



Suit of white serge with black trimmings, showing plaited skirt caught to band at bottom.

Orchid organdie dress embroidered in rose made over a black taffeta foundation.

IDEAS IN GOWNS FROM THE STAGE

Actresses in Paris Provide Interesting Fashions That Attract Attention.

TAILOR-MADE SUIT POPULAR

Outfit, Although the Most Expensive, is Quite in the Limelight—Blouse Comes into its Own Again.

The wide skirt is dying hard in Paris, owing to the popularity of the house of Jeanne Lanvin, who dresses many chic Parisiennes. The fact that it was Lanvin who launched the hip extended full skirt and that she has persisted in exploiting it is doubtless the reason why certain women continue to accept that style, writes a prominent Paris fashion correspondent.

This fashion is noted especially among the actresses in Paris, some of the most important of whom are dressed by Lanvin. This is partly due to their fidelity to the dressmaker, as it is quite the custom in Paris for a woman to be dressed by one house exclusively. This gives her a marked individuality and she is looked upon as an exponent of the fashion creations of that particular house. To be seen in costumes from another dressmaker would be almost like a betrayal of confidence.

One of the most popular French actresses playing light comedy roles is Jane Renouard. This actress has been wearing Lanvin's clothes for several seasons, and in one of her late roles she wore only the white-skirted hip extended models so characteristic of that house. It must be admitted that dresses of this type are eminently suitable to a coquettish and dashing young woman of slender, graceful build. Renouard looks so admirable in her Lanvin dresses that one cannot doubt that she greatly aids in the continuance of this fashion.

Organdie Over Black Taffeta.

A rose-colored organdie dress, made up over a hip extended foundation of black taffeta, is very beautiful. The organdie is a slip-over-the-head, chemise style, with considerable fullness on the hips. The dress opens in a wide panel down the front to show the black foundation. About the waist is a black taffeta ribbon sash tied in a simple square-looped bow at the back. This ribbon has a border of rose-colored satin, matching exactly the tone of the organdie. Interesting ornamentation, in the form of a flat applique and embroidered roses of precisely the same tone, appears on the front of the skirt. On the black taffeta there is likewise a rose-colored applique which enlivens the rather somber foundation. This dress has the low, round neck and short sleeves. Lanvin is making many of her dresses in this style.

Renouard wore with this dress the thinnest of tete-de-negre stockings and black satin slippers. She also wore long mousquetaire gloves of glaze kid, finished with points of leather at the edge of the wrinkled top.

Marie Louise, the well-known milliner, made the adorable hat of black horsehair braid, delicate to the point of transparency, banded and bowed with a wide rose taffeta ribbon bordered with black.

Dignity of Line and Design.

In the same role Renouard wore a black taffeta frock, very simple in design, wide skirted, and with a bod-

ice fitting her slender figure quite snugly. The feature of this frock is a big feather design in white, developed in white ribbon and silk floss embroidery, which stands out like an applique and adds materially to the effect of the dress. There are no sleeves. The décolletage is quite low. Again she wore a Marie Louise hat, this time of black satin trimmed with a skeleton plume of Nattier blue ostrich.

In direct contrast with dresses of this type are the models made by houses such as Redfern and Worth, who keep to dignity of line and conventional designs.

Mme. Daimoff, playing at the Renaissance theater, wore a gorgeous dress of semi-conventional type made by Redfern. It was developed in silver brocade and mauve tulle, the latter forming a voluminous sash draped at one side of the back. She carried with this pale mauve and silver dress a brilliant jade green ostrich fan.

In summer suits the plaited skirt continues popular. Many models are being developed in taffeta and satin. Skirts having plaited panels are often accompanied by jackets with plaited panels and neck frills.

The fashion of catching the plaited skirt in at the bottom by means of a restraining band is one of the features in summer tailor-mades. Beer has an interesting new model of this sort, with a loose box coat and a straight plaited skirt developed in white serge with black trimmings. This house also shows a smart sport suit of khaki-colored serge, trimmed with stitched plaits, which pass around the bottom of the jacket, the hem of the skirt and the flaring edges of the sleeves. Flatly stitched plaits also form a yoke outline on the bottom of the jacket.

Paris Turns to Tailored Suit.

The tailored suit, which is about the most expensive costume in Paris, is again becoming popular. During the war period the women of Paris were deprived of man-tailored street costumes, owing to the fact that all masculine workers in dressmaking shops were mobilized. Now the tailored suit comes back into fashion with all the force and interest of a novelty.

For this reason the blouse, from a standpoint of fashion, is again coming into its own. Considerable interest is manifested in the simple tailored blouse with frilled collar and revers. Some of these new shirt style blouses are high necked, with a collar somewhat in Peter Pan shape, but falling from the top of a straight neckband. This style of collar was launched by Lanvin in connection with a number of her tailored suits and blouses, and neckwear manufacturers have taken it up.

The wide ribbon sash-girdle is still one of the most popular trimmings. Practically all the leading dressmaking houses as well as the milliners are using this form of trimming, and it has met with great success. In many instances when ordering a simple one-piece dress two sashes are made, one in self-tone and one in contrast. The narrow belt of colored galalith is second in popularity, this form being used for belting coats, jackets and simple serge dresses. The shades most in demand are jade green, red and royal blue.

The Ribbon Girdle.

Roman striped ribbon girdles are used to good advantage on frocks of navy blue. Bright colored ribbon generally will be used extensively for sashes and girdles, the ribbon usually being brought around the waist and tied with long uneven ends at the side.

Quakerish.

The American designed street costume shows a Quaker influence in its sort gray coloring and demure lines.

ORIENTAL POPPY IN HISTORY

Alleged to Have Caused the Fall of Ancient Rome, When It Was Used as a Symbol.

Little does the poppy brook of secrets as it flaunts the scarlet satin of its petals proudly over the submissive border, declares the Christian Science Monitor. There is no straighter flag-staff than the thick and hairy stems, and no richer banner than the enormous crinkled pennants of this oriental despot. Yet it has that to tell which befell long years ago that might well have caused the crimson of its petals to turn a shade deeper.

This oriental poppy was cultivated in the royal gardens of ancient Rome, a regal symbol of autocracy. There it was that Tarquin the Proud, in his fettle war against the Gabians, called on his son, Sextus, to surrender himself to their cause. Sextus, by this ruse, entered the invincible city of Gabium and soon became commander of their armies against his father. At this point he sent a messenger to Tarquin the Proud asking for further instructions. The messenger was met in the royal gardens. Tarquin spoke no word in answer, but walking by a fine clump of poppies, silently decapitated the tallest and largest blossoms. Sextus took the symbolic message to heart, and did likewise to the most powerful of the Gabians, thus causing the downfall of the city and its surrender to Tarquin.

Tournouf discovered this oriental variety, Papaver orientale, in Armenia, and sent the first seeds to Paris, whence it spread to all parts of Europe, reaching England in about 1714. The other species of poppy were already known to Europe, for Gerard, writing in 1597, says of them: "Being of many variable colours and of greater beauty, although of an evil smell, our gentlemen do call them Jone Silver Pin."

Victorian England made no great favorite of the poppy, at a time when delicacy of odor and elegance of form were the prerequisites, and bouquets were enjoying national popularity. The poppy found no place in this category, for its blurring petals fall too quickly, its smell is anything but pleasant and its texture so fragile and wanting in endurance, all combine to make it unsuitable for the bouquet.

But its striking appearance, once seen, could never be forgotten, nor its color lost to the garden. Carlotta, the wife of Maximilian of Austria, remembered it. When she and her husband crossed the sea, after they had accepted the empire of Mexico, to take possession of their new dominions, supported by the French, they wished to institute an order to be bestowed as a mark of favor on their subjects. The empress decided on a ribbon of bright red. When Napoleon III of France heard of it, he objected, because, he said, red was the color of his own Order of the Legion of Honor, and he did not choose to have it copied. It was then Carlotta remembered the poppy. In closing a scarlet poppy petal in her letter, she wrote him that the Order of Nature evidently antedated the Order of the Legion of Honor, and that she chose her ribbon from the hue of the poppy.

A few weeks after his arrival a French army officer came to see Byron. The girls were curious as to the object of his visit, for Byron foretold nothing, merely smiling with that exasperating twinkle in his eyes. And the surprise of the Indies was great when the young Frenchman pinned a medal on Byron's chest as a mark of favor from the French government for unparalleled bravery and fortitude on the field of battle and for chivalry and kindness to French widows and orphans.

That night, when Byron invited Elinor out for a walk, she was strangely shy. It had come over her suddenly that Byron was a personage.

"Elinor," said he, after they had walked a few minutes in silence, "don't you think you could like me a little, though I am not all that you had hoped for?"

"All I—hoped for?" stammered Elinor.

"Yes. You see, I know my aunt and Alice have a way of raving over people, and I could tell they'd given you a wrong impression of me. Also, my name has been a stumbling block all my life. I don't know what my parents had against me when they named me Byron. It isn't so bad with men, but girls have had a habit of judging you by name. Confess, now, didn't you rather expect to meet a shaggy-haired poet, instead of a plain John Jones?"

"Who has been decorated by the French government," said Elinor, softly, "and who never said a word about it, though he knew the decoration was coming?"

"Oh, as for that—"

"As for that," said Elinor, "I realize that poets could never have won the war for us, and that I'm a very foolish person."

"If you'll forgive my being un-Byronic," said Byron, with his humorous twinkle, "I'll forgive your being foolish. In fact, I'm pretty well pleased with you as you are."

Elinor stopped and made him an old-fashioned curtsy.

"The sentiment's mutual," she said.

Which pleased the un-Byronic Byron very much.

Land Clearing Shown in Pictures. Movies of the first land clearing school ever held in the United States, that conducted by the Marinette county (Wis.) Land Clearing association, and the University of Wisconsin last spring at Cedarville, in Marinette county, are now being shown by Secretary Livingstone of the association. These pictures were taken to supplement the educational land-clearing movies lent to the association by the university. They show actual farmers actually performing the operations directed by the best practice of land clearing.

"No; they are kept in the cellar."

"Why don't the open cars make provision for thunderstorms?"

"My dear man, don't you know that to street cars every kind is fare weather?"

"We must let bygones be bygones." "I endeavor to do so. I no longer give a thought to the time I wasted making up my mind how I would vote in the primaries."—Washington Star.

BYRON

By LOUISE M. ADDELSON.

(© 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Elinor Worth, rushing downstairs in answer to the furiously ringing doorbell, found her chum and next-door neighbor, Alice Gloring, in a wild state of excitement.

"He's coming!" panted Alice, thrusting a slip of yellow paper into Elinor's hands.

"Byron?" breathed Elinor, quite awed.

"Byron! Isn't it wonderful? Elinor, you'll just adore him. If I were not engaged myself I'd—he's such a dear!"

Elinor did not doubt it. For two years she had heard praises of Alice's wonderful cousin. For two years she had listened to the recital of his many perfections, the tales of his heroic deeds; of his kindness, his generosity, his good looks, until in her youthful imagination he had become a god. Even his name appealed to her romantic fancy. A man named Byron, she felt, could never be commonplace.

"We'll introduce you tomorrow after church," promised Alice.

And, as her friend had predicted, the following day being Sunday, Elinor was introduced after church. Mrs. Gloring performed the ceremony with a little flutter of pleasure. She was fond of Elinor, and matchmaking was her hobby.

"My nephew, Byron, dear Elinor, just returned from service. Byron, darling, Alice's best friend, Miss Worth."

Elinor lifted her eyes. She tried to say something pleasing and polite, but her tongue refused to obey her. Something was wrong with the world. The sunshine became hateful, the songs of the birds a mocking chorus. For Byron, the Byron of her imagination, the poetic creature of her maiden fancies, had taken unto himself wings and fled; and in his place stood an odious, long-limbed, quite un-Byronic creature with sandy hair, light blue eyes, a wide mouth and a nondescript nose.

"Isn't he just too sweet?" murmured Alice in Elinor's ear.

Elinor flushed, not so much at Alice's words as at the sudden twinkle in Byron's eyes.

The days wore on. Elinor survived the shock she had received. She met Byron frequently and even learned to like him. That gay twinkle in his eyes seemed to relieve his plainness. But she felt that Fate had played a cruel joke on her, nevertheless, and that she would not be the same again. The real Byron could never attain a truly Byronic place in her imagination. But he had been in service and it was her duty to be kind to him, so she helped Alice entertain him. She walked with him, talked with him, drove with him and felt herself very magnanimous in doing it.

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FINGER PRINTS DO CHANGE

Experiments Show That "Ridges" That Cover One's Fingers and Toes "Weather" With Age.

The curious and elaborate patterns of tiny ridges that cover one's fingers and toes remain unaltered through life, but recent study has shown that with advancing age the ridges show signs of "weathering," and are crossed here and there by cracks.

A comparison made of the finger prints of Sir William Herschell, dated 1861 and 1914, proved that there had been no change whatever in the patterns during the intervening period. It was he, by the way, who originated the finger print idea as a safeguard for documents. The notion of using them for the identification of individuals was developed later.

For purposes of identification, too prints are just as good as finger prints. The entire sole of the foot, as well as the whole palm, is covered with the same sort of patterns, and in maternity wards of hospitals babies' foot prints are commonly filed to prevent mix-ups.

MOTHER HAD PRACTICAL EYE

Of Course Roses Were More Romantic Than Groceries, but in Those Hard Times—

Every month he sent her violets, or roses, or some sweet bloom. And all the time the price of food was going up and up and up.

After a few weeks of it the young lady put on her thinking cap and sat down at her writing table.

"Dearest, darling boy," she began.

"Of course I love the flowers you send me, but doesn't it seem rather a waste while everything is so dear, and mother says wouldn't it be better if you could, perhaps, send half a dozen new-laid eggs and a loaf of bread and some tea tomorrow instead, and she wants particularly to let you know that she can only drink China tea because of her weak digestion. Heaps of kisses. Your own NELL."

GAINED HIS HEART'S DESIRE

Naturally Harold Was Pleased, Though Young Lady's Statement Might Seem Ambiguous.

On entering his club one evening a young Philadelphian was accosted by a friend, who exclaimed:

"Why, Harold, you are positively beaming! What's up?"

"I am in the greatest luck imaginable," responded Harold. "You see, I have been attentive to a pretty Law-downer girl for more than a year. During all of that time she would never admit that she loved me; she would only say that she respected me. But now, old chap, congratulate me, for last night she confessed that she respected me no longer—that she loved me!"

Playing the Game. "How must I conduct my campaign?" asked the inexperienced candidate.

"Promise 'em anything," said the manager.

"But suppose I promise something I can't perform and the public holds me to strict accountability?"

"If you get elected you'll want to run again, won't you?"

"Of course."

"Exactly. When your first term is ended you can tell the voters you didn't have time to put through all the great reforms you had set your heart on, and they must send you back to finish the job."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Inspiration. When A. M. Dockery, now an assistant postmaster general, was governor of Missouri he was at one time called upon for an impromptu speech.

"I am not prepared to make a speech," he stated, "and must emulate the example of an old negro preacher. One Sunday morning this preacher took his pulpit and announced, 'Dis mawnin', bredderest and sistern, I mus' depend upon de inspiration ob de Lawd faw mah sermon, but next Sunday I hopes to come bettal prepared!'"

Spiritual Cheer. General Leonard Wood said at a dinner in Washington:

"The front was a merry place, a grimly merry place. I wasn't long at the front, but long enough to see that. I remember a motto that I saw scrawled over the entrance of a very dangerously situated dugout. It said: 'When you're down think of Jonah. He came out all right.'"—Denver Times.

A La Munchausen. "Were you up very high on your flying trip?"

"Yes. While we were coming down, the propeller was dripping with whipped cream—"

"Whipped cream! What do you mean?"

"Why, we cut through the milky way."

The Main Question. "Should Lefthook or Plexus win that prize fight?"

"Lefthook should have the best of the argument."

"I am not interested in who has the best of the argument. How about the fight?"—Detroit Free Press.

Its Description. "How could a rich florist's pile best be described?"

"I should think it might be called a flower barrel."

HIS LUCKY DAY

By WINIFRED ADAMS.

Dick Morrison was visiting in Greenwood. In the afternoon he had met the famous fortune teller at Greenwood. Dick Morrison had been a summer resort of Dick's father. Greenwood had seemed to be a place of good luck to Dick, for it was here that he had met the famous fortune teller at Greenwood.

"Come to think of it, now, she can predict that Thursday would be my lucky day. By the way, Thursday is the day I return to town—I'm going to be on the look-out for luck," and at the mere thought of ever being superstitious over lucky days or fortune tellers, Dick smiled. It was ludicrous to both Dick and Ned that any of the kypay's predictions would ever come true.

The 8:14 was late, as usual, Thursday morning, and Edna Walton peddled up and down the platform at Newfall station mentally criticizing the railroad and all connected with it. On her manicuring parlor windows in Whitton City was written, "Open at 8:30," and now it was close on 10:30. She had spent the week-end with a girl friend at Newfall and was in a hurry to get back to the city and her business. Edna Walton conducted a manicuring parlor called Miss Walton's manicuring parlor. She was twenty-one, rather small, had large, laughing brown eyes and a wealth of curly brown hair.

Dick Morrison jumped from the train at the station and greeted Edna Walton. Dick Morrison had been at Greenwood for the last few days. He had been at Greenwood for the last few days. He had been at Greenwood for the last few days. He had been at Greenwood for the last few days. He had been at Greenwood for the last few days.

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