

Charm and Style in Evening Gowns

Severity Gives Way to New Variations; Many Colors and Fabrics.

Evening dress has never been more beautiful than it is shown this season. As long as a severe, unvaried style prevailed, there was little inspiration or opportunity for originality. The only chance for variety was in the one item of material. Now, observes a fashion authority in the New York Times, liberated lines have come in—the flare and flounces, godets and drapery, with all the charm and style, the art and grace of the creator's own idea. Among the gowns received from the most distinguished houses in Paris are some of every known fabric, trimming and type. A dinner dress of ivory velvet embroidered in pearls and silver thread is further embellished with white fox fur. The antithesis of this regal style of gown is one of sea green crepe, on which are embroidered scattered sprigs of small flowers and leaves in their natural pink, white and bronze. This needlework is veiled with a tunic skirt of pale green tulle, gathered very full at the belt, which marks the line of the hips. It has a fro-u effect at the bottom, finished with a full ruche of tulle. A soft, swathing sash, drawn about the hips and knotted at one side, with fringed ends, forms a decorative touch on this gown.

The beaded gown, returning with all the appeal of an absolute novelty, is exceedingly fashionable. From some of the best houses have come some delightful frocks for dinner, the opera and the dance, beaded in sparkling crystal, in pearls and colors, with cleverly intermingled needlework of silk and metal thread. This new version of the beaded gown is in no way commonplace. It has grace of shape and the broken line of the uneven hem is a distinguishing feature of almost all of the best models. The straight-around hem now gives to the costume a somewhat gauche appearance. Also, it is the fashion of the moment to outline a pattern upon the fine net or georgette background, rather than to bead so solidly as to give the effect of a coat of mail.

Favon Beaded Gowns. Of the French designers, Worth has gone in enthusiastically for beaded gowns, presenting one of especial beauty that alone might sustain the prestige of his atelier. It is made of chateau green crepe delicately embroidered in crystal beads. It has a round décolleté in front and very deep V at the back. A straight line model, it is made in panel shape back and front, with a soft, finely plaited godet inserted at each side to drop several inches below the hem line of the dress. A replica of this green and crystal gown is done in white chiffon beaded in glass beads over a foundation of silver lame.

Of the other French creators who indulge their fancy for the beaded gown, Douillet has done some particularly attractive models. This artist has a leaning to the metallic fabrics. Even when a silk or crepe is used for the dress foundation, metal is introduced in the design. A violet crepe dinner gown is embroidered all over with gold beads in a close overall pattern, with very delicate scrolls. A bit of scarlet elaborates the scheme somewhat, and the frock is cut down the front to show a skirt of gold lame.

Gold and silver are much liked by leading couturiers this season. Some striking styles in evening gowns show bead work and metal in motifs of oriental richness. Jenny, who ordinarily prefers soft materials and is usually restrained in composition, makes a picturesque evening dress of ivory crepe satin embroidered in colored beads, with scarf draperies of gold-colored tulle. Drecol, Premet, Patou and Vionnet are among the grandes maisons whose beaded dresses at the moment are very much in evidence and in demand. For once a distinctive mode appears to be universal, interpreted in individual models. Not only evening dresses of the more fragile materials, but also afternoon gowns of crepe or satin are elaborated with beads. Two models are of more than usual interest and beauty. In one from the house of Douillet gray chiffon is beaded with gray pearls, lightly marking a conventionalized floral design. The bottom of the gown is finished back and front with a band of gray fur. An afternoon gown done by Jenny in the jumper dress style has a slightly curving tunic bodice of satin, heavily embroidered with beads, and a skirt of finely plaited crepe de chine to match the rose tint of the bodice.

Dance Frocks in King's Blue. Louise Boulanger designs a whimsical dance frock in king's blue chiffon and rose and silver figured lame. In this refreshing little frock the long, straight bodice of lame blouses in round-about folds at the bottom, with a knotted sash and ends of the

evening gown. She usually employs chiffon and the other soft fabrics. The flare and circular cut are shown in her models almost without exception. With canny skill Mme. Vionnet has created a naive dance frock in princess style with unbroken lines rippling at the bottom. Chiffon dyed in graduated shades is used. This frock has a decorative flounce-like effect. It is given further distinction by the severely plain line of the décolleté neck and long, tight sleeves. Another model of striking character from Vionnet is composed of black chiffon and apple-green taffeta, the silk in a deep band and a pattern is applied on the black background. This gown has long sleeves that almost cover the hands. The bodice is soft, with the effect of a wide girde about the hips. This model suggests something of the period gowns, the skirt being wide and full.

Brocades Are Popular. Chiffon velvet brocades and metallic brocades make the regal costumes of the more formal variety. Callot illustrates in terms of fine stuffs and beautiful colors the possibility of elegance even with the trainless skirt. In a particularly handsome evening gown, the tunic bodice is made of brocaded chiffon velvet in green and mauve. The graceful, rather bold pattern, is outlined in gold thread and pearls. The skirt, a flounce with an uneven hem line, is of plain green velvet, attached to the bottom of the bodice with the ultra-fashionable up curve in the front. Drecol creates a stunning evening gown of gold tissue and black velvet; and in contrasting mood, Lucien Le-long presents a dance frock in pink chiffon and silver lame, with bands of silver and straw.

Sierra Leone as Home for Liberated Slaves

The first attempt to found an African settlement for liberated slaves was made 139 years ago, when Sierra Leone, on the west coast of Africa, was organized for that purpose. Doctor Smithman was author of the scheme, and Captain Thompson, in 1786, purchased the territory from "King Tom" of the Timmanahs, and began the settlement with 400 negroes and 60 Europeans.

The hostility of the natives and the complete shiftlessness of the black colonists resulted in the complete failure of the first settlement. In 1791 the survivors were collected and a new one was started with a colony of 1,200 negroes from Nova Scotia and the Bahamas. The American negroes were more successful than the improvident blacks from English territory had been, and Sierra Leone became a prosperous colony. The present republic of Liberia was started as a refuge for escaped slaves and freed blacks by the American Colonization society in 1822, but it was not until 1847 that it became an independent republic.

When Greville Slipped

Few diaries have evoked more bitterness than that of Charles Greville, whose unexpurgated records are about to be published in America. It will be interesting to see whether one incident is set down in them, for it very closely concerned the diarist himself. When Lord Clarendon became a privy councillor he called on Greville, then clerk to the council, with a check to pay the fees he thought were due. "What a good fellow you are!" exclaimed Greville incautiously. "You have no idea of the trouble I have to get them from some people. You know I have no legal right to recovery." "Haven't you?" said Clarendon, who had no reason to love the diarist, and threw his check in the fire. The story became known and it is doubtful if Greville ever received another fee.—Manchester Guardian.

Grassless Golf Course

One of the oddest golf courses in the world is found in the Canary Islands, above picturesque Las Palmas, with its orange groves and deep blue sea. Situated on a volcanic plateau, it is a case of dust, dust everywhere, and not a blade of grass. You can locate your ball by the puff of red powder that rises when it drops, and the "barancos," or dried-up water courses, are excellent bunkers. And the "greens," of course, are hard, brown areas, from which the lava has been swept.

Broader Vision

Clem Yore, Rocky mountain guide, tells of his experience in taking a famous banker to see the wonders of the timber line in the mountains of Colorado, says McClure's Magazine. The banker was first awed and then became humble.

"I'm going back to my desk with a different idea of the universe," said the banker. "Up here it doesn't make a bit of difference whether I borrow or lend."

Plants and Animals

From the study of plants we learn how to grow them more efficiently and make the fullest use of plant products; also, because life in plants and animals is similar, if not identical, and as plants lend themselves in some ways more readily than do animals to such observations, any information we can obtain on how plants "work" will almost certainly throw some light on similar functions in animals and human beings.

The Official Wall-Flower

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

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"I ADORE your name—Griselda! So romantic, you know," Mrs. Taber gushed. Griselda was tall, and a model of classic length. Almost brusquely she answered: "I wish you had it. I hate it! Such a misfit!"

"Even tall girls are not licensed to tell—tarradiddles," Joe Banks said behind her, making believe to tiptoe so as to look over her shoulder.

"Go away! You tease!" Mrs. Taber bubbled. "I have to make friends with this goddess-like person. You already know her."

"Like my spellin' book—or even better," Joe retorted with a pretense of frowning. "That's why I called her bluff. She's been waiting ever since spring for me to propose."

"Why don't you do it, and have it over?" Griselda demanded fiercely. "Fraid to—fraid you'll say no in several tones of voice—and I'm never going to cut myself out from—the best cooking in the county."

"Ax falls right here," Griselda tried to speak loftily, but giggled in spite of herself. "From this date," she went on, "you feed—otherwhere."

"Come away with me. I mustn't let you two bad children quarrel," Mrs. Taber interposed, making to lead Joseph away. He shook a stubborn head. Leading Griselda toward the sole armchair left in the big room, gently but firmly he seated her in it, then raising a mellow voice said:

"Know all men—and women—by these presents, Miss Griselda Lacy duly appointed, will serve as Official Wall Flower until we go out to supper. Nobody must even look love at her. As for talkin' it—that means shootin' at sunrise!"

Griselda settled herself luxuriously in the big chair, yawning elaborately behind her fan but everybody saw—then closed her eyes for almost two minutes, albeit wild to see Joe's next move. She had no fear for him—he was as canny as he was rash. Mrs. Taber was an open book to him—a hunch on the trail. This though her words were not even past their freshness. New mourning of course made it dreadfully bad form for her to be at a dance—even the wholly informal one improvised after the Fancher dinner. Sole outsider in a gang of twenty, she was naturally taken under advisement. In spite of the new blacks, she felt no grief for the husband who had died suddenly by way of climax to the smash that left her on the edge of poverty.

"Object, matrimony!" exhaled from her like a perfume—with Joe Banks preferred. Oddly the other women saw without resenting it. She was the vessel of vengeance for Joe's abject enthrallment with that high-mighty Griselda Lacy—who would neither take nor leave him. Serve her quite right for the Taber woman to carry him off right under her nose. Griselda, keenly sensitive, felt their attitude, but gave no sign. Suddenly she realized Joe was the center of her own.

They had grown up together, friends from the era of mud pies, and marbles. Spiritually she had made herself an Official Wall Flower—how would it seem to be that way to the end? She had loved her freedom fiercely. Suddenly there came flooding a bitter sense of what she was risking—loneliness to the end of her days. Well as Joe loved her, he was man and mortal—moreover music was after a sort his passion. Though he did not plead his need of her to brighten it, she knew well how he craved to see her in his mistress.

He was as patient as loving—but all patience has ending. She stared across the room at him, leaning upon the piano, beckoning Mrs. Taber to seat herself upon the stool. The dancers were disputing the what and how, and wherefore, of getting home through sudden heavy rain. Silently above the babble, she tried to silence came the sound of "Liddle"—Mrs. Taber sang it as though inspired. It suited her voice—and some inner sense filtered through it in poignant appeal. Joe stood suddenly very straight, swallowing hard. Griselda, after one look, turned away her eyes. Tumult possessed her—suppose—suppose the song went home. It was clearly aimed at him—and might well move a harder heart. Suppose he put her away forever—outer darkness would be no name for that. She dared not raise her eyes until wailing applause followed the last clear note.

Would Joe forget her? He could hardly in decent courtesy fail to take the singer who had given such pleasure to supper. Griselda said so to herself, sitting statue-still, calm on the surface but riotous within.

"Come on! All hands! Don't wait for anything," Mary Morgan, the hostess, called merrily from the hall. Pattering footsteps made a blur of sound—started Griselda looked up in time to see Joe, his eyes shining, a coy smile on his face, coming toward her and saying clearly: "Comin', Mary soon as I pick the Official Wall Flower," to which person he added under breath as he raised her to her feet: "I hope to wear her on my breast for life." Griselda's answer was the silence of consent.

Cause and Effect

Browne—Your daughter tells me that your wife is having her voice cultivated.

Bralne—Yes? And did she tell you that the rest of us were growing wild?

Historic Pistol Has Had Many Duplicates

There are indications that Alexander Hamilton was riddled with bullets that summer morning on the heights at Weehawken. There are too many pistols that ended his life to permit one to believe there was just one shot. Every now and then the pistol that Burr used turns up somewhere or other.

After the fatal shot the pistol that was used by Burr was turned over to Judge William Van Ness, the second of the victor—of that there is no doubt. He presented it to Col. James Bowie, who gave it to Doctor Carr of Baltimore.

In time that clever temperamental Kentucky orator, Tom F. Marshall, had an impulse, not uncommon in those days, to shoot James Watson Webb, the editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer, and in the duel arranged Carr acted as Marshall's second, and it was the Burr pistol that killed Hamilton, which Marshall used in crippling Webb for life.

The famous weapon was retained by Marshall, who gave it to his brother, and the latter carried and used it in the war with Mexico. That would have given Burr a thrill—he had so wanted to shoot Mexicans himself.

If pistols could write memoirs, what interesting stories this one with the twelve-inch barrel could tell—Houston Post.

High Explosive Power in Particles of Dust

It is not generally known that flour, sugar, starch or grain dusts are capable of working greater havoc than a high explosive, such as dynamite, says the London Tit-Bits.

In a barrel or sack flour is harmless. But if you were to take handfuls of it and throw it about until the air in the room was full of it and then light a match the house might be blown to pieces.

Flour is a combustible substance. When a cloud of it floats in the air of a room every particle is in immediate contact with oxygen, and a flame or even a spark will cause it to burn. Instantaneously the whole of it is converted into gas, which, expanding in a closed area, blows out the walls.

Powdered sugar is also extremely dangerous, while powdered apples, oatmeal and even soap will explode.

Some months ago a workman lifted the lid of a bin containing flour, and held a lighted match inside to see how full it was. An explosion took place immediately and the unfortunate man was badly injured. Yet it was not the mass of the flour that went off, but only what was afloat in the air of the bin.

A Fit Revenge

The French writer Alphonse Karr is the author of an entertaining set of books that he calls "The Wasps." It is full of amusing stories, one of which we print for the gratification of all lovers of cats, especially those whose pets have been abused or perhaps killed by unsympathetic neighbors.

Madame D. rejoiced in a magnificent cat. M. de C. amused himself one day by shooting it, whereupon Madame D. set mouse traps in her house and in the houses of her friends. When she had collected about four hundred mice, she put them in a box and sent it to Madame de C. in her chateau. Madame de C. opened it herself, hoping she would find a number of new gowns. At the bottom of the box was a note addressed to her: "Madame, your husband killed my cat. I send you my mice."—Youth's Companion.

Rhine Valley in History

Originally the whole valley of the Rhine was occupied by Celtic tribes, but about the Fourth century B. C. the Teutons began to overrun the region. They were in turn succeeded by the Romans, who were again displaced by a new Teutonic immigration, and by the year 870 the river lay wholly within the German realm. For nearly 800 years it continued in this position, the frontier of Germany coinciding more or less with the line of the Rhine. The French then began to encroach and in 1801 the whole left bank of the Rhine was ceded to France. It was not until after the Franco-Prussian war (1870-71) that the Rhine again became Germany's river. The river has on the whole always been considered as a part of Germany.

Lakes and Seas

Most geographers classify the Caspian sea as a sea. The term "sea" is generally applied to a great body of water, especially if salt or brackish. A decision delivered in the October term, 1893, by the Supreme court of the United States held that the Great lakes were seas in the legal sense of the term. The depression occupied by the Caspian sea is part of a great basin which in recent geological time included the Aral and Black seas, and probably connected by an arm with the Arctic ocean.

Great English Sailor

Sir Francis Drake, famous navigator of the time of Queen Elizabeth, sailed from Plymouth December 13, 1577, sailed around the globe and returned to England after suffering many hardships, on November 3, 1580. The queen visited Drake on his ship at Deptford April 4, 1581, and conferred upon him the honor of knight hood. He died at Panama January 28, 1596, while engaged in an expedition against the Spaniards, and was buried at sea.

Provisions of the Will

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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OLD Judge Kimber settled his will, spectacles firmly on his bony nose and regarded the three heirs of his deceased client, Alexander Dilway, with puzzled eyes.

"Ahem, I may say that I am astonished at the conditions of this will, which must have been drawn up by Mr. Dilway, during my absence in Europe last summer. Two years ago, he made a will in which he divided his estate into three parts, leaving his homestead and a generous income to his cousin, Sophia Laidlaw, he bowed toward the shabbily dressed little woman on his right. 'The rest of the estate was evenly divided between these distant young cousins, Charlotte Dilway West and Robert Alex. Dilway. It was his desire that, these distant young cousins keep the money intact by marrying each other.'

Sophia Laidlaw clucked her tongue sympathetically, for, old maid that she was, she believed that every woman should have the right of choice of her future mate. "That was just like Alexander Dilway, planning somebody else's life for 'em," she brooded. She had often thought of the Dilway homestead, where her grandfather lived. There she could give up dressmaking and live restfully on the income, but she suddenly leaned forward because the judge was talking once more. "That was the will made and signed by Alexander Dilway two years ago. Last summer he made another which I found in his safe deposit box—and I regret to say that this will leaves an annuity of \$500 a year to Sophia Laidlaw, and all the rest of the property, homestead and real and personal estate, is left jointly to Charlotte and Robert, provided they marry each other."

"Dead silence fell in the judge's office. After awhile Sophia sighed softly and the girl arose swiftly and vanished through the door.

"Five hundred a year is about ten dollars a week and it will give me a little rest now and then," said Sophia meekly, at the following Charlotte.

"The young man and the old one repeat each other. 'What can I do, Judge?'

The judge smiled kindly. "Think it over, Mr. Dilway."

Bob Dilway thought it over so long that he believed he really detected Charlotte West, also at the was.

The first person he met was Charlotte, waiting in the garden with Miss Sophia Laidlaw. "Cousin Sophia is going to show me the old box-wood maze, planted a hundred years ago, and declared to be the most difficult one to get out of in New England," said the girl coolly.

Miss Sophia smiled kindly. "Better come with us, Robert, we may need your advice," she urged and presently he followed.

Half an hour later found an extraordinary situation in the garden. The three heirs of Alexander Dilway, all very hot and angry, were glaring at each other from different sections of the maze. "Of all things," snapped Sophia. "Here I am in the heart of the puzzle, settin' on a bench, and Mr. Peterkin's volute dress promised to be finished tonight!"

"If we ever get out," said the girl in a strained voice, "I will help you finish it if it takes until midnight. I'm tired, I shall sit down on the path." She promptly dropped out of sight.

"I'll follow suit," said Robert from his distant, winding, and he, too, dropped.

Out of sight in the coolness of the hedge, he tried to think of some way to rescue these women from their plight. He blamed them for their folly in trapping themselves and him within the clever maze. If—hang it all, if Cousin Dilway hadn't specified that he should marry Charlotte, he could fall head over heels in love with the girl. He pulled out his stout jackknife and began to hack away the branches of the shrubby growth. In half an hour he crawled through to the next path, nearer Charlotte. "He was hot and scratched and disheveled, but he made another attack and another, and presently appeared close beside the astonished girl. There were traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Oh, I say," panted Bob contritely. "Hello!" shouted a staccato voice and they stood up and looked out to the edge of the maze, where Judge Kimber stood, his big panama hat pushed back from his heated face, and waving a folded paper in one hand. "Come out of that!" he added.

"Reprieve! Reprieve!" whispered the girl softly, and meeting Bob's eyes they both gave way to laughter.

"Whatever do you mean, Judge?" squeaked Miss Sophia, peering over the hedge top.

"I found another will," announced the legal gentleman, importantly. "Made just before he died, homestead and most everything goes to Sophia, and you youngsters get the rest and he don't care a hang whether you ever marry or not or die in single blessedness. He'll tell you how to get out of that maze—the secret is among the papers belonging to the estate."

"But I care—whether we marry," muttered Bob, Dilway, and Charlotte, hearing him, and being free to choose now, blushed divine approval in her shy eyes.

Way It Works

"A girl sometimes marries a man to be his inspiration."

"It seems to work."

"Anyhow, he has to."

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