

## Milady's Clothes for New Seasons

### Riviera Sponsors Kasha and Plaited Silhouette—Jumper Returns.

Though you be the merest dilettante in the ways of the mode, writes a fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune, you will have read many times of the trenchant fashion significance of the Riviera triumvirate—Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo—how each winter there congregated at this Mediterranean resort the smartest and the fairest of Europe and America, and that, out of the fashions worn here, there invariably emerge the ac-



Two-Piece Sports Dress of Pink Kasha, With High or Low Neck.

cepted styles of spring and summer. You will know, too, that the prototypes of the tea hour dresses worn now at the Hotel de Paris will shimmer bravely and smartly next summer at Narragansett and Southampton, and that the tennis frocks seen at La Festa this winter will madly scamper on the courts of Germantown and Forest Hills next August—at least in counterpart.

The critic's delight is the puncturing of popular beliefs, and we are a little unhappy that we cannot announce the fallacy of these Riviera fashion theories. A thorough research, with comparisons for many years back, was convincing evidence that the styles of spring and summer are invariably predicated upon the mode at the Cote d'Azur, and that the similarity between the two is an unparalleled fashion relationship. In no other phase does the mode come so near to being an exact science.

The most significant message of these early Riviera styles is that the new silhouette cycle has reached its second stage, at least as far as frocks are concerned. The hemline flare is being gradually curtailed in favor of what Delong has called kinetic fullness, accomplished most often by plaits. The sudden distension which was the first manifestation of the silhouette revolt is slowly going the way of all fashions.

The Tempered Flare. Among its earliest and most ardent sponsors we sorrow at the rapid passing of this hemline flare, which has been such a splendid influence on the mode, yet its tremendous popularity this winter augured no other fate. A meek fashion like the cloche may pursue its even tenor for many seasons of its vogue—a bright or striking style has a career which is glorious but ever so brief—it can pass from singularity to popularity and thence to oblivion in a single season. And although it is a little early to consign the hemline flare to the limbo of history, this much is certain: the kinetic silhouette cut on gradual flared lines will replace it in smart circles next spring—has already replaced it on the Riviera this winter.

Just what is this kinetic silhouette? Many women are under the impression that it is an outline peculiar to Lucien Delong, arrived at in some mysterious way. The name was the felicitous inspiration of Delong, but the actual silhouette is now, and has been for some time, the possession of the entire French couture. The new outline, in its simplest form, is merely plaited fullness. Instead of sudden width at the lowest point, there is general width throughout—the impression of a straight, full silhouette is given when the wearer is in repose—the kinetic or rhythmic rippling of the skirt takes place directly she walks. And the approved and most modish method of accomplishing this new silhouette is by plaits of various types and varying degrees.

Kasha to the Fore. In the matter of fabrics. There is flannel and there is crepe de chine, there is taffeta and there is lace. And then there is kasha. No material in the last decade has had anything like the merited popularity of this splendid Rodier conception, and it has earned a place in the mode which cannot be challenged. For coats, for jumpers, for afternoon frocks, kasha is ever in front—and if there is not

ing particularly new in this pronouncement it is because no material has been conceived in recent seasons to jeopardize the kasha vogue.

The most interesting colors are rose, poudre blue, mustard, almond green and wood brown. There is a surprising lack of the hectic and vivid colorings of last season. Pastel and medium hues are to be the colors that midsummer's dresses will be made in. This dictum you need not take too seriously. Despite the trend toward pastels, the new prints which are so original in conception will be a healthy influence toward vivid hues and these, too, will be a part of the spring picture.

We imagine you will have little difficulty in restraining your enthusiasm at the reappearance of the perennial jumper. So long has this vogue endured, and so numerous are its sponsors, that it is marching perilously close to the abyss of the commonplace. Of course, its new conceptions are different—the latest is the bloused effect with the yoke—but even they require the practiced hand of the artist to hold them in the ranks of the smart. None the less, and apart from what may be our unreasoned prejudice, the fact is that the jumper is very much in the mode along the Riviera and in Palm Beach, and it is undoubtedly destined for another season at least.

Fashions Are Parisian. One thing more. The international aspect of the Riviera resorts has caused a general impression that Monte Carlo, Nice and Cannes are the crucible of fashion, the melting pot of the mode, out of which come composite styles acknowledging the influence of Spain, Italy, France, England and America. In point of fact, the styles are French, and only French—for every dress seen on the Riviera is the handiwork of some one of the Paris coutures. There are, of course, various quirks peculiar to the different nationalities, but basically and essentially the fashions are Parisian. The hautes modes are many, but the haute couture is one.

The conviction is daily increasing that the next season in the annals of fashion is to be a season of details rather than fundamentals. A drastic silhouette evolution has been accomplished and there will be no radical innovations in that field—simplicity has been banished in favor of intricate styling, and that movement, too, will be continued this spring without many surprises. Necklines, waistlines and sleeves will undergo incidental



Two-Piece Lavender Jersey With Beautiful Plaited Skirt.

changes, but their broader aspects will remain the same. Realizing this, the French couture has inaugurated a series of "petits facons" which might be translated into diversifications in order to give the mode that variation which is its eternal need. You may remember that the cloche and the scarf were both originated at a time when the straight line was considered perennial, and the present moment is almost as propitious for novel incidentals.

Four diversifications have definitely been accepted on the Riviera, and we unhesitatingly suggest them to the demodistes who want to be one step in advance of the mode. First there is the Reboux gigolo, and the success of this chapeau is reminiscent of the early days of the cloche. This hat is no longer made exclusively by Reboux—in unmistakable versions it appears in the collections of every Paris modiste. It is made of felt and velours—and its principal virtue, besides its smartness, is that it can be worn for every occasion, be it formal or informal or sports.

Capes are omnipresent. They can not claim the Riviera as their birthplace, but here, at least, they have been sponsored with more definiteness and assurance than ever before. Sometimes they appear in novel forms and as often they are conventional. Our personal preference is for the latter, but in either guise they will be a distinguishing mark of the season that is about to come.

The Vogue of Green. The vogue of green finds expression in a smart little tailored frock of myrtle green crepe with frilled collar and jabot of white crepe piped with the green.

## HOW

### MONTHS OF THE CALENDAR GOT UNEQUAL DIVISION.

Perhaps not every one is familiar with the reason why all months of the year have not the same number of days. Month really means "Moon," and originally stood for the time from one full moon to the next. As man progressed a little, he began to take account of the year and to divide this second standard of reckoning into so many months. Since, however, the moon goes round the earth in 29 days, so many hours, minutes and seconds, while the true year consists of about 365 days and a bit, the sun wouldn't exactly divide properly, and the calendar got into hopeless confusion. To put this right, Julius Caesar consulted with the most learned men of his day, and devised a new calendar giving the 12 months alternatively 31 days and 30 days apiece with a special arrangement for February in Leap year. This plan, however, was upset by the vanity of Augustus, the next emperor, who thought that the month called after him should have 31 instead of 30 days, and to get at this result rearranged the program in our present system of uneven months. Even so, the division of sun years by moon months wasn't exact, and so about a century and a half ago we had again to recast our calendar to meet the problem of what is really an attempt to divide a sum which won't divide exactly.

## How Scientists Learned Secrets of the Plants

To discover how flowers feed—starve them; if you would learn why most plants grow upwards—pin them along the ground.

These are among the experiments conducted by students in the recently opened Sargent Laboratory for Plant Physiology. They study plants as living organisms, and become acquainted with the problems and dangers that beset the life of the commonest dandelion.

How plants breathe, how their food is obtained, and how they respond to imposed conditions are questions that can be answered only by experiments. The effect of supplying and withholding various "foods" is investigated; the rates at which the various plant organisms grow are measured under different conditions; so, too, is the rate of breathing.

Certain plants that require light for normal growth are placed in complete darkness, while others are bathed in light from colored arcs. Water supplies are varied and temperatures regulated. A geranium that has a curved stem is subjected to electrical treatment and made to incline a different way. In its struggles to resume its normal growth it reveals its various organs and their functions.

The Sargent laboratory is set in a small but well-stocked garden where plants are reared for experiments under almost perfect conditions.—London Mail.

## How Long Fishes Live

How long does a fish live? Not out of water. Any boy can tell that from observation. But with proper food—everything it needs?

According to Popular Science Monthly, Major F. S. Fowler of England, who has been conducting a special study to find out, reports that a catfish, with which he is acquainted, is now fifty years old and is still lively. An electric eel in the London zoo, he found, lived 12 years. Other fish age figures, as given by Major Fowler, are as follows: Carp, thirteen years; goldfish, twelve years; herring, four years; salmon, three years; brown trout, six years. A bullfrog's recorded age was fifteen years; toad, eleven years, and the giant salamander, fifty-two years.

## How to Pack China

Line your packing case with a good layer of straw, sprinkle it well with water before putting in each article filled and wrapped in soft paper and wound round with straw, and put a good layer of well-sprinkled straw between each layer of glass or china. The water makes the straw expand so that each article is firmly wedged in place.

For special treasures small cardboard or wooden boxes may be provided, into which they are tightly packed before being embedded in water-sprinkled straw.

## How to Soften Fur Rug

If a fur rug has stiffened after being washed, it can be softened by applying the following mixture to the wrong side of the rug: Three tablespoonfuls of castor oil, one of glycerine and one of turpentine. This must remain on for a week, when the rug, still on the wrong side, should be well rubbed with a smooth stone or block of wood.

## How Steering Wheel Works

The most recent improvement over the time-honored steering wheel for ships, says Popular Science Monthly, is an electric controller that closely resembles those used on street cars. A slight turn of the control handle by the helmsman causes the rudder to respond instantly.

## Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

Mary Graham Bonner

### WINTER

Old Man Winter was very busy. Before long he would be taking his departure, but before Mistress Spring came around he wanted to be as active as possible.

And when Old Man Winter wants to be as active as possible, he is being very active.

He is so energetic. Oh, Old Man Winter is so very energetic.

He went to the country places and gave them a fresh snowstorm at night, so when

they awoke the next morning, the trees, bushes and fences were covered with a soft white snow and little icicles on the top shining in the sun like diamonds.

He made it look like Fairyland—it was a wondrous sight to greet everyone as they gazed upon it when morning came.

He spread great blankets of snow over the fields and said: "Still time for another sleep." He kept on sending snow to them so that the blanket became thicker all the time.

Then he sent a milder day to other places so that the snow melted and everyone went out to shovel their roofs so the snow would not melt too quickly and leak down into the rooms. But in other spots he made the snow so high that it reached the window ledges of the downstairs rooms.

He sent such heavy falls of snow in some sections that the people were snowbound and the train could not run.

On all sides was snow. The snow in people's front yards was as high and tall as a man is tall!

Little Christine, who always looks after the birds through the cold winter, brushed off a covered porch where she put the bread crumbs for her little friends.

Snow, or no snow, Christine's birds came to visit her. They knew she would have breakfast for them, no matter how bad a storm it had been.

For she always had a cleared space for her birds, even when the snow backed up high in the yards.

How the hungry little creatures did appreciate what Christine did for them!

They were loyal to her, as she was loyal to them. The snow was too deep and too soft for them to alight on it, but Christine always found a way!

Then in yet other places Old Man Winter kept on sending snow, so that there were piles and piles of snow. You really hardly ever saw anything to equal it.

People took pictures of the great piles of snow and sent them to their friends who lived where the flowers were blooming to show them how different the weather could be when Old Man Winter really paid a good visit.

He covered up the roofs and made the houses seem taller with their added snow height.

People made narrow paths so they could walk along the streets of the villages.

Balley, who was also a great lover of birds, showed little clear spaces for his small friends and saw that they did not starve.

They found out so quickly where he had breakfast ready for them.

At his party were five sparrows, two woodpeckers, two chickadees, one starling and a nuthatch.

But others had winter-time appetites, too. Little Maggie who likes meals pretty well herself, invited a friend named Dorothy for afternoon chocolate, and Dorothy ate five pieces of bread and butter and six party cakes and drank three cups of chocolate!

Old Man Winter said he certainly could give people appetites.

He visited the cities, too, but he let Old Griny go along right afterward so that the snow became dirty and horrid looking in a very short time.

Old Griny had many children, and they were dirty, too, and as they played in the city snow, it all became so dirty—every snow bank was almost black!

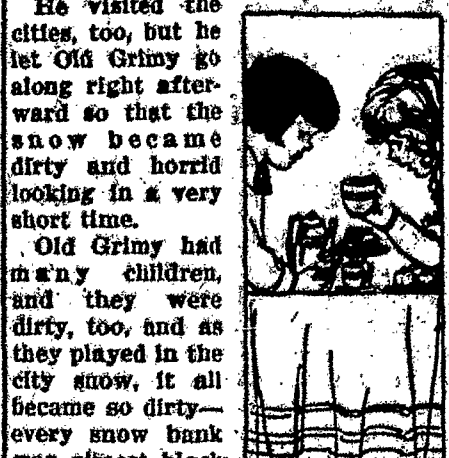
And then Old Man Winter decided he would not be so energetic much longer. The snow began to disappear.

It was strange how it melted away, and from having been so high that one couldn't believe it would ever go, there was less and less.

For the snow could disappear when it started to feel like it, and no one could see just how or where it went!



Christine's Birds Came.



Afternoon Chocolate.

## A Walk to Halfway

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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THERE is something more desirable than inspiring about returning to the dead old Alms Mater for one's fifteenth reunion. At least that was the thought in Drake Elliott's mind as he lifted his voice mightily in "Hall, hall, the gang's all here."

True, the gang was very large, all there. Coming, some of them from such far-off points as San Diego and even Buenos Ayres, in order once more to tread the sacred corridors.

Drake himself had run up from Philadelphia and had been pleasantly surprised at meeting old classmates on the train and in the station, shaking their hands or slapping them on their backs. Drake, who possessed neither wife nor child, came in for a lot of chaffing and speculation as to how he had escaped the wiles of women.

Then, somehow, somewhere, he had lost his glad careless rapture. Perhaps it had vanished in the pressure of events which crowded and even overlapped one another.

For example, a "get-together" line was scheduled for the evening, but for any who cared to go there was a dance held by the alumnae of the neighboring woman's college three miles away.

Drake himself intended to look in. The place held many associations. He recalled Patty Ahrens and the stately Katharine and, yes, his senior ball girl, Olive Swain. He had frequently wondered just why he had not proposed to Olive that final class night. There had been a certain fear lest she reject him in favor of Dwight Scoville. Also a certain resolution not to saddle himself with responsibility until he had made good. Well, that was a long time ago!

Yet now, coming upon her suddenly at one end of the festive gym hall, Drake was surprised to find how little the years had changed Olive—had merely accentuated her charms and made of the lovely girl an even lovelier woman.

"Drake Elliott!" There was genuine pleasure in her voice. "Dwight told me you were here."

Ah, so it had been Dwight! "Olive, you're—well, you've changed so little."

She laughed. "The correct remark!" she cried his appreciation. "You yourself are a bit more serious than I remember you. Otherwise—"

They danced together but said little. For the first time since his return Drake could imagine that fifteen years had not rolled by since last he swung down the old gym door with Olive in his arms.

Two dances they had, then someone claimed her and during this brief for trout Drake watched her dancing and chatting with Scoville.

But back in his quarters at the College Inn, he remembered a last remark that Olive had flung back as she turned away. "It doesn't seem like old times without a walk to Halfway just at sunset, does it?"

He wished now he had probed that speech at the time. Had Olive meant—could it be that she was hinting—

Late afternoon of the following day saw Drake strolling along the worn trail which led to a group of rocks on a hilltop known as Halfway because it was equidistant from the two colleges and formed an immortal trysting place. From the ledge one had a glorious view of green slopes, meandering river, and blue squares that were distant hills against a western sky.

Drake felt his heart quicken absurdly, as he glimpsed a woman's figure silhouetted against the heavens. Then he smiled. A rendezvous with another man's?

Olive made room for him beside her. "This is like old times!" She smiled, then sighed. "And so much of it isn't, however one pretends!"

Drake looked up quickly. "You've felt that, too?"

"Of course," she nodded. "I think it is because only the young and the old can really make-believe. The rest of us are too busy—or too restless."

"Yes," he agreed thoughtfully. "Perhaps that is it. I've noticed that it is the older folks, those back for their thirtieth or fortieth reunions, are the ones whose surrender to it all seems most real."

"We others return with so many illusions shattered and aspirations dimmed and have not yet learned to be satisfied with compromises."

There was a moment of contrary silence. Then, "But you are one of the successes," said Olive.

"Perhaps," Drake shrugged his shoulders. "My life is empty. I have never married."

"Then," teased Olive, "might be called 'The Heretics of a Bachelor and an Old Maid!'"

"What's that?" Drake had risen. "Why, no," said Olive. "I haven't married either."

"But I thought—Dwight—"

"Dwight married Patty Ahrens. Don't you read your alumni notices?" Drake shook his head. "Never."

When he drew a deep breath, Oak it was good to get back to one's Alms Mater! He looked down at the woman who might, but for his stupidity, have accompanied his last fifteen years. She had come, it seemed, half way across the hills, across the years.

"Olive," he said, huskily. "Don't you suppose why this was predicated, my dear?" He held out hungry arms and the two of them together found that the old glad careless rapture had come back.

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