A Visit to the Bazaars of Stamboul

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Glimpses in a Christmas Shop

By HELEN BRENNAN

The year is aging and growing old, the wintry winds and drifting snows proclaim to us the passing of romantic summer and flippant fall. With the grayed and tired closing year, come the thoughts of Christmas bells and the reindeer which are soon to trip lightly over the roofs, and of Santa, who, with his bag bulging, will slip down the chimneys to leave gifts that will be cherished by the little ones until his next coming. If we could all be blessed as Santa is, with the ability to know just what would please every person, how glorious and joyful the pre-Christmas season would be. The time-aged joke of the bag that traveled the rounds and at last, like a boomerang, returned to its starting point, would be completely unknown. Boxes that would be perfection, and after all the thought one puts on a Christmas present is perhaps the factor which gives them their appeal.

Most people enjoy gifts which have a personal touch. A feeling of closer at-}

achment seems to permeate gifts which have even just a speck of hand work, rather than an article which is run out of a factory with others just like it.

A friend of mine introduced me the other day to a dear little shop which carries her handmade gifts. In this sweet little home-like place, I was shown gifts that would cause the heart of any seeker of Christmas gifts to jump a beat. St. Nicholas surely must have been the chief stockholder and creator of the ideas expressed there. I am going to try to take you thru this lovely little place and show you various things.

Ribbons are always brim full of possibilities and the little case displayed "oodless" of clever ideas. Sachets were made in square, oblong and tri-cornered shapes, with flowers, bows and dainty lace. To me the ones revealing little tinges of water color on the delicate backgrounds were most pleasing.

When speaking of ribbon, garters always present themselves, to be hidden in heaps of some bright color. A most adorable pair was of pale green and lavender, caught with tiny rosettes on one side and little bells suspended on bits of ribbon.

Something new in lingerie! The enhancing charm of rich brocaded satin appeals to every woman and I for one was no exception. In this display were articles of every sort, but dear little containers made from straight pieces of satin ribbon and a dab of elastic in the back were about as sensible and different as anything I have ever seen.

Where is the woman who will turn away from the appeal of vanity—especially when displayed in the very articles of vanity? One corner of this shop gratted that feminine falling in its exhibit of powder puffs. I can attempt to describe but one type of the many that were there. Georgeous red delicate shades had been shrined on the back of the puff, leaving a

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