

Needles Fly WHILE Cannons Roar

FRENCH GIRLS IN WAR ZONE MAKE WORLD'S FINEST LINGERIE

Story of American Widow who takes Good Cheer to Needy and buys \$100 Night Gowns

PARIS—She says that American women wear the most beautiful lingerie in the world. Even in winter? I asked. And she said yes.

Girls, I should think you would freeze.

She says that the filmy French objects—which can be pulled through a wedding ring—are just loved by our women, and are perfectly adapted to the climate. They are, less adapted to woolen underwear, so snug, cosy and—ugly, she says. Et voilà!

A wealthy widow, an American widow, elegant, pretty and lovely in mind and face and figure, hunting \$100 embroidered nightgowns of real fine de main linen, hand woven, at \$6 per yard wholesale! Nightgowns I can understand. When doiled with real Valenciennes at \$7 the yard, and, say, empiement of Alencon point, they can run to \$10, even when made of lawn or cambric. She doesn't care! Combinations and underskirts at \$20 which fold up like a handkerchief! And embroidered to the sound of cannon, in the great war. "Those Lorraine peasant girls have got to live," she says. "They are the most wonderful needlewomen in the world." She went to Nancy. I tell you, any man who gets that widow—

"American women inherit their love for fine lingerie from the days of Martha Washington," she says, "when every ship from France brought as many pieces of hand-woven linen as the merchants could pick up. The correspondence of foremost Americans in France, like Jefferson, Adams, Morris and Pinckney, were full of commissions from their families to procure the fine toile de lin which the court aristocracy had previously got their farmers, wives and daughters to make for them on home looms. There was no other way to get it. The embroidery was done by their femmes de chambre. So we got the taste of fine lingerie, made at home, home embroidered, in all good American families."

Home looms, she says, were all over America.

There came a time, alas, when America grew too rich and hurried to weave the linen at home—or even do the right kind of embroideries. At that moment fine lingerie became horribly expensive.

It was the same in France, where certain localities, in time, developed specialties—in the north, around Valenciennes, for linen, hand woven and machine, and in the Vosges for nanosouk, or, as we call it, lawn or cambric, always machine woven. The same district of the Vosges was always celebrated for hand embroidery. There instead of forgetting their fine needlework, the female population developed and perfected it.

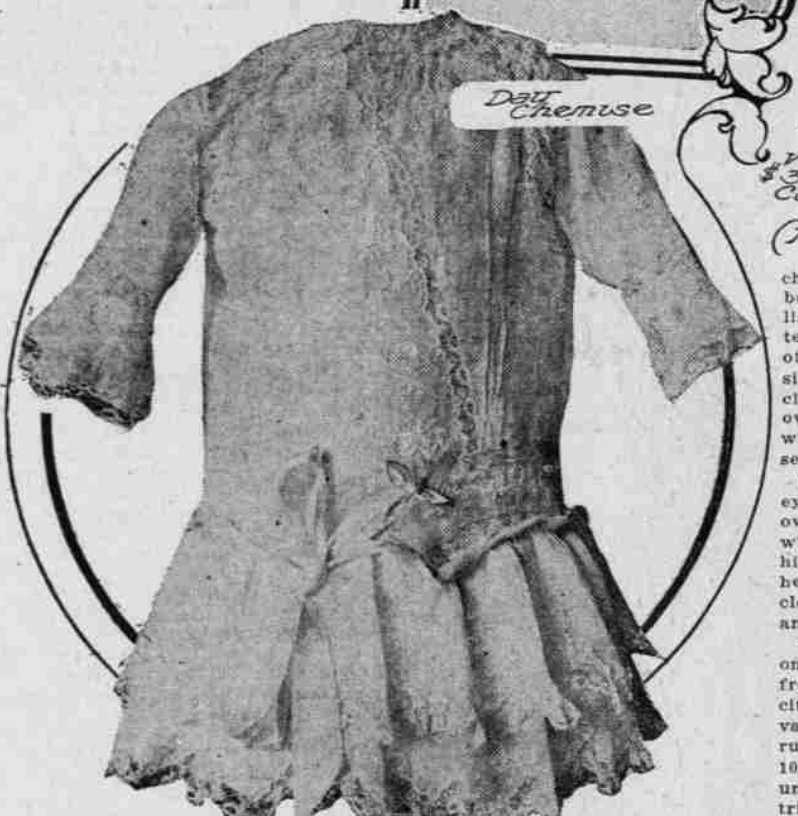
"Ever since I was a child," says the elegant widow, "I had heard about the hand-embroidered lingerie made by mountain women of French Lorraine; and when I grew up I paid for it in the great stores of America! I have seen a nightgown sell for \$150 and Altman, at his New York opening, exhibited one which afterwards sold for \$800. It was the dearest on record."

She had always determined to go, some day, to where they make them. "I want to buy the finest stuff," she said, "and hunt those mountain girls up in an automobile!"

"But the war," we said—"The war won't stop me," she replied. "The war don't stop them, does it? I shall take them work and they'll be glad to see me."

"Can you beat it?"

When a woman gets an ideal—



Childs Embroidered Dress On Which Eight Different Girls and Women Worked



Scrumptious Nightgown of Hand Woven Linen, on a Wax Mennegut in 1910. Cost \$140.



French Lorraine Embroidered Lingerie with Incrustations of Real Lace

FRESH FISH FROM ALASKA

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open the fish, so the white salmon are marked by slicing their noses. The manager says there is really no difference in the taste or quality of the salmon according to its color, although the different colors bring a different price in market.

And in this connection comes a story, which is fairly well authenticated, of how one of the salmon kings started his fortune in the fish industry on the basis of the then-disputed light-colored salmon. This man had put up his canner at a location past which the fish came in great numbers on their way to spawn. He was right in his selection of a site and the salmon were caught in vast quantities. They were all, however, of the light pink variety, and the fisherman was in despair. At that time no light-colored salmon had been shipped and the demand everywhere was for salmon of an almost red hue. The man canned his catch and sold it by means of a label which implied that it was the only sanitary fish on the market. The label read: "This salmon is warranted not to turn red in the can." The most of the catch went to the Southern States, and the drummers selling it did their business so well that in many of the cities of that locality you can hardly sell a red salmon. The people think it is spoiled, and has, therefore, turned red in the can.

I am surprised at the extent of the fishing industry of this part of the world. The ocean floors of Southeastern Alaska are carpeted with fish of many varieties; and there are large fishing industries carried on all along the coast out to the Aleutian Islands. There are many fish in Bering Sea, and the Yukon and Kuskowim Rivers are filled with fish of one kind or another. The total value of the Alaskan catch for 1914 was almost \$20,000,000, and altogether we have caught enough fish in these waters to equal about 20 times what we paid for the territory. The total value up to date has been very close to \$220,000,000.

The most of this has been made up just started, there are more visitors here than ever before. Many interesting features and entertainments are in progress or have been arranged for. One party from the Carolina Hotel recently went for a drag hunt arranged by James Boyd, of Harborsburg, Pa., on his estate, Southern Pines. On horseback were the following:

the beginning. The Barjons are a remarkable French family of Nancy, Neufchateau and Paris, who, for 50 years past, have encouraged and patronized the needlewomen of the Vosges. I think that they began as manufacturers of nanosouk, made only in these mountains, from Egyptian cotton. As I have said, it is what we call batiste, lawn or cambric, extremely fine and filmy, cotton-linen in a word, has made it possible for every woman in America to wear delicate and pretty lingerie, at least. The spinning, weaving

and bleaching of it by mountain water power employs hundreds of villagers, who have never emigrated, but are prosperous and happy.

"Along the mountain roads, with not a house in sight," says the fair widow, "I saw up to October, spread upon the grass fields beside irrigation streams of mountain water, miles of white batiste, bleaching and resplendent, to make lingerie for the pretty girls of America."

To get their batiste made up and embroidered with real hand elegance, the manufacturers are bound to exploit

barbecued black cod. This consists of the backs of the fish, which are kippered or smoked, after being salted. They are served with drawn butter.

There is a prospect that an extensive industry will some time arise in the shellfish of Alaska. They have oysters near here as large around as a saucer, and there are many places among the Alaskan islands where you can catch crabs as big around as a dinner-plate. There are clams, large and small; little butter clams that are delicious and others good to eat as big around as your hand. There is a man at Petersburg who has shipped this year 60 cases of one-pound cans of clams; and clams and clam juice were formerly packed at Klawak.

I am told, however, that one has to be very careful as to the source of his

clam supply. Some of these bivalves feed in the water near the copper deposits, and the copper poisons their meat. The captain of one of our coast survey steamers, in speaking of this recently, told me how his life was saved by a pussy-cat. Said he:

"It was a narrow escape. I had bought a fine mess of clams and was just about to eat some of them raw when I decided I had better test their edibility by giving one of them to my cat. The pussy ate it, and a moment later she rolled over and went into convulsions. She kept on kicking until every one of her nine lives had departed. The clams were poisoned by copper, but they looked as sweet and healthy as any I have ever seen. Had the cat not been near, I would have tried them without question, and I really believe that that cat saved my life."

The Senesless Censor. London Daily Mail.

Two of the latest absurdities of the censorship were recorded yesterday by the Daily News. In one instance every reference to the village of Loos was struck out from an account of the recent fighting in Flanders. Loos was mentioned repeatedly in the official dispatches, its capture was the topic of conversation whenever two men came together in Great Britain and yet the censor mechanically cut it out whenever it appeared in the narrative. The other instance was even more grotesque. A correspondent, quoting the line:

"The captains and the kings depart," was staggered to find the words "and the kings" deleted. Why is quite beyond us. We simply give it up.

Today there is yet one more item to be added to the inexhaustible list of official follies. As everybody knows, an Anglo-French force is being landed at Saloniki. Who is the British official in command? A name has been given in the Frankfurter Gazette of October 4, in the Corriere della Sera and in Secolo, of Milan, and in La Tribuna, of Rome, of the same date. It is known to the enemy; it is known all over Europe. Yet the British people are forbidden to know it. The censor hags it to himself as a secret that the Germans, the Austrians, the Turks, all the Balkan peoples and our allies on the Continent may share in, but that must at all costs be guarded from our good public.

village needlework. They began by distributing hundreds of packages of nightgowns, chemises, etc., over the mountain roads, here at a farmhouse, here in a hamlet, regularly leaving them three months before gathering them up again, fully embroidered. The thing became specialized. First, fine power linen, then hand-woven linen were added, real lace and imitation lace, in the same types of minute home work.

"Here's the beauty of it," she says. "It cannot be systematized in factories. The cutting is done by professionals, mostly at Nancy and Paris. The sewing is done in ouvroirs managed by charitable ladies or good sisters, in the larger towns, like Neufchateau. But the embroidery is bound to be given out in farms and village households, as at the beginning."

Each village has its style, she says. Certain kinds of embroidery, made beautifully around Epinal, are made less well around Plombieres; while Plombieres is famous for another kind, which is less well done at Rambervilliers.

"These Lorraine women have been embroidering since the days of Jeanne d'Arc," she says. "Many of them work on the loose linen, without even a square of stiffening paper! Little girls of eight years old embroider while keeping the geese. I know a grandmother of 74, who sat doing fine work in her plum orchard when the Germans bombarded the Schlucht and a shell blew up her beehives—yet there is no sign of nervous perturbation in the nightshirt. Once our automobile met a girl of 14 weeping on the highroad. 'What's the matter?' we asked. Tears rolled down her cheeks. 'The cow,' she answered, 'tried to eat my corset cover and it's ruined!' I looked at the chewed object. It was finest flower embroidery, done point by point with the needle on hand-woven linen worth \$9 per yard—such work and fine material entrusted to a 14-year-old girl!"

This was the time I met Paul Barjon. "I am astonished that the cow did not swallow such fine linen," he said. "It would not make a mouthful. You have heard tales of chemises that could be pulled through a finger ring? Well, I myself have tried it with a yard and a half of the new hand-woven linen of Tarrat—which is a yard wide, remember. I could pull it through a plain gold wedding ring with ease. It would have made the cow sick, nevertheless. It is so indigestible, incredibly strong and tough."

The fair pilgrim of the nightgown spoke up. "It looks cobwebby," she said, "but I heard an example of its strength at Nancy. In a chateau on beyond there, in the first days of the war, the Germans caught the Comte de V— and held him prisoner, locked in a little empty room at the top of the north tower, which his wife had loved for the view. There was absolutely nothing in it but her filmy linen window curtains, sweetly embroidered, hanging, still, at the one window—the Germans had begun the 'moving.' In the night he tore filmy tissue into strips and tied them into a rope and let himself down 52 feet to the ground and got away!"

I meditated of the cow and weeping girl.

"A half yard of such linen, worth \$4, worked into corset cover selling for \$30, represents some exquisite work, even after deducting the cost of the real lace. Aren't the village girls exploited? Do they know the prices their work is sold at?"

Barjon's reply was grave and kindly. "None earn less than an average of 40 cents per day," he said, "and very many make double that and more; and yet it is not all-day work, as in a factory, but home work, done in their leisure. Here's the blessing of it, in our way of thinking—it encourages the home life, sweet prosperity of the old farm and picturesque village, among children and neighbors, without rush or anxiety. Mother drops her embroidery to wash the baby. Sister drops her embroidery to help little brother with his lessons. Mother and sister sit, embroidering, with neighbors, in the shady afternoon, while chatting. Or, in winter, 15 village women gossip round the lamp, embroidering together, now here, now there."

Such embroidery, I could not be executed with factory discipline. "The eyes would not stand its continuous application, for one thing, and it would make them nervous invalids for another—while the personal distinction of the work would become standardized, which is the ruin of elegance. Do the leisure of home, it is a profitable pastime. It makes a whole region prosperous—in time of peace."

"All the same," I said, "the selling prices—"

"Tut, tut," answered Barjon. "You are dreaming of the \$100 nightgowns. You forget that simpler ones, but entirely hand embroidered under the same conditions, are sold in America as low as 60 cents, and objects of real beauty from \$2 to \$6. Combinations and underskirts from \$1 to \$6, corset covers from 60 cents to \$2, and so on. All are given out and collected again by automobiles, over the mountain roads. Noble women direct the Neufchateau and Nancy ouvroirs. Were there only \$100 nightgowns there would be less work to give out."

I looked at the passionate pilgrim. "You must have a fine collection," I said. She squirmed. "Exquisite lingerie," I said. "You've gone through war and death to get it." She blushed. "I am going back to Nancy," she said.

Barjon looked upon her with respectful kindness. "Taking back more packing-cases full of shoes and jackets!" he teased. "And the General commanding makes no more objection?" She blushed redder. "What's the joke?" I asked them. Barjon answered in a tone of benediction: "Hundred dollar nightgowns. I think we may say \$200 nightgowns. Lorraine won't forget it!"

A Call on the Waiter. Judge.

Hotel Clerk—Is this \$1000 bill the smallest thing you have about you?

Departing Guest—I am afraid it is. Clerk (to bell boy)—Here, take this bill to one of the waiters and ask him to change it.



Winter Resort Crowd, Pinehurst, N.C. ©Underwood.