



From left to right—Lanvin model of blue serge with bands of tucked taffeta edged with bright colored embroidery. Serge frock in leather brown. The low hanging blouse is bound at the neck and sleeves with bright red. Both skirt and waist are trimmed with red buttons.

FRENCH NOTE IN SPORTS CLOTHES

Foreign Influence is Felt More Strongly in America Than Ever Before.

MANY NOVEL FEATURES USED

Large Pockets, Trimmings, Panels, Strappings, Woven Plaids and Stripes and Other Ideas Are in Evidence.

Of all games tennis is the favorite with the French women, who take any amount of trouble in procuring smart clothes for their games, writes a Paris fashion correspondent. The French woman's conception of sports dress, however, is somewhat different from that of the American or English woman. The clothes she wears on the tennis court are, judged by our standard, somewhat fussy, but unless one is of a distinctly athletic type these clothes are infinitely more becoming than those of the more severe and mannish cut to which we have been accustomed. We in this country are beginning to realize this; consequently the French influence is now felt more strongly in our own sports clothes than ever before.

A blouse developed in blue serge, with brown leather facings, is cut so as to fall in loose, baggy folds, thus giving freedom of movement. While this model made its initial appearance on the Riviera, it appeared later in the showing of Madeleine at Madeleine. It has been copied with many variations in one instance being developed from serge, with stripes embroidered in silk threads. It is made of this latter material both with and without the facings. When the facing is used, a black patent leather belt, fringed with brown motifs, finishes the waistline.

Interest in Skirts. In skirts for sports wear great interest is manifested in models of decided design, showing big pockets, trimmings, panels, strappings and other features. The use of novel materials adds to the extreme look, woven plaids and stripes in high colors being combined with plain fabrics in contrast or in harmony to work out the most eccentric of the new styles.

A skirt of fawn-colored serge has huge square patches of checked burella on either side, and in these squares pockets are inserted. The skirt is made to wrap about the body at the top, closing in a crisscross fashion by means of tabs and large buttons. From the lower tab to the hem the skirt is cut away in a diagonal line. In other words, it has a one-side closing which laps far across the front at the top. A glimpse of the plaid shows at the hem in the form of panatlette cuffs attached to a full length panel of the plaid. These new skirts are quite different from the plaited sport skirts of wool that we have been wearing. The remarkable trimmings of gay colored cloths bring a bright note into them.

Front Panel That Disappears. Another skirt, developed in blue serge, has trimmings of yellow, blue and green plaid in the form of saddle pockets and a disappearing front panel. In this model the method of closing the front is reversed, the

lap being at the hem and the cloth cut away in a diagonal line to reveal the plaid cloth panel at the top only. This panel, however, extends the full length of the skirt, and attached to the bottom of it are straps which button around the legs. These are entirely invisible except when the skirt is blown about. This, while sounding rather extreme, is really a capital idea in a sport garment. It is most interesting to note the increased popularity of the panatlette cuff and divided skirt. Practically every important maker has included some phase of the divided skirt idea in the spring models.

Collarless Blouse, Red-Bound Edges. A dress which embodies this idea is a simple serge frock in leather brown with straight hanging side panels piped in bright red and buttoned on to the baggy trouser skirt. Here, too, the low hanging blouse fullness appears, and on the puffy bodice a trimming similar to that used on the skirt is placed across the front where the lower half buttons to the yoke. This blouse is collarless and all the edges are bound with red.

To the Spanish influence we may attribute the lavish use of leather, not only for trimmings, but for entire garments as well. One French firm shows a dark leather coat lined with bright red duvetyne. Lanvin makes very smart straight box coats of leather that are without fastenings of any sort.

Then there are bright colored leather vests in ever so many of the dark cloth suits for spring. But perhaps the most interesting use of leather is its application in wide bands to the English traveling and sport coats of bright plaid worsteds.

Flare in Topcoats. In the camel's hair topcoats there appears to be a preference for the three-quarter length style, which is cut to flare sharply toward the bottom and is tightly girdled with a string belt, thus giving the effect of an even greater flare. Either set-in or raglan sleeves may be used.

Some of the newest homespun coats have no fastening other than the belt, the front of the coat lapping widely and being held together merely by a tightly drawn girdle. This, of course, makes a very warm garment, as the coat is really double across the front. It is smart to wear a bright plaid scarf with these coats.

One maker of distinctive sport clothes is having phenomenal success with suits developed from Canadian homespun of an open weave, similar in appearance to burkap. In times past homespun suits were extremely plain, the only thing attractive about them being their durability. There never has been a trimming that could be suitably combined with homespun, so there was nothing different about them year after year. As women demand something new in their clothes, the homespun suit was not especially popular.

Trimming Easily Achieved. This designer conceived the idea of fringing the fabric to form a trimming and also of drawing threads to make beautiful patterns in the cloth. As this is a trimming easy to achieve and very attractive, ever so many of these homespun suits have fringes of the material on both skirt and coat. The skirt may have a tunic edged with the fringe or tiers of the cloth may be applied to the skirt and coat. For example, one suit of golden brown Canadian homespun is made with a box coat and a plain skirt. Fringed tiers of the material are added to both the coat and skirt on either side, leaving a plain panel in the back and front.

CELESTE

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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"I'm real glad you've come," said Mrs. Lawson, "it'll be so nice to have a good visit once more. Folks don't get to our corner of the world too often, an' you'll want to know what's happened to your old friends. I reckon we an' our houses look about the same as they used to before you went away. Ain't much progress in Landsend. You asked about Celeste an' those are the same words I says to her last time I got up as far as her place. You know it's awful inconvenient to get there, but Sam said he'd take me when he drove over with supplies, so I went. Celeste's gran'ma had died then, an' Celeste was alone in the little house her gran'ma left her under conditions that Celeste would go on livin' in it, an' keep the place like it was used to. I reckon it wasn't so much because she cared about losin' her legacy that Celeste kept on livin' there alone, but the girl has that kind of a conscience. A dyin' wish to her is an oath—it has to be kept.

"Course there was another condition to the will, which was that Celeste should go on livin' there only until she married and had a home of her own; there wasn't nothing binding against that. But land! the old lady felt pretty sure about havin' her place kept up. If ever sweetness was wasted on desert air it was Celeste's. There she sat in her gran'ma's faded parlor, glowin' like a rose, cheeks all pink, her eyes bright an' her hair soft and curly. "Celeste Robins," I says, "how do you manage to keep cheerful in all this lonesome waste?"

"I'm not exactly lonesome," she says. "I read an' sew an' play, an' drive my old horse Mollie. But I will admit, I often do wish for companionship."

"Well," says I, "Mr. Right will come along some day." As I said it I knew there was as much chance of anyone who would be Mr. Right to Celeste as there would of the president to drop in for afternoon tea.

"Oh, I didn't mean that particular kind of companionship," Celeste says, laughin'. "I just meant that it would be nice to have some pleasant person about to enjoy things with. There's so many things to enjoy," says Celeste; "the flowers in summer, and right now, even with all the snow about, there's the birds, who come to be fed and sit in rows on the red berry tree, and there are cookies to be baked for the schoolchildren," she says. "How they love to find me in my cutter at the head of the road when they come home from school. Sometimes I drive the smallest ones home."

"I hope," I said, as a parting joke, "that Mr. Right will drop in soon an' surprise you."

"Alyplanes don't fly this weather," Celeste had laughed back. An' I looked up to see a blizzard gathering around me. All night that blizzard raged, while the thermometer went down below zero. No mail came in to Landsend that night, or went out, either; for the trains had been blocked in big drifts miles out, where even snowplows couldn't reach 'em."

But as the train didn't draw in, no whistle sounded. So, quicker than you careless wits, Celeste was at the telephone asking the station agent why; an' when she learned of the plight of those stranded people the girl pulls on her fur coat, ties her red hood and goes out in the darkness to harness Mollie to her cutter. An' when Mollie was ready for her fight against the night and the roads Celeste runs back to the house to fill up a lamp with everything eatable she could find. She found considerable. Celeste always did keep cooked up. I can believe that she looked like an angel to those hungry folks in the car when she went smilin' down the aisle, her red hood over her pretty hair, an' her basket on her arm. She'd fell into several snow mounds as she came, but she didn't mention that.

An' when one little frightened girl learned that Celeste had driven there she held on to her and begged to be taken home.

"Marion's not very well," a man told Celeste. "I'm afraid a night in the car will be hard on her."

The trains were held, you see, nearer to Celeste's faraway home than to Landsend. An', with the child's arms around her, she suggested to the man whom she took to be the father, that she be allowed to carry Marion home with her for the night.

After one look into Celeste's face he agreed willingly. That was the beginning of the end. The man wasn't Marion's father, as it turned out, but an uncle who'd gone to fetch the child to his own bachelor quarters after her father died. An' when this uncle managed to get to Celeste's next day, an' the child hung on to her there an' begged to stay—why, that's the way it was arranged. He came back, this uncle, to visit, regular, an' as her gran'ma's will hadn't said nuthin' about holdin' Celeste to the house after she was married, Celeste left it. Oh, yes! she married Celeste's uncle.

An' Celeste now has a fine home of her own in the city. She keeps her gran'ma's here for a sort of country place. So to Celeste happiness did come, you see. And I reckon that, while flowers may bloom unseen, you can't hide a kind heart—it's bound to make itself known.

The Scrap Book

"MEMORY" TREES GOOD IDEA

Many Are Being Planted to Commemorate the War Services of Americans in the Great War.

A good many trees have been planted here and there over the country by way of memorializing American soldiers who gave up their lives in the war. Mostly they are for individuals—a single tree set in a place somehow associated in his lifetime with the one who is gone. A number of groves or parks and stretches of roadway are planned, however, where trees are to be planted in groups or in rows in honor of the fallen ones of certain communities. They call them "memory trees," which is a good name. Of the single trees an illustration is one planted by pupils of the Force school in Washington, which was attended by Quentin Roosevelt when he was a young boy. He was the only former pupil to lose his life in the world war. A committee of 12, formed by appointment of a member from each class, will have the care of the tree; as each member graduates from his class he appoints a member from the incoming class to take his place. Thus there will always be a committee at the school to look after this tree.

WHEN MULE WAS A NOVELTY

Sent as a Present to George Washington, It Created Something of a Sensation Here.

The first mule seen in this country was sent to George Washington by the king of Spain. The mule measured 15 hands high, and his ears were 14 inches long. His disposition was so ungrateful that General Washington remarked on the beast's inability to appreciate "republican enjoyment." The mule was given much publicity. Washington sent him out on a tour of the South, where his long ears, peculiar voice and strange appearance drew large crowds and created much excitement. The attention lavished upon the mule forced the keeper to hurry him from place to place at such a pace that the animal reduced considerably. Washington having been shocked with his condition upon his reappearance in Mount Vernon. It is said that Washington looked forward to producing a breed of mules suitable to draw the family carriage, but history does not record whether the first president carried out this plan. He was, however, at all times very enthusiastic over mules, and commented upon them in glowing terms as an excellent race of animals.

Woman Good Trapper. Trapping predatory animals is scarcely the kind of occupation in which a woman might be expected to distinguish herself, even with the great extension of the range of feminine activity to which we have been accustomed lately. Mrs. Ada Tingley of Idaho is reported, however, by the Northwestern division of the United States biological survey to be so successful in this employment that her male rivals are finding it hard to keep up with her records. Her victims are mainly coyotes, bobcats, wolves, lynxes and mountain lions. At 8:30 every morning Mrs. Tingley mounts her cayuse and rides off to her traps, of which she runs six lines, of 50 each. She uses a fish bait prepared by a secret formula.

Expensive Visiting. Miss Perkins—"Been making any calls lately?" Jack Pott—"No, the last call I made cost me \$40." The Difference. Father—"I like that young fellow's get-up-and-go." Daughter—"I prefer his staying power." Literally. "Was Gabby much perturbed when his machine turned over?" "Well, he seemed to very much upset." "Come Home With Me Now." "What ails Mrs. Flubdub?" "She's searching the soda bars for her husband." His Whim. Walter—"Which side of the table do you wish to sit on, sir?" Diner—"I prefer to sit on a chair."



A GREAT CHANGE

"Did your war article get by the News Censor?" "I believe it did, only I didn't recognize it after it passed."

Burglar-Proof Glass. There is a glass of French invention which is intended to be proof against burglars. So many cases of burglary have been committed by the breaking of show-windows and snatching of valuables on exhibition that a special effort has been made to end this particular form of theft. The French glass, it appears, is produced by a secret process, but the makers admit that thickness and care in its manufacture are its principal essentials. It is made about three-quarters of an inch thick and on test has resisted the blow of a ten-pound iron disk. The same blow would have shattered ordinary plate glass completely.

Eats Any Old Thing. A wood-boring beetle in California, undismayed by lead or even by alloys that are harder than lead, has put hundreds of telephones out of use. The beetle bores into the cables that carry the wires, then water gets in and makes the wire useless until the damage is repaired. As yet no one has found a way to keep the beetles out. Perhaps some entomological Burbank will train wireworms to plug holes or tapeworms to wrap them.—Youth's Companion.

PICKED-UP HUMOR

"I have always maintained that alcohol is a food." "He too. Could you help a starving man?"

For a Consideration. Spratt (gloomily)—"I don't believe I have a friend in the world." Spogger—"You can make one; I need \$3."

Nail This, Quick! "Why has he named his motor 'Witton?'" "Because it's his car-pet."

No Use. "Do you question my knowledge?" "Why, no, sir. That wouldn't answer."

Real Signs. "Is that a baby squall which is coming up?" "I guess so from the way the boat is rocking."

Very Much So. "Was Jones successful with his farm?" "Well, he raised a mortgage on it."

The Kind. "We had shortcake yesterday." "So had we. It was so short it wouldn't go around."

The Easiest. "What is the best way of getting hard cash?" "Working some soft thing."

Consistency. "That speaker has such a halting delivery." "It matches his lame argument."

With That Veloc. He—"I have formed the habit of sleeping at my work." She—"How you must hate it."

Making Up for It. Mrs. Gabbins—"Do you believe in heredity?" Her Husband—"Not much! Your grandmother was dumb."

Equal Distinction. "I went to a tea fight the other day." "Well, I've seen a coffee mill."

Couldn't Very Well. "Did your brother win his spurs in the army?" "He couldn't; he was in the infantry."

A Bear. Lillian—"Jack Rapids is a perfect bear!" Rose—"Has he been hugging you, too?"

His Way. "Did the doctor you went to fix up that swelling all right?" "Sure, he put it in the bill."

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Why, Indeed. "Are you for a vacation for every worker?" "No. Why should vacations be limited to the few?"

Where is the Flat? "Do you believe in long engagements?" "No; but where are you going to find a flat?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Heard at the Club. "Then you don't think Cheatem is straight?" "Straight! Why, if that fellow swallowed a wire nail he'd cough up a corkscrew."—Boston Transcript.

When the Lot Shrinks. "I thought you told me your lot was 50 feet wide," said the neighbor. "So it is." "Then why shovel only 40 feet of snow off your walk?"

"He-Ross." A small boy was asked by the teacher to write an essay on heroes. The boy promptly wrote the following: "I put a tin tack on the chair. Father sat on it and 'he-rose!'"

The Fuel Supply. "A man should find happiness at his own fireside." "Yes," answered the woman with the positive face; "only, if a man spends too much time at the fireside there isn't going to be any fire."

More Triffs. Mr. Feathertop—"I'm going to the races this afternoon, and I'm so confident I know I'll fairly lose my head there." His Wife—"Oh, don't worry about that, dear. But be sure you have money."

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