

Lace Ranks High in Daytime Chic

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



LACE! There's magic in the word. It is enchanting to wear by night, it is charming and wearable in a practical way by day. Lace brings into the picture that feminine allure or glamour (if you are not tired of the word) that fashion tells us must be this season. According to latest style decree lace will carry you through sartorially triumphant wherever you go from sun-up to sun-down and on into the social swirl of the midnight hours.

As a matter of fact lace has come to be regarded as so all-important it enters into every phase of fashion. To state it even more definitely, be it daytime dress, evening gown, tailored suit, jacket, coat, cape or bolero, be it blouse, negligee, sports frock, be it hat, bag, gloves (showing lace mitts for summer) even the shoes you wear, be it frilly jabot, or any type of dainty neckwear, or be it accessories galore, if made of lace rest assured it is indisputably style correct.

Particularly intriguing are the daytime fashions that are being developed in lace for immediate as well as coming summer wear. Paris couturiers, in their recent collections, showed frock after frock with pleated lace skirt, just such as we are picturing centered in the group. It adheres to the lace-tailored idea yet because of its being lace it is dressy enough for bridge or any social afternoon occasion. By the way, you'll love the new lace-pleated skirts, for of all materials there's something about lace that makes it pleat up most effectively. Most of the lace afternoon dresses with pleated skirts give very simple tailored styling to the waist or blouse or bodice top (as you choose to express it). The dress pictured is no exception to the rule. Keep in mind, whether you make your own clothes or whether you buy ready-

made, that the pleated skirt, the tailored collar and belt, as well as the pique bow as here shown are features that are new and distinctive in a lace of sheer pattern.

Francevramant, who is noted for her tailored and street clothes, made the youthful dress of navy and white mixed wool lace shown to the right in the picture. It was featured at the lace ball given in Miami as a fashion future for spring and summer. The white pique which is used for the narrow yoke and collar is repeated as a decoration on the sash belt. A front bandeau of flower, she tells you that Paris milliners are sponsoring flower-trimmed hats this season.

The popular two-piece dress is interpreted delightfully in lace and sheer crepe as illustrated to the left in the group. The jacket is made of sheer lace that is heavily corded and bound around all the edges with the matching crepe, such as makes the pleated skirt.

The idea of a bolero of lace with pleated crepe skirt is also going big. This twosome makes a most desirable number in one's wardrobe, for it invites the wearing with it of a dainty frilly lingerie blouse, perhaps an exquisitely hand-tucked batiste, such as is destined to play a stellar role in the current fashion picture.

As to lace in the evening mode the biggest news out of recent Paris openings points to the high fashion of Chantilly lace sheer to an exquisite degree, combined with other fabrics, notably marquisette, mouseline de soie or the new silk organdie which is so sheer and crisp and altogether lovely it seems almost unreal.

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CORDED WASH WEAVE

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



Tailored simplicity and correctness marks this attractive sports outfit of fine ottoman cotton, with a sleeveless bolero jacket of knitted wool. Fine corded cotton is modern in every sense of the word since corded and ribbed fabrics are "tops" this season. The corded cotton used for this costume benefits in that it has been sanforized—will not shrink no matter what provocation. Modernness of this outfit extends to every point of style, giving free swinging skirt, short slightly flaring sleeves, slim snug fitting waist and affording perfect freedom of action.

LOVELY LADY NOW LEADER OF FASHION

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**

"Glamour and elegance, romance and sentiment are in fashion again!" according to Miss Thelma Roberts, nationally noted style authority, who is completing a coast to coast survey of American fashions.

"The American woman often thinks that she merely follows fashions," said Miss Roberts. "Actually, she sets these fashion trends herself. Her changing activities change the fashion trend the whole world follows."

Summarizing the recent Paris fashion openings, Miss Roberts said: "Put away your pet inhibitions, your shy reserve and negative personality! Be your own sweet self. For this year the lovely lady is the leader of fashion. The gracious woman whose charm and femininity once marked her as 'individual' has become today's smartest example of fashion."

"This summer we'll wear poetic crinolines and dance to moonlight waltzes. We'll wear trailing wisps of tulle wound round our shoulders, and masses of flowers in our hair. We'll look our loveliest in slim hanging chiffons that seem to smooth away those extra curves, and we'll wear frothy lace blouses and hand-embroidered sports frocks and dainty frills of organdie and lace on all our daytime frocks."

Detail on Shoes

Either stilt shoes or squared backs, heels and toes is the line of new spring shoes, which are designed with amusing detail to go with the new frocks.

Springtime Costume

Gray and chamois yellow are combined to fashion a striking springtime costume



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By **LEMUEL F. PARTON**

NEW YORK.—Two or three years ago, I was one of a group of newspaper men arguing about who was the best reporter who ever worked a round here. One old-timer was holding out for Roy Burton, whom he had known on the Brooklyn Eagle in the nineties. Burton, he said, was the best leg-man and digger, the most fearless, and the most gifted in fanning up a story out of nothing at all. He knew make-up, too, said the oldest.

The diligent reporter has been duly rewarded. He is the Sir Pomeroy Burton whose magnificent French chateau the duke and duchess of Windsor were looking over recently.

With the Northcliffe papers in London, he became a multi-millionaire, as he transformed British journalism with daring American techniques. He became a British citizen in 1914 and was knighted in 1923. In addition to his vast newspaper interests, he is a magnate of electric power and utilities.

He was a printer's devil on his father's newspaper in Youngstown, Ohio, and, at the age of twelve, was knocking about country printshops in Ohio on the same job. He became a compositor on the Brooklyn Eagle. Hearing of a vacancy on the news staff, he persuaded the city editor to give him a try at reporting.

He hired evening clothes to cover a society function. There, Colonel Hester, owner of the Eagle, was tremendously impressed with the personable young man with whom he was talking, and thought he had met him somewhere. Young Burton did not remind the colonel that he had seen the young man in a printer's apron a few days before.

He became city editor and managing editor of the Eagle, held important executive positions with the World and the New York Journal and was taken to England by Lord Northcliffe in 1904. Ten years later, he owned all but a few of the Daily Mail shares not owned by Lord Northcliffe.

In the World war, he virtually headed the organization of British propaganda, and many of the most damaging anti-German stories were attributed to him. His enemies charged that he had "debauched British journalism with degrading American sensationalism."

His friends insisted he had enlivened and regenerated it. He makes an occasional trip to America with a staff of valets and secretaries, suave, dressy and still fit and impressive at seventy-two, with more than a touch of British accent.

Over here, he always hated the name Pomeroy and shortened it to Roy, but picked it up again in England. He had been named for "Brick" Pomeroy, the cyclonic journalistic disturber of the latter half of the last century, and he held Mr. Pomeroy in low esteem. Pomeroy was almost, but not quite, a winner.

From a Wisconsin crossroads, he rammed around the country in newspaper and financial brawls, and, in his old age, just through sheer animal spirits, started plugging a tunnel through the Rocky mountains, at Georgetown, Colo.

He was flattened by the '93 depression and died soon after, with nothing to show for his life's work but a hole in the ground. Then it was discovered that the tunnel had gouged into fabulous mineral wealth in Kelson mountain. Eight years ago, the tunnel went on through the mountain, as the Moffatt tunnel.

REPORTING the return of Poulney Bigelow from a visit to his friend, the former kaiser, and his fervent approval of dictators, has become a matter of annual routine.

It is an old story, but the freshness and vehemence of Mr. Bigelow's disgust with democracy and enthusiasm for fuhrers always makes it interesting.

He is the patriarch of Malden-on-the-Hudson, with relatives and descendants, down to great-grandchildren, all up and down the river. He will be eighty-three years old on September 10. His father, John Bigelow, was American minister to France under Abraham Lincoln.

He hunted birds eggs with the kaiser, forming a lifetime friendship, broken only by the war, which he charged the kaiser with having started. He recanted afterward and the two old men meet annually to salute "Der Tag" when only the all-wise and all-just shall rule again. © Consolidated News Features. WNU Service.

Therba—The Unruly

By **CLEWLEY CLIFFORD**
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THE HERBA TASH was the despair of all the traffic men in the district. They made their regular visits and gave her instruction; sent all their bulletins of the latest rules and changes and tried to impress their importance upon her; but they knew it was of no use.

"Now, Mr. Bently" — Therba beamed over her glasses — "wouldn't it be downright silly for them to have to stop to look all those numbers up when I know 'em forward and back and it don't bother me a mite to tell 'em what time it is? I got the best watch ever; never gains nor loses. Had it 15 years, too."

"But, Miss Tash, it's ridiculous for a person to call for R. A. T. and get a telephone connection."

"Not if you know R. A. Trent as we do here in this town; that's just exactly what he is, a 'rat'! I s'pose it would be like a cross word puzzle for a stranger, but I know 'em all and what they want."

After he went out, Therba got to thinking about the rules and decided that they were made for operators who couldn't tell right from wrong, but that a wise operator was one who knew when to break them.

The office gave service until 12, but after 10 most nights she was able to put the night bell on and nap on the couch behind the switchboard, until she could go home in the rattly old car waiting at the back door. One night, after things had quieted down and she had settled herself for a nap, the bell rang. It was a toll line calling.

"Hullo, there, what you want?" she yawned.

The operator in the next town was speaking. "Say, we're having great excitement here. Some kind of disturbance here at a political meeting. Some young boys got into a rough house."

"That so? What of it?" Therba was sleepy.

"Well, Sheriff Bean from your town was here, and he's on their trail, and says he'll make an example of them if he catches them."

A young boy came in, all out of breath.

"Get me 244 Barton, please, soon's you can."

Therba knew this must be one of the disturbers of the peace. She thought, "Only a boy. Didn't mean a bit of harm." She looked at the tousled head showing through the glass door of the booth.

While she was ringing, she was startled by a loud voice just outside. Sheriff Bean! There was no time for the boy to get out of the booth. "The sheriff's coming ar' you don't want to see him; shut that door and get down on the floor and keep quiet," she warned the boy. It was quite evident that he didn't wish to meet the sheriff.

"Good evening, sheriff."

"Hello, Therba. Get me Ant Blake over in Dixmont. Want him to be on the lookout for some dangerous characters."

"Been raising the devil over to the meeting tonight. They're a bad lot an' I'm goin' to give 'em the limit when I get some of them."

He roared as he stamped up and down the office. Therba's heart skipped a beat every time he went near the booth. "The old hyena!" she thought. She was determined now to outwit this vicious old man.

"They don't answer over there now."

"Must be there," he said impatiently, walking toward the booth again.

"Oh, come here quick!" she shouted in an excited tone. He came back and she added: "Er—er—why, I thought that last call must be one of those dangerous characters, but it wasn't, after all."

"The devil!" the man blazed as he made for the door.

Pulling the curtain down, she got the boy behind the board just in time. The sheriff returned and this time she had no difficulty in getting his connection for him.

Therba questioned the boy.

"It's this way, Miss Tash. There's a rough gang out there been cutting up, but tonight some of us boys got to fooling—honest we didn't do much, but my mother—the boy sobbed—"why, it'll break her heart if I'm arrested. That's why I didn't keep on with the rest. I wanted to let her know about it."

Therba made up her mind. "Now, son, you lie down here and rest, and at 12 o'clock I'll take my flivver and take you some place. Where'd you aim to go?"

He wished to go to his aunt's in Hanover.

"Righto, and I'll telephone your mother so she'll know what's up. This will soon be over. Don't you worry none." She thought, "I'll get back just about time to go to work in the morning."

"There you go, Therba, breaking more rules. You're just a natural law-breaker," she muttered.

My Friend Joseph

By **Lillian Oakley**
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THOUGH a strong wind was blowing, driving sheets of rain across my front yard, I wasn't surprised to see Joseph, my little seven-year-old neighbor, making his way up the front walk. Yesterday was my birthday and he was here when the postman brought me a five-pound box of candy, and Joseph has a weakness for good chocolates.

He comes puffing in and while he sheds his waterproof coat he looks around for the candy. But all the candy spots are vacant. My bonbon resistance is below normal on bad days and I have put all the sweets away and resolved not to bring them out for a week. But now from past experience I know that without once asking me for any candy Joseph will soon have me bringing out my five-pound box and urging him to take all he wants. He has an indirect method all his own that never conflicts with any of the rules of etiquette and always gets him what he wants.

He pulls a low stool in front of mine, looks up at me and says, "Guess who I'd be if I could be anybody I wanted to be?"

This is easy for he always wants to be Tarzan or Dizzy Dean. But I'm all wrong.

"Not today," he says with emphasis, "today I'd be 'Laddin An' His Lamp."

"And guess what's the first thing I'd tell that old genie to do after I rubbed my lamp?"

This isn't really meant to be a question so I simply sit still and look interested.

"I'd tell him to build my mother the finest house in town an' furnish it full of the finest furniture in town an' have a hot supper on the table ready for her when she got home from work. And I'd make him give me some money an' I'd go down town an' pay all of her bills an' put 'em on the table by her plate." He finishes exultantly.

Joseph has no father and the bills that have to be paid at the end of every month hang heavy over his head.

He clasps both little hands around one knee and rocks himself backwards and forwards on the stool and smiles over this happy surprise for his mother. Then he looks around at me as if afraid I am feeling neglected.

"Then," he says with enthusiasm, "I'd rub my lamp an' when that old genie came I'd tell him to bring me a motorcycle just like the road cops ride only littler, an' a police uniform an' a machine gun that could shoot forever an' a five-pound box of candy just like the one you got for your birthday yesterday. And," he adds with a smile that shows all of his dimples, "I'd bring you down about half of the candy."

The object of his visit has been attained. And he leaves with his pockets full of my birthday chocolates, the rain having let up somewhat.

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Wise and Otherwise

Some people look on the bright side of things so persistently that they wind up the proud possessors of a gold brick.

Big men get the best jobs, I'm told. Because the small men are so often overlooked?

Then there was the man who was so lazy he bought a Great Dane so he wouldn't have to stoop over to pet it.

Money doesn't grow on trees. Just the same, it's the smart birds that get it.

Name Is Poetry

It seemed curious that any place should be named "Llanfairpwllgwynglgogerychwyrndrobwllllllyandsiilogogoch." Yet a little Welsh village bears this 58-lettered name. It is a locality of charm and beauty. Llan is "church," Fair is "of Mary," Pwll Gwyngyll is "the pool of White hazels," Goger is "rather near," while Chwyrn Drobwll is "the swift whirlpool," and Tysilio gogo goch is "of Tysilio of the red cave." Is it not therefore suggestive of romance and beauty enough to visit the village of the Church of St. Mary by the Pool of White hazels near the swift whirlpool of St. Tysilio's Church of the Red Cave?—Detroit News.

"What Knows He of England Who Only England Knows?"

"Even after months in England my wife sometimes had to call upon the housemaid to translate some item in the laundry list, or to interpret between her and the grocery boy," declares Mr. Harry A. Franck, the irrepressible globe-trotter, in "Footloose in the British Isles."

"In England a 'vest' is an undershirt, not a waistcoat. 'Suspenders' are garters, and 'braces' are suspenders. A child's underwaist is a 'bodice,' while rubber boots are 'Wellingtons.' The word 'sweater' still strikes many of the English as a trifle low-class and odoriferous; they call it a 'jersey,' 'jumper,' 'pullover,' or 'cardigan.'

"In the draper's shop (which means drygoods store) unbleached muslin is 'calico' and calico is 'cottonprint.' Cheese-cloth is 'butter muslin,' and instead of using cutting flannel for a

child's pajamas one buys 'winceyette' and asks for a 'sleeping suit.' A spool of thread is a 'reel of cotton.' An American who asks for crackers will get firecrackers or a package of those Christmas paper bonbons that explode when pulled. In England a cracker is a 'biscuit,' and biscuit is a roll. A muffin is something else again, and cookies are as unknown as if the word were Persian.

"Our kind of bacon is 'streaky rashers'; a slice of ham is a 'gammon rasher,' and the best cut of beef is a 'piece of topside.' Gasoline is 'petrol,' kerosene is 'paraffin,' and paraffin is 'paraffin wax.' An English cook does not rinse the dishes, she 'swills' them. When my wife told the nursemaid to bathe the children, or to give them a bath, the maid proceeded to 'bath' them or give them a 'bathe.'"

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