

## CHARMING ENSEMBLE EFFECT BY THE USE OF EMBROIDERY

**T**HE lingerie frock, hat and parasol shown in the picture illustrate charmingly the possibility of harmony in planning the details of a woman's dress. The effect created by using the same or similar embroidery throughout the costume is very fetching and gives the wearer a most dressy appearance. Of course a gown such as that illustrated is apt to be expensive, especially if handmade embroidery is used. With careful selection and taste, however, machine-made material may be employed to good effect. Especially is this true of the all-over English embroidery and the eyelet flouncing that may be found in most good shops.

The two hats in the picture are nice examples of present day styles. The French sailor trimmed with flowers and ribbons is especially well adapted to



LINGERIE AND EMBROIDERED GOWNS—TWO OF THIS SEASON'S HATS.

fresh, youthful faces, to which it gives a great air of coquetry and charm. The use on hats of oats and other grains and field flowers has met with great favor this year, and the hats carrying them are seen in the smartest milliners' shops. They are novel and very pretty when trimmed artistically and with an eye to their becomingness to the wearer.

Among the smartest gowns seen in the stores are those made of the soft, clinging fabrics, such as the satins and foulards. The dress illustrated, made of embroidered natter blue satin, is about the latest word in embroidered costumes. Of course it is hand embroidery, rich, heavy and expensive, that is used.

## HANDMADE JEWELRY A FAD; IDA CONQUEST, WHO MAKES IT

**I**DA CONQUEST isn't satisfied with being one of America's prettiest and most charming actresses. She has "higher aims"—that is, if making artistic and original jewelry by hand can be called higher than delighting audiences by her playing of



IDA CONQUEST, OFF THE STAGE AND IN THE WORKSHOP.

aesthetic longings in the hammering of gold and silver and platinum into things that delight the eye and empty the pocketbook.

For they are expensive, quite the pieces of handmade jewelry that have become the fad among the very smart. Millions of millions want originality and distinctiveness and exclusiveness, and she is willing to pay well for them. So you and I, dear reader, will have to content ourselves with the ordinary jewelry that is sold in the stores unless we want to give up a great deal more for the handmade variety.

It isn't very hard to make handmade jewelry, says Miss Conquest. All one needs is the ability to originate designs, the delicate yet firm touch of the best artists in marble and canvas, the facility in the use of a whole battery of jewelers' and diamond setters' tools and the ability to persuade your friends that the pieces you turn out are worth the high prices you charge, considering the time it takes you to make them and your standing as an artist. Quite simple, isn't it?

Miss Conquest is one of the most enthusiastic devotees of the new fad as well as one of the most expert. The work has taken a great hold on her, and she confessed recently that she had thought seriously of giving up the stage in order to devote all of her time to it. "The principal thing for a woman who wants to take up handmade jewelry seriously and make a success of it is to find who has the artistic

romantic and sentimental character. But then, Miss Conquest is an expert on jewelry, and she is not an expert only a "heart girl," so she is not likely to be misled for filling an empty

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

### Smart Set Talk of the Future.

In America, when one meets any one new, one never asks, "What is his character?" but "How much is he worth?"—Current Witicism.

In accordance with the above and in lieu of the spread of our commercial instincts we shall doubtless soon have conversations like the following:

Scene—A week-end party. A new guest has just arrived. The hostess greets him effusively.

Guest—Awfully good of you to ask me.

Hostess—Delighted, I am sure.

Guest—Came over in your new car. I sized it up for about four thousand.

Hostess—Cost five hundred more than that with the fixings. Show you the bill if you like.

Guest—Oh, never mind. Stunning gown you have on.

Hostess (anticipating him)—Glad you like it. Two hundred, at Babster's. Is that one of Pell's ninety dollar sack suits?

Guest—No; one of Hampton's seventy-five dollar.

Hostess—I declare, they are improving. Have had your room done over. You'll like it better. Cost \$80, but was worth it.

Guest—Say! I have an idea.

Hostess—Yes?

Guest—Why not have your secretary turn out an itemized account of all your expenses this season, with a statement of your assets, and put it in the front hall? That will give us all the more time to discuss the races and bridge.

Hostess—Capital.

Hurries away to carry it out.—Life.

**The Only Original.**

George Washington was very small, very black and very new to the life of the public school which he had just entered. His family had emigrated to the city from some unknown wilderness, and the officers of the school board had discovered little George and brought him into line with the prospects of the higher education. It was his first day, and the teacher was trying to make him at home.

"And so your name is George Washington?" asked the teacher.

"Yassum—Jorge Washin'ton."

"And I suppose you try to be as like him as a little boy can, don't you?"

"Lak who, ma'am?"

"Like George Washington?"

The youngster looked puzzled.

"Ah, kahn't help beln' lak Jorge Washin'ton," he replied stoutly, "cos that's who Ah am."—Youth's Companion.

**His Congratulations.**

A young Concord lawyer had a foreign client in police court the other day. It looked rather black for the foreigner, and the Concord man fairly outdid himself in trying to convince the magistrate that his client was innocent.

The lawyer dwelt on the other's ignorance of American customs, his straightforward story and enough other details to extend the talk fully fifteen minutes. His client was acquitted.

In congratulating the freed man the lawyer held out his hand in an absent though rather suggestive manner. The client grasped it warily.

"Dot was a fine noise you make," he said. "Tanks. Goo'by."—Concord (N. H.) Monitor.

**Not All From France.**

"How did you enjoy the opera?" he asked.

"Oh, it was just splendid!" she replied.

"But it was all French, wasn't it?"

"Oh, no! Of course some of the handsomest ones were unmistakably Parisian, but there were quite a number of pretty gowns which were undoubtedly made here."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Local Color.**

"Jamie," said his mother as she came into the room where the boy sat reading, "why have you those turkey feathers sticking up on your head?"

Jamie lifted his earnest face, which with its red flannel head band stuck full of turkey quills, looked almost ferocious, and answered:

"I'm reading Cooper, mother, and it helps."—Judge.

**A Compliment.**

"I have never seen the inside of a jail," proudly declared the man with the plaid vest and blazing stud.

"That's a splendid compliment for your lawyer, whoever he may be," replied an innocent bystander.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Student Waiter.**

Guest—Why don't you bring out my steak? I ordered it an hour ago. Did you have to kill it first?

Waiter—Certainly! What do you think this is—a vivisection laboratory?—Lippincott's.

**Not In the Agreement.**

Daniel had been cast into the lions' den.

"My main objection," he said as he playfully treated a lion's mane, "is that I get no moving picture royalties."—Puck.

**Turned Down by All?**

"He says that he can never love another."

"Gone the limit, I s'pose."—Browning's Magazine.

**A Swan Song, as It Were.**

Friend—Why did you "bunk" then?

Autist—I didn't bunk; we ran over a goose.—Irishburg Press.

## THE FURNISHED ROOM

### A Tragic Tale in Which Mingles the Scent of Mignonette.

By O. HENRY.  
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Restless, shifting, fugitive as time itself, is a certain vast bulk of the population of the red brick district of the lower west side. Homeless, they have a hundred homes. They fit from furnished room to furnished room, transients forever transients in abode, transients in heart and mind.

Hence the houses of this district, having had a thousand dwellers, should have a thousand tales to tell, sadly dull ones no doubt, but it would be strange if there could not be found a ghost or two in the wake of all these vagrant guests.

One evening after dark a young man prowled among these crumbling red mansions, ringing their bells. At the twelfth he rested his lean hand baggage upon the step and wiped the dust from his forehead and forehead. The bell sounded faint and far away in some remote, hollow depths.

To the door of this the twelfth house whose bell he had rung came a housekeeper who made him think of



THE ROOM TRIED TO DISCOURSE TO HIM OF ITS DIVERS TENANTS.

an unwholesome, surfeited worm that had eaten its nut to a hollow shell and now sought to fill the vacancy with edible lodgers.

He asked if there was a room to let.

"Come in," said the housekeeper. Her voice came from her throat; her throat seemed lined with fur. "I have the third floor back, vacant since a week back. Should you wish to look at it?"

The young man followed her up the stairs. A faint light from no particular source mitigated the shadows of the halls. They trod noiselessly upon a stair carpet that its own loom would have forsown. It seemed to have become vegetable—to have degenerated in that rank, unless air to lush lichen or spreading moss that grew in patches to the staircase and was viscid under the foot like organic matter. At each turn of the stairs were vacant niches in the wall. Perhaps plants had once been set within them. If so they had died in that foul and tainted air.

"This is the room," said the housekeeper, from her furry throat. "It's a nice room. It ain't often vacant. I had some most elegant people in it last summer—no trouble at all and paid in advance to the minute. The water's at the end of the hall. Sprowls and Mooney kept it three months. They done a vaudeville sketch. Miss Bretta Sprowls—you may have heard of her—Oh, that was just the stage names. Right there over the dresser is where the marriage certificate hung, framed. The gas is here, and you see there is plenty of closet room. It's a room every body likes. It never stays idle long."

"Do you have many theatrical people rooming here?" asked the young man.

"They comes and goes. A good proportion of my lodgers is connected with the theaters. Yes, sir; this is the theatrical district. Actor people never stays long anywhere. I get my share. Yes; they comes and they goes."

He engaged the room, paying for a week in advance. He was tired, he said, and would take possession at once. He counted out the money. The room had been made ready, she said even to towels and water. As the housekeeper moved away he put, for the thousandth time, the question that he carried at the end of his tongue.

"A young girl, Miss Vashner—Miss Eloise Vashner—do you remember such a one among your lodgers? She would be singing on the stage, most likely—a fair girl, of medium height and slender, with reddish gold hair and a dark mole near her left eyebrow."

"No; I don't remember the name. Them stage people has names they change as often as their rooms. They comes and they goes. No; I don't call that one to mind."

No—always no; five months of ceaseless interrogation and the inevitable negative; so much time spent by day in questioning managers, agents, schools and choruses; by night among the audiences of theaters from all star casts down to music halls so long that he dreamed to find what he sought hoped for. He who had loved her best had tried to find her. He was sure that when he found her, he would have her. He had been looking for her some time, but it was the same

strange, elusive, shifting its particles constantly, with no foundation, its upper granules of today buried tomorrow in ooze and slime.

The furnished room received its latest guest with a first glow of pseudo-hospitality, a hectic, haggard, perfumery welcome like the specious smile of a demirep. The sophisticated comfort came in reflected gleams from the decayed furniture, the ragged brocade upholstery of a couch and two chairs, a foot wide cheap pier glass between the two windows, from one or two gilt picture frames and a brass bedstead in a corner.

The guest reclined, inert, upon a chair, while the room, confused in speech as though it were an apartment in Babel, tried to discourse to him of its divers tenants.

A polychromatic rug like some brilliant flowered rectangular, tropical islet lay surrounded by a billowy sea of soiled matting. Upon the gay papered wall were those pictures that pursue the homeless one from house to house—"The Huguenot Lovers," "The First Quarrel," "The Wedding Breakfast," "Psyche at the Fountain." The mantel's chastely severe outline was ingloriously veiled behind some pert drapery drawn rakishly askew like the sashes of the amazonian ballet. Upon it was some desolate dolt cast aside by the room's marooned when a lucky sail had borne them to a fresh port—a trifling vase or two, pictures of actresses, a medicine bottle, some stray cards out of a deck.

One by one, as the characters of a cryptograph become explicit, the little signs left by the furnished room's procession of guests developed a significance. The threadbare space in the rug in front of the dresser told that lovely woman had marched in there, through tiny finger prints on the wall spoke of little prisoners trying to feel their way to sun and air. A splattered stain, raying like the shadow of a bursting bomb, witnessed where a hurled glass or bottle had splattered, with its contents against the wall. Across the pier glass had been scrawled with a diamond in staggering letters the name Marie. It seemed that the succession of dwellers in the furnished room had turned in fury—perhaps tempted beyond forbearance by its garish coldness—and wreaked upon it their passions. The furniture was chipped and bruised; the couch, distorted by bursting springs, seemed a horrible monster that had been slain during the stress of some grotesque convulsion. Some more potent upheaval had cloven a great slice from the marble mantel. Each plank in the floor owned its particular cant and shriek as from a separate and individual agony.

It seemed incredible that all this malice and injury had been wrought upon the room by those who had called it for a time their home, and yet it may have been the cheated home instinct surviving blindly, the resentful rage of false household gods, that had kindled their wrath. A but that is our own we can sweep and adorn and cherish.

The young tenant in the chair allowed these thoughts to file, soft shod, through his mind, while there drifted into the room furnished sounds and furnished scents. He heard in one room a tittering and incontinent, slack laughter, in others the monologue of a scold, the rattling of dice, a lullaby and one crying dully. Above him a banjo tinkled with spirit. Doors banged somewhere; the elevated trains roared intermittently; a cat yowled miserably upon a back fence. And he breathed the breath of the house—a dank savor rather than a smell—a cold, musty effluvia as from underground vaults, mingled with the reeking exhalations of linoleum and mildewed and rotten woodwork.

Then suddenly as he rested there the room was filled with the strong, sweet odor of mignonette. It came as upon a single buffet of wind with such sureness and fragrance and emphasis that it almost seemed a living visitant. And the man cried aloud, "What, dear?" as if he had been called, and sprang up and faced about. The rich odor clung to him and wrapped him around. He reached out his arms for it, all his senses for the time confused and commingled. How could one be peremptorily called by an odor? Surely it must have been a sound. But was it not the sound that had touched, that had caressed him?

"She has been in this room," he cried, and he sprang to wrest from it a token, for he knew he would recognize the smallest thing that had belonged to her or that she had touched. This enveloping scent of mignonette, the odor that she had loved and made her own—whence came it?

The room had been but carelessly set in order. Scattered upon the flimsy dresser scarf were half a dozen hairpins—those discreet, indistinguishable friends of womankind, feminine of gender, infinite of mood and uncommunicative of tense. These he ignored, conscious of their triumphant lack of identity. Ransacking the drawers of the dresser, he came upon a discarded, tiny, ragged handkerchief. He pressed it to his face. It was racy and insouciant with heliotrope. He hurled it to the floor. In another drawer he found odd buttons, a theater program, a pawnbroker's card, two lost marshmallows, a book on the divination of dreams. In the last was a woman's black satin hair bow, which halted him, poised between terror and fire. But the black satin hair bow also is femininity's demure, impersonal, common ornament and tell's no tales.

And then he traversed the room like a bound on the scent, skimming the walls, considering the corners of the vulgar matting on his hands and knees, rummaging under and under

the curtains and hangings, the drunken cabinet in the corner, for a visible sign, unable to perceive that she was there beside, around, against, within, above him, clinging to him, wooing him, calling him so poignantly through the finer senses that even his grosser ones became cognizant of the call. Once again he answered loudly, "Yes, dear!" and turned, wild eyed, to gaze on vacancy, for he could not yet discern form and color and life and outstretched arms in the odor of mignonette. O God, whence that odor, and since when have odors had a voice to call? Thus he groped.

He burrowed in crevices and corners and found corks and cigarettes. These he passed in passive contempt. But once he found in a fold of the matting a half smoked cigar, and this he ground beneath his heel with a green and treacherous oath. He sifted the room from end to end. He found dreary and ignoble small records of many a peripatetic tenant, but of her whom he sought and who may have lodged there and whose spirit seemed to hover there he found no trace.

And then he thought of the housekeeper.

He ran from the haunted room downstairs and to a door that showed a crack of light. She came out to his knock. He smothered his excitement as best he could.

"Will you tell me, madam," he besought her, "who occupied the room I have before I came?"

"Yes, sir. I can tell you again. 'Twas Sprowls and Mooney, as I said. Miss Bretta Sprowls it was in the theater, but Mrs. Mooney she was. My house is well known for respectability. The marriage certificate hung, framed, on a nail over"—

"What kind of a lady was Miss Sprowls—in looks, I mean?"

"Why, black haired, sir; short and stout, with a comical face. They left a week ago Tuesday."

"And before they occupied it?"

"Why, there was a single gentleman connected with the draying business. He left owing me a week. Before him was Mrs. Crowder and her two children that stayed four months, and back of them was old Mr. Doyle, whose sons paid for him. He kept the room six months. That goes back a year, sir, and further I do not remember."

He thanked her and crept back to his room. The room was dead, the essence that had vivified it was gone. The perfume of mignonette had departed. In its place was the old, stale odor of moldy house furniture, of atmosphere in storage.

The ebbing of his hope drained his faith. He sat staring at the yellow, singing gaslight. Soon he walked to the bed and began to tear the sheets into strips. With the blade of his knife he drove them tightly into every crevice around windows and door. When all was snug and taut he turned out the light, turned the gas full on again and laid himself gratefully upon the bed.

It was Mrs. McCool's night to go with the can for beer. So she fetched it and sat with Mrs. Purdy in one of those subterranean retreats where housekeepers foregather and the worm dieth seldom.

"I rented out my third floor, back, this evening," said Mrs. Purdy across a fine circle of foam. "A young man took it. He went up to bed two hours ago."

"Now, did ye, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am?" said Mrs. McCool, with intense admiration. "You do be a wonder for rentin' rooms of that kind. And did ye tell him, then?" she concluded in a husky whisper, laden with mystery.

"Rooms," said Mrs. Purdy in her furriest tones, "are furnished for rent. I did not tell him, Mrs. McCool."

"'Tis right ye are, ma'am; 'tis by rentin' rooms we keeps alive. Ye have

the rare sense for business, ma'am. There be many people will rayfick the rentin' of a room if they be told a suicide has been after dyin' in the bed of it."

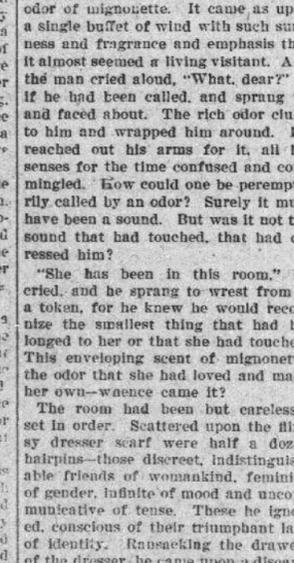
"As you say, we has our being to be making," remarked Mrs. Purdy.

"Yes, ma'am; 'tis true. 'Tis just one week ago this day, I helped ye lay out the third floor, back. A pretty girl of a college she was to be killed herself with the gas—a swart little face she had, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am."

"What'd ye been called her name, if you say," said Mrs. Purdy, as she remembered that she had not been told her name.

"I've been called her name, if you say," said Mrs. Purdy, as she remembered that she had not been told her name.

"Who occupied the room I have before I came?"



"Who occupied the room I have before I came?"