

Writers Ask Austrian Chancellor To Stop Output Of Obscenity

Vienna, Nov. 9.—Dr. Weber, vice-chancellor of Austria, has received from the Austrian branch of the German League of Writers a protest against the present output of pornographic literature.

The protest is, in part, as follows: "The Austrian group of the German League of Writers feels it a duty to take a definite stand in regard to the increased output, in the fields of books and of journalism, of publications which exceed all bounds of decency and morality and which, masking under the name of science or philanthropy or else openly, under no mask whatsoever, pursue no other aim than that of carrying on a lucrative business by serving to the reading public a constant output on sexual arguments, thus stimulating the most perverse instincts.

"The result of this shameless industry, carried on without scruples, is not merely a weakening of the moral sense, the subversion of moral principal, the corruption of youth and the ruin of the intellectual and physical health of the people; the habit of continuous stimulation of these perversities, imposed on large numbers of the population by advertising, also leads to the complete loss of good literary taste and a loss of interest in all sane, good writing.

"In the name of the dignity of the literary world, the League of Writers which, as an intellectual power has not merely rights but likewise important duties, raises a protest against the unlimited toleration of abuses of the pen, abuses which serve the unrestrained desire for gain to the detriment of the public welfare.

"As in other fields so too in the domain of the press and literature forceful measures must be adopted to parry, before it be too late, the attacks on the public welfare, including the moral health of the people. And just as measures are taken against opium, cocaine and narcotics, so to should effective steps be taken to stop the poison which flows from the pen of certain writers of obscenity.

"The freedom of the press is an important and valuable treasure of culture, and the League of Writers would be the last to renounce so beneficial a conquest. But liberty is beneficial only if there exist guarantees that it will not be abused.

The note concludes with a request for legislation concerning the freedom of the press, which, preserving the principal of freedom will exclude the possibility of abuses destructive to the principles of morality.

Archbishop Mannix Finds Ireland Sound, Leaders Alone Bitter

Dublin, Nov. 9.—When entering Dublin after his journey through the country districts, Archbishop Mannix caused his carriage to pause for a moment while he saluted the place where Robert Emmet was executed. Then, surrounded by torch-bearers, he proceeded to the great hall of the Rotunda to receive civic honors. The building being much too small for the assembly, his Grace had to address the huge crowd outside as well as within.

He prophesied that the Boundary Commission Report would be unsatisfactory and that "it would be far from giving the South, what the South was promised." Apart from this point he displayed considerable optimism. "Ireland," he said, "is sound. Those who think otherwise will learn the fact to their cost, and before long I bear away to my distant home the strong conviction that Ireland is not done with yet."

He expressed himself as highly pleased with the tone and outlook of the ordinary population in all the districts through which he passed. "Whatever bitterness or narrow-mindedness there is in the leaders, there is none in the people. They have lately been lectured a good deal about the example of Denmark. The only big thing that Denmark can teach them is that a nation has no need to abandon its own language in order to be successful. But I have no doubts or fears on that subject. Ireland will abandon nothing—because she has not abandoned her Faith."

He concluded: "Believe me, better times are coming. As Irishmen let us aim at peace—peace with one another. Try, I ask you with all the sincerity in the world, try to devise a means by which all Irishmen can stand on a common platform. God will help you to do it."

An ornate copy of the municipal resolution conferring on his Grace the Freedom of Dublin City was presented to him in a solid silver casket of magnificent Dublin workmanship.

Klan Will Back Bill Forcing Candidates To Announce Religion

Richmond, Va., Nov. 13.—Ku Klux Klan members of the Virginia House of Delegates will sponsor a bill at the next session of the legislature to require all candidates for public office to specify their religious affiliations when filing notices of their candidacies. The legislature meets in January.

He Was Mother's Architect

By RUBY DOUGLAS

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"WHO is that strange and good-looking young man I see you driving about with, Kit?" asked one of Katherine's associates in the village bank.

"He's not too bad looking, is he?" countered Katherine, mischievously. "That doesn't answer my question," insisted her friend.

Katherine smiled enigmatically. "Oh—he's only mother's architect."

"And what, pray, is your mother doing with an architect?" "Mother is going to have a wonderful new home for her silver wedding present from father. He has given this young architect carte blanche to go ahead and make her some plans and—well, mother gets a little tired going over to the grounds with him. That's all." Katherine was very matter of fact about her explanation.

"It wouldn't be at all if I had to go tramping about with him very much," said Kit. "He's very attractive looking and—well, you know what propensity does."

"To some people—not to unromantic folks like me. To me, Mr. Williams is merely mother's architect," announced Katherine loftily.

But the young professional man and the daughter of the prospective owner of the lovely new home continued to be seen together either in Katherine's coupe or in his own rather heavier car. And the village lookers-on did hazard a guess here and there.

They were reckoning without knowledge, however.

Weston Williams was not the type Katherine Foster would fall in love with even if she were in a receptive mood. And she was not. Her heart had already been promised elsewhere but it was as yet a secret. And, she learned as she drove and walked with the young architect, he had had a most unhappy love affair.

Katherine and the architect would laugh and make merry over what the villagers did not know.

"Let's give them a touch of high life," the young man suggested to Katherine, one morning. "I've had wonderful news from Helen. Her father and mother have begun to see that the girl won't have anyone but me—that she's utterly miserable. They don't want to give in, so my girl writes me that she and I are to elope as it were. Take French leave. Isn't that great?"

"But what's the touch of high life for us?" asked Katherine, bewildered. "Oh—I forgot that, in my exuberance. You, if you don't mind, are to go with us. She is to motor over here tomorrow and you will go with us to Locust Valley and we'll be married—she and I," he explained.

"Oh, I begin to see," said Katherine. "We are to disappear and the villagers will think we've eloped. Oh, that will be fun. I'll tell mother all about it and she'll see the joke. I'll have a lot of fun with Ned, too. He and I are going to be married in the spring after father and mother get into their new house."

"Can't you just see the good sisters nodding and whispering when you and I have disappeared together in a car tomorrow?"

They could hardly attend to the details of the job that day, so full were they of their plans.

The next day they drove through the village apparently entirely devoted to each other. They did not notice the passerby on the village corners and the girl in the bank saw them—as they had intended she should—just when their heads were closest together over a matter of choosing the place for the bridal supper.

"Jane saw us," laughed Katherine. "I saw her see us," he added.

They picked up Weston's fiancée at the station and hastily bore her out of the village by a back road.

Everything went without a hitch at the ceremony and when the telephone rang repeatedly that evening for Katherine, Mrs. Foster said that her daughter was not at home. She had gone out with Mr. Williams, the architect. In the morning and had not returned.

Late that night Mrs. Foster received a call from her daughter.

"Mother, dear, I just hate to tell you but—I am married."

"Married?" almost screamed her mother on the telephone.

"Yes—the romance of it all got into my veins so completely that while we three were motoring over to Locust Valley to the minister's house I just decided that there was no sense for Ned and me to wait for your silly old house to be finished. I telephoned him—we needed another witness anyway. He hurried along and—we were all married together. We'll be back in the morning, mother dear," said Katherine.

There was nothing else for Mrs. Foster to say except "Bless you," which she did with all her heart. She saw for a moment the picture of her own young lover on the day that they had taken their affairs into their own hands. And now, since they were celebrating their quarter-century wedding anniversary, she could hardly say no to their first-born and make her unhappy.

The villagers did get a shock.

Hard Work

"Do you play the fiddle?" "No. My fruitless struggles to pick a winner could hardly be designated as play."

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

SIBERIAN TIGERS

"The winter is coming," said Mr. Siberian Tiger.

"Let it come," said Master Siberian Tiger.

"The people will shiver," said Mr. Siberian Tiger.

"Let them shiver," said Master Siberian Tiger.

"They will wear furs and even then they will be cold," said Mr. Siberian Tiger.

"Serves them right," said Master Siberian Tiger. "Who ever asked them to wear furs?"

"I'm sure I didn't."

"I know that is true," said Mr. Siberian Tiger.

"I know it is," agreed Master Siberian Tiger.

"We came from Siberia and so we are called the Siberian tigers," said Mr. Siberian Tiger.

"There is nothing strange or wonderful or interesting about that," said Master Siberian Tiger.

"We are used to cold weather and so here in the zoo they let us live out-of-doors," continued Mr. Siberian Tiger.

"They had better do so," said Master Siberian Tiger. "If they want to keep us, for we would not look so beautiful and handsome with our big bodies and our fine fur if they put us inside, where it is so warm and hot."

"People think we're strange when they see that we live out-of-doors during the coldest days of winter," said Mr. Siberian Tiger.

"Hearken to me," said Master Siberian Tiger. "It matters not what people think, for people aren't Siberian tigers and they can't understand our ways."

"So I don't worry about them, but I do my own way and I think my own way."

"Let me tell you, Mr. Tiger, we would be better off if we all did as I do, and were quite without interest in what people think."

"Without a doubt you are right," said Mr. Siberian Tiger. "I'll take the hint."

So the tigers walked and paced and raced and growled and ate and slept.

They paid no attention to any one but thought of the beautiful winter ahead of them—just a little ahead of them.

The Hippopotamus Agreed to Send One.

them, and they thought how much they would enjoy the cold weather out-of-doors which the zoo people let them enjoy because they knew what Siberian tigers liked.

And the next time Mr. Siberian Tiger talked about the winter which would be along so soon, he said:

"The glorious winter will soon be here, and I'm glad, and I don't care if people think I'm queer or not!"

It was a beautiful sight to see them, too, out-of-doors on the cold, snapping days of winter, their fur looking so handsome and their eyes looking so thoughtful they were more contented here at this time of the year than at any other.

But they were too indifferent to people and to the other creatures in the zoo to send a zoologist to the Zoolet society, which, as you know, is a society in which different creatures of the zoo make up little rhymes about themselves.

They were wanting a new rhyme just at this time and asked the Siberian tigers to do one, but they refused, so the Hippopotamus agreed to send one.

This was the zoologist of the Hippopotamus:

Said the good old Hippopotamus,

"Some children are so vain,

They worry over freckles,

They wish they weren't so plain,

But I'm above such nonsense,

I know my skin's not fine,

But you don't observe me fretting,

Nor going into decline!"

Her Face Her Fortune

"My sister is awfully lucky," said one little boy to another.

"Why?"

"She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates."

"Well, how was your sister lucky?"

"She came home with 18 boxes of chocolates."—Everybody's.

New Variety of Cow

Mr. Jones purchased a fine Holstein cow, of which all the family were very proud.

One day a visitor said to Mary, the three-year-old member of the household: "I suppose you have all the nice creamy milk you can drink, now?"

"Yes," replied Mary, "now we've got our old steam cow."

Silhouettes That Are in Limelight

Flare and Waistline Chief Features Offered by Paris Makers.

The passion for slenderness will not subside, and every one of the accepted silhouettes of the season pays homage to the willowy line, observes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune. There were many predictions last summer to the effect that pulchritude was about to return to the bounties of the mode, that the marked waistline and the full and flaring silhouettes were paving the way for the revival of a sort of modified Amazon, statuesque to the point of being plump.

When the Paris couture first blared its fall message to a rampant world, these prophecies seemed in a fair way of being realized. The predominance of the flare and molded bodies, the princess silhouettes du soir, the defined and higher waistline all seemed inclined to lift the bar against the long harassed' embellished and the outlook was dark indeed for the daily douse.

The chic Parisienne, however, was otherwise inclined. She accepted the flare, she gave a hearty welcome to the princess silhouette and the waistline, but in every instance with the reservation that her hard-earned slenderness was to remain the basis of the new styles. And her verdict has been eagerly echoed by smart society on these distant shores. Eat, drink and be merry is deferred to a later day.

Yet if the general effect of the outline has remained slender, the silhouette has otherwise undergone some vital changes, significant enough to inspire prophecies of a new fashion cycle. The mobile silhouette, which has also been called kinetic, swinging and floating, has generally succeeded the immobile, by contrast, straightline. This new outline, which becomes a lithe, graceful, fantasy when its wearer is in motion, has got to incorporate some species of flare in its makeup. It can be at the front, the sides or the back, it can concentrate below the knees or it may be inaugurated at the waistline and even as high as the shoulders, but somewhere it must be the moving order of autumn, 1925.

It is interesting to note the various manners in which the leading Paris designers arrive at the new outline. Captain Molyneux, for instance, using either the flare or circular cut on his robes du soir, concentrates fullness below the knees.

Joan Pateu, on the other hand, inaugurates the distended effect above the knees. Lucien Lelong, apostle of the kinetic silhouette, employs a tucked flounce which has its origin above the knees and which flares widely and suddenly. The molded bodies of Paul Poiret's contribution, and its exceptionally high waistline overshadow the moderate skirt flare, and there is the cape-back flaring from shoulder or hips—from the former in this instance—characteristically exemplified in Chanel model of black mollesse de sole. Even the old order is



Shimmering Silver, Featuring Gracefully Knotted Sash.

represented in the straight-line street dresses of Paton and Molyneux. If you will add to these themes the back flare, the bolero effect, the bustle drape, the jacket ensemble and the princess outline, you will have a fairly complete catalogue of the broadening methods of the new silhouettes.

Which of these various flares you select for your own is not of great consequence. It is important to remember, though, that the flare increases in width and significance as the day grows older. The informal morning frock may be quite straight, the street dress, should preferably flare in a moderate manner, formal afternoon clothes must always broaden distinctly and without compromise, while the evening gown should show the new elaboration by an

possible flare. The flare, in a word, runs clockwise.

Waistline Waiving.

There was a lot of early-season whispering concerning the clearly marked waistline and even now that predilection is a little uncertain of its welcome. But any one who has seen the attractive models which stream the waistline will doubt its return. In our own opinion it is the most effective theme in the new fall and winter mode. On the young it creates an impressive presence of conservative youth. Doubly welcome after these basal years of sophisticated tubidity, while for the matron it substitutes a graceful natural line for the imposed panel of silhouettes. The waistline has succeeded in return as when that it caused the another cry of woe to predict its fall. This time, however, the woe is real. At the door—the distinctly defined waistline has its place in every case wardrobe of autumn and winter, and its return means that the fashion woman is no more as far as the Paris mode is concerned. Apart from the



Brown Gown as Shown and Trimmed Late in Fall.

simple two-piece jumper suit, which still permits the straight line, the new silhouette is clearly defined as one of the most developed of the new styles. As the waistline drops to its lowest point, where the natural curve in, and so the curve of the skirt must mold the figure to its best look in keeping.

Several of the most famous houses are using the waistline that is slanting low on the hips at the back and slopes up in front to finish in the center with a jeweled motif or buckle. With this line the skirt below usually has a full flare at the front and sides. This silhouette is particularly approved by Lucien Lelong, who fits in with the conception of the kinetic silhouette. The front and side flares are used with impartiality by Joan Pateu and several others, while still others favor all-round gowns at a group of plaits or other kind of fulness at the back to give the same back flare that forms the bustle-like silhouette sponsored by Kravet, Magali et Almand and some of the more conservative houses.

Explaining the kinetic silhouette with some show of virtue by the Paris couturiers, is one of the interesting phenomena of the current season. It is not the sole smart-looking silhouette of autumn models, as the bustle and lines have also made frequent appearances but in popularity it easily heads the rest.

The principal reason for the high neckline, according to its sponsors and wearers, is to preserve the appearance of the silhouette. What with their skirts and the bustle-like silhouette, they would create a "dreadful" and "unattractive" effect. They point it out, too, as a "new" and "modern" idea of fashion—high neckline, higher waistline and the bustle-like silhouette. Both are logical enough, however.

We have a complete catalogue of the silhouette's attractions for the new season line has a more picturesque quality. Here is a mode which is long and slender, yet step ahead of the fashion of the day. And a notable characteristic of the ladies who sport it was that they stepped in the limitations of the mode and more so. Along comes the high neckline which would have been considered even in these pre-war days and was more natural than the mid-century mode, according to the light and training of her earlier days. "Oh, and I hope," she tells the guest of her wardrobe, "look at this slender back, and how it holds your peace." If the picture of the entire silhouette is to be seen in the end and think that it is entirely hidden, but it is thoroughly sufficient unto this day.

Shaded Veil for Gown

Some of the new evening gowns are made of shaded velvet. The gowns are exceedingly simple and depend for their chic upon their color combinations.

Partial Outline

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Stoves, Ranges

Gasoline, Kerosene

Coal, Wood

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