

French "Feast Of New Wine" Is Observed

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Paris, Nov. 18.—The "Feast of the New Wine," held under the patronage of Saint Andrew, who was a vineyardist of Languedoc, has been celebrated in the Cathedral at Beziers, which is the capital of the vineyard district of Southern France.

At six o'clock in the morning the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in order to render thanks to God for having chosen the fruit of the vine and the wheat of the fields to institute the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

All the Masses of the day were celebrated with the new wine. At 10 o'clock a solemn High Mass was sung by a choir of vineyardists. During the Mass the celebrant blessed the wine. Each vineyardist in the district had previously sent a sample of the new vintage to the cathedral, and the containers were placed on a litter, strewn with flowers, and placed in the sanctuary. After the Benediction the wine was carried in procession around the church while hymns were sung. A suitable sermon was preached in the local dialect, and at the Offertory, bread presented by the owners of the great vineyards was blessed and distributed to the congregation.

After the ceremony each family took its own wine from the foot of the altar. This wine will be thrown into the vats which hold the product of the year's vintage.

Sacred Host Taken From Church Ruins

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Toulouse, Nov. 18.—The Sacred Host, buried under the mountain of debris caused by the collapse of the tower of the church of Notre Dame de la Dalbasse last April, has been recovered and found to be preserved intact. The work of clearing away the debris has advanced sufficiently to permit a search to be made for sacred objects which were lost in the ruins. The first effort, naturally, was directed toward the recovery of the Sacred Host. As soon as the consecrated wafers had been brought to light by the pastor of the basilica, who was assisted in the search by his vicars and the Parish Council, they were carried in procession to the Chapel of the Catholic Institute.

Worship will soon be resumed in that part of the church which did not suffer from the collapse of the tower.

Two Barristers Who Have Become Priests

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

London, Nov. 18.—Father J. R. Marshall, who has lately been appointed a canon of the Northampton cathedral chapter, was a practicing barrister before his ordination. Another former barrister who is a priest is Mr. E. J. Watson, who was called to the bar as long ago as 1871 and is one of the oldest barristers in the country.

MEXICO GOVERNMENT CRITICIZED

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Mexico City, Nov. 18.—President Calles' government has become so concerned over a series of articles appearing in Liberty, the magazine published in Chicago, in which the Government is vigorously criticized, that it has caused the arrest of an American writer here in connection with the series.

The man arrested was Joseph De Courcy, correspondent of the New York Times, the secret police declaring that he wrote the Liberty articles under the name Sidney Sutherland. He denied the charge or that he had written under the name Sutherland, and upon representations by the American Embassy he was released. He has represented the Times in Mexico for 12 years.

New York, Nov. 18.—The New York Times, prints an article giving the text of a telegram from Joseph De Courcy, its correspondent in Mexico, giving the details of his false arrest as the author of a series of articles criticizing the Calles Government.

Mr. De Courcy says that two agents of the secret police requested him to visit the Department of the Interior, but presented no warrants. He went, and after several hours wait was told by the chief secret service that the Mexican consul in Chicago had discovered he was the author of the articles appearing in the magazine Liberty. He continues: "Naturally I was indignant over the false accusation and was further appalled by the ignorance of plain facts brought out by the examination to which I was subjected before I was released."

The Times also says that Sidney Sutherland, when informed at his Garden City home of the incident, was amused and said:

"It's a joke to say that De Courcy wrote my articles, but it's no joke to be in a Mexican jail."

Mr. Sutherland wrote his articles after a recent visit to Mexico.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

IMPORTANT ANIMALS

"I," said Mrs. Indian Elephant, "am very usual. I am the kind that is seen everywhere—at the circus, in zoos, wherever and anywhere that elephants may be."

"When one of your kind comes it is something important. There are forty times as many of us as there are of you."

"What you say is so," the West African Elephant replied. "I have to be especially ordered if they want me. Then, too, the Mrs. Indian Elephants are less important than the Mr. Indian Elephants."

"They must be especially asked for, too, I believe."

"That is so," said Mr. Indian Elephant. "I am about nine feet tall now."

"My weight is more than eight thousand pounds while my tusks are thirty-six inches in length."

"So I have something of which to be proud, eh?"

"I'm not eight feet in height, barely seven feet, in truth," said the West African Elephant, "and my tusks are but ten inches long."

"They are different from yours, and I have five toes on each forefoot and four on each hind foot."

"Yes, I am rare. But you're a very intelligent creature, and you can do many tricks. Also you have a wonderful memory."

"I can't remember everything, for I don't know everything," said the Indian Elephant, waving his trunk.

"But I'll tell you one thing—I'd like to know why they named packing trunks after our trunks."

"Now we love summer. We like to lie about in the warm sunshine and dream and think and sleep and dore."

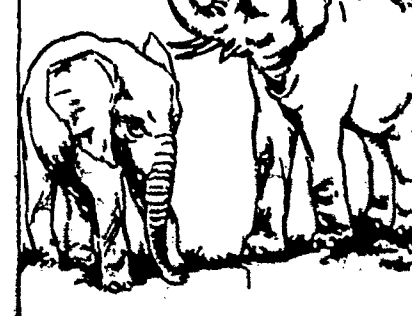
"We don't care about summer holidays. And so I wonder how they ever happened to name trunks after us or parts of us after trunks."

The Elephants dozed then, but Master Pygmy Hippopotamus, next door began to speak.

"Sometimes," he said, "it's very funny to see them—and by the way I mean the visitors who come to the zoo. They don't know what we are; they don't know it all."

"Now they guess, and they're apt to guess rather close to what we are. They imagine we're relatives of the noble Hippopotamus family, but they like to have the keeper introduce us."

"They're not certain about us. They seem to be astonished when the keeper tells them that a grown-up, full-sized hippopotamus, such as I am, is only one-fourteenth the size of a regular



"I Don't Know Everything," said the Indian Elephant.

hippopotamus, which shows we're pretty small. Still, if one compares us to a sparrow or a squirrel we're good-sized. It all depends!"

"Ah," said Miss Pygmy Hippopotamus, "tell of our capture. I love to hear about it, and so does my brother."

"I will tell the story again," said Master Pygmy Hippopotamus, because it has a beautiful beginning, an exciting middle part and a pleasant ending.

"In the good old days back in Liberia, which is in the western part of Africa, we lived in the river swamps, where there were forests and where we hid under the great trees and behind the huge roots. Great and exciting were those days, and interesting was life in the dark, swampy forests and along the rivers."

"But there came a day when men came and captured us. We were living in a great hole in the bank of a river, where trees hung down over our homes and shaded our beautiful chocolate-colored bodies. The men dug pits into the runways we had made and they built slides to the pits, which were so steep we could not climb out."

"Then we were caught and put into great basketlike crates, which were slung on poles and carried through the great forest swamps until a river was reached, when we were put on boats, and last of all brought here to the zoo."

"We get good food and are safe here at the zoo. It's not so bad."

Might Forget It

Robert, Jr., a five-year-old kindergarten, was reprimanded by his teacher for talking in the classroom. The youngster's sweet but firm answer was: "But I had something important to tell to my friend and I had to tell it to him now or I'd forget it afterwards."

Choir Master and Dress

What is the difference between a choir master and a lady's dress? The one trains a choir, the other acquires a train.

Playing the Go-Between

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright)

HELEN THURLOW, curled up on the deep, low divan in her dormitory sitting room, told her roommate, Nancy Upton, that she believed she was in love with "Uncle Steve." She meant Stephen Matthews, who was at that time popular professor in English at the college.

"Every girl in the sophomore class is in love with 'Uncle Steve,'" dryly observed Nancy Upton.

"I don't mean that way," said Helen, sitting up from her nest of pillows and looking quite small and very serious. "I mean I'm really in love with him. Isn't it dreadful?"

"You absurd baby," cried Nancy. "How in the world can you tell whether you are really in love with him or not?"

"I feel sure I am," sighed Helen solemnly, "because I think about him all the time. I am never without a sort of consciousness of him, and last week Tom Fenwick proposed—such a sweet letter—and I wasn't even thrilled, and this morning Roger Brown wrote that he wanted me for his junior prom, and I've written to refuse. A month ago I would have been keen about them both."

"It is rather remarkable," shrugged Nancy, "but then it all fits in with my theory. I've always felt that it isn't such an advantage for a girl to be extraordinarily beautiful, the way you are. You know you are. It's no credit to you, so you needn't look fussed. The really beautiful women—fascinating like you—have so many men in love with them that they just get used to it. A girl who isn't like that marries a man because the man falls in love with her. The really beautiful girl feels as if she is privileged to choose for herself and the chances are she decides on some one who can't or won't or doesn't dare propose. Now with me, for example, it wouldn't be at all hard for me to fall in love with any really nice, fairly good-looking man who happened to want to marry me. I'd be so thrilled. If Tom Fenwick had proposed to me, I'd be so sure that no one as nice as he is would ever propose again that I'd accept on the spot."

There was a long pause in which both Helen and Nancy made an effort to do a little studying. "But after all," resumed Nancy presently, "there is no reason why Uncle Steve shouldn't fall in love with you—if you gave him half a chance."

"I have given him a chance," explained Helen. "The only time I see him alone is in English consultation. I'm taking his daily theme course and once a week each one of us has to go to his office at a stated time and have individual criticism. Once he sat at his desk and looked out of the window all the time he was talking to me. He said one of my themes was silly, and said I ought to go back to primary school to learn to spell. He doesn't even know my name. Just last week I had to tell him so he could look up in his note book and find out what criticisms to make. He said he was sorry he couldn't remember 'but with a hundred girls or so registered in his various lectures it was quite impossible."

In her efforts not to let her mind dwell on the English professor who apparently cared not at all for her, Helen tried to think of her old friend Tom Fenwick, and late that night after she and Nancy had gone to their individual little sleeping rooms that opened on the common sitting room Helen got up and tiptoed out to her desk and wrote to Tom. She said she wanted always to be a friend and asked him if he could arrange to come on for one of the college dances the following week. "I am sure you and Nancy would be very congenial if you knew each other better," she told him.

A month later after Tom had made several hurried trips to the college Helen was overjoyed to hear from Nancy that Tom and she were engaged.

"I suppose I've been caught in the rebound," said Nancy, "but I am not worrying over that. I know Tom and I are really congenial."

It was after that when Nancy was reflecting on her own happiness, and the part that Helen had perhaps played in bringing it about, that she made a bold resolve. Her engagement to Tom seemed to give her an assurance that she had never dreamed she possessed. She contrived to meet Stephen Matthews at a faculty tea and after following up several false clues managed to discover a mutual friend. An old brother of hers who had gone to the same university at about the same time. They didn't actually know each other but they had mutual friends. Nancy told Stephen that she expected her brother on for a little visit and asked him if he would join them at tea at the inn. She would get her room-mate to make up the foursome.

Then she managed to induce her brother to visit her at college, managed to persuade Helen to have tea at the inn, telling her that the other guests were to be her brother and an old university friend of his.

Helen forgave Nancy the deception for the soft, warm light of the college inn proved much more congenial to romance than the cold, academic light of Stephen Matthews' office. He was already halfway in love with Helen before he parted with her after that first tea party. And so it was that Nancy helped to disprove her own theory.

Modish Coats Feature Huge Novelty Cuffs



With the featuring of huge novelty cuffs on the newer coats, enters an element of romance. Does not the very mention of pirates or troubadour cuffs, for so are these deep flaring cuffs called, suggest "Days of old, when knights were bold?" Certainly, according to this picture, these big and wide and graceful cuffs lend a picturesque note to the coat of cloth. This model is made of an exquisitely fine beige woolen. The stitched strapings of self-colored velvet attest to the popularity of velvet as a trimming for cloth. The tie-collar is also an outstanding style touch.

Wonderful Display of Hats for Fall Brides

This season the bride has a wonderful selection of delicate shades to choose from for her wedding hat, which can be felt, satin or tulle silk. The colors come under such fascinating classifications as powder puff and fairy-tale shades. In the latter a blue which looks like periwinkle is called Blue Beard blue; the Peter Pan green is a shade between apple and deep river green; Cinderella gray is a little darker than the opal gray, which has been shown so much; mother goose is a soft shade of tan with a glint of gold in it; sleeping beauty pink is also a soft, pretty shade; Aladdin's lamp runs into the wood shades, which have been shown for some time; briar rose is in the raspberry shading.

In the powder-puff shades the colors run a little stronger. The staple-chase and jockey-club blue remind one of the familiar royal blue. In the greens there are jungle, wintergreen, paradise; also Eve, Eden and Locarno. The midnight sun, sun god and totem are in the burnt orange shadings. In the browns we have sweetmeat, toast, tiffin and stroller's tan. If the bride wishes to choose any of the colors named the bridesmaids wear tones a little darker.

Felt hats are preferred for the occasion. A slight mushroom in front, the back a brim turning up tight to the crown. The crowns are tacked and dented in on all sides. Any style that suits the bride's face is the correct style. In most of the smart shops hats are being fitted to the customer's head. A nice thing about selecting a felt hat for the wedding hat is it can be worn that day and then used also on the wedding trip. Little trimming is needed—a narrow ribbon around the bottom of the crown with a smart tailored bow on the right side and a single initial pin complete the typical hat.

Antelope, Printed Gazelle Among New Winter Furs

The brisk autumn weather has made the woman of fashion anticipate considerably the luxurious fur coat she must inevitably include in her winter wardrobe. And there is a particularly interesting and varied choice for her to consider this season.

On the whole, the straightline silhouette is adhered to, with a few exceptions in the form of flares and capes. Naturally the silhouette continues short; the skirt portion merely covering the hem of the frock beneath, except in the case of the sports coats which are many inches shorter. Collars are in general full and generous, while the sleeves are as varied in the different collections as the sleeves of the gowns they will cover.

Most of the Paris sports coats seem at the football games are slightly shorter than the dresses with which they are worn, and have large, high pockets, producing a subdued aviator effect. They are developed in simple straight lines, and may be of the flat furs, antelope and printed gazelle, being among the favorites.

The Plaited Silhouette

The golden and the hare have passed in Paris, but the plaited silhouette still maintains its place in the sun, quite impervious to the challenges of time. Box plaits, knife plaits and pressed plaits are employed and they appear on the sides and back of coat and dress, and occasionally beneath a flaring tunic.

Youth Is Served in New Fashions

Even Models for Mature Women Reflect Season's Air of Youthfulness

This is the season of youth in styles, everything in women's dress being played in the light of girlhood, even in the fashions designed for women who are admittedly grown up. This was one of the outstanding features illustrated at the exposition of arts and industries in the recent dramatic pageant of fashion, were a fashion writer in the New York Times. Many picturesque examples dramatically presented the sweep through the century to the present season, all toward the grace, lightness, simplicity and beauty of youth.

The basest shopper in New York and in every other big town is the mother of daughters who are to be fitted out for boarding school and college. The progress made in the art of dress has been so remarkable in the past four years that the younger women, even girls in their teens, have come in for a large share of attention and the fashions for them at all ages from the nursery to the graduating class are given the same treatment of the best designers. Just anything as it is simple, practical and not too grown-up, is not the answer to the question of a wardrobe for the juniors and misses of this day and age. The department for the younger set is considered one of first importance, and the very best from the designers on both sides of the water is gathered in for the approval of these young persons.

It is a jolly experience for every mother, who has appreciation and taste, especially if she has the cooperation of the young person herself. But sophistication and independence in these matters come early nowadays, and most girls are fairly well able to select their own clothes. This is greatly simplified in the styles of this season, which exhibit more common sense, propriety and charm than have been shown in the fashions of several seasons past. The models of frocks, wraps, and even of hats for girls and young women do not vary widely from those designed for women. They reflect all the way through the romantic tendency of dress for women, very much to the advantage of both. The latest autumn frocks and suits are conventional without being in the least commonplace, and many delightful and chic styles are shown.

Character of Materials.

The first recommendation in the new things is the sane character of the materials of which the fall coats and frocks for girls are made. The



Smoking Is Done in Bright Colors
Flick on Bigs Cigarettes

slimy stuff—the vases, crocks and chignons—that were the fashion for several seasons are quite out, and instead there are all the waves of soft, woollen, light in weight, simple in texture and more lovely in color this year than ever before.

The latest suit is a compromise with the regulation tailcoat—a simple little outfit that is a winter version of the jumper suit that had such a long run of popularity. The only difference is that the jumper in the fall suit is really a jacket to be worn over a silk or jersey blouse. This type of dress is adaptable for almost every age from the little school girl to the college graduate. Almost invariably the skirt is plaited, either all the way around the clusters of side or box plaits, or the front is plaited and the back is left plain. Many of these little suits are of one material; others are made with the coat of plain goods, the skirt of plaid or check or the coat figured and the skirt of plain, plaited.

These suits are having such vogue that they are being done in an amazing variety of designs as to shape, color and material and of color. The style of introducing plaid, check or any patterned goods with the plain

What's the Difference?

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