

SASH OF TODAY LENDS VARIETY

Fashion Decried Earlier in Season Recalls Style of Days of Long, Long Ago.

INCLUDE RIBBONS OF STRAW

Novelties Featured in Trimmings for Dresses—Huge Bows Form Sort of Bustle—Interest in Black and White.

The sash is the thing. This fashion decried earlier in the season. Everybody seemingly is charmed with the idea. It has been many seasons, writes a prominent fashion correspondent, since there has been a big vogue for the old-fashioned ribbon sash. It seems like a return to the good old days of white muslin frocks with blue or pink ribbon sashes, except that the sash of today is much more elaborate than any we have ever had.

A white frock with a dainty ribbon sash has always been a type of dress infinitely gratifying to the men of one's family, no doubt because a woman looks sweet and dainty in such a dress. It is said that we women wear complicated and elaborate costumes to impress other women, not to please men.

The sash alone gives all the needed variety and novelty to the midsummer dress. Nothing is more charming than a dainty organdie, batiste or cotton voile made in simple chemise or blousing bodice style girdled low with a wide ribbon sash.

What could be more novel than a plain georgette crepe dress with a lovely big sash of printed georgette, the ground of the ribbon exactly matching the material of the dress? This has the advantage, too, of being one of the smartest styles of the moment.

Sashes Form Sort of Bustle.

Foulard dresses with huge sash bows made from foulard ribbon printed in characteristic designs are equally smart. There are also lovely striped taffeta dresses with big sashes forming a sort of bustle or balancing a one-side hip extension made from a ribbon exactly matching the silk.

As for the wide plain ribbons, the lovely soft taffetas, the wonderful satins and the glistening moires all come in for attention. Ribbon manufacturers are excelling themselves to meet the demand for lovely sashes. Among the clever things they have made are those ribbons which match fabrics, such as printed georgette crepe, foulards and even cotton voiles and gauzes.

Then comes an almost endless series of lame or metal brocaded ribbons in marvelous colors and patterns. Likewise a whole big family of crepe or waxed ribbons in both plain and fancy

styles, little white frock with a sash of blue ribbon—a perfect dress for a young girl. The dress, of organdie, is in low blousing chemise style and is girdled with a sash of Nattier blue. The organdie is heavily embroidered in white, with a delicate outline tracing in black threads and a shadowy crossbar background, like the mesh of filet lace, in blue. The ribbon sash has a somewhat bold plect edge of alternating black and white loops. A study of artistic simplicity in both color and line is seen in this frock.

These embroideries, with touches of black, are favorites of Mme. Lanvin. The same model is copied with a scarlet sash and a delicate tracing of scarlet threads back of the embroidery. In these colors it is especially suitable for a dark-haired girl of Spanish type. For all its subtle beauty, there is a great deal that is practical in this



Here is Shown a Charming White Organdie Dress Embroidered in Black With a Huge Sash of Black Tulle. Strictly in Keeping With the Popular Mode.

model. Variations of it may be made by any woman who can sew at all.

A number of things could be substituted for this elaborate hand embroidery. In the first place, the entire dress might be made of one of the machine-embroidered voiles or organdies. Especially beautiful ones have been created this year, and so fine is the workmanship that it is difficult to distinguish it from hand embroidery. Or a cotton crepe or voile, printed in beautiful colors, could be used and sashed in a contrasting or harmonizing color.

Fresh Interest in Black and White.

There is a cotton crepe, having a white background marked off with little bars of gold, that would be effective. It may be sashed with white voile or plain white crepe, finished with rows of hemstitching done in yellow threads. Again, such a sash would be pretty finished at the ends with either a white or yellow fringe of cotton threads.

Typifying the interest in black and white are the new organdie dresses with heavy embroideries in black, usually ranging in panel form, falling over foundation skirts of organdie with white embroidery; the black and white often being of similar design.

A huge sash of black tulle with looped bows completes such a dress and stamps it as being distinctly of the summer of 1920. These white organdie dresses are very short—11 or 12 inches from the floor—and one end of the tulle sash hangs several inches below the hem.

Another means of introducing black into white organdie frocks is through a black tulle insertion, often embroidered in delicate colors. Tulle of black lace frequently trim white organdie.

Panel Motifs of Printed Foulards.

There is nothing newer than the printed foulard sash. The dress has a one-side crossing surplice bodice and a straight plaited skirt. Into the latter are set panel motifs of printed foulard. The main feature, however, is the big printed sash of a pattern exactly matching the skirt panels.

Bear in mind that the sash is not made from a piece of the silk, but is actual ribbon, about sixteen inches wide, finished with a ribbon edge, thus replacing the custom of using a sash made of the fabric, cut and hemmed. The ribbon, which is woven for this purpose and of exactly the right width for such a sash, is the result of careful study on the part of the producer of novelties and shows evidence of a real effort to give us something attractive and new.

A dress of georgette crepe, with a sash and deep yoke of printed georgette ribbon, has one of the apron overskirts extended slightly at one side with a little wired hoop, which starts from a low waistline. The bulge of the skirt is balanced by big sash loops of georgette ribbon on the opposite side.

While georgette ribbon is new, the frock might be quite as attractively carried out in a combination of plain and printed georgette, the sash being made of the printed fabric and lined with the plain.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PAST

Peculiar Beliefs That Not So Very Many Years Ago Had Almost Universal Credence.

A reader furnishes us with a list of old superstitions which were part of our folk lore in this part of the country before we had to have folk lore societies to preserve this sort of thing:

A rooster crowing at the front door meant a visitor coming.

A twig catching a young lady's dress meant a beau.

An itching ear meant that some one was talking about you.

To turn back after starting, meant bad luck.

Opening an umbrella in the house meant bad luck to the house.

A measuring worm on a woman's frock meant a new dress.

An itching left hand meant that you would marry soon.

An itching right hand meant that you would shake hands with a stranger.

Seeing the new moon over the left shoulder meant one would soon get money.

Probably most of us are superstitious about the number 13, just as people were a long time ago. Our own superstitions will amuse a subsequent generation, as those recalled by our reader amuse us. Only a subsequent generation can safely laugh at superstitions. Socrates was put to death for laughing at some of the superstitions of the Greeks. Let us, then, laugh at these and take the superstitions of our own time as seriously as we please.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

PEAK WHERE NOAH LANDED

Mount Ararat, in Northwestern Persia, is Now Part of a Recently Created "Buffer" State.

Youthful students of sacred history, if they will look up the map of the near East, will find in the extreme northwestern part of Persia a mountain peak named Mount Ararat. That should give them a starting point, for they will remember that it was on Mount Ararat that Noah, in the Biblical account, landed. Mount Ararat is the loftiest peak in Azerbaijan, 17,000 feet above sea level, but if it has been neglected news from Europe they may not know that Azerbaijan is a new republic established by the political strife in eastern Europe in the expectation that it will act as a political and military buffer for some of the great nations.

The inhabitants of Azerbaijan are Persians, Armenians, Kurds, Tartars, Turks and Arabs, whose valleys are fertile garden spots. It ranks in statistics as one of the most productive spots in all Persia, but young readers will find their chief interest in the fact that it contains Mount Ararat, which gave Noah his first shelter, according to the accepted narrative. The erection of Azerbaijan as a buffer state brings the remote past and the immediate present together in a way which may also awaken the interest of those who have moved past the years of youthful curiosity.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Merely a Good Story.

Wars produce many stories of fiction, some of which the oftener they are told the more they are believed to be true. The Civil war was no exception to this rule, and the story of the apple tree is one of these fictions based on a slight foundation of fact.

There was, indeed, an apple orchard on one side of the hill occupied by the Confederate forces. Running diagonally up the hill was a wagon road, which, at one point, ran very near one of the trees, so that the wheels of the vehicles had on that side cut off the roots of the tree, leaving a little embankment. General Babcock, of my staff, reported to me that when he first met General Lee he was sitting on this embankment, with his feet in the road below, and his back resting against the tree. The story had no other foundation than that. Like many other good stories, it would be very good if it was only true.—Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant.

Mast-Furnishing Tree.

In Canada and eastern United States the larch, a sturdy tree, which belongs to the pine family, often grows 50 or 60 feet high and is generally known as hackmatack, while in the Central states it is called tamarack. The European variety is even taller and has longer leaves which don beautiful autumn tints before falling. On account of its long, tapering form, the tree is extremely useful for masts in sailing vessels, telegraph poles, and a variety of purposes, and as it is common from the Arctic circle to the United States, it is easily found for the special use for which it is adapted.

Monarchs' Pleasure Ground.

A buried garden has been discovered at Poona, India. In excavating the site of an eighteenth-century palace, where a public park is to be laid out, an elaborate ancient garden was discovered. One side consists of three terraces at different levels, with foundations and reservoirs, after the fashion of the celebrated Shalimar gardens of Kashmir and Lahore. The entire system of fountains and reservoirs is connected by well-made pipes and ducts of pure copper. On the top of the plinth an enormous fountain, circular in shape, fashioned after a lotus flower, and having over 200 jets, was discovered.

TOMMY'S COAT

By JACK LAWTON

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

Marilyn sat in the lilac arbor and sang as she sewed her seam. Marilyn was like an embodiment of spring herself, with sky blue eyes and apple blossom cheeks and the sweet smiling sunniness of her. Nearby stood a quaint little figure like a pixie stepped from a book or a hobgoblin come to life. Though the figure was, after all, merely that of a small red-haired Irish boy clad in an old coat far too big with coat tails which touched his heels.

"And so your name is Tommy Ryan," the girl was saying, "and your mother washes for the people in the big house next door. But why did you come to see me Tommy?"

"It's the coat," the boy replied shamefacedly, "the boys at school do be laughing at me because mother makes me wear it. I want to try some day to buy a new one. So I thought if you might be after havin' errands to do—"

"You see," Marilyn said gently, "there are not many errands, Tommy, when I have only to shop for myself and old Tilly who helps for her board. But—"

"Why," asked the boy, "did you be after comin' out here to live by yourself in this bit of a house? Haven't you got any folks, or a husband maybe?"

The girl laughed, then answered seriously.

"I'm quite alone in the world Tommy Ryan," she said, "and when I drove through this country and saw the 'bit of a house' one day it occurred to me that I might be able to live more cheaply and perhaps more profitably here than in the great city. I could read my illustrations from here to the unkind publishers just as well. So—"

"So here ye are," finished Tommy. "Well, it's a nice doll's house of a place, an' the mother says that once it was the 'lodge' of the great house next door an' the folks that lived here then was great folks. It's their son has come back to keep the house now when he isn't in New York or Boston or Europe; he has auto cars and horses and everything. An'—"

"It's a shame," Marilyn declared, gaining thereby Tommy's loyal friendship.

"But you won't always have to wear old coats," she comforted, "you'll go out and earn new ones for yourself."

Marilyn considered.

"I have wanted a garden for some time," she said, "a flower and a vegetable garden—"

Marilyn did some figuring upon her fingers.

"Seeds are high," she added regretfully. "But we will manage some way Tommy and you are engaged at a very low figure to be my gardener. Still that's a beginning. And maybe some day if you work well we will raise crops and you shall drive into town to sell them."

Tommy's face glowed beneath the freckles.

"You mean it?" he asked. "Honest?"

"Honest," agreed Marilyn. And just then over the high dividing wall appeared the head of a man whose body evidently was poised upon a garden ladder.

"Beg pardon," said the man pleasantly, "but as I happened to be training a vine up my side of the wall I could not help overhearing some of your conversation. And if you are thinking of buying garden seed—"

he bowed in Marilyn's direction, "why my head gardener has quantities which we will be glad to give you. We make no use of them. And why purchase," he went on hastily as Marilyn's lips were forming a polite refusal, "when seeds are going to waste?"

The girl smiled.

"Why that is so," she replied, "and thank you."

"The poor little devil," he said laughingly, "to think that Nora makes him wear my old coats. He must have had a time at school."

The garden surrounding the "bit of a house" flourished and showed great promise under Tommy's tireless care, while the young illustrator laid her sketching aside and came out to helpfully help him.

The son of the great house joined in the enthusiasm and postponed for the second time his New York trip as he, too, labored at Marilyn's direction. It was when the golden days of a golden August were drawing to a close that the girl came stepping lightly across the grasses to Tommy Ryan's side. She held a new coat in her hands, not the khaki kind which Tommy had lately been wearing, but a grand coat of soft light tweed. "Tommy dear," she said, "this is for you to wear tomorrow, a brand new suit. For there's to be a wedding in the garden, and the wedding, Tommy, is to be mine."

Tommy nodded, shrewdly pointing a finger to the other side of the wall.

"And his," he said.

"And his," Marilyn agreed, her face radiant.

"Afterward, if you will, you shall come to us at the great house, Tommy, and coax the flowers to grow for me there."

"Oh! I'll come," the Irish boy answered happily, "but I'm thinking that the flowers will need no coaxin' where ye are, Miss, they'll bloom wherever ye tread."

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Frock Having Skirt of Gray Taffeta With Brocaded Figures of Jade Green Interspersed With Gold and Silver Threads, and Bodice and Sash of Green Taffeta.

effects. Other novelties include ribbons of straw, which, absurd as it may seem, are used as trimming on dresses.

A charming dress is developed in taffeta, plain and fancy, with a big taffeta sash at one side balancing a pannier drapery at the other. The skirt is of a lovely gray with printed figures in which the dominant note is jade green, with a liberal interspersing of gold and silver lame threads. The bodice, reminiscent of the old-fashioned basque, is of jade green taffeta and ribbon of the same shade. It has kimono sleeves and the back is cut in a deep point like the front. The ribbon sash is lined with the brocaded taffeta.

Perfect Dress for Young Girl. A real old-timer that has come back to the forefront of fashion is the