

PARIS

is made, and the all brass and blue, and black, and with the to match sleeves to hem seven of the skirt, the belt line in the and the of soft look to very sim- are just in blouse rocks for of using for tucked buttons and with may take most at- ker fab- are sur- of itself ne braid- e a most of blue he same are most For that its, with a of the

# Blouses with Jabot Trimming



**Embroidered Taffeta and Yoke with Jabot**  
THE newest blouses are made of every conceivable shade and material—chiffon, silk, satin, flax net—and all of them have introduced somewhere in the decorations the omnipresent fall of lace or material named Paris the jabot.

A blouse of violet chiffon is finished in front in three deep tucks, which at both sides of the front breadth is bound in satin and the jabot of lace is introduced. The same idea is carried out in the undersleeves, while the yoke of the blouse is made of the lace used to make the jabots.

**SIMPLIFIED MODELS**  
All of the elaborate blouses of the illustration are beyond the power of the home dressmaker. But a little ingenuity can accomplish wonders, and a reproduction of model garments does not necessitate an exact copy in materials. The design of any of these blouses may be carried out in cotton, particularly the one trimmed with embroidery. This waist would be charming made of dotted swiss, the wide bands of the shoulders done in white embroidered linen. The ruching down the front is for sale in any shop at little cost.

**EDWARD VII. AS A FARMER.**  
He is One of the Most Successful in England.

The rich crop of prizes which the King's cattle and sheep have won at the Bingley Hall show, Birmingham, is the latest demonstration of his Majesty's success as a farmer, of which he

**Blue Silk with Yoke of Lawn**  
derblouse of lawn. Flax net, too, might be used for the foundation of any of the waists.

is so deservedly proud, says the Westminster Gazette. When the King began breeding nearly forty years ago the Sandringham farm lands were in an almost hopeless condition, barren and barely capable of cultivation. Today, according to Rider Haggard, "it is a wonderful farm, for nowhere is there so much high-bred stock to be seen on the same area."

But probably nowhere will you find such an array of plates and cups won at shows as that which Sandringham boasts. At a single exhibition his Majesty once won no fewer than fourteen first prizes. In 1903 he captured five first prizes and cups, in addition to numerous seconds and thirds; in 1904 his prizes numbered twenty; in 1905 he won a champion plate, a challenge cup and eighteen other prizes, including four firsts, while last year he took at the Smithfield show ten firsts, nine "second" cups and plates, six other prizes and several "highly commended," and every prize-winner he has bred himself.

**CHIEFS FOR THE NAVY.**  
Every Warship to Have Staff of Trained Cooks.

No longer is the bluejacket to have his digestion spoiled by dinners of his own preparing. The British Admiralty announced recently that it had been decided to provide every warship with a trained staff of cooks.

For generations it has been the custom on board ship of entrusting the preparation of food to individual members of the ship's company, told off to act as cooks of the messes. Each man in each mess was cook by rotation, whether he had any culinary talent or not.

Now this is to cease. A paymaster who has done a month's training at the National School of Cookery in London will supervise the ship's cooks, and in order to ensure that the latter do their work satisfactorily a lieutenant is to be sent round the mess deck at dinner time to discover whether there are any complaints. This is an old-

Few women realize what really beautiful effects may be obtained by using Hamburg or machine embroidery. The only important point is to see that the material for the foundation is fine and of good quality.

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**TYPHOID FROM WATER.**  
Proprietor of English Health Resort Gets Judgment of \$37,500.

Owing to negligence on the part of its sewerage officials, the city of Malvern, England, may have to pay damages and costs of court, amounting to \$37,500.

The city has been sued by Dr. Ferguson, the owner of a health resort near Malvern. Typhoid fever broke out in the resort some four years ago; and some of the guests died, many were sick, and the proprietor had to pay \$37,500 damages.

Dr. Ferguson immediately sued the city, which fought the case, taking as its defence the fact that the water responsible for the outbreak had been drawn from a disused reservoir, and that Dr. Ferguson had no business to use it.

The case passed through the courts, until it reached the King's Bench. There Mr. Justice Lawrence recently decided that the city was guilty of contributory negligence and awarded a verdict in favor of the applicant. The costs of court, which the city was ordered to pay have reached \$37,500, in addition to the damages awarded to the extent of \$37,500.

**THE MEAN THING.**  
His wife (writing)—Which is proper, "disillusioned" or "disillusionized"? Her Husband—Oh, just say "married," and let it go at that.

## FAMOUS HOPE DIAMOND

IS IT RESPONSIBLE FOR DISASTER TO ITS OWNER?

Tragedy Enough Surrounds Its History to Almost Warrant Such

**Conclusion.**  
Ridiculous the fancy that would endow a crystal of carbon with sentient qualities, or believe in the occult power of jewels to curse or bless, one must own that in the careers of those who have been so fortunate or unfortunate as to possess the great blue stone they call the Hope diamond there have been death and disaster enough, and more than enough, to make a peg on which to hang a tale of imprisoned evil reaching out to blight whom its baneful rays may reach.

Hidden in the lost lore of the oldest East lie the earliest chapters in the great gem's story. Imagination might run riot in tales of lust and blood with the blue stone for their motif. Fancy might imbue it in the epoch of Prester John or gather it into the treasure hoard of Genghis Khan, but behind a modern, tangible date, the day when Andre Tavernier looted overland back from the Orient with jewels enough, if not for a king's ransom, at least for the price of a barony, in his wallet, any attempt to trace its history lies in the realm of pure speculation.

Cunning in traffic was Tavernier, "the King's jeweller." More than once he went out from Paris to the East and, matching the clever Orientals at their own game, returned with spoil of gems and gold to grace a crown or garnish a mitre, King and Cardinal, bourgeois and Bishop; Richelieu, Colbert or Mme. de Maintenon—these were the customers of Tavernier, the jeweller. He knew the goods he could sell.

So when Tavernier came to the gale of Paris on that day in 1668 he knew that he had with him what, in spite of the outpouring of royal treasure in the invasion of the Palatine, would capture the royal fancy and win him not only gold but that which he had long coveted—the title that would place him on the plane of those he dealt with and lift his children from the bourgeoisie to the nobility. Twenty-five diamonds—nothing else—were in the leather pouch that, strapped under his arm, next to his skin, never left his possession night or day. But among them was the gem of gems—the great blue diamond, still in the rough, but even so a jewel that overshadowed every gem that Christendom then knew.

**JEWELLER MADE BARON.**  
It must have been an interesting spectacle, the bargaining and dickering between the jeweller and Louis XIV. over the handful of stones. The end of it was that the royal treasury was enriched by the addition of the entire collection and impoverished to the extent of 2,500,000 francs in gold coin, and in addition Tavernier left the royal presence no longer plain Andre Tavernier, jeweller and traveller, but Baron d'Aubonne, with the right to hold his head as high as any nobleman in Paris.

Rough and unshaped as it came into the possession of the French King, the Tavernier diamond weighed 113 1/2 carats. It was badly formed, and when it went to Amsterdam, where then as now the diamond cutters held sway, they had to chip and trim it into shape until only 67 1/2 carats were left. But what a gem it was when they finished their work! Of a deep sapphire blue, it sparkled and gleamed resplendent from

every facet, while a great triangular projection they had left in its centre seemed to multiply the flashes. No diamond so blue and so large had ever been seen before.

In the quarter century and more that remained of the reign of the Grand Monarque the great blue diamond flashed over many a glittering scene. On state occasions Louis wore it suspended from a blue ribbon about his neck, and ambassadors and princes saw it and envied. Louis died and another Louis reigned, and the chronicles of eighteenth century France tell here and there of the royal gem, monarch of all the jewels of the crown. Then came another Louis, sixteenth of his name, and with him and his tragedy it would seem the evil power of the blue diamond began to be effective.

Nothing but tragedy can be told of Louis XVI. and his reign, and when at last he went to the guillotine in 1793 and the sansculottes sacked the royal treasury houses they took the blue diamond with the rest. Who was the man and what his fate into whose hand this most precious gem of all fell?

**NO LIVING MAN KNOWS.**  
and it is not likely any written record will ever tell. The rest of the crown jewels were deposited in the Garde Meuble. Not so the Tavernier diamond. Where it went, through what vicissitudes it passed, no one knows. It had brought a royal head to the axe and one might almost fancy it hiding in ambush, waiting for another opportunity to strike.

Men were born and married and founded families and died before the great blue diamond was heard of again. Then in 1880, one day in Haton Garden, the jewel mart of England as it is now of the world, appeared Daniel Ellason, a thrifty dealer in precious stones and such like, and in his hand he held a blue diamond. His fellow dealers gaped, then asked questions. The stone was not so big as the missing crown jewel of France, but it was the biggest diamond that had been seen in that market, and the biggest blue diamond any of them had ever seen. It weighed 44 1/2 carats, and except for the absence of the triangular projection or horn that the cutters had left on the Tavernier stone, it was almost of the same shape and size as the famous gem.

To the question, "Where did you get it?" Mr. Ellason told one and all the same story—he had bought the stone from a stranger and had asked no questions. There was the stone; its price was so much; did they want to buy? Curiosity was effectually baffled by this businesslike rebuff. It needed no stretch of the imagination, however, to identify this mysterious gem with the Tavernier diamond, and its fame was speedily noised abroad.

To the ears of Henry Thomas Hope, a banker who had amassed wealth until he was tired of saving, came the news that there was in the market a diamond the like of which was never seen before in England, and to this gossip added it was once a crown jewel of France. The banker saw the diamond, bargained with Mr. Ellason and finally bought the stone. Neither buyer nor seller told the price paid, but the busy tongue of rumor placed it at £13,000—\$65,000 it would be today. "And cheap at the price," added rumor.

**STONE MAKES OWNER FAMOUS.**  
As the Hope diamond, the blue stone leaped into fame. Perhaps the fame of the stone was reflected to its owner—perhaps that is just what the banker was calculating on when he bought it. At any rate, Henry Thomas Hope soon became as famous as his diamond, and when his daughter, Henrietta Adela,

married the sixth Duke of Newcastle in 1861, besides the millions in gold from her father's treasure chest she took with her as dowry the Hope diamond.

Of her two sons, one became Duke, the other got the diamond. Of the troubles of Lord Henry Francis Hope Pelham-Clinton-Hope—a special—royal warrant gave him the right to add his grandfather's surname in honor of the diamond—much has been written. His a sensation throughout the English speaking world. The great Hope diamond graced the tithra of the former concert hall singer on more than one occasion during the brief duration of their married life.

Fortune dealt so adversely with Lord Francis Hope that in 1899 he tried to sell the diamond to satisfy the most urgent of his creditors. His family objected, and he appealed to the courts. At that time the gem was estimated to be worth about \$125,000. It was not until late in 1901, only a few months before his divorce from May Toke, that he finally was permitted to dispose of the stone. Whether or not he ever blighted his marital and financial difficulties on the diamond, they ended simultaneously with its passing from his possession.

Simon Frankel, of New York, bought the stone. As on the occasion of its last previous sale, the amount involved was not made public. Rumor got busy again; and placed the price at £620 a carat—\$148,800 for the stone. Whatever the price, Mr. Frankel brought it to New York; and here it has remained, since. Millionaire after millionaire has looked at it, discussed its purchase and almost "bought" it—then turned away, leaving it in the hands of the merchant. For more than six years it has lain in a vault, eating up interest on the purchase money at the rate of \$7,500 a year.

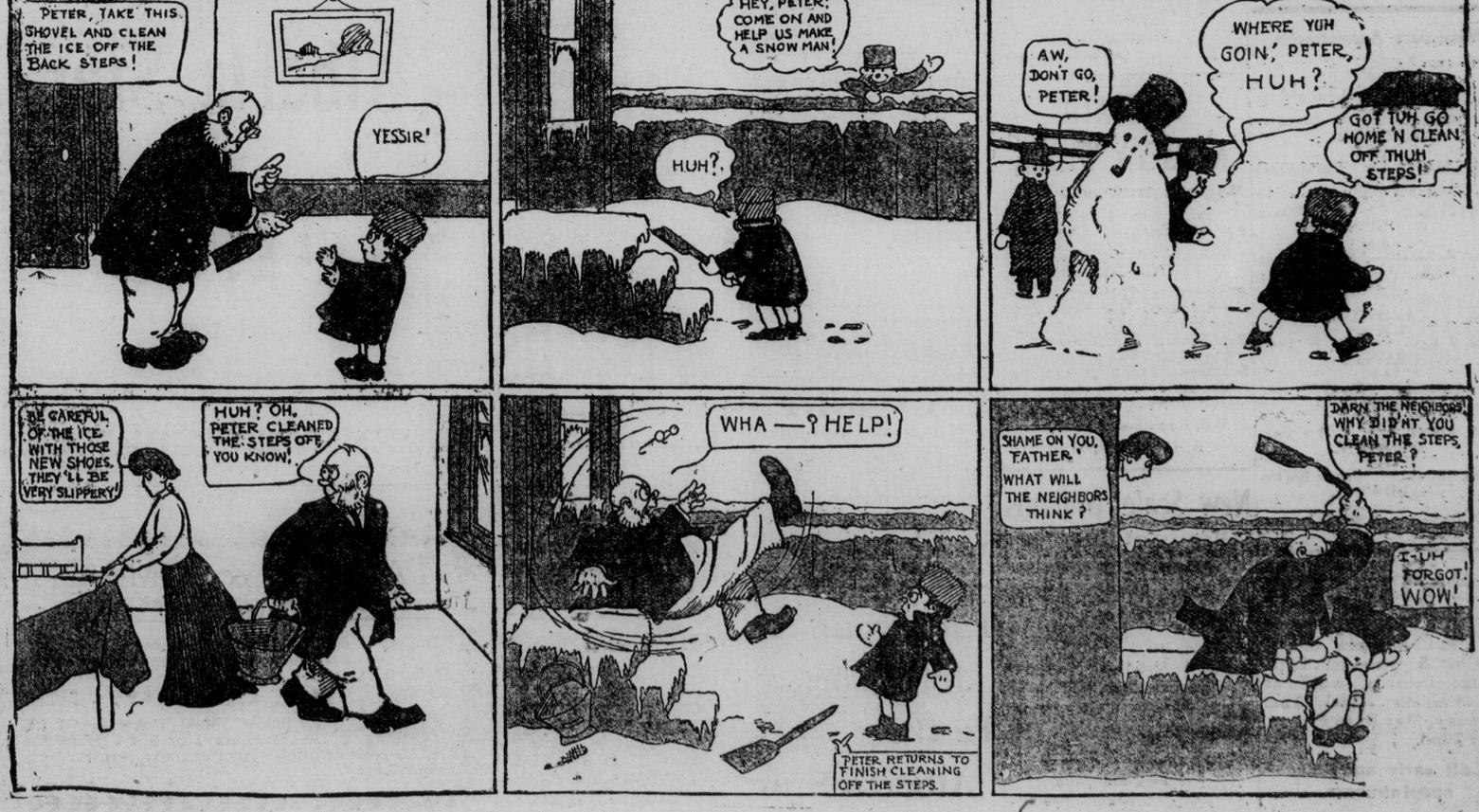
Just lately came the news of the financial difficulties of the Frankels, prominent among whose assets is the big diamond, held at a quarter of a million and so listed on their books. While there is every reason to believe the affairs of the diamond dealers are not badly involved, as was at first reported, and that they will be soundly on their financial feet, again before long, there are those who say they will never regain their old position of pre-eminence in their trade so long as the Hope diamond remains in their ownership.

Other fragments, or what are believed to be other fragments, of the Tavernier stone, have had a less eventful history. Speculation as to what had become of the pieces cut off when it was reduced from the size it bore in France to that it had when sold in London were partly set at rest by the disclosure in 1871, at the sale in Geneva of the effects of the Duke of Brunswick of a diamond of identically the same sapphire blue color weighing 10 1/2 carats, and some time later Edwin Streeter, of London, bought a blue stone of the same quality weighing about one carat for \$2,500. The Brunswick diamond fetched only \$3,200. Taken together, these two and the Hope diamond, allowing for waste in cutting, would just about make up the weight of the Tavernier diamond of the French crown.

Records of valuable gems are more carefully kept to-day, and it is not so easy for a famous gem to disappear as it was in the troublous times of the past. Future history of the Hope diamond may be more easily noted:

No man can think well of himself who does not think well of others. Love may make the world go round, but it takes a little jealousy to accelerate its speed.

## PETER PUT OFF---HE ALWAYS FORGETS



Dresses shown in the of color in allover em- lace are by useful and, which d of being stain air of

appropriate third model tending the of average the foot of when the last year's the skirts shown next fine good material, to