiastic member of the Bursenschaft. Patriotism was more than a passion with him. It was a disease. He hated Napoleon with a hatred that kept him awake at night and spoiled his appetite. He spent most of his time brooding over the woes, real or imaginary, of his country, when he should have been doing something useful. Also, his desire for notoriety amounted to a passion. He longed for the limelight with an unconquerable longing. There were no Ephesian domes to fire

in his neighborhood, and the facilities for going over Niagara in a barrel were inadequate, but he always hoped to distinguish himself in one way or another.

He had made some reputation as a boy orator at the University of Erlangen, after which he went to Jena, where his talents attracted no attention, and this soured him. It was at Jena that he deliberately made up his mind to be a martyr, and he left for Mannheim armed with his dagger and a determination to kill Kotzebue. He had planned everything, down to the smallest details. His only excuse for making Kotzebue the victim was that the latter had ridiculed the students' association.

And his plans worked out wonderfully well. After long years of war and peril, the people were in a hysterical mood, and Sand was hailed as a hero and martyr. In the whole country there was scarcely a voice expressing sympathy for the murdered author. The heinous deed was approved in high quarters as well as low. The flower gardens of Mannheim were desolated, that the martyr might have bouquets. Fortunately the tribunals were not carried away by the prevailing sentimentalism. On May 5, 1820, the supreme court of the grand duchy of Baden passed sentence upon him, decreeing that he be executed by the sword.

May 20 was the day fixed for the execution, and the place was a meadow just outside one of the gates of the town. The news had spread far and wide, an immense crowd streamed to town to see the doings, and the sympathy for Sand was so strong, and so general, that a rescue was feared, and a strong force of infantry surrounded the scaffold.

In the courtyard of the prison Sand was lifted into a low open chaise. The prisoners appeared at the jail windows, weeping and wringing their hands, for they also considered him a hero, and he bowed to them and smiled. When the door of the yard was opened, and the chaise emerged, sobs and groans were heard everywhere. The whole town was in tears. Not one of all the millions of tears shed that day was for Kotzebue, who was barbarously slaughtered in his own home, before the eyes of his little son. The Germans usually are the sanest and most right-thinking of people, but on this occasion the delirium was universal.

Sand's progress to the scaffold was a triumph. No ten-thousand-dollar beauty in an American circus ever made a greater hit. And the martyr enjoyed every minute of it. Although weak from sickness, he played the conquering hero. "Farewell, Sand!" cried the sobbing crowd as the chaise moved along.

The scaffold reached, the sacrifice was soon over. With one stroke of his glittering sword the executioner removed the young man's head. Then ensued a scene so remarkable that its parallel probably never occurred. The scaffold was ripped to pieces by souvenir hunters. Men and women dipped their handkerchiefs in the martyr's blood. The executioner sold single hairs from the dead man's head, and couldn't hand them out fast enough. If ever a man's ambition was rounded out, that man was Karl Ludwig Sand.

And for a long time after he was buried fair women carried garlands to his grave, and his heroic deed was sung by minstrels, and students wept when his name was mentioned. But time adjusts all things, and it came to pass in due season that the burghers of Mannheim began to appreciate the greatness of the murdered man, and then the flowers were carried where they properly belonged.

Africa's West Coast.

West Africa seems to exercise a kind of fascination over men who have lived there for any time.

There is a saying, "Once a coaster, always a coaster," and out of the most terrible of the stories told to newcomers upon West African boats this deep-seated love of life on the coast invariably emerges.

Fever-stricken men leave for civilized countries swearing mighty oaths they never will return, but a few restless months at home and they are back again, ready enough, no doubt, to abuse West Africa, but secretly subject to its grim fascination.

Creation and a Meat Chopper.

"It takes a girl in our factory about two days to learn to put the 17 parts of a meat chopper together. It may be that these millions of worlds, each with its separate orbit, all balanced so wonderfully in space—it may be that they just happened; it may be that by a billion years of tumbling about they finally arranged themselves. I don't know. I am merely a plain manufacturer of cutlery. But this I do know, that you can shake the 17 parts of a meat chopper around in a wash tub for the next seventeen billion years and you'll never make a meat chopper."—America.

Entertaining the Trade.

"Son," said the merchant prince, "now that I have taken you into the firm, I hope you will reflect credit on me."

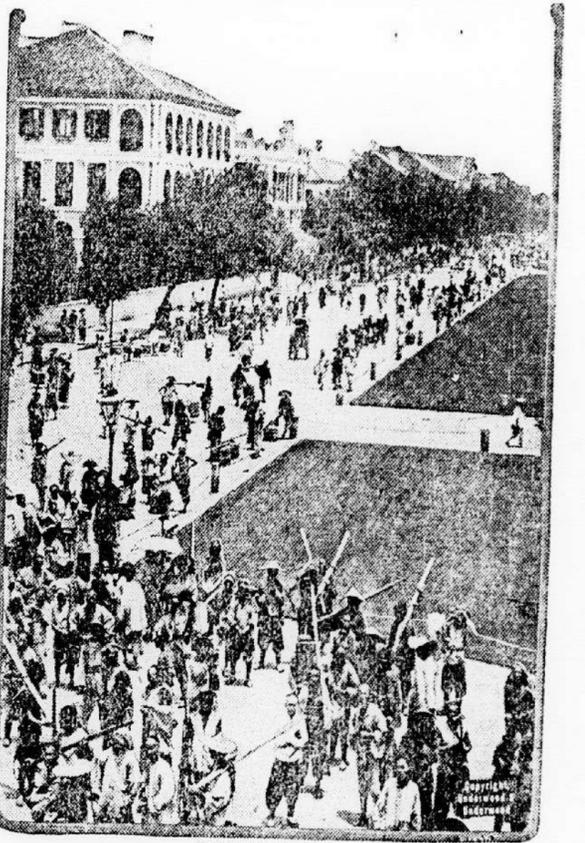
"Rest easy on that score, governor," answered the gilded youth. "I'm going to show your out-of-town customers a time they'll never forget."

Sympathetic.

"I thought your wife said she'd never vote for that man."

"It's a case of woman's tender-heartedness," rejoined Mr. Meekton. "People have said so many awful things about him that he's getting her sympathy. Henrietta's going to vote for him because she's sorry for him."

CHINA'S INDUSTRIAL CAPITAL



THE BOND, HANKOW.

CHINA of today, torn by political dissension from within and without, is not the China of yesterday. It is no longer a country of small shops, rickshaws, and coolies. Canton is going in for modern department stores and skyscrapers; automobiles are displacing wheelbarrow carts and other clumsy vehicles in Shanghai and elsewhere; the country is building railroads, and fewer orders are going abroad for locomotives, cars and coaches, which means that China is learning to build these things, says Monroe Woolley writing in Grit. The dragon, long slumbering, is now thoroughly awakened. Sun Yat Sen and Yuan Shi Kai, although enemies politically, set an alarm clock that has jumped China out of a lazy bed at a single bound.

Industry is the leading progressive influence of the age. It is the factor which more than all else is to lead the Chinese to better things just as the Japanese were led from the era of paganism to full-fledged civilization in a few decades. China will change to the new order of things almost overnight. She will cast off the cloak of medievalism and grab a garment of western cut much quicker and much more effectually than did her neighbor beyond the strait.

In Hankow, China already has a promising industrial capital. Hankow might properly be termed the New York and Brooklyn of the empire because two large cities are divided by the Yangtse Kiang. But the Chinese insist that Hankow is designed to be their Pittsburgh, and the nature of the city's business makes comparison to our own steel center more fitting. Hankow is a humming hive of industry, and the Chinese declare it will keep humming as long as China lasts. That may be a long, long time, for the ancient empire can prove an antiquity of 8,000 years.

Hankow's Fortunate Fire.

As in the case of Chicago, a fateful fire has been the making of Hankow. It was burned during the rebellion of 1911-1912. Following the fire the government borrowed 10,000,000 pounds sterling of British capitalists to rebuild and improve the city. An appropriation of nearly \$50,000,000 should effect a wonderful change in China's industrial center, which is already China's most interesting city, especially from an economic standpoint.

Hankow may be said to be three cities in one. Hankow and Hanyang, between which is the colossal steel works, are located on one side of the river while Wuchang lies opposite. One of the projects planned with the borrowed money is a huge bridge to span the Han river, or a tunnel to run beneath it—probably both. The Han divides Hanyang and Hankow and empties into the Yangtse Kiang opposite Wuchang.

Part of the funds will be used to construct a commercial canal back of Hankow proper, with the necessary bridges. An elaborate system of wharves is now under way, and negotiations are advancing to purchase the city's electric light and water works, owned privately. Trolley systems are likewise to be built. Considerable money will be put in reclamation projects in and about the triumvirate of cities to be known as Greater Hankow. The Hankow Improvement bureau will be dominated by the British, and the engineer appointed to reconstruct China's Pittsburgh will quite probably come from Europe.

It is the central government of China which is overseeing the rebuilding of busy Hankow. This is fitting since the city was destroyed by the rebels. The revolution started in Wuchang, where

is situated the arsenal and iron foundries. Wuchang, a city in itself of 250,000, is a walled city, but the foreign concessions all lie along the river in Hankow. Wuchang is not an open port such as is Hankow, but it has a number of big industrial institutions, among them a woolen mill, a cotton mill, and an albumen factory.

Will Be Busiest Place in China.

Northeast of Wuchang, in the obtuse angle formed by the junction of the Han and Yangtse Kiang, is situated the port, or "mart" of Hankow, designed to be the busiest place in China as soon as the three cities merge into Greater Hankow. Hanyang takes its name from the two rivers, Han and Yangtse Kiang. In Hanyang lies most of Greater Hankow's claim to distinction as an active industrial center.

Here is located the Hanyang iron works founded by the late Chang Ching-tung. These huge works own their own ore and coal fields located nearby. Rails for China's roads used to come principally from us; now they come from the Hanyang mills. An arms factory is also located at Hanyang, and many thousands of Chinese are employed there under the direction of skilled foreigners.

For all practical purposes Hanyang may be considered as merely forming a suburb of Hankow. The construction of a fixed bridge across the Han river will probably not be practicable, owing to the sudden and great changes in the height of the water level. It is therefore proposed to facilitate communication between the two cities by means of a transporter, and when this contrivance is completed the three river towns will practically be welded into one, forming Greater Hankow.

Hankow is the strategic center for China's system of railroads. Its rivers are continually choked with traffic. Hitherto the only wharves available have been in the foreign concessions in Hankow proper. No intercommunication was hitherto possible between the three cities, all within a stone's throw, and aggregating 1,500,000 people.

When Hankow was burned during the revolution, the citizens began to rebuild along the old, insanitary lines. It was this woeful inclination on the part of the people which made the government step in and borrow money with which to rebuild on approved lines which will make Hankow what nature designed it to be, the greatest industrial city in Asia. Ocean-going vessels may lie at dock in Hankow 600 miles from salt water, almost as far inland as Chicago is from the Atlantic.

Making Baskets.

Little children in the Philippines make baskets, and if you have ever happened to examine any of their workmanship, you will see how perfect it is, and wonder how such tiny children, as some of them are, could weave the baskets so perfectly. The little children in this country have begun to do some work of that sort with raffia, but they do not equal the children of the islands in designing and making baskets. These are of all shapes, and it is said that no two are alike, and yet the design is so perfect that it can be measured in any part. The government agent gathers up the baskets and pays the children who make them, and then they are sold in this country.

Odorless Onion.

Members of the Vegetable Growers' Association of America, in convention recently at Chicago, announced that an odorless onion would soon be put on the market. The onion will not affect one's breath, they said, and will become as popular as the strawberry or watermelon.