

## IN COLOR SCHEME

Harmonious Hues Should Be Aim, Fashion Writer Says.

Choice of Pleasing Shades Affects Mental and Physical Health and Happiness; Avoid Discord.

Much that is beautiful in art, nature, and in costume makes its appeal to us through color, asserts a fashion writer. We see a rare picture, or we are attracted by a pretty gown, or we look upon a bed of poppies nodding in the wind, and exclaim, "How beautiful!" If we but stopped to analyze that remark, we should realize that the common quality that appeals to us in these different cases is color.

The choice of a harmonious color scheme in clothing and in the decorating of our homes affects our mental and physical health and so our general happiness. Color has virtually the same effect on us as music. It makes us sad or it makes us happy; it invigorates or depresses us. It is a language without words. And just as we are annoyed by discord in music, so are we disturbed by discord in color.

All music is based on the octave. All color music is based on the color of the rainbow, which is the best color chart. A particular color is like a particular note in music. It may be pleasing even by itself, but it is much more pleasing when it is combined with discordant colors. Every note on the violin or piano, as every color of the rainbow, is pure in itself; but when combined with notes that are not related to it and to one another, it produces a discordant effect. So, to produce harmonious results, one color must be related in some way to the other color or colors, with which it is combined. For a brown dress, for instance, following the correct color chart, one combination would be violet blue, which is the complement of brown; another combination would be orange-yellow, for brown is its tertiary shade. Brown also may be combined with cream or lavender, for the tertiary tint.

There are three primary colors, red, yellow and blue, the pure hues of which are called the intense, or spectral colors. There are six of these, as you know: red-orange (a mixture of yellow and red); blue-violet (a mixture of red and blue); yellow-green (a mixture of yellow and blue).

The spectral colors are divided into two classes: warm and cold. Red, orange and yellow are warm; green, blue and violet are cold. As a rule warm color combinations are to be preferred; but when complementary colors are used, warm and cold are nicely balanced, and the effect is always pleasing. For example, in a room furnished in brown tones with hangings and upholstery of blue, a judicious use of orange-yellow or gold for the bright color note produces a harmonious effect.

Knowing, then, the basic rules of color combination, and looking to nature as the best teacher in color harmony, we should apply those rules to our clothes, our homes and our handicrafts.

## HENNA CLOTH AND CARACUL



With the snappy cool days this suit of henna cloth trimmed with caracul around the coat cape promises to be one of the season's favorite modes.

### Necklines Not So Low.

As for the neckline, that most important consideration in the matter of gowns for evening wear, they are not so startlingly low as they were a year ago. Indeed, some of the couturiers have made quite a concession in this direction and are showing necklines that are conservative, while other dressmakers have made them as low as they dared to suit their particular type of clientele. After all, this point is largely a matter of taste.

## THE SMART TRICOLINE FROCK



With the addition of a fur one can wear this smart tricolored frock well into the season.

## STYLES IN EVENING GOWNS

Long and Slim Dresses Chief Note at Paris Openings—"Bouffant" Draperies Disappear.

The chief characteristic about the latest among the evening gowns shown at the Paris openings is the fact that they are all long and slim. The "bouffant" draperies of last season have all disappeared and there remain only those lines which follow the grace of the natural figure. All of the materials which were used in those beautiful gowns of last season are still seen, only this year they never protrude in any way.

The thicker fabrics are being used for the formal evening gowns of the winter, velvets, thick satins with heavily woven backgrounds that make them drapable, and metal cloths, which are more apt to be plain than brocaded. The new metal materials look like thick and lustrous taffetas, with, of course, much more quality and body about them and always with that sumptuous glitter woven into their meshes. Lavin remains faithful to the full dress, and she has created one famous model called the "Empress Eugenie," for which is promised a wave of popularity. It is made of white net with flutings for trimmings and with youthfully drooping shoulders that cannot help but charm.

Lace gowns and gowns in feminine favor, especially for gowns for wear at night. After all it is the handsomest of all materials, and there is always that very feminine charm connected with it which cannot be duplicated by any other fabric. And because at the present time lace is more scarce than it has ever been, therefore it is more popular for those who lead in fashion. It cannot possibly be imitated. It must be its own handsome self or nothing at all. Many gowns are seen made partly of lace and partly of some other material, the two being draped together in an original manner. Lace caps are noticeably present, and lace flowing sleeves or lace overdresses are all in the limelight.

## BLOUSES FOR COLD WEATHER

Chiffon Velvet Comes in for Popular Favor for Late Fall and Winter Wear.

For cold weather wear a good deal of confidence is expressed in the popularity of chiffon velvet blouses. Just at present this blouse is being used more as a window decoration than anything else, but the fabric certainly makes up into an effective garment, and when worn with a satin or lace separate skirt a decidedly becoming afternoon frock is usually the result.

Crepe de chine, crepe meteor, and other soft silks, usually with a crepe weave, but with definite "body," are being extensively used for blouses for the fall and winter season. One of the distinctly new trimmings noted is patent leather in vividly contrasting colors. Appliqued motifs of patent leather are used as well as straight bandings, pipings and belts. One navy crepe meteor blouse recently seen, made on the surplice tie-back line, was trimmed strikingly with collar and cuffs of bright red patent leather. The sleeves were full length and close fitting.

The surplice "tie-back," made with a straight hanging panel back, is one of the new styles. The fronts cross at the waistline and the ends are drawn to and across the back panel, where they are tied in a bow or fastened with an ornamental buckle.

### Eyes or Teeth May Be Cause.

Do not take drugs to cure the headache, says the United States public health service. Consult a doctor, a dentist or an oculist to see if the cause can be located. Often the eyes or teeth may be at fault.

## OBJECT LESSON ON TRAFFIC

Accident Added Weight to New York Traffic Policeman's Order to Pedestrians.

On a road on Long Island there is a dangerous spot where five main roads come together. It is said that more than 100,000 automobiles pass there on Sunday. A stocky-built little policeman, known to nearly all New York motorists, stands there all day long regulating traffic. His arms are continually going like semaphore, but he always manages to say something pleasant—or caustic—to passers-by. This little policeman is very proud of his responsibility, and is imperious of gesture.

At a busy moment on a Sunday afternoon not long ago a pedestrian started to cross the road among the turning cars. Out of the corner of his eye the little policeman had just noted the approach of a woman driving a diver.

"Stand back there!" he called to the pedestrian. "Don't you dare stop off that curb!" This with an imperious wave of his white-gloved hand. "Stop!" he again ordered as the man started again. "There's a woman driving a car—never can tell what they'll do!"

At that very moment, while the policeman's back was turned, the woman driver became confused, and with a full plunk her car hit the officer squarely in the back, knocking him down and skimming his arms and face. Luckily, he was not run over. His dignity, though, was terribly upset. Painfully rising, he brushed himself off, but said not a word to the woman. "Now," he called out, shaking his fist at the pedestrian on the sidewalk, "now, I needn't you stand back when I tell you!"—Saturday Evening Post.

## PROFIT GOES TO UNCLE SAM

All Paper Money That Goes From the Treasury and Falls to Return Is "Velvet."

If you subscribe to the philosophy that one man's loss is another man's gain, to whom do you suppose, does the profit accrue when you forget to take your package from its hiding place in the parlor stove before lighting the fire in the fall? If you drop a dollar bill and it blows into the gutter and is never recovered, who profits?

If you fall into the river and drown and your remains take their place permanently in Davy Jones' locker, who is to the good to the extent of the modest roll in your vest pocket?

The answer to one and all of these questions is, Uncle Sam. Every piece of paper money that goes out from the treasury and falls to return, profits the government to the extent of its face value. If it is a gold or silver certificate the metal which was placed in the treasury for its redemption is never allied forth.

If it is a federal reserve note or a national bank note, the securities that have been deposited as a guarantee at the time of its issue, or their equivalent, remain in the treasury. So is there solace to the patriot who so loses his wallet that if it is not found by another its contents are applied to the expenses of the government.

### Doubletons Now Merely Bullion.

Should one find a pirate's buried treasure he would have to dispose of his Spanish gold at its bullion value, for, since August 1, 1908, when the commoner made proclamation from the steps of the Royal exchange of London that after that date the doubleton would cease to be legal tender in the West Indies, including British Guiana, the doubleton has not been the precious thing it was.

In 1720, and for a century after, it was worth 88, more or less. It has ceased to be coined in its native country, Spain, and since 1908 it has been unpopular in the West Indies, where for a long time it figured in a mixed circulation embracing British, United States and Spanish coins. In the interest of commerce, however, the name must survive. It signifies nothing more than that the coin was double the value of a pistole, but the doubleton was never such a mouth-filling mockery as pieces of eight which suggests great riches, but means only Spanish silver dollars, pieces equivalent to eight reals.

### Invitations Came, All Right.

Elizabeth's second birthday was to be celebrated, so father got the job of mailing the invitations. In his hurry he forgot to do so, and dropped them in the mail box in Terre Haute. Returning late that evening, he told his wife how he remembered to mail the invitations, but not until he was out of town. With a withering glance she said: "You poor boob! I guess you didn't notice they were all marked 'City.'" Time being scarce, she at once set to work to mail a fresh batch of invitations, which arrived on the same mail as the first, the Terre Haute postmaster taking a chance on what had happened and sending them to the Indianapolis office.—Indianapolis News.

### Acquired Hauteur.

"Miss Grabcon has returned from an expensive finishing school."

"What do you suppose she learned there?"

"For one thing she learned how to keep her chin at the correct altitude for a young woman whose father is worth in the neighborhood of 20 million dollars."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## BILL JONES

By JACK LAWTON.

(A. 1920. Western Newspaper Union.)

Bob turned impatiently in the hammock.

"If you don't stop walking around, Nan," he said, "I'll move on. It's impossible to read or even to think in your uneasy presence. By all that's reasonable, what is the matter with you?"

Nan caught up a porch pillow and aimed it at her brother.

"You are the matter," she replied; "you and the rest of our aimless crowd. I am so tired of motoring with silly Claud Barnett, and you had no right to promise William Launcelot a meeting with me this afternoon. His name shows what he would be like; I don't want to know him."

Bob regarded his sister.

"Your real trouble," he said frankly, "is too much good fortune. If you had to get out and work like some girls it would be better for you."

Nan merely nodded her pretty head. "I think so too," she said—"and the same to yourself."

"I," her brother lazily remarked, "am contented with things as they are. The rule does not apply. However," he laughed as he opened his book, "if ambition overwhelms you get out on the farm and help Cy with the grapes."

"I'll do it," she said; "it will be different. I'm going to get on a ginghams dress and start for the vineyard now. I will apply incognito—Suey Tucker from Tuckersville; don't you dare breathe a word."

Bob grinned.

"Yes—you will," he teased, but Nan was gone. Her pink ginghams dress was appropriately faded, and she tucked her hair under a common garden hat and steered her little car farmyard. She found a convenient parking place in a wooded spot, and walked on in a cheery sense of adventure. The pickers were variously assembled and the spreading vineyards made an inviting picture.

The man called Cy was not pleasing, as she had hoped to find him. Nan was really a bit disappointed; perhaps in all this picturesqueness she had also hoped to find a diverting picturesque personality. Cy was matter of fact to brassiness.

"Get busy if you want the job," he answered her third application, and pointed out the way.

Nan approached the loaded vines hesitatingly, then smiled, and began her task. The morning was extremely hot, to the end of the orderly row seemed a "long, long trail" indeed. But presently as she hummed and conscientiously picked, a man came down the long trail with a basket.

"Good day for picking," he pleasantly remarked.

Nan nodded. She was not acquainted with the etiquette of the vineyard, but as the young man interspersed soft whistled tunes with casual conversation, she forgot about etiquette and answered him in good-natured camaraderie.

"My name is plain Bill Jones," he told her. "Easy to remember. I'm not working here regularly—just filling in. And you—?"

Nan turned down the brim of the garden hat to hide her confusion. "I'm just filling in, too," she said.

"Where are you going to eat your lunch?" Bill Jones asked in the friendly manner which was not in the least presumptuous.

"I am going to eat mine back in a shady spot near the fence. Aunt Tilly fixed a generous packet of sandwiches for me, and doughnuts. You will have to have one of those. Aunt Tilly's doughnuts were made to be shared."

"Thanks," said Nan; "I will."

But the shrewd dark eyes read her subterfuge as she attempted to slip away.

"You haven't brought lunch with you," accused Bill Jones. "Please stay and share mine."

And some way or other the appealing "please" was impossible to resist. Two soiled and weary pickers promptly made their way to a certain shady place near the fence, and commenced as they ate their meal.

"I think," said Nan at last in a small voice, "that I'll just work an hour more, then go. It does make one's back ache, doesn't it?"

Bill Jones was at once sympathetic. "Stop right where you are, if you feel that way," he advised.

Nan went slowly and regretfully down the road to a woody spot where she had parked her car; it seemed a pity to have to run a way from the only really happy day of one's visit, just because convention made that sort of happiness forbidden. Whatever would the Wilkins and her own family think of her enjoyment in such chance acquaintanceship? She gazed ruefully at her stained ginghams dress.

"Thought I'd get in and run the car out for you," a voice remarked. Bill Jones, in neat customary attire, sat in the seat.

"Step in, Miss Nan Taxley," he persuaded. "Please do not deny the friendship I have worked so hard to win. I was sitting around the curve of the Wilkins' veranda this morning when you and Bob were talking. I am the William Launcelot Bob was anxious to have you meet. William Jones Launcelot, forester by profession—cut out the Launcelot, if you like."

Nan smiled.

"I like Bill Jones," she said, and stepped into the car.

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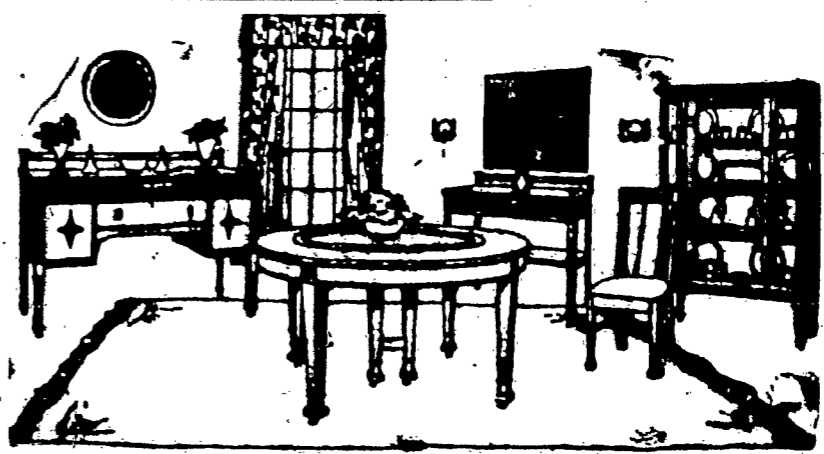
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In the Art Gallery.

"Statue of Julius Caesar. Rather bald."

"The next one is Balduz."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Explanation.

"How is it that young men can kiss girls whose faces are so unnaturally whitened?"

"Because most of them are ex-soldiers who are not afraid to face powder."

Keep the carburetor adjusted at the leanest possible mixture—a lean mixture reduces carbon deposits.

The Worst Kind.

First Red—It can't be so bad in the American prisons. They tell me they have no tortures there.

Second Red—Don't you believe it. They give you a bath and make you work.

Most car owners know that the use of felt washers under the iron washers in certain instances is a useful idea.

Proof Positive.

"This watch is not a new one."

"Brand new, sir. Has never been out of the shop."

"Can't I see for myself it is a second-hand affair?"

The best way to avoid trouble when touring is to "look out for the other fellow on the road."

Tires ought to receive more than the usual attention because of the increased cost this year.