A Dress Suit Is Necessary Even In Land of Sovietism

French Deputy Daladier Goes To Moscow Expecting To Shine Even In Red Shirt, But His Thoughts Are Soon Shattered. French High Class Wines Are Not Eagerly Sought.

Paris, Nov. 1.—(By Associated Press).—A dress suit is more necessary than a red shirt in Moscow, according to Deputy Daladier of the French chamber, who with Deputy Herriot, of Lyons, made a private tour in Russia recently. Deputy Daladier attaches little importance to what he wears and so, before starting from Paris, convinced himself that there was no need to take dress clothes to a communist country.

The French deputy realized his mistake, it appears, when he arrived in Moscow and quickly learned that the western countries are no more exacting in dress than are the directors of soviet Russia. A kindly functionary of the bolsheviki foreign office fortunately came to the rescue of Deputy Daladier with the loan of a well cut evening suit and saved the deputy from losing caste in the eyes of the soviet authorities.

Had M. Daladier attended the Genoa conference, he would not have made this mistake, for the members of the soviet delegation there shone in the elegance of their attire. There are also Paris haberdashers on the Champs Elysees who could have warned him of the need of evening clothes. There is one men's furnishing establishment in particular which advertises Tchitcherin, Lenine and Trotsky among its customers. A certain suit of pajamas in mouse grey, richly embroidered has been visible in that shop lately before being sent direct to the soviet foreign minister.

A dungeon of historic fame, "Le Petit Chatelet," a fortress and a prison, has been converted by the Latin Quarter association of students into a "cabaret artistique" where the authors, poets and artists gather evenings to sing and recite the gossip over their glasses. The visitors descend a spiral staircase into abandoned ruins in the shadow of the cathedral of Notre Dame.

There the students laugh and weep until the early morning in the great stone walled, vaulted, blackened cells, illumined by flickering torches. A skull is part of the weird decorations. Like dark holes in the four sides are entrances connecting the corridors leading to chambers always flooded with the seepage of the river Seine.

On the walls are deeply scratched the last messages from prisoners in their agony. "I will be hanged in 1421" says one inscription. "I die in this place cursing the king," says another. One cut into the wall during the French revolution reads: "Death to Marat."

"Wine is the milk of the old man," say the French, and wine still is drunk as extensively as ever by the old and young. But it is ordinary cheap wine. The fine vintages of Bordeaux, Burgundy and Champagne are not selling. Never has trade in them been in such a desperate condition. The cellars of the merchants are crammed and as each crop comes in, the dearth of space becomes more and more acute.

No one wants the fine wine, for the French government, according to the growers, has killed the home demand by imposing a luxury tax, while abroad—the United States is dry, South America has stopped importing, Russia cannot buy, nor can Germany. The countries which used to absorb a third of French wine have closed their markets, while to increase the sad condition of the trade the cost of production has been multiplied fourfold.

A novel application of wine power to propel a boat startled the members of the French academy of science last week. It made some of the more conservative ones doubt their eyes when they saw motion pictures of a boat, without sails and without a fuel consuming motor, going at top speed against the wind. M. Breton, former minister of hygiene, was sponsor for the invention of the air turbine. The turbine was mounted on a motor boat with the turbine geared to the propeller. He displayed pictures of a trip on the river Seine. The air propelled boat went speedily at the will of the pilot and maneuvered with the same facility as if equipped with the customary power plant.

Those connected with the French olympic committee are beginning to worry about the failure to receive the money voted by the French government toward the expenses of the 1924 olympic games.

"The French government voted us 10,000,000 francs but we haven't received 10 centimes yet," said Frantz Reichel, secretary of the committee.

In the meantime the racing club of France is going ahead with the work of transforming Colombes stadium into a fit home for the 1924 games. The club itself is taking the responsibility for the payment of the bill while awaiting the delivery of government funds.

Four American musicians, prize winners of the American conservatory of Music here which completed its second summer session at Fontainebleau recently, will make their debuts in Paris this winter. They will appear under the direction of Francis Casadesus, director of the conservatory. The government fostered the institution and this assistance gave it a teaching staff of the foremost musicians in France.

The present program is for song recitals by Mrs. Tess Davidson, Sioux City, Iowa, November 24; by Miss Rosalie Miller, New York city, December 17; Miss Gertruda Courtney, Spartanburg, S. C., December 24 and a piano recital by Beveridge Webster, Pittsburgh, Pa., in February, 1923.

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WINS SEAT IN STATE LEGISLATURE.

Miss Bessie Kempton, first woman elected to the Legislature in Georgia.

FASCISTI RAID OFFICE OF THE LABOR FACTION

Sporadic Outbursts of Violence Occur In Rome But Little Damage Results

DESTROY MANY PAPERS

Special Cable to Daily News.
(Copyright, 1922, by Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Rome, Nov. 1.—Sporadic acts of violence apparently not the result of orders, continued today. The fascisti raided the headquarters of the labor confederation, which recently broke with the socialists, making a huge bonfire of all papers and documents in the Piazza Cavour under the eyes of the bronze statue of that famous statesman. Clouds of smoke partly shrouded the immense palace of justice which occupys one side of the square, opposite the theater the fascisti now are using as military headquarters.

The fascisti also raided the home of ex-Minister Labriola—a reform socialist—opposite the palace of justice, throwing furniture, books, pictures and papers out of the windows and burning them, then doing the same thing at the home of the communist deputy Signor Bombacci, which is nearby.

Strangely enough a few days before the event the right arm of the statue of justice, holding a sword broke off suddenly and injured several women standing underneath. Passersby, soldiers and sailors stopped at the smouldering heap of ashes in the square, silently reading charred bits of paper while children gleefully stirred up the embers with sticks.

I picked up half of the burned title page of a socialist novel which reads "The Gallows." Here is a letter head of the "Proletarian Artistic Club Peoples Theater," there is a flaming bulletin of a soviet press agency. In various parts of the city the acrid fumes of burning papers make the eyes smart.

The porter of one American correspondent here was badly beaten because the fascisti found a membership card of the communist party in his pocket—although the membership had lapsed two years ago. From reliable non-Italian sources I understand one working man found carrying his lunch in a red handkerchief was nearly killed and a little girl wearing a red ribbon in her hair was beaten. I was unable to confirm these reports but they indicate the kind of news going about. However, the fascisti are making energetic efforts to maintain order in the city and discipline in the ranks.

They began by issuing proclamations in rapid fire order last night, one ordering complete demobilization after the parade; another warning the fascisti against agents provocateurs; another ordering squadrons to pay no attention to alarmists rumors of communists attacks and threatening disobedient with the "severest fascisti disciplinary measures," another prohibiting any action against communist or others save on orders of the general staff.

The pro-fascisti Giornale di Rome reprints an American newspaper's story of the Naples parade under the heading "Liar and scum—How we are defamed in foreign countries."

MARIE LLOYD'S ART

Music Hall Favorite Rivaled Dickens As Character Delineator.

(London Correspondence of Manchester Guardian.)

Marie Lloyd has gone, like so much that was characteristically London in the Nineteenth Century and seemed a survival in post-war days. Yet she was only 52 years old. She made her reputation in her teens, and so two generations of the music hall public had known her as a classic. She was famous when Gladstone was premier.

Her subject-matter and humor, with its Rabelaisian relish, were of the halls when they still kept the traditions of the backrooms of taverns. Her themes were mostly squalid—the shifts and unhappiness of the drifting, half-sodden town poor, pubs, booze, brawls, police courts, moonlight flittings, matrimonial uncertainties, the life of the Lais of the back alley.

So great an artist was Marie Lloyd that by her art of giving only the essentials, and building her effect by communications of eye and gesture, look and pause—her hesitation as she struggled for a definition to indicate exactly the sort of lady who had thrown the fried fish at the policeman was a chapter in itself—she produced an exhilarating and monumental creation, as Dickens did when, for instance, from the loathsome, cruel and incompetent night nurses of his London he rendered the immortal Sairey Gamp.

CRANKS BOMBARD THE LEAGUE WITH LETTERS

Some Want World Bone Dry and Others Oppose Use of Tobacco.

MANY FROM AMERICA

(Correspondent Associated Press.)

Geneva, Oct. 13.—The general offices of the league of nations receive daily an enormous number of letters from pretty well all over the world, and in these contributions the crank is well represented. The mail clerks are busy individuals, for theirs is the duty of sorting and redirecting. Countries outside the league produce the largest number of correspondents. The United States is far in the lead, and the cranks in America who feel called upon to tell the league what it should do are seemingly without number.

But Germany and soviet Russia also aid generously in keeping the mail clerks occupied. Africans and Asiatics, as well as Europeans and Americans, find the most extraordinary excuses for communicating with the league, showing there is a world-wide misconception as to what the league is and what it was set up to do.

The secretariat gets a vast amount of mail matter that ought to go to the foreign offices of different governments, and it receives also a greater number of suggestions, applications and petitions that ought to go nowhere. Men and women bring to the league in all languages, of the world their heartaches, their headaches, and the aching voids in their pocketbooks. The secretariat is asked for the addresses of reliable doctors; begged to find lost husbands, and appealed to to settle domestic as well as other quarrels. The requests for funds come along in a steady stream. The league has not even been immune from the beguilements of the confidence men, several Americans of this species having tried to use the secretariat to help them out with their passport troubles.

Among the most frequent appeals are these: that the league make the world bone dry, that it suppress tobacco as well as all drugs and drinks; that it institute a universal religion; that it reform the calendar; that it adopt a universal language; and that it give votes to women the world over.

The suggestions are mostly for the cure of the world's economic and financial ills, but some correspondents want to show the league how universal peace can be restored through the general adoption of their particular religion, want to design a new world flag, or make the league all over again after their fashion.

The league is often asked to settle strikes and to pacify divided families.

The latest curious demand was from a romancer who wanted material to write an exciting novel about the league; he was referred to the near east section.

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Hurry mother! Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

The "Mother of Medicine"

Isis, the Queen and afterwards the Goddess, was called the "Mother of Medicine." In ancient Egypt, centuries before Christ, women were skilled in medicine. They knew the great value of medicinal plants.

Hippocrates, the "Father of Medicine," many centuries later, knew less of the merit of vegetable drugs than did the women of ancient times.

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Mrs. I. RIERSON

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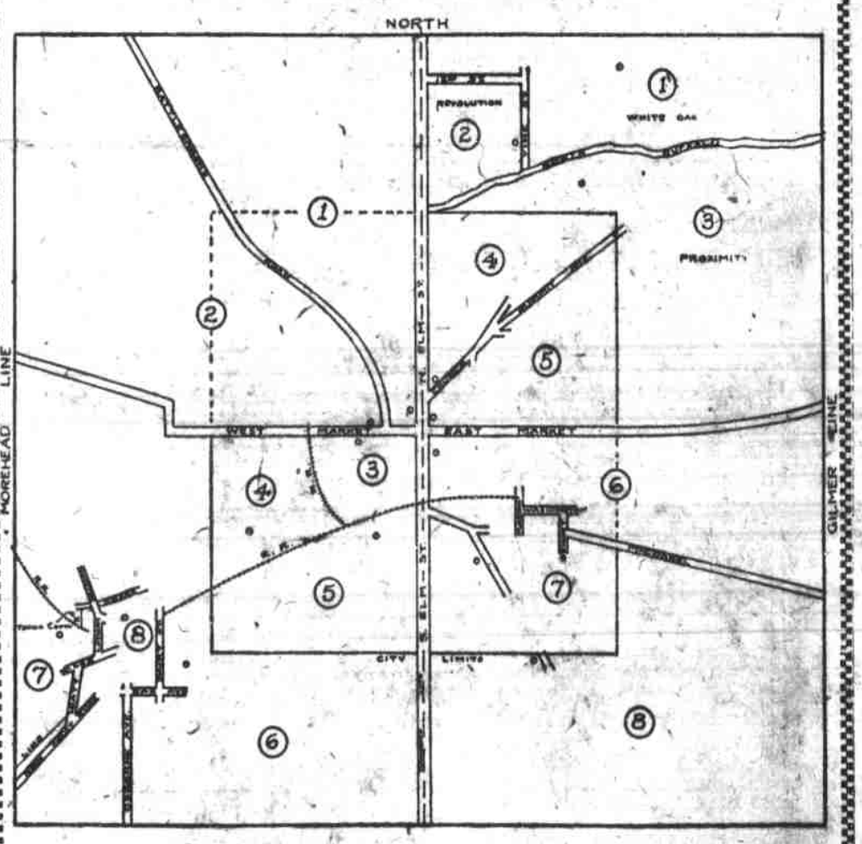

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