

Longer Jumper Is Paris Spring Fad

Broad Silhouette and Short-Jacketed Suits Are Also Emphasized.

Paris spring showings confirmed generally the news of the earlier openings—the cape theme, the longer jumper, the broad silhouette and the short-jacketed suits are all emphasized again, while the belted waistline is a new theme which may overshadow all the others by the time the spring openings of the Grande Couture have been concluded, writes a fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune.

The full-plaited silhouette is a distinguishing feature of the Miller Soeurs opening, which also features the short jacket. The latter is usually an ensemble component, being worn in conjunction with a two-piece dress. Dress ensembles are also completed in a novel manner by the unlined coat, and a new note is the introduction of cape ensembles. The silhouette du soir is full and is developed in the sheerest of materials, chiffon particularly being stressed.

The Georgette collection particularly indorses the jumper—a little longer than last season, and belted—and the cape theme which appears in both coats and dresses. The silhouette is of the kinetic type, apparently straight feature of Cyber's new spring models. The jacket is belted, but the



Two-Piece Sports Dress of Heavy White Crepe; Plaited Skirt.

belt does not affect the outline in any way, by reason of its extreme looseness.

The tuxedo, a frank imitation of the masculine suit of the same name, collared with velvet and developed in plain wool, is the outstanding feature of the new Paul Carot collection. It was received very favorably and is considered certain to enjoy a smart vogue this spring.

Should Try to Make

Pleasing Impression

To dress well necessitates long study. Taste can be cultivated to the point of eliminating the tasteless. Where there is a natural gift it is comparatively easy to devise original styles. If not, it is better to depute the task to someone else, experimenting until you find the dressmaker or firm who will make you look better than would naturally be possible. This advice must not be taken as encouraging undue vanity on the part of any woman. It is the duty of every woman to give the most pleasing impression to their friends and the public—and the more successful they are the better. There is no virtue in looking ugly, or wearing tasteless, unbecoming garments; rather the opposite. Such people suffer from a perverted kind of vanity, which is incurable.

Black Always Chic

When handled with skill black can be smarter than anything else, but it is equally true that it can be hopelessly dowdy. One is reminded occasionally by certain gowns of the little old lady from the South who said she always wore black, but she wore "fixer black." The smart black frock of satin, crepe or tulle is one that should be included in the wardrobe of every woman who pretends to even a cursory knowledge of fashion.

In Black and White

Evening headresses of bandeau are becoming much more elaborate. They give the appearance of massive-ness even if they are light in weight, even though they are encrusted with jewels either red or synthetic. A simple headress recently seen at the opera was in the form of an aureole composed of alternate sections of black onyx and rhinestones.

Frocks Trimmed With Crystals

Lovely dance frocks of the moment are chifon in delicate colors, exquisitely beaded with crystals in designs that reveal much artistry and are marked by restraint in their application.

Cape Coat Newest for General Wear

Flares and Military Ideas Prominent in Popular Outer Garment.

There was a time when men aped women in their dress. They wore all the satins and laces, frills and furbelows of the most elegant grand dame. But those times have gone long ago. Men now array themselves thus only for dress balls. In everyday life it is the women who copy the men. She who would be considered in the height of the mode must see that her garments are fashioned along mannish lines.

In the tailleur consisting of jumper and skirt—an informal, popular outfit—the jumper resembles a man's shirt. The skirt, too, is severely plain, a wrap-around or knit. The sports skirt, the seldom changing "tailor skirt" and the coat frock are equally masculine in effect. Even the more elaborate type of dress has been influenced by the tailored idea. For years this mood in styles has been traced, and now at last, says a fashion writer in the New York Times, we have emerged from the tube, preferring rather the tunic, the tailored blouse and the cravat.

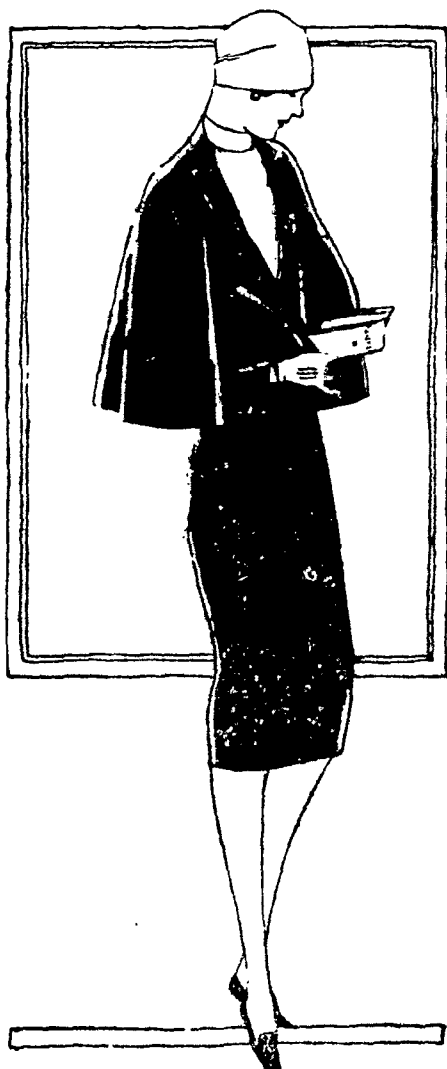
The mannish coat has always had a place in the wardrobe of a woman with chic, and its variants are many, according to the trend of styles in general. The ulster, the strictly tailored modern version of the Newmarket and Inverness, are all translations of the topcoat originally designed for a man of fashion. All of ancient lineage and distinguished background, they are brought to the front every so often.

The cape coat is the newest model of this season, introduced in Paris and accepted with enthusiasm on this side of the water. The cape came in with the autumn, reproducing in evening and occasional wraps the models shown last spring. The best couturiers are establishing a number of designs in coats with capes attached that have a definite appeal, because of a certain dashing style as well as utility. For these two reasons the tailors to the elite have found themselves pressed to the limit of accomplishment to turn out copies of the latest models in cape coats.

Mannish Coats.

Whatever the Parisienne may elect to wear, the cape has always taken with Americans, even those most fastidious in matters of style. The Inverness, the military, even the Shaker cape have been fads and some women who go in for individuality always have the cape in some form. There is something intriguing about a genuine army or navy cape which a woman of certain type wears with distinction and with a certain obvious consciousness, because it is the real thing and an unvarying mode. Add the cape, large or small, to the straight ulster or Newmarket and you have the latest wrap of the season.

The coat itself is built on widely different lines and the shape of the cape may be any one of numerous models, but there is a relation of one to the other which makes a wrap "do style." In some of the designs presented by prominent Parisian houses in their spring collections the cape and coat are cut in one, in a subtle, effective composition. In others the wrap, which is really a cape, appears to be a voluminous cape. A swagger model



Attractive Cape Coat Made of Sage Green Kasha.

has a long cape depending from the neck of a straight coat, to be gathered around as an extra protection, while another, directly reversed, has a short cape which gives to a long tailored coat the appearance of a deep collar.

All of the best designers have contributed to the cape coat vogue offering many variants bearing the hall-mark of Paris authority. Worth, & name that for some of the more exclusive carries authority with it, make a cape coat in which both the conventional tailleur and a garment

Mannish Tailleurs on Spring Fashion Card



The mannish tailleur for spring is with us again, except that it is more mannish than ever. Severe simplicity is the keynote of the new suits, many of which introduce vests. Here is shown a very chic tailored costume of tan tweed which boasts a regular vest, a strictly tailored coat and a tight-fitting skirt. The hat is of tan velours.

Originality Marks Many Capes and Cape Coats

Enterprise and originality are shown by some designers of capes and cape coats in the latest models, and many strange materials are employed. In a coat model of fine flexible blue leather a cape is added with the facility with which one would handle crepe de chine. It is lined with a smart check of blue and white. An ensemble in heavy crepe, which seems to combine frock and wrap, is designed from a coat, with tailored sleeves and cape. Small buttons fasten the coat itself straight down the front to the hips, where a skirt of the material in narrow plaits is attached.

On a severely plain kasha frock, re-fitted only by an inverted plait and embroidered pocket at one side, a circular cape fits across the back and shoulders. It is sewn to a narrow scarf which is tied around the throat with long narrow ends hanging down the front. A bit of needlework is done on the cuff bands and scarf ends.

Short Skirts Indorsed;

Waistline Grows Higher

Short skirts continue to be indorsed, but the upward tendency of the waistline is not exaggerated. Long belief that it should be adapted to each individual wearer. There are, however, some bloused back movements, with a higher waistline indicated at the front.

Sleeves in the models for spring are straight and simple, while the godet is entirely eliminated. It is replaced by plaits, gathers and various interesting cuts, which lend fullness to the skirts.

Taffeta continues to be sponsored among the fabrics, but there is a generous use of chiffon and georgette, both plain and printed. Angora jersey appears in sports costumes, accompanied by plaited skirts.

The jumper theme is quite neglected by Telling in the collection which includes a group of strictly tailored suits, with waistcoats, developed, for the most part, in black or navy blue.

Rose Matignon, a mauve shade of pink, is featured for spring, with a very light green also accorded high favor.

Hats and Bags Same

Color and Material

One of the new styles for spring is the combination of hats and bags of the same color and material. These ensembles will be carried out in suede leather in all colors. The hats will be snug fitting, trimmed with leather co-ords, bows and quills, while the bags will be of the pouch shape.

We may even have footwear to match the hat and bag ensemble, for a two-toned leather embodying all the new shades is being used for spring shoes.

Must Be Seasonable

The single flower or bouquet which decorates the coat or wrap has a decided tendency to follow the floral season. The field flowers that bloom on the spring coat are inappropriate for the fur coat. The colorful appeal of the shaggy fall flower is unsuited to the formal evening mode, and the delicate tint of the orchid or camellia is appropriately used after dusk.

Straw Crocheted for Hats

Novelty straws in pastel colors that give the effect of being crocheted are used for the smartest hats for early spring.

The Dink-a-Do

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

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ELEMENTALLY the Dink-a-Do was a horse boasting real hair and only three legs, a small flag so weathered it was impossible to say when stripes began or stars ended, a lapful of broken china, a pair of ragged red morocco slippers, a deep blue bottle, slim and very tall, a green plaster parrot, and a hassock founded upon empty tin cans, with its saving excelsior straggling through worn places in the cover. All these things Teeny had salvaged valiantly from the clean-up man's wagon, halted momentarily outside the back-yard gate. Teeny, aged six, the blisfullest afternoon of his young life had passed while he set and reset his treasures in the shadow of the biggest oak tree.

Once Lola had come for a heavenly month, in course of which he had been rocked to sleep, sung to, and made to feel how precious one itty-bitty baddy had 'till boy could be. He had called her Lola. Rich, generous, charming, and very, very happy, she had made him know experimentally all about fairy godmothers, to say nothing of real fairies. She had christened him Teeny. He had clung obstinately. He kept a rainbow memory of her, colored like roses and sunshine and new green leaves. But clearest of all was her singing—nonsense lullabys mostly, improvisations. His favorite ended in a wild burst, rising to a climax of "dink-a-dink-a-doo." That was at least what his young ears made it in recalling it, hence his palace was the Dink-a-Do.

The palace had at least a week's lease of life, in spite of nurse and Mrs. Don't. That was Teeny's name for the dour-faced person who looked after him in the absence of his natural guardians.

Teeny stood pondering a weighty change—hadn't the parrot-king better be kneeling before his beautiful bottle-queen than sitting bolt upright beside her? The Dink-a-Do nestled cozily in a jog of the tall iron fence—one made specially to inclose and protect the towering oak. Thus it was in plain view of the highway. A runaway had stopped there; the man beside the chauffeur leaned far out to get a clearer view, smiling the while rather wistfully at the lonely little lad. Maybe his gaze was magnetic. Teeny caught it, and smiled back, saying eagerly: "Want to come see my Dink-a-Do? I made it just now, all my own self."

"Now I wish I could," the stranger answered; "but—I wouldn't fit. My stiff leg is too long to get inside, and my crutch might knock the flag down." "Oh, I can stand it up again—I made the horse stop rolling over," Teeny said proudly. "Go to the gate, and then drive down here."

"Over such grass? What will your mother say?" the stranger bubbled. He seemed a fellow of pranky humor—naturally Teeny was loath to lose him. "She can't say nothing at all—I'm all the body at home," he crowed. "Come in and play with me—I'll be very, very gentle, Lola taught me."

"Lola? Who is she?" the stranger asked, dropping his eyes. "She is Miss Lola Keith, and I love her two wonderful. And I'm making haste to grow big so I can make a fortune for her. She had one—and a wicked man ran away with it—Mrs. Don't told me—but mamma don't know I know." Teeny confided. "I think she was going to marry me a good big uncle, but things went smash—like that," hurling the parrot against the oak tree, regardless of the bottle-queen's feelings.

"That was a pity," the stranger said, but his face was pale and his eyes shone like fire. "Know where she is now? I'd somehow like to see her. Maybe I might help her find that runaway fortune."

"She's in the biggest town there is—do you know which one?" Teeny said eagerly. "Do help her all you can. I know she'll buy you a new leg—and everything."

"Sonny, I'll run along and see about it," the stranger answered. "But if it happens you see her first, show her this," tossing a heavy silver ring Teenyward, "and tell her to stay still until I come to find her."

Teeny retrieved the ring, his small heart beating like a trip-hammer, and sat down on the hassock regardless of its rightful occupant.

He awoke the next morning to find the Dink-a-Do dismantled—gone back to the clean-up cart. Mrs. Don't had wisely chosen an attack in flank. But he didn't mind at all. He had the ring for company.

"Now where'd that boy get a ring worth a fortune?" thus Mrs. Don't for her gossip. You can imagine the rest of it—how the seed sprang up and grew tall in a tale of pilfering—sly and cunning. Teeny must have slipped in somewhere and stole. Horrified, his parents got no more from Teeny than "I'm just keeping it." Threats, even punishment, availed not against his dogged silence.

Then—Lola came, with the fine big uncle in hand. The stiff-legged man had found her—likewise her fortune, and his happiness. Misunderstandings had melted—they were the happiest couple alive. Yet less happy than Teeny, who clung to Lola sobbing, "I'll never let go of you any more." Which was a rightful punishment for a pair of advanced parents.

The Indian name "Sheenadogh" "Daughter of the Stars."



THE OPOSSUMS

The little gray and white opossum with the long nose was curled up in the corner of his cage in the zoo. He appeared to be sleeping very soundly.

But after a while he uncurred himself, blinked his eyes and, looking at the opossum in the adjoining cage, said:

"It will take me a long time to get over my habit."

"I suppose it will," said the other opossum, known as Oscar, while the opossum who had been sleeping was known as Oporto Opossum.

He thought that a nice name.

"You see," said Oporto, "that you have been in the zoo a longer time than I have."

"That's true, I have," agreed Oscar Opossum, blinking his eyes.

"It really makes a lot of difference," said Oporto, "because you have grown used to the zoo ways."

"That is true, too, I have," said Oscar Opossum, once more.

"Now I," said Oporto, "have only been in the zoo a little while."

"Well do I remember my days of looking after myself."

"The only thing I could do to be sure I was safe was to pretend that I was sound asleep—or that I had no life in me."

"Sometimes I have had dreadful experiences!"

"Cruel boys have even kicked me to make sure I wasn't pretending."

"Of course I was pretending—but oh—when I was kicked it took some hard work and some great quantities of will power (if I may speak in this slightly odd opossum fashion) to keep up pretending."

"You may speak any way you like to me," said Oscar Opossum.

"Because," he added, "you see I am an opossum, too. Tell me some more."

"I know," said Oporto, "that it would keep from being caught to pretend that I was not even alive!"

"I knew that it was the thing which had been given to me to guard me through dangers—the power of play."

"I suppose it will," said the other.

"I was asleep, or so soundly asleep that nothing could awaken me, or that I was simply no longer alive."

"And still, when I hear people coming, I pretend I am asleep."

"Yes, even here in the zoo?"

"I can't remember that I am no longer on a road, or in a tree."

"When I am in my little tree belonging to my zoo home I forget it is not a tree out in the country."

"I forget that I am safe, so safe."

"I start pretending the same way as I did when I was in the country."

"Soon you will remember, though," said Oscar Opossum. "I used to be that same way when I first came to the zoo."

"It takes some time to get over it."

"No wonder that people have a saying which goes like this:

"He's playing 'possum,' meaning that he's pretending to be asleep when he's not," said Oporto.

"I've heard that people said that when others were pretending to be asleep."

"Yes, we're very famous for that. Very, very famous for pretending we're asleep and not really being asleep at all."

"Many is the time that has helped an opossum. But you needn't worry any more about my doing it here."

"I will soon remember, as you say you did, that I am safe in the zoo."

"In fact I don't do it so much now as I did, just a little while ago."

"I'm beginning to realize where I am. But it has taken time."

Past Kissing Age

Danny's young aunt was home from college for her Thanksgiving vacation. On her way down town the day of her arrival she met Danny and was overjoyed at seeing him again. Danny was happy to see her, too, but when she stooped to kiss him, he warded her off.

"I go to school now, Nanna," he said flatly. "I'm past the kissin' age."

Locating It.

Grandma was giving her little grandson, not yet three, a sort of lesson in anatomy.

"Well, Jackie," she asked as the interloper in a minstrel show would say, "where are your tonates?"

"In my throat," replied the child.

"Now that is very good. And where is your stomach?"

"In my pants," he said.

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