

FAMOUS PARISIAN FASHIONS OF OLD MERE "FRAUDS"

Traditional French Good Taste to Return

War Discloses Expert Cutters and Designers Were Austrian and German. "Simplicity" Dawns and Paris Seeks to Retain Supremacy. "Shocking" Modes Pass as Men Designers Go to Front.

BY STERLING HEILIG.
PARIS, July 23.—(Special.)—"Miss" at Lewis' was describing hats. (Every fashionable woman knows Miss, blonde, elegant, careworn, enthroned by the outer door at the great man milliner's.)

"Velvet marquis hat, night-blue, ornamented with sand-colored kid roses (explaining) roses made of a material like suede gloves (then correcting): No, not roses—renouées. They're never."

"Amazone hat of sand-colored Ottoman. No, we're at war with Turkey—make it peau-de-noie, a kind of faillie, ornamented with—nothing."

I stared.

"Really," I said, "do fashionable women permit Lewis, of Paris, and Louise & Co. of London, to sell them, retail, covered with a little velvet or Ottoman, simple hat forms from the wholesalers?"

Miss smiled superior. The fact came out—a new precaution of great Paris milliners to keep exclusive. They make their own hat forms—all except straws. One of these days they'll make straws also.

"Try to buy that Ottoman form," said Miss. "It doesn't exist. Our workers wet the esparto matting, mold it round a wooden form carved right here, fix it. When dry they stretch and fix the Ottoman round it. (calling) Tell Charles to bring down a piece of sparterie, a scrap of Ottoman, and one renouée."

Charles, white-moustached artisan, viewed me with suspicion, as a German spy. He would not let the rich and wonderful artificial flower out of his hand. "I made it," he grunted—kind of double king's cup, shaded crimson (on the hat it was sand-colored), more velvet than velvet, feebly, living, with its petals of thin kid. He took back his scrap of sparterie. Grunting, he returned to his locked hall, where 30 women make "exclusive" flowers, motifs and "fancies."

Miss continued:
"Hat, brim blue taffetas, crown blue velvet, ornamented with a tall, white velvet toque bordered with white satin, ornamented with an art algrette and fixed with pearl-white motif. Seal-colored satin toque, ornamented with art algrette paddles—"

I begged her to stop the paddles a moment.

What are art algrettes?
Here we are deep in exclusiveness—there are imitations that cost as dear as originals. Since the American Government protects algrette-herons, Paris modistes ditto.

"No baby heron mourns its mamma or papa on account of art algrettes," said Miss. "Two honest fowl have volunteered—I name the ostrich and the peacock. Why, peacocks drop their tail feathers on the lawn! The slimy algrette which makes water



New Model Showing Art Algrettes Used to Advantage

dripping from the paddle is thinned peacock. (She tried to tell me how they fine the feathers down with razor blades and pull each sprig over a dull knife back to obtain filmy stiffness.) And this—

Charles came Sherlocking along again. He fixed Miss with a severe eye.

"Charles, come and tell us how you make paddles (turning to me). Listen, I'll tell you: any American schoolgirl can buy cheap feathers and cut herself a pair of paddles with the scissors. If Charles will tell us how to make the dripping water."

Charles coughed violently.

His eyes shinned red. He grunted and clipped himself.

And, lest you imagine Charles to be an isolated crank, I will tell you of a similar scene which happened at a famous dressmaker's.

I omit the name, for reasons. A chatty American customer was going on: "But how can you prevent German spying?" And Mme. X—herself replied: "We cannot refuse to show models."

At that moment Henri, the cutter, pale and trembling, dropped his scissors and stalked out in silence, leaving the rich customer all pinned up, in the midst of her fitting. It took Mme.

X—five minutes to get him back. Later she apologized for Henri.

"They are all fierce patriots," she said, "and often shame their employers. We ought not to speak before them—they do not always understand. (Then, indicating that the patriot cutter, rather, understood a lot) I can't get on without Henri and he knows it. Good cutters are so scarce since the war."

What she did not add was that a mass of excellent cutters had been Austrians, the majority of fur workers Germans and (quite apart from German-owned concerns like Mme. Bechoffs) three-fourths of the Paris fashion plates had come to be edited and printed in Germany or Austria.

The latter revelation astonished everybody.

I remember a Chicago dressmaker on her first trip to Paris. She bought up, in quantity, a quantity of fashion papers from the Boulevard stands, "to obtain a general idea," Alexander Kahn, sometime of Boston, who knows everything, being present, turned them over, one by one, and laid them in two piles. Pointing to the biggest pile, he said: "You know—these are all gotten up in Germany."

"Impossible!" said the Chicago dressmaker. "Look, they're issued from their Paris offices. See here, on the front

page, Galerie Vienne, Paris; and, see here—the tricolor French flag, the arms of the Paris Municipality, and the offices, Rue Cherche-Midi, Paris! And here, again, the mention 'printed in Paris.' (Indeed, all had the mention 'printed in Paris.')

"Nevertheless," said Kahn, "they're printed in Germany or Austria."

And he was right.

The house of Finkelshtein, 17 Witt-hausergasse, Vienna, publishes "Le Grand Chic," "La Couture Parisienne," "Tailor Made," "La Grande Confection," "Le Chapeau Parisien," "Les Jupes Nouvelles," "La Confection Parisienne," "La Tailleuse de Paris," and "Album de Blouses 'Le Chic' de Paris."

The house of Gustav Lyon, Leipzigerstrasse, Berlin, publishes "L'Idéal Parisien," "Les Modes Parisiennes," "New Ladies' Fashions," "La Façon Parisienne," "Les Blouses Artistiques," "La Mode Artistique," and "Chapeaux Modernes."

The house of Martens, of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, publishes "Chic de Paris" and "Les Modes de Paris."

The house of Backwitz, 47 Lowen-gasse, Vienna, publishes "La Mode Parisienne," "Album Blouses Nouvelles du 'Chic' Parisien," "La Revue Parisienne," "Le Carnaval de Paris," "La Revue des Chapeaux," "La Saison

Parisienne," "Le Grand Luxe Parisien," "La Parisienne Elegante," "Les Toilettes Parisiennes," "Le Gout à Paris," "La Jeunesse Parisienne," "Les Jupes Parisiennes" and "Robes d'Intérieur."

By a peculiarity of French customs—which admits all publications in French language duty free—the German and Austrian fashion papers came to Paris in bulk, and competed with the home article, in Paris and abroad. Paris was their chief center of distribution.

They were not clumsy imitations. Mme. Camille Duguet, the eminent fashion specialist, says that they were "as well posted in Parisian elegance as our own publications."

The fault was of certain great Paris style-makers.

"I would not accuse German industrial spying so much," she says, "as our deplorable French tendency to favor foreigners. I have often noted with regret the willingness of our great dressmakers to communicate their latest models to fashion-papers of Berlin, Vienna and New York, while often refusing equal documentation to French papers."

They even had a Germanizing influence.

"Certain houses went further. If, at times, your own masculine good sense (Concluded on Page 7.)



Satin Toque Ornamented by Paddles with Water Dripping from them Produced by Filmy 'Art Algrettes' Note blouse cut very open in neck, in harmony with Cardinal-Archbishop Annette's decree of Modesty.



Sand-colored Amazone hat by Lewis. Which has no ornament—The exclusive thing is the form. This Note of the New Note of Modest Paris



Velvet Marquise Hat by Lewis—Night-Blue. With Famous sand-colored kid roses.

STORIES AND PICTURES FOR THE LITTLE ONES

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX YEARS AGO

WHEN you open your newspaper today to this page your eyes may notice the date—August 1, and if they do, you may think to yourself, or say aloud: "What, August already? My, how quickly the Summer is passing!" And you may even sigh at the flight of time, for nearly every boy and girl likes the vacation months, with their outdoor life, their freedom, their fun.

Now, way back—136 years ago this very day, August 1, 1779—a little boy was born, who was destined to write a song that would not only make him famous, but would warm the heart of every true American every time he heard it.

When I tell you what this little boy did after he grew to be a man, you will see why August should stand out prominently on your calendars. The boy's name was Francis Scott Key, and he wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner."

movements to their soldiers, the Admiral determined to keep Mr. Key and the doctor on board until the fight was over.

At the sunrise of the 13th of September, the fleet moved up the bay and opened fire on Fort Mifflin. The fight which followed was a fierce one that lasted till midnight, and the two Americans could not make out through the darkness which side was winning.

Key paced the deck in an agony of suspense, and he watched and waited till the early dawn to be relieved, praying that the Stars and Stripes



Key Paced the Deck in an Agony of Suspense.

would still be waving over the fort. It was during this anxious wait that he took an old envelope out of his pocket and scribbled the well-known lines of our National song.

Finally, when the day had dawned, Key was delighted to see our colors still waving on high and knew then that the city was saved. At his leisure he wrote the last verses of this beautiful poem, and a friend of his, recognizing the force of it, had it printed and distributed among the citizens of Baltimore. Then the words were set to music and it was sung in theaters, at private functions, on the streets, and finally it became our Nation's song.

Francis Scott Key died on the 11th of January, 1842, but his poem will live as long as the Star-Spangled Banner waves "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Names of Prussian Kings.
London Sphere.
All the Kings of Prussia have been called Frederick or William.

August in History

AUGUST 1, 1779—Birth of Francis Scott Key.
August 1, 1876—Colorado was admitted to the Union.
August 1, 1714—Accession of the House of Hanover in England.
August 4, 1857—First Atlantic cable.
August 6, 1777—Americans defeated by the Tories and Indians.
August 7, 1742—Birth of General Nathaniel Greene.
August 9, 1862—Battle of Cedar Mountain.
August 11, 1756—French took Oswego, N. Y.
August 11, 1807—Fulton's steamboat sailed up the Hudson.
August 12, 1898—Guam Colony admitted to the Union.
August 13, 1898—Manila surrendered to Americans.
August 15, 1914—Panama Canal formally opened.

Making Faces

IF LUCY loved one thing more than any other it was to take a long walk in the park with her big brother. Now Big Brother had his business to attend to, so the only time he had to walk with Lucy was on a Sunday afternoon.

Was it a wonder that the tot looked forward to Sunday afternoons in Spring for these walks? Big Brother knew so many ways of entertaining Lucy and his stories were very interesting. Every tree and every flower suggested a fairy tale or a legend, and for the coming Sunday he had promised her a visit to the Zoo.

Sunday came and with it the rain came pouring down.

"Now w-we c-can't g-go-o out-t," cried Lucy, "a-and I-I-wa-wanted t-to seee t-the a-animals s-so awful

m-much. W-w-what c-can we d-do i-instead?"

"Come here, little Fuss, and I'll show you something funny. Bring me a sheet of paper and a pencil."

"What's it going to be?" asked Lucy, her tears changing to smiles.

"What do these look like?" asked Big Brother, handing her the paper on which he had drawn some queer things. "They are six funny faces without heads," laughed Lucy, for they were funny looking enough to make anyone laugh.

"Why, so they are," remarked Big Brother. "Now we must make the heads."

On another piece of paper he drew outlines of six different heads.

"Now," he said, "we will cut out the blank spaces inside of these heads and fit them on the funny faces. Run and get me mother's small embroidery scissors."

Lucy had the pleasure of cutting out the paper where the faces ought to be, and then such fun as she had fitting the parts together. As there were six faces and six heads, she made 36 combinations, and each one was funnier than the rest.

Big Brother announced the fact that it was 5 o'clock, and he wanted to go down to the library to read the paper. Lucy could not believe her ears.

"What, 5 o'clock already! My but this has been a short afternoon, Brother, and such a lovely one!" Then she sidled up to Big Brother and kissed him. "I didn't miss going to the Zoo a bit, 'cause I liked making faces better, and I like you best of all."

A BIRTHDAY PARTY AND TWO ORIGINAL GAMES

Francis had been born on the first of August, in a town in Maryland. His mother called him Francis because the writer of our "Star-Spangled Banner" had been born on that date, and she was proud of her countryman, and felt that she could not honor his memory more than by naming her son after him.

Francis had two celebrations every Summer, one on the Fourth of July and the other on his birthday, August 1. That he loved the Star-Spangled Banner was but natural, and his little Colonial suit was let out in the seams.

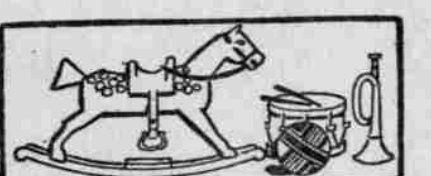
Francis liked the idea of this game, for he loved the country, with its insects and birds, but he thought that several of his city cousins ought to have a game to suit their tastes.

"Can't you scare up a city game?" he asked his mother.

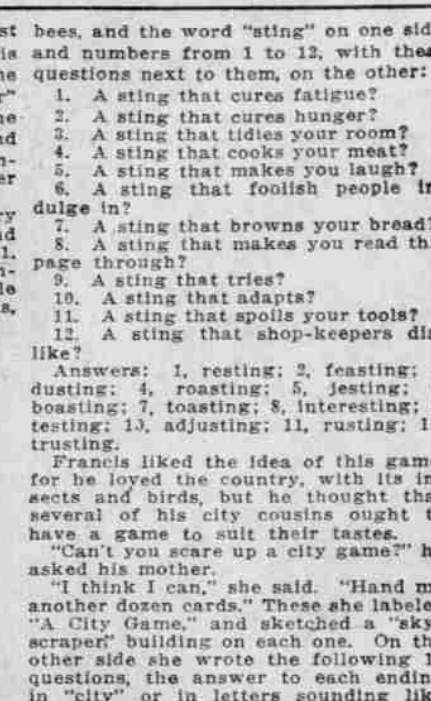
"I think I can," she said. "Hand me another dozen cards. These are labeled 'A City Game,' and sketched a 'sky-scraper' building on each one. On the other side she wrote the following 12 questions, the answer to each ending in 'city' or in letters sounding like city:

1. What is the city of learning?
2. What is the city of emity?
3. What is the city of shrewdness?
4. What is the city of truth?
5. What is the city of doubt?
6. What is the city of greed?
7. What is the city of ostentation?
8. What is the city of Spring?
9. What is the obstinate city?
10. What is the city of inclination?
11. What is the animated city?
12. What is the plain city?

Answers: 1, university; 2, animosity; 3, sagacity; 4, veracity; 5, perplexity; 6, voracity; 7, pomposity; 8, elasticity; 9, pertinacity; 10, propensity; 11, vivacity; 12, simplicity.



The Birthday Party Took Place in the Garden Near a Tiny Lake.



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