

ONE-SIDE EFFECTS

Precision and Exactness Taboo in Dressmaking.

Passing of Mathematical Ideas Has Made Place for Display of Greater Art in Dress.

Precision and exactness were considered to find a place in dressmaking, a fashion writer says. Considerable time was wasted in the days when dressmakers measured and remeasured to make sure that both sides of a dress were even or that the trimming was placed in exactly the same way on each side.

The passing of an exactness that was almost mathematical has made a place for greater art in dress. Costumes of fifty years ago, with their set lines, bear the same relation to the artistically put-together creations of today that a mechanical drawing, in which every line must be exact, bears to a free-hand drawing, in which the artist seeks an outlet for his art.

No dressmaker of the present day who makes any pretension whatever to being an artist would for a moment consider balancing the two sides of a dress; that is making one even with the other. The decree is irregular lines and one-side effects.

With the lengthening of skirts irregular hems are more in evidence than ever. The point of a tunic may trail almost to the ground on one side, while the other side of the skirt is much shorter and cut straight across.

This effect extends even to evening wraps and daytime coats, many of which fasten far over on one side and fall in a point to the hem, or even below the hem. Topcoats sometimes wrap completely around the figure and close at one side of the back.

The one-side drapery is emphasized in evening dresses, and often when it is used on the skirt the uneven decolletage is used, that is, one shoulder is covered by the drapery, while the other is bare, except for a strap, which holds the bodice in place. The oblique line, however, does not pass under the arm, but is definitely a shoulder line.

A considerable number of these evening dresses are extremely low in cut, but oftentimes a nude back is veiled with chiffon or net, which may or may not be spangled or embroidered.

FRANCE IS FASHION LEADER

Models of Almost Every Other Country Are Suggested by Styles of Paris.

France has been the acknowledged leader in the world of fashion. So generally accepted is her judgment in the selection of styles that the models of almost every other civilized country in the world are suggested by the styles of Paris. Therefore, French styles of the last four or five centuries have an important place in the history of costume and a recurrent influence on modern style.

The first definitely American garments were closely modeled on the French styles of the second empire—tight bodices and skirts held out by stiff petticoats. The Quaker dress of 1870 closely resembled the pannier skirt of that French period.

But the effect of French fashion extended—and still extends—beyond Europe and America. The improvements in communication that have marked more recent years have helped to bring this about among peoples to whom the European costumes are least suited.

CAMISOLES FOR CHRISTMAS

New patterns in dainty camisoles are just as sure to arrive at Christmas time as Christmas trees and candies are. One of the prettiest of this year's models is made of pink georgette crepe and trimmed with figured pink satin ribbon. It is drawn up at the waistline with baby ribbon run through a casing and adjusted at the top by running the same ribbon through the hem.

FROCKS FOR VARIOUS TYPES

English Dressmaker Enumerates the Different Characters That Require Temperamental Gowns.

Many of the clothes fads seem to have had their inspiration in London. One prominent English dressmaker is quoted as saying that "Most badly-dressed women are victims not of insufficient allowances, but of lack of thought," and she has set herself to create frocks in sympathy with character.

She quotes six different types that must be recognized and for whom she creates "temperamental gowns." These include the quite shy woman, and those of abrupt, lively, elderly, superior or common sense temperaments.

Says Uncle Eben.

"A man sometimes makes his best soundin' speech," said Uncle Eben, "when he ain't sure of what he's talkin' about because he feels de necessity of showin' all de emotion possible."

THE DRINK

By FRANCES E. GOODRICH.

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Among his friends on the force he was known as Big Arm John, and the reason was perfectly obvious when one looked at the great muscles swelling beneath the sleeves of his uniform.

When he went away to France he carried with him the treasure of a girl's love, and the sweetness of realization came to him when he returned and made Margaret his wife.

They found a modest little flat near the station and settled down to what seemed a life of quiet happiness, but always in Margaret's heart was the shadow of coming evil.

At times John noticed her abstraction and when he asked the reason she would tell him of her feeling, and he would laugh and kiss her, and tell her she needed more of the outdoor world and sunshine.

"You must take a long walk each day, dear, and while you are out just think of all the nice things you can, preferably of all the many virtues of a man called Big Arm John," and he winked at her slyly and swung her up to the ceiling as though she were a baby.

Then ensued a scene that would have done credit to a nursery, and finally when John went away he left a flushed and laughing wife.

For some weeks that part of the city had been the center of operations of a party of bootleggers, and the police had been baffled for the time.

That memorable afternoon John hurried home to let her know that he would be away all night.

The police had received news that a few miles from the city there was a case worth investigating, and John was one of those designated for the work. He and Herndon, in plain clothes, started out in their speedy little car, just as it began to grow dusk. They had been pals in France.

"I tell you, John, I'm getting sick of this business. This crime stuff is getting on my nerves. Two years of scrapping in France and now chasing bootleggers here. Bah, laugh if you want to, but I'm thinking seriously of taking the wife and kiddies and settling down on a little farm somewhere."

John didn't laugh. Instead, he clapped a hand on his companion's shoulder.

"Don't know but you're right, old scout. Sometimes I get fed up on this stuff myself, but the pay's good, and I have to save something. Margaret wants me to give it up. She seems afraid all the time something will happen to me. Funny they worry so much, isn't it?"

"Mine is that way, too. Imagine I'm killed about forty times a day. Well, it's pretty nice to know they think so much of us, I'll say."

"Say, Herndon," he broke out suddenly. "Pull up on that car ahead. Looks rather suspicious somehow."

Herndon pushed on speed and the little car pulled up close beside the larger one. There were two men in it, a chauffeur in livery, and a man about thirty years of age, evidently well to do.

As the car with the officers came abreast the stranger rose in his seat, and drawing a small black bottle from his pocket raised it to his lips. Then looking towards them he made a mock flourish with the flask, and said in clear, ringing tones, "We who are about to die, salute you."

"Stop!" shouted the officer, and springing clear from his own car landed on the running board of the other.

Herndon, meanwhile, by a skillful maneuver, brought his car directly across the road. John was now in the seat with the stranger, and grasping the hand with the flask demanded to know its contents, showing his badge of authority meanwhile.

"My dear fellow, why should you wish to know what my precious bottle holds? If but this glass were clear you would see the wonderful golden light of the liquid within. Surely you would not deny me the privilege of looking myself in its hidden wonders. Don't you remember Omar's words: "Why, be this juice the growth of God, who dare Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare? A blessing, we should use it, should we not? And if a curse, why, then, who set it there?"

"I don't know who Omar is, and I don't care, but I do want to know what is in that bottle, and if you won't tell me I'll find out."

"It smells like liquor, but it's a queer smell, too. Guess I'll have to take a taste and make certain." John had turned to Herndon as he spoke, and raising the flask to his lips tasted of it.

"Well, you would do it, you know," growled the man in the car. "You have taken my golden release and while you go free my body must still wear its fetters."

While he spoke John looked at him with a queer, dazed expression in his eyes. A strange gagging appeared in his limbs and a slight twitching in his muscles.

"What was it?" he gasped.

"Poison," came the one word, and as he spoke the officer crumpled at the stranger's feet, his great bulk writhing in agony.

With a shriek of rage Herndon leaped into the car and raised the form of his friend in his arms.

A School of Fire.

Miss Clara Fish has been hired to teach the Hook school the coming year. "Ignorance should a-bait in that neighborhood," comments a shameless punster.—Boston Transcript.

VESTABURG

OLD RESIDENT DEAD

Alida Ryan Miller was born in Utica, New York, February 21, 1844, and died at her farm home near Vestaburg on Friday, February 10, 1922, lacking but a few days of being 78 years of age. Mrs. Miller, who has always been a very active person, gradually failed in health for several months, but continued to be about and was only confined to her bed a short time before she passed away. In her youth she joined the Episcopal church and remained an active member for many years. February 9th, 1875, she was united in marriage to Benjamin F. Miller, of Boonville, New York, at Utica. To this union were born four children, three sons, Earl S., Arthur, James E. and daughter, Bertha. In March, 1892, she came from New York with her husband and family and settled on a farm near Vestaburg in Richland township, and has resided in or near Vestaburg ever since.

Mrs. Miller was preceded in death by her husband, who died Feb. 9, 1909, and her son, Arthur, who died January 6, 1906, at the age of 25 years. By a strange coincidence they were married on February 9, Mr. Miller died February 9, and Mrs. Miller, February 10. The deceased leaves to mourn their loss her sons, Earl S., Miller and James E. Miller, of Vestaburg, and daughter, Mrs. Bertha Randall of Reese, seven grandsons and two granddaughters, two brothers, James E. Ryan of Utica, New York, and Charles H. Ryan of Lovellville, New York, a number of other relatives and a large circle of friends who will miss her.

The funeral services were held at the Church of Christ in Vestaburg on Sunday, February 12, at 2 p. m., Rev. Roy Miller of Carson City, who is pastor of the Pine River church, near her farm home, officiating. Interment was made in the family lot in the Richland township cemetery near Vestaburg. The Royal Neighbors of America of Vesta Camp No. 2853 of Vestaburg had charge of the services and buried her under the ritualistic burial ceremony at the grave of their departed neighbor, Alida Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt Murtaugh entertained on Sunday the latter's son, Buhl Rhoades, and brother, Bert Taft, and wife of Alma and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Conder of Richland township.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Nichols of Riverdale were Saturday business callers here.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Miller, Mr. and Mrs. James Miller and Mrs. Bertha Randall autoted to Alma Saturday.

Mrs. Bertha Randall, who has been here assisting in caring for her mother, Mrs. Alida Miller, and the former's husband and sons, who were called here by the latter's death, have returned to their home at Reese, Michigan.

Mrs. Florence Stites spent Tuesday in Alma with her sister, Mrs. Effie Hopkins, and family.

Miss Olive Stites spent the latter part of the week in Alma at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Effie Hopkins.

Mrs. Edna Hubbard entertained the C. W. B. M. at her home Friday afternoon.

John Taft of Edmore was a Wednesday visitor of his daughter, Mrs. Dewitt Murtaugh, and family.

Rev. Mayhew of Stanton, Secretary for the Y. M. C. A. of Montcalm county, was here Monday in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. and in organizing a Hi-Y at Vestaburg. Rev. Mayhew was host at a dinner which he had prepared for his guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Reed of Vestaburg. The guests were Dr. M. C. Hubbard, Clare Beach, George Scranton, Audley Caris, Wm. Beach, Kenneth Peasley, Merton Wilson and Harry Bollinger.

BRECKENRIDGE

PROMINENT RESIDENT DEAD

Word was received here Sunday morning of the death of C. A. Zubler, who passed away at the Ann Arbor hospital. Mr. Zubler underwent a surgical operation for gall stones and then pneumonia set in, causing his sudden death. Mrs. Zubler and his brother, Herman, were called there Thursday and were at his bedside at the time of his death. Mr. Zubler was landlord of the Wayside Inn in Breckenridge, and a charter member of the F. and A. M. Lodge. His body was brought home Monday and the funeral was held Tuesday afternoon.

Robinson's Big Annual REMNANT SALE begins Saturday, Feb. 18th. D. W. ROBINSON, ALMA.—advertisement.

An old maids party was given in the basement of the Congregational church Saturday evening by Mrs. Howe's class. The girls all looked like old maids in their quaint costumes. Progressive Maids was played, stories told and then an old maid's luncheon of crackers, tea and pickles was served.

Saturday Special Sale — Ladies' new spring dresses—Taffeta, Canton Crepe and Poret Twill Dresses open the season with the new low price of \$16.95. D. W. Robinson, Alma.—Advertisement.

Breckenridge boys defeated Ashley Friday night on their floor by a score of 0 to 8. Out of eleven games this season the boys have lost but two.

Miss Edna House of Onokema, is a guest at the home of her uncle, John House.

Saturday Special Sale of new spring Ladies' Coats, Scotch Tweeds at \$17.50. D. W. Robinson, Alma.—Advertisement.

The body of John W. Tuller of Flint, was brought to Breckenridge for interment in the Breckenridge cemetery Sunday. Mr. Tuller was a former resident of Breckenridge.

Word was received Saturday evening of the death of Mrs. Geo. Kipp, who passed away Saturday at Tampa, Florida, of tuberculosis. Mr. and Mrs. Kipp and two children went south the first of January, hoping the southern climate would prove beneficial to Mrs. Kipp's health. Mrs. Kipp was formerly Miss Emma Wolansky, and is a sister of Mrs. Geo. Anderson, of this place.

Mrs. Agnes Crawford spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Quidort.

Robinson's Big Annual REMNANT SALE begins Saturday, Feb. 18th. D. W. ROBINSON, ALMA.—advertisement.

A large crowd of the Bethany friends of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Quidort gave them a farewell party at their home two miles north of Breckenridge Friday evening. An oyster supper was served along with lots of other good things. The evening was spent with games and music. Mr. and Mrs. Quidort are moving to Manistee, where they expect to make Saturday Special Sale of new spring Ladies' Coats, Scotch Tweeds at \$17.50. D. W. Robinson, Alma.—Advertisement.

Mrs. Cleo Wertz of Bay City, spent the week end with her husband of this place.

Mr. Watler Swope was in town Friday, on business.

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What Every Woman Wants to Know

"How to 'Feed Colds'"

The changeable weather of February and March presents to the home-keeper the ever-recurring problem of colds, for, as a rule, the treatment of such minor, but none the less serious ailments, falls usually within her province.

The old adage "Feed a cold and starve a fever" has been changed to "Feed a cold and you may have to starve a fever." By no means should one starve a cold—the body needs fuel if it is to function properly—but no food must be eaten which is not easy to assimilate.

As far as possible abstain from meat, rich dressings, hot bread, gravy—any rich foods at all. To eat less than the usual amount and stop while you are still hungry will insure the system against overloading. Then, in order to guarantee the prompt assimilation of the food which you have eaten, drink large quantities of water—eight to ten glasses a day will not be too many; or, if desired, an equal amount of hot lemonade.

From the following foods a few should be selected, the variety and amount depending upon the activity of the individual:

For breakfast—Any citrus or acid fruit; any form of cereal, toast without butter; boiled eggs; milk or cocoa.

For luncheon—Any of the foods suggested for breakfast, and in addition: thin soups or broths; fruit or vegetable salad without rich dressing; green vegetables,—potatoes sparingly or not at all.

For dinner—In addition to any of the foods listed above serve a small portion of rare beef, and any light dessert such as acid fruit gelatin.

In short, reduce the total amount of food, use an extra amount of those foods which help regulate the body processes, and don't forget the water.

GOITRE REMOVED

Huntington Lady Tells How

B. V. Jones, 2734 Latulle Ave., Huntington, W. Va., says she will write how she removed a goitre with Sorbol Quadruple, a colorless liniment.

You can see the treatment and get the names of many other successful users at Brunner's Drug Store, drug stores everywhere, or write Box 358, Mechanicsburg, O.—39-1w

Have your feed ground at the Alma Elevator Co., 208 Woodworth.—advertisement 31f.

Try a Record want ad and get big results.

The Record can print it for you at a fair price.—advertisement 10-3w



Why Not Own It?

The Price Makes it Easy

Closed cars have cost too much for most buyers. The Essex open model sells at \$1095, the five-passenger Coach is \$1345.

It has open car performance, its speed, ability to negotiate rough country roads, its carrying capacity and its economy. It has its sturdiness and reliability. For all seasons, for all business and family uses it is ideal. And it has distinctive beauty.

It is the latest creation of Hudson Super-Six body engineers, men who set the style in many types of closed cars. Hudson also builds the Essex.

Come in—See it—Compare it

REYNOLDS AUTO SALES CO.
ALMA, MICHIGAN

Best of 10 Cars

My Essex is the best of 10 cars I have owned. In one year I have driven 22,950 miles, averaging 16 to 22 miles on gasoline, total service costs \$22.50

C. A. McCOY,
True-Tagg Paint Co.,
Dallas, Texas



The Surprised Mr. C!

How Mrs. C. pleased his appetite and her purse

MRS. C.—a clever young housekeeper of Flint, Michigan, related the following amusing incident:

Mr. C. rather boasted of his epicurean tastes. Extravagant by nature, he had the notion that a fine food was necessarily an expensive food. Now Mr. C's spendthrift appetite continually exhausted Mrs. C's slender purse.

But he admits it now—the laugh is on him.

Mrs. C. discovered this new bread spread sold at about half the cost of the one she was accustomed to using. Incognito, it was introduced to Mr. C. He remarked—"Well this certainly has a fine fresh flavor. Where did you get it?"

Yes, Brednut will please the most exacting husband. And as for children—just watch yours go for it.

It's made from pasteurized milk and rich tropical nuts

Thank generous Nature for Brednut. In far off tropical islands she grows a rich nut—with a white meat. These we bring to America. We secure pasteurized milk from healthy cows. Blended together in spotless surroundings under careful supervision these ingredients make Brednut—the new fresh flavored spread for bread.

You'll find Brednut is a real treat. Try it today. When your grocer delivers your first pound, notice how white Brednut is—so white you can actually see its purity.

You can quickly color Brednut to a rich golden yellow with the wholesome vegetable material which your grocer will give you.

