

DEAUVILLE WHERE THE DEUCES ARE OFTENTIMES KINGS; A REAL SPORTING CENTRE

(Sam Jones in Toledo Blade)

The world and his wife and their funny looking relatives in bathing suits. Deauville predicts in August and September what Palm Beach will be wearing in January and February providing the censors are broad minded.

Paris shops no longer sell bathing suits. No indeed, they now sell exclusively modelled "costumes for the sea!" Another laugh for Neptune. Resplendent silks and other materials which are not in man's province to know or to distinguish. His only to admire. Bizarre, fantastic, effects. The fashionable model known as "Just a trifle wicked." After all one must have one's ultra-violet rays.

A thousand gaily colored tents stretching along the sands form temporary shelter for weary seafarers, or permanent dormitories for somnolent rest-cure hounds. The usual amateur acrobats performing their usual acrobatics. The promenaders doing their bit to wear holes in the board walk. The famous "Sunshine Bar," where the English speaking peoples live up to their traditions in their customary dead-earnest fashion by paying quadruple prices for mediocre drinks. It's their privilege and they won't be denied.

Real Water Here

"Hang your clothes on a hickory limb but don't go near the water," was remarkably good advice if the water happened to be the English Channel. It's a great place for Polar bears. A low bow to Miss Ederle et al.

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Klivic pride did not originate west of the Alleghenies and the sanguinary history of rival towns in our own wild west has its counter part east of the Atlantic. Which is prelude to the tragic tale of two towns and the gambler.

Once there were two towns named Trouville and Deauville. Both of them faced the English Channel and both of them had about the same amount of beach, sand fleas and rotten weather. Like all resorts in France, these towns had each their gambling casino. But Trouville was the popular place. Trouville was chic. Trouville was come il faut. Deauville was just a poor relative on the other side of the river. All the distinguished adventurers, blackguards, noblemen, blackmailers, millionaires, chorus girls and nice people went to Trouville. Naturally the proud citizens of Deauville resented this but what could they do about it? Then along came the gambler.

How it Started

He was a very good gambler and an eminently successful gambler and he had a string of Casinos throughout France. And one day he looked about and his eye fell on Trouville and he said to himself: "This is a right smart up and coming little town and I'll have me a casino here." Or words to that effect.

So he went to Trouville and he bought drinks for the distinguished adventurers, and the noblemen, and the blackmailers, and the millionaires, and the blackguards, and the chorus girls, and the nice people. And after a while he broached the subject that was nearest to his heart. Said he: "I think I will put up a little casino here so that jollity and good-fellowship and twenty per cent dividends will gladden the hearts of the taxpayers." Or words to that effect.

But no, that selfish and ungrateful Trouville had a little casino all of its own and the citizenry said to each other: "We won't let any foreign capital horn in on our cash customers. This gent can take his casino and go to Paris." Or words to that effect. And the distinguished adventurers, blackguards, noblemen, blackmailers, millionaires, chorus girls and nice people who had drunk the kind gambler's drinks turned their backs on the gambler and even snickered a bit. Which was very bad taste and it hurt the poor gambler's feelings.

Then the gambler swore a mighty oath and he vowed that he would be revenged. So he went to Deauville and he set up his little casino there. Deauville was an unpromising scraggy little jumping off place, but the gambler just grinned and said nothing and set up his roulette wheel and his baccarat table and his boules game and let it be rumored around that Trouville wasn't high hat enough for his fastidious person. And the years passed.

Today it is Deauville

And the gambler has had his revenge. Today Deauville is the popular place. Deauville is come il faut. Trouville is just a backwater kind of a place where French people go to get sea bathing. Quite insignificant. And the gambler is even a better gambler than he used to be and more eminently successful. And he is happy for he has had his revenge. And every time he drives through Trouville in his shiny Hispano Suiza the numb-witted citizenry who rejected his kind offer in those other days, take off their hats and bite their fingernails.

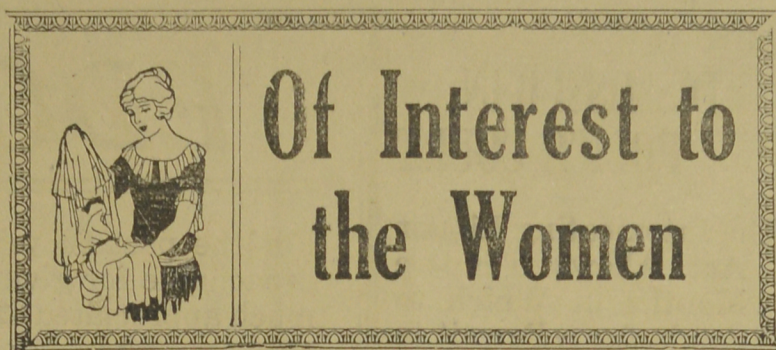
In the day time the beach, known to the ever exuberant French advertisers as "La Plage fleurie" is the place to see and to be seen, but at night if one really expects to be anybody or to get one's name mentioned in the society columns of the Daily Mail or the New York Herald, one must go to the Casino.

There if one makes a really successful impression, the Paris editions will carry an honorable mention something like this: "Lord Prunegourd was seen at the tables at Deauville the other night where he played with his customary brilliant and dashing nonchalance. It is rumored that he lost 50,000 francs in less than an hour without once dropping his monocle. It is doubtful if there is any member of the nobility who so upstandingly bears out the tradition of the old school."

Least the tedium of sea and sand prove to be wearing on the visitor the management of Deauville has provided horse racing in the afternoons. This feature serves to furnish entertainment to inject a brisk note in the rate of monetary circulation.

Camper—It this a good place to camp?

Fisherman—It's wonderful! The mosquitoes are so big you can use 'em for trout flies!



Of Interest to the Women

CREPE SATIN MAKES SMART AUTUMN FROCK.

The frock of crepe satin, like the sturdy perennial in the flower garden, rises successfully again each season because it is too practical and pleasing to let die out. This year it has many new details to distinguish it; the surplice, the front fullness, hand-fagoting, applique and the trimming of velvet or the contrasting side of the material.

It is the basis of the first costume for fall, and in black with an autumn hat and a stole of silver or pointed fox, sets the wearer correctly on the highway toward winter.

"Fullness to the fore" says the silhouette of Paris and the crepe satin dress promptly places its drape, godets, or shirring at the front of the skirt while French dressmakers invent new ways of knotting of tying the fabric so that it will hang in an interesting manner from waist to hem.

Applique upon crepe satin is always effective and bow-knots are some of the most usual motifs. Many dresses show a satin lover's knot applied upon a crepe ground, or vice versa and large flowers with spreading, modernistic petals appeal to the wearer who is not so sentimentally inclined.

Contrasting surfaces of the material are the most frequent trimming of the crepe satin dress and obey the vogue for intricate cut. Diagonal V, or horizontal bands alternate the crepe with the satin side and are encrusted or inset upon the frock.

V bands are slenderizing and are much used in bridge frocks of georgette in two contrasting colors.

Bands of the glossy side of the crepe edge the skirt to emphasize the circular cut. A belt of the glossy side further carries out the suit effect. Boleros of crepe satin are as fashionable as they were last season in other materials. College and school girls particularly like them.

The slanting line of the surplice cuts the top of the frock in the approved fashion for diagonals and has returned to the mode after several seasons of obscurity. Its soft appearance is as becoming as ever to the larger figure. Details that generally follow in the train of the surplice are the bow on the hip and the lapel or the jabot on one side.

The gracious touch of handwork on a frock like a signature by the dressmaker, sets it apart from a group and this year has a distinct fashion appeal. Hand fagoting is used to emphasize borders to join inlays of the reverse side of the material, or to outline inset motifs. On dark dresses the fagoting is lined with a piece of silk.

Fanny's Spanish Pickle.

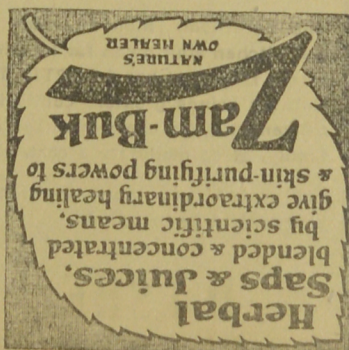
Prepare two gallon small green cucumbers sliced one inch thick, two dozen small onions sliced thinly and two dozen green peppers seeded and shredded. Pack a stone jar with alternate layers of cucumbers, onions and peppers, salting each layer generously. Let stand twenty-four hours. Drip through a heavy muslin or canvas bag. Boil together for ten minutes one gallon vinegar, two pounds brown sugar and two ounces each of black mustard seed, tumeric powder, white ginger root, white mustard seed and sliced horseradish root. Place well-drained pickle in hot syrup and bring to a full boil. Pack into hot jars and seal.

The Lady—Mary, why don't you dust that statue?

Mary—Really, madam, I thought it looked better a bit covered.

"Why don't you try the high hat on him?"

"What's the use. It would go over his head."



SEPTEMBER ROSE.

The cricket sings a little serenade
To a gay rose in stiff, dew-spangled gown,
And she, unmindful that she soon must fade,
Shivers with laughter at the ugly clown.
She needs no lover but the errant breeze,
Whose fingers tear apart her silken vest,
And scatter her fragrance through the moonlit trees
Where, dreaming of song the silent singers rest.
—MARIANNE DE LA MONTAGNE
in Chicago News.

FLATTERING!

Sir William Orpen, the famous portrait painter received a call from an American millionaire.

He wanted a portrait of himself but remarked that he was already being painted by three other noted artists. "Oh!" replied Sir William; "then why do you come to me? Why do you want so many portraits?"

"For the same reason that I always order six poached eggs for breakfast," was the reply. "One might be good!"

THE IDEAL VACATION.

"How are you spending your vacation?"

"In an ideal way. I'm pleased nearly all the time."

"Lucky chap! What is your method?"

"I spend two days in the country, then I'm glad to get back to the city I spend two days in the city then I'm glad to get back to the country. It's a great scheme. Try it."

BEARS REPORTED PLENTIFUL AT POINTS ON NORTH SHORE

(Chatham Gazette.)

Bears wild and savage and bears tame and mild-mannered are making their appearance in every part of the county and their numbers may soon create a problem.

Two bear incidents have been reported to this paper during the past week and there may have been many more unrecorded. At Kouchibouguac, a party of several teams were proceeding out the road off the main Richibucto highway, making for Tweedie Brook when ahead of the first hore appeared a bear out of the woods at the side of the road. It calmly took the lead of the procession of teams for some distance and strange to say the horses were not nervous, but followed the leader quite tranquilly, though no driver was foolishly enough to attempt to drive past him.

After some distance had been covered the bear seemed to think he was tired of leading the procession on the road and he went into the woods, but he lost all his followers as the teams made good time then to Tweedie Brook.

A bear in not so mellow a mood was met by Hiram Thompson, Friday, as he was driving home late that night. As he and his companion in the car in which he was being driven approached his home next the Golf Club grounds they heard the agonized squealing of a pig and the threshing about of some large body. They turned the lights of their car in the direction of the noises and they saw a good sized black bear make off into the woods. The pig kept up his squealing for twenty minutes so great had been his fright, and his call was a near one, for when he was found and placed in safety, trails of blood showed where large claws had ripped down his side and on his back. The bear had evidently landed on the pig's back and had tried to crush him to the earth with his forepaws on either side of the pig's shoulders and his hind paws on his back. In some lucky way the pig had been able to twist out of the bear's death like hug and the coming of the car at the right moment had saved his life—till Christmas, perhaps.

FELT BETTER.

Before he became famous as the constructor of serials William Lord Wright was a newspaper man and at one time edited a country paper where the rival editor was most annoying. This man had the habit of stopping his press to insert some bit of last minute news. Hardly a day went by that didn't show on the front page an article starting: "We stop the press to announce."

Finally it got on Bill's nerves and one day his own front page bore the hated legend: "We stop the press to announce that there is nothing of sufficient importance to justify the stopping of the press. Giddap!"

The idea of storing the heat of summer for use in winter is alluring. All that is needed is a practical, economical way of doing it.

Possibly some of the ocean fliers could be persuaded against hopping off in the face of fate by threatening not to put their names in the paper.

NOT HIS STRONG POINT.

Visiting a remote English village, a man entered a local emporium—where rashers of bacon, seedcake and paraffin oil were special lines—and asked to be shown some postcards. A greasy rather battered assortment was brought out by a boy who looked not beyond school age. The visitor picked up a view of Stirling Castle.

"Do you know that place?" he asked the boy.

"No" was the reply.
"That's Stirling Castle, Scotland?"
"Oh yes," said the boy. Then following a short pause: "I've heard of Scotland!"

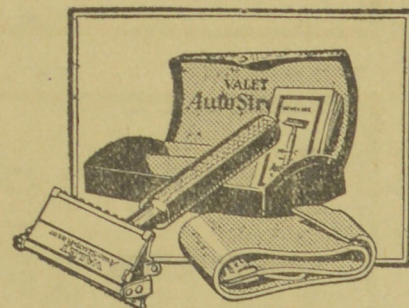
It is frequently to be seen in the paper that this ship and that ship "limped into port." Why aren't ships provided with crutches?

One feels doubtful whether to call the vacationist who writes a long letter about his fishing experiences a letter writer or a fiction writer.

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