

AMERICAN WEALTH AND GAY CLOTHES

French Gowns Are Symbolic of a Changed Spirit in Paris.

BANK ACCOUNTS PLAY PART

Garments Brilliant, Cheering, Capricious and Sometimes Not Economical—New Evening Gowns—Many Capes.

New York.—Paris has sent her clothes over here. We have viewed them. They have been acceptable in large measure and approved of in full measure. And yet observes a prominent fashion writer, we don't understand why they should be as they are. They are a somersault from what has been. Paris has preached demureness, economy, simplicity and modesty. Her cloths have been symbolic of the tidal wave of depression that swept over her spirit since 1914.

The Reason for the Change.

Do you realize why Paris has sent us over such brilliant, alluring, rich clothes? It is because American money has burst upon her with such force that she has gone up in a balloon, figuratively speaking.

France settled herself down for demure clothes on the day of the war and has kept to this contract with herself, compelling the rest of the world to dress likewise; but in the autumn of 1917 there burst upon her astonished vision the vanguard of America. They were not commercial buyers; they were not cosmopolitan multi-millionaires who aped the French woman. They were the true representatives of a country whose vastness and resources France had only guessed at. Boys in blue flannel sailor suits had bank accounts of ten thousand dollars each; women in Red Cross uniforms could afford five hundred dollars per gown, if they wished; privates in khaki paid their bills without looking at their change; canteen workers hid under their collars strings of pearls worth fifty thousand dollars. All these Americans laughed and went to the theater and ordered expensive dinners and joked with the midwives.

The confusing part about this situation is that America is getting into the spirit of economy and sobriety that Paris had a year ago. Our reformers preach standardization, uniformity in clothes; our economists preach conservation; our emotionalists beg us to go about in black, without

dropped over a slim underslip of tissue, silver and steel as well as gold, and the note of color is given by an extraordinary sash. It may be of Chinese blue taffeta, of splendid Chinese brocade, of deep gold and black brocade ribbon, and one end of it always trails down the back panel and adds to the brilliancy of the short train.

Variety of Capes.

We have demure capes made of gaberdine and serge which are as serviceable as those worn by the Italian police, and those who care for the quietness of distinguished clothes can put one of these over a slightly worn and much-used frock, thereby enclosing an old friend in a new frame and



Gown of black satin, short, sleeveless and thin. The sash, which ties at the side, is finished with large gold tassels at hem of skirt. The scarf, of black lace and tulle, with band of gold lace at each end, slips under belt at right, and is loosely thrown over left shoulder.

presenting a brave front to a world that is not too critical in these war days.

But Paris does not stop at these demure capes. Her ecstatic mood shows itself in capricious and exquisite garments called capes, which are fashioned for afternoon and evening wear. They are made in Chinese colors, in Slavic tones, of satin and chiffon and metal embroidery. Sometimes they are maroon colored faille lined with light blue taffeta and worn over a gray gown of crepe de chine or satin and chiffon.

What the Prophets Whisper.

There is no disputing the fact that French women have yielded to the American desire to wear short skirts on the street, and the skirts in these new clothes are both narrow and short. The women who appeared on the street in them without leggings or high shoes have created unpleasant criticism, which should compel them to change their style.

The smart women run a legging or a high cloth-top boot well up under the hem of these short skirts, and the effect is military and pleasing. But at the very moment that we are accepting with enthusiasm this continued style of short and narrow garments, the prophets say that the real French skirts are growing longer. And the smart American designers say the same. They are making the garments slim, without using an inch of surplus material, but they are dropping them to the ankles, omitting the leggings and the high boots, and coming back to the flat-heeled pumps with broad ribbon bows across the vamp.

Three or four of the best houses in New York emphasize these skirts, and those who are tired of the brevity of the skirts we have worn for years are accepting this new type of garment with more than the usual enthusiasm. If it had fullness it would be impossible for street usage, but its narrowness and the slight bias line at the sides, that comes from the material being pulled backward and upward, make it a pleasing picture on the street and an artistic contrast to the prevailing garment.

Miles of Tulle.

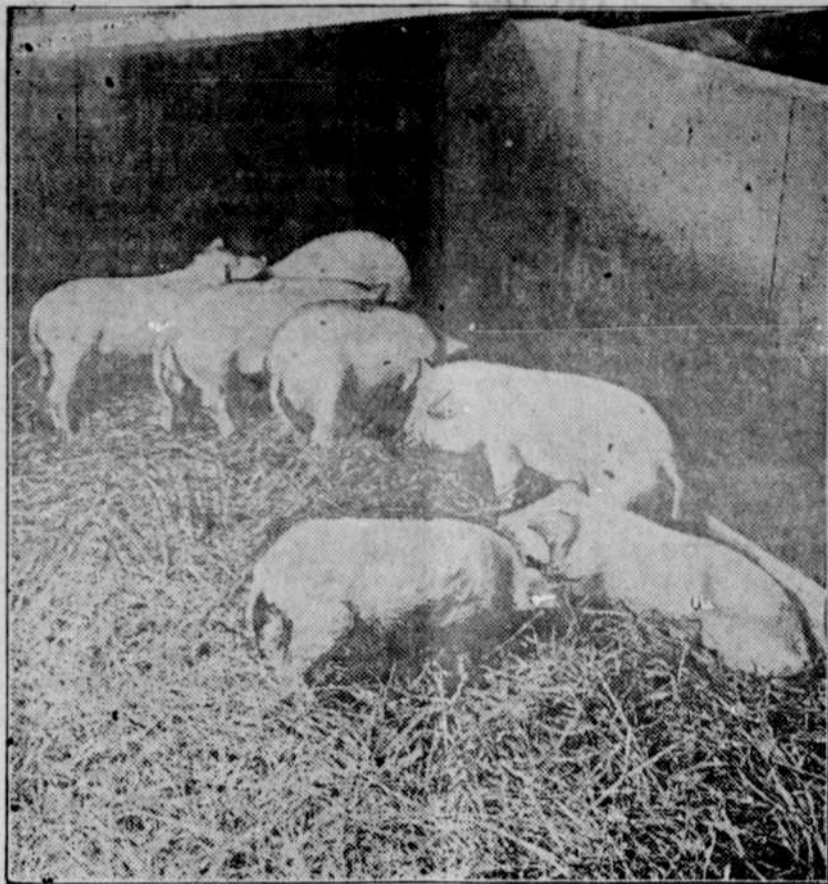
Even when France starts out to be demure she changes her mind and gets a little fling of gaiety into the most somber gown. For example, she makes a black satin restaurant frock in the style of the eleventh century, with the long chemise, the slight girthing about the hips and the half-low-decolletage. Well and good. But she is weary of the black surface by the time she gets to the armholes and the neckline, so she swings in a pair of floating Chinese sleeves of jade green tulle edged with jet, and she winds a narrow scarf of tulle once around the neck, pulls its fullness once over the chin and weights its ends with jet tassels. When green isn't used, king's blue or wine color is chosen.

Every French designer used what she could of colored tulle. There must have been a competition over there as to who could reduce the amount of tulle in France most quickly.

One designer took it into her head to omit white collars and use as a substitute tulle wrapped about the neck and tied in a bow. This fashion is already considered quite smart over here. In restaurants, for luncheons and for any affair where the hat is retained the tulle which covers it forms this collar, and sometimes drops in long ends from the nape of the neck to the knees.

There are chemise gowns of rare lace, seldom in white, but in ivory tints and also in cloudy gray. These are

PREVENT PIG LOSSES BY GIVING SOW PROPER ATTENTION AT FARROWING TIME



WELL CARED FOR PIGS IN THE FARROWING PEN.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Every pig that can be raised this year will be needed to add to the food supply of the nation—and every one will add to the profits of the grower. Increase the number of pigs by preventing losses at farrowing time and insure rapid gains in weight by giving the sow and young pigs the kind of care that will result in healthy development. This depends to a great extent upon the management of the sow at time of farrowing. As the time for farrowing approaches, the sow should be watched carefully, in order that assistance may be given if necessary. The sow generally becomes nervous and restless as parturition approaches; she makes a nest for her young; a swollen vagina and milk down in the teats are other visible signs. One can be quite certain that a sow will farrow late in the afternoon or the following night when milk is found in the teats in the morning.

The feed at this time should be sloppy and limited in amount. Nothing but lukewarm water should be given the sow during 24 hours previous to farrowing. If she has already farrowed a litter and has been properly fed and cared for during pregnancy, little difficulty may be expected. With young sows, particularly those bred at an immature age, there is considerable risk at this time, not only to the pigs but to the sow herself.

Amount of Bedding.

There is a difference of opinion as to the amount of bedding which should be given to the sow at this time. An active sow in comparatively thin condition can be trusted with a liberal amount of bedding, but sows which are in high condition or which are at all clumsy, had better be given only a moderate amount of bedding. Leaves or short straw are preferred.

The farrowing pen should be dry and well ventilated, but free from drafts. Provide the pen with a guard rail made of two by four planks with their edges against the sides of the pen about ten inches above the bed. These prevent the sow from lying against the partition, and lessen the danger of injury to the pigs. The little fellows will soon learn to creep under the guard rail when the sow lies down.

What to Do When Pigs Arrive.

When the pigs are born during warm weather, they are less liable to become chilled and will generally find their way to the teats unaided. In extremely cold weather the pigs will be in danger of being chilled unless the hog house is heated. To remedy this, place a few heated bricks in the bottom of a basket or small box, covering them with chaff or straw, and put a cloth over the top to keep in the heat; unless the sow objects too seriously, the pigs may be rubbed dry with a soft cloth and placed in the receptacle as fast as they arrive. If any of the little pigs appear to be lifeless when they are born, first see that all mucus is removed from the nose, then give the pig a few gentle slaps on the side with the hand. This will start the pig breathing if there is any life in the body. Give it a suck of the sow's milk and place it in the receptacle, as described previously. The pigs will not suffer if they do not suck for a few minutes after farrowing.

Cut Out Back Teeth.

Before placing the pigs with the sow, cut out the eight small tusklake teeth. There are four of these on each jaw in the rear of the mouth. These teeth are very sharp, and if left in the pig's mouth they will likely cause tearing of the sow's udder, and the little pigs cut one another's mouth while fighting for a teat. These teeth can be removed with bone forceps, wire nippers, or with a knife. Never pull out the teeth. Always cut or break them off. After this operation is over, place the pigs with the sow, care being taken that each one gets to a teat. When the after-birth is passed, it should be removed from the pen at once and buried or burned. There is good reason to believe that eating the after-birth is often the beginning of the habit of eating pigs.

As a rule, the sow should have no

food the first 24 hours after farrowing, but should be given a liberal drink of warm water. If, however, she shows signs of hunger, a thin slop of bran and middlings may be given. The feeding for the first three or four days should be light and the time consumed in getting the sow on full feed should be from a week to ten days, depending on the size and thrift of the litter.

The Sow's Food.

Great care must be taken to feed the sow properly. If she is not being properly fed, the little pigs will show it. If the pigs follow the sow around very much and pull at her teats, it is a good sign that she is not giving enough milk, and more feed should be given to stimulate the milk flow. When a sow is overfed, causing a heavy flow of milk, scouring is generally produced in the pigs. If this happens, cut down the sow's feed immediately. Give the sow 15 or 20 grains of sulphur of iron (coppers) in her slop morning and evening, and if necessary, increase the dose until results have been obtained.

Exercise is Necessary.

After the sow has farrowed, it is best for her to be in the open air. Of course, if the pigs are farrowing during the winter months, care will be needed, and it may be necessary to let the pigs reach the age of two weeks before turning them out. They can, however, get considerable exercise in the piggery or in the lot with the sow, and there is often a lot adjoining a barn that is sunny and sheltered from the cold winds, where the sow and pigs may be turned for exercise. Do not allow the pigs to run out during a cold rain.

If they do not get exercise, they will get fat and lazy and the usual result is the "thumps." This is caused by the fat getting so thick around the heart and lungs that the pigs find it difficult to breathe. The best way to prevent this is to avoid overfeeding and make the young pigs take plenty of exercise.

IMPROVE SOIL FOR ALFALFA

Crop Will Not Flourish Where is Acid—Make Liberal Application of Lime.

An acid soil will not produce alfalfa. If you think your soil is acid buy a few pieces of blue litmus paper from the drug store, put a piece of this paper in contact with a piece of your soil, making it damp enough to stick in a ball of soil. If the blue litmus paper turns pink there is an excess of acid and the soil needs lime. Apply lime liberally, ground limestone or hydrated lime, before planting alfalfa. From 1,200 pounds to a ton may be used, according to the soil.

DEFINITE PURPOSE NEEDED

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Lack of definite purpose, too often shown by the American farmer, is illustrated in the following letter, which recently was received by the dairy specialists:

"Please send me some instructions on breeding dairy cattle. I have been crossing Jerseys and Holsteins. I would also like some information on milking goats."

This request indicated that the inquirer has followed the plausible plan of crossing the Jersey, noted for the quality of its milk, with the Holstein, notable for its quantity, hoping to produce cows that would give milk in the quantity of the Holstein and of the quality of the Jersey. He failed, like most who have experimented in this manner, found that his cows gave milk of Holstein quality and in Jersey quantity, and then began to think about changing from dairy cattle to milk goats. The dairy specialists have advised him to select one breed of cattle and "stick to it."

"Miss Mystery" and "Mr. Stranger"

By FRANCES B. LINSKY

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"You are cordially invited to attend a dance to be given by the employees of this hotel on Wednesday evening. Dancing in the garage from 8:30 to 10 o'clock. Please come with escort."

Anne frowned when she read the little card. When school had shut down very unexpectedly for an enforced vacation, she had felt that she must earn some extra money. The result was that she had accepted a so-called "war time" position in one of the suburban hotels, but that such a position has its difficulties, and is mighty different from teaching school, Anne was just beginning to find out.

"I really can't go," she told herself. "I hardly know any of the people who will be there. And besides I haven't any young man to ask for my escort."

"Oh, there's Mr. Stevens," as the manager of the hotel came into the lobby. "I'll ask him to advise me what to do," and she hurried over to meet him.

He greeted her with a pleasant smile for he had taken great interest in the girl who had come to him when school had closed and frankly told him of her desire to earn more money in order to fit herself for "bigger things." He listened carefully to the story of her difficulty.

"Why, I'd just look in for half an hour, if I were you," he said, when she had finished; "you needn't dance if you don't want to, and your lack of an escort will give you sufficient excuse, but I think you'd better go if only for a few minutes, so that the others won't think you are trying to be different."

Anne thanked him, and hurried off, wondering why she hadn't thought of that herself, and resolved that she would look her prettiest, even if she didn't particularly care about going. After dinner, she went to her little room under the eaves, to don her party gown.

"Goodness! How gay we shall be!" she exclaimed to herself, as she shook out her dress. "I wonder if I haven't been to a party since the farewell evening that the teachers gave to the old superintendent. Wonder what the new man 'll be like," and her mind wandered off to the subject that lay nearest her heart—school.

"They say he's young and quite fascinating," she thought, "and I suppose that means that all the teachers in the district will set their caps for him. But here's one that won't." And she jabbed a hairpin in with extra force, for Anne had "ideas" on the subject of "Men."

The last lock of hair securely fastened, and the last frill on the dress alternately coaxed and patted into place, Anne sallied forth alone to the garage which had been transformed into a dance hall for the evening's festivities, quite surprised to find herself rather excited at the prospects of going to a dance, even though the guests were to be maids and chauffeurs.

"I believe I'm going to enjoy it after all," she told herself, with no little amusement. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if I find myself accepting an invitation to dance with some tall youth 'who drives a gentleman's car,' and who probably—"

"Good gracious," and Anne gave a little scream as a big machine shot by her, and came to a sudden stop a few feet beyond.

"My, but that was a narrow escape!" and the girl leaned weakly against the door of the garage, totally unnerved by the shock.

"I do hope I haven't hurt you," called out a masculine voice from the darkness beyond; a voice in which annoyance and concern struggled for the mastery. "I do hope you are not hurt," and instinctively his cap came off, as, coming into the light streaming out through the door of the dance hall, he saw the slender, dainty, girlish figure leaning up against the side of the building.

"They told me down the road that there was a dance in the garage up here, so I was just running past looking for a place to put up my car for a while. I'm most awfully sorry if I've frightened you."

Anne's presence of mind by this time had returned, and she took in her companion with one all-appraising glance.

"Mighty good looking for a chauffeur," was her inward comment, and about she said: "I am all right now, thank you. I really was more scared than hurt. All the chauff—I mean the guests at the dance are putting up the machines in the empty lot behind the garage. I'll show you the way," she added graciously, "for I suppose you don't want to miss any dances. There goes the must—now."

"Why, I don't—" began the young man, and stopped, for Anne had walked ahead and was pointing out the place where a number of machines had already been parked.

"To be quite truthful," he said, when he had caught up with the girl, "I hadn't quite made up my mind to go to this dance, for, as you see, I haven't any partner." And he looked at the girl with a question in his eyes.

Anne laughed. "Why," she said, "that was exactly my trouble—but then I am only going to stay a little while."

"Well, then, may I have the pleasure?" asked the young man quickly, and as Anne nodded consent, he added, "I'll join you here in just a minute," and went off to look after his machine.

As they glided over the floor together, Anne gave herself up completely to the pleasure of dancing with a partner whose step matched hers perfectly, and it was not until the end of their third dance together that she decided that it was time for her to go.

"Just wait for one more dance," pleaded her companion, "for I shall be going myself then. I have rather a long run to make tonight, and besides after these dances with you, I don't feel that I want to dance with anyone else here."

Anne looked up with a smile at the very obvious compliment, and, as if by common impulse, they moved toward the lawn, to stroll up and down in the moonlight during the intermission.

Anne found her companion a most interesting talker, as he told her of the various places he had visited, and the strains of music that announced the next dance came all too soon.

"I think you have been most fortunate in your choice of an employer," she said to him, as they entered the dancing room again.

"My employer? Why just what do you mean?" asked the young man.

"Why," said the girl, "not many chauffeurs are privileged to see as much of the country as you apparently have, judging from your conversation."

"Not many chauffeurs," repeated the young man, a rather puzzled look on his face—"why—er—" as a thought struck him, "why, yes, I guess I am rather lucky at that, although I'm afraid I hadn't really appreciated it until you spoke."

Once more they glided off, and at the end of the dance Anne held out her hand.

"It has been a very pleasant evening," she said. "Thank you for having helped to make it so. Good night, Mr. Stranger."

"Good night," and his hand closed over hers, as he quickly caught the meaning conveyed in her words. "Good-night, Miss Mystery."

At the end of the hotel season, Anne went up to Aunt Jane's little mountain home to rest for a couple of weeks, and then went back to Georgeville for the opening of school.

She found Georgeville all excitement. There was to be a reception and dance to welcome the new superintendent, and Anne, womanlike, was just as eager as all the rest to see what he was like.

"Well, you old dear," she said, addressing her remarks to her very much wrinkled evening dress, as she fished it out of her trunk, "this makes the second very unexpected appearance for you this season. Well, if we have half as nice a time together tonight as we did on the occasion of our last party"—and Anne went off into a day-dream, from which she was aroused by hearing the clock strike six, which brought her to her feet with a "Mercy gracious, I must press my dress or I'll never be ready—but he was certainly mighty well-informed for a chauffeur, and he never even asked me my name," she finished vaguely, not making it very clear even to herself just what connection there was between the first part of her sentence and the last.

Eight o'clock found Anne together with the other teachers of her school waiting her turn to meet the guest of the evening. Anne was the last in the line, and as the usher gave her his arm, the girl found herself rehearsing the very correct speech with which she hoped to make a good impression upon her new superior officer, but the words died in her throat, and a light that was more than recognition leaped into her eyes, as the guest of the evening strode forward to meet her; and as his brown hand closed over hers he said softly:

"I must have the first dance, Miss Mystery."

And Anne, with the happy light still glowing in her eyes, lifted them to his, and said:

"I always find it best to obey the superintendent."

Americans in Tokyo and Yokohama.

Half the Americans residing in Tokyo and Yokohama have come from four eastern states—New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New Jersey—according to a census taken at the dinner tendered by the American association of Japan to Roland S. Morris, the new American ambassador. New York State led with 41, Pennsylvania followed with 21, Massachusetts, 15; California, 13; Illinois, 12; New Jersey, 9, and Missouri, 7. Ohio was represented by 6; Kansas and Indiana by 5 each. Four each came from Connecticut, Maryland, Tennessee and the Philippines. Three hailed from each of the following states: Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Washington, and two from the Territory of Hawaii. One citizen each came from Maine, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Iowa and Arizona.—East and West News.

Unpatriotic Man.

During the recent drive for Red Cross memberships a man was approached and asked to take out a membership. He declined flatly and declared he had not subscribed for the Y. M. C. A. fund and the Liberty bonds, and didn't propose to join the Red Cross.

When pressed for a reason he said: "Why, didn't I pay \$600 for a substitute to take my place in the ranks during the Civil war? That is enough for one man."