

DIVERTING MEDIA FOR HATS; NEW FLARE SKIRT POPULAR

IF STRAW or felt has become an old story when it comes to the chapeau, why not "something different"—say crocheted ostrich, reversible satin, chenille, lace or gay patterned silks. Yes, indeed! There's just any number of interesting media which milliners are working into hats this season.

There is the little cap-touque in the triangle in the picture—a Paris model, of course, one decides that at first glance. Never would guess what it is made of—crocheted ostrich! Just that. Intriguing idea, is it not? Carries promise of what's coming for fall. Black and white crocheted ostrich

the passing observer for its just like this—the silk is in what is called the Covered Wagon design. Close scrutiny of its patternings reveals a most interesting portrayal of quaint figures—a veritable picture printed on silk.

According to some folks' way of thinking "to move in a circle is not progressive — "gets you nowhere." When it comes to the new flare skirt, however, the theory is exploded for moving in a circle, a circular cut if you so please to term it, leads onto foremost chic.

Paris sponsors just such a circular skirt as the smart printed dress in the lower picture adopts. This one-piece cir-



Three Interesting Hats

is woven, or rather, crocheted just as you see it here and it is surely novel and attractive.

Chenille is an excellent item, too, crocheted similar to the ostrich hat just mentioned. New berets shown in advance millinery collections are crocheted in three and four colors of chenille in small checked and plaided designs.

Then there are those novelty sports hats from Renee, which are woven of natural hemp thread combined with a thread of wool. Allover patterns are worked in the wool like an embroidery. These are exclusively for the elite, but they go to show the diversity of media which contribute to the glory of current millinery.

In very smart circles the little touque is made of very wide satin ribbon. The one in the picture to the right happens to be fashioned of reversible black and white satin. In Paris the flair for black and white headgear which sprang up

cular flare is even newer for daytime frocks than the tiered flare which places one flounce or section above another.

Much of the advance information concerning fashions "on the way" has to do with flares. The mode seems inclined to flare everything that will submit to a flare. We see this in many costumes which follow up the flare of the skirt with similar flares about the blouse (peplums they call them). The cuffs on the sleeves are flared, too, and the fanciful jabots which so fashionably trim also are cut in a series of flares.

When it comes to the new coats, fashionists are in a decidedly flaring mood. There are flares and flares some at the sides, others at the back also all around effects. These are achieved with ingenious godets mostly although circular cut sections are also employed coming from slightly fitted tops. Noteworthy among advance coats are types fashioned of flat fur



Flare Skirt New Style Trend.

In the early spring has kept on gaining momentum until it has developed into a full-fledged vogue main taining as time is proving throughout the summer months.

The hat made of basket-woven rib bon is very swaggy, too. Often they are worked out in a single color, then again a checkerboard effect is achieved with contrasting ribbons.

As to millinery "sets" of sprightly print silks or of gay cottons or linens, for that matter, the program is continuous. The woman wearing a hat and scarf ensemble such as the one shown at the top in upper illustration need not be surprised at the gaze of

for the upper fitted portion to which circular or flaring fabric skirts, velvet or cloth, are attached.

Coming back to the dress in the picture it carries that Parisian note of chic—the jabot collar. Ever so many of the printed frocks are enhanced with cascades of self material or of dainty lingerie.

The latest fascination in lingerie accessories is that of fine platings of sheer batiste or organdie. Not only do they give a final touch of charm to printed dresses, but it is quite a fad for plain silk crepe to take on this pretty bit of femininity.

JULIA ROTTOMLEY.

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MOTHER BECOMES AN AUTHORESS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MRS. HUBERT LAIDLAW looked over the coffee urn at her family. Her husband, stolid, well groomed, prosperous looking, half hidden behind his morning paper; Madeline, daintily pretty, still sleepy from last night's Country club dance; Hubert, Jr., or "Hub," blond hair disheveled, dividing his attention between his bacon and eggs and his "math" book propped up against the water pitcher before his plate.

"I am going to ask you all a favor, and wish you would pay attention to me," said Mrs. Laidlaw as she carefully dropped two and a half lumps of sugar into her husband's coffee and passed it to him. "I want you—all three—to give this evening to me."

"Sorry, Mom, but I can't," said Hub. "Promised Mickey I'd help him tear down his radio set tonight."

"That can wait until tomorrow night, son. Mother doesn't ask favors very often and this is important—to me."

"Oh, mother," complained Madeline wearily. "I planned on going to bed early tonight—I'll be just dead! and tomorrow night is the sorority dance at the club. . . . I didn't get in until three this morning—and I can just never keep—awake!"

"I won't keep you much after eight," promised her mother. "It will help me a lot—your new ideas. You see—now that I have more time—I am going to write stories. I did in college and father will remember that I had several published. I have been too busy all these years . . . but now—I'm writing. I have one all ready for copying and I would like to have your opinion before I send it out. It seems very good—to me—but of course criticisms are always helpful."

Mr. Laidlaw smiled at her over his newspaper.

"Turning literary again, mother, after all these years? Well, well. We will all be on hand tonight to hear your story. Beauty naps and radios can wait this time. After all these years of cares and household duties, mother is going back to her first love—"

That evening Mr. Laidlaw ensconced himself in his favorite chair, the evening paper folded on the table beside him. Hub leaned over his closed history book, his face in his palms, and Madeline was stretched full length on the couch, her pretty face resting in the crook of her arm.

"At college I always wrote small town stories," said Mrs. Laidlaw as she unfolded the pages of her story. "My professor told me never to try to change my style—and I couldn't if I would. I love the atmosphere of small towns—the people there—and this story is of a typical small town family with the mother and wife as the main character. She has a husband—a son and—a daughter—just like me. She rebels against what she calls a restricted life—"

"Read it, mom, read it—cut the scenario," advised Hub and his mother began to read. Her husband nodded approvingly several times and twirled his thumbs, his chin resting on his shirt front. Her daughter giggled once or twice, yawned, furtively wiped away a tear at one "high spot" and then relaxed, her eyes closed. Hub slid down into his chair, his hands thrust deep into his pockets and gave his mother his undivided attention. It was just after eight when she folded the pages, snapped an elastic band about them, and looked from one face to another expectantly.

"Well," she invited. "Good stuff, my dear. You have not lost your flair for story telling. But there are—ahem—one or two details which I think could be changed—improved upon. Now, for instance, your Harry Carpenter should not be a produce man. Let him be a banker in that small town."

"Like yourself, dear?" laughed his wife good-naturedly. "I do like the idea of Henry being a produce man, because naturally Marion—his wife—would rebel at onions, carrots, peas, tomatoes, beets, and all that. I really built my story on that idea, Hubert."

"He could be equally as narrow as a banker and the close of your story would be much more dignified, and, besides, you could bring in more of a social element, Elsie. Don't you see? It is mighty hard for a produce man—really a truck gardener—to work into society, and as a banker you could add a lot of atmosphere you cannot otherwise."

"You don't see my point, Hubert. It is just because he is a produce man that Marion revolts—thinks it is interfering with her children's opportunities, her own dislike for the business, and thinks he could do something more elevating. The society element did not enter in, although I might try it out, dear, and have some wealthy woman reported in love with Henry, which would bring his wife to her senses, help her to appreciate his true worth. Maybe he should have been a banker and it is the small town against which she revolts."

"Atta girl, mother; ring in some scandal or your story will be bloomy," advised her son. "And you have made the son a dud! Instead of having him go to work in his father's market, send him to college—ring in a frat and some football, and he can't bring the rich fellows home because his mother thinks their small-town life might

spoil his friendships, and besides the daughter's chances of getting a rich husband."

"I like him turning to his father's business, son. That is what I would like you to do under like circumstances. However, maybe you are right—and some football and college boys might give the story more action. Now, daughter, it is your turn. What have you to say? Goodness, gracious, the child is fast asleep. Thank goodness! Thanks, both of you. I'll share my check with you."

Three weeks later a bulky envelope came back with a polite rejection slip. Elsie Laidlaw smiled, and she laughed when she found Madeline reading the story curled up in her father's chair.

"Now for some more criticisms. Fire away, my dear."

"I hate to hurt your feelings, mother, but it is terrible—although it has possibilities," condescendingly. "In the first place, Mona, the daughter, should carry the story. The daughter—holds an important place in a household and you missed your chance of hinging your story on her. Let it be on account of her that the mother rebels at the small-town life. The lack of matrimonial possibilities and all that—and goodness, mother, don't marry her off to that farm boy who worked his way through college. There are better things in store for Mona than that. Let her carry the story, mother, and it could be a perfectly corking thing."

"Maybe you're right, dear. I'll try it, but don't tell father and Hub. They were so generous with their criticisms and—so sincere. It will be our secret and I'll share my check with you."

The manuscript came back in ten days, this time, and Elsie Laidlaw took it, together with the one returned two weeks previous and placed them side by side in the furnace. Then in the bottom of her desk, she found the original manuscript of her story of the Carpenter family, and that afternoon while Hub was in school, Madeline at a bridge party and Hubert, Sr., in the bank, the only noise in the house of Laidlaw was the click of a typewriter.

"Well, my dear," she remarked one evening again over the coffee-urn. "I have some news for you. Mother is an authoress! I received a check today and the editor actually asked for more stories—like my Carpenter family story. I believe I promised to share my proceeds with you. All right—name the show—and it will be my treat!"

White Squirrel Is Not in Scheme of Nature

There is no distinct species of white squirrel. All white squirrels, according to the Biological survey, are mutations or sports of either the common gray squirrel or the fox squirrel. This white phase is more common in the gray species. It is not unusual, according to the National museum, for whole families of squirrels to be albinos. In fact, it frequently happens that the albino specimens predominate in number over the normal gray color of the species. Sometimes in parks, or even in isolated forests, where the species is more or less restricted, the albinos breed true to color, and this leads many people to the erroneous conclusion that there is a distinct species of white squirrel. Precisely the same thing occurs at times with the black phase of the gray species. There is no distinct species of black squirrel, although in many localities black individuals are numerous, and occasionally black families predominate over the gray.

Freak of Striking Clock

The bell on the house of parliament in London may be heard for a distance of four miles, and within that radius there are points where it is possible to hear the clock strike 22 through the combined utilization of the wireless and the sound waves. This is at eleven o'clock each day when the time signals are sent out from Davenport. There is an interval of four and a half seconds between the strokes, and at a distance of four miles, five or six strokes are heard by wireless, before the first of the sound waves and then five or six afterward, so that under these conditions it is possible to hear the bell, "Big Ben," give off 22 strokes.

The Pastor Says:

Life is like a fire. There is always more or less smoke about a fire to choke the voice, fill the eyes with tears and obscure the light in the sky. But if only the fire is hot enough and the stoking done with sufficient care, a fire can consume its own smoke, not only destroying the smoke as smoke, but utilizing it as fuel. So if only the fire of our spirit is warm enough, we can make fuel of our own miseries, clearing the atmosphere of our lives and strengthening the blaze of our souls.—John Andrew Holmes.

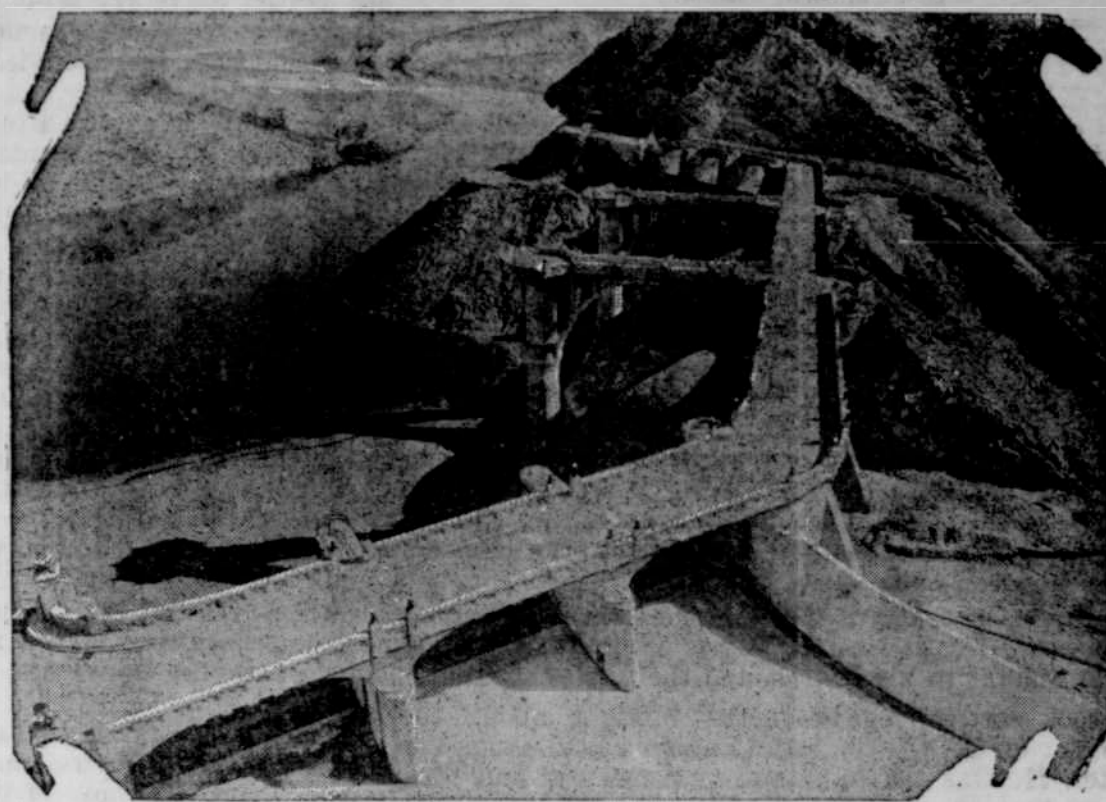
Pipes Again Built of Wood

The ancient Romans constructed a water main system consisting of logs hollowed out through the center to form pipes which were laid end to end. This system prevailed and occasionally water pipes of this character are uncovered in the course of building operations in some of the older cities of this country, but this was abandoned for the use of iron pipes and considered obsolete until recently, when the use of wood for the purpose was again resorted to.

Life of Birds

Swans and geese live to great ages—the former sometimes to one hundred and fifty years, and geese to eighty. Sparrows have been known to reach the age of forty. Blackbirds rarely reach twenty.

Beautiful View of the Great Coolidge Dam



Here is a remarkable view of the new Coolidge dam on the Gila river in the heart of the San Carlos Apache Indian reservation in Arizona. It is the first multiple dome dam ever built. It impounds 1,200,000 acre-feet of water to irrigate 100,000 acres of desert land, generates 15,000 horse power of electricity, and provides a great bridge for the transcontinental automobile highway.

ARABIAN PROVERBS

God does not pay weekly, but at the end.

Where the mind inclines the feet lead.

Think of the going out before you enter.

Silence is the best answer to the stupid.

The heart is the treasury of the tongue.

There are no faults in a thing we want badly.

The one-eyed person is a beauty in the country of the blind.

Do not order the tree to be cut down that gives thee shade.

One coin in the empty money-box makes more noise than when it is full.

There are no railroads in Iceland.

Little Switzerland has eight universities.

Rodents often suffer from Bright's disease.

The crocodile is the largest existing reptile.

There are about 2,250,000 coconut palms in Florida.

Only about one-third of a tree is used commercially.

More than half the farm workers in Germany are women.

Clothing for the poor is kept in each of the 20 city halls in Paris.

Thomas A. Edison, the noted inventor, has 1,078 patents to his credit.

Native women of New Zealand can cook their dinners over boiling springs.

PEN POINTS

All work and no play makes Jack for the sanatoriums.

None is so blind as he who doesn't see what is in this bootleg stuff.

No man feels flattered by being referred to as "a nice-looking egg."

The privileged class includes everybody who has more than we have.

A motor road over a beach will hardly add to the gaiety of surf bathing.

People who are satisfied to take things as they find them seldom find them.

Some day we shall judge the importance of a city by the number of its airports.

Among our leading conversational hours is the man who has just purchased a new car.

New Issue

\$4,250,000

Western Newspaper Union

(A Delaware Corporation)

Fifteen-Year 6% Convertible Gold Debentures

Dated August 1, 1929

Due August 1, 1944

Interest payable February 1 and August 1 without deduction for normal Federal income tax not exceeding 7%. The Company will agree to refund to holders, upon proper application, any State income tax not exceeding 5% per annum, and in Massachusetts not exceeding 6% per annum, and personal property and security taxes in certain States as provided in the Trust Indenture. Redeemable at any time as a whole or in part on 60 days' published notice at 105 and accrued interest. Coupon Debentures in interchangeable denominations of \$1,000 and \$500 registrable as to principal only. Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company, Trustee.

Debentures will be convertible, at the option of the holder, at any time prior to maturity, or up to five days prior to earlier redemption, into Common Stock at the rate of 40 shares for each \$1,000 principal amount.

H. H. Fish, Esq., President of the Company, summarizes from his letter to us as follows:

BUSINESS

Western Newspaper Union, successor to a company of the same name and a business founded in 1865, serves more than 10,000 daily and weekly country newspapers, maintaining fully equipped plants in 36 key cities of the United States from California to Massachusetts. The Company supplies these newspapers with ready printed inside pages or with columns of prepared plate, containing various feature stories, serials and special articles selected by the newspaper publishers; places national advertising in their papers and prepares cuts and copy for local advertising campaigns.

The Company also does a large volume of commercial printing, prints in their entirety various magazines and trade journals and is responsible for the mechanical production of many of the feature services of The Associated Press.

FINANCIAL

During the past 20 years net profits of Western Newspaper Union, after all charges including depreciation, but before Federal taxes, averaged more than \$680,000 annually, and in no single year were such net profits less than \$450,000.

Net profits after depreciation, but before Federal taxes, for the past 4 years, as certified by Messrs. Arthur Andersen & Co., after eliminating operations of the paper mill, which is being sold coincident with this financing and after other adjustments arising from the reorganization as stated in their certificate, were as follows:

1925.....	\$741,336
1926.....	955,383
1927.....	571,249
1928.....	765,825

Such net profits as above have averaged about \$758,448 annually, and for the year ended December 31, 1928, amounted to \$765,825, equivalent to more than 3 times the annual Debenture interest requirement.

After deducting from such net profits in 1928 Debenture interest requirements, Federal Taxes (parent company) at 12% and Preferred Stock dividends, the balance amounted to over \$352,000, or about \$2.35 per share on the 150,000 shares of Common Stock to be presently outstanding.

The net assets of the Company, available for these Debentures, based on the balance sheet, as at April 30, 1929, adjusted to give effect to the present financing, including the sale of the paper mill, were in excess of \$8,500,000.

MANAGEMENT

Since the death in 1916 of the former owner, George A. Joslyn, his widow and other heirs have owned the majority of the Common Stock of Western Newspaper Union, control of which is now being acquired by the executives who have been responsible for its successful operation during the past 13 years.

All legal details will be passed upon by Messrs. Tenney, Harding, Sherman & Rogers of Chicago and by Messrs. White & Case of New York.

F. A. Willard & Co.

New York

Philadelphia

Ames, Emerich & Co., Inc.

Chicago

New York

We have accepted as accurate the information and statements contained in the above mentioned letter and summary, but no errors, omissions or misstatements in said letter or summary shall give rise to any right or claim against us.

July, 1929.