

Costume Problem Solved by Paris

Use Ensemble and Two-Piece Jumper for All-Around Wear.

In pre-war days the number of different frocks necessary to give the smart woman a well-dressed feeling for only one day in Paris was quite formidable. Elegance vied with one another to see which could display the most numerous and exquisitely individual gowns in the short space of 24 hours. Those were the leisurely days of luxury—but since the war all this has changed. Not only do Parisiennes lead such active and busy lives that they have not the time to change their dress half a dozen times a day, but prices have risen to such an extent that in an impoverished Europe, where the shoe pinches very tightly indeed, upon occasion, women bawl with delight any fashion that is likely to prove suitable for all occasions from the morning walk in the Bois de Boulogne to the dance in the afternoon, or even the quiet dinner in a select restaurant.

Of course, writes a fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune, there are many French women who still make dress the main occupation of life and who continue to dazzle their friends with any number of lovely gowns, but others no longer envy them. For if you have time to change your gown more than once or twice a day in 1923 it is obvious that other and more varied occupations are not filling your book of engagements.

The two great factors in keeping down the number of items necessary to a well-dressed day's wardrobe are the three-piece ensemble and the two-piece jumper dress, both of which have come to stay for a long, long time in the Parisienne's list of necessities.

Ensemble Does Good Service.

The ensemble is the salvation of the busy French woman. With two or more, according to the elasticity of her pursestrings, she feels herself equipped for any daytime occasion that is likely to arise. For Paris one of these is likely to be black, or at least black with touches of white or beige about the dress and coat trimmings. True, we have come into color as never since the war, but convention insists that for many occasions black is the most correct wear, and it also suits best certain moods, so the Parisienne is never without a black ensemble, and very smart it is, especially when the coat is trimmed with light sand-colored fur—for of bunny—according to the state of her budget, with a lining to match the fur. With such an outfit she may vary her wardrobe by having three dresses to go with this particular coat—one all black, one black and beige and another all beige. So with one coat she has really three ensembles. Only two hats are necessary, one black and the other beige, and they will be suitable for all kinds of colored dresses.

The second ensemble must be in some light, delicate pastel tint for the spring and summer months. There is a delightful red called "Abd El Krim" that will be extremely popular for spring. As before, the coat can be



Patou Ensemble, a Beige Kasha Coat Trimmed With Lynx.

worn with two or three printed frocks that introduce the same tint into their design, provided the lining of the coat is plain. If you have a plain coat lined with a patterned material you can obviously wear only two dresses with it, one in the same pattern as the lining and the other plain, the same shade as the coat.

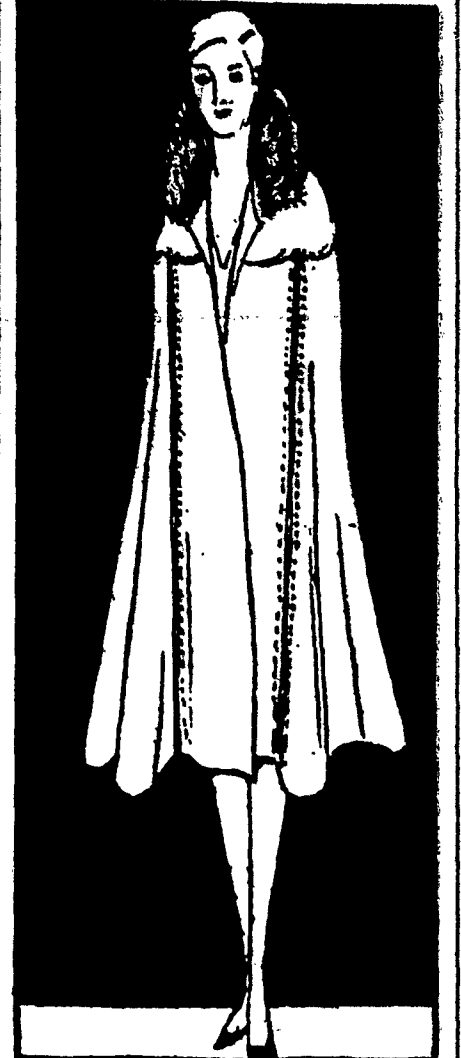
The Sparingly Trimmed Coat.

Add a plain ensemble with a long coat not very much trimmed—and no smart coat is heavily trimmed nowadays—and every possible contingency is provided for, from the morning's shopping and luncheon at a smart restaurant, to an afternoon call, dance, tea and even dinner at one of those open-air restaurants that make the

environs of Paris so delightful in the summer months.

The two-piece jumper dress has revolutionized fashion. It suits, as well the slender, active modern maid that it has the knack of making the woman in what is known as a "dressed" gown look overdressed, than which no more lamentable fate could be imagined in these days of informality. The jumper has become so popular that even evening gowns are being made on two-piece lines by such famous houses as Jenny, Lanvin, Molyneux and Patou.

Now, having seen that one can get through the day on an ensemble, or on special occasions with an ensemble and an evening gown, let us consider the possible additions to this wardrobe of elimination. A smart tailor-made suit is ultra chic for the morning, especially when cut on the new, very simple lines favored in the spring O'Rosen collection. A leather, tweed or kasha overcoat for rainy



Cape Developed in Tea-Green Ratine, Collared With Beaver.

weather or odd occasions is a welcome extra that never comes amiss. A smart and pretty afternoon gown on fluffy lines is useful for garden parties and summer weddings, and a dressy coat can also be utilized for the evening.

The clever Parisienne always keeps her quantity of gowns at a minimum so that she may follow the latest whimsicalities of fashion, and always has in readiness a good stock of smart shoes, stockings and hats in suitable fundamental colors, such as beige and black, one of which will complement the rest of her costume.

Tailored Suit for Spring. The early spring openings of the Grande Couture in Paris present some interesting conflicts. Ever since the French couturiers abandoned the role of dictator which have been theirs in pre-war days they have offered a tremendous diversification of styles at each new opening, and as a consequence they have shifted the burden of actually making the mode to the creative wearers—women prominent in society and the arts, who are notable for their chic and whose sartorial lead is authoritative and commands a sure following.

This season these leaders of the mode will have some knotty questions to determine. Outstanding is the problem of the spring hat—shall it be broad-brimmed and picturesque, or shall it continue narrow-brimmed and cloche-like. Both types have been offered; in this country the modistes have inaugurated a tremendous and concerted propaganda to bring the large hat back into favor, and, while Paris has not joined the move, the French milliners are at least offering more sweeping brimmed chapeaux than they have in recent seasons. The solution rests entirely in the heads of the hautes mondes, both here and abroad. In Palm Beach and along the Riviera the tendency toward larger brims has found influential sponsors; in Paris the turban, beret and gigolo still prevail to almost the entire eclipse of any picture chapeau. Our analysis of the situation is this—the vogue of the small hat is too rooted for its displacement this spring.

The Waistline Rises. The waistline looms as another significant theme of the spring openings and one which has been subjected to the usual diversity of treatment. It is low, and high, marked or merely suggested. Smart Paris, however, has already shown a distinct preference. It favors a clearly defined line, raised to the top of the hips, and defined nearly always by a belt, usually narrow and of the same material as the costume. These, of course, are only the early indications of the haute monde verdict, but they are certain to be a definite part of the spring mode.

What of skirts—so many versions of which were seen at the Paris openings? Here again the chic Parisienne fairly decided. The godet has been dispensed with, but the full, gradually flared skirt remains, achieving its width by means of plaits, gathers or the circular cut. It flares—perhaps dipples would better describe the effect—when the wearer is in motion, and it is short—quite as short as last season.

Man Not Yet Able to Make Wind Work

If we could bend the wind into subjection, and store it for power purposes as we do water, it would enable us to scrap our coal mines and oil wells.

The power of wind is enormous. An ordinary 20-miles-an-hour breeze, such as one commonly feels on the pier at the seaside, exerts a pressure of two pounds to every square foot, whilst if the wind speed is doubled the pressure is quadrupled. That is to say, a 40-miles-an-hour wind exerts a pressure of eight pounds per square foot.

The trouble is that the wind pressure is so variable. It is estimated that during 24 hours, taking the year round, there are 18 hours during which the wind is not strong enough to turn the sails of a windmill.

But even this inconsistent agent can do a great amount of work. At Faversham a 15-horsepower windmill raised in ten months 21,000,000 gallons of water from a depth of over 100 feet. Needless to say, every year, in Britain alone, hundreds of millions of horsepower blow to waste, which, could it be utilized, would turn every wheel in the land.

Law Defines Certain Rules for the Married

It is a truism to say that marriage brings responsibilities, but how many men, when they marry, realize what their full, and legal, burden might be in certain circumstances?

The law says that a man is not bound to maintain any of his wife's relatives, but—a somewhat queer exception—he is bound to maintain, until they are sixteen, any children she may have had by a former husband. Thus a man who married a widow who concealed from him the fact that she had children would have a big burden to bear.

A married man is not bound to maintain his son's wife, or his son's widow, or his daughter's husband, whatever their circumstances, but he can be compelled, if necessary, to contribute toward the support of the grandchildren.

To balance the grandchildren responsibility, he cannot be compelled to maintain his own grandfather or grandmother—or his brother or sister.—London Tit-Bits.

Frozen Alive

It seems a shocking thing to freeze fish alive to keep them fresh for the market at their journey's end, but it has been found that when they are unfrozen they are just as lively as before, and show no sign of injury or illness.

It was noticed that fish in Siberian rivers that are frozen solid in winter came out all right in the spring, and this gave the idea for experiments which have been going on for some time. The system is now being adopted in America as a regular thing.

The fish are put in a tub into which oxygen is forced, and after being kept three days just above freezing point they are frozen, and the blocks of ice, stripped of the tub, are wrapped up and put into cold storage.

Sootied by Volcano

On the Greek island called Santorini, but now officially designated Thira, the natives have become accustomed to being rocked to sleep by the heavy rumblings and rifle crackings of a newly active volcano.

Thira has been for thousands of years a theater of volcanic activity, says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. The waters of its great bay have boiled and flamed for days, and islands of red-hot matter have risen and disappeared as if controlled by stage machinery. At one time Thira was the top of a huge active volcano.

"Fast" Colors

It is a common fallacy that green, lavender or some other color is less fast than blue or pink. Fastness depends on the chemical composition of the dye used, not on the color. Dye-stuffs are grouped into various classes according to their composition, and the dyes in some classes are more fast than those in others. A dye that is one of the poorest of its class may have been used on one of the fabrics, while the other may have been dyed with one of the best. Green, lavender or any other color is just as fast as another if similar dyes are used.

Old Pieces of Furniture

What-not is a piece of furniture derived from the French etagere, which was exceedingly popular in England in the first three-quarters of the Nineteenth century. It usually consists of a slender upright or pillars, supporting a series of shelves for holding china, ornaments or trifles of any kind; hence the allusive name. In its English form, although a convenient drawing-room receptacle, it was rarely beautiful. The earlier mahogany examples are, however, sometimes graceful in their simplicity.

Christmas Boar's Head

The boar's head as a Christmas dish is believed to have originated in Scandinavia, in some parts of which the custom is still kept up. Legend has it that Frey, the Scandinavian god of peace and plenty, used to ride on the boar Gullinbursti. His festival was held at Yuletide (winter solstice), when a boar was sacrificed to his honor. Later the custom was modified to the extent of "bringing in the head."

Among Those Present

By RUBY DOUGLAS

(Continued)

HE HAD been on that proverbial up and down the world, looking for her. And now, idly scanning the list of guests at a party given in honor of a famous film star, he found her name—Dawn Morrow. It must be she; there could be but one Dawn Morrow.

He recalled, now, as vividly as if it had been yesterday, his first glimpse of her. She must have been about fourteen and she had come out on the putting green to give her father a message that had been telephoned to the club from his office. He, Donald Harper, had been her father's carter.

After that he often caddied for her. She was learning golf that summer and it had been his last season on the links—he thought boys over seventeen who couldn't do better than caddie to help out with their approaching college expenses were not much good. And thus, Dawn Morrow had passed out of his life: She did not even know his name. She always called him "Caddie."

Now, having taken his bar examinations, and having been taken into a large law office to serve his apprenticeship at his profession, he still wondered where the lovely little girl was and never until today had he seen or heard of her. And now, it was only in a list of "Among Those Present" at a big party.

He continued to search for her on the street, in the theater. He scanned newspapers and magazines for her name.

One day it occurred to him to hunt up a friend who he knew was a member of the golf club at which he had first seen Dawn. It was just possible, he conjectured, that her father was still a member and that he had continued his game of golf.

It did not take him long to get in touch with Elliott Gordon and get himself invited to the Country club on a Saturday afternoon in October when anyone who played golf would be sure to be out. He did not explain to his friend his reason for wanting to be his guest but merely said that he had once caddied out on that course, and had a fancy to have a go at the game, now, as a full-fledged player.

Out on the links, every hole and every hazard of which he knew like a map, he felt a thrill of enthusiasm for life that he had not experienced for years. He had studied pretty hard in college, majored in law his senior year and worked to pay expenses during the summer. Now, to play, to feel himself firmly planted on the road to success in his chosen profession and—to have the hope that just across any bunker he might see the face of the girl he had held in his vision for so long—this was joy indeed!

His game was nothing to brag about and his friend twitted him not a little.

But there was a tang in the air that made even the poorest golfer enjoy his game and the two finished the eighteen holes just as a great red sunset was being staged over the western hills adjoining the club.

"Nothing beats a royally red sunset in the country," remarked Elliott.

"Nothing but a glorious Dawn," murmured Donald, lost in the vision of a girl's face.

"Speaking of Dawn—do you know Dawn Morrow, the artist?" asked Elliott. "Don't look now—she's over at that corner table."

Donald nearly cramped his muscles to keep from turning at once to gaze upon the girl. "Is she alone?" he asked, stupidly, for want of pulse in which to seek an intelligent question.

"No—she's with her dad, John Morrow. Great old golfer, that boy," remarked Elliott, smiling.

Donald had half turned so that he might behold the face he so longed to see. How lovely she was! How more than lovely she had grown!

"Hello, Gordon, how's the game?" called out Mr. Morrow as he caught sight of Elliott.

"Come over," said Elliott to his friend, as he stepped forward to greet the Morrows.

"I've often caddied for you, Mr. Morrow," Donald found himself saying.

"Oh—I thought I knew you—Caddie," laughed Dawn, giving him her warm little hand and beaming on him as if he had been a long-lost relative.

The use of the old name made Donald's heart beat even more furiously, and while the two golfers discussed their game, he and Dawn became acquainted again—this time as man and woman.

It is not necessary for anyone to have to say that the two were lost in each other, that they went over the years they had been separated only to find that they had had a mutual longing for a renewal of what they now admitted was their first romance.

"I'm afraid I shall always call you my Caddie," Dawn told him that night after they had all dined.

On the way back to town that night Elliott talked to a man who was soaring high, as if in a dream.

"Snap out of it, Don, old man," he said. "I sort of felt there was something doing today when we came out here together. And there was."

"Much—much," murmured Donald, unable to think of anything but that his day had dawned.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM POWELL

MOTHER SEALS

"Flap, flap," said Mrs. Seal. Then Mrs. Samuel Seal said: "Elap, flap."

It was just as though Mrs. Seal had bowed politely to Mrs. Samuel Seal and had said:

"Nice day we're having," and then as though Mrs. Samuel Seal had replied:

"Yes, the weather is beautiful." But the two seals greeted each other by flap-dapping.

After they had talked a few minutes about the sun and the rain and the visitors who came to the zoo, Mrs. Seal said:

"I overheard such a strange speech the other day."

"And what was that?" asked Mrs. Samuel Seal.

"Some people were talking about seals," Mrs. Seal commenced.

"They couldn't have been talking about anything better," said Mrs. Samuel Seal.

"In fact, a piece of advice I am willing to give free, quite free, is that sometimes when they are starting to talk gossip and mean speeches and say things which I've heard them say



The Two Seals Greeted Each Other.

to hurt each other's feelings, if they would stop and just talk about seals a lot of sadness would be avoided.

"It's really a pretty good idea, and as I said before, I give it to anyone who wants it, quite free."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Seal.

"We think they could talk about us and be quite entertained at their conversation—that is, if they talked well about us."

"But people think we're rather dull, yes, rather dull."

"Well, they should surely change their opinions," said Mrs. Samuel Seal. "Surely when they stand near by and I surprise them by giving them a good speech it startles them, and surely then they can't say 'I'm dull.'"

"Oh, I startle them with my speeches!"

"I imagine it does more than startle them," said Mrs. Seal.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Samuel Seal.

"It probably gets them wet, too, eh?" "Ah, yes, so it does," said Mrs. Samuel Seal delightedly.

"But pray go on with your story."

"These people," said Mrs. Seal, "who were talking about seals were speaking of our lives when out of the zoo—our lives on the great oceans and islands where seals live."

"They were saying that there were a great many Mrs. Seals and still more little Seals, but that only a few Mr. Seals were around."

"That was right," said Mrs. Samuel Seal.

"A great many of us will share the same Mr. Seal as a friendly companion."

"We don't all want a mate, please, the way most animals and creatures do."

"We like to be the prominent ones."

"But the people thought," said Mrs. Seal, "that it was so strange that with so many seals all about that each mother seal should never mistake her own babies."

"The very idea!" said Mrs. Samuel Seal.

"No matter how crowded the beach may be, we seal mothers never forget our own young, no, no, no—absolutely never!"

"Never," said Mrs. Seal. "Never. People do not understand us seal mothers."

Must Have Her Cry

Whenever Georgiana is spanked for being naughty, she has to go to her room and is not permitted to come out until in good mood.

Once this happened while her playmate Booty was around.

Georgiana, turned in the doorway and with tears in her eyes said: "Booty, don't run away. Wait till I get through crying. I'll be out again."

Ann Would Write

Ann was perched on a high kitchen stool, "helping" the maid wash dishes.

Mother appeared at the door and summoned her to come and say good-by to grandmother, who was just departing after a week's visit.

"No, mummy, I'm busy," Ann responded briefly. "Please tell grandmother I'll write."

Tongue Twisters

He's Martin's mare made many miles' merriment miss her merriment. A manager imagines he can manage a manageria.

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