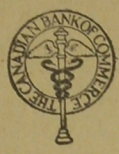


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PARISIAN SIRENS WATCH FOR ZE BEEG AMERICANS

(By Rex G. White in Detroit News)

Paris—Americans go to Paris to be shocked. The Parisians see to it that they are. Perhaps no individual shocking place is more spoken of than the lobby or foyer of the famous old music hall, the Folies Bergere. Incidentally it might be mentioned that the Folies soon is to pass, that is the old building is to be torn down and the Folies is to be moved into a new and ornate home some distance from its present abode.

The things on the stage of the Folies would have shocked almost any American a few years ago, but "Artists and Models" and similar American revues have seasoned the theatre goer to such an extent that the undraped Folies have difficulties in arousing any more than faint surprise. But in the foyer—

Before reaching the auditorium of the theatre proper one passes through a vast hall. Along its sides are counters where are sold pictures, statues, post cards and novelties, mostly of ladies with few if any clothes. Little tables are scattered about at which are sold liquid refreshments, and a band stand at one end is occupied by an orchestra that plays during the half hour intermission and before the show starts. A balcony extends around this room and here one can pay 10 cents to see a "harem dance," shoot at targets with a rifle and find other side show and country fair attractions.

Numbers Vary

So much for the setting. The drama works out in this great foyer. Attached to it are some 20 to 50 girls, their number varying greatly at different seasons, different weather and with the temperamental change of heart of the theatre directors. These young ladies of the evening are there to charm, to lure, to entertain.

They are dressed in pretty clothes, often in evening things, and they are not over-painted. They are scattered along the length of the foyer and have a solid group at the opening into the theatre. No one escapes them. Many speak English to a certain extent. They have stock phrases that go as follows:

"Allo Yank. You got ze cigarette?"
"Merci. Nice night, eh?" (This is said regardless of weather conditions.)
"You would like to buy me a drink, eh?"

"Come to ze table. Lots an' lots of time before ze revue."

They do it charmingly. There is no hardness about voice or eyes. They are not rude, insistent or brazen. They are on the contrary, somewhat pathetic and naive. They look up at one with a childish wistfulness, a little girl pout. They are, in fact, a temptation.

"Where does the shock come from?" you ask.

Where the Shock Comes

Ah! The shock comes from the fact that in spite of youth, beauty, sweetness and charm you know very well who and what they are and why they

are there. Add to this the fact that they approach you regardless of whether you are alone, in company with male friends or even with the wife of your bosom and you see the shock.

To stroll into the lobby of a Detroit theatre with your girl friend or your wife on your arm and to have a pretty little girl slip an arm through your unoccupied elbow and calmly invite you to buy her a drink would be unthinkable. There would be in all probability, a scene forthwith and another one after the theatre, with your avowed statement of "never saw her before in my life" ignored.

In Paris not the least amazing part of the thing is the smiling good-nature with which their advances are received by the men and permitted by the wife. Of course Mr. Yank is lobster red as to face, but he grins and the wife half the time only laughs. Often it is the wife who urges that the man yield and buy a drink. To watch such a trio is a farce of delight. The little lady of the evening sits with cupped hands staring with admiring eyes at her host, patting his hand, even attempting a sigh as of sad longing.

How to Escape

She seems to be saying: "Oh, you great, big wonderful man! How sad it is we did not meet before. We could be so much to one another."

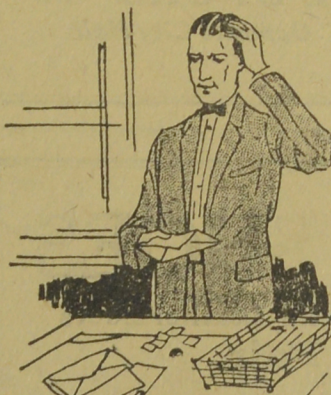
There are various means of escape from the situation, the one most often used, and most popular with the ladies is the more or less surreptitious slipping of a 20 to 50 franc note in her hand, and several awkward bows.

She is versatile, this charmer. She will offer to show you Paris by night, to take you to "ze mos' lovely cafe," to find girl friends for your friends, to "see you tomorrow," to meet you after the show, even to find a nice dancing man for madame. She will go in and sit in the show if you will buy a ticket. If she feels unusually gay she will offer to kiss you on the spot and directly under madame's nose. In fact she will even attempt it.

A place as foyer girl is eagerly sought by many and it is a highly esteemed privilege, especially in winter. Aside from all financial betterment, the fun of the thing appeals to the nature of these ladies of the evening. To see a husband yanked away by an indignant spouse is sure to bring a giggle of delight not unshared by the crowds that are drifting past.

The majority make "arrangements" before the show or during the intermission and as the crowds stream out into the night the little ladies of the evening may be sighted on every hand stowed away in taxicabs, snuggling up to a pleased but embarrassed American or Englishman, while the taximan with a leer and a wink starts his vehicle away for the Montmartre and the cafes that carry on till dawn.

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

It is unwise to guess the weight of a letter to determine the amount of postage required. Such guessing often results in "Postage Due," which may cause delay in delivery, and, in the case of business letters, often results in a dissatisfied customer.



Of Interest to the Women

STYLE IN DINNER GOWNS.

Recent reports from Paris where so many of the smart set have assembled, lead one to feel confident in advising fringe as a trimming for dinner gowns and as a charming and graceful relief from elaboration, which is expressed by beading of one sort or another. Chanel has had great success with her several fringed gowns. They are always among those present in Paris these nights and are worn on this side of the Atlantic by women of excellent taste and indisputable social prestige.

Untrimmed heavy crepe satin dresses, provided they are well chosen in color, are stunning for evening. Chartreuse is one of the colors frequently seen, and praline or candy pink continues to be impressive against a background largely made of blue.

Lace is a large factor in evening clothes just now, and there is some indication of a renewed interest in silk embroideries, but these, of course, tend toward elaboration and it pleases the well turned-out woman to appear in sparkling sequins one night and in unadorned crepe satin the next with fringed chiffon as another alternative.

When one patronizes the haute couture, one may well go in for untrimmed gowns, for it stands to reason that a lack of ornamentation is made up in intricacy of cut. Unobtrusive trimming implies carefully cut and made gowns.

On the other hand, one sees women in Deauville and Biarritz wearing gowns as besprinkled with brilliants as the summer sky is with twinkling stars.

FRUIT PUFFS.

1 cup of flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted shortening
1 egg
¾ cup milk
Fruit
Sift the flour baking powder, salt and sugar into bowl, add the milk well beaten egg and melted shortening; mix well. Brush custard cups with butter, put a spoonful of the batter in bottom; the fruit (a half peach, an inch piece of banana or a tablespoonful of berries) put a little sugar and then another spoonful of the batter. Sprinkle the top with sugar and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve with lemon sauce or sauce of choice.

COCOANUT LOAF CAKE.

½ cup shortening
1 cup granulated sugar
2 eggs
½ cup fresh grated cocoanut
½ cup fresh milk
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
Cream butter and sugar until light add well mixed yolks of eggs, milk, half the sifted flour and baking powder and the cocoanut. Beat the whites of eggs until light; fold in and add the rest until light; fold in and add the rest of flour. Brush tube pan with fat and sprinkle with flour, put in mixture and place on bottom rack in moderate oven; bake 45 minutes.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE.

2 cups granulated sugar
2 eggs
4 tablespoons butter
2 cups flour
1½ cups sweet milk
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoons vanilla
4 squares bitter chocolate
1 cup nut meats, if desired.
Cream butter and egg yolks. Add sugar and cream until smooth. Add part of milk (in cold weather heat it slightly) and flour, sifted with baking powder, with a pinch of salt. Add the rest of milk, then vanilla and melted chocolate. Beat egg whites dry and fold in. Add chopped nuts. Bake thirty minutes in an oven of 350 degrees.

Won First Prize.

The twenty-two pound cabbage to which Mayor Clark referred in his address Saturday night at the opening of the Exhibition, as his outstanding exhibit, was awarded first prize in its class.

THE VOICE.

Somewhere a voice is calling to me
Is it the birth of a poem?
Is it the song of the south-faring bird
Winging its weary way home?

Is it the whisper of wandering winds
Floating from woods still and deep?
Is it a murmur from strange, mystic
dales
Far in dream valleys of sleep?

Is it a lure that beckons to me
Over the land and the foam?
No! 'Tis my wife broadcasting to me
The dishes need drying at home!
—DON I. FRANKEL in Chicago News.

MY PARROT.

My parrot's oddest of all birds
I've seen before.
He doesn't care for crackers or
A drink; what's more,
He stares at folks with that blank
look
Oh "Life's a bore!"
He doesn't need a cage; he won't
Fly out the door.
He cannot speak, so I am sure
He never swore—
My red and yellow parrot from
The ten-cent store.

Mr. Fred McInerney of St. John, provincial tax inspector is in the city on official business.

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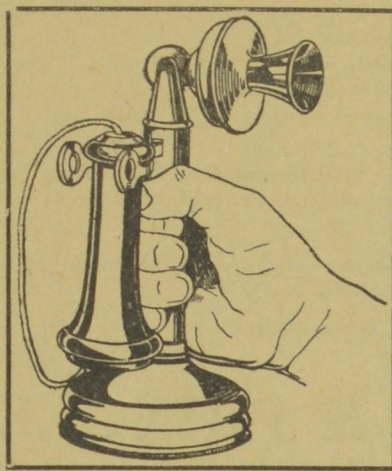
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