

2/- in London

50¢

32-6
6fr in Paris

Harper's Bazar

SEPTEMBER

1924

31:6.11

464/6

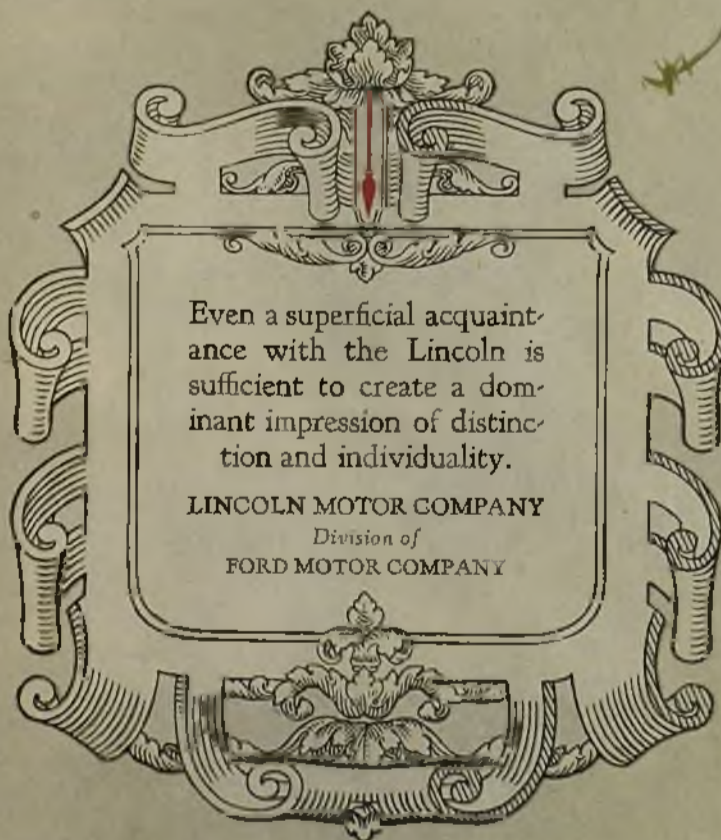


Furs
and
Fabrics

Advance Fashions

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

L I N C O L N



TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELRY PEARLS SILVERWARE

QUALITY - A TRADITION

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

"Onyx" Hosiery

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

"Sheresilk"

The sheerest weight of pure thread silk



So sheer that you
can read print
through it.

From an actual photograph of
"Onyx" Style No. 355—a "Shere-
silk" stocking with lisle top and
lisle lined sole. It is made with
the "Pointex" heel reinforcement
which adds so much grace to trim
feminine ankles.



Style No. 355 shown above is to be had in a great variety of colors. It is
sold in leading stores everywhere at **\$1.95**

Style No. 255, a similar stocking of service weight silk for those who
prefer slightly heavier hose, is to be had at the same price . . . **\$1.95**

© "O" H. Inc.

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 37th and 38th Streets, New York

Introducing
For Mademoiselle
(14 to 20 years)

The New Bramley Fashions

Registered in the U. S. Patent Office

FOR FALL
AND WINTER

PATENT PENDING IN THE
U. S. PATENT OFFICE ON
BRAMLEY DRESS, COAT
AND SUIT DESIGNS. OUR
RIGHTS WILL BE FULLY
ENFORCED.



Worn by Miss Dorothy Smart



Worn by Miss Dorothy Stone

The New Bramley Suit (Patent Design Pending)

THREE-PIECE MODEL

Model 322—A new long-coat suit of wool suede cloth, in russet, navy blue, cranberry red, green or black with smart banding of Japanese mink fur on collar, cuffs and front of coat. The straightline dress—a smart costume in itself, has a long tunic of chenille chiffon in harmonizing tones, and the coat lining is bordered with the same fabric. 88.00

The New Bramley Dress

(Patent Design Granted by the U. S. Patent Office)

OF KASHMIR JERSEY

Model 326—A youthful two-piece model of kashmir jersey with a smart stitched design on the overblouse which follows the Paris fashions of buttons by placing one at every crossing. Pleated skirt on bodice top. In navy blue with red or self stitchings, henna with navy blue, green with bronze or Copenhagen blue with tan. 30.00

Charge Accounts Solicited



Worn by Miss Katblyn Martyn

BRAMLEY FASHIONS ARE EXCLUSIVE WITH
FRANKLIN SIMON & CO., AND THE
DESIGNS ARE PATENTED AND UNCOPIABLE

The New Bramley Coat (Patent Design Pending)

WITH NATURAL MUSKRAT FUR

Model 324—Of fine quality wool suede velour in brown, taupe, russet, green or black. The large collar, deep cuffs and wide front facings of selected natural muskrat fur are as smart as they are luxurious. Silk lined and warmly interlined. 78.00

Model 322a—Bramley Hat of felt and velvet in black and smart colors. 15.75

Model 324a—Bramley Pompon Hat of duvetyn in black or colors. 15.00

Model 326a—Bramley Hat of felt and velvet, felt bow at side. 12.75

Entire Contents Copyrighted, 1924,
by Franklin Simon & Co., Inc.

Paris and smart New York are choosing
BLACK CREPE SATIN FROCKS
 for early Autumn wear in town

MODELS
 ILLUSTRATED
 COME IN
 MISSES' SIZES
 14 to 20 YRS.



Two models at 55.00

WITH THE NEW METAL EMBROIDERED CHINTZ TRIMMING

The flounced model—center—65.00

Paris

Best & Co.

London

Fifth Ave. at 35th St.—N. Y.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

BONWIT TELLER & CO.

The Specialty Shop of Originations
FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET, NEW YORK



WOMEN'S TAILOR-TYPE FROCKS

81—Frock of satin crepe in black, navy blue or brown. Pearl buttons at front. Ecrú batiste net collar . 48.00

82—Coat-frock of radio faille in black, navy blue, brickdust or brown. Fastens across front to the side of hips . 68.00

83—Tunic frock of Kasha over black satin—the Kasha tunic of walnut, green or rust ties to side . . . 52.00

**PAPILLON:**

Not one, two or three—but four of the mode's newest mannerisms this flat crepe frock offers to Mademoiselle. A long tunic! Clipped Marabou banding! A waterfall jabot! And contrasting chiffon trimming edged with gilt braid on both tunic and sleeves! In tan and brown, all brown, copper and black, royal blue and black, sizes 14 to 20 inclusive, \$39.50.

VALYRIA:

If one be in one's 'teens and may risk defining one's girth—by all means wear a gay-colored, wide suede belt! Not in aeons has Paris been so enthusiastic over one note. On this Bengaline silk frock the belt repeats the predominant color of the wool plaid trimming. In brown with tan plaid, navy with green, black with red; sizes 14 to 20 inclusive, \$39.50.

LAURIEL:

Beyond the debutante age? Slip into this faille silk coat dress with its year-concealing lines and peer into the mirror again. The opened front, guarded by buttons, reveals a braided white crepe and black satin slip, and satin is again repeated for collar and cuffs. In black and white, navy and tan, black and copper, brown and tan; sizes 34 to 44 inclusive, \$39.50.

ALCESTE:

The newest of silks—the heavily corded Bengaline—has just arrived to fashion this coat dress for Madame. The front, with its metal embroidered rever, allows a graceful surplice effect. A fluff of Duchesse lace outlines neck and wrists, while buttons and loops add a smart finish to the slashed sides. In black, brown, navy and copper, sizes 34 to 44 inclusive, \$39.50.

STUNNING FALL FROCKS FOR BOTH SIDES OF "TWENTY"

A chic little "garconne" frock? A model more respectful of years? You may choose for yourself!

In the Barbara Lee selection for September are frocks which reveal youth at its best and others which conceal the lines of the more mature figure.

In each is embodied the newest of Fall conceits, inimitable perfection of fabric and finish. One glances—then hastens for affirmation. Almost unbelievable is the price mark of \$39.50.

Barbara Lee.

These and other Barbara Lee frocks for women and misses are shown exclusively in the shops listed in this advertisement.

Abraham & Straus Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

L. S. Ayres & Company
Indianapolis, Ind.

L. Bamberger & Co.
Newark, N. J.

Bullock's
Los Angeles, Cal.

The Dayton Company
Minneapolis, Minn.

The Emporium
San Francisco, Cal.

Wm. Filene's Sons Company
Boston, Mass.

B. Forman Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

Frederick & Nelson
Seattle, Wash.

Joseph Horne Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The J. L. Hudson Co.
Detroit, Mich.

The F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Columbus, Ohio

The Rike-Kumler Co.
Dayton, Ohio

Strawbridge & Clothier
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

Weinstock, Lubin & Co.
Sacramento, Cal.

At The Young Folks' World

YOUR BOY'S SCHOOL TOGS

The 4th
FLOOR

WHEN you outfit your boy for school you will find exactly the right type of clothes in our Boys' Clothing Department. This section offers an extensive assortment of well-made apparel and fine haberdashery. The garments are distinguished by careful tailoring and superior finish—they are made to withstand the rough wear an active boy gives his clothes.

A—Oxford shirts, full cut, excellent quality, collar attached or neck band models. Sizes 12½ to 14. \$1.84. Oxford blouses in sizes 7 to 16 years, \$1.54.

B—A cunning vestee suit for little fellows. In warm cheviot, with vestee of plaid fabric. Tan, grey, heather, brown, sizes 3 to 8 years, \$17.74.

C—Durable corduroy suit with two pairs of knickers. Patch pocket front with yoke and box pleated back. Brown, tan, sizes 8 to 16 years, \$12.74.

D—Fancy mixture suit with two pairs of knickers. Well-tailored in a variety of all wool fabrics in new Fall shades of tan, grey, brown and olive mixtures. Sizes 8 to 18 years, \$14.74.

E—All worsted sweaters, coat style or pull-over with roll collar or V neck. In solid colors, navy, brown, grey, maroon, heather, green, and also with contrasting collar, cuffs or body stripes. Sizes 8 to 16 years, \$7.44.

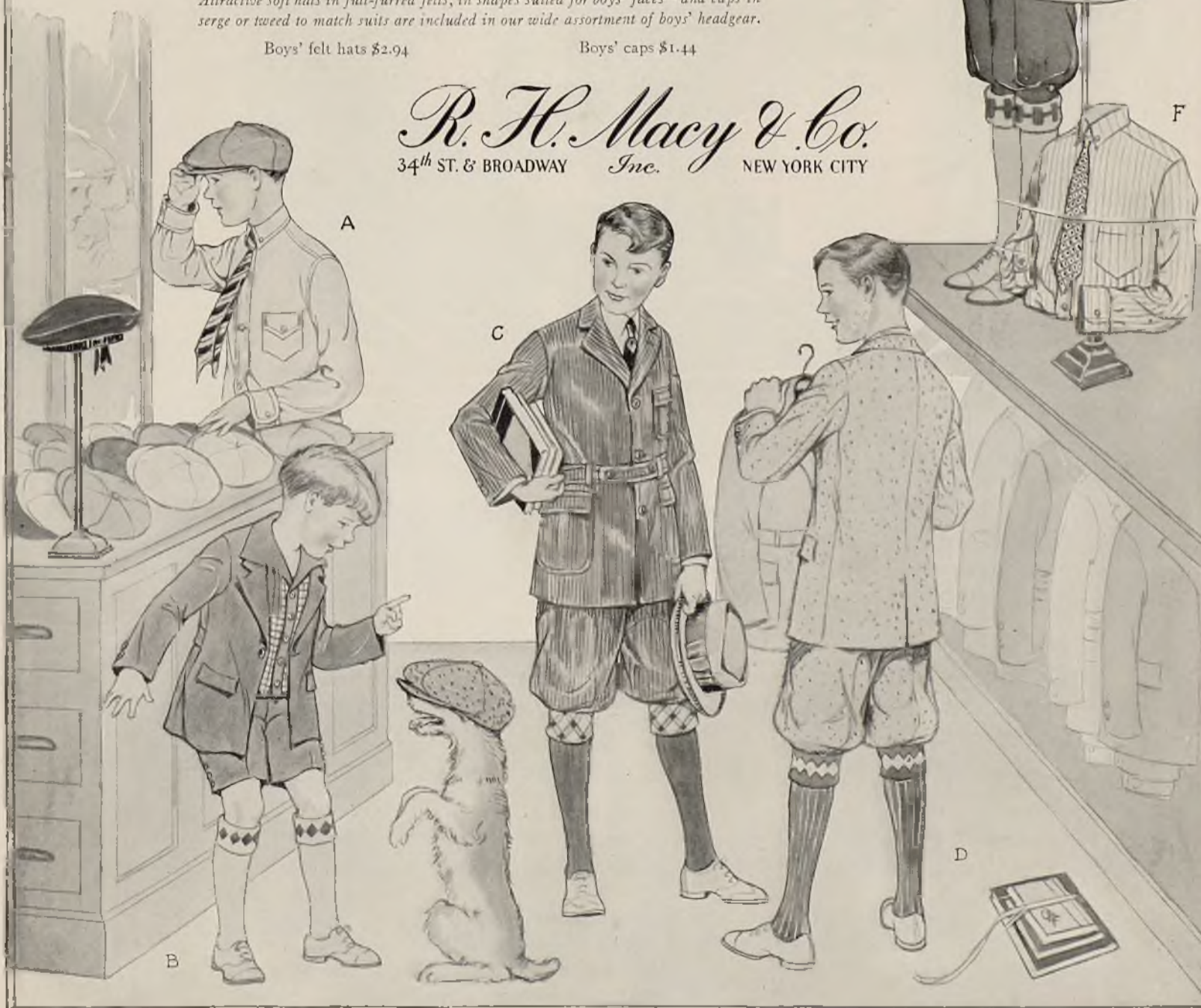
F—Blouses of printed or woven madras. Collar attached, long sleeves with round cuff—no cuff links needed with this style. Stripes in blue, green, brown, lavender. Sizes 7 to 16 years, \$1.44.

Attractive soft hats in full-furred felts, in shapes suited for boys' faces—and caps in serge or tweed to match suits are included in our wide assortment of boys' headgear.

Boys' felt hats \$2.94

Boys' caps \$1.44

R. H. Macy & Co.
34th ST. & BROADWAY Inc. NEW YORK CITY





FRENCH STYLES AND FABRICS IN HART SCHAFFNER & MARX COATS FOR WOMEN

The styles have the sparkle, the dash, the warmth of Paris. The fabrics are silky velour cloths, Jacquard velvets, soft suede finished woolens, some delicately patterned with stirring wintry shades in cloisonne designs, flowing sea wave effects, brocaded flowers, oriental tracteries. You'll see countless original ideas.

Send for the Style Book. It displays a variety of striking coats for all occasions—many of them lavishly furred at collar, cuff and hem.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Chicago

New York



PARIS WEARS THESE NEW GOWNS

for fall and winter

... and, simultaneously with Paris, the smart American woman may wear these accurate Stewart & Co. replicas!

Replica of Cyber Gown—its new themes are the scarf tie, the fascinating armlets and the very straight tunic almost as long as the gown. Of melesante satin with hand-made ribbon flowers. (Illustrated left).

59.50

Replica of Drecoll Gown—of eclatante satin, a new supple version, with Chipmunk fur outlined in brilliant embroideries, forming a front hem border, pocket edges, collar and cuffs. (Illustrated center).

69.50

Replica of Philippe et Gaston "sans habit" Gown—the "coat-wise" gown as Paris wears it. Of eclatante satin with contrasting colored silk crepe, bead embroidered, for the tunic section of the frock. (Illustrated right).

55.00

New Paris and Fifth Avenue Book of Advance Fall and Winter Modes Will be Sent You Free on Request

PARIS

Stewart & Co.

NEW YORK

Correct Apparel for Women & Misses

Fifth Avenue at 37th Street

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Correct Clothes



Junior Misses' Party Frocks that express the mode in coral or robin's-egg blue georgette over silk lining, effectively embellished with ribbon cocardes in flower designs;

Sizes 15 and 17

\$25.00

Girls' Wool Coats of green or tan heather mixture, with wool plaid lining and raccoon choker collar;

Sizes 6, 8 and 10

\$29.50

Sizes 12 to 16

\$33.50

Youths' Blue Cheviot Suits, with two pairs of long trousers;

Sizes 17 to 20

\$38.50

Girls' Wool Plaid Dresses, in red-and-tan, with patent leather belt;

Sizes 6 to 12

\$10.50

B. Altman & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE

Thirty-fourth Street

MADISON AVENUE

Thirty-fifth Street

NEW YORK

for the School and College Exodus



A smart model for Junior Misses, developed in navy blue hair-line striped worsted; two-piece tunic style, trimmed with white satin collar and small red buttons;
Sizes 15 to 17 **\$19.75**

Boys' Suits, of brown, gray or blue-gray mixture, with two pairs of knickers;
Sizes 8 to 18 **\$32.00 to \$42.50**

Girls' Rain Coats, in silk or cantonette, with detachable cape; in tan or navy blue;
Sizes 6 to 16 **Silk Coat, \$15.00**
Cantonette, \$12.50

Other Furnishings, as well as Luggage, to complete the School Outfit, are available at most moderate figures.

Youths' Suits of brown, gray or blue-gray mixture, some with two pairs of long trousers, others with one pair of long trousers and one pair of knickers;
Sizes 17 to 20 **\$40.00 to \$48.00**

Boys' Suits, of blue cheviot or serge, with two pairs of knickers;
Sizes 8 to 18 **\$35.00**

B. Altman & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE
 Thirty-fourth Street

NEW YORK

MADISON AVENUE
 Thirty-fifth Street

TODAY EVERY SMART WOMAN WEARS THE COSTUME COMPLETE

THE WOMAN who maintains a really smart wardrobe is less dependent upon the depth of her purse than upon intelligent interpretation of the mode. She is not unduly swayed by short-lived incidental fashions. She is keenly appreciative of well-founded style tendencies. Her chief concern is for the best way to adapt the latter to her own requirements.

This woman knows, for example, that the strongest feeling in the mode today is for the *ensemble* or costume complete. She recognizes this as an inherently smart style development, intelligently conceived, entirely practical in its personal application. And she finds in Knitted OUTERwear the greatest opportunity for observance of this important trend of fashion.

Shopping for the Knitted OUTERwear *ensemble* proves as fascinating as it is profitable. Specialty shops and Knitted OUTERwear departments fairly bloom with knitted costumes whose multiplicity of texture, pattern and color are unapproachable. These garments are unbelievably smart—chic as a Paris boulevard—decidedly inexpensive.

The beauty of Knitted OUTERwear goes hand in hand with sturdiness and durability. Knitted costumes, though worn regularly and frequently, may be restored by simple methods to their original daintiness.*

The woman who turns to Knitted OUTERwear augments the purchasing power of her income. Her wardrobe always provides a refreshing variety of garments—each one irreproachable in line and silhouette—each a costume of individual charm.

KNITTED OUTERWEAR BUREAU, INC.

450 Fourth Avenue, New York City



The newest knitted ties are of colored fibre silk with dainty hand-painted decorations



Stunning knitted shawl of black fibre silk simulating old Spanish lace



* Write for Free Booklet:
"How to Care for
Knitted OUTERwear"

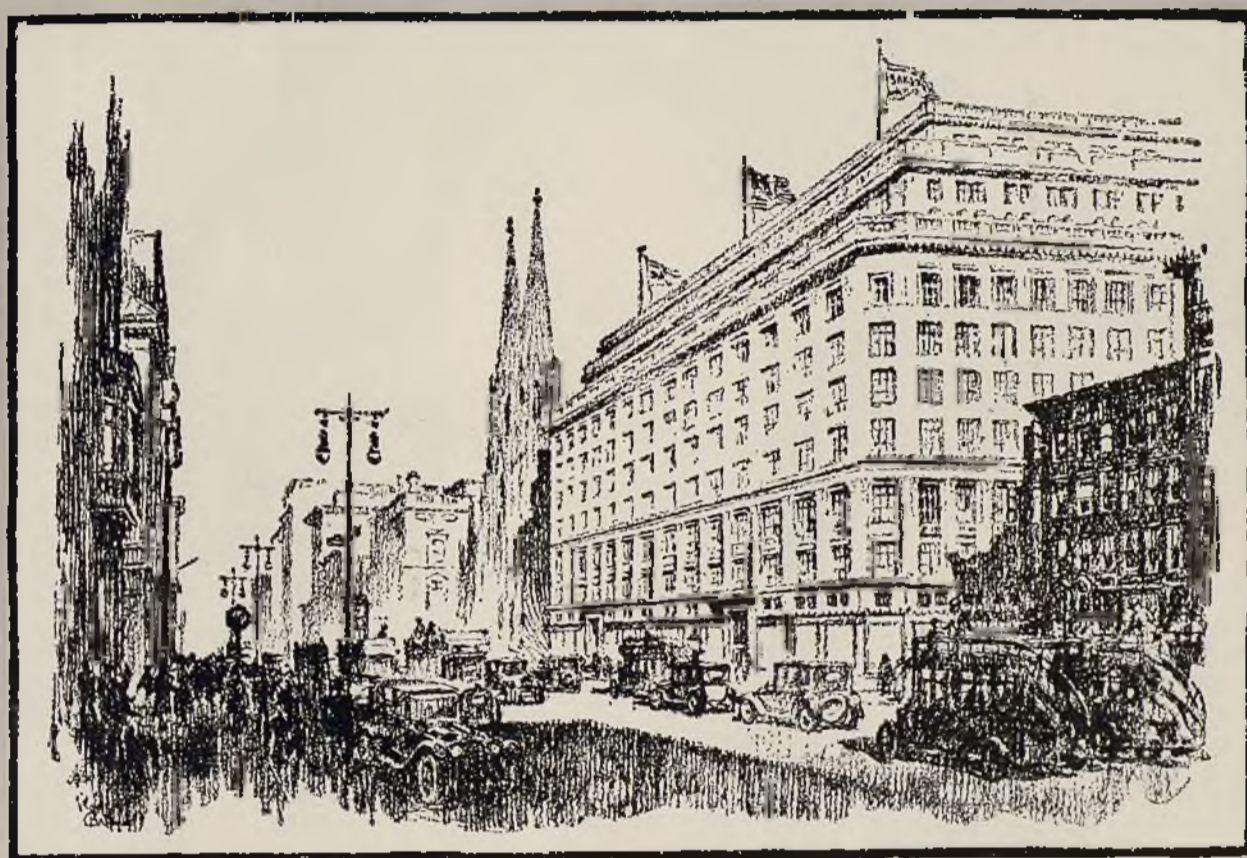
What Knitted OUTERwear is:

Knitted OUTERwear embraces every garment knitted of wool, silk or artificial silk, with the exception of underwear and dress hosiery. Among the many classifications are: Bathing suits, capes, dresses,

gloves, headwear, infants' wear, jerseys, leggings, mittens, mufflers, neckwear, overcoats, reefers, scarfs, shawls, smocks, sports hose, sports skirts, suits, sweaters, vests, wristlets.

SAKS~FIFTH AVENUE

Opens Monday, September 15th



THE world's largest specialists in apparel and accessories for every member of the family — from Baby Bunting in a bassinet to men and women of all ages. . . *Saks-Fifth Avenue*, New York's newest and greatest store, presents its specialties in such inclusive varieties . . . in such vast volume . . . in such correct and exclusive styles . . . and at such low prices that New York will be amazed.

If you would like to receive personal notices of our important private sales and showings, we shall be very glad to put your name and address on our mailing list.

SAKS & COMPANY
FORTY NINTH STREET · FIFTH AVENUE · FIFTIETH STREET



*Autumn's new style expressions
for the woman by*

Paris
Blackshire
New York

Being shown with other Blackshire models by the better shops

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Complete School Outfits

for Girls, Large and Small

Correct and generous cut, durable materials and distinctive models are emphasized in our girls' school clothes. The coats and frocks sketched above are exclusive *Lord & Taylor* models.

CHINCHILLA COATS \$19.50

Made in our own workrooms of German chinchilla, and lined with suede cloth. Navy, beaver, French blue and copper. 6 to 14 years.

Matching hats with grosgrain cocarde and piping, \$6.95.

Matching hats trimmed with raccoon, \$8.95.

BLOOMER FROCKS \$8.95

Little girls' jersey frocks, hand smocked. Belgian, cedar, almond green, and brown are the colors. 6 to 10 years.

CHEVIOT COATS \$29.50

Fabrics imported from England for *Lord & Taylor*. These coats, lined and interlined throughout, have large raccoon shawl collars. Brown heather and blue heather mixtures. 8 to 14 years.

FRENCH REP FROCKS \$12.95

Made with detachable linen collar and button-on cuffs. Lovely colors: twilight blue, French blue, almond green, and brown. 8 to 14 years. Extra set of collar and cuffs included with each frock.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORE—FOURTH FLOOR

Lord & Taylor

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Ribbonette

The Latest Creation
from the House
of ROYAL
WORCESTER

FOR coolness, daintiness,
and free body comfort, the
feminine world greets the
corset sensation of the season
— *Ribbonette*.

This one-piece, semi-elastic,
non-lacing model is flexibly
boned at proper points of
body support and features at the back ven-
tilating bands of rich satin ribbon or beautiful
embroidery panels, horizontally placed.

It is splendidly made of the very best fancy
material broche, has rustless boning that *flexes*
freely with the figure and the famous non-
pinching clasp.

Strong, light, supple, durable, and practical,
this fashionable new model is particularly
adaptable for all athletic activities where a cool,
comfortable corset is desired. Carried every-
where by all good stores and specialty shops.

Two qualities: Royal Worcester at \$1.50 and
\$2.50 a pair; Bon Ton at \$3.50 to \$10.00

Patent applied for

Style

4035

Price \$3.50

*From a big, happy, sunlit factory
rises this butterfly of Fashion, the
dream of a wonderful designer and
the creation of countless contented
workers — Ribbonette — the season's
sensation in a warm weather corset.*



Royal Worcester Corset Company

WORCESTER - NEW YORK - CHICAGO - SAN FRANCISCO - LONDON



“WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WALK”

THE speaker, an ardent young freshman, turned envious eyes on the graceful Myra Halstead as she swung across the campus.

Her companion smiled. “Yes,” she said, “the Halstead walk is more famous here than Pomander Walk. She has the whole Junior class literally following in her footsteps!”

“You mean she’s teaching ’em to walk—one, two, three, now step and all that?”

“No, child, she just told them the secret of that graceful swing of hers.”

“How can a humble freshman learn? Study hard or what?”

“No—any Junior is likely to corner you and tell you on the

first introduction. Just to spoil their fun, I’ll tell you myself—Ped-e-modes.”

“Tell me more—more.”

“Well, Myra used to have all kinds of trouble with her feet and of course no one can be graceful or self-unconscious when her feet bother her. She was too well dressed to consent to wearing clumsy, health shoes and then her cousin, Marion, told her about Ped-e-modes. They’re smart as can be and the most blissfully comfortable shoes imaginable. I bought a pair last week and I’ll never buy any others.”

“One certainly learns a lot at college. Are they awfully expensive?”

“No, especially when you consider how long they last.”



A Colonial Ped-e-mode with sturdy heel and low tongue—comfortable for walking yet graceful in line. In modish leathers and shades.

Pedemode
INCORPORATED
570 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Near 46th Street
Shoes for Women

An interesting strap placement adds smartness to this pump for street or afternoon. In the wanted leathers and shades.



Ped-e-modes are shown exclusively in the shops listed below:

PEDEMODE, INC.

570 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE PEDEMODE SHOP

1708 EUCLID AVENUE, CLEVELAND, O.

L. Bamberger & Co. Newark, N. J.	Ernst Kern Co. Detroit, Mich.	City of Paris Dry Goods Co. San Francisco, Cal.	Neiman-Marcus Co. Dallas, Texas	L. Livingston New York	Caspari & Virmond Co. Milwaukee, Wis.	Joseph Horne Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Seymour Sycle Richmond, Va.	Kerr Dry Goods Co. Oklahoma City, Okla.	Thomas Kilpatrick Co. Omaha, Neb.	Knight Shoe Co. Portland, Ore.	Lauber's Toledo, Ohio	Jacob Bros. New Orleans, La.	F. E. Ballou Co. Providence, R. I.
Robert I. Cohen, Inc. Galveston, Texas	Phelps Shoe Store Shreveport, La.	Davenport Hotel Sport Shop Spokane, Wash.	Friedman-Spring Dry Goods Co. Grand Rapids, Mich.	Smith-Kasson Co. Cincinnati, O.		

Write for style book—no charge

JULIUS GROSSMAN, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



A GOLFLEX SUIT

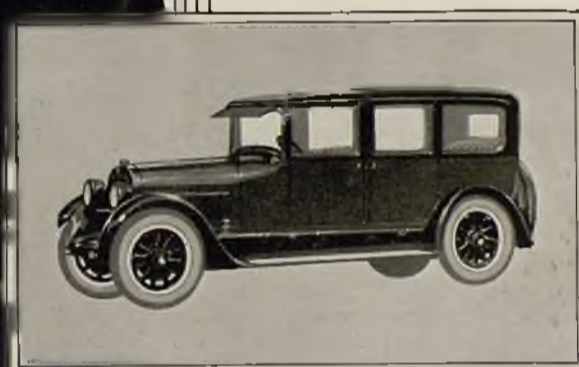
You'll enjoy it, first, because you'll find the smart Frock so very useful for early wear. Then, as the weather grows cooler—you'll appreciate its handsome Coat with flattering touches of baby fox fur—making a faultlessly lovely tailleur usable throughout the Winter.

WILKIN & ADLER INC., 500 SEVENTH AVENUE, N.Y.C.

FOR SALE ONLY AT
DEPARTMENT AND
SPECIALTY STORES

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Ayuntamiento de Madrid



C A D I L L A C

One quality which women deeply admire in the Cadillac is its unrivalled capacity for *remaining young*. **Q** By that we mean the astonishing Cadillac ability to remain mechanically fit, smooth and quiet in operation, and consistently handsome and fashionable long after other cars must be replaced. **Q** Incidentally, it is this enduring excellence which stamps the new V-63 as the truly economical car and makes it the wise investment for people of moderate as well as unlimited means.



Standard of the World

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Exquisite Silk Covered Nemolastik Rubber Girdles Make Reducing Sane

This new rubber reducing girdle, made of Nemolastik, brings reducing by this efficient method to the point of exquisite refinement.

Nemolastik, which is finest Para rubber covered on both sides with pure silk, is an exclusive fabric perfected and protected by the makers of Nemo Corsets.

No rubber touches the skin.

Nemolastik has revolutionized rubber girdles and brassieres—smooth and delicate to the touch as a silk glove—dainty in appearance as finest silk lingerie.

The Nemolastik girdle (illustrated) and brassiere, designed by the master makers of Nemo Corsets, hold your figure firm, yet give you the immediate sensation of supple slenderness, of lithe and elastic figure—a figure of freedom which is a revelation. For every size and type.

Every portion of the figure touched by the girdle or brassiere is continually massaged, the fatty tissue is disintegrated and passed off through the circulation.

Guaranteed against tearing—readily washed, retaining the delicate flesh tint of the silk.

Ask for them today at your dealer's, or fill in the coupon and forward it.



None Genuine Without This Mark:



GIRDLE
\$10⁷⁵

BRASSIERE
\$5⁷⁵

Nemo

THE HOUSE OF COMPLETE CORSETRY
120 EAST 16TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY.

Please send me without obligation, booklet on

"Self-Reducing, Exquisitely, Safely and Sanely."

Name

Address

R. B. (Forward this coupon to Kops Bros. Inc., 120 E. 16th St., N. Y.)



Swansdown COATS

Combining—

- beauty with simplicity
- exclusiveness of style with exclusiveness of fabric
- warmth without weight
- a flair for the out-doors with the smartness of the most formal Costume
- softness and delicacy with remarkable endurance
- the silhouette of charming youth with an air of sophistry

Conceded to be the most wonderful Coats in the world. And not expensive!

At the best Stores everywhere!

Handsome Fashion Book—on request.



Created exclusively by

THE HOUSE OF SWAN/DOWN

Hurowitz & Erdreich

31-33 East 32nd Street New York

CANADIAN OFFICE:

The House of Swansdown of Canada, 310 Spadina Ave., Toronto

INTRODUCING
GERA FABRICS
for FALL

Products of the Gera Mills are shown on the following
 four pages in a Series of Advanced Fall
 Fashions in such materials as

MOKINE REPLERA
MOLERA

The following pages particularly illustrate
 the perfect suitability of these Gera Fabrics
 for interpreting the approaching mode.
 This series will be continued in both Har-
 per's Bazar and Vogue through October
 and November with new models. For
 twenty-five years the Gera Mills have made
 only the very finest fabrics, in every variety,
 demanded by well-dressed women



GERA MILLS

FOUNDED 1900

257 Fourth Avenue • New York City

Presented with the co-operation of these charming members of New York Society who graciously consented to pose,
 in the interest of charity, for the sketches shown: Miss Janet Brower, Miss Harriet Camac, Mrs. Van Henry Cartmell,
 Miss Constance Delanoy, Mrs. Alvin Devereux, Miss Helen Gould, Miss Adeline Hatch, Mrs. Frederic Humphreys,
 Mrs. S. Theodore Hodgman, Jr., Mrs. Putnam Morrison, Miss Catherine Okie, Mrs. Thomas Fenton Taylor

All sketches by Miss E. M. A. Steinmetz.

Introduced with the co-operation of these four New York shops:

Bonwit, Teller & Co.

Stein & Blaine

Henri Bendel

Franklin Simon & Co.



STUDY OF MISS CONSTANCE DELANOY

Miss Delanoy is wearing a new model by BONWIT TELLER & CO. especially designed for GERA MILLS "MOKINE."

"Mokine," a distinctly new, Duvetyn-like fabric, exquisitely soft and fine, is used in Russian green for this wrap. It is a slim straight wrap that achieves the effect of a smart coat-frock because it is so simple and has none of the clumsiness of a top-coat. The huge collar is of beaver.



GERA MILLS PORTFOLIO OF ADVANCED FASHIONS

GERA



STUDY OF MISS HELEN GOULD

Miss Gould is wearing a new creation by STEIN & BLAINE
especially designed for GERA MILLS "MOKINE."

The full draped sumptuous folds of this luxurious, buttonless wrap-around coat are softly supple in gracious "Mokine," a new, exquisite, Duvelyn-like fabric. The new smart length, which is neither "three-quarters" nor "full," is accented by effectively arranged pelts of fine deep chapchilla.



GERA MILLS PORTFOLIO OF ADVANCED FASHIONS



STUDY OF MISS HARRIET CAMAC

Miss Camac is wearing a new model by HENRI BENDEL especially designed for GERA MILLS "MOLERA."

The costume complete has now become the almost standard costume for the smart woman. This "ensemble" of cocoa colored "Molera" has a three-quarter length coat banded with kolinsky. The frock is of matching fabric "Molera," a new soft fabric that has a moleskin surface that is as soft and as fine as cashmere.



GERA MILLS PORTFOLIO OF ADVANCED FASHIONS



STUDY OF MISS CATHERINE OKIE

Miss Okie is wearing a new model by FRANKLIN SIMON
& CO. especially designed for GERA MILLS "REPLERA."

Another phase of the costume complete is the coat-frock with matching accessories. The unusually simple and smart coat-frock sketched above is of "Replera," a new fabric that is neither rep nor bengaline, but has much of the charm of both. It is used in bark color with small decorative patches of leopard fur. The brown felt hat and sable furs are in perfect harmony with the frock.



GERA MILLS PORTFOLIO OF ADVANCED FASHIONS

Vici kid figures largely in the new footwear fashions

LAIRD, SCHOBER & COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Announce

timely and authoritative models in
Vici kid — distinctive interpreta-
tions of the current footwear mode

Presented at retail by

JOHN WANAMAKER New York	CHAS. A. STEVENS & BROS. Chicago	THE HENRY H. TUTTLE CO. Boston	STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER Philadelphia
WETHERBY-KAYSER SHOE CO. Los Angeles Pasadena Hollywood			
R. H. FYFE & CO. Detroit	KAUFMANN'S "THE BIG STORE" Pittsburgh	F. & R. LAZARUS & CO. Columbus	D. H. HOLMES CO., LTD. New Orleans
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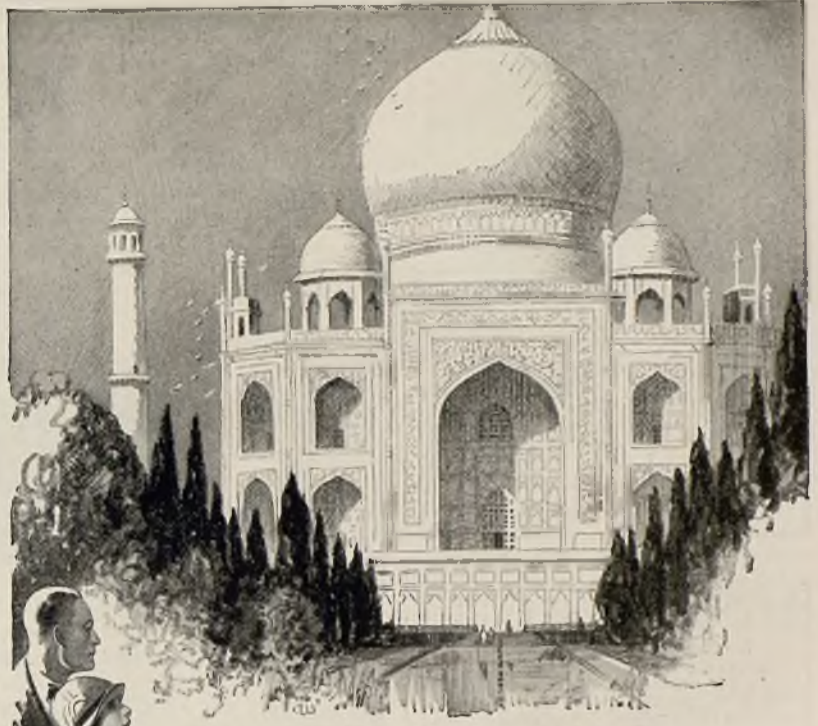
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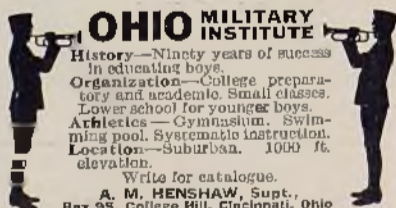
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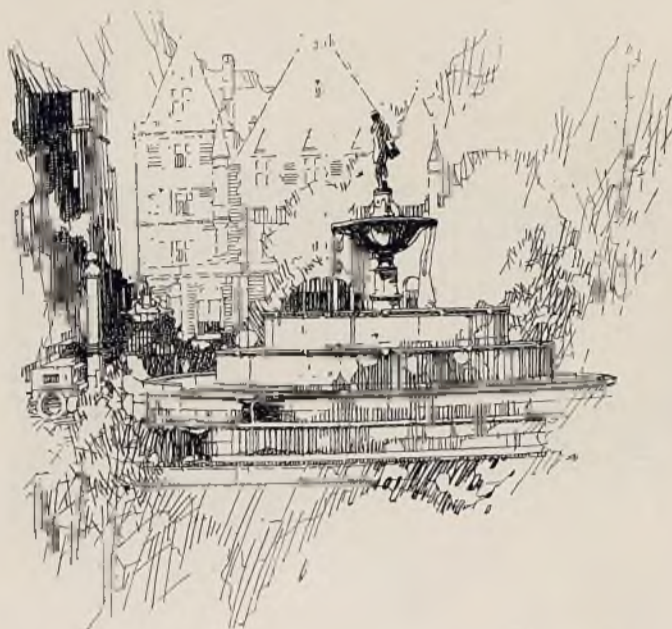
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The Plaza at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue from which aristocratic residences swing north and aristocratic shops swing south

THE AVENUE AWAKES

*From seashore and mountains, people
flock back to town*

AFTER ALL, there is something inspiring about the first cool days of fall. The electric signs seem to blaze forth more brilliantly; the theaters are reopening their doors; even the traffic policemen seem to smile a more cordial greeting. And as for the shop-windows, they sparkle with the modes and fashions of a new season. All New York, in fact, rouses itself from its long summer lethargy and prepares to welcome back its own children as well as the children of a thousand races and climes who crowd its thoroughfares.

The women who read Harper's Bazar, browned from the sun and the wind, rush back to town with a thousand-and-one requirements. And the shops of the great city, burnished, restocked and proud of their varied assortments of all sorts of new merchandise, are ready to welcome them with the crisp wares of a new season.

To introduce its New Mail Order Department, the

PARK HOSIERY SHOP

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CUSTOM MADE
READY-TO-WEAR
In all
color
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Catalogue H upon request
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515 Madison Avenue
At 53rd Street.

LAST April Harper's Bazar started these "Where to Shop" pages with two pages from Paris—and now Paris, New York, Chicago and Boston are represented.

It is really an interesting directory of smart shops that is of particular interest to readers not only, of course, in the cities mentioned but to travelers to those cities.

For the readers of Harper's Bazar have the delightful habit of traveling constantly in their own country as well as abroad.



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"CASTILLIAN"
BLONDE SATIN—
All Patent Leather
All Patent Leather with
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Patent Leather Vamp and
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Weathered Misses Shop

OPPOSITE THE DRAKE



This Combination Book and Magazine Cabinet is one of the

Many New Zork Pieces

David Zork Co.

Furniture-Decorations
201-207

North Michigan Blvd.
Chicago.

AUTUMN IN CHICAGO

Along Michigan Avenue the First Tang of Fall is Welcomed Joyously

FALL approaches! The pageant of fashion and of new fashions appears once more on Chicago's well-loved Michigan Boulevard. The air from the Lake is a bit crisper; the shop-windows again glitter with many a fascinating frock and hat and jewel; there is an appraising eagerness in the well-dressed woman's eye.

Somehow, as one glances up and down the Boulevard, one recalls the Riviera. For just as the Riviera is the playground of Europe for those cosmopolitans who are leaders of fashion, so Michigan Boulevard is the show window of the middle west where one chooses the correct mode for every occasion—and knows that it is the correct mode.

THE BUYERS of the smart shops have just returned from Paris. They have brought with them the best that Paris has had to offer—cunning new fabrics and fancies, delightful new frocks and gowns and wraps, hats that whisper to the observer their Parisian birth.



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Where to Shop in Chicago



announcing
the return of
Mrs. Blum from Paris
and a rare display
of original models.

Gowns
Wraps
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INDEED, the woman who shops on the Avenue sees in many windows the same creations that a few weeks ago she saw in Paris. As she walks from the Drake Hotel south she sees such shops as Martha Weathered, and a few blocks further south, Giddings and McAvoy's; just over the bridge, Pearlie Powell, then David Zork Company and John T. Shayne; Anna Korshak, and just a step or two off the Avenue at Madison are Wolfelt's and Charles E. Graves.

From the Blackstone walking north is the Blackstone Shop, H. S. Frank, W. P. Nelson, Milgrim's, then Blum's and The Vogue.

YET AMERICA is represented as well as Paris. The most adroit, the smartest creators and manufacturers of America find representation in these shops and shop-windows.

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Fall and Winter 1924-25

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MODELS . . .

Creations both becoming
and smart

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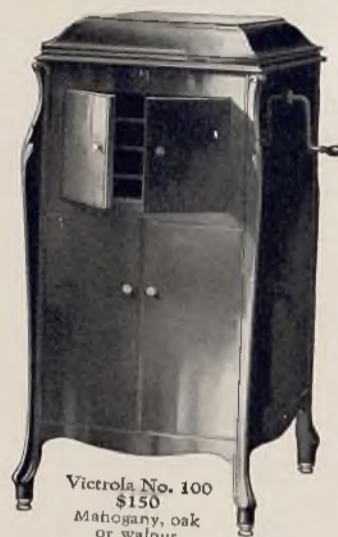


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Victor Artist

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Victor Artist

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Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

Harper's Bazar



Number 2543

57th Year

SEPTEMBER

1924

Furs and Fabrics Number

AVIS

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HEADS, HATS, AND HAPPINESS

SEPTEMBER, and the autumn is upon us! And with one eye on the calendar, this September Harper's Bazar presents what every woman wants to know, what every woman must know if she is to spend the autumnal days with a fair degree of content and happiness. Turn therefore to page fifty-five and its portfolio showing exactly how the hair should be worn and exactly the sort of hat that should cover it. And now that the reign of the ubiquitous cloche is ended, we find a large variety of new hats to choose from. The high hat, announced in Harper's Bazar over a year ago, has definitely arrived; the beret is making a new bid for favor, and diverse shapes based on the man's sailor hat and derby, as well as his high hat, offer possibilities to the woman who wishes to dress a bit ahead of the mode.

COIFFURES FROM LONDON AND PARIS

THE coiffures shown in this portfolio were sketched in Paris by Reynaldo Luza of the staff of Harper's Bazar, at Ciro's in Paris and London, at the Embassy Club in London, at the Ritz in Paris, and other cosmopolitan and ultra-smart restaurants.

NEW FASHIONS IN FURS AND FABRICS

THE Parisian furriers are creating extraordinary new furs. There is, for instance, *renard d' eau* or water-fox. No one knows from whence it comes, yet very charming it is in soft fluffy gray or beige. Broadtail will be much used and, of course, sable, ermine, and chinchilla maintain their very expensive prestige. The interesting details are in van Campen Stewart's article on page seventy-three. Fascinating, too, is Baron de Meyer's account of his visit to the great Paris houses of Rodier and Bianchini-Férier, where weaving on hand-loom retains all the beauty of an ancient and honorable art.

Cover, by Erté

Page

"Louiseboulanger," Frontispiece by Etienne Drian	54
New Smart Ways to Dress the Head, by Marie Lyons	
<i>Drawn by Reynaldo Luza</i>	55, 56, 57, 58, 59
<i>Drawn by Mary MacKinnon</i>	60, 61
<i>Drawn by Malaga Grenet</i>	62, 63
Herman Patrick Tappé Tells of Soft Woolens for Early Autumn	
<i>Drawn by Katharine Sturges</i>	64, 65
Snapshots of Smart Americans and Parisiennes	66, 67
"The Meadow Larks," by Helen Bullitt Lowry	
<i>Illustrated by Paul Brown</i>	68, 69
"The First Embrace," A Story of a Satisfying Reward, by E. Phillips Oppenheim	
<i>Illustrated by Marshall Frantz</i>	70, 71
"Luxurious, Strange New Furs Make the Smart Winter Silhouette," by van Campen Stewart	72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77
Furs from Both New York and Paris Houses	
<i>Drawn by Katharine Sturges</i>	78, 79
"That Phoenix, Memory," A Glamorous Hint of Old Venice, by F. Britten Austin	
<i>Illustrated by Maurice L. Bower</i>	80, 81
Baron de Meyer Visits the Houses of Rodier and Bianchini-Férier	82, 83, 84, 85
"Semi-Attached," A Story of a Social Experiment, by Anne Parrish	
<i>Illustrated by John LaGatta</i>	86, 87
The Tailored Frock Has New Success, by Lucile Buchanan	
<i>Drawn by Grace Hart</i>	88, 89, 90, 91
<i>Drawn by Main Bocher</i>	92, 93
Portrait of Mrs. Felix D. Doubleday	94
"The Face that Launched a Thousand Quips," by Mildred Cram	
<i>Illustrated by Wallace Morgan</i>	95
"From Old Painted Beds These Lovely Bedrooms Grew," by Ruby Ross Goodnow	
<i>Drawn by Grace Hart</i>	96, 97
Portrait of Raquel Meller	98
"The Mirror of the Theater," by Percy Hammond	99
Some of the Smartest New Motors	
<i>Drawn by Samuel D. Otis</i>	100, 101
Last Minute Sketches from Paris	102, 103
The Newest Accessories from Paris	104

NEXT MONTH: THE PARIS OPENINGS NUMBER OF HARPER'S BAZAR

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Louiseboulanger

The house of Louiseboulanger, one of the new houses in Paris, has recently distinguished itself by brilliant success. The spirit of the house is decidedly modern; its designs are young, fresh, and vigorous. The series of black and gold screens, shown by Drian in the drawing above, are rather typical of the spirit of the house.



The characteristics of the chic head to-day are: straight hair, either shingled or bound closely to the head with a knot in back; the display of the ears; extravagantly long earrings; a necklace with clasp or pendant in front, here aquamarines and pearls.

NEW SMART WAYS TO DRESS THE HEAD

*A Portfolio Devoted to the Original Coiffure, the Jewel
for the Head, and the New Winter Hats*

By MARIE LYONS

THE COIFFURE

CURLS have passed with other fripperies. The smart woman of to-day eschews a curl as the plague and only a special fatality can induce her to wear even a wave—some special physical characteristic which demands this softening touch. The heads one particularly remarks, the distinguished, the striking heads, almost all show straight hair. This hair is preferably shingled, but if not, is bound so tightly to the head as to give almost the effect of a shingle. Every day the hair is clipped a little closer to the head, brushed more severely, and shows more of the ear. The more masculine types of shingle prevail.

THE JEWEL

THE smooth, small head of the smart woman of to-day is the logical climax to the clean, smooth lines of the body. The head must give an effect of unity and the make-up must be carefully planned to produce this effect. The mouth must be red, strikingly so; the cheeks smooth, white or on the olive shades with only a faint suggestion, if any, of rouge; the eyes brilliant, dark, clearly outlined; the hair must fit closely as a cap and appear as an integral part of the whole mask, following the lines of the face. The jewel—earrings, necklace, bandeau,—must be an integral part of the toilette and accentuate, not break, the lines.

THE HAT

THE advance winter models indicate broadly the lines that will be followed. Masculine lines prevail—the derby, felt hat, sailor, and high hat. The high hat, announced as a mode in Harper's Bazar a year ago, is only now beginning to be generally worn here. This Directoire style is well represented on pages sixty, sixty-two, and sixty-three. In general, crowns will be higher; some crowns square; the true cloche non-existent, only its variations being permissible; the beret will make a new bid for favor here. Large and medium hats have as little chance for favor as in past seasons. Brims will turn up, preferably on the side.



A distinguished Russian at a recent dinner party at Ciro's, in Paris, wore her smooth black hair braided in this unusual but telling manner. From her ears depended the longest earrings one could well wear—of antique gold with drops of clear amber—her only jewels.

THE JEWEL
FOR THE HEAD HAS
FOUR POSITIONS —
THE HAIR, THE EAR,
THE THROAT, AND
THE SHOULDER



Earrings, worn recently at Le Perroquet, were of diamonds set in gold, an antique pair more remarkable for beauty of workmanship than intrinsic value. A bandeau of black velvet outlined with pearls bound the hair, and the necklace was of pearls.

Two short necklaces, one of black pearls and one of white with a large emerald pendant at the back, were worn at the Embassy Club in London. The unusual coiffure shows the hair, parted at the side, all brushed toward one side across the back of the head.



An odd pair of diamond earrings, excessively long as so many are now that the ears are being displayed, was worn by an American at Ciro's in London. The coiffure has been sharply clipped at the sides to show the ear. The necklace was of cut crystal.

The shoulder pin has been smart in Paris for several seasons now and should be more worn here. This one, worn recently at Ciro's, London, is of diamonds with two pendant pearls. The pearl necklace with its emerald drop follows the outline of the décolleté.



It is difficult but not impossible to wear jewels in the shingled coiffure. A chic Parisienne at Le Jardin de ma Soeur wore a bandeau of diamonds across the back of her hair, alternating black and white pearls in her ears, and a pin of three pearls at her shoulder.

AS THE
EAR BECOMES MORE
PROMINENT, THE
EARRING COMES MORE
INTO FAVOR AND
GROWS LONGER



At the Théâtre Champs Elysées a smart French-woman wore a white camellia on one side of a low knot of hair. This is a typical French coiffure for long hair—brushed severely back, displaying the ears completely, with a long knot, low on the neck.



This coiffure was seen at the Savoy, London. Blonde hair, faintly waved, was caught on the side with a tiny bar of diamonds, then looped to a knot at the back of the neck.

LONG HAIR PICTURESQUELY ARRANGED FOR THE EVENING



Brown hair, straight, with a quaint bang, was drawn to the nape of the neck and bound into odd bows of hair; seen recently at the Château de Madrid in Paris.



Between the knots of blonde hair over each ear runs a bandeau of delicate artificial flowers. On the dark green velvet wrist-band is placed an enormous emerald.



Here, straight black hair is clipped to show only the back half of the ear. This is a charming new way to wear a necklace.

THE HAIR ONE REMARKS
PARTICULARLY IS
STRAIGHT—AND SHINGLED



It might be called "Le Coq d'Or," this blonde coiffure with curled ends brushed in back to a peak, somewhat resembling a rooster's comb and displaying the ears.

A notable Parisienne wears her black, straight hair in a Jeanne d'Arc shingle. A pair of antique gold filigree earrings in the hidden ears match the necklace.



At the Ritz in Paris was seen this severe shingle, its only softening touch a curve of hair in front of the ear, which is entirely shown, almost demanding earrings.



MARIA GUY

Models imported
by
JAY-THORPE



LE MONNIER

An excellent example of the Directoire high hat is of terra cotta velvet with grosgrain ribbon band and matching blondine fancy trailing low.

(Below) The high postilion hat of the Directoire is the inspiration of many smart hats. This one is of black hatter's plush with ostrich cocarde.



SUZY



AGNES



Crushable high hat of jade green felt with a cone of the same, both brim and cone unfinished and unbound.

THE HIGH
HAT, DIRECTOIRE
IN FEELING, WILL
PREVAIL

The high hat is of black hatter's plush faced with brown, with one black and one brown feather fancy.

A brimless high hat is made of three shades of brown velvet, a point to note. Many hats will be crushable.

MARIA GUY



Models imported
by
ROLLE



MARIA GUY

The beret, always loved and worn by the Frenchwoman, makes a new bid for favor here. It is here seamed and gored to a wonderful shape.

A "jeune fille" set of matching hat and scarf is made of gray satin-backed dwetyn with borders of moleskin triangles alternating with triangles of silver soutache.

This hat of brown hatter's plush, in many points, beloved of the Frenchwoman, has a ring of kolinsky from which hangs a long, brown net scarf banded with the plush.



SUZY

THE BERET AND OTHER SOFT SHAPES WILL HAVE A PLACE

Posed by
ROSALIND FULLER

REBOUX

SUZY



Black patent leather is pasted to grosgrain ribbon to make one fabric, a new note in winter millinery; various materials are thus glued together to produce a two-material effect. Here there is a border of kolinsky gills.

It is the difficulty of producing a definite line with the tam-o'-shanter that makes it unpopular with Americans. The Frenchwoman understands how to achieve many wonderful shapes. This one is of black velvet.



REBOUX

Masculine types—the derby, high hat, sailor, and felt—set the fashion to-day. This derby is of black suede with, on each side, a pinwheel of coq feathers in blue, black, yellow, and green.

Again on the "bowler" type is a hat of black satin with a slightly rolling brim and a silvered coq feather. There is a tendency toward a sparse trimming.

One of the rare large hats is of stiff black felt, plaited on one side, with a band, bow, and binding of black velvet.



AGNES



REBOUX

HATS MODELED ON
MASCULINE TYPES COME
TO RULE THE MODE

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



AGNES

Again a "bowler" of black satin in strips with a velvet brim trimmed with a roll of twisted gold wire and a clipped black ostrich brush.



REBOUX

After a season of "nude" hats, this black felt model with its two enormous red roses may seem over-trimmed, but time will prove it smart. The cloche, when used, must absolutely be turned up.

(Right) The masculine sailor is not neglected in Paris. This one is of black hatter's plush with a grosgrain band. It will receive new favor here.

A varying roll to the brim gives this cloche a new feeling. It is of stiff beige felt with two natural lynx pompons.



REBOUX

The masculine high hat is the basis of this black grosgrain hat with a crow's head of clipped black glycerinized ostrich.

AGNES



REBOUX

NEVER THE TRUE CLOCHE
BUT VARIATIONS OF IT HOLD
A STRONG POSITION
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Posed by
RAQUEL MELLER

Models on both pages imported by
HATTIE CARNEGIE



LOLITA

*A shepherd piping on a hill,
A flock of sheep that graze their fill;
A fleecy shawl, a kirtle gay -*

The soft comfort of wool is delicious in early autumn. A spectator of September sports, by way of illustration, may look and feel her best bonneted in white felt and black velvet, frocked in white kasha and shawled in a strip of fuzzy yellow woolen stuff bordered at the ends and down one side with hand-knotted silk fringe (Lolita).

Pale citron flannel embroidered in worsted with autumn fruits blends joyously with a harvest paysage (Phyllida), while a broad brim of dark henna beneath a crown of paler henna felt heaped across the upturned back with apples, grapes, and plums, is completely

MISTRESS
PAGE

PRISCILLA



PHYLLIDA

and lusciously becoming (*Mistress Page*).

Pale beige felt sporting a crisp Alsatian bow of reindeer skin is misleadingly simple (*Priscilla*); again, two-toned felt with a deep green brim and pale ruseda crown is charming when wreathed in cog (*Myrtle*); white felt covered flatly with black velvet and completed with a buckle of ermine tails run through velvet cording may be worn by a patrician purveyor of forms and ceremonies (*Ermyntrode*).

For the stretches of a russet golf-course beige flannel striped in brown and red is admirable—let the stripes run lengthwise for the jacket's lining, but criss-cross for the cuffs and waistcoat (*Joan*).

A shepherd piping on a hill....

Herman Patrick Tappé.



ERMYNTRUDE

MYRTLE



Miss Sylvia Hillhouse at Bailey's Beach in Newport.



At Newport, also, is Laura Biddle of Philadelphia.



The Princess de Braganza is a member of the Newport colony.

SMART FOLK OF AMERICA IN THEIR SUMMER PLAYGROUNDS



Mrs. Edwin Warner and Mrs. William D. Warner at Southampton.



Reginald Vanderbilt and Walter S. Andrews at the annual outing of the Newport Clambake Club.



Mrs. Clement Tobin, Mrs. Louis de L'Aigle Munds, and Miss Enid Riker at Easthampton.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



The little Crown Princess of Kapurthala finds amusement at Polo Bagatelle.

The Comtesse de Vieil-Castelnant and the Baronne de Neufville at Auteuil.



The Comtesse de Polignac and the Duchess of Marlborough at Polo Bagatelle.



The Duchesse Decazes appeared in blue and green plaid at Polo Bagatelle.



The Comtesse de Polian-Chahot in an embroidered frock of black and white.

PARIS ENJOYING ITS SMART SUMMER SPORTS



The young Princess of Greece at Polo Bagatelle.



A pretty debutante, Miss Van Heukelom, at Longchamps for the races.



The Marquise de Triquerville on the steps of the new tribune at Auteuil.



The Duchesse d'Ayen in a gray crêpe Chanel frock.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid





ponies crossing Hempstead Plains
for the Battleground at Meadow Brook

THE MEADOW LARKS

*Polo Ponies Replace Yellow Roadsters
Among the Smart Juniors*

By HELEN BULLITT LOWRY

Drawings by Paul Brown

A GENERATION born into the war of wars, reared in a stirring peace, and educated with Paul Whiteman as the best-known musician of his time—such a generation takes its recreations with a kick. Thrills it will have. At worst this means hobnailed gin, strong men and weak women, yellow Rolls-Royces and a rotten hang-over in the morning. At best it means speed boats at Miami, aeroplanes from home to office by way of the Sound, and polo.

At the moment, polo is up and riding for a goal of popular favor as no sport has in many a year. The newspapers give it the front page and the rotos can't get enough, but that isn't the whole story. Polo is supplying the thrill for hungry juniors, as well as their hard-riding daddies, with just the right jolt in the breeches.

Do you recall how, ten years ago, the young blades in their 'teens, and in their red sports models, used to tear up the countryside at eighty forbidden miles an hour, leaving clouds of dust and a few casualties behind them?

Times are changed. Speed roadsters are no longer the "last word" in sport for young blades. The young lads of utmost fashion now drive unexciting Buicks for transportation. When they want to risk a life or a limb, they ride, not a Stutz or a Rolls-Royce, but a polo pony.

A mighty breed of fifteen-year-old polo players is developing out on Long Island, up in Westchester County, and down near Bryn Mawr. Unquestionably, though, the storm center of juvenile polo is concentrated in the Meadow Brook Country Club neighborhood upon Long Island. To be exact, the center is on the estate of that famous horseman and sportsman, Thomas Hitchcock, Senior. It is on the Hitchcocks' private polo field that the thirty-odd youngsters, who call themselves the Meadow Lark Polo Club, hold their practise bouts and accept championship challenges.

AND a brave sight it is to watch the sunburned young daredevils at it, international polo players in the making. The famous players of to-

morrow and of the day after to-morrow are liable to ride straight out of that one particular green field, cradle of the polo race.

The whole situation out there by that sunny green field is picturesque and significant. Picture, first of all, the setting. A polo neighborhood—man, woman, and child, and darky stable boy, talking, thinking, reminiscing, and prophesying polo. Or, if for one hour they "lay off" polo, talking dogs and drag hunts. A little bit of old British sporting countryside, growing joyously and informally on Long Island, far out beyond Brooklyn and the land of city dwellers.

Beagle pups racing excitedly up and down grassy, wire-fenced runways. Fox hounds wandering in and out of hospitable doorways. The erstwhile insolent motor-car held up while a thousand-dollar hound saunters across the turnpike. Polo ponies grazing in their paddocks. Polo ponies being led over the springy grass by shining black stable boys. Polo ponies being exercised by grooms in the dirt lanes (Concluded on page 147)



Let's Go!



"Madame," confided Ludor, "I have tried to forget, but I can not. That is why I am here."

THE FIRST EMBRACE

A Story of a Satisfying Reward

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

THE wine shop of Jacques Rousillon, situated in the principal street of Cagnes, was dark and cool and cleanly. Madame Rousillon, who stood behind the counter flanked by rows of bottles and sirups, was beautiful. Paul Ludor, who had just strolled across from the railway station, was in no wise disappointed.

"Madame," he exclaimed, pausing before the counter, hat in hand, "you are even more wonderful here, *chez vous*, than on the Promenade des Anglais yesterday. I offer you my salutations. You see that I am a man of my word."

Madame was flattered but confused. That this handsome stranger, altogether Parisian in type and dress, should have remembered their yesterday's brief flirtation and sought her out thus was distinctly pleasing to her vanity. On the other hand, Jacques Rousillon was not very far away, and Jacques was a very jealous husband.

"Monsieur will take something?" she asked, a little timidly.

"A mixed vermouth, if you please, Madame," he answered. "I gather that there are perhaps distracting circumstances."

Madame nodded confidentially.

"IT IS Jacques, my husband, who is around," she whispered. "One must be careful."

"My dear lady, do I not understand?" Ludor replied. "I am not without experience. I know these husbands. Still, they are to be eluded, are they not?"

"At times," Madame admitted, serving her visitor with his drink. "Just now, Jacques is difficult. He is annoyed that I did not stay and serve in the café all yesterday while he went to the fête. He detests my going to Nice. It is absurd."

"Madame," Ludor declared, "if you were my wife you would never go to Nice."

She laughed gaily. "Monsieur, too, is jealous?"

He tried to take her hand across the counter, but

with a nervous glance behind her she eluded him.

"Not jealous but a monopolist," he confessed. "Nice, if you would, or Monte Carlo, or Paris—but with me."

"Ah, the sound of those places!" she sighed.

"But you should know them all," he urged. "You have a great gift, Madame. You are beautiful. Here they know nothing. In Monte Carlo or in Paris you would be acclaimed."

HER eyes—they were indeed soft and dark and lustrous—flashed with imagined joys. She leaned toward him and this time she forgot those shuffling footsteps behind.

"Monsieur flatters," she murmured.

"Do I not prove my words?" he insisted. "Am I not here? I, but yesterday from Paris where indeed, Madame, I have many friends."

"Sweethearts, perhaps," she sighed.

"Give me but the chance, Madame," he begged, "and I will speak to you of these things."

She looked out over his shoulder into the hot, dusty little street. A tumble-down victoria was drawn up outside, and upon the driver's seat was a bibulous-looking man with a white hat and a red nose. His vehicle was in the last stage of dilapidation. He himself appeared to be asleep. There was nothing else to look at except the dreary front of the station. Without a doubt she was weary of Cagnes and her life of hard work. There was no one here who spoke to her like this. If, indeed, she were as beautiful as this man seemed to think, why could she not also be happy?

"Monsieur is not serious," she said. "He is just a traveler. To-day he is here; to-morrow he will have passed and forgotten."

"Madame," he confided, "Céleste, you permitted me to say, during those few minutes yesterday—I have tried to forget, but I can not. That is why I am here."

Again the shuffling behind, and Madame was

frightened. "If my husband comes out," she warned him, "you must be careful. Sit down, and will you not smoke? You have too much the air of being in earnest. It might seem so to him—alas, not to me."

Ludor obeyed her wishes. He seated himself at a small table close to the counter.

"Monsieur returns to Nice this afternoon?" she inquired.

He shook his head.

"As it happens, no," he answered. "I have an old friend here whom I desire to visit. Madame de Soyau of the Villa Sabatin. You know where it is?"

She nodded.

"It is two miles away. Up in the hills toward Saint Paul," she told him. "It is to see his friend, then, that Monsieur has come."

"Indeed, no," he replied emphatically. "It is a chance that my friend lives here. Fate, perhaps. Who knows? Nevertheless, believe this; even though I had not been on my way to the Villa Sabatin, to-day would have found me here. If to-night could only find me at your feet?"

THE shuffling footsteps behind had ceased, but Madame was scarcely aware of the fact. She was like a beautiful animal fascinated by her trainer. The pallid cheeks, the cynical smile, the cold eyes, the perfectly tailored exterior of this man with his honeyed speech was to her the last word in the things which women might desire. He was without doubt a type. She was his for the lifting of a finger—but there was Jacques.

"You are trying to turn my head, Monsieur," she faltered. "And to-morrow you will have gone away."

"Not I," he assured her. "I shall stay with my friend at least a week. I have luggage at the station. I did not let them know that I was coming on purpose. I wanted these few minutes with you to talk, perhaps to plan."

Madame had forgotten the caution. She leaned across the counter and her eyes were eloquent. "If only there were another fête day!" she murmured. "And what of it if there were?" a harsh voice by her side demanded.

She turned around, terrified. Her husband had, unnoticed, pushed open the door at her back, and was standing by her side. Already he was fingering the fastenings of the flap under the counter.

"Jacques!" she exclaimed. "But how quietly you came in!"

"Quietly!" he scoffed. "But that depends. A new customer! I do not seem to recognize your face, Monsieur."

"Why should you?" Ludor answered carelessly. "I have never been inside your café before. I called in for a mixed vermouth and to ask the way to the Villa Sabatin."

JACQUES ROUSILLON stooped down and emerged on the other side of the counter. It was obvious now that this visiting Lothario was a small man. He did not even reach to the shoulders of the giant who stood before him.

"There are customers who are welcome here," Jacques Rousillon declared, "and there are customers who are not. That is where you come in, my fine fellow. You understand?"

"Not in the least," Ludor replied. "I understand that you are very rude. What harm do I do in your café? Sit down and drink a glass of wine with me."

"A glass of wine?" Jacques Rousillon repeated. "Monsieur offers a glass of wine? Make it brandy and I will drink with him."

"Whatever you will," the visitor agreed.

Madame filled two glasses, received the money, and handed back the change. Her fingers touched Ludor's for a moment. Then she drew her hand quickly away. Her husband was watching.

"Good health!" Ludor said, raising his glass.

"To hell with you!" was the scowling response. "There's your brandy. Clear out!"

He dashed the contents of his glass into Ludor's face. The latter sprang to his feet. As quick as lightning his fists shot out and the innkeeper staggered backwards. He recovered himself in a moment, however. With a roar of anger he swung round, took hold of his assailant by the collar and the legs and, lifting him off his feet, carried him to the door. A moment later Ludor found himself lying in the dusty high road. Jacques Rousillon

stood in the doorway glaring at him. Behind the counter Madame sobbed. She knew her husband and his ways. In a few minutes it would probably be her turn.

"IS IT my fancy, Paul," Madame asked, "or are you perhaps not quite so careful about your appearance as in the old days? Your clothes are as well cut as usual, but (Continued on page 106)"



"Ludor," said Cardinge, "I desire to forget that we have ever been acquainted. Let that finish it between us."



WORTH MAKES THE IMPORTANT EVENING WRAP
OF COSTLY FUR, EXQUISITE IN DESIGN

The important fur wrap that really considers itself seriously is always handled by the great houses in a simple, meticulously cut manner. The mink coat shown above has the exaggerated shawl collar that is so invariably becoming.

White fox is cut to form a huge shawl collar that follows a surplice line down the front of this cape of white ermine. The cape is flat in back, and ever so slightly circular in front, so that it is extraordinarily graceful and flattering.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

LUXURIOUS STRANGE NEW FURS MAKE THE SMART WINTER SILHOUETTE

*Not Content With Sumptuous Arrangements of Sable, Chinchilla, Ermine,
Mink, and Countless Variations, Shrewd Fabricating
Furriers Have Created Strange New Furs*

By VAN CAMPEN STEWART

2 rue de la Paix, Paris.

APPARENTLY the little gods who sit up aloft, finding time heavy on their hands now that the world is busily engaged in its own undoing, have amused themselves during a dull moment by creating strange new—and happily inexpensive fur-bearing animals. At least the furriers announce several new furs this season—the original wearers supposedly hailing from far-off Patagonia or some country vaguely located *dans le nord*. At a rough guess I should have held poor dear Fido or Ginette the cat responsible for these skins, but the furriers have given them other names.

There is *renard d'eau*, or water-fox—a soft fluffy fur in soft gray or beige, curiously marked with a darker shade of the same color. This is very pretty in light, creamy beige, trimming a cloak of light beige wool fabric.

Each house has a different name for the thin light fur which is surely field-mouse. Then there is "chatigre," a curiously spotted gray fur, and several other spotted furs, some of which appear almost to have been painted with a brush.

NEW ANIMALS "CREATED"

Even the furriers themselves have had a finger in the fur pie, as it were, and have "burbanked" several new furs into existence. Monsieur Béchoff of the *maison* Thébaut showed me a soft gray fur, neither chinchilla nor gray squirrel, but a little like both and with all the softness of chinchilla, which is the result of the burbanking system, and this new gray fur is used for collars, cuffs, and trimmings on cloaks of broadtail, as well as for entire garments.

Much broadtail will be used this season—the models shown so far being rather straight and slender or only very slightly flaring from the shoulders. Ermine, chinchilla, skunk—skunk is again in fashion—and other long-haired furs will be used as trimming. Thébaut makes a jacket of chipmunk and trims it with a band of broadtail. Thébaut shows also shaded furs—a cape-cloak of gray *chèvre*, for instance, light gray at the shoulders and almost black on the lower edge, making a very smart wrap.

Cloaks of *vison* or mink, simple in shape but with the pelts curiously posed, are shown by all the Paris houses. Cloaks of *loutre*, gray squirrel, ermine—an enormous quantity of ermine is being used for evening wraps—and taupe will be smart for winter. Drécoll, who makes a smart jacket of chipmunk, shows a cloak of taupe with very narrow pelts posed in crosswise stripes—one stripe appearing light gray and the alternating stripe extremely dark.

Drécoll's fur garments follow the conservative silhouette which the *maison* is exploiting for winter. Evening capes, as well as cloaks, will be made of fur. For day much shaved lamb and broadtail will be used, with short jackets of field-mouse and chipmunk. Dyed furs will be employed also, more or less, by this house.

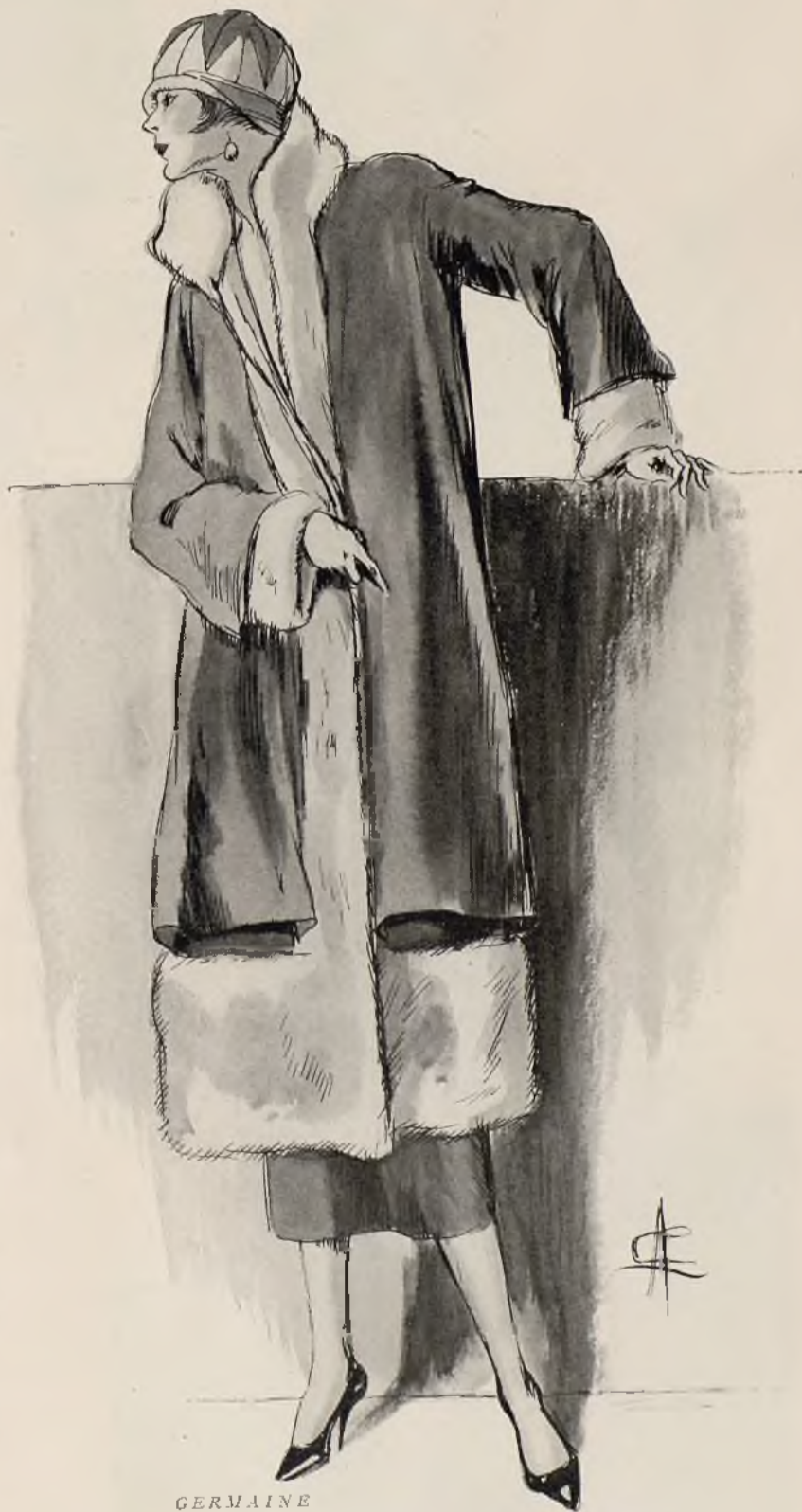
Drécoll continues to use monkey, which, they tell me, has entered the realm of classic furs. Worth makes plaid cloaks of gazelle—narrow strips of darker dyed fur forming the crossbars. Premet makes a pretty wrap of ermine, employing the black-tipped tails in a decorative fashion.

Many smart evening cloaks are made only partially of fur—of ermine often, combined with white satin or white or colored velvet. Sable, now veritably *hors de prix*, is used for collars on evening cloaks of bright soft velvets—red, amber, or green. All the thick soft furs are used as collars on evening or day cloaks, although the use of the fabric scarf for day wear will continue through the early season.

Molyneux also will show shaded furs this season—a pretty model being developed in gray fur shaded to black. Fur of three shades may be used in the same garment—a sports coat being topped with beige astrakhan, banded with a darker shade of astrakhan and edged with fur dyed a still darker color.

LILAC AND ROSE ERMINE

MOLYNEUX dyes fox and ermine pervenche blue, lilac, rose, and other colors to match his new costumes, and also uses rabbit, dyed a bright orange. Cloaks and trimmings of beautifully spotted leopard skin will be shown by Molyneux in his winter collection, with moleskin dyed black, and much red fox trimming. Some circular capes will be shown by this house, but cloaks, rather straight in line, will predominate. Cloaks of some short fur will show small collars of similar fur—the cuffs and band on the lower edge being of fox, bear, or some other long fur,



GERMAINE

A new length, and a very smart length, for the straight-line coat is not quite a long coat, nor a three-quarter coat—just about seven-eighths. Above is a seven-eighths coat of dark blue ottoman silk worn over a blue ottoman silk frock. It is trimmed with bands of gray squirrel.

PARIS FURRIERS
USE EVERY KNOWN AND
UNKNOWN PELT



Very narrow strips of moleskin, arranged horizontally, are sewn together in this long coat with its scarf collar. The wide cuffs and band around the bottom are of opossum, dyed taupe color.



Of plucked muskrat, lined with red kid, with collar, cuffs, and belt of fur-edged kid.



Futuristic embroidery is in rectangular patches of red, purple, black, and of brown.



Dyed gazelle, with a narrow collar of fitch, is ornamented with beige and gold motifs.

and much bear and wolf will figure in the collection—great bands of shaggy fur adorning winter cloaks of fur or fabric.

Aviott's will collar and trim many coats of broadtail or other short furs with white fox dyed a light pinkish beige. Fox in all colors will be used enormously—black fox trimming cloaks of moleskin. The silhouette in furs will be slender *chez* Aviott's, with perhaps the slightest possible flare from the hips. Nothing, however, which resembles a godet will be seen at this house.

Poulain or ponyskin will be used for coats and trimmings this winter—this fur also lending itself well to shaded effects. *Putois* is again smart, and red fox, red kolinsky—and all the reddish furs will be in fashion, particularly as trimming for black garments.

"Summer" ermine, weasel, light gray tightly-curved astrakhan, muskrat—Thebaud uses this fur for cloaks—and baby leopard are some of the furs in vogue at present, with some "freak" dyed pelts here and there to lend color to the furry scene. But we are all watching out, for a perfectly new animal may pop over the horizon at any moment.

ALL AMERICA IN PARIS

THE streets of Paris look almost as if everybody in America who knew how to roll a hoop, jump a rope, or play hop-scotch had come to France for the Olympic games. Brawny youth fills the trams and taxis, the restaurants and the sightseeing cars, and "American" is spoken everywhere. The two remaining horse cabs—*fiacres* of the old régime with drivers of the old *cocher* type, and horses of the bony, hungry-looking sort which were once such a feature of the Paris streets—are shockingly overworked.

Not only are all the athletes here in force, but sailor-boys from the United States Navy, on leave, with their dark blue costumes and white pill-box hats, walk the streets in startling proximity to a gay hat-box or two, a pair of dark eyes and twin, coquettish heels. The debonair *Prince de Galles* has arrived in Paris—this time, as it were, leading his little brother by the hand. The usual crowd of summer tourists is here, more are coming, and there is an awful rumor that Montmartre has gone bone-dry!

THE BLUE TRAIN

MEANWHILE Mademoiselle Mistinguett has returned and the Blue Train rambles off to Deauville every afternoon crowded to the limit—all the other trains literally turning green with envy. And by the Blue Train and all the trains, people are fleeing Paris—going to Deauville, Le Touquet, Dieppe, Dinard, Pourville and all the other Channel resorts, to Vichy and Mont Dore, Evian and Aix-les-Bains; and just now many people seem to be going to Aix.

At Deauville new and elaborately modern bathing-houses have been constructed along a new boardwalk, more than a mile in length, so that one may bathe now with every comfort known to science, including water. The beach cloaks are more astounding in design than last



(Left, below) Double rows of scallops are the unusual trimming of this coat of mole.

An ermine wrap is very simple and effective with its deep points at each side.

The flaring hem-line is used by many of the houses for wraps like this one of sable.

Rows of little ruffles of fur fashion the collar, cuffs, and hem-line of an ermine coat.

year and the bathing costumes underneath are more "sketchy" than ever—which is to say that they are practically non-existent.

It was at Deauville that I encountered the overgrown scarf of almost vast proportions, trimmed all about with fringe. This scarf was doubled and wrapped about the shoulders, one fringed end tossed over the shoulder, the other twisted once about the arm, forming the only sleeve and falling to several inches below the skirt-edge. Much more important than the short white frock was this scarf of violet crêpe dripping with violet fringe and worn with a violet hat and shoes of white kid.

At the Casino women wore slender slips of embroidered stuffs or brocade, widened ingeniously to step width—the very severe lines of the frock being in accord with the bobbed and shingled hair.

SILK WIGS

AND now that the fashion of shingled hair has transformed almost every woman into a sort of hairless wonder, women are all at once beginning to take an interest in hair. With certain frocks transformations are worn—chignon and all—concealing the shorn locks. Wigs of silk or gold and silver were worn in Paris at a recent dinner-dance, and similar wigs have appeared elsewhere of late at public entertainments.

The silk transformation is formed of strands of exceedingly lustrous artificial silk which are rolled into smooth puffs on the side or sleekly braided at the *nape*, and are often twined with flowers. From three hundred to six hundred francs are demanded for these wigs, which are rather eccentric, but often very effective with certain frocks and favored somewhat by theater folk; and nothing contributes so much to the success of a fancy-dress costume as one of these silken wigs.

Since almost all the beautiful hair of the world has fallen before the scissors of the *coiffeur*, can not one imagine the wealth of tresses of gold and *châtain* and black and even silver which have been carefully collected by the *bourreaux* and hoarded away for future use? When shall we be forced to buy it all back again at fabulous prices? The will of the *coiffeur* in prices is the wind's will, and the hair in question is long, long hair, almost—we will find—*hors de prix*.

THE SLEEPY DORMOUSE

THE French Derby was run at Chantilly on a day so cold that many women came wrapped in furs—enveloping manteaux of very light gray squirrel, the light gray striped fur which is really dormouse but which is called by many strange names, vividly spotted leopard skin, kolinsky, mole, mink, and loutre. These cloaks were invariably simple in shape, sleeved, the wide straight back shirred slightly and attached to the draped collar.

Madame Ephrussi wore a brown velvet cloak lavishly trimmed with leopard skin. The Baronne Edouard de Rothschild was wrapped in a vast cloak made of tiny gray dormouse pelts, each separated from the other by a narrow white stripe. The light gray fur looked well



DRÉCOLL

The front of this kolinsky wrap flares rather slightly, but visibly, while the back remains flat and straight. Straight bands of kolinsky define the front, hem-line, and cuffs.



Two models from
JEANNE
LANVIN

(Extreme left) A tailored coat is made of light brown pony and lined with brown velours, striped with gold.

Of white ermine, cut circularly and rather short, is an evening wrap, banded and collared with kolinsky.

(Right) Three shades of caracul, tan, brown, and black are used in scalloped tiers on this long coat.

MOLYNEUX



DRÉCOLI.

The gold and black effect of chipmunk is heightened by a scarab buckle of black and gold enamel.

PARIS WEARS LONG OR SHORT FUR WRAPS

with her deep purple Reboux hat. Mrs. Jean Nash wore a Paquin cloak of black cloth—the fluffy beige fur collar divided in the back to avoid the uncomfortable interference of collar and hat-brim—a very ingenious idea.

At Auteuil the new tribunes are superb—great cream-white structures with spirited staircases and vast springing arches silhouetted against the blue sky. The galleries and terraces are hung with flowers, blue, red, and yellow. The bases of the tribunes are banked with flowers—newly planted but with the air of having grown there always. The new paddock in the grove forms a perfect place to view the favorites, while the brilliant costumes of the jockeys, the mounted *gardes républicains* with their glittering plumed casques; the gay costumes of the women, and above all the presence of society—for the Grande Semaine was more brilliant socially than it has been for years—all contributed to rendering the last great race week of the season the gayest of any since the great *catastrophe*. And who could resist betting on Master Bob or Pot au Feu—who, by the way, lost the race, as favorites sometimes do!

The *pesage* basked in perfect sunshine. The new chairs were free to all—no more tying them together with a handkerchief or linking them with the buckled strap of field-glasses. Under the new ruling, enforced by the *gendarmes*, any empty chair became public property. *Tant mieux*.

A BRILLIANT CROWD

DOWN the great staircase from the tribunes poured a veritable stream of society folk and distinguished visitors, in Paris for the Grande Semaine. There was the former Duchess of Marlborough, now Madame Jacques Balsan, in a steel gray alpaca tailored frock with collar and cuffs of prim white muslin. The present Duchess of Marlborough, née Deacon, wore a frock of printed crepe in shades of rose, deep red, gray, and black, with a black velvet hat trimmed with black *crosse plumes*.

The Duchesse Décazes wore one day a smart plaid frock in tones of blue, dark green and bright green—the plaid being printed in diamonds, according to the present fashion. Her bright green crepe scarf was finished on each end with a deep double fold of bright blue crepe and her small dark straw hat bore a vivid blue bird's head, like a cocarde, posed in front.

There was Lady Derby in light brown crepe de Chine trimmed with plaited crepe; Lady Victoria Bullock in a green, black, red, and yellow printed crepe frock from Premet; the Duchesse de Brissac in a fringed brown coat and small light brown and gold hat; the Marquise de Sommi-Piccenardi in a square-crowned black moire hat and a black alpaca frock, straight in the back and rippling out in front in organdie edged ruffles; and the Comtesse de Jumilhac in mousseline printed with rose, green, and black—a cluster of pink roses on the crown of her small black hat.

GAY COSTUMES

THE beautiful Marquise de Triquerville, with a pale mauve frock, wore a broad hat of violet crin from which fell a scarf of violet tulle which was wreathed about her shoulders. Another day she wore a frock of pervenche blue crepe with a similar hat and scarf of mauve tulle. The Baronne de Neufville wore a broad green hat trimmed with roses with a light brown crepe frock and a bright green and red crepe scarf.

The Marquise de Chabannes wore an odd little frock of shaded mauve crepe with a small toque of silver lace; Princesse Murat was clad in blue and black printed crepe; the Comtesse de Vieil-Castel's dark crepe frock was worn with a broad rose-colored hat trimmed with pink flowers; the Comtesse de Montesquiou-Fezensac was frocked in light mauve crepe with a violet hat; Princesse Pierre d'Arenberg and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt were dressed in black; the blonde little Comtesse de Montcabrier was all in beige; and all society was there in frocks of black, light beige, mauve, red, or gay printed stuffs.



(Left) An important coat of mole-skin is made with a hip-length cape and a long, wide scarf attached.

Long cape-like sleeves end in bands of flying squirrel, to match the collar on this mole-skin coat.

(Extreme right) This season brings long wraps of gazelle, formerly more often used in the jaunty jacket.



Two models from
LAXTON
et
LAPIERRE



REDFERN

At the Grand Prix the new President of France made the usual spectacular entrée, appearing in the President's tribune with the Marchioness of Crewe and all the foreign Ambassadors and their wives, a Greek princess or two, and the Ras Tafari, that silent, grave, observing Ethiopian prince, dark and slender and picturesque in his white robes, who has come out of darkest Africa to take a look at European civilization and to whom the European governments are apparently delighting to do honor. I was sorry that this descendant of the Queen of Sheba did not wear his jeweled coronet.

At Longchamps, too, the scene was more brilliant than for many seasons, in spite of the great crowd. The Duchesse de Vendôme in a mauve frock and violet hat, wearing many pearls, was present for the first time in years. The Duchess of Marlborough wore a Chériff frock of lightest gray mousseline, trimmed with bands of a mossy embroidery of silver and gray silk thread, with a light gray felt hat. The Duchesse Décazes was clad in palest mauve crêpe with a square-crowned hat of a deeper shade of mauve.

PRINTED FROCKS

LADY DAVIS was simply frocked in striped silk—white, barred with beige and brown. The stripes were posed lengthwise, crosswise stripes forming the trimming. Mademoiselle van Heukelom, a débutante of the season, just back from London where she was presented at the English Court, was a luminous figure in a sleeveless frock of mousseline printed with all the shades of rose, a transparent hat of rose crin throwing a rosy glow over her pretty face.

The Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge always a striking figure at the races, is now in mourning and was not present. The Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld wore a light gray crêpe frock with a curious "fish-tail" panel in the back, and a broad gray hat with a brim on the sides and front only. The Princesse

Duleep Singh, whose horse had won one of the big races of the week, wore a delightful smile.

After the races society drifted over to the Polo Club at Bagatelle, where tea was served under the trees. The Marquise de Polignac in a simple frock of red, yellow, and black printed crêpe and a small yellow straw hat bound with black ribbon was there with the Marquis de Polignac. Madame Jacques Balsan in a blue and white crêpe frock and broad black hat trimmed with vivid blue crosse plumes was in another group, and the Comtesse de Polignac, the Baronne Gourgaud—all the racing crowd, in fact, took tea at the Polo Club.

TUNICS AND FRINGED FROCKS

MANY went from the races to the Château de Madrid or the other Bois restaurants. At Madrid I noticed many fringed frocks and also many tunics, one of which was of white satin, straight with a very slight flare at the lower edge, over a narrow black satin skirt. The tunic front was embroidered with a tall, budding tree, done in black silk—very odd.

At the races generally the smartest frocks showed some version of the tunic—our old friend the tunic, polished, so to speak, until it shone with quite new glories. There was a tube-like tunic of black velvet with a rainbow width of mousseline falling out of the slit in the back, over an underskirt formed of three folds of mauve mousseline—each fold a different shade.

There was a straight, narrow white satin tunic with a band of white silk embroidery on the lower edge and two short crosswise panels of embroidery inset below each hip—the tunic edged with white silk fringe over a black satin underskirt. A Georgette model, worn by Madame Georgette herself, was of cream-colored *point de venise*—a straight slashed lace tunic over a lace underskirt.

There were tunics of crêpe combined with metal stuffs, a tunic of white satin buttoned down the middle of the front and (Concluded on page 126)



GRUNWALDT

Gray moleskin is given color and vivacity by having bands of jade green duvetyn, embroidered in gray.



THE NEWEST FUR
WRAPS ARE CAREFUL
STUDIES IN LINE

Lenief has made a wrap for evening distinguishable from a daytime wrap by giving a cape of summer crmine a yoke of embroidered metal.

(Left) Drécoll gives a mole wrap, bordered with gray flying squirrel, the appearance of both a wrap and a frock, by an ingenious satin lining.

(Right) When "small furs" are worn this season, they are most carefully chosen and most costly. Two silver foxes, crossed in back, are smart





FURS FROM BOTH NEW YORK AND PARIS HOUSES

(Above) Drecoll makes a cape of kolinsky flat in back and circular in front. The collar and band around the hem of the cape are of chinchilla.

(Left) Four Russian sable skins crossed, one upon the other, are another type of the "small furs" considered smart with simple costumes.

(Right) For daytime wear, the straight broad-tail coat, immaculately cut and with a collar of kolinsky, is absolutely correct this season.



Models on both pages from
H. JAECKEL AND SONS



Every one abandoned himself to the intoxication of this incognito, which permitted every kind of intrigue.

THAT PHOENIX, MEMORY

Relatives Can Be Ignored. But Ancestors—

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

Illustrated by Maurice L. Bower

IT WAS February when we arrived in Venice, a season when the guides around San Marco spring like famished wolves upon the stray tourist, and the fascinating city of the waters was yet more fascinating in the flattery that we and the Venetians had it to ourselves. We had been there just long enough to remember correctly the names of half a dozen out of the two hundred Gothic and Renaissance palaces which line both sides of the Grand Canal, that magic thoroughfare of ever mobile water upon which we were never tired of gazing from the balcony of our fifteenth-century palazzo, when we received a letter from Antony.

Could we put him up for a day or two? It was a bit out of his way, but he'd like to look in on us. He added, by way of explanation, that he "had to go to Bologna to buy hemp."

I didn't know that they made hemp in Bologna, but it shows you the kind of man Antony is. A man who could think of hemp in connection with Bologna, that city of medieval arcades and robber-baron leaning towers is—well, I suppose one must allow him imagination, of a sort.

I PONDERED his letter. "Of course, he'll simply wreck the romance of everything!" I growled, resentfully. "What on earth does he want to come barging in here for? He'll grumble at the exasperating slowness of a gondola and jeer at the lack of paint on the palaces. All he'll see in Venice will be a lot of tumbledown old buildings intersected by dirty, smelly little canals he'll wonder that they don't fill up. Antony's a jolly decent chap, but even the most optimistic revivalist would have to admit that he's got no sort of soul!" I glanced at my wife. Unmoved by this burst of eloquence, she was getting on with her dinner with a serene placidity that was easy to interpret. This shirking of a patently joint problem could not be allowed.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" I demanded, with some asperity.

She looked up.

"He's your friend—" she said, delicately and adequately.

It could not be gainsaid. Antony was my friend. In old days. . . . In brief, for the sake of those old days, I perjured my immortal soul. I telegraphed him the one word: "Delighted."

HE WAS to arrive by the Simplon Express on the following Sunday. It gets in at 7:40 P. M. and I went to meet him at the station. It was already completely night as I stood on the little steamer, which is the Venetian omnibus, and was borne, swiftly and silently, through the nocturnal mystery of the Grand Canal. More than ever, Venice is romantic at such an hour. Its palaces glimmer above the flood in a perfection that the day denies. Only here and there, at the sheerly abrupt ends of the narrow alleys that lead into impenetrable blackness, is there a lamp, illuminating with a faint and limited splash of radiance some quaint Gothic corner of carved stone, and throwing on the tenebrous mobile swell of the water a long and broken sinuosity of golden light against which silhouette themselves the clustered *pali*, the great mooring stakes tapering to their bases, that lean perilously awry in their old age.

Normally, after nightfall, the little steamer slides along this liquid thoroughfare of derelict grandeur in an eerie silence that is romantic enough. But to-night was the Sunday before Lent, and every now and then a little burst of chorused song, the thrum of a guitar, issuing from one of those dark clefts between the palaces, startled one with a sudden resurrection of spectral gaiety. It was as if the ghosts of old days were abroad. And into this unreal evocation of romance Antony was coming—

confound him!—with his blatant modernity, his crassly prosaic lack of understanding. I felt myself guilty of a contributory act of vandalism as I went to meet him.

He arrived. His honest round face was bisected by a broad grin as he spotted me waiting in the little crowd by the ticket-barrier, and his hand-clasp was that vehement finger-crushing crunch that is supposed to betoken an overwhelming cordiality of affection.

"How are we, old bean?" he greeted me, sublimely unconscious that he struck from the very outset that jarring note I had foreboded. "Pretty chirpy?"

I AM afraid I was rather short with him, though he was far too thick-skinned to perceive it. Any other guest, more attuned to the spirit of the place, I should have put in one of the gondolas which nose themselves together, like long black fishes at feed, by the broad water-steps of the railway station and the sudden transition to which, a step or two only from the train, makes arrival at Venice at whatever hour of the day or night, the most romantic arrival in the world. But a gondola would have been wasted on Antony.

"Queer sort of place this!" he remarked as the little steamer bore us swiftly back along the Grand Canal. "Pretty whiffy, too!" The tide was low, and the side-canal are then apt to be a trifle malodorous, I must admit. "Damned unhealthy, I should think, all this stagnant water. Pity they don't light it up a bit more, isn't it? Gives one the creepy creeps. Ugh! Are they all dead, the people in those houses? I had no idea Venice was like this—never been here before, you know."

It was on the tip of my tongue to demand why, in heaven's name, he had come now, but, with an



All the way back he sat stunned and passive, as though only vaguely conscious of his environment.

effort of self-control, I refrained. The remarks I have quoted are a pretty fair summary of the cheerfully maintained running fire of comment to which I listened until my soul ached. It was a relief when we got off at the Accademia steamer station and wended our way through the narrow gloomy *calli* to the land entrance of our *palazzo*.

I pass over his introduction to our apartment and the fatuous boisterousness of his greeting to my wife. She, of course, was charmingly gracious to him, but there was something in her smile to me which seemed, in lieu of sympathy, to reiterate "he is *your* friend, you know," and maliciously leave me with the entire responsibility of his presence.

What were we going to do with him? It was the last Sunday of the Carnival—nowadays, only when Lent is closely imminent does Venice remember that

ancient excuse for revelry—and I was anxious to go out and see what was to be seen. My wife pretexted a headache. "You two men go together," she said. And so we went.

AS I have said, that night the ghosts of old days seemed to be abroad. Until the Republic fell at the end of the eighteenth century, the Venetian Carnival lasted for six months and all of pleasure-loving Europe flocked to it, as now to the more sedate gaiety of Monte Carlo. Every one went masked. Along the narrow tortuous *calli*, as the Venetian streets are called, noisy throngs of roisterers, travestied in every variety of grotesque or fanciful disguise, danced around and with the normally grave patrician shrouded in his long straight cloak, and himself now anonymous in the mask close under his three-cornered hat. His dignity was temporarily

abrogated. There were no longer social distinctions, no longer even names. Every one, noble or plebeian, was merely *Sior Maschera*. And every one abandoned himself to the intoxication of this incognito which permitted every kind of license and intrigue. The very Senators of the Grand Council could not wait till they were outside the council chamber before dragging on their dominoes. And the noble Venetian ladies, each with her *cicisbeo*—that inseparable cavalier who rendered her all those petty intimate services which it was the worst of bad form for a husband to render to his own wife—went masked also, a little white or black satin visor over their laughing eyes, their identity yet more closely hidden by the long head-veil that reached to the pulled out pannier skirts. Naughty Venetian ladies! They danced out of existence forever with the Carnival itself, as the (Continued on page 128)



DE MEYER

WILLIE DEPAUL

A Vionnet Gown

This Vionnet gown of gold tissue is worn by Madame de Gaenza. Madame de Gaenza is from the Argentine, but she spends many months of each year in Paris, where she has made for herself a position of great social distinction.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



The house of Bianchini-Férier is characterized chiefly by the remarkable play of the patterns of its designs. Surfaces of textiles not usually printed are made vivid by sparkling designs, all drawn with a certain fluid ease and charm.

FIRST THE FABRIC; THEN THE GOWN

*Baron de Meyer Visits the Houses of Rodier
and Bianchini-Férier and Learns Their
Histories and Traditions*

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

FRANCE is a truly wonderful country. Here, in spite of wars and world-wide unrest, we find tradition and time-honored customs upheld in almost feudal style by some of the great commercial houses. Ruthless and quick-production methods, which modern spirits try to introduce, are evidently not essential to prosperity and success.

Of late I have become better acquainted with establishments such as Rodier or Bianchini-Férier, for instance (commercial houses ranking among the most important in France), and have gained an insight into conditions in such institutions, institutions without which Paris would hardly be the fashion center it is, for, indeed, where would the "mode" be without Bianchini or Rodier and their marvelous fabrics?

Ever since I have returned to Paris I have intended telling the readers of Harper's Bazar something about the atmosphere which traditions create, traditions which have always existed in French houses, even if they are to die out in the future.

THE HOUSE OF RODIER

WHEN I called on Mr. Rodier and on Mr. Bianchini for the purpose of gathering precise information, I was met by the gracious and delightful courtesy which characterizes these establishments. On asking Mr. Rodier about the origin of his house, he protested violently:

"Please, never say *my* house! It is *our* house. I am only one of a family. It consists of my brother, Louis, and myself, both of us sons of the founder of the firm, two nephews, Mr. H. Favier and J. Rodier, and now Mr. J. Bignon, a son-in-law. We all share

in the management of our concern. If I am talking to you now, it is because you happened to ask for me, but I shall call in my nephews, so as to, all three united, give you the desired information!"

"To start with," I said, "will you tell me something about the origin of the house and when it was founded?"

"By my father, in 1853," was his reply. "The firm was started in the rue de Cléry, and later transferred to the Place de la Bourse. However, as far back as 1878 our father moved to our present location in the rue des Moulins. He was, at the time, considered crazy for selecting the vicinity of the Avenue de l'Opéra, as in those days it was considered an almost unheard-of commercial location. From the very start our father had very definite views on the subject of hand-loom, as well as quite individual ideas of textures. In 1860, for instance, the house of Rodier placed *Béreg de Virginie* on the market, a material made of albatross feathers—a rare bird found only in Virginia. He also invented a texture made of American buffalo hair.

"As to the *Voile des Religieuses*, a texture once very fashionable, it derived its name from a photograph of Mary Anderson, the celebrated beauty, depicted as a nun. At the time my father was bringing out his new voile, somewhere in 1878 or '80, he had been attracted by the deep piety expressed on this beautiful artist's face and decided to decorate the labels attached to the fabric with colored engravings representing the beautiful nun. Thus, the name of Mary Anderson has forever become identified with this material."

Mr. Rodier very kindly presented me with some of these labels as souvenirs, saying, "They have been

preserved in our library, which contains documents and heirlooms such as these. We prize them because of their association with the early days of what now is a vast organization. We French people, as a nation, are fundamentally traditionalists and transmit our hereditary gifts from generation to generation. We Rodiers, in particular, follow the fundamental ideas our father and grandfather instituted before us, and one of our guiding purposes is to further and develop the idea of hand-loom weaving instead of making use of mechanical processes actuated by steam and electricity. At the time we reconstructed our factories, which had, alas, been entirely ruined during the war, we reequipped them with these ancient hand-loom, which have, of course, to be handled by the human hand. Mechanical weaving dulls the mind of the weaver, while hand-work keeps him interested and active. The former works rapidly and unceasingly, while the slower kind of work is done deliberately with time for thought and application."

THE VILLAGE WEAVERS

"IS YOUR home-loom industry worked on the lines of the one so popular in Scotland?" was my next question.

"It is, in a sense, only in Scotland they weave nothing but tweeds, while at Bohain we handle the most varied materials. Besides, we work our looms with pedals, which leaves the hands free for the weaving."

"Where and what is Bohain?"

"Bohain is situated in the Aisne Department, and is an area comprising some thirty-four or thirty-five villages, where our artisans work. Our



Two Rodier Textiles

Rodier's famous "Châle d'Angkor" is shown here. It is a rectangle of kasha cloth, bordered at each end, and narrowly on the sides.

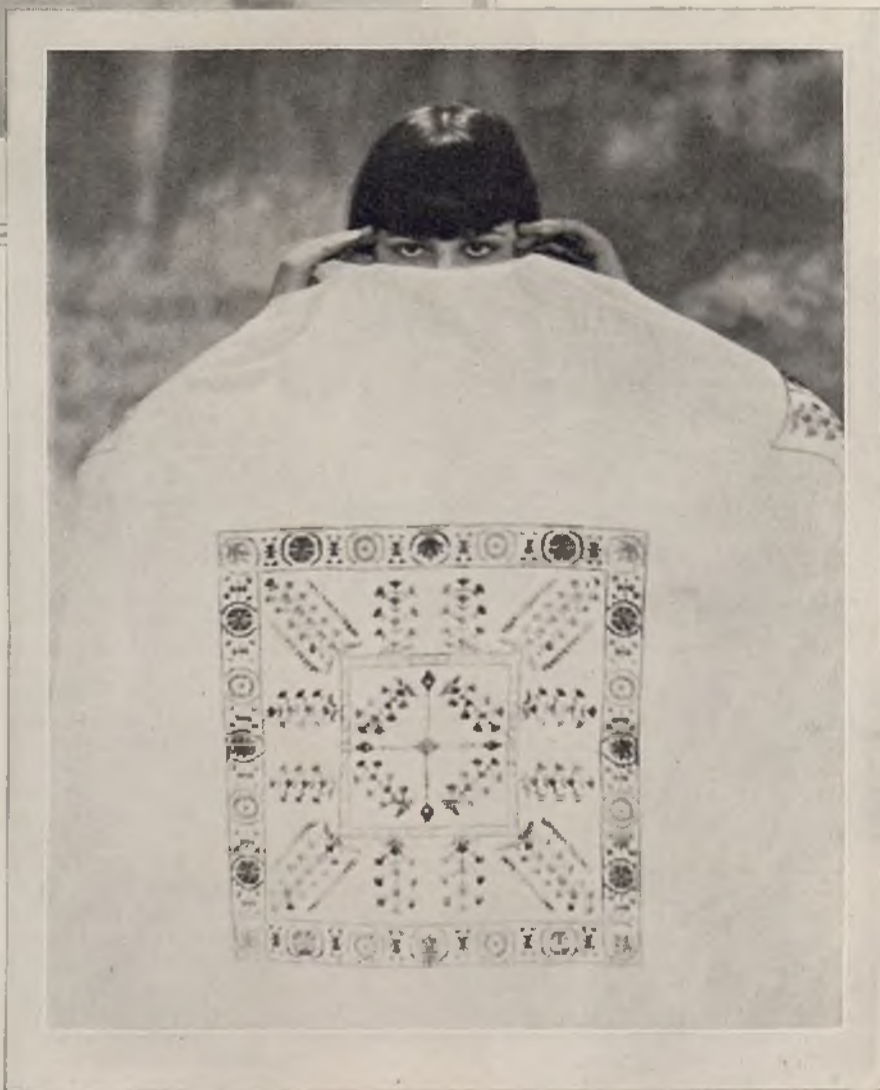
Cotton crêpe, woven with colored designs, is part of the charm of the Rodier collection. Here in creamy crêpe with gay color.

factories are exceptionally interesting to visitors, for they offer quite special features. Weavers, generally, are confined to factories, while our artisans work in their own homes. They are free citizens and own small cottages surrounded by a garden. They only work when inclined to. However, their jobs are always completed on time, even if they have to work all night. We know exactly which men have preserved the traditions connected with each individual texture required, for we employ only specialists for the making of the different materials. Such matters are managed by our *contremaitres*, the Messrs Quersonnier. During the war the men of this family rendered us very valuable services at the risk of their lives. They succeeded in saving for us the most precious of our inventions by hiding our looms. The enemy were never able to find them. Once destroyed, these could never have been replaced.

"All sample work is carried out at the big factory itself, while, as I've said before, the artisans weave at home. They set up their own looms which we naturally provide, as we do all necessary materials. This is conveyed to them by our foremen in automobiles. These same men call for the finished work after it is completed. Our foremen, or the *moniteurs*, make almost daily rounds of the various villages. They call at the artisans' cottages, give orders for the execution of new materials, or explain complicated new creations."

"What is a *moniteur*?" I asked.

"A *moniteur* is an experienced worker who superintends the home-made work. Our Bohain artisans are easily the





DEMAYER

A Meyer Fabric

Clever arrangement of difficult horizontal stripes is shown by the Doucet cape-coat. The fabric is a Meyer textile, typical of this season, brown velours, with red, beige, and black stripes, trimmed with red fox fur.

most versatile workmen in France, for they are as experienced in the weaving of silk as they are in the handling of cotton or wool. In other weaving centers, such as Lyons, for instance, the workers specialize only in silk.

HOW IDEAS HAPPEN

"OUR work is a source of endless joy," Mr. Paul Rodier continued, "for it obliges us to make great imaginative efforts. We produce about five thousand sample pieces during the year and find it at times excessively costly. To give you an instance, almost seventeen thousand francs were spent on the famous *Châle d'Angkor* before the first piece was ever woven. However, we never hesitate to produce what we have planned, as we don't allow the question of expense to stand in the way."

"Who of your gentlemen," I asked, "is the designer?"

"We all of us design, and we all of us, in turn, live at the factories in Bohain for a time."

"Do you deliberately search for new ideas for textures?"

"No, hardly ever. In fact, most of our best ideas come to us out of business hours, for we have trained our observing eye to be receptive. For instance, I distinctly remember a small incident in Deauville in 1922, where I saw a woman walking in the rue Gontaut-Biron, wearing a gown of a speckled fabric. It was decidedly ugly in color. Nevertheless, it was this unsightly gown which started me thinking on a certain subject—the result was *Djersirisa*."

"Is it the material you showed me a while ago?" I asked.

"The very one, and a very great success. Whenever a new idea strikes us we put it down in our notebook, for we each of us carry one of these on purpose," this from Jacques Rodier, while he brought out a little leather book filled with designs, almost hieroglyphics. It was interesting to see what Monsieur Jacques had designed, for it was explained to me that from such designs a manufacturer reads a texture as easily as a composer of music reads his notes.

"Each little square," he said, "has its significance; also the combination of threads with the intercrossing of the weft are very important. Such

matters form the subject of courses in weaving, which we all follow with deepest interest."

"Two-thirds of what we attempt," said Mr. P. Rodier, "is the limit of what can be executed on a loom, for it is only possible to build on very exact and fundamental rules. New ideas for textures are only useful if based on technical essentials, in the same way as the laws of harmony must be known to a composer. There may be clever designers with excellent ideas, amusing to the eye but totally unpractical and impossible for realization."

"How fascinating it must be to create a fabric which has never been woven before," I said.

"It certainly is," he replied, "and like newly born babies, it must be given a name, which is not the least of our troubles. Oh, these names! What a study to find the right one, the appellation which conveys the material. We found *Duvetine* and *Claky*, *Pavecla* and, particularly, our favorite *Kasha*, which comprises the many materials which derive from it—*Kashvella*, *Raily Kasha*, *Ziblikasha*, and many others. One day, some thirty-five years ago, a Hindu came to see us. He was shown a new material, which he liked. He said, 'It might do for my' (Continued on page 136)



"'Why can't you always be like this, Francie?' Bim asked one night, after the last guest had left."

SEMI-ATTACHED

A Story of a Social Experiment

By ANNE PARRISH (MRS. CHARLES A. CORLISS)

Illustrated by John LaGatta

A BRIEF RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE:

FRANCIE GAYTHORN'S childhood had been a singularly unhappy one. Her father, an idle visionary, dreaming to-day of the masterpiece he would paint to-morrow—the to-morrow that never came—and her mother, proud and ambitious, fiercely longing for her husband's success, hated as intensely as they loved, and Francie and her brother and sister grew up in an atmosphere of continual wrangling and complaint.

It left Francie a little hard, perhaps a trifle cynical, and with a very real and definite antipathy toward marriage. Now her father was dead, and she and her mother, a melancholy, dejected invalid, were living in Switzerland.

Mrs. Bennet, a pompous American lady visiting in the Swiss town, required some one to read aloud to her while her own companion, little Harriet Smiley, was temporarily indisposed. Mr. Hare, the

vicar of the local English church, spoke of Francie, and she was promptly sent for and engaged.

To Mrs. Bennet's secret annoyance, Francie and her son became firm friends; there came a day when they made the altogether thrilling discovery that he was the Bim Bennet with whom she had played as a child. They were constantly together, and Bim lost no time in falling in love with Francie, but although her love for him had become a very real and wonderful thing, she steadfastly refused to marry him. To her, marriage was a trap, something which made a mockery of love. Love should be free, not bound by narrow conventions. She loved Bim. She would go with him, live with him willingly, gladly, but she would not marry him. She would not bind him or be bound herself by a conventional marriage ceremony, and Bim left her, bitterly hurt.

Francie went blindly out of the room and upstairs, to find that her mother, utterly hopeless, had taken an overdose of sleeping medicine and was dead.

Bim, sent for by the sympathetic Miss Smiley, hurried back. His heart filled with pity and tenderness, he was willing to do anything, agree to anything, if only he might take her with him.

And so they made their plans. She would go with him back to America. They would live together for three years. Then, if they found that they still cared for each other, they would be married. If not, and even Francie admitted that this was too silly to talk about, they would part.

PART TWO

FRANCIE sat down on an overturned box that had first held shredded codfish and later, more poetically, the pansy plants that she had just been setting out in the little garden of her house on Peachtree Lane. The streets of the more select part of the small Connecticut town of Belleridge were named with a firm and conscious quaintness, for

example, Peachtree Lane; Gipsy Lane, where stood "The Hemlocks," home of that least gipsy-like of ladies, Mrs. Bennet; and Briar-Bush Road, where Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood Bennet lived.

Francie and Bim had come to Peachtree Lane in early winter, and now it was spring. They were passionately in love with each other; they had been happy; but a hundred times Bim had had to remind himself, Francie had had to remind herself, that every one said that the first year was always the hardest.

The days in Paris before they sailed for home were still a cluster of stars in Francie's heart. They had entered into heaven there. They had released each other into perfect bliss.

But that, too, was dream-like—the blue mist on the river; the little boats with the tops of their smoke-stacks curled and perforated like bouquets of iron fern-fronds; the barrows heaped with masses of wet violets; everywhere the scent of roasting chestnuts. And Bim with no thought but of Francie, Francie with no thought but of Bim. His hands upon her, light and strong—a broken whisper in the dark—the anguish, the peace, of their love.

Now dreaming was over, and they were wide awake. Love was with them, and life was beautiful, but they walked, not on stars, but on the earth again.

Things seemed to Francie to have grown confused. Cooks, callers, bath-towels, and the grocer were surely more important than they should have been in the lives of these two who had followed the little heaven-pointing path to the blue meadow. But when she tried to think things out clearly and get them into true proportions, the telephone rang, Bim found moth-holes in his golf-coat, or the green gate of 7 Peachtree Lane clicked as another caller came through it.

THERE were things that she should have been doing now, instead of sitting on an overturned box in the spring sunshine. Mrs. Bennet was coming home to-day, after a winter in Egypt; there was to be a family dinner at "The Hemlocks," and Francie had promised Mrs. Lockwood Bennet to come over and help decorate the house to welcome the returning traveler. But she sat still, drinking in the color of a border in Mrs. Jackson's garden next door that she could see through the separating hedge, grown thin at the bottom; fat-faced purple and brown and yellow pansies, an ethereal cloud of early blue phlox, and, rising from these, tall rose-colored tulips. Mrs. Jackson, wearing an old green stuff dress, galoshes, and a large straw hat pushed on the back of her head, but occasionally sliding forward, when it would come down like a candle snuffer over her severe spectacled face, was working furiously among her flowers, while at a little distance her son Bernard could be seen seated on the grass

beneath an arched old apple-tree in deep pink bloom, with the bees around it making a sound as loud as a pulled-out organ stop. He read from a small volume, but often paused to meditate, gazing upward at the scented rosy roof, apparently oblivious of possible eyes upon him.

Mrs. Jackson straightened herself, pushed back the candle-snuffer hat, and caught sight of Francie.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Jackson."

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Bennet. Been transplanting? Where did you get those pansy plants? Brookside Nursery? Well—I wish you joy of them!"

"Yours are lovely."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jackson. It was a fact, and she admitted it without modest disclaimer. "You haven't much, have you?"

"Three red tulips, and a heavenly cherry-tree."

"Pie-cherry—I know *that* tree! Frightfully sour. Mrs. Skinner always said it really didn't pay to put them up, it took so much sugar. Like some of my tulips? Bernard!"

HER son leapt to his feet, drawing a hand across his eyes, as one who brushes star-dust away. "Take these around to Mrs. Bennet. Don't go through the hedge! Don't go through the hedge!"

"I'm not *near* the hedge, *Madre mia*," her son protested plaintively. He was rather an exquisite young man, and seldom raised his voice, or hurried except when it was necessary for him to keep up with his brisk and practical parent.

"Oh, heavenly! The darlings!" cried Francie rapturously, receiving the sheaf of tulips, their stiff gray-green leaves squeaking and rustling with freshness.

"Perfect!" breathed Bernard.

"What did you say?" she murmured absently, brushing her lips against the cool rose-colored flowers.

"Oh—did I speak out loud? I didn't mean to."

"Mrs. Bennet back yet?" his mother inquired through the hedge.

"She comes this evening."

"She has a nice hot day for it, then. I'm sopping."

"I meant the rosy flowers against the wood-smoke blue of your sweater—er—jumper," Bernard said in a hasty undertone.

"Your telephone's ringing," Mrs. Jackson put in.

IT WAS Mrs. Lockwood Bennet reminding Francie that she was long overdue to help with the welcoming decorations. Taking her tulips as a peace-offering, she hurried out of the green gate and toward "The Hemlocks."

She had not yet returned when Bim and his elder brother Lockwood, rather tired from meeting their mother and Miss Smiley and escorting the ladies,

their luggage, and Lily out from the city, stopped at 7 Peachtree Lane.

"Come in and have a cocktail, old man. We won't be likely to get one at mother's."

The house was dark, and there was no answer to his calls for Francie. He turned on the living-room lamps under their moonlight-colored shades. The dusty, charming room was empty, but flattened cushions, a book face down among them, and cigaret ashes on the floor, showed that she had been there. Music lay like autumn leaves about the piano.

"I didn't know your wife played," said Lockwood, looking at a Ravel Sonatine open on the music-desk, with his habitual expression of detecting a slightly unpleasant smell.

"Lord, yes, all the time. Where the deuce is everybody?" Bim strode across the room to the bell, brushing against boughs of apple-blossom in an old copper jar, and making a miniature blizzard of petals fall to the floor.

No one answered his ring.

"Never mind, old man, some other time," said Lockwood, in whose house bells were always answered. "Or come along home with me; I'll telephone Olive to have things ready."

"No, just wait a minute," said Bim, thrusting out his jaw stubbornly. He went out to the kitchen, empty except for a very young kitten looking at him with round eyes from a box behind the stove. Where the devil were the maids? Olive's maids were always on hand, in their fresh smart caps and aprons, to bring in gin and vermuth and orange juice, and crushed ice dried in little muslin bags. He got out bottles and cocktail shaker. Where were oranges? Nothing in the fruit dish on the side-board but two apples, an almond, and a small shriveled tangerine.

REALLY, Bim, old boy, I think I'd better be getting along, thanks just the same—have to bathe and dress, you know," Lockwood called.

"Damn—damn—" said Bim under his breath. "Wait a minute!" he shouted, and furiously yanked open the refrigerator door. There might be oranges and there would certainly be ice.

Some butter in dishbille, a saucer of left-over rice pudding, a bone with bits of mutton adhering, and the innocent faces of several eggs looked out at him. In another compartment was a piece of ice about the size of a small lemon.

The cocktails were warm and bad, but the brothers gulped them down, and parted with formal politeness. All the Bennets always behaved as if they had been introduced to each other not longer than an hour before.

Francie saw Bim's hat and the evening paper in the hall when she came home, and heard the rushing of bath water up-stairs. Wings stirred in her heart, for each meeting (Continued on page 112)



"Mingled feelings surged through Francie. 'I'm jealous,' she said aloud in an incredulous voice. 'I'm jealous!'"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



BERNARD

BERTHE

THE LITTLE TAILORED FROCK HAS GROWN INTO A WHOLE TAILORED COSTUME

At the left, above, is a coat-frock of black satin from Bernard, slim and straight and perfectly flat in the back, with groups of plaits in the front. This is worn over a white crêpe slip with a hem-stitched neck-line, like that of a tailored blouse. There is a black and white scarf, with plaited ends attached to the front. The only bit of color is a vivid red camellia on the shoulder.

Black twill is used for one of the newest and smartest developments of the tailored frock that is more than a frock—really an entire costume. This idea is being developed more and more as the season advances; frocks begin to look more like a frock and coat. Berthe has used a white crêpe slip under this frock, and the collar and cuffs are trimmed with bands of rabbit.

*Models on both pages from
HATTIE CARNEGIE*

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



(Above) Green bengaline coat-dress edged with a band of moleskin. The lines are identical with those of a coat.

A direct descendant of the tailored suit. Black and white striped serge with vest of white satin and a scarf.

Another coat-frock. Black velvet with white Georgette crêpe used as facing and shirred trimming on the edge.



THE TAILORED FROCK HAS NEW SUCCESS

The Direct Descendant of the Tailored Suit Is the Tailored Frock That Has the Effect of a Whole Costume

By LUCILE BUCHANAN

WHEN the tailored idea was first injected in the mode, it was in the form of the tailored suit. This costume, with its attendant accessories, had so much personality that it has left its marks on almost all other types of costumes. In fact, the whole "la garçonne" influence has had a noticeable effect on both day and evening clothes, an effect so strong that the mode has not been able to shake it off for several seasons.

Now it is the little tailored frock. Not just the little slip of a dress with no pretensions at all to being anything but a mere width or two of fabric, with a dash of white at throat and wrist, but a frock as carefully tailored as a suit, with the appearance of being a coat and frock.

This type of frock is made in every smart fabric, in bengaline, in twill, satin, silk alpaca, and in the newly revived velvet. It is a frock that can appear almost any

time during the day and be smart and a frock unto itself. The trim tailored costume always carries with it a certain immunity. It is so basically correct, so devoid of fussiness and bulk and useless ornament.

The black and white costumes shown at the left are almost dramatic in their force of design; but the black and white is delicately balanced, and there is no crudity in the costume as a whole.

The satin frock at the left has a perfectly flat back, and a forward movement is given it by means of flat plaits in front. This frock has an underslip of heavy white crêpe, with a hem-stitched tailored neckline. The black satin and white crêpe scarf ends in fringe and plaits. The highest point of the costume is a flat red camellia on the lapel. The black felt hat is square-crowned, with no brim in the back, and a very tiny rolled up brim in the front.



CHIFFON IS ALMOST
TAILORED
FOR EVENING WEAR
DINNER FROCKS AND
EVENING GOWNS
ARE UNTRIMMED

(Left) So far has the mode for simplicity gone, that even chiffon is handled as severely as if it were cloth. It is given almost tailored lines, long and straight and thin in this dinner gown of biscuit color.

Another lovely formal gown, unusually simple, is of flame-colored chiffon, made with a flat back and an apron in front. Every little section of the apron lies flat and has a simple picoté finish.



The black twill frock shown with the satin frock has a scalloped tunic that is rather unusual in this season of tubes—and uncommonly smart, too. The over-frock effect is achieved by a white plaited crêpe slip under the black twill, showing at the deep "V" of the bodice and at the cuffs. The sheared white rabbit that is used for collar and cuffs on this frock is repeated on the hat.

The other frocks shown on the page are excellent types of the tailored frock at its slimmest and most carefully cut. The green bengaline frock in the middle of the page is made on exactly the lines of a coat. The softness of its texture and color save it from being unflatteringly severe.

The black serge frock with white stripes is a clever bit of dove-tailing of fabrics so that all unnecessary bulk is cut away and the frock is slim and sheath-like. The heavy white satin under-blouse and scarf—the exact necessary complement of the frock.

The fact that these tailored frocks are so carefully fitted immediately takes them out of the chemise frock class. They are more sheath-like than the chemise, in fact, nearly all are some variation of the tube. The black velvet frock shown at the right on the preceding page is the chemise drawn in a bit tighter at the waist and hips and sent out beltless to meet the world.

With the tailored frock the hat must be chosen with a very particular care. It must be small and close and sleek, an ingenious bit of fabric—it may be felt or satin or perhaps the newly smart velvet—that suggests line and does nothing more. Nothing that takes itself seriously as a hat.

The hats shown on page eighty-nine are all variations of the cloche, except the



Models on both pages from
FRANCES CLINE

high-crowned hat at the lower left, which is newer, more difficult to wear, and very smart. This hat is made of black felt and heavy black grosgrain.

At the upper left on the opposite page is a frock of biscuit-colored chiffon, from Renée. Here the fabric is handled almost like cloth, so severely is it cut, and so beautifully are the long slender lines of the bodice laid. The front of the bodice has two long revers like those of a tailored costume, but, of course, very soft and rolled back. There are two long ends that tie in front in a stringy careless bow; these ends are kept straight hanging by very heavy biscuit-colored fringe. On this, as on most of the new chiffon evening frocks, only the skirt is at all elaborate. This is made light and soft looking by layers of chiffon at the hem.

The gown shown on this page is part of a complete ensemble that is unusually successful. It is a gown of classic lines, but very simple

indeed. The fabric is crêpe marocain, in lacquer red, made flat in the back and with a suggestion of long folds of drapery in the front. The long straight bodice is defined at a low waistline by a flat band of brilliants, little laurel leaves made of rhinestones. With this is worn a straight cape made of one of those beautifully supple gold lamé tissues that are so lovely this season. It is lined with lacquer red, and pours over the shoulders like golden water. There are tiny flat "tailored" nosegays of red flowers on the cape, and flat plaits around the shoulders.

The tendency toward simpler evening gowns has undoubtedly grown stronger as daytime costumes have become simpler in every detail. The heavily beaded gown, the now almost obsolete brocade gown, have given way to the little rag of chiffon cut and made with infinite wisdom of line. It is the present insistence upon youth that has given the chiffon gown its new (Concluded on page 93)

Crêpe marocain, in flame color, is laid like a long straight sheath over the body, with only a thread of drapery in front. The girdle is a flat band of brilliants. With this is worn a straight cape of lame tissue.

THE EVENING ENSEMBLE IS AS SIMPLE AS POSSIBLE



MADELEINE
et
MADELEINE



BLANCHE
LEBOUVIER

Black velvet is made in a slim straight tube, with an apron applied in front. The apron and scarf-collar are banded in skunk.

Bands of brown velours de laine trace the surplice lines of this beige rep coat frock. Applied patches of leopard fur trim it.

(Left) At Deauville, this simple coat of beige silk twill, with an accompanying beige frock, was worn with an orange bangkok hat with an orange velvet ribbon.

The black satin coat of this costume is stitched in black, the white crêpe frock under it in white. The wrap is trimmed with black seal banded with ermine.



LUCIEN
LELONG

A FEW OF THE SMARTEST
COSTUMES THAT HAVE COME
OUT OF PARIS THIS SEASON

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

EUGENIE et
JULIETTE

Pearls, a single strand of them, hold up the white satin bodice of this white satin gown, admirably embroidered with rhinestones and pearls.



BRANDT

Black satin and black lace, with the skirt ending in a deep fringe of black ostrich plumes, dusted with gold. The line of the skirt is flattering.



MOLYNEUX

White ermine, made into a perfectly straight coat, has an unusually deep band of white fox around the bottom, and white fox collar and cuffs.

NEW EVENING COSTUMES PARIS NOW WEARS

life. The solemnity of gorgeous fabrics, the slightly dowager suggestion of beads are not to be thought of by the woman with close-cropped hair whose daytime frocks are the last word in the new sophistication of simplicity. This, then, is the woman for whom the new chiffon frocks are designed. She wears them with enthusiasm and very few jewels. She usually prefers opera pumps of satin to more elaborate evening slippers, although she may wear brocaded sandals, with not many straps—most simple ones, pricked by a tiny jewel on the instep. It is a delightfully easy evening toilette, admirable in its lack of pretension.

On the other hand, these little rags of frocks must be worn with understanding of their character. A diamond on the shoulder, a flower, a jewel, not too little or the frock loses value, and never, never too much. It is in the wearing of frocks of this sort that the French woman is most clever. They exactly suit her easy unconsciousness of her costume. The American woman, who must have everything carefully nailed to her in order to feel properly dressed, does not take as kindly to this type of frock, especially for evening, when she prefers the "built like a sky-scraper, and built to stay" costume. It is one of the things she must learn, just as she learned to wear the extremely simple and youthful daytime costume.



George M. Kessler

MRS. FELIX D. DOUBLEDAY

An American hostess who has met with distinguished success in London society, Mrs. Doubleday now passes a part of each year in England. Before her marriage Mrs. Doubleday was Miss Rhoda Van B. Tanner, a daughter of Mrs. John J. Tanner of New York.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



"I'm quite lovely and witty," said the leading lady. "Why don't you marry me?"

THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND QUIPS

The Fantasy of a Famous Actor

By MILDRED CRAM

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

THE most famous man in the world. The first universal popularity. . . .

Billy rolled over and opened his eyes to the daily fugue. Publicity tripped upon the heels of publicity. Was there a spot on the face of the over-run globe where he wasn't known, where he could walk a block unmolested and unrecognized? Nowadays, cannibal chieftains sported palm-thatched cinema palaces of their own. Eskimos exchanged whale blubber and reindeer teeth for a coveted glimpse of his face. Queens sat upon gilded chairs in converted ballrooms and slapped their royal thighs at his shadow.

Great heavens!

He got out of bed, slipping into a dressing-gown of dark blue silk. Bed is a terrible place for a spiritual disgust, self-nausea.

"Is there," he asked his man-servant, "a so-called great open space where I am unknown?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Great God!"

"Beg pardon?"

"The comment was ironical."

"Yes, sir. Bath, sir?"

"By all means. Warm. I hate cold water."

In the tub, Billy contemplated himself. A strong, compact, graceful little beggar, wasted in

puerile undertakings. He should, he reflected, have been a pioneer, a householder. Or, better, an obscure intellectual. Anything but what he had become.

What *had* he become?

The definition required focusing.

The press called him variously a comedian, a tragedian, a prophet, a wit, a philosopher, a pagan, and a poet. Boiled down, strained and served, he was the most famous man in the world.

IMAGINE the world— Lying at ease in tepid water scented with lavender salts, Billy imagined the world; seas, continents, islands, deserts and forests, cities and valleys, rivers and mountains. The sun gilding it round and round. And everywhere, himself, Billy, making them laugh. Hottentot and Tartar and Chink, showing their gums in wide, shameless, primitive hilarity. The world, laughing at itself!

And here he was, in a tub in New York, sticking his very human toes out of a froth of expensive English bath-soap. Asking questions. A habit he had fallen into lately, perhaps because he was free of the preoccupation of work. A five million dollar contract had been signed. A month's vacation, and then the everlasting search for salient

"humanities," the unending pursuit of "gags," would begin all over again. The prospect terrified him.

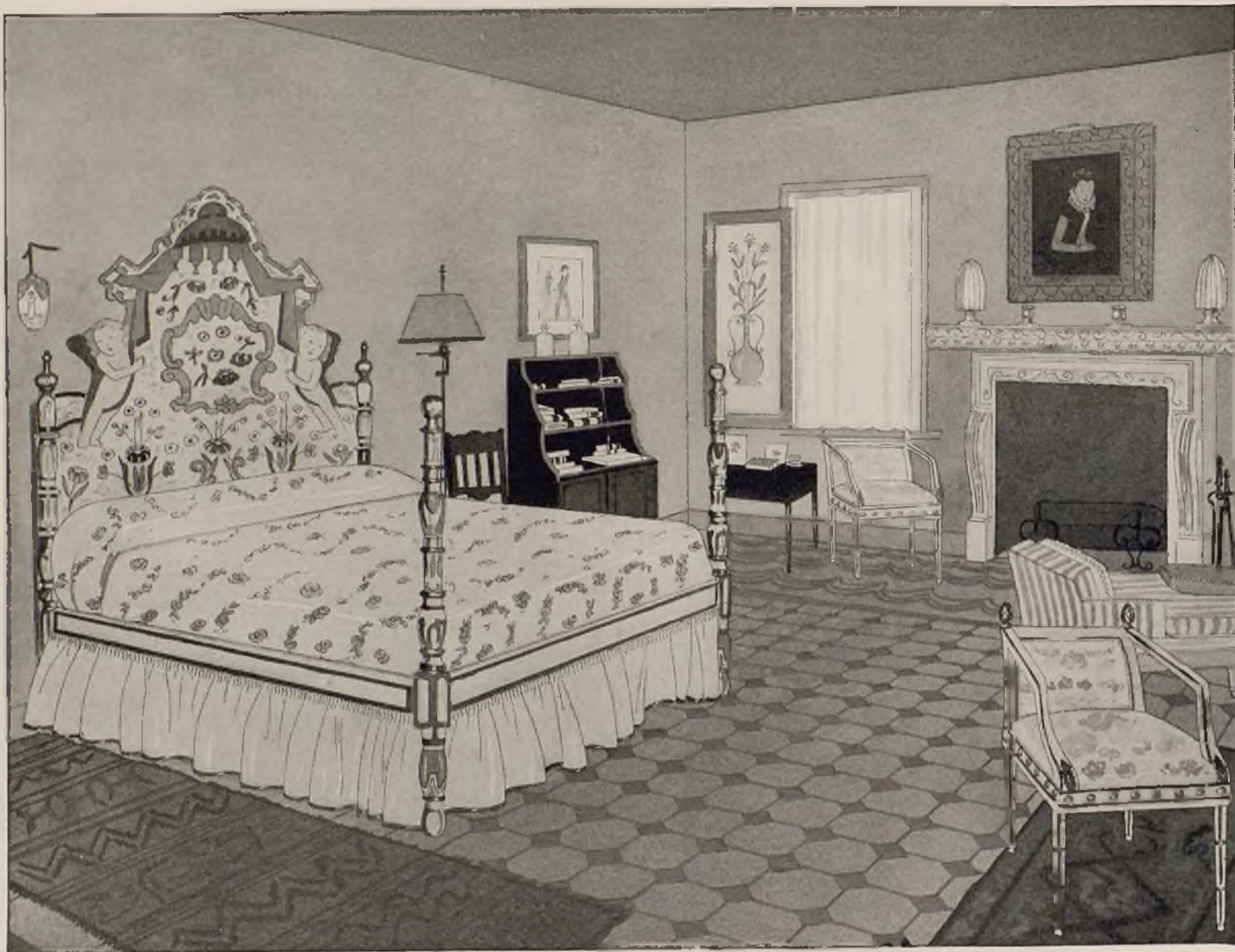
In the days when he had been a struggling unknown, an ambitious jester in the third-class vaudeville houses, he had not had the responsibility of art. Work was work.

Now they had labeled him whimsical, wistful, poignant, and tragic. The one-night-stand acrobatic clown confronted the appalling words "great" and "subtle."

And now, it seems, he stood upon Parnassus in the thin, austere company of the immortals. He was capitalized, consolidated, incorporated, copyrighted, limited, protected, insured, and all rights reserved, including the Scandinavian. If he should lose his sense of humor, Wall Street would gasp and go down. And those hordes of bony, half-starved, flea-ridden Chinks, Tartars, and Hottentots would stop laughing.

"I'm too confounded famous," Billy thought. "I'm scared."

AT BREAKFAST, a casual young journalist snatched an interview while Billy drank his coffee. The famous locks were damp and brushed smoothly back, but every (Continued on page 140)



This bedroom, in the house of Mrs. Warden at Palm Beach, has as its nucleus a fine old Spanish bed. The bed is painted a pale gray-blue, with gay peasant designs. The headboard is made to hang on the wall, and the four-post bed pushed against it.

FROM OLD PAINTED BEDS THESE LOVELY BEDROOMS GREW

By RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

THE bed should be the beginning and end of the decoration of the bedroom—nothing should surpass it in importance, but everything must measure up to the standard set by it. First, an interesting bed must be found, and from that the room will grow. In old days the master's bed was handed down from one generation to another, as one of the most important possessions. Here are four bedrooms, each of which has grown from a painted bed chosen by the mistress of the house for herself. The four rooms are totally dissimilar in treatment. They are all very conventional, very personal, and—paradoxically—very original.

Mrs. Warden's bedroom, in her house at Palm Beach, is an example of a beautiful room that was planned as a setting for a fine old Spanish bed. Before the room was built, this lovely old bed was found in Spain; and the architecture as well as the decoration of the room was suggested by it. The bed itself is characteristic of early Spanish painted furniture, a combination of the most gorgeous design and color, and the most playful and childlike peasant artistry. The headboard is made to hang on the wall and the four-post bed is pushed up against this. The headboard is painted with red velvet curtains embellished with gold, and upheld by two pink cherubs, and its entire surface, a cloudy pale blue, is covered with the most gorgeous pink and red flowers with green and gold leaves. The gold is all applied over gesso, and has the effect of bas-relief. The effect of these brilliant reds and pinks and golds on the very pale blue ground is extremely decorative. The four posts of the bed are simply painted with stripings of red and gold, dividing the posts into small areas which are in turn covered with crude blue marbled designs.

Finding a proper bedspread for this bed was so difficult as to be almost impossible. We despaired of finding anything which was old enough and of suitable design. Finally, by one of those miracles in which all decorators



The bedroom of Mrs. Leland Ross, at Parland House, Madison, New Jersey, is built around a Louis Seize bed, with Marie Antoinette's initial in a "chiffre" on the headboard.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THE MIRROR OF THE THEATER

*Which Raises the Question Whether the Theater Reflects
the Nation or the Nation the Theater*

By PERCY HAMMOND

THE people of the theater, it seems, are disposed to overestimate their influence on the character and conduct of the human race. In that explicable weakness they are encouraged by the drama leagues and the deeper critics, the pulpit sometimes, and frequently the lecture platform. The stage is regarded by these voices from the Burning Bush, now as a great rectifier of life's bad habits, and then as a mischief, inducing immorality and similar evil practices. In "The Fool" and "Abie's Irish Rose" they find wholesome lessons; in such things as "Ladies' Night" and "The Demi-Virgin," a hurtful advocacy of rapishness and impurity. "Hamlet" and "Cyrano de Bergerac" are said to incite a love of culture and letters; the farces and musical comedies an indifference to the better things. The people of the theater take themselves very seriously.

Have, for instance, in Mr. St. John Ervine, a notable man in fiction, essays and playwriting. He is a sane critic, a thoughtful and brilliant novelist, and a keen and honest dramatist, yet in an article in *English Life*, he permits himself the following enthusiasm: "The theater," says he, "more than any civilized institution, is a mirror of the nation. Show me a nation's plays, and I will tell you what a nation is like."

MR. ERVINE and similar impetuaries ignore the fact that the theater is more limited in its orbit than any other art. For it is almost exclusively confined to circulation among the city folk. Moreover, it is not merely urban, it is metropolitan, a thing of the capitals—of New York, Chicago, London, Paris, Berlin, Manchester, Los Angeles, and Vienna. What can Mr. Ervine tell us about this nation from the experience of his own fine plays, "Jane Clegg" and "John Ferguson," in the American theater? What could he learn of the Oklahomans and the Marylanders, the Wyomingites and the New Mexicans, the Oregonians, the Hoosiers, the Badgers, or the Buckeyes from the performances of his and other dramas in New York City? Would he diagnose and decipher us through tests we have never undergone? Senator Magnus Johnson is not a playgoer, and neither is Henry Cabot Lodge, both of them significant and typical of the United States. Among us more or less one hundred and ten million Americans, not more, perhaps, than thirty-three and a third per cent. are under the authority of the drama. Chillicothe, Ohio; Tucson, Arizona; Scranton, Pennsylvania; Mobile, Alabama; Portland, Maine, and Seattle know it only by hearsay and the moving pictures. To the farming and pastoral communities of the nation the theater is as remote and unimportant as the Taj Mahal.

Music and literature, however, are easily available and therefore of consequence to the many who live far away from the drama and the busy haunts of man. While the theater is concerning itself only with Broadway and like thoroughfares, books, pic-

tures, and song are doing their best to entertain and to improve the tastes of the provincials. The piangulus, the radio, and the victrolum provide the major populace with the best there is in tunes, banquet addresses, anecdotes, bedtime fables, and vaudeville. From the Carnegie libraries the rural

New York of "Cobra," "The Show-Off," the Follies, or "Cheaper to Marry."

I suspect, despite Mr. Ervine's belief otherwise, that the drama is the least dependable of the evidences of a nation's character. I know that baseball, the cinema, the comic supplements, stud poker, the rotogravures of society in the Sunday newspapers, political conventions, bootlegging, and the U. S. Senate are more explanatory than it is possible for any play to be. The drama of every land, except Shakespeare, is chauvinistic. It is blind to horizons beyond its own frontiers. In its most important aspect, it is a recreation for those who have, at the moment, no other resources of amusement. To art it is what chewing-gum is to food or cosmetics to complexions, unless it happens mysteriously to be a showman's masterpiece.



Mary Morris of the Provincetown Theater plays the part of the mysterious governess in the charming revival of "Fashion," an old comedy of manners.

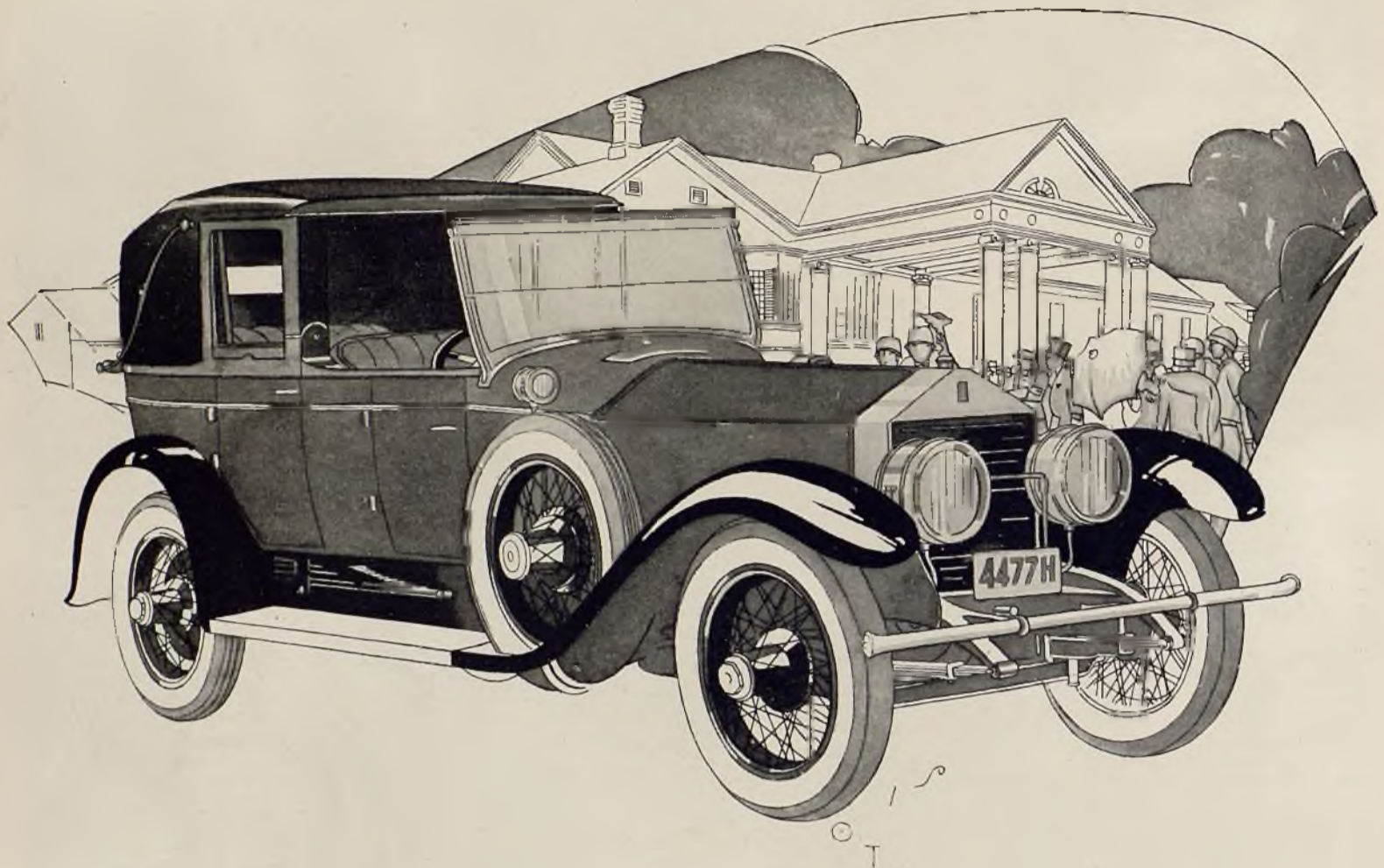
populace obtain the works of Charles Dickens, James Russell Lowell, Robert W. Chambers, Ralph W. Emerson, Mary J. Holmes, and Carl Van Vechten.

It can hear the compositions of Debussy, Irving Berlin, and Wagner, the voices of Caruso, Chaliapin, and Al Jolson, the piano playing of Rachmaninoff, and the celestial violining of Zimbalist and Heifetz. All of these are delivered in agreeable Sears-Roebuck packages to precincts into which the theater can not penetrate. While the other arts are familiar and potent in the Main Streets of America, the drama is exotic and comparatively unknown. Neither Galveston, Texas, nor Providence, Rhode Island, has been moved much by the performances in

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE should be informed that the theater of a nation does not so accurately reflect its character as do its books, its commerce, its sports, or its industries. He might better reckon the values of a people from its habits in the counting rooms, the art galleries, the libraries, and the concert halls. They are national, the theater is local, or worse. It is true that the committee which awarded the Pulitzer chaplet to the worthiest American play had seen in the United States no dramas aside from those exhibited on Broadway. Plays that had been produced in Chicago, Los Angeles, Indianapolis, Cleveland, and Detroit, were ignored by the judges. Only Times Square and its spurious neighborhoods were allowed to be candidates for the Pulitzer laurels. A masterpiece might have been existent in Philadelphia or New Orleans, but it would have been prevented from consideration by the academic and insular experts because it had not been seen in New York.

THE play, of course, is the thing, and the audiences and actors are Hamlet's guilty creatures. It may be symptomatic like a rash, but it provides few remedies. I suspect Mr. St. John Ervine to be the most intelligent of the upper-class showmen. If, as he says, he can explain a nation by its plays, I wish he would whisper to me what effect the works of Avery Hopwood, Samuel Shipman, William Anthony Maguire, Owen Davis, or Max March have had on the land of the free and the home of the brave. With what significant ethics have we been provided by the productions of Sam H. Harris, Charles B. Dillingham, Mr. Erlanger, or the Messrs. Selwyn? Are we to be condemned as an unworthy people simply because we react to the Ziegfeld Follies and "Abie's Irish Rose"?

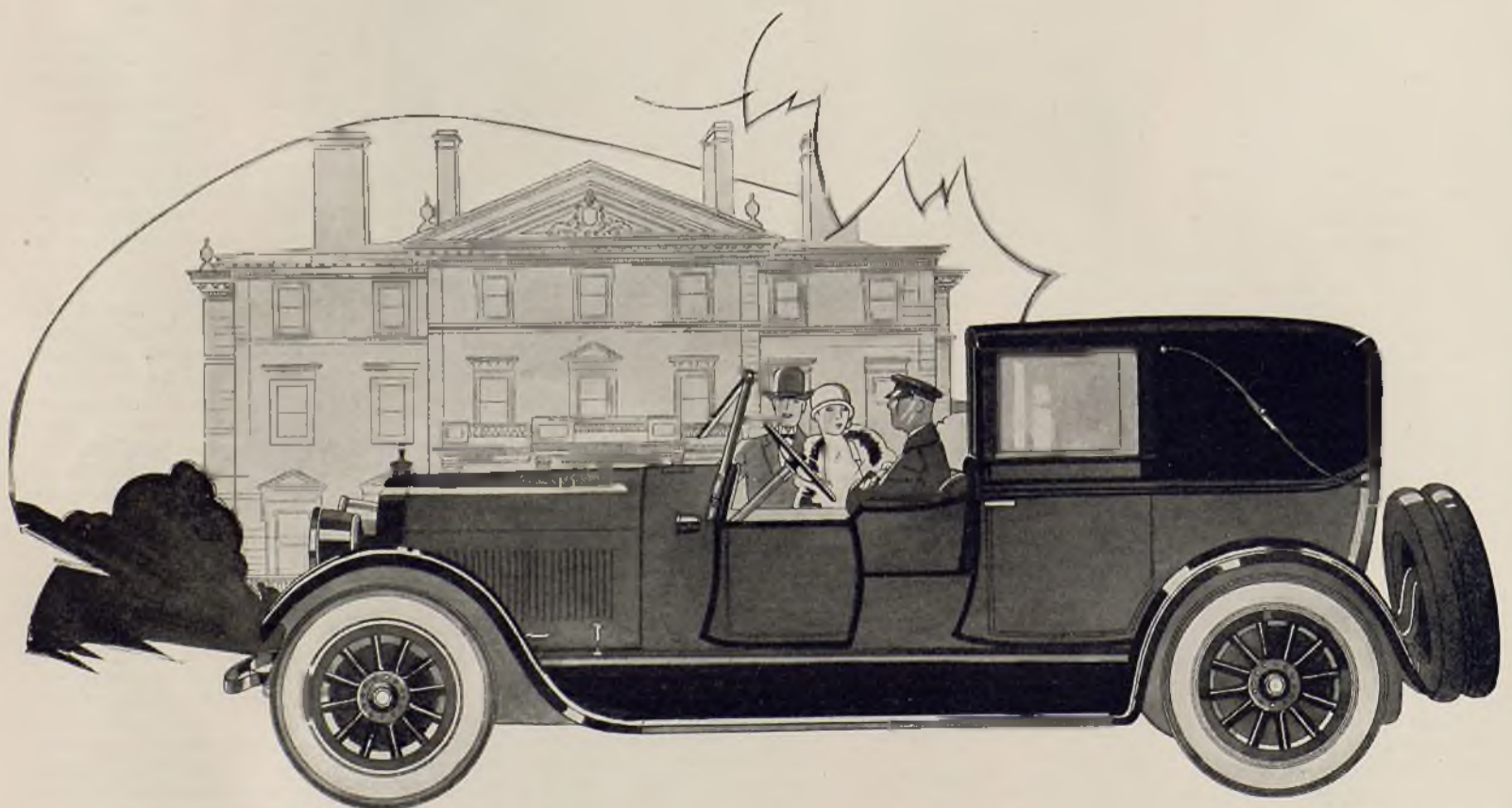
But Mr. Ervine's conclusion may be applied to communities, if not to nations. The drama's laws the drama's patrons give; and no bad play is worse than the audiences who enjoy it.



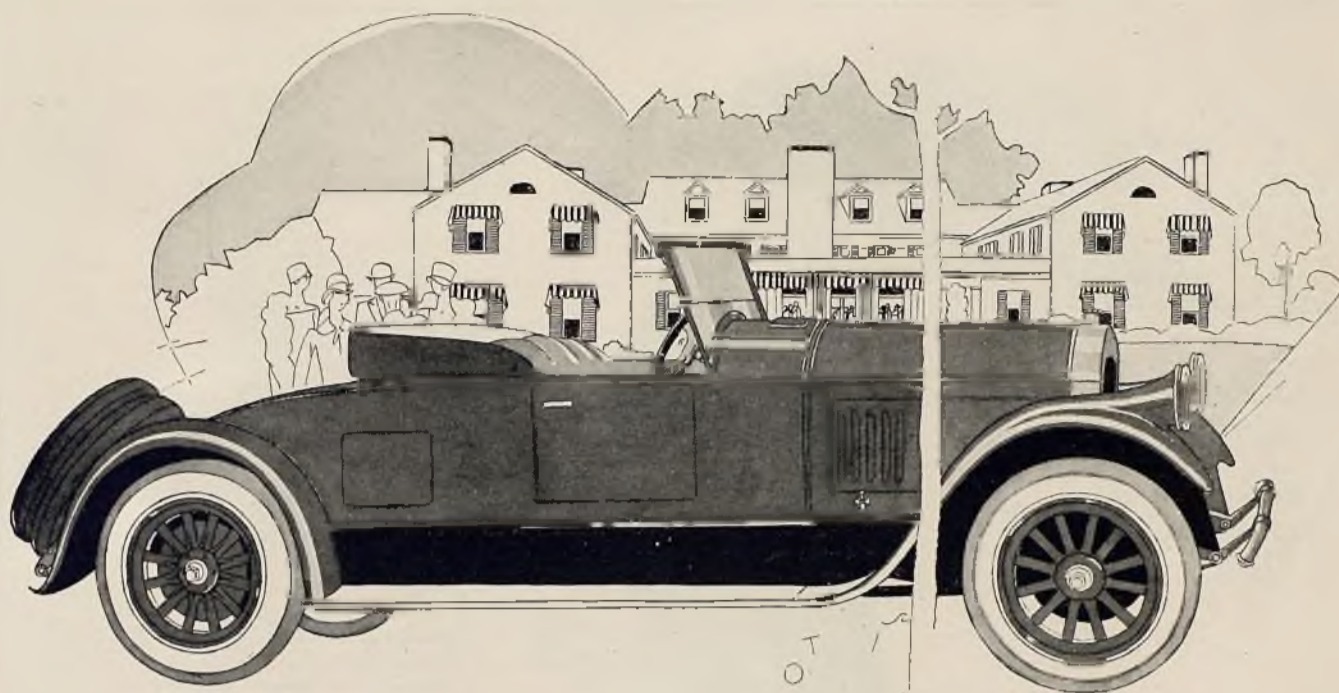
SOME OF THE SMARTEST MOTORS
ARE SEEN JOINING NEW YORK'S
EXCLUSIVE COUNTRY CLUBS

This stunning Salamanca cabriolet, designed and executed by Rolls-Royce, is pictured above with Meadow Brook Club in the background. The car is finished in gun-metal gray with white stripes, and is richly upholstered in fawn broadcloth with walnut moldings. The hardware is of dull silver.

One of the latest and smartest custom body creations is this Park cabriolet by Healy mounted on a V-63 Cadillac chassis. The car, sketched at Sleepy Hollow, is an exceptionally attractive model in green with black and gold striped trimmings, and upholstered in an art weave cloth.



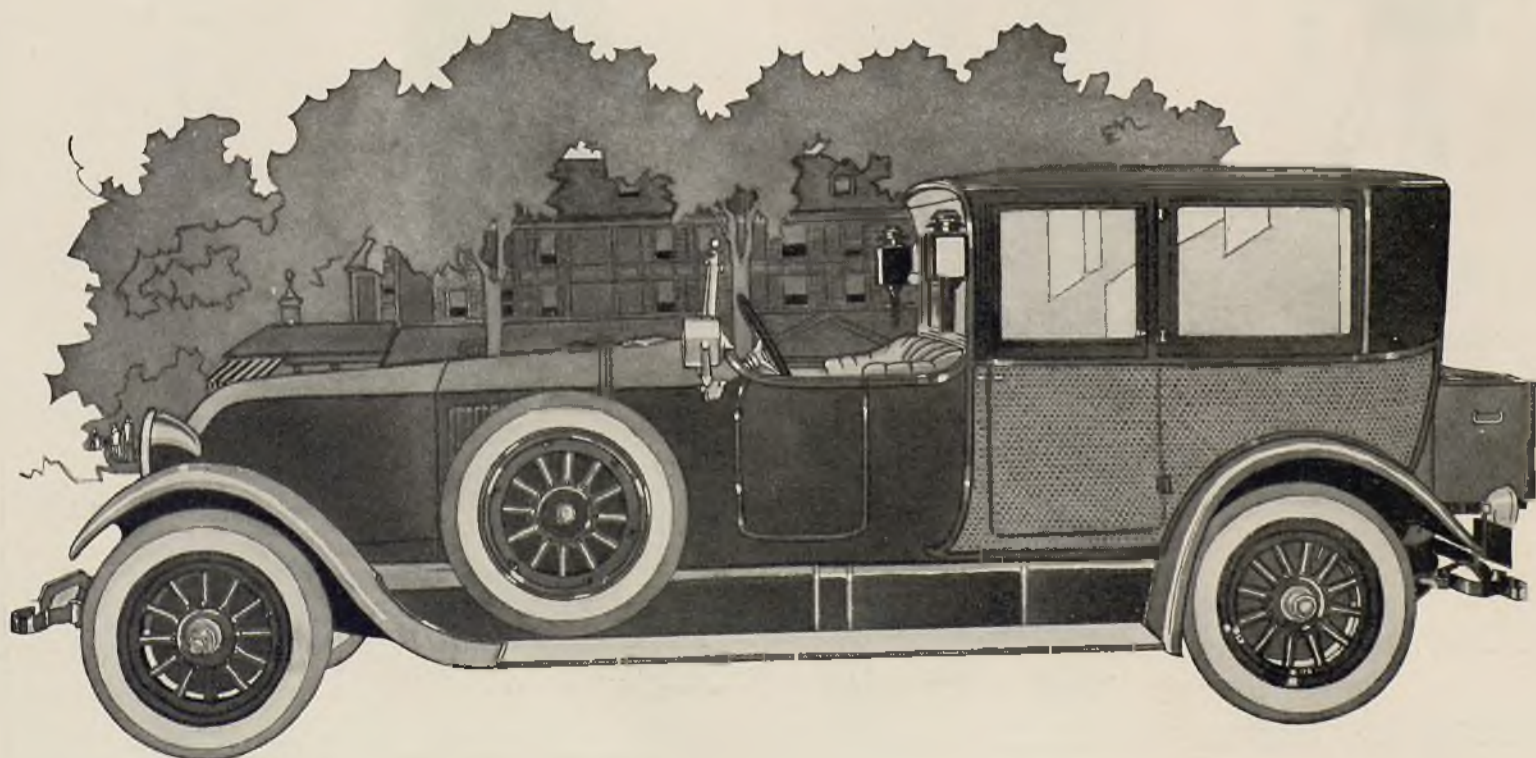
Ayuntamiento de Madrid



The car sketched at Piping Rock, shown at the top of the page, is an excellent example of the motor builder's art. It is a Pierce-Arrow runabout, equipped with a disappearing seat for extra passengers.

Marked originality of line features this special Locomobile roadster in Ronans gray with body designed by Le Baron and built by Demarest. It is upholstered in heavy, semi-bright leather with individual cushions.

Waiting at the Tuxedo Club is the latest six-cylinder forty-horsepower Renault. Its body by Kellner has a decidedly distinctive air, and its grace and sweep of line are accentuated by an unusually long pointed hood.



*Last Minute
Sketches
from Paris*



Crallot—

*Everyone wears
this now, since ten
days ago. Black
alpaca with fold of
white organza on
edges and belt of
vivid green Russian
leather stamped with
gold on edge. Worn
with Reboux hat.*



*White satin
tunic, black
buttons black
skirt.*



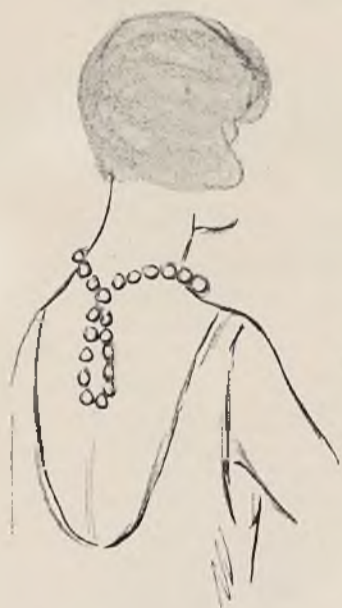
*White satin tunic, white
fringe, white embroidery.*



*Black satin
cloak trimmed with
white gèbe.*



*Black cloak
of toile de Jouy
in black and
white, beaded
partially with
black and white
tulle. Lined
with black satin.*



Now that corseages
are cut lower in the
back than in front
pearls are worn like
this.



New broad hat
of black straw
with black and
white grosse
plumes in back.



Black bangkok edged
with black velvet -
black and white grosse
forced on crown. Horn
with brilliant green
plaid mousseline.



Princesse
de Polignac's
white mousseline
frock and gold
cloth cloak trim-
med with ruffles.



White crêpe
fringed frock
- pink threads
knotted into
the crêpe skirt.



Many of the
mousseline frocks
are plaid - made
on the bias or
printed in dia-
monds. Hat of
crin with plumes.



The Newest Accessories from Paris.

(Left) Steel ball
brace and steel
ball earrings.

A Group
of Bags
from
Jean Patou



Bag of very fine black
braid; gold frame set
with cut coral.
Bag of navy blue and
dull gold brocade; top
of enamel.
Antique embroidered fab-
ric; enameled frame.

Flat purse with em-
broidered gold lamé
panel; dark brown
pink border.
Brown priede and
green enamel.
A tiny gold baguette
comb for evening bag.

Who are the world's most famous soup chefs?

Beyond all contradiction
Through merit and through worth—
A truth that passes fiction—
Our soups go round the earth!



The public has answered. Year after year the demand for Campbell's Soups has so increased that today the great Campbell's kitchens stand unique, alone.

Chefs who devote their whole lives to blending fine soups. Kitchens no home could hope to possess. Ingredients that are literally the best money can buy.

So now soup means something so much better that thousands of people who seldom ate soup before, do not let a day go by without enjoying Campbell's!

Campbell's Tomato! See if it does not taste as good as its reputation! The blend of all that is delicious in the tomato, rich butter and tempting seasoning. Wonderful, too, when you cream it.

21 kinds

12 cents a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THE FIRST EMBRACE

E. Phillips Oppenheim's Story

(Continued from page 71)

Stein & Blaine

A CREATIVE HOUSE



© Stein & Blaine

"Autumn"

—a costume complete—by E. M. A. Steinmetz

New in line and fabric and color the three-piece costume is the mode for fall.

For every hour of day and evening—indoors and out—there has been created a Stein & Blaine model that has true feminine appeal.

TURNIERS - DRESSMAKERS - TAILORS

13 and 15 West 57th Street
New York

your collar is crumpled and your tie has surely seen better days."

"Madame," her visitor replied, "my first words should have been words of apology. Believe me, I presented myself here with many misgivings. A slight contretemps in the town—I slipped while crossing the road and was dragged out of the way hurriedly to avoid being run over—accounts for the deficiencies of my toilet. But for a very persistent cab-driver who refused to leave me, I do not know how I would have arrived."

"I am relieved," Madame murmured. "In other respects I must confess that I find you marvelously unchanged."

"With you, without a doubt, Madame," he sighed, "the world has stood still."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I make a brave show," she said, "but the enameled, the coiffeur, the corsetière, and above all, my modiste have to work hard for me. What do you think of our friend Cardinge here?"

"Monsieur remains, as ever, distinguished, but he is without doubt fifteen years older," Ludor acknowledged.

"After all, then," Cardinge observed, "I remain natural. For it is fifteen years since we met. As for you, Ludor, you have sold yourself, I think, to the devil. There is not a gray hair in your head, not a line upon your face. Just as you were pale in those days, you are pale now. One would have guessed you then anywhere between twenty-five and thirty-five. One would guess the same now."

"Flattery, from a man!" Ludor exclaimed. "It is the real thing, that! May I not be presented to Mademoiselle?" he added, glancing to the farther end of the terrace where Claire was talking to Armand.

"In good time," Madame replied. "First, about yourself?"

"I remain the same," Ludor acknowledged. "In the regrettable suspension of our mutual undertakings I have committed a few crimes and collected a humble fortune."

Madame regarded him curiously—Cardinge, fixedly.

"You have the same hobbies?" the former demanded.

"Precisely, Madame," Ludor confessed, with a little smile. "I am a murderer by instinct as well as by profession. I have never found any thrill to compare with that of taking life."

Madame bit her lips. She was on the point of shuddering.

"Are we to take you literally?" she inquired.

"Entirely. Why not? You remember the affair of the Maître Hellier, the day before the trial of Estelle and François? Also—"

"Hellier was in arms against us," Madame broke in. "We did not call that murder. He had fair warning."

Ludor smiled.

"Are we becoming squeamish?" he asked. "But no matter. There have been many since Maître Hellier. A motive is well enough, but I like to kill without a motive. The artistic sensation is more poignant, and the risk of detection almost nil. If it is permitted I will change my collar."

Madame touched a bell.

"They will show you your room," she said. "There will be some tea here presently. We dine at eight."

LUDOR withdrew and Madame and Cardinge exchanged glances.

"Ludor is unchanged," the latter remarked.

Madame nodded.

"He will probably find us a little—shall I say unenterprising?"

"As we are, so I trust we will remain," Cardinge rejoined.

Madame looked at him for a moment, lazily.

"You are a free man," she reminded him. "I have no further claim upon you. Welcome though you are, I sometimes wonder why you stay on."

"Perhaps because I have nowhere to go," he said bitterly. "If at any time—"

"Do not be blatant," she interrupted.

"You are welcome here so long as you choose—for the rest of your life, if you will. If ever I give you that little hint to pass on—well, you know what the cause will be."

She looked down toward the other end of the piazza. Claire had risen to her feet and was coming toward them.

"I presume that I have a certain amount of common sense," Cardinge observed drearily.

"At least I know that I am on the threshold of forty."

"There have been times," Madame murmured, "when I have fancied that you were beginning to forget that."

"Never seriously," he assured her. "One has dreams, but they pass."

"And prejudices," Madame added, "and they remain."

He sighed.

"It is true that I do not like Armand Toyès."

"It is my intention," Madame declared, "to marry Claire to Armand."

"In which case," Cardinge pronounced, "I had better leave your roof as soon as possible, for there will be war between us."

Madame was coldly but terribly angry. She drew back.

"After we have dealt with Ludor," she said, "it would perhaps be as well if we came to an understanding."

"I am entirely at your service, Madame," he replied politely. "Incidentally—what are you going to do about Ludor?"

Claire turned abruptly away from Armand and came down the piazza toward them. She spoke with an affectation of carelessness, but the color had risen in her cheeks and her lips were trembling.

"I do not think that Budapest has improved Armand," she complained.

Armand followed her, long and thin, with a wicked sneer upon his lips, the beauty of his face temporarily obscured by his expression.

"The child misunderstands too readily," he protested. "Send her back, Madame. I must teach her wisdom."

Ludor, returning, created a diversion. He had eyes for no one but Claire.

"May I be presented?" he begged. "I had the felicity to see Mademoiselle in the distance on my arrival."

Madame acquiesced without enthusiasm.

"Monsieur Ludor—my niece, Miss Claire Fantenay. I must warn you, Claire, not to believe a word that Monsieur Ludor says."

"It is treating me unfairly," Ludor grumbled. "The truth, however, proclaims itself. I find Mademoiselle the freshest and the sweetest flower in this wonderful valley of yours."

"My niece is not used to such compliments," Madame said coldly.

"Return to Armand, child, or order a car and go to the Tennis Club. We elders have business to discuss."

Claire turned away and entered the house. Armand came strolling toward them, handsome once more, having completely regained his self-assurance.

"Business?" he repeated. "May I not join?"

"You may not," Madame replied. "That time has not come yet."

The young man stood his ground.

"It seems to me," he grumbled, "that you make use of me without allowing me to amuse myself by knowing beforehand what is to happen."

"No one is permitted to question my word, Armand," Madame reminded him. "You know that. Leave us."

HER nephew did not venture to dispute the matter further. He strolled off and disappeared in the direction of the garage. Ludor looked after him curiously.

"I suggest that we proceed to business," Madame said.

"To business, by all means," Ludor assented, stretching himself in his easy-chair. "Nothing interests me so much. You sounded the tocsin and behold, I arrive. Show me what it is that you desire. Incidentally it would be as well that I secure my quittance."

"I am not sure that we desire anything of you, Paul," Madame confided.

"What? That brain of yours sleeps, Madame? Nothing doing? Nobody for me to remove? Then for what purpose have I been brought all these miles?"

"I might answer," Madame replied, "to receive your quittance. You would be more fortunate than the others who came. They have had to work for it."

"To work? But that is the joy of my life," Ludor confessed, examining his carefully manicured finger nails. "There is no one who loves his work as I do."

Madame shivered ever so slightly.

"Paul," she declared, "you're a tiger."

He smiled coldly, tapped a cigaret upon the table and played with a match.

"I at least do not change with the years," he said. "There were days when we played with life and death with a jest on our lips. Life was the ball we threw into the air and caught—perhaps. What did it matter? A few years either way. I come back and I find you, Madame unenterprising, and my friend Cardinge. I gravely fear, a sentimentalist."

"I have earned my quittance," Cardinge reminded him.

"You are no longer one of the famous Virgins, then," Ludor remarked. "Well, as for me, I am one still. I ask for work."

Madame rose to her feet and crossed the room. She unlocked the *secrétaire*, drew from it a padlocked box which again she unlocked. Presently she returned, leaving all behind secure. She carried in her hand a sealed envelop, yellow with age.

"Here is your quittance, Paul," she said. "I return your deposit."

(Continued on page 108)



THE CAR MEN ARE WAITING FOR

No greater tribute can be paid to a motor car than this—that men will wait weeks and even months to get one.

With all this company's experience in judging motor car markets it had no idea that the demand for the Packard Eight would be as great as it has proved to be.

There has never been a day during the

past year when men were not waiting for their Packard Eights.

And today, despite the fact that months ago production was increased over the original estimate, men are still waiting for their cars.

Remember—you never see people lined up in front of the ticket window of a poor show.



Packard Eight and Packard Six both furnished in ten body types, open and enclosed. Packard's extremely liberal time-payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard—purchasing out of income instead of capital

THE FIRST EMBRACE

E. Phillips Oppenheim's Story

(Continued from page 106)



Exprimant la personnalité qu'il adore.
Expressing the personality he adores.

Le N'aimez que Moi
(love only me)

Le Cabuc blond

Nuit de Noel
(Christmas Eve)

by the creators of

Narcisse Noir
(black narcissus)

Caron
10 Rue de la Paix

Paris



CARON CORP.

389 Fifth Avenue

New York

He fingered the envelop doubtfully for a moment. Then he smiled.

"For the moment this had escaped my memory," he confessed, as he thrust it into his pocket. "It contains a brief account of the first time I realized the curious fascination of destroying life—a matter forgotten now, beyond a doubt. A little girl who thought that I had deceived her! What a banal word! Nevertheless, she was about to open her mouth—so I closed it."

He drew a penknife from his pocket and amused himself by cutting the document into small pieces. Madame and Cardinge watched him. There was something in their faces which seemed to bring Madame into the likeness of a human being; Cardinge, into the ranks of the sentimentalists whom Ludor had derided.

"I have been a criminal," Madame admitted. "The lights and shades of crime appealed to me so much in my younger days that I founded the most famous society of modern times with the sole object of defying the law. Even now they talk in Paris of 'Madame and her Virgins.' But either I have grown softer with the years, or you, Paul, offend my sense of what is humorous or beautiful in wrong-doing. I do not think that I shall ask you to become our guest. You have received your quittance. I require no service of you in return. At what time may I order you a car?"

Ludor seemed faintly amused, but, at the same time, annoyed. He looked across the valley.

"Dear me!" he sighed. "And I thought that I might have spent such a pleasant week here. I am not to be allowed to see more of your beautiful ward?"

"That happens naturally," Madame assured him. "I do not need to intervene there. Mademoiselle would most certainly detest you."

"I may not even dine?"

"I should prefer not," his hostess acknowledged. "It is fifteen years since we met, Paul, and I tell you quite frankly that I have taken a dislike to you."

"Are you not rash?" he asked softly. "I could turn what they call in England 'King's Evidence.' There are still some undiscovered tragedies of the time when 'Madame and her Virgins' were the terror of Paris."

She smiled scornfully.

"The law looks askance at turning back the leaves a score of years," she reminded him. "Besides, there are still a few of my Virgins unabsolved. You would scarcely be asked, even, to choose the manner of your death."

"I," Cardinge observed, "am absolved. But that would not save your life. Informers and vermin one kills as a matter of course."

THE butler had answered Madame's ring. She turned to him.

"Monsieur finds that he will be unable to remain to-night," she said. "Repack his things and bring them down. Order a car to be round in a few minutes."

"Madame," the man replied, "Monsieur's clothes are as yet unpacked. Concerning the cars, however, there is a difficulty. Mademoiselle has taken the limousine to the Tennis Club and Monsieur Armand the Rolls-Royce into Nice. Madame will remember that the magneto from the third car has been sent away."

"Pray do not let the method of my departure disturb you," Ludor said. "Behold, for some reason my charioteer of an hour ago returns. He can take me to Cognac."

Up the last stretch of the avenue came a tumble-down victoria, drawn by a weary horse and driven by the man with the red nose and the white hat. Madame signed to the butler to withdraw.

"He returns opportunely," she observed. "But why?" Ludor murmured.

Cardinge rose from his place and strolled down the steps. The coachman removed his hat.

"It is for the Monsieur whom I drove here," he announced. "I discovered in the bottom of the carriage—this"

He held out a small black memorandum book. Cardinge took it into his hand and turned toward Ludor, who had joined him at the foot of the steps.

"The pocketbook of Monsieur," the driver remarked triumphantly.

Ludor took the book into his hands, turned over the pages, carelessly at first; then with a certain suddenly developed interest. In the end he returned it to the man.

"You have had your drive for nothing," he told him. "The pocketbook is not mine."

The cocher threw out his hands. He pointed to the tired horse. He tapped his watch.

"It is an affair of an hour," he grumbled. "No one else has been in the carriage to-day. How could I tell that the pocketbook did not belong to Monsieur?"

"You will not have had your journey for nothing," Ludor declared. "You can take me back to the railway station."

The cocher was mollified. The luggage of Paul Ludor was brought down and stowed away. Ludor himself returned, hat in hand, to Madame.

"Madame," he observed, "it is an inglorious finish, this, to a wonderful epoch. Think well before you send me away. There is no one who can do what I can do so fearlessly, with so little risk. I come prepared. I carry a hundred deaths with me."

She shook her head.

"I have slipped down a notch in the code," she confessed. "I may still rob, but in my own way, and from those whom I select. To destroy no longer appeals."

"It is a great pity," he said simply. "And you, Cardinge?"

"I am even more of a renegade," was the apologetic reply. "I am seriously thinking of becoming an honest man."

A slight expression of pain flickered across Ludor's face. So might a great artist have listened to one of the discords of life.

"It is a great disappointment to me, this visit," he acknowledged, as he took his place in the voiture. "Nevertheless, farewell!"

HE WAVED his hat. The cocher cracked his whip. Ludor was driven away down the winding avenue, between the clumps of flowering rhododendrons, the little petals of orange-blossoms drifting down through the lemon and verberna-scented air. None of these things at the moment were appealing to the solitary passenger of the victoria. His air of indifferent toleration had vanished. There was something in his expression reminiscent of vermin suddenly conscious of danger. There was some sort of contraction to his mouth. His teeth gleamed white and set. He leaned forward, unfastened the straps of his dressing bag, and from a leather case drew out a wicked-looking little implement of dull black metal. Then he watched the road; watched the fields around and waited. There was a certain point which he remembered where the road curved through a small plantation of pine trees with a precipice on the left-hand side. As they neared it he leaned forward in his seat. The horse was still proceeding at a long, shambling trot.

"You'll have that horse down, cocher," he warned him. "I don't want to be thrown into the road. Drive more carefully—down hill."

The man mumbled something and pulled his horse back into a walk. Ludor looked cautiously around, looked behind, and leaned over the side to see as much of the coming curve as possible. Then he struck with unerring and practised skill at a certain place at the back of the driver's head. The man rolled over like a log and fell into the road. Ludor sprang lightly from his place, reached the horse's head and brought him to a standstill. Down the precipice on the left were great boulders of stone. In thirty seconds the body of the cocher was rolling down amongst them. Then, without much effort, Ludor turned the victoria on to its side, dragging the horse with it. There was still no sound except the frightened gasping of the horse struggling to rise, the snapping of the shaft, the groaning and creaking of the old vehicle. All the time Ludor noticed and remembered afterwards that a blackbird on the top of the nearest tree went on singing unconcernedly. He then entered upon what was to him the most unpleasant part of his task. He deliberately lay down and rolled over in the dusty road, tore a fragment of his exceedingly well-cut trousers, gashed his left hand, turning at once away, for, as he was always willing to confess, the sight of blood made him sick. He then took up a heavy fragment of granite and made sure that the nature of the wound on the back of his unfortunate victim's head was undiscoverable. After which, with his dressing-bag in his hand, he tramped shouting down the hill.

MADAME looked up with mingled terror and delight at his entrance. Suddenly realizing his condition she threw up her hands.

"But, Monsieur," she exclaimed, "what has happened? An accident? Jacques, too, my husband—"

"Have no fear," he interrupted, setting down his dressing case. "Thy husband, with all the rest of the village, is crowding up the hill to see what remains of the catastrophe."

"Catastrophe!" she cried. "Monsieur is hurt?"

"Only shaken," he replied. "Nevertheless, while I talk, give me a glass of brandy. Good! I was descending from the Villa Sabatin in that rickety old victoria which stands at the station, when the horse shied and stumbled. The driver was thrown from the box and fell on his head. Carriage, horse, and driver, they all rolled down the precipice. As for me, I was quick and I escaped by a miracle. I walked down for help. They've all gone up. Your husband was one of the foremost. He cannot be back for half an hour at least."

Madame listened.

(Continued on page 110)

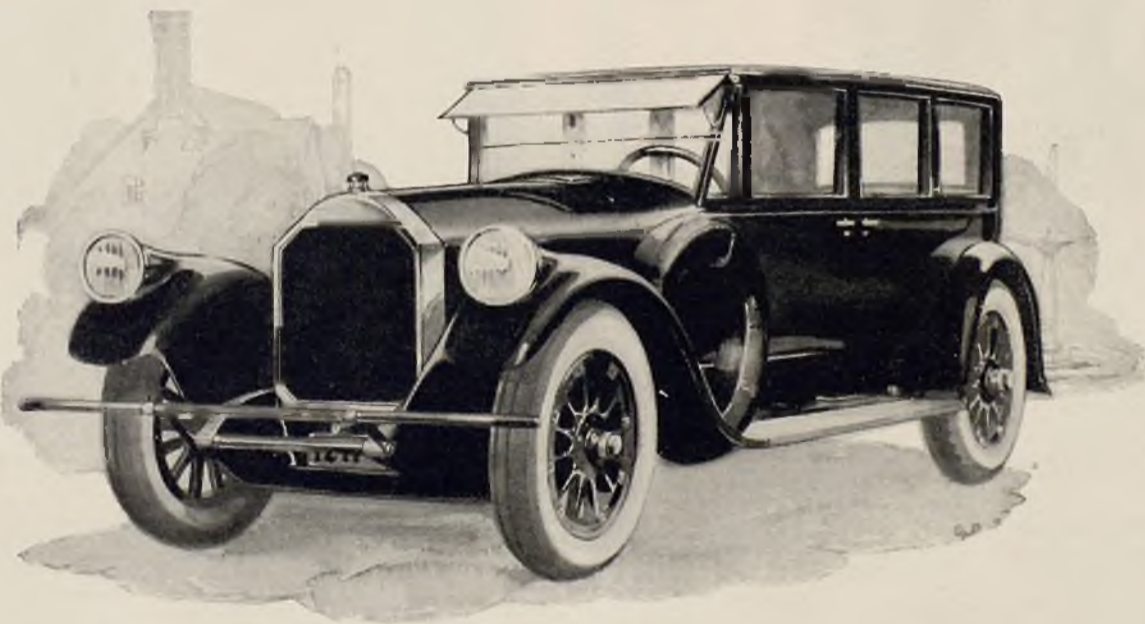
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THE FIRST EMBRACE

E. Phillips Oppenheim's Story

(Concluded from page 108)



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"Monsieur," she whispered, "it is terrible to think that you have been in danger."

He moved toward the end of the counter. His eyes were fixed upon her. She seemed to obey their unspoken message and followed him. At the end he leaned over. His arm was around her neck for a moment. Their lips met. Then he drew away.

"Celeste, you are wonderful," he murmured. "Life shall be wonderful for you."

"But what can I do?" she cried. "Even if I had the courage—if I left Jacques, he would follow and kill me."

"There is a way of providing against that," he assured her. "That is, if you have the courage. I will give you something. You put it in his coffee. It is tasteless. No one will ever know. He will be ill—at any rate too weak to travel for weeks. A fortnight to-day—do you understand?—a fortnight to-day you get on the train which leaves Cannes for Cannes at three thirty-five. I shall be in the train—in the back part. From Cannes we shall take the train for Paris. You will send me a telegram to the address I shall give you at Nice, to say that you are coming. Will you do this?"

"Yes," she answered.

Her voice—it was a very musical voice generally, with a pleasant inflection and a curious softness—had suddenly become thick and hoarse. Her eyes were like still fires of passion. Her hands brown and hardened with work, but shapely, clutched the edge of the counter. He handed her a little packet and she dropped it into the bosom of her gown. Then he tore a sheet of paper from a pocket book and wrote hastily upon it.

"I go now," he continued, "to make my report to the police on this wretched accident. Afterwards to Nice, perhaps to Monte Carlo, to pass as best I may this fortnight. You will not fail me, Celeste?"

"I will not fail you," she promised.

He looked at her meaningly. "You understand—that he will be ill? Have no fear. There is no living doctor who could tell the reason why."

"I understand," she answered.

THIRTEEN days later Cardinge, seated underneath one of the striped umbrellas outside the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo, became suddenly aware that the occupant of the next table was Paul Ludor. The recognition was mutual. The latter, with his glass in his hand, rose and slipped into the vacant chair at Cardinge's side.

"You permit?" he murmured. "I think, perhaps, I can amuse you if you have a minute or two to spare."

"I have plenty of time to spare," Cardinge admitted.

"I will tell you the story of my accident," Ludor continued. "I fancy that it will appeal to your sense of humor. You will remember that the driver of the victoria who followed me up to the villa came with the excuse of a pocketbook."

"I remember."

"It became immediately obvious to me that the return of that pocketbook was an excuse. The ink in it was not dry. Accordingly I studied the *cacher's* face—providentially. Do you realize who he was?"

Cardinge shook his head.

"At the inquest they simply said that he was a newcomer who had brought his horse and victoria over from Nice."

"His name," Ludor declared, "was Coichan. He was a private detective who had caused me annoyance on more than one occasion. I shall never commit a crime in which detection is possible, but there was a little affair with a troublesome tradesman which left just a shadow of a clue—nothing that could ever be proved, but it was sufficient, perhaps, to create suspicion. Coichan got hold of it, and he has several times since made himself a nuisance to me. I realized that this must be put a stop to. On the way down the hill I—pardon me, but I know your prejudice—I disposed of him, stage-managed the accident, *et voilà tout*."

Cardinge shrugged his shoulders. He declined to show any emotion.

"A detective must take his risks," he observed.

"Precisely," the other agreed. "I was never afraid of Coichan, but he was as well out of the way and the opportunity was not to be missed. Cannes was quite a fortunate place

for me," he went on, ruminatingly. "Women, I know, for some reason or other are not your weakness—but there is a little lady there, at the Café de L'Univers. I met her the day before in Nice—simply charming."

"Why, her husband died, last week," Cardinge remarked. "I remember seeing the funeral."

Ludor sighed.

"How unfortunate—and yet how opportune!" he exclaimed. "Madame joins me on the train which leaves here at two-thirty this afternoon. I am taking her to Paris. She will amuse me for some months at any rate."

His companion rose to his feet.

"Ludor," he pronounced, "I find you a detestable fellow. I desire to forget that we have ever been acquainted. Let that finish it between us. You understand?"

He strolled away. Ludor looked after his quondam associate and there was evil in his face.

THERE was not the slightest change in the expression of Paul Ludor as from the carriage window he watched the keeping of his tryst. Celeste was there on the platform; a little crowd of relatives bidding her affectionate adieux. He watched the embraces, watched the small company of somberly clad peasants wave their farewells as the train left the station. Presently he folded up his paper, and strolled through the train until he came to the compartment where she was sitting—the sole occupant.

"Celeste!" he murmured.

She looked at him out of her beautiful eyes. "Sit down by my side," she begged. "I am afraid."

He patted her hand encouragingly.

"There is nothing to fear," he assured her. "All will be well now. We have an hour to wait at Cannes. I shall take you to the shops and buy you some pretty trifles. On the train to Paris I have everything arranged. We shall be very comfortable and very happy. Is it not so, Celeste?"

Those wonderful eyes were lifted for a moment and Ludor was immensely interested. Was it possible that she was going to turn his head? Even her clothes, at the thought of which he had shuddered, were passable. Nevertheless, when they arrived at Cannes, he bought her a black silk traveling cloak and a black hat, some gloves and a trifle of jewelry. As he watched the transformation he began to realize that he had found a prize. . . . When the train for Paris came thundering in he showed her with pleasure the *wagon lit* into which their luggage was taken.

"It will be a great pleasure, this journey," he declared. "First of all, we must dine—there is a rush for places. And afterwards—"

"Our first embrace," she whispered.

They were very gay at dinner-time. Celeste ate little, but she drank her share of champagne and laughed when they compared the brandy to the brandy of the café. Afterwards they made their way back to their compartment. He closed the door.

"Our first embrace," he reminded her.

She laughed softly.

"Tell me one thing," she begged. "Did you know when you gave me the powder that he would die?"

Ludor smiled.

"It was so much better," he explained. "There might have been trouble afterwards. Now we have nothing to fear."

The train roared into a tunnel. His arms went around her. Then he saw a light in her eyes such as he had never dreamed of—the light of something else flashing in the jet blackness; heard the sickening hiss of steel driven through human flesh, his flesh. Then a moment's pain and blackness. The train came tearing out into the light. Celeste looked at what she had done and laughed.

"I THINK my nerve must be going," Madame sighed, as she laid down the newspaper. "This has given me quite a shock."

Cardinge paused in the act of lighting his cigaret.

"My nerves remain unaffected," he declared. "What I am suffering from is an obtrusive wave of morality. As a Virgin, even one who has received his quittance, I should regret this disaster to vice. Instead I find the whole affair most satisfactory."

Armand took up the paper with a grin.

"It's so damned funny," was his comment.



Despite the very complete review of the new fall mode next month, Harper's Bazar will also contain some unusually interesting fiction. Cosmo Hamilton, Achmed Abdullah, Holloway Horn, E. Phillips Oppenheim, and Anne Parrish will all contribute.

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SEMI-ATTACHED

Anne Parrish's Novel

(Continued from page 87)

was still an adventure. But Bim, emerging presently, shining, freshly shaved, and so tall and straight and strong that her heart leaped at the sight, was not responsive.

"What's the matter, Bim?"

"Nothing."

Hasn't it been heavenly to-day? I went to the woods after I'd been to help at your mother's—I'm mud from head to foot. The baby ferns are all uncurling, so fuzzy, and I saw a little tree-toad—Bim, something is the matter. Are you ill?"

"No."

"Are you—?"

"You'd better hurry. We don't want to be late."

"Bim, I could shake you! Don't use that ten-million-miles-away voice—you'll make me cry. What have I done?"

"I ask Lockwood in for a cocktail. The house is dark, the living-room looks like the devil. No oranges—no ice—nothing but old rice pudding."

"You might have given him that," Francie murmured. She and Bim's brother had taken to each other only tepidly.

"Where are those damn maids?"

"I let them go to the movies, as long as we were going to be out for dinner. It's 'The Four Horsemen,' and Cookie has a case on Rodolph Valentino—"

"Oh, hell!"

"My goodness, Bimbo, you're going on as if a lady novelist had written your conversation for you, so virile and full of swears."

"Living in this house is like living in a pig-pen. It's about time you paid some attention to your home."

HE WAS furious that Lockwood, used to Olive's perfect housekeeping, should be in a position to criticize Francie. He was, without realizing it, tired after an unseasonably hot day, and depressed at the thought of the family dinner before him. All day he had looked forward to the relief of this little in-between time with Francie, his heart heavy with love for her, and now it was all spoiled. The Sultan had not been soothed.

Francie was deeply hurt, and did not answer. Her dressing, as usual, ended in a whirl of desperate haste, while Bim stood at the foot of the stairs with his watch in his hand and implored her to hurry. Everything went wrong.

"Francie, you must come."

"All right—oh, my hair—" she moaned. Panic seized her. She didn't want to go and be snubbed by his mother. She dabbed some scent behind her ears, purposely delaying for a moment.

"You've got to come whether you're dressed or not," said Bim, coming into the room. "Oh, Lord, Francie. You have a hole in your stocking."

She took a position like a classical dancer posing for a photograph, and examined her stocking heel.

"Shall I boot-polish myself so I won't show? No, don't look so horrified, I'll take a needle and thread and mend myself in the motor. We'll be on time."

But they were not on time—so far from being on time that Evans, the butler, looked at them reproachfully, and Olive, coming out into the hall to see, as she informed them, if they really had come at last, said playfully as she and Francie laid unenthusiastic cheeks together:

"The late Mrs. Arthur Bennet!"

EVANS announced them and dinner simultaneously; and Francie had only time to kiss Mrs. Bennet's cheek, which was like kissing a hot-water bag that had gone rather cool in the night, before she found her place at the big round table on which, earlier in the day, she had seen Evans, his shoes off and his feet encased in the green felt bags that tea-pots come in, arranging the pink begonias, the sprays of smilax, and the silver pheasants.

Her heart, already heavy, sank even lower as she looked around the table at the guests struggling with their indestructible *hors d'œuvres* of tough toast and bits of anchovy and egg. The Bennets, to begin with: Bim, always so intensified a Bennet when he was with his family; Lockwood, Olive, in a pink gown covered with crystal beads, with her bright eyes and bright color and small unchanging smile, a satisfactory daughter-in-law who knew all about such mysteries as housekeeping, politics, and bridge whist, and who had already given birth to three fine Bennet babies. At the foot of the table sat Uncle Henry Lockwood, Mrs. Bennet's brother who lived with her at "The Hemlocks," dissolving lithia tablets in his glass of water, and sniffing in a depressed way from time to time. Mr. Lambert, the rector of Saint Timothy's-in-the-Meadows, his face turned attentively toward his hostess; his wife, chirping to Uncle Henry. Aunt May Conyngham, old and fat and deaf, smiling and nodding and making little polite sounds from time to time, to show that she was not feeling

left out of things; Miss Smiley, completely extinguished by her costume of nasturtium satin that had once been Olive's; Mrs. Humphrey and her daughter Elaine Humphrey, the poetess, christened Ella and never allowed to forget it by Mrs. Bennet. Mrs. Humphrey was Mrs. Bennet's closest friend in Belleridge. (Not her closest year-round friend, however. Dearest Susy was all right for the summer, but winter and New York demanded something a little grander—demanded, in fact, Mrs. Harrison Payne. Each autumn when Mrs. Bennet moved in to her town house, dearest Susy yielded to dearest Henrietta.)

ALL so safe in their conventionality and their certainty of what was right and what was wrong. But Francie wished she weren't cheating them. The thought kept her from feeling the gentle superiority that would have been so sustaining, for after all, was dishonesty, even reluctant dishonesty, a finer thing than complacent self-satisfaction? It was wretched, this evasion. Playing safe. Having her own way, and paying nothing for it in loss of caste or comfort. By listening to Bim's plea for secrecy she had lost the respect of no one but herself.

As it did so often, the longing to tell took possession of her. "Bim and I aren't married!" She imagined shouting it out. She said it under her breath, as she helped herself to peas.

Suppose they should find out that a Scarlet woman was among them? Not that she felt particularly scarlet; perhaps she was only a pink, a pale pink woman. She became aware of a round eye fixed on her through a gap in the flowers in the center of the table, and Mrs. Lambert chirped brightly:

"You look as if you were in a brown study, little lady! A penny for your thoughts!"

Suppose she should give them. Suppose, instead of her smiling murmur, she should answer pleasantly:

"I was wondering, since Bim and I aren't married, just what shade of a scarlet woman I am."

How would the bland chewing faces look then?

Struggling against an hysterical desire to burst out laughing, she turned to respond to Miss Smiley.

"Arthur's little bride! I never was so thrilled in my life! So sudden! We hadn't even known that you were engaged, you know. (Evans is offering you the salted almonds.) Now—tell me all about the wedding!"

"We didn't have any wedding," said Francie truthfully.

"No, of course not, dear, how thoughtless of me, of course you didn't. We were so, so shocked to hear of your loss—so lovely that dear Arthur was there to comfort you—"

Cries of admiration greeted the entrance of a squash gondola full of salad, with "The Hemlocks" in green on its sides. To Francie, struggling against the feeling of inner blankness, the restraint, that Mrs. Bennet's presence always put upon her, the dinner seemed endless. Her half-hearted attempts at engaging Lockwood in conversation had not met with much success. "He's about as animated as a fish giving one last flap in a boat-bottom," she said to herself. Miss Smiley, on her other side, was kept busy screaming at Aunt May. If only Bim would look at her, would telegraph across the table one of the messages that lovers know:

"Darling—I understand—"

Then the dreary evening would have sparkled with hidden laughter, with warm companionship, with the secret beauty that only they two knew.

But Bim was eating his dinner while Elaine Humphrey yearned toward him, winding her string of big blue beads about her fingers.

"One doesn't know what it is to be lonely when one's alone," Francie heard her say. "It's when one's in some great crowd that one sounds the depths of loneliness—"

THE end of the dinner came at last, and coffee in the drawing-room—or at least a health drink that was rather like coffee and guaranteed not to keep Mrs. Bennet awake. Uncle Henry, who in the care of his health made his sister herself appear an amateur, distrusted even this, and had hot milk. The Lamberts tore themselves away.

"It's very rarely that we give ourselves the treat of dining out on Wednesdays," Mrs. Lambert explained. "Mr. Lambert has the Men's Club every Wednesday, you know, and I have my Girls' Friendly—but we never can resist an opportunity to come here—it has been delightful. So lovely that you're home again!" And Mr. Lambert added with simple gravity: "Saint Timothy's has needed you."

"Now we will have some bridge," announced Mrs. Bennet. "Only a few hands, as I am very tired. We have just enough for two tables. Ring for Evans and ask him to set up the bridge tables, Harriet. Harriet!"

(Continued on page 114)



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SEMI-ATTACHED

Anne Parrish's Novel

(Continued from page 112)

"I beg your pardon, Cousin Emily! I didn't just hear what you said," cried flustered Harriet, who had been in the midst of telling Francie that of course the Sphinx was absolutely perfect, but all the same it was sort of creepy.

When any one told Mrs. Bennet that they had not heard her she always repeated her remark still lower. This she did now.

"Ring for Evans and ask him to set up the bridge tables—or perhaps you might just get them, as he does like to get his work done, and he was a little discouraged when dinner was so late. I suppose Aunt May will want to play—ask her, Harriet. Olive, will you or Frances play at Aunt May's table, so that you can talk to her? I am too tired to raise my voice to-night."

"I'm sorry, I don't play bridge, Mrs. Bennet," said Francie. Her spirits rose. Perhaps she and Bim could go now, for without them there were still eight people.

"Don't play bridge?" repeated Mrs. Bennet incredulously. "How do you get along, then? How extraordinary. You must learn. Harriet, Frances doesn't play bridge, so that leaves a place for you. How shall we divide? Susy, you and Ella and Arthur and I, I think, and that leaves Lockwood to take care of the ladies at the other table. Will you cut for deal, please? Ah, I have it! These cards of mine are delightful to deal, so smooth—you should get some like them, Susy. I hope I have done well for us, Arthur—good gracious, what a hand! I'm afraid I shan't be the least help—"

Uncle Henry was hidden by the screen he had pulled around him to guard against draughts, but a rustling like a mouse in a waste-paper basket indicated that he was busy with the evening papers.

FRANCIE sat down and tried to look at the pictures in a *National Geographic Magazine* that Miss Smiley, who was dummy, had brought her, whispering: "Some lovely views of the Nile—of course they lack the color—tell you all about them later." But she could not see for the dazzle of angry tears in her eyes. So far as they knew, she was that shining being, a bride, at the first real gathering of the family since Bim had brought her into it; and she was receiving less attention than Lily, the spaniel, who was holding up the game while her mistress gave her a chocolate and told her she was a bad little girl. She had been ignored all through dinner, and now she was left to amuse herself. Winking back her tears, she looked at the absorbed faces, Olive's bright complacency as she made her bid; Lockwood's small thin-tipped closely shut mouth, his lifted brows and drooping eyelids. Aunt May and Harriet Smiley and the Humphreys did not count. They could not touch her. The others could not have touched her, either, if Bim had stayed beside her. But he had joined his own people. His face, as he studied his cards, was like their faces, alien and remote.

"If you hadn't discarded those small hearts, Olive—" Lockwood began; and a moment later Mrs. Bennet was heard from the other table asking Bim why in the world he had not responded to some signal or other.

"Oh, how you all bore me!" Francie said to herself. She got up, and wandered out of the room, pretending not to hear Bim call: "Come and watch my hand, Francie!"

Curled up on the window-seat of the landing half-way up the stairs, she could not see the players, but she could hear their voices; Harriet shouting, "Your bid, Aunt May!" and Mrs. Bennet's lower tones, "Would you mind telling me just why you made that diamonds?"

Her heart was a hard knot in her breast. How had she ever thought that she and Bim could belong to each other? They were a million miles apart, and the only thing to be thankful for was that they were still free.

She pressed her hot cheek to the cold window pane; against the lamps on the driveway she could see rain falling. The bedroom windows at home were all open, and Agnes and Delia were out; the curtains would be soaked. She didn't care. Bim had said the house was like a pig-pen anyway.

Bim, who was dummy, strolled into the hall with some remark about a cigar. Mrs. Bennet did not encourage smoking in her drawing-room. Francie could see the white flash of the cigaret drooping from the corner of his mouth against his brown skin, as he paused in sight of the bridge players to light it. Then he moved out of their sight, and, throwing it away, looked for her, found her, was beside her.

His strong arms held her to him until she yielded and lay soft and clinging, his mouth found her sweet lips, delicately fresh as flowers wet in a mist from the sea. With an ecstasy of relief they found each other again.

She sat drenched with bliss after he left her, her whole body tingling. She felt as if the exquisite fire running through her veins must blossom through her finger-tips into pointed

singing flames. Restored and comforted, she smiled to think of how unhappy she had been, how absurd. What had happened, after all? A dull dinner, and a family game of bridge—what difference did they make? What difference did anything make, as long as there was Bim?

AT Mrs. Lockwood Bennet's a meeting was being held to discuss the forthcoming fair and tableaux for the benefit of the Church of Saint Timothy's-in-the-Meadows, and Bernard Jackson, who had been made stage manager because he had a reputation for being "artistic," was holding forth.

"Mrs. Bim Bennet for the Slave. I can't be the Sultan myself, I'll be too busy—Bim would make a good one, you'd better make him be Sultan, Mrs. Bennet."

"Bim isn't much at dressing up," said Francie doubtfully.

"Oh, it will be a simple costume—if I were doing it I'd just paint myself all over with silver radiator paint, and then make a costume of those big five and ten cent store pearls."

"Really!" exclaimed several ladies; and Mr. Lambert, who prided himself on being a man of the world as well as a priest, added, with a pleasant laugh:

"This isn't the Latin Quarter, old fellow, you know!"

Under the open window rose a loud tuneless song:

"There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky."

"Mercy, Mary Olivia, run out and stop that noise!" Olive said to the little girl who was sitting beside her on a footstool.

"It's John singing his Sunday-school hymn, Mother."

"Never mind what it is. We can't hear ourselves think."

Francie, from the window-seat, could see John, a thoughtful looking little boy wearing large spectacles, sitting in the sunshine on the steps, singing to himself.

"There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky—"

"Mercy, John!" exclaimed his sister, appearing in the doorway. "Mother says, for mercy's sakes, stop! Mother says you're making such a noise that they can't hear themselves think."

"All right," said John amiably, scrambling to his feet, and the children went into the house together just as their grandmother drove up in her motor.

MRS. BENNET, entering, greeted everyone with affable condescension. While opposed to unpunctuality in others, she was often late herself because she had found that if she was on time she was sometimes kept waiting. She accepted tea, decided against cucumber sandwiches, dispatched Olive's waitress for a few slices of plain bread and butter, and asked what had been done so far at the meeting.

"I hope you've finished making the arrangements for the White Elephant booth."

"We've only talked about the tableaux, Mamma. But I've had a great many promises of things people don't want for the White Elephant booth."

"Here are some little people who are going to give some of their old toys for the White Elephant booth, I know!" chirped Mrs. Lambert. "You want to give us some of your toys, don't you, darling?"

"No," said John, who was a truthful little boy.

"Why, John?"

"I'm going to give my Golliwog," said Mary Olivia importantly. "And prob'ly my battledore and shuttlecock. I can't give away my big baby doll, can I, Mother, because Daddy gave her to me, and it would make him feel so badly."

"Sweet!" some of the ladies whispered.

"Don't you want to give some of your toys, John? Think how happy you would make some poor, poor little boy who hadn't any beautiful home like this, or kind Mother or Daddy, or pretty playthings."

John, bewildered by this sudden introduction of a poor little boy, remained silent.

"Mother doesn't like her little boy to be selfish," Olive observed disapprovingly.

"Poor little boy, nothing to play with!" Mrs. Lambert affected tears.

John's lip began to tremble.

"Oh, that poor, poor little boy!"

John could stand it no longer. Rushing from the room, he came back staggering under the weight of a woolly lamb nearly as big as himself; a lordly lamb with a bright green wooden stand, a lustrous pink ribbon with a silver bell about its neck, and a life-like bleat when its head was bent to one side.

(Continued on page 116)



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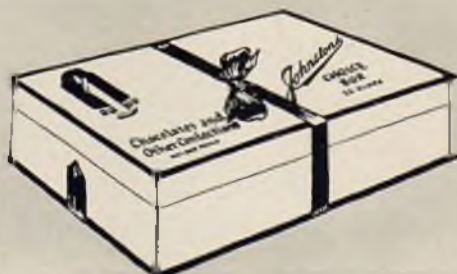
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Marie Earle
NEW YORK PARIS

SEMI-ATTACHED

Anne Parrish's Novel

(Continued from page 114)

"For the boy," he cried, casting it upon Mrs. Lambert; and then gave way to loud sorrow, for he loved the lamb.

"John!" cried his mother. "Your lovely baa-lamb that dear Grandmother brought you all the way from London! He really adores his lamb, Mamma. I don't know what's the matter with him this afternoon. John, come to Mother—now *blow*—there! Now give dear Grandmother a nice kiss and tell her you're sorry you acted as if you didn't like your beautiful baa-lamb. Mother doesn't like her little boy to be ungrateful."

"But the boy—"

"Mademoiselle will help you find some of your old toys to give—"

"We didn't finish the casting of the final tableau," put in Bernard, who was getting bored. "I want to save one or two of you for bags and hunchbacks, and all the rest will be women of the harem, except Mrs. Arthur Bennet as the Beautiful Slave, and her husband as the Young Sultan."

"And what will *our* husbands be?" asked Olive.

"Oh," said Bernard airily, "they can all be eunuchs."

"What's a eunuch?" John inquired from the warm shelter of Francie's arm.

"Never mind, dear," began his mother, but Mary Olivia answered:

"Oh, you silly little boy, don't you know that? It's an animal with just one horn sticking out of the middle of its forehead, only there aren't any, really."

FRANCIE, brushing her lips across the silky top of John's head, to hide her laughter, thought that she must save that to tell Bim. More and more she found herself saving things to tell him, trying to think in advance of things to say that would interest him; less and less was she depending on the inspiration of the moment. It seemed incredible to her, remembering the never-failing conversation of her own family, that she and Bim were already almost talked-out, but it was so. Bim could talk well on business, finance, politics, sports, but he had soon found how useless it was to talk of any of them to Francie with expectations of intelligent response; as useless as Francie found it to hold forth to him on music, books, her flowers. So they talked of people and told each other anecdotes.

Arguments, vehement and impassioned, had always been the breath of life to the Gay-thorns; they would argue about anything: whether Queen Elizabeth had really been a man; whether the soul was immortal; whether the dessert plates were green or blue. But the Bennets did not like arguments. Mrs. Bennet, when she was getting the worst of one, always shut her opponent up by closing her eyes, and her sons, although their eyes remained open, were like her. It had never occurred to any of them that harmony is not achieved by the suppression or evasion of discordant things, but by accepting them with courage and integrity, and working each separate part into the completed whole.

Francie, with a woman's longing for unification, suffered deeply because she and Bim remained separate always except when they embraced. When passion was gone, as it must go, what would be left them? Affection—indifference—or dislike? She could not surely say.

Bim suffered from the material side of their companionship. He found Francie's careless ways almost unbearable. His socks were either left in holes or else were pulled together by a sort of pudding-bag string of darned cotton; buttons, lightly replaced, came off at inconvenient moments; omelets that could have been used for iron-holders appeared at breakfast; dead flowers in yellowing water adorned the living-room. The household accounts were always in a state of muddle, for figures were nothing but so many symbols of torture to Francie, and she would go on dreamily dating her checks: "May 30, May 31, May 32, May 33—"; or when on May thirtieth a check was to be made out in payment of the ashman's bill for three dollars, she was apt to date the check May 3, and make the amount thirty dollars. Her housekeeping was along the same vague lines. She would accept the cook's ordering of dinner, forgetting until too late that Bim hated veal cutlets and blanc-mange—blanc-mange that in spite of her promises would appear the next evening faintly disguised by blobs of jelly. She would try in vain to be brave enough to tell the waitress that she must wash the silver more carefully, after Bim had ostentatiously polished each of his spoons and forks on his napkin; but she could not bear to find fault with her servants. When Delia, the cook, early in Francie's days of housekeeping, collapsed with sobs and cries on the kitchen table, Francie thought:

"Poor thing! Nothing to look at but that old stove, and pots and pans—no wonder she's melancholy!" And she had hurried off through pouring rain to buy a pot of blue

hyacinths for the kitchen. It was Bim who, coming home to find no dinner ready, discovered that the woman had finished off his brandy, and sent her packing.

SOMETIMES Francie would decide to reform, and would spend hours in the kitchen, making a hedgehog from a cake stuck full of bristles made of silver almonds; or a salad whose secret had been taught her father by a Russian artist; or the thick onion soup that Bim loved. She would straighten the books that sprawled and stood on their heads in the overflowing bookcases; see that the cigaret-boxes contained something more than their usual tobacco dust; wash the foggy glasses in hot suds and fill them with fresh flowers; and Bim's pleasure would make her resolve never to be untidy and shiftless again. But the next day she would be practising until dark, or hunting for ferns in the woods, and Bim would come home to yesterday's newspapers still lying about the living-room, yesterday's flowers beginning to drop their petals, and yesterday's roast in the hash that he detested.

Bim, too, made his efforts—efforts costing more than any that she could make, for he was without imagination; it was almost impossible for him to realize another person's point of view. Francie knew how much love for her was behind the brave and blundering attempt to be one with her in other ways than the sure way of their passion.

He tried to read the books she cared for, or tried to keep awake while she read them to him; tried, bewildered, to hear the beauties audible to her in music that seemed to him merely "crazy"—music that had neither tune nor title to show you where you were. His efforts were at times entertaining, but Francie found them infinitely touching. More than anything else they made her realize that he and she could never break through the loneliness that separated each from the other; and her heart was heavy with love and hopelessness. At times she grew frantic with the thought that his groping attempts, showing her she could never be really happy with him, showed her too that so long as he wanted her she could never leave him.

Lila's complicated cords enmeshed her.

"WHY can't you always be like this, Francie?" Bim asked one night after the last guest at a successful dinner had left. The living-room was at its best in the soft light from the lamps under their moonlight-colored shades: the rows of dark books with here and there a shining of gilt gave depth to the warm white paneled walls; the curtains the color of dead beech-leaves were drawn. Over the mantelpiece hung Whistler's painting of Francie as a child, done as a gift to her father one year when the Gaythorns were living in Chelsea; a dark-haired tiny girl in the creamy silk smock and yellow shoulder knots that had given the picture its title of *Amber and Ivory*. Bowls of primroses carried the notes of yellow out into the room.

Francie herself, in a silver dress with a wreath of silver leaves binding the silk bubbles of her hair, had been radiant all evening, her eyes dark-fringed starry slits of laughter, her cheeks like wild roses. Bim pulled her down beside him, kissing the curve of her neck.

"How good you smell, Francie—what is it?"

"Yellow jasmine. Was dinner all right, Bimbo?"

"Fine. What d'you call that stuff with the cherries and *kirschwasser*?"

"Creme Jubile." It came from Michel's and cost a million dollars. Mrs. Whelmore had three helps, talking all the time about her new reducing exercises—she's in that class Alice Murray wanted me to join. They all have to wear pale green silk crepe tunics—wouldn't you love to see them? Bim! Did you see that small curled lettuce leaf she dropped on her bosom, rising and falling so gently with her breathing, like a ship on a summer sea? It hypnotized me—it hypnotized Fred Stevens, too."

"It wasn't any lettuce leaf that hypnotized Fred. When he got here he was as full as—"

"Full as a lily is of dew," Francie suggested.

THEY gave themselves up to the dissection of their guests, even as the guests, in their homeward-bound motors, were busily dissecting their host and hostess.

"Mrs. Stevens—Lord, how that woman does talk—!"

"Quite nice, though, I think, even if she does look like a movie actress's mother."

"Look here, Francie, that reminds me—you've got to be more careful of what you say about people here—things get repeated. Some one told my mother what you said about Mrs. Brainard, and it made her tired."

"What did I say about Mrs. Brainard, please?"

"You said she looked so like a cook that if

(Continued on page 118)



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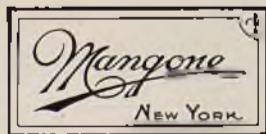
(Continued from page 116)



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she wanted one all she'd have to do would be to sit on her doorstep, and they'd come flocking the way real ducks come flocking to a decoy duck."

"Yes, I did say that," Francie admitted rather complacently.

"Mother's extremely fond of Mrs. Brainard, and she told me to tell you—"

"Oh, don't, Bim! Don't!"

"I'm sorry you can't stand even the mention of my family."

"Don't be silly! But they don't like me—"

"Nonsense, they think you're fine," said Bim without much conviction. "But why won't you be yourself with them, the way you were to-night? Then they'd be crazy about you."

"I can't be myself—I'm out of my element—"

"Nonsense."

"Bimbo, I feel like a fish out of water at the family parties. It isn't anything against your family, any of them, but can't you see? It just isn't my element. Can't you see how a little fish would be so happy and at ease swimming around among its own corals and sea-weeds, and so unhappy in a perfectly nice bird's nest?"

"I think you're talking rubbish."

She sighed hopelessly. She and Bim would have been all right alone together, anywhere; alone on a desert island, with food to be found and shelters of palm leaves to be woven; alone in a northern cabin shut in by snows. But other people separated them, and, more and more, other people seemed to fill their days; and Bim, as she had once predicted, saw her through their eyes.

If they could get right away from family, from servants, from country club gossip, and unreturned calls, and butcher's bills, she thought that they might find each other again, be lost in each other utterly so that nothing could ever separate them any more.

"Couldn't we go away together, Bimbo?"

"Not for a while, I'm too busy," Bim answered reasonably. "We'll get away for two or three weeks in the hot weather."

"Really away, by ourselves?"

"Well, we always go to Easthampton. Mother has a cottage, and so have Lockwood and Olive."

"I mean just us, alone—please—please—"

"We don't want to seem to be avoiding them—but if there's any place you'd rather go, I don't care, as long as there's swimming and a good golf-course," Bim replied between enormous yawns. "But you'd have a good time there—lots of people—dances and things—and it's more comfortable than a hotel would be."

She felt like laughing out loud at herself when she thought that she had half-expected Bim to want to take her off from the rest of the world—to have her to himself, to take care of her. She had had a romantic vision of him, knee deep in a rushing stream catching fish for their meals, or spreading balsam boughs for their starlit sleep. Instead of which they would go to Easthampton, and Miss Smiley would buy the fish, and Susan would cook it, and Evans would serve it in its wreath of parsley, while Elizabeth followed him with the *sauce tartare*. And later they would sleep, not on balsam boughs, but between embroidered linen sheets turned back by Winnie. It would, as Bim said, be more comfortable than a hotel; far more comfortable than cooking for themselves, or being kissed all night by ferns and wild-flowers, whose kisses leave such deep impressions. It is inconvenient that the soul can not be content with comfort.

BECAUSE a baby once was born in Bethlehem, because a man once hung on a cross under a darkened sky, women meet in many places to plan tableaux and fancy tables and oyster-plate suppers; make tissue-paper cherry blossoms and coconut layer-cakes; and ask with rising feeling who is going to clear up all the mess. Because God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, the preparations for the fair and tableaux for Saint Timothy's-in-the-Meadows reached fever heat.

Bim remained aloof, having refused to be either a sultan or a eunuch. "You're lucky to be out of it," Francie told him on the morning of the vehement day itself. "Isn't it a blessed miracle that Christ can't be spoiled for one even by the people who make such an elaborate business of Christianity? What if Christ hadn't been crucified, but had had to stay on earth and go to all the church suppers and speak at all the Ladies' Guild meetings? Half the funny and terrible things that happen are done in His name."

Bim said "Mmm," his eyes straying to the newspaper on the breakfast table by his plate.

"They're all hot and bothered about that Mrs. Nichols now, because Bernard Jackson asked her to be in the tableaux, and Mrs. Lambert's just discovered that she's a divorcee instead of a widow, so they want to tell her

she can't be in them. You know the one I mean. She sat next you at the Hendersons' dinner."

Bim lifted glazed eyes from

"Int Harvester Co.

Int Mer Mar.

Int Mer Mar pf."

Francie could almost see the bubbles coming up, as he rose slowly to the surface from the depths of his abstraction. Her heart overflowed with tenderness and amusement. She had been feeling absent lately, neither happy nor unhappy, but far away from Bim and unconcerned about him. But this morning she loved him, simply and innocently. She was happy, she didn't know why.

"Mrs. who?"

"Mrs. Nichols—very pretty, blonde hair and brown eyes. Ten thousand diamond bracelets and a mauve gown with morning-glories down the side—you remember her, Bimbo."

"Why don't they want her in their show?"

"Divorced, my child, divorced! The Church doesn't approve of divorce. You know that just as well as I do."

"This place makes me sick! Of all the narrow, provincial—"

He went on for a time in the same strain, a favorite one with many of the inhabitants of the little town, although one that they naturally neither believed nor allowed strangers from without to indulge in.

"It isn't the place particularly, it's the Church."

"Well, it's a darn shame to hold such a thing against a girl like that—why, she was a peach. I don't believe it was her fault anyway. It couldn't have been, she was so sort of sweet and pretty," Bim replied, and added: "I remember her."

"Yes, darling, I was beginning to think you did."

"I bet it was all her husband's fault, whatever happened."

Francie kept her opinion to herself, remembering the set of young Mrs. Nichols' thin lips, bright with scarlet salve.

"If they think it's wrong to have her because she's been divorced, what would they think if they knew the truth about me? We ought to tell, Bim, I hate going about under false pretences—being sly! Let's tell."

"You don't hate it worse than I do, and you know what you can do to make things straight. Haven't you gotten over being crazy? Aren't you ready to stop this fool business and get married?"

"No."

"No matter what I said, you needn't think I'm ever going to let you go," he told her.

SUDDENLY remembering a happiness that some one else had given her, Francie's heart would grow warm toward Bim; or she would be filled with affection for him as a result of gratitude for things having nothing to do with him. To-day she was flooded with love and happiness because the lilacs had bloomed, every bush a miracle of beauty. With a fast-beating heart she pulled down a purple cluster that drenched her with fragrance and showered her with dew. How easy to be good, to be kind, if the lilacs were always in bloom. When one had said just the one word—"lilac"—it was enough. It was like going to heaven.

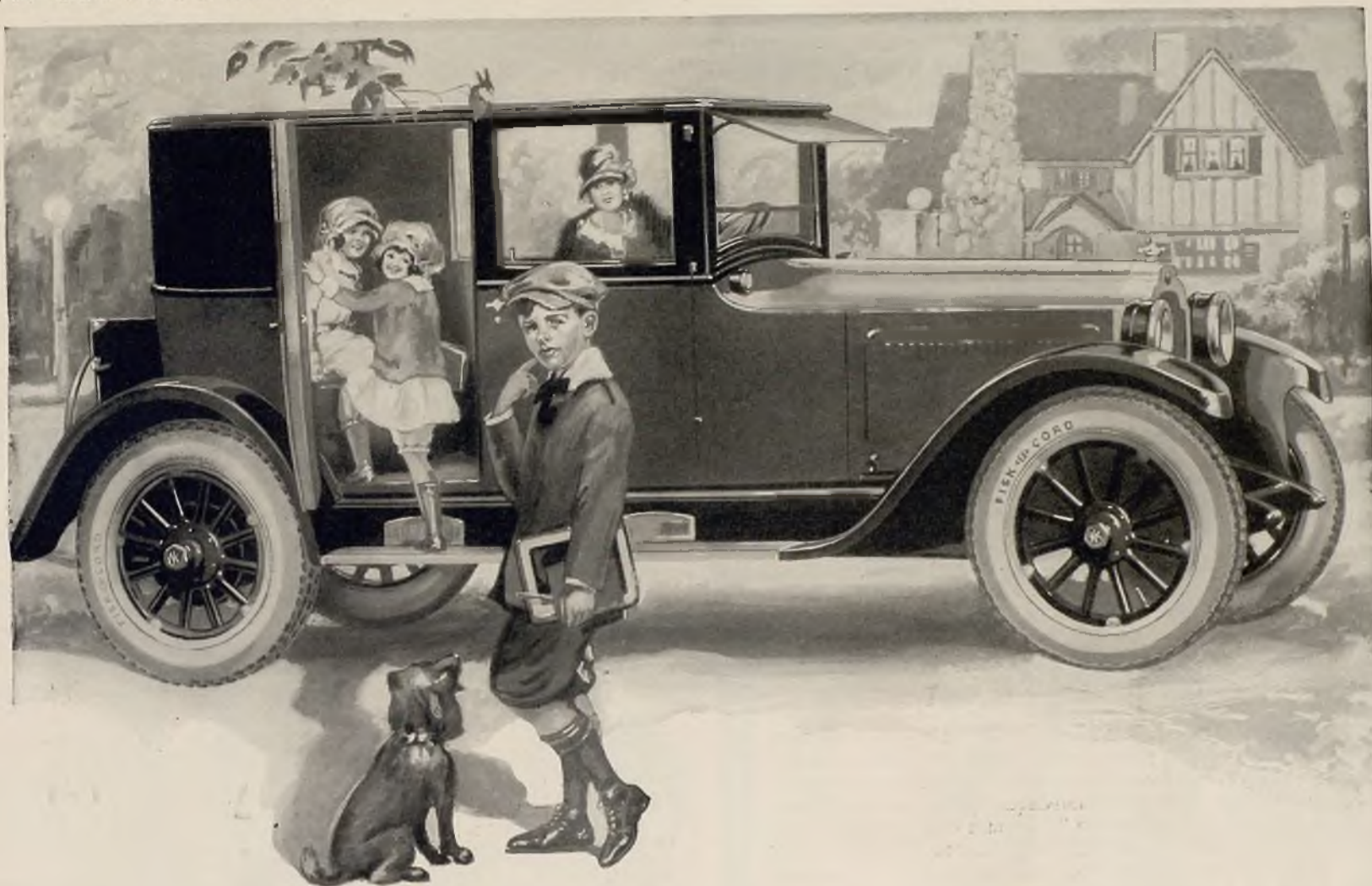
ALREADY in the parish rooms voices were growing shrill.

"I feel as limp as sea-weed lifted out of water," Bernard said to Francie. "Look at that stage covered with things for their old trash tables—how can I get my background ready? Look at the way the curtain's acting! And I've had to talk myself dizzy persuading Sylvia Nichols to stay in the tableaux—somebody said something to her, and the poor girl was terribly hurt. She was going to drop out, and I absolutely have to have her big Persian rug. This place makes me sick! Of all the narrow, provincial—"

The gentlemen seemed to be feeling that way about it to-day.

BIM was still feeling that way about it when he and Francie reached home after the tableaux. Mrs. Nichols had, after much persuasion, taken part, in an especially created pink and silver costume from Tappé. The other ladies who posed with her, and who had been saying to each other for the past month: "My dear, you can get exactly as good an effect with cheese-cloth and paper-muslin, and they come in such lovely colors now," realized, gloomily, the empty optimism of their words, especially poor Miss Smiley, whose glazed muslin smock and laundry-bag-like trousers of that shade of pink that a negro child would choose, set off with ropes of silver Christmas-tree trimming, made her an unintentional caricature of the lovely lady. Their politeness had been a little pinched, and Mrs. Nichols was hurt. Bernard Jackson

(Continued on page 120)



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WILLYS-KNIGHT

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

SEMI-ATTACHED

Anne Parrish's Novel

(Continued from page 118)



"There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow"

THE demure lady is in a most enviable position—roses in her cheeks, an admirer in her wake! Happily, every woman of today may be admired for the loveliness of her complexion. If you possess an exquisite skin, protect and keep it always. If there are no "roses and white lilies" in your cheeks, no stars in your eyes, begin now to accomplish these things for yourself. Beauty is within the reach of every woman. Elizabeth Arden will show you how to get beauty for yourself.

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mopped his brow with relief when her tableau was over.

Bim had spent most of the evening with her, feeling more and more how narrow and provincial every one except himself was being. They had smoked two or three cigarettes together in the deserted Infant-class room of the Sunday School, surrounded by maps of the Holy Land and pictures of celebrities at different ages—Moses among the bulrushes, Moses on Mount Sinai—and Bim scolded her protectively for smoking too much, and she replied that it didn't matter what such a bad, dreadful woman did. There was a catch in her voice that made him pat her hand reassuringly—indeed, he might have comforted her even more, for her wistful face was charming above the big white fur collar of the wrap she had thrown on over her costume, if Mrs. Ludlow had not come into the room in search of the galoshes she had hidden away in a safe corner.

Francie, who had spent the free moments of the evening sitting with Mrs. Bennet or having ice-cream with Mr. and Mrs. Lambert at a tremulous card-table, was depressed and tired when they reached home, but Bim was in high spirits.

"Lord, I'm hungry! Isn't there anything to eat?"

"Look in the refrigerator."

"Nothing here but butter-balls and parsley."

"Plenty of cheese."

"Edam or Roquefort?"

"Mouse-trap." She dropped across the kitchen table, yawning. "Bim, did I look all right?"

"Lovely," said Bim, pouring out some whisky. "Haven't we any soda? I asked you a week ago if you wouldn't order some. Never mind, I'll use plain water. Lovely. I told you so before."

"I know, but I wanted to hear you say so again. You looked lovely, too, Mr. Bennet dearie—pretty as a picture. When every one else is in fancy dress and you're not, you ought to look out of things, but instead you just made the others look rather silly."

Bim gave a scornful sound muffled by biscuit and cheese, but his expression became a trifle bland.

"Oh, by the way, Francie"—his tone was elaborately casual—"I think it would be nice if you called on that Mrs. Nichols. She seems to be feeling rather lonely here, and she thinks you're perfectly wonderful."

"Oh, she does, does she?"

"Yes, she went on about you until I felt sort of silly, but she's got some crazy idea that you don't like her. Go and see her, why don't you, and then we might ask her to dinner—she'd make a bully dinner guest. She's what I call a thoroughly attractive girl, don't you?"

"No, I can't bear her!"

Then, at his astonished face, she burst into half-hysterical laughter.

"Oh, Bim, I didn't mean to say that! Of course, she's all right. Of course, I'll go to see her—I'll go to-morrow. It's only that women get so sick of saying they think other women are attractive and pretty and charming and all that, when they don't, just to prove they're not jealous cats. And I feel so tired and plain to-night, I don't want to hear how lovely any one else is—Bim—"

"Why, Francie, you *will*!"

"Oh, Bimbo, tell me that you love me!"

His arms went tight around her, and his kisses rained comfortably on the top of her head. But his expression, as he consoled her, remained a trifle thoughtful.

OLIVE had put her nursery in the hands of an interior-decorating friend, and many Delft blue ducks on yellow backgrounds had resulted. Surrounded by these, John, because he had been naughty, sat in the window-seat looking out at whatever there was to see. There was quite a lot to see. Henry was raking up dead leaves, Nurse was wheeling Baby in his pram up and down the drive, and a strange dog trotted in and did a little scratching in the dahlia bed. John had not meant to be naughty—he thought he had been singing "*Au Clair de la Lune*" just as well as Mademoiselle and Mary Olivia, and certainly much louder. But Mademoiselle said he had been making "a mocking noise"; so he sat in the sunny window and looked with interest at an enchanting world, while Mary Olivia, who had been good, reluctantly practised "Waltz of the Raindrops" on the school-room piano.

John, forgetting that he was being punished, lowered himself from the window-seat, and trotted across the room to the shelf where his own treasures were kept. Mademoiselle, too, had forgotten, and beyond an automatic "*Tiens! Qu'est que c'est que tu fais maintenant, John?*" paid no attention to him. Sitting down on the floor, he looked anxiously into a box that had once held chocolates, but now contained a mummied cocoon, an assortment of leaves and grass, and a lump of sugar;

then, finding that the cocoon had not yet changed into the radiant butterfly that he was momentarily expecting, he replaced the perforated lid, and began to sing a loud and dreamy song, pausing from time to time to look into his box. Neither he nor Mary Olivia, now briskly playing over and over the easiest part of her waltz, paid the slightest attention to the other's music, nor to the ear-splitting song of Peter Pan, the canary, stirred to competition.

"*Mercy*, children! Is anybody being murdered?" Olive cried, appearing in the doorway with Francie. "Mademoiselle, it's time Mary Olivia was dressing for dancing-school—she can wear her blue silk smock—and Mary Olivia, you are not to be going this afternoon. Mother felt very badly when Miss Adrianna told her that you were the roughest little girl in the whole class, and that little DeLong Johnson cried when he had to dance with you. How do you suppose Mother would feel if the gentlemen cried when they had to dance with *her*?"

"Oh, DeLong Johnson's just a cry-baby sissy. I dance on his feet!" Mary Olivia proclaimed boastfully.

"Oh, Mother, can't I go to dancing-school?" begged John, carried away by this picture of pleasure. "I'll dance on DeLong Johnson's feet, too! Mother, can't I? Can't I?"

"No, John, you silly little boy, you're too little," said Mary Olivia officiously; and his mother added:

"No, darling, you be a good boy and amuse Aunt Francie while Mother does a little telephoning."

"All right, we can look at my cocoon hatch," John agreed amiably.

"Oh, Aunt Francie, isn't he a *funny* little boy?" Mary Olivia whispered loudly and ticklingly. "He always thinks things are going to hatch. He took an egg to bed with him one night because he thought it would be a little pet chickie in the morning, but it just broke, didn't it, Mademoiselle?"

"*Ah, oui, il était un vrai plat de dejeuner!*" replied Mademoiselle with a shrill crackle of laughter. "*Eh bien, Mary Olivia, vite, vite! Marche sans faire ni une ni deux! Au voir, Madame.*" And Mary Olivia was led away to be adorned for the unhappy DeLong Johnson and other hardly less apprehensive young gentlemen.

"See my cocoon," said John to Francie. He showed it to her gravely. "Soon it will be flyable." Suddenly he thrust the box into her hands. "You take it—it's for you. Soon it will be a flyable butterfly, and it's for you, it's a present!"

HIS lip trembled, for already the flyable butterfly was a reality to him—a loving little butterfly that would sit on his finger and learn to do tricks—but it was a long time before she could persuade the generous little heart to take back its gift—or at least to take care of it for her, on the ground that she knew nothing about the care and training of cocoons.

She loved John more than she could say, and so did Bim. She thought of the day when, going into the village confectioner's—"Ye Colonial Sweetie Shoppe"—she had discovered the two together having ice-cream at one of the marble-topped tables. Olive was away, and Bim had kidnapped John. The little boy's cheeks were scarlet with excitement, his eyes shone with solemn rapture behind his big spectacles. When the woman who waited on them said: "Well, good-by, young gentleman, come again," he had reached up a sticky little hand, and replied: "Yes, I will, I had a lovely time, thank you, and you come and see me."

"You surely have one cute little boy," the gratified waitress told Francie and Bim. Miss Katie, who had been for ever so long behind the glass case of chocolates and Saint Patrick's Day favors and hand-painted satin boxes that no one thought of buying, and who was a sort of "Who's Who" of the little town, said afterwards that she had hardly been able to keep her face straight when Hazel said that, what with Mrs. Arthur Bennet's being just a *bride*!

"If John really was ours," Francie thought afterwards. "If we did have a little boy—" It seemed to her that she and Bim must be close, close to each other then. Perhaps the test of their life together wasn't fair unless they had a child.

"Bim, please let's have a baby."

"You mean you're ready to marry me?"

"No—but we'd know better whether we want to be married—we'd belong to each other more truly, I'm sure we would!"

"Don't we belong to each other now?"

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know!"

"What would become of a child if finally you wouldn't marry me? It's all very pretty, but you've got to be practical, Francie."

THE first year of their life together was nearly over, and Francie's heart grew heavier and heavier as time went on.

(Continued on page 123)

CANDY jars and candlesticks; salad plates and sherbet glasses; French dressing bottles and finger bowls; footed tumblers; slender stemware of every sort—many, many things with the fascination and shining glory of fine glassware. . . . Each splendid single piece of Fostoria is a real and lasting expression of beauty. Glass has mystery and remote magic—a fragile power to mirror many lights and multiply colors. . . . Your preference may be for the scintillating loveliness of iridescent crystal; for the richness of gold-encrusted ware; for the simplicity of the deep-etched hand-blown glass. Fine glassware is always good form and much favored, especially in colors, by the present fashions in table setting. Collect a set of Fostoria, adding from time to time new pieces in the pattern you choose. Each piece is a lovely gift in itself. The Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, W. Va.

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SEMI-ATTACHED

Anne Parrish's Novel

(Continued from page 120)

They had spent Bim's holidays with Mrs. Bennet at Easthampton—a dragging month during which Francie had felt completely numb. Her face ached with the pleasant expression she kept upon it. Bim, spending his days on the golf-course, was delighted with her, and Mrs. Bennet, after she recovered from Francie's appearance (never repeated) in the one-piece bathing suit she had worn in France, came nearer to approving of her than she ever had before.

In the first hysterical relief of being at home again, she felt she would be happy all the rest of her life. Just the luxury of being alone; of playing the piano without having Harriet Smiley appear wreathed in apologetic smiles: "Oh, I'm so sorry, lady-love—your music's simply lovely, but Cousin Emily is taking a nap just right now—", of lying in the garden doing nothing, with the yellow autumn sunshine warm upon her, without any danger of Mrs. Bennet's looking disapproving. How could any one who was allowed to be alone be anything but happy?

This passion for being by herself was new to her. She had always been the most friendly of mortals, interested in every one she met. But she had never been thrown exclusively with people like Bim's friends before. She had known artists, diplomats, and humble people. She had loved all sorts, from Ivy, the little cockney "general" in London, with smuts on her apple cheeks, and her mind full of duchesses' divorces and "shocking murders," to Kate Holiday, the glorious old actress trailing toward death so gallantly in her floating draperies and Victorian sauce-boat hats, with romance around her like a perfume. But now Francie felt that she was in the midst of a game whose rules she did not know.

One rule was that you must be lively all the time. "Pep," they called it. "You have to have pep!" You must go everywhere, you mustn't drop out for a moment. Lunches, teas, dinners, picnics—you must go to them all, or people would think you weren't being asked. If you stayed at home, they thought you were queer. Soon they stopped asking you at all.

You must have "pep."

You must do and say what the rest of your "crowd" did and said.

You must never, never, never let any one think that you were a "highbrow."

For Bim's sake Francie tried to remember the rules. But more and more she grew to depend on the relief of being alone.

When she and Bim first began to live together, she was bitterly disappointed to find that he did not intend to do things with her on the Saturdays and Sundays that she had expected to bring them so close together. He really would have liked an occasional scramble with her along the brook through the woods, or a cross-country walk when the leaves were turning red; but as he explained to her, the other men never did such things with their wives, and they would think he was spoony, or, still worse, hen-pecked. And he was one of a regular foursome—they'd think it was funny if he let them down. So he went on, justifying himself, uneasy.

"What are you going to do to-day, Francie?"

"Oh, I don't know—fool around. I'll be all right."

"Why don't you get some of the girls and go out to the club for tea?" he would suggest anxiously; or, "Why don't you go over to Olive's?" He wanted to be able to think of her happy and occupied. Hang it, all the other women found things to do when their husbands were busy.

FRANCIE, also, found things to do. Bim, in teaching her to depend upon herself for companionship, taught her that he would never be entirely necessary to her again.

She spent hours in her garden in the late autumn days of gold and crystal, sometimes trying to read large books about politics and world affairs, in order that her mind could better meet Bim's; oftener idly watching the small birds the size and color of dead leaves that came for crumbs when she was having tea out-of-doors; or on dewy mornings looking at the crystal trimmings on grass and cobwebs, and the tiny drops, as round as gazing-globes, held on small hairy leaves. The next-door garden was full of sunset-tinted single dahlias now, or roses whose faintly flushed petals were like clusters of fragile sea-shells, and of purple petunias with a bloom of silver on their dark velvet; and among them Mrs. Jackson darted, beheading dead flowers, tying bits of string around fine specimens to be saved for seed (which Bernard often dreamily gathered within the hour) or snipping through succulent stalks as she filled the basket for the Altar Guild of Saint Timothy's, while she shouted across the hedge to Francie.

And Francie's music was coming to mean more and more to her. She spent hours at her piano, finding the refreshment and release of

hard and beloved work. She longed to be under the direction of some good teacher. If the time should come when Bim no longer wanted her, she thought, how she would study!

It was not long before she began to wonder, with mingled emotions, whether that time was not on its way.

IT WAS at a luncheon at Carolyn Banning's that Francie first realized people were talking about Sylvia Nichols and Bim. It was the usual luncheon; the sunset roses from Mr. McGurk's shop (you could have your choice at this time of the year of those or big white and yellow chrysanthemums that looked like cole-slaws); the filet lace dollies; and Millie passing Ye Colonial Sweete Shoppe's most expensive offering, frozen pudding containing *marrons glacés*. One usual topic of conversation, the state of affairs between their hostess and Norry Coleman, could not be indulged in; but Francie found that another was for the moment taking its place.

With an interested face turned toward mild Mrs. Evans, she was indulging in the perilous amusement of listening to snatches of other conversations while her neighbor talked:

"Spinach, my dear, a great big dish at a time, and cereal, of course, and then scraped carrot—it's the funniest thing how Betty Jr. loves scraped carrot!" (This was what Mrs. Evans was saying.) "I wish you could see her try to feed herself—oh, Millie, you mustn't tempt me with those wonderful gooey cakes, I oughtn't to look at another one, I'm getting so fat—well, as I was saying, she simply adores to feed herself, but you can imagine where most of her din-din lands—face and bib—"

"I'm going to the country club for tea this afternoon with Sylvia Nichols." It was the girl who was visiting the Wainwrights, talking to Ruth Hall on the other side of the table. "I don't want to go, and she doesn't want me, but having detested each other at Farmington, you know how it is! Tell me about her new man—I hear she's vamped a perfect wonder, Barret, or something like that—no, wait a minute—Bennet—"

There was a sudden agitated murmur from Ruth. Francie, feeling rather dizzy, began to talk hard and fast to Mrs. Evans, but she was conscious of the stranger's eyes upon her, and her own met them a moment later. The other girl was like a rather pretty and very dressy monkey—the effect added to by a hat entirely made of green leaves, so her little monkey face looked as if it were peeping from a tree. The bright little eyes gleamed with mischief and curiosity as they scrutinized the woman to whom Sylvia's new man belonged.

WALKING home through the haze of autumn bonfire smoke, Francie pieced together the bits, meaningless in themselves, like the half an eye or the scrap of foliage on pieces of a dissected puzzle, that yet gave, when properly placed, the whole picture.

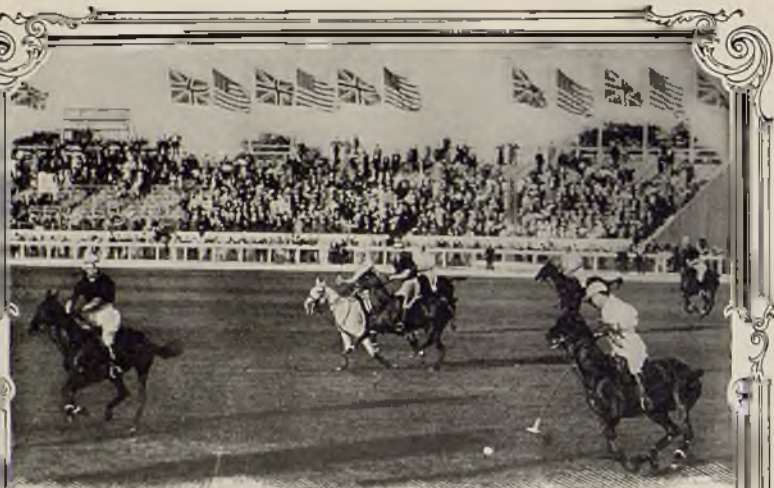
After the Arabian pageant in the spring, Bim had sung Mrs. Nichols' praises loud and long. So pretty—so polite—so unhappy. Francie had naturally longed to tweak the lady's nose, but instead she had asked her to dinner, and later they had dined with her. Sylvia had cultivated Francie assiduously. Wouldn't Mrs. Bennet motor in to New York with her? Well, if she couldn't do that, wouldn't she meet her for lunch at Pierre's? Mrs. Bennet had such perfect taste, wouldn't she come to tea and tell Sylvia whether the plain green glazed chintz or the one with the calla lily pattern would be better for the morning-room? Some one had given her tickets she couldn't use for Rachmaninoff's concert at Carnegie Hall, and she knew how musical Mrs. Bennet was—wouldn't she make Sylvia happy by taking them?

Brook trout on beds of fern, large sections of coral-pink salmon, and limp satin-breasted wild ducks, presents to Mrs. Nichols from admiring gentlemen, were sent along to 7 Peachtree Lane with charming little notes. Francie furiously responded to these offerings with baskets of crab-apples and bunches of flowers given her by Mrs. Jackson. Try as she would to remain aloof, the other woman for a time managed to present an impression of intimacy.

Bim had spoken once or twice of Sylvia Nichols coming to consult him about some investments. Once he had taken her to lunch, and had told Francie about it, carefully careless. Once he had taken her to lunch, and had not told Francie, but Olive had seen them, and had been playful about it a few days later at Sunday dinner at "The Hemlocks." Francie, looking up from her struggle with Yorkshire pudding and tough roast beef to laugh politely at Olive's facetious, "Oh, what I know about you!" had been startled by the red anger of Bim's face.

SYLVIA had spent the summer at Easthampton with her aunt, Mrs. Payne, and Mrs. Bennet wrote to Mrs. Humphrey:

(Continued on page 124)



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You have seen the matchless complexions of the women of Paris—of Vienna—of Madrid. Yet they use make-up lavishly at times. But it never seems to be *make-up*! Their secret makes it natural. And there are no ill effects to the complexion.

Ten years ago the importations of Eau de Cologne—No. 4 were cut off by the war. Today, for the first time, it may be had again in better American shops. It is the secret to the new way of making up. The way long known to Continental beauties. A way entirely new to American women.

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LEOPOLD I, King of Belgium
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GEORGE I, King of Greece
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There are a thousand intimate uses Continental women find for Eau de Cologne—No. 4. Seek it on distinguished dressing tables, in the boudoirs of beauties. Not only is it used as an astringent, as a skin stimulant—Eau de Cologne—No. 4 is a personal deodorant. In the bath it is a stimulating restorative. It prevents perspiration, closes pores, thus preventing shiny nose or face.

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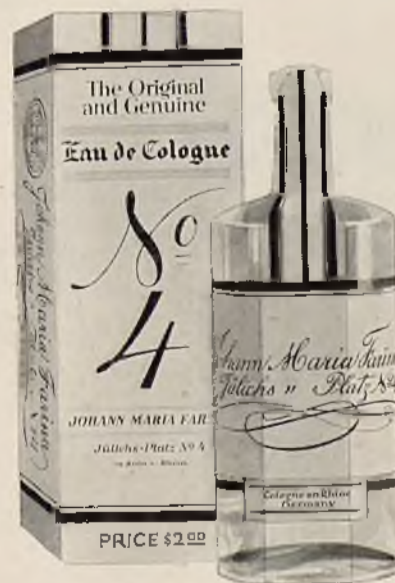
Try this new make-up secret

Here is what foreign beauties think is the perfect foundation for make-up:

First, the usual application of cold cream. After removing it as usual, pat Eau de Cologne—No. 4 lightly over the face and allow to evaporate. This removes surplus cream, closes pores, freshens and tightens the skin, keeping it firm. It gives the complexion a smooth, fine texture, ideal for even, effective make-up.

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SEMI-ATTACHED

Anne Parrish's Novel

(Continued from page 122)

"— her aunt is Mrs. Harrison Payne (no relation to the fast Charlie Paynes) who was Henrietta Rutherford, one of my oldest friends, and dear old Bishop Shuttleworth, who is here too, is Mrs. Nichols' mother's uncle, so you see, Susy, I feel that our good Mrs. Lambert was *un peu gêné* in her condemnation of Mrs. N. Do not think I am condoning divorce—that, I need not tell you, I could never do, for nothing can make that anything but sinful and wrong—but Henrietta has told me all the circumstances. Mrs. Nichols was only a child, and had a very sad time, and after all if a Bishop has no fault to find with her, it does seem a shade presumptuous in a simple rector and his wife to judge her *sans charité, n'est ce pas, mon amie?* It has been a great joy to see so much of dear Henrietta, in spite of the fact that she is just a little tiresome this year (strictly *entre nous*, my Susy) about her famous 'pink and mauve garden' since it has been written up for *Country Life*. You would think that no one had ever had a garden before! You might just drop a hint to the Lamberts apropos of what I have told you about little Mrs. Nichols—"

Sylvia had been charming to Mrs. Bennet and Olive. She tried to be charming to Francie, but met with little encouragement. Francie admitted to herself that Sylvia was doing nothing more unforgivable than behaving beautifully; but that is the very thing that is sometimes hardest to forgive.

Bim saw a great deal of Sylvia at Easthampton, for, as he explained, when a girl asks you to give her a few hints about her golf, you can't very well say you won't. Besides, she was always perfectly sweet about wanting Francie to come too, when they started off for an afternoon on the links.

Bim also urged Francie, and twice she walked around with them—the second time so that no one should guess how miserable the first time had made her. She had only herself to blame for the loneliness that followed.

It was toward the end of the month at Easthampton that Bim stopped urging Francie to be friends with Sylvia.

Several days after Carolyn Banning's luncheon, Francie, planting crocus bulbs in her little lawn, felt for a handkerchief in the pocket of the sweater she wore. The handkerchief was not there, but something else was. She drew out a sheet of folded paper, on which was written in pencil:

"Land of Counterpane
"Midnight

"This is just 'Good Night,' dear Playfellow, and 'Sweet Dreams,' and a little thank you for our wonderful talk to-night. I only need

(To be continued in the October issue)

to close my eyes to see again the moon-path on the water, and we two talking and dreaming and longing to follow it into the Beautiful Right of Things. There is something about your own courage that bids me work and play and do my little best, sure that when the sorrow of life is too heavy for me, and I run to you with these foolish little thoughts of mine, you will hold out your hands in welcome. Somehow I always know you—understand!

"Good night,
"From
"Me"

For a moment Francie was bewildered. Then, again, the bits of the puzzle began to fall into place. She always wore any sweater that she could lay hands on, indiscriminately, and this time she had put on one of Bim's. He had not worn it since Easthampton—there was sand still in the pockets.

Francie ran into the house and burrowed in her desk. Following an eruption of bills, unanswered letters, calling cards, and seed catalogues, a sheet of pale gray Italian paper was disclosed, elaborately rough-edged, and bearing across one corner a silver "Sylvia."

"October the twelfth

Dear Mrs. Bennet:

"Won't you and your husband dine with me next Tuesday at a quarter before eight—"

The handwriting left no doubt as to the identity of "Me."

Francie stood staring at the two notes

"Somehow I always know you—understand!

"Good night,
"From
"Me."

"Hoping to see you both on Tuesday, I am, as ever,

"Most cordially,
"Sylvia Nichols."

Mingled feeling surged through her—relief at the thought that escape was now possible, but a relief that surprised her by its faintness: far stronger, the passionate desire to protect Bim, and the annoyance with him for being taken in by such a type.

"Land of Counterpane"—"the Beautiful Right of Things"—! How could he stand it? And Bim's "own courage"—what was Bim being brave about? About herself, perhaps?

"I'm jealous," she said aloud in an incredulous voice. "I'm jealous!" There was a smarting in her nose, her mouth dragged down into a rigid crescent, and hot tears poured down her cheeks.



TO MY FRIEND

BY LORNA VALENTINE MALLINSON

If, some day, I should give you all,
My lips, my eyes, my hair—
Such things alone are doomed to pall—
I wonder if you'd care
To search deep down within my heart
Or try to know my mind;
Perhaps you'd only see a part
Of what you hoped to find.
Still maybe you know what is best—
Just kiss my eyes and hair,
And do not search more closely lest
You love me unaware.

Where lanterns
gleam . . . and
dragons canter

"Colors born of sunshine,"
yes! One understands that in
these Sports Hats, designed and
made in play-loving California.

But whence that subtle touch
of the Orient—those color notes
that one associates with Man-
darin Coats and ancient Chi-
nese Shawls?

The Meadowbrook artist-
designers reflect their surround-
ings. And San Francisco's fa-
mous "Chinatown" (not Grant
Avenue, but the colorful by-
paths) has inspired many a deli-
cate refinement in coloring and
design.

Do not fail to see the new
Summer Meadowbrooks — in
Suede Felts, Summer-weight
Velours, Knotted Silk and Nar-
row Belting Ribbon. At those
stores where you would expect
to find the best.

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California
SPORTS HATS
for
Town and Country

SIMON MILLINERY CO.
Meadowbrook Building, 989 Market Street
San Francisco

EASTERN SALES OFFICE
LOUIS STRAUSS & SON
15 West 38th Street, New York City



HAUGHTY YOUNG LADY (to her dog): DOESN'T IT BEAT ALL, GIN-GIN, HOW CARELESS MEN CAN BE ABOUT SOME THINGS?

[*Listerine used as a mouth wash quickly overcomes Halitosis (unpleasant breath)*]

LUXURIOUS, STRANGE NEW FURS

van Campen Stewart's Article

(Concluded from page 77)

Let Nature take its course!

WHAT souvenirs are left behind by Summer holidays! The freckles! The parched and tender skin, not to mention the saucy noses, all sunburned and quick to shine. Something must be done about it, really!

NATURE will have her healing way with the skin that is protected with truly pure, delicate face powder and rouge. MANON LESCAUT* FACE POWDER is a protection and a benefit to the skin and cooperates with its quick return to normal. Vacation faces soon grow smooth again under the pure and colorful rouges, Ashes of Roses* and Mandarin.* Every fragrant thing that Bourjois makes promotes the health as well as the beauty of the skin.

BOURJOIS invites you to read an unique book of beauty lore just published. It is fittingly called "What Every Woman Does NOT Know." For a copy of this, with a sample box of MANON LESCAUT Face Powder, send us 18c with the coupon below.

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Face Powder



ASHES OF ROSES
ROUGE, No. 83. A dark rouge preferred by women of deep complexions and dark eyes. \$1.75

MANON LESCAUT FACE POWDER, No. 650B. Shades: White, Naturelle, Rose, Rachel. Also the exclusive Peaches* Powder and Peaches-and-Cream* Powder. \$1.50

ROUGE MANDARINE, No. 83. A light and delicate rouge to accentuate a skin that is white and features that are fair. \$1.75

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____

finished with a scantily flaring flounce over a narrow black underskirt, a straight tube of cream lace with attached sectional flounces resulting in a tunic effect—a Jenny model this, trimmed with twin bands of narrow gold galon—and a rather close-fitting corsage of white crêpe with a flaring flounce of leopard-skin attached at the hip, with the effect of a tunic over the narrow white crêpe underskirt. This also was a Jenny model.

Slender, beltless, and extending to within four inches of the edge of the underskirt, the tunic was exceedingly smart at the races. Many fringed frocks were worn also—Régine Flory appearing one day in a Callot frock of beige-brown crêpe knotted with strands of silk, the skirt from the hips down and the lower part of the wide sleeves literally dripping with silk fringe. Another day she wore a similar frock all in violet—violet crêpe fringed with silk.

Many fringed frocks are seen about just now both for day and evening wear. Silk fringes are worn for day, but for evening the fringes may be of silk, plain or shaded, or of beads, the strands swinging loose or looped. Some frocks are trimmed with bands of looped fringes such as that worn by the Princesse of Kapurthala, or the knotted-in, all-over fringe may be made of beads, shaded and looped. Other fringes are of tinted ostrich, shaded.

STRAIGHT LINES

SHADED crêpe frocks, shaded fringes, and even shaded furs will be smart for autumn. Frocks of palest beige crêpe are shaded to a rich warm brown at the skirt edge. There are also shaded frocks in cyclamen, green, rose, and yellowcrêpe, while Reboux shows many shaded effects in hats and Agnès has sponsored the shaded felt hat for months.

Black and white was exceedingly smart at the races, not only in the black and white satin tunic costumes, but in other frocks as well—and particularly in cloaks. Literally dozens of black satin cloaks appeared at the Grand Steeplechase—straight slender cloaks collared usually with ermine.

Everywhere the silhouette was straight with only a very few frocks clinging closely to the figure at the waist-line and only a very few showing indications of the Directoire. One of the latter was worn at the Prix des Drags by the Marquise de Sommi-Piccenardi—a bright green cloth frock, Directoire in style, with white muslin collar and cuffs.

The Opera was decorated with gorgeous Spanish shawls on the night of the Bal du Grand Prix—the guests all wearing gay embroidered shawls which they draped over the front of the *loges* as they do in the great bull-ring at Seville. If all the shawls had been so draped, however, some of the women present would have been literally *en chemise*—many of the shawls being worn as frocks, firmly pinned or sewn onto their wearers, resulting in gay fringed costumes.

MANY FRINGED FROCKS

THESE were not the only fringed frocks seen that night at the Opera, where not all of the women were in costume. There were a number of slender all-white frocks trimmed with white silk or crystal fringe and embroidered with crystal, the fringes dripping from the hips. Mrs. Thomas Marcoe Robertson wore a white frock with a red shawl embroidered with white.

Nora Bayes wore a blue and white embroidered shawl. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt was striking in a black taffeta period frock with a tall red velvet head-dress draped with a black lace mantilla. Lady Abdy, taking part in the spectacle, was picturesque in Indian dress with a wonderful bonnet of paradise plumes.

The Marquise Casati impersonated the Comtesse de Castiglione, the one-time rival of the fair Eugenie, in a wonderful white and gold costume, and the Duchess of Marlborough wore a white frock veiled with black lace with red roses in her hair.

Embroidered with beads and paillettes are many of the frocks worn at the Ritz. Madame Jacques Balsan wore a few nights ago a green frock—it might have been melon green—of closely plaited crêpe with a corsage of green beads and paillettes. The same night Mrs. Jean Nash wore an entire frock of the same color, beaded—a straight frock with narrow embroidered panels swinging out from below the hips.

Many very simple frocks of light metal brocades are worn, the metal threads being woven with pastel colors. Straight frocks of white satin are trimmed with bands of green or other colored embroidery, the apron fronts elaborately embroidered. The Marquise de Fuente-Hermosa wears a straight embroidered frock with a design in diamond plaid on the corsage and a broken zigzag design on the skirt—the embroidery being done in green and rose and crystal beads and paillettes.

A frock of delicate white velvet was worn recently at dinner by the Princesse Sixte de Bourbon-Parme. The little Princesse of Kapurthala wore a straight frock of silver cloth girdled with ruby beads and flounced deeply with ruby ostrich.

Keeping time with the tiniest of gold-shod feet to the jazz music was a slender little Indian princess in a wonderful Indian costume of gold and white brocade—a gold-bordered corner of the brocade being thrown over her dusky hair. Her dark oval face was exquisitely lovely and wings of diamonds spreading from a central jewel were clasped across her forehead.

THE RITZ DINNER DANCES

WITH four or five hundred guests dining and dancing, the Ritz dinner-dances are a perfect pageant of color—frocks of silver and gold, of lace and diamond embroidery, of pastel-tinted mousseline, frocks of vivid green, red, yellow, and violet. Many women wear white frocks dripping with crystal fringe and glittering with crystal and silver embroidery. Others wear brocades, black satin, or black tulie embroidered with silver. The silhouette is slender and the waist-line is low or undefined. Wonderful jewels are worn—real or false—pearls, diamonds, and emeralds. Almost no other gems are seen except that the Indian princesses—and how lovely they are, these dark-eyed ladies of the East—usually wear many rubies, set in beautifully wrought gold.

The straight silhouette will continue smart for autumn, with much of the tunic, the straight, slender, beltless frock, and something doubtless of the *cloche*—the slender beltless slip which "bells" ever so slightly from the hip.

We shall see something of the Directoire, straight frocks flaring from the knee, and some drapery suggesting the simplest of Greek robes, but more than all we shall see the tunic in all its variations and in all fabrics. Tunics of lace over skirts of satin, tunics of mousseline, of embroidery, of plaid and printed stuffs—tucked tunics, ruffled tunics, flaring tunics and tubes of velvet or metal stuffs.

There will be many black and white combinations, much red, some dark green, light brown, light beige, and light gray and violet. Diamond plaids will continue smart, and there will be much black satin, black velvet, black cloth, and other black stuffs, trimmed smartly with reddish furs, ermine, or the new gray chinchilla-like fur which is described elsewhere in these pages.

In the October issue, next month, Harper's Bazar is planning to offer the most complete review of the Paris Fall Openings that we have ever given. Baron de Meyer, van Campen Stewart and one or two editors sent especially from New York are to report the fall mode as revealed in the great Paris houses. If you are interested in fashion, beg, borrow, buy or steal a copy of the October Harper's Bazar.



WHY A FAMOUS DANCER
ALWAYS CHOOSES THE
SAME SILK

Miles of exhibition dancing in the same pair of sheer silk stockings



HOUR after hour of exhibition dancing—miles covered by her twinkling feet—hundreds of intricate steps performed. That a pair of the cobwebby stockings Irene Castle demanded should withstand eight evenings of this uncompromising test—she never dreamed of it! But when Irene Castle bought Corticelli stockings in extra sheer No. 308—they did just that!

Years ago Corticelli first won its reputation for the evenness, lustre and elasticity of its spool silk.

Clear and shimmering after innumerable washings, the same silk in Corticelli stockings keeps its fresh look until the last day you wear them. And they keep their shape as well—Corticelli stockings are carefully made to fit the leg and ankle.

And color! Corticelli has three special new shades this fall, Mandarin, Rosewood and Nude.

The fashionable browns are found in Corticelli's Beaver,

Sandalwood and Mandalay, and the new greys in Nickel, Stone and Chinchilla. The latest evening shades are Daybreak, Cherub, Maple Cream, Silver and Peach.

And you will find exactly the weight and style you want, too—No. 319 is a sheer stocking, No. 322 is another sheer stocking, No. 310 is medium sheer, No. 324 is a medium weight stocking, No. 347 is the one "service" silk hose of the country, and for evening a stocking Paris is wearing is called Corticelli *Bas de tulle* No. 141.

A special offer

When you buy stockings, what are you most concerned with? What, if any, is your criticism of silk stockings? Let us help you with your particular silk hosiery problem! Check the items in which you are most interested on the coupon and we will send you a booklet that will help you solve the problems. The Corticelli Silk Company, 325 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Massachusetts.

THE CORTICELLI SILK COMPANY,
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Please send me, free of charge, the Corticelli Hosiery booklet, indicated by the subjects checked:

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their sheen	<input type="checkbox"/>
their service	<input type="checkbox"/>
their fit	<input type="checkbox"/>

I find that in wearing silk stockings, frequently

runs come	<input type="checkbox"/>
the seams split	<input type="checkbox"/>
holes come above heel	<input type="checkbox"/>
a fuzzy look comes after a few washings	<input type="checkbox"/>

Name.....

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Corticelli



SILK HOSIERY

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

HARTMANN

BON VOYAGE



Accept this booklet
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"Bon Voyage" is part of our regular service to over half a million users of Hartmann Wardrobe Trunks. It contains valuable suggestions on clothes selection and arrangement.

It will, we believe, give even the most experienced travelers suggestions which will add to their enjoyment of the extended journey or short business and pleasure trips. To know and to take advantage of these suggestions will insure a more care-free journey.

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BE SURE THE HARTMANN RED X IS ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

THAT PHOENIX, MEMORY

F. Britten Austin's Story

(Continued from page 81)

cannon smoke of Napoleon rolled over the obliterated eighteenth century.

But to-night, as we crossed the wide, dimly lit space of the Campo San Stefano, the chant of voices in rhythmic unison echoed from one of the dark little streets and suddenly there issued into the square a little procession of white-clad Pierrots, dancing and leaping as they went, singing a wild incomprehensible song to the strumming of guitars, with a little white Pierrot posturing and turning somersaults at their head. They passed across the Campo and disappeared. I said nothing, my breath caught in a curious spasm of emotion at this spectral evocation of the past. And Antony said nothing either. For which I was grateful.

In silence we threaded that series of narrow and twisted little streets, with a step-arched bridge at every fifty yards, which—improbable though it seems to the stranger—is the main route from that quarter to the Piazza of San Marco. And all the way we were met by the strangest apparitions. Pierrots in white and black and red and green, ghastly skeletons that were youths in black tights gruesomely painted with white bones, medieval pages, toreadors, Red Indians, knights, eighteenth-century gentlemen, Moors, Turks, Chinamen, Mephistopheles, men in women's clothes and women in men's, all with their faces daubed with crude color in a manner that varied from the terrifying to the merely ludicrous and all making a joyous clamor of shouts and songs and a din on tin drums and wooden trumpets that was sufficient to wake the spirits of the oldest dead, were promenading the city in the traditional manner of the olden times. It was the Venetian Carnival of a hundred and fifty years ago come to life again. This fantastic resuscitation thrilled me strangely, and mercifully Antony had apparently not a word to say about it. I did not inquire into his feelings. Once or twice I glanced at his face. He was staring at these weird figures as though dazed. I was content to leave him so.

BUT it was in the immensity of the Piazza of San Marco that this perambulating masquerade reached its climax. One saw that the band was playing in the center, but it was inaudible in the murmuring surge of human voices, in the raucous cacophony of wooden "squeakers," the bursts of laughter, the snatches of song that echoed and re-echoed from those three enclosing façades of colonnaded Renaissance architecture and the mosaic-encrusted Byzantine front of St. Mark's at the further end. The place was black with people, but the crowd of lookers-on was merely an undifferentiated background, almost unperceived, for the vividly conspicuous little companies of maskers, in endless variation of bizarre attire, singing at the top of their voices yet naively absorbed in a certain ritual precision of performance, which burst continually through its mass. There were hundreds of them, holding together in self-sufficient little groups that made each its own particular little riot far and wide over the great square.

The eye was bewildered with the multiplicity of impersonations; Pierrots with their black blobs on costumes of every hue, bur-noosed Arabs, sequin-jingling gipsies, harlequins, dandied medieval courtiers, pig-tailed Chinamen, clowns, creatures with monstrous noses and awful eyes, a wild medley of the charmingly fanciful and the hideously grotesque. Here strange incarnations to which one could give no name pranced in a vociferous Bacchanal single file through the crowd; there girls in pink dominoes, their hair streaming loose, danced like young men in a hand-linked whirling ring with young men who forgot their dignity as ancient Romans; everywhere gracefully promenading was the eighteenth century with cane and knee-breeches, white wigs and hooped skirts. Menaced at every instant with final separation, we pressed ourselves with difficulty through the throng and I, for one, lost almost the sense of my own identity, felt myself almost unreal in a fantastic world. Antony struggled to keep touch with me, uttering not a word and, as I have said, apparently dazed.

At last he spoke.

"Let us go now to the Ridotto," he said. The Ridotto? I hesitated a moment, collecting my wits. The Ridotto was the great public gambling-house of Venice in the eighteenth century. Where was it? I remembered. It was just at the mouth of the Grand Canal, to the right of the Piazzetta. One passed the Mint, the gardens of the Royal Palace, the office of the Port—and it stood, or used to stand, just beyond.

"Come along then," I agreed and led the way toward the Piazzetta, meaning to turn to the right along the water front by the Royal Gardens.

He stopped me. "One cannot go that way," he said. "One must go round. There is a canal in between."

So there was! I had forgotten the canal at the end of the Gardens. But I had never been to the Ridotto, if it still existed, in my life, and I did not know the way round at the back. Antony had, however, already started off in the reverse direction through the Piazza, and I followed him mechanically. My mind was so bewildered with that phantasmagoria that leaped and danced all around me, confusing me with its babel of noise, that I did not for the moment question why Antony should know anything about the Ridotto, let alone that he should know the way. My reasoning faculties were suspended in that din. He shouldered through the crowd, left the Piazza by the way we had entered it, and turned to the left down a little street, strangely quiet after the hubbub we had quitted.

THREE-QUARTERS of the way down he stopped before an open portico that led into a large but obviously deserted and dilapidated entrance hall.

He turned to me, puzzlement on his features. "What's happened to it?" he queried.

"It was shut up a hundred years ago," I said. "What did you expect?" And then suddenly, in the quietness of that street, my mind began to work again. "But I thought you said this was the first time you had come to Venice?" I demanded.

He stared at me with that dazed look on his face, and then seemed to wake up with a jerk.

"Yes—I—of course it is," he answered.

"Well, then, how the devil did you know your way round by the back to this place?" I challenged him.

He looked at me, genuinely puzzled.

"I'm damned if I know. Funny, wasn't it?" He bit his lip as he looked at me with a curious vacillating uncertainty. "I—I—it sounds an absurd thing to say, but I sort of lost myself in that crowd—I seemed to have a vague idea—" he stopped. "It's nonsense, of course!"

"You found the way here all right—where I couldn't have taken you—and that's not nonsense! And I should like to know how you did it," I said, with some emphasis. The incomprehensibility of this occurrence almost annoyed me. I scanned his honest, bewildered face for the hint of some far-fetched practical joke, inherently improbable though I felt it to be. There never was a more sublimely simple-minded fellow than Antony. He was obviously genuine now in his inability to explain.

"I—I really can't tell you," he said. "It just came over me." He shook himself as though shaking off an uncomfortable spell. "Let's go for a quiet walk somewhere—away from that mad crowd."

We retraced our steps up that deserted calle, pushed through the double stream of people flowing to and from San Marco, and turned into the narrow Frezzaria. Here most of the shops were already shut and passers-by were few. We turned again at random into another dark and narrow cleft between the tall houses, and lost the Carnival entirely. In this labyrinth of gloomy alleys, scarcely wide enough for us to walk abreast, and lit only with diffused moonlight and a yellow lamp at the sharp corners, there was not a living soul save ourselves. Only occasionally, when we slackened pace on one of the numerous little high-arched bridges for a glance at the moldering front of some old palace, silent and mysterious above the stagnant water of a narrow side-canal, did a faint reverberation of distant clamor come to our ears. We walked in silence, I puzzling over the inexplicability of that incident of the Ridotto, Antony apparently equally disinclined for speech.

SUDDENLY, at a corner that seemed made for some medieval cloak and dagger murder, he stopped and clutched my arm, looking about him as though seized with an identification. In the wall on our right was the black cavernous opening of a *sotto portico* leading to an interior court.

"We must go down here!" he exclaimed.

"But why on earth—?" He did not even hear my expostulation. He had already darted into the blackness of the *sotto portico*. There was nothing to do but to follow him.

I did so, with the little quail of trepidation natural at venturing into such an uninviting darkness. Cropping my way in, I felt the wall bear round to the left and emerged unexpectedly on a narrow little quay, arched over with a colonnade picturesquely silhouetted against the misty moonlight of a side-canal. Antony was already at the further end. I rejoined him.

"What are you playing at?" I began again. He seemed not to hear me. He was staring up at the moonlit façade of an ancient Gothic palace, its brick eroded and the carved stone of its pointed windows chipped and blackened, its water-gnawed *pali* leaning over in the last stage of decay, but yet magnificent as it reared itself massively at the junction of this canal with another. There was not a

(Continued on page 130)

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



"Portrait of Madame M. G."

CHENEY SILKS

Radiant color ushers in the new fall silks. Cheney Brothers' *Mirrokrepe*, a deep-lustred reversible crêpe-satin, gives grace to every interpretation of the fashionable silhouette.

Frostkrepe, with its faille rib and its characteristic sparkle, is seen in modish shades in many of the smartest frocks, while Cinderella Prints of Oriental magnificence line the new coats and wraps. Cheney Silks always forecast the fashion trend.

*There's a Cheney Silk
for Every Garment a Woman Wears*

CHENEY BROTHERS, Fourth Avenue at Eighteenth Street, NEW YORK

What Perfume should you use?



Parfum d'Hahna, L'Etrange Fleur (illustrated)

The perfume of damp mosses, of early blossoms and shoots unfolding, near the bright waters amongst the mint and thyme. One dreams of the early awakening of spring, the buoyant dash and brilliance of the first fine days. A selection of Poiret's from the Parfums Rosine.



Here POIRET tells how a woman may best express her own personality . . . through odeurs

POIRET is the world's master creator of women's clothes. He has shown thousands how they may express their personality in the clothes they wear. And millions have been influenced by his creations.

Now he tells women that there is a step further than this. That the final touch in self-expression lies in perfumes. That a gown may almost—but not quite—express a woman's personality. But that the right perfume *will* express it . . . subtly, discreetly.

So for years he studied perfumery. And at last, from the perfumes of Rosine, he has selected those which give the actual colour of a woman's individuality.

With absolute fidelity. Telling a little . . . promising much . . . betraying nothing.

Then came the problem, how could a woman know which perfume *was* her very own? How identify it? And finally the answer came. This is the way.

Poiret has designed for each perfume, a bottle, or flacon, or individual trapping, which is a key to the scent it contains. Each is unique, exquisite—a lovely creation of his own.

So now, when in the better shops you find the perfumes of Rosine, in the bottles and packages of Poiret, you may identify the one indubitably yours.

Whichever one attracts you most, *that* is the one which holds the *odeur* best suited to your own peculiar style. Thus is chance eliminated.

Try it and see. For in Paris Poiret himself has made many rests. And now he offers his plan to the women of America as a guide to their own personality. The problem solved by a world authority.

Fortunately the perfumes selected are very rare, very lovely. Thus they are quite expensive. But this is only natural. Else would the charm of exclusiveness be lost.

In the more exclusive shops of your city the perfumes of Rosine will be found for sale, in the packings that Poiret himself designed for them. Each with its own *raison d'être*, each you can identify. Or we will refer you to the dealer who sells them, if you will but write.

ROSINE

THE CHANDON COMPANY, 509 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE UNITED STATES

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Fur Coats - Evening Wraps - Cloth Coats
The Incoming Fall Modes

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One Fa-ly Management since 1863
546 Fifth Avenue ~ New York
Where 45th Street crosses Fifth Avenue

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THAT PHOENIX, MEMORY

F. Britten Austin's Story

(Continued from page 128)



All Retailers in America Admit

that FARRINGTON & EVANS were the first to introduce, in April, the cut felt hat and high-crowned



Directoire Gardenia Hat



Reboux's Cut felt Hat

Directoire Modes of Reboux which have both had such phenomenal success.

FARRINGTON & EVANS now present

with equal confidence, the Style which authoritatively forecasts the Mode for Fall Millinery, and for which FARRINGTON & EVANS predict an equal success! Why guess about Style when we continually predict Style Success?



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FIFTH AVENUE AT 36th ST. NEW YORK

Importers and Promoters
of Style Certainties!

light anywhere on its front. Antony clutched my arm, and his hand was trembling. "Her window!" he whispered. "There!" He pointed up. "The long thin one. Just under the carved madonna."

I lost patience. "Look here, Antony," I said roughly. "This is getting beyond a joke. Whose window?" "Eh—what?" He gave a genuine start as he turned and looked at me. "What?" He seemed precisely like a somnambulist suddenly awakened. "What is it? Where are we?"

"Damned if I know," I replied. "Look here, my lad, I've had enough of this. Either you're playing a silly trick, or you're not well. In any case you're getting on my nerves. But while we're about it, I shall be glad if you'll tell me whose window it is that you're so interested in."

He passed a hand dazedly over his brow. "Window?" he said. "What window? What are you talking about?" He stared at me in an utter lack of comprehension. "That settles it!" I pronounced. "We go straight home, my lad, if I can find the way. Come along."

I drew him by the arm toward the dark entry by which we had come. He did not resist, but involuntarily he half-turned for another upward glance as we left that silent little colonnade by the waterside.

BACK again in the narrow street, I hesitated for the correct direction. There is nothing so confusing as this maze of Venetian *calli*. Then, though far from certain, I thought I could make a pretty good guess at it, and continuing a few steps further on I turned sharply into a narrow street on our left. We had scarcely got round the corner when Antony shrank back abruptly and stopped dead.

"No, no, no!" he cried, with the unexpected poignant accent of a child in a nightmare terror. "Not this way! Not this way!" I refused to let a sudden absurd eeriness get a grip on me.

"Don't be a fool!" I said. Was the man going out of his mind—or was he merely ill, delirious? In either case, this could not be allowed. "Come along!" I caught hold of him and tried to drag him onward. He stood as though rooted to the stones, shivering miserably in all his body.

"No, no, no!" he cried. And then suddenly, wrenching himself from my grasp, he turned and fled like a hare in the opposite direction.

It was all I could do to keep him in view as I followed at my best speed. When at length I overtook him, it was to find him leaning against a wall, panting for his breath. I was now thoroughly angry.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" I demanded. "Why did you run away like that?"

"I was running, wasn't I?" he asked, feebly, as though not quite sure where he was or what he had been doing.

"You must certainly were," I replied. "But what's the matter? Why did you run?"

"I—I don't know," he said, plainly ashamed of himself. "Something came over me—I simply couldn't go down that little street." He pulled himself together with an obvious effort. "I say, old man," he went on, contritely, "I'm awfully sorry for behaving like this. I—I can't explain it. You must think I'm mad."

"Never mind what I think," I retorted. "Let's get along home. That's the place for you. But I'm hanged if I know which way to go. You've lost us properly now."

He murmured once more something about being sorry as we set off again to find our way out of this bewildering labyrinth of constantly intersected narrow alleys all exactly alike. There was no one whom we might ask. We had walked for some distance in silence, all my wits concentrated on the problem of puzzling out our route, when he laid a hand on my arm.

"I say, old man," he said, almost humbly, "would you mind talking? It—it's this silence, I think."

I GAVE him a sharp glance but made no comment. This was no time or place for a psycho-pathological diagnosis. All my faculties were preoccupied with the necessity of getting home as soon as possible, and I was still utterly bewildered as to my whereabouts. But I threw him a sop.

"Well, tell me all about your dinner in the restaurant-car to-night," I suggested brutally, as I looked about me for some familiar architectural feature.

"That's a good idea!" he exclaimed, and forthwith he began to recite, with meticulous detail, the menu of every meal he had had on that train since leaving Calais.

He was still in the middle of his catalogue when we were suddenly disgorged, with that utter unexpectedness which is characteristic

of finding one's way in Venice, into the clear open space of the Campo San Stefano.

"Here we are!" I exclaimed, with a deep breath of relief. "We're nearly home, my son—and it's bed for you, and a doctor in the morning. You've got an illness coming on."

"No, no," he said. "I'm perfectly all right now. It's left me all of a sudden. Going over those jolly old meals did it. But I say, old man," he added, imploringly, "don't tell your wife anything about it. I don't want to look a silly ass."

He made me promise silence. He was now in fact apparently, as he said, "quite his old chirpy self again," and beguiled the last stretch of our way with voluble fatuity, telling me about some wonderful "bird" he had met at a *theatrical* in London before coming away. I listened with the surface of my mind, while underneath I was devoutly hoping that when he woke up in the morning he would not find himself in the full grip of an attack of measles or something equally inconvenient. Yet that explanation did not quite satisfy me—the rest might be incipient delirium, but how the devil *did* he know the way to the Ridotto? A fantastic hypothesis flitted into my thoughts—and I banished it incontinently. It was too absurd.

He appeared perfectly normal when he sat once more in our apartment, and made my wife laugh with his exuberant description of the Carnival masqueraders. But I went to sleep that night worrying over the whole episode, and haunted by the regret that I had not at least taken his temperature before turning in.

THE next morning it was with some relief that I found him up and dressed before me, leaning over the balcony and gazing at the palaces at the other side of the Grand Canal. I joined him.

"How do you feel this morning?" I asked. "Splendid," he replied. "Slept like a top. I say, old man, what's the name of that palace over there, the one directly opposite? It seems sort of vaguely familiar to me. I suppose I must have seen it on a picture post-card somewhere."

"Giuliani," I said. "There are dozens of Giuliani palaces all over the city, like the Mocenigo and the Contarini. It was an old noble family with many branches."

He nodded his head. "Giuliani," he murmured to himself. "Giuliani—Giuliani—Caterina Giuliani—"

"What's that?" I challenged him sharply. Were last night's disconcerting symptoms recommencing? "Who is Caterina Giuliani?"

"What?" he looked at me. "Did I say that? I don't know why. It just came up in my mind. Perhaps it's an historical name I've heard or read somewhere."

"I think not," I replied firmly. "I'm pretty sure that Caterina Giuliani is not a name mentioned anywhere in any history."

I say, Antony," I scrutinized him shrewdly. "you didn't by any chance dream when you went to bed last night that you were living in the Venice of past centuries, did you?" He laughed. "Not on your life! I didn't dream about anything. I slept like a log." He met my eyes, satisfactorily. "I know what you're getting at. You're worrying over my potty behavior last night. I worried about it a bit, too, old bean. I don't mind telling you on the Q.T. Wondered if I was going off my chump. But, bless your dear heart, I'm not. I went over every price in the market before I went to sleep, and got 'em right every one. I was just a bit nervy, that's all, with all that racket after a long journey. And I'd had a pretty thick time before coming away, too. Don't you get any idea into your mind that I'm going to perform any old reincarnation stunt, or any rubbish of that sort. I'm very much in this century, old thing, let me assure you."

At that moment, my wife joined us and in charity to his imploring glance, I turned the conversation on to the safe ground of general platitudes. Where should we take him that morning? St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace, of course—but after? I picked up a usefully comprehensive illustrated guide-book to Venice that lay on the escritoire, and turned over its pages for inspiration. Suddenly one of the illustrations caught my eye. It was a photograph of an ancient Gothic palace standing at the junction of two canals—the palace of last night, the one with the madonna above the long, thin window. And underneath were the words: *Palazzo Giuliani*!

I don't think I have ever been more startled in my life. I almost jumped up to show him the photograph—and stopped myself just in time. The sight of the name he had just unconsciously murmured, linked with that old palace in which he had been so strangely interested last night, might—I shrank from carrying my thought to its logical conclusion. He was now cheerfully normal. Let sleeping dogs lie. Besides, it would have necessitated

(Continued on page 132)



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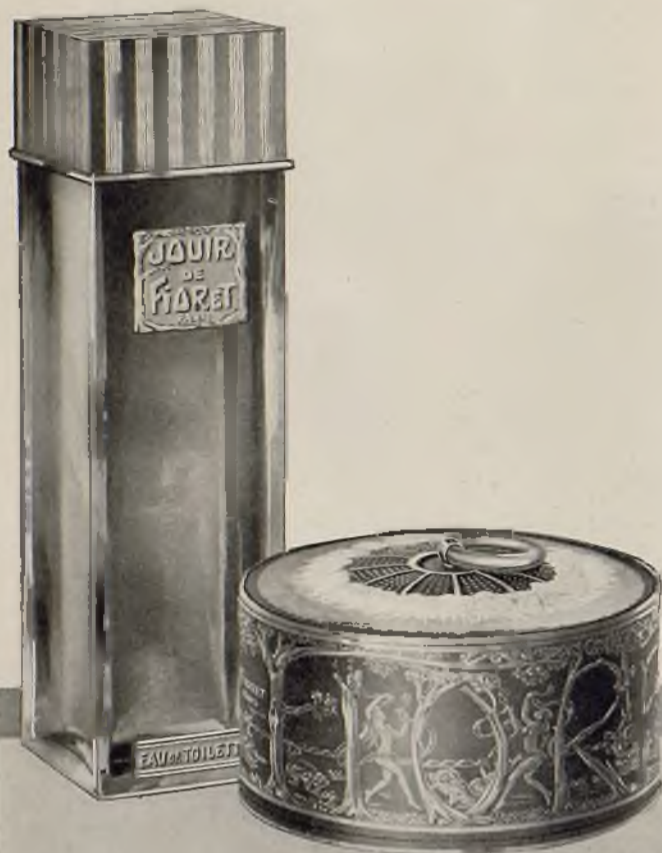
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THAT PHOENIX, MEMORY

F. Britten Austin's Story

(Continued from page 130)



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a long and awkward explanation to my wife. I closed the book without a word.

ALL that morning, as we walked about the city, I watched him narrowly but in vain for any peculiarity that might confirm the fantastic idea which persisted in cropping up at the back of my mind. It was too absurd, of course! If ever there was a typical, solid, unimaginative young Britisher, rather fatuous when not occupied with matters of business, it was Antony Sinclair. He jabbered away loquaciously to my wife, making her laugh with his cheerful slang, in every respect the not-too-intelligent product of an English public school and a few years in the City. We took him round to the usual show-places and he duly uttered all the ordinary tourist's comments—but of any abnormal recognition, not a hint.

He was facetiously amusing all through lunch, and afterward we went for our coffee to one of the cafes on the sunny side of the Piazza, where we sat at an outside table idly watching the downward swooping flocks of pigeons and the sauntering afternoon promenade of the Venetians. The Carnival would not end until the following night and, although the masqueraders do not usually appear till after dark, a few bold or impatient revellers were already showing themselves, their costume and paint rather crudely incongruous in the daylight. We sat and looked at them in silence, all the immediate topics of conversation exhausted.

Suddenly Antony startled us by a burst of laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha! Vastly droll that mask there, stap me! The harlequin with his lath—d'ye mark him?" He laughed again, hilariously.

THERE were, as I have said, a few fancy dresses on the Piazza, but neither of us could anywhere see a harlequin. Then the curious archaism of his phraseology, which I had at the moment taken to be merely a piece of high-spirited buffoonery, struck me with a new significance. I glanced at him in alarm. That strange dazed look was again in his eyes. Ought I to get him home? I had no time to resolve the question. He uttered a sharp ejaculation that made every one about us turn to look at him.

"Look! There she is!" He half-rose from the table in a quivering excitement, quite unconscious of the grasp with which I was quick to restrain him.

"Who? Where?" asked my wife, in natural surprise.

"There!" He pointed toward the colonnaded end of the Piazza away from St. Mark's. One or two figures were walking across the square, but they were ordinary middle-class Venetians, unlikely people for him to know. "There! 'Tis she—Caterina! 'Tis she—I swear it! Should I not know her, even though she hides her pretty face under her mask, the dainty rogue? Why, 'tis the very flowered pompadour she was wearing when I first saw her! She saw me, too—I protest, she saw me!"

"But—" began my wife, quite bewildered.

"Where? Whom are you talking about?"

"There!" He pointed. "Caterina! La Signora Contessa Caterina Giuliani! There with her fat waddling old mother—a pox upon her! And that damned what-d'you-call-him—*cicisbeo*—sidling up against her skirts, curse him! I drew upon him in the Ridotto last night when he bragged of fastening her garter, and his friends have not yet waited on me. But he shall meet me, for all that, or my name is not George Sinclair!"

My wife stared at him, uncertain whether, in the boisterous high spirits he had been exhibiting all day, he was facetiously affecting to be back in the eighteenth century, or whether—she caught my eye in the unadmitted sudden doubt of his sanity. Gripped with a curious fascination, I made a gesture to keep quiet. George Sinclair! Perhaps now I should get a hint that would enlighten the whole mystery of his strange behavior. But I kept a tight grip on his coat.

"There! She sees me! She lifted her mask, the teasing jade! She smiled! I protest, 'fore Heaven, she smiled! Ha! Look! They are going into the church, the three of them!"

"The church?" queried my wife, altogether puzzled.

"Yes! The church there—San-Jimmy-what-d'you-call-'em!" He pointed to the arcade of shops at the end of the Piazza. "The church? The Church of San Geminiano which formerly stood on that spot, was demolished by Napoleon in 1807! I doubt if Antony Sinclair had ever heard of it. 'She turns again! She beckons! I crave your pardon, friends!' He twisted himself to us for an excited but courtly bow. 'I must follow her! Even if I contrive not to whisper to her during the service, I can at worst offer her holy water as she comes out. See! She lifts her mask and beckons!'"

He almost knocked over the table as he broke from me and darted off.

"After him!" I exclaimed, jumping up from my seat. Heaven knew what public absurdity he might commit in this fantastic search for non-existent people in a church that was no longer there!

"What's the matter with him?" gasped my wife, as we hastened in pursuit of his running figure.

"I'll explain later!" I gasped. "For Heaven's sake, let's get hold of him now!"

He was well ahead, but still in sight. I saw him leap up the couple of steps of the arcade—and come with a crash against the narrow strip of wall between two shops. It was by the grace of God he had not gone clean through a plate-glass window. I saw him drop, stunned with the impact, upon the pavement, and the next moment I was by his side.

THERE was, of course, already a crowd around us as I endeavored to lift him up. Fortunately, it was almost more interested in the excitedly voluble explanation which the astonished shopkeeper, with dramatic gestures, broadcasted to all and sundry, than in the occurrence itself. My wife pushed through to me as I got him on his feet.

"I don't think he's much hurt," I reassured her, "but we must get him home. A gondola!"

The word "gondola" uttered by a foreigner in Venice instantly wakes every Venetian to an intense activity of helpfulness. "Gondola? Gondola, signore? Ecco! Ecco, una gondola!" Half a dozen hands pointed. There was, mercifully, a gondola-stand within fifty yards, just round the corner of the Bocca di Piazza.

All the way back, he did not utter a word. He sat stunned and passive in the gondola, as though only vaguely conscious of his environment. The man was obviously ill. We got him home, and took his temperature. It was 103°! I put him straightway to bed and, while my wife went in search of a doctor, sat and kept watch over him.

He lay for a long time motionless, with his eyes closed. Presently he opened them and looked at me, without a smile.

"I say, old man, I think I must be going off my chump," he said. There was a curious frightened look in his eyes.

"Nonsense!" I reassured him. "Just keep yourself quiet—you'll be all right."

He stared at me fixedly.

"It's strange!" he said. "One minute I see you sitting there, just as you are—and then you sort of fade out like a movie picture, and I'm looking at something quite different. People in fancy dress—knee-breeches and puffed-out skirts, such funny mincing sort of people, all bowing and scraping to one another and offering snuff with immense politeness. They've all got funny little masks on, too. It's so muddling—one picture is just as real as the other." His voice died away with his last words, and his eyes closed again.

There was a moment or two of silence, and then once more his lips moved, this time in a stealthy murmur, an ingratiating significant smile totally altering the expression of his face. He made a movement with his hand, as though dipping it into a bowl and sprinkling water with his fingers.

"Hear me, Signora! *Ascoltami!*" Then, under his breath, to himself: "Curse this Italian lingo! Was that right?" His whisper suddenly became more intense, the smile more significant, the words hurried as if making the most of the briefest of opportunities.

"Un piccolo momento, per l'amor di Dio! *Ascoltami! Io l'amol! Io l'amol! Ah, perdutamente! Signora! Signora Caterina! Io l'amol!*"

Then dropped to a sotto-voce comment for himself: "Would God she spoke English!"

rose again in a murmured earnestness of appeal: "Signora!" His hand snatched at something invisible and brought it quickly to his lips for a fervent kiss. Then suddenly his smile changed to one of alert and satisfied understanding, with a quick nod of the head and a touch of his finger on his mouth in pledge of silence. "Chut! I understand. *Capisco! Capisco, bellissima Signora!*"

He paused a moment as if listening, answered in an even more conspiratorial whisper: "Stasera?—Un messaggero?—Ti ringerò, Signora!—Ah, damn that *cicisbeo*! Were this not a church, I would—I!"

He gasped his teeth, scowled, and then his face cleared again to a smile of self-satisfied contentment.

His murmur was once more a conversation under his breath with himself. "This evening! A messenger. *Per Bacco*, but I'm trembling all over! Stap me, but I'm in love. You are in love George, really in love. That smile of hers! Those eyes—when she lifted her mask—" His voice died away again.

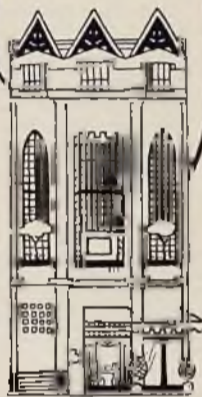
THEN slowly his eyes opened and he once more stared at me.

"That's a rummy thing!" he said, in his normal voice. "I could have sworn I was

(Continued on page 134)



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THAT PHOENIX, MEMORY

F. Britten Austin's Story

(Continued from page 132)



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standing in the doorway of a church and watching the daintiest little bird in eighteenth-century clothes go off along the Piazza—there was St. Mark's at the other end—in company with a fat old dame and a thin fellow in knee breeches and a long coat. Such a funny feeling, too. I had. Did you ever really go off the deep end about a girl, old bean?—you know, everything going *whirl*—inside every time you looked at her? It was like that. Seemed to me as if I was madly head-over-heels in love with her. So real, too. I can feel it still."

"You've been dreaming," I smiled at him reassuringly. "By the way, Antony," I put the question with the most casual air of indifference I could assume, "was there ever a George Sinclair in your family—a long time ago?"

He looked puzzled at me. "George Sinclair? Never heard the name in my life. Why?"

"Never mind. I'm rather interested in your dream lady, though." I pretended to my conscience that I was a bit of a psychoanalyst digging for a "complex" or whatever they call it. "Did you dream how you met her?"

"It's funny," he answered, "but I can see it all of a sudden. Just as if I remembered."

"Really?"

"Yes—so clearly!" His voice went dreamy again. "Wait a bit. I've got it. It's in a big room with old-fashioned chandeliers, prisms and candles. I'm sitting down at a table with a lot of other people—gambling. There are gold coins all over the table. I'm sitting next to a lady—masked, of course; nearly every one is masked—who laughs—such a topping laugh!—just the same whether she wins or loses. All along the table people are playing furiously, throwing out their golden coins or sweeping them back in heaps. Weird looking lot—as if they hadn't any faces in those masks. Every now and then there's a little shindy—jabber, jabber, jabber, nineteen to the dozen—between some of them. Dirty work, I suppose. Hallo! I've got into some sort of scrap myself! I'm arguing for all I'm worth with a fellow whose face I can't see—he's got a mask over it, of course. He's wearing a sky-blue satin coat with dirty lace at his cuffs. I'm giving him what for! What's it all about? I've got it—it's not on my account. I spotted the brute sweeping up some of the winnings of the little lady next to me, and pounced on his hand. It's all over. There he goes—trying to swagger as he pushes off through the crowd. They're all looking at me, those masks, like a lot of great birds without faces, horrid, rather! The little lady is looking up at me. I can just see the smile of her mouth underneath her white silk mask as she speaks—'*Gracie inespessibile, Stor Maschera Ingles!*' I must be masked as well then—of course, she can guess I'm English. She's accidentally knocked off her mask! I say, such a beautiful roguish face! I'm stammering something idiotic, while inside I've gone all of a tremble, and feel a tongue-tied silly ass. She laughs teasingly as she puts on her mask again." His voice died away.

"Go on. What next?" I said, fascinated by this evocation of an eighteenth-century night at the Ridotto.

His eyes opened on me. "I don't see any more. It's all gone. I say, old bean, it's queer to dream like that, isn't it? I don't know two words of Italian really, and yet just then it seemed as if I knew quite a fair amount—enough to talk, anyway."

"Very queer," I agreed. "But don't excite yourself about it. Just tell me anything that flits into your mind. Had the lady a husband?"

He frowned as though looking into the recesses of his consciousness.

"I can't quite make out about him—he doesn't seem to matter."

I smiled. "Those old Venetian husbands didn't matter very much," I said. "It wasn't good form. Every fashionable lady had her *cicisbeo*—"

He interrupted me. "Cicisbeo! That's a word I know, somehow. In the dream, you know—not really. A damn fellow that was always hanging round her skirts, carrying her purse for her, holding her fan, making himself indispensable, mincing around like a dancing-master. I had the devil of a row with him—one night in the Ridotto—"

"Tell me about it," I said. But he had apparently relapsed into sleep. His eyes closed. His breathing went deep and regular after one great sigh. I sat and watched him, hoping, interested though I was, that my wife would soon return with the doctor.

Suddenly he commenced to murmur again. His face assumed an expression of mingled anxiety and pleasant expectation.

"Ecco!" he said. "I'm ready. What's

'ready'? Pronto—sono pronto. You lead, I follow. Villainous looking rascal, but I suppose he's all right. She sent him—said she'd send a *messaggero*. Don't like these dark narrow streets, though. Where's he going? *E proprio questa via?* That's right, got it right this time—my Italian is improving, snap me! Must be the way, if he says it is. Wish I had gone by gondola, though—that's the best way to go—gondola by side canals. In luck finding her palace last night—but the gondolier knew it, of course. How long did I wait before she looked out of her window? Seemed hours. She saw me—I wager she saw me. Where is he going, this fellow? What? Down this dark hole? *Sì, sì, sì, illustrissimo!* Oily brute. In for it now, though—better follow him. . . . Ah! A little arcade—what's that canal, I wonder? Why, of course, there's her palace! That's her window! There—under the madonna! No light in it. But we're the wrong side of the water! What? *Aspetta!* Wait a moment? What? Oh, you're going to fetch a boat? Wait here for you? *Capisco, capisco.*"

THERE was again silence for a moment. I stared at Antony's face, lying there on the pillow, and tried to divine what visions he saw flitting through his brain. His features twitched, and every now and then twisted as though in an uneasiness of mind. Then once more came the feverishly muttered words.

"Where has the fellow gone? Waiting all this time . . . don't like it. Is he playing a trick? There he is! No, that's a shadow of one of the columns—moonlight deceives one's eyes. But I'll wait no longer. Don't want to get caught here—like rat in a trap. Which way out? End of colonnade—turn to right—dark—but there will be moonlight in the little street, thank God. . . ."

He made a movement with his hands that sketched the gesture of groping through the dark, his face scowling. What was coming now? I wondered. I tried to reconstruct that hundred-and-fifty-year old episode in my mind as I waited. She had evidently sent a guide to lead him to her palace, as she had promised in the church, and the guide had brought him through that dark *sottoportico* to the little colonnade on the canal-side whence one could see the Gothic palace with the madonna carved above a window—but was it she who had sent the guide? The doubt shot through me, as disturbing as though I were contemplating a real event enacted before my eyes. Would her guide have brought him to the wrong side of the water and then left him in that *cul-de-sac*? I waited, in a curious thrill of apprehension, for the sequel. It came.

"The street again—thank God!" He breathed a sigh of relief, then screwed up his eyes, closed though they already were, and moved his head from side to side as if peering each way into a darkness. His expression changed abruptly in a start of nervous alarm. "Who's that there? In the shadow! Yes! Cloak across his face! That's murder! My sword, quick! Gone! Gone! Scabbard empty! That villain must have slipped it out!" As he spoke, with a tone that heightened each moment in a tense excitement, appropriate expression came and went on his face with dramatic vividness. "Which way now? Quick! Round the corner! Along here! No! There's another one there—waiting! My God! Damn that villain! If I only had my sword and could get my back against a wall!" He panted in desperate excitement, his head darting from side to side. "They're closing on me! How many? Three or four, at least—that was steel there, surely, in the moonlight! Down this street, perhaps? Quick! Ah, they're here, too!" His fingers worked. "Not so much as a pocket-knife! By God, they're on me! Could I catch one by the throat, snatch his sword? Not swords, stiletos! Ah!—his face! That damned *cicisbeo*! Ah!" He finished in one sharp cry of pain and terror, lay deathly still.

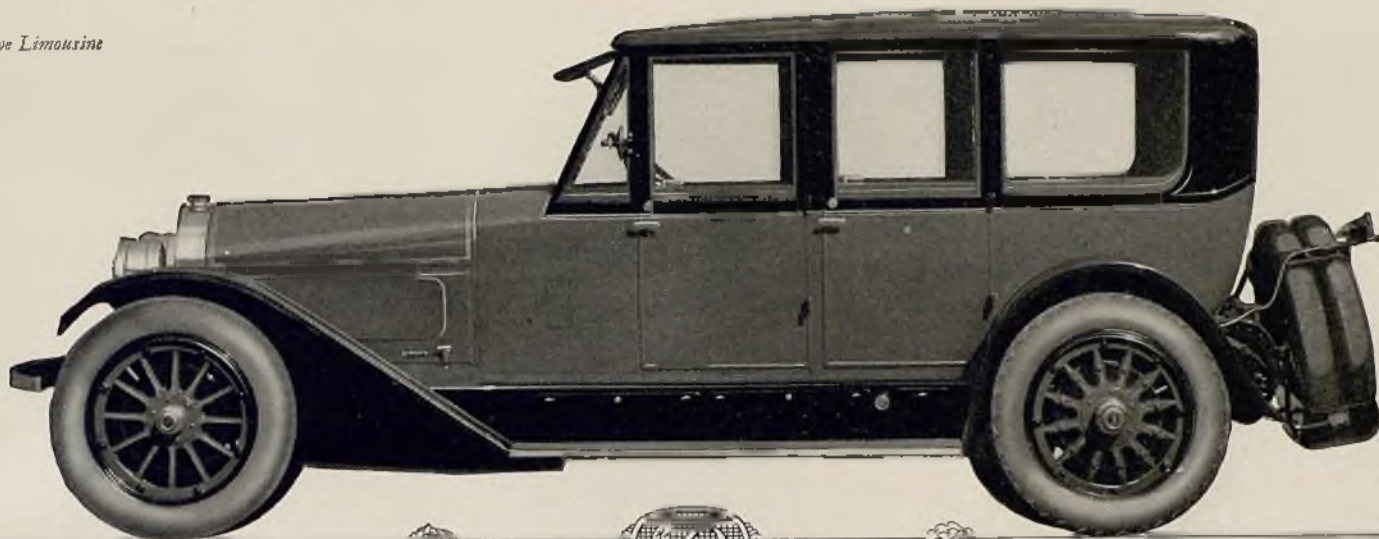
WHAT had happened? I thought I could guess. That *cicisbeo* had settled scores after the old Italian fashion. And the unfortunate Englishman? Assassinated, I might assume, for a certainty. But who was that George Sinclair—if such a person ever existed—whose unpleasantly romantic experience had reenacted itself in the mind of so unpromising a subject as Antony? Or was it all merely a delirious dream, without any antecedent basis in fact? I puzzled over these questions, without arriving at any sort of solution, as Antony lay in a quiet sleep, his murmurs silenced. My meditations were interrupted by the arrival of my wife with the doctor.

Nervously we waited outside the room for the verdict. It confirmed our fears.

"Unless I am mistaken," said the medico, "your friend is in the incubation stage of some

(Concluded on page 136)

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THAT PHOENIX, MEMORY

F. Britten Austin's Story

(Concluded from page 134)

sort of fever—I trust, not typhoid. We shall know to-morrow."

Typhoid it was. The next day put it beyond doubt. Inconvenient though it was, there was nothing for it but to submit. Anyway, it was a satisfying explanation of his strange behavior. Delirium is often curiously logical in the dramas it weaves. He must have had the fever on him when he arrived.

I wired home to his people, and received a telegraphic reply to the effect that his cousin, Geoffrey Sinclair, was on his way out to take charge of him.

Him also I met from the 7:40 P. M. at the railway station. He was an older man than his cousin Antony and quite a different type, obviously studious, with the urbane manner of a college don. I liked him on sight as we shook hands.

I put him in a gondola which—using, as the gondolas do, the short cuts by the side-canal—was at least as quick as the little steamer. From the first words of our conversation, as we glided noiselessly through that labyrinth of narrow waterways between the derelict, crumbling palaces, I could tell that my instinctive summary of him was correct. He was a well-read fellow, with—to judge by his comments—no mean knowledge of architecture and history. I named to him such of the palaces as I could and his remarks were invariably to the point.

We slid out from under a bridge toward an ancient Gothic palace, romantic in the soft light of the moon, which rose sheer from the water at the junction of two canals. It was the palace with the carved madonna above one of its windows.

"What palace is that?" he inquired. "Palazzo Giuliani," I replied, wondering if I should tell him later what a curious part that palace had played in the oncoming of his cousin's illness.

"Palazzo Giuliani?" he repeated, with an odd vivacity of tone. "That's interesting!"

Very interesting!" He turned to stare at it as we glided past.

"Why is that so particularly interesting to you?" I asked, in surprise.

"Well," he laughed, "the name is linked with a bit of our family history. I'm rather keen on that sort of thing and I happen to have in my library an old manuscript diary kept by an ancestor of mine while he made the Grand Tour of France and Italy in 1750. Very interesting. This ancestor of mine apparently fell in love with a Venetian lady by the name of Caterina Giuliani. I promised myself that I would hunt out her palace when I came to Venice."

"You've found it. That's the place." I smiled at him. "And your ancestor's name was George Sinclair."

He looked at me in astonishment. "How on earth did you know that?" he asked.

"Never mind. What happened to him?"

"An unpleasant experience. He was attacked one night by some—*bravi*, don't you call them?—and very nearly killed. But he recovered, came back to England, married an English lady, and died peaceably in 1790."

"Very interesting, indeed," I commented. "And, may I ask, does your cousin Antony know anything of that story?"

"Antony!" He laughed scornfully. "My dear fellow, Antony's a very nice chap, but his intellectual activity stops short at his business. I should be surprised if he had ever heard of George Sinclair—indeed, I doubt if any one knows that little story except myself."

I smiled, but said nothing.

THE curious part about it is that Antony, when he recovered, had not a glimmering of any memory of his romantic aberration. He'll probably call me a liar when he reads this.

FIRST THE FABRIC THEN THE GOWN

Baron de Meyer's Article

(Continued from page 85)

zenana,' and, as one of us inquired, 'What do you mean by zenana?' he answered, 'It is the enclosure of my harem. I have one hundred wives. If it wasn't for this enclosure, they would all escape, for they are bored.' The fabric being soft and pleasing, we called it 'Zenana.' This is the origin of a name which has become universal."

As I was taking leave of my three hosts and thanking them for their exquisite courtesy, I could not help expressing my admiration for the intelligent manner with which their establishment was managed. It showed much thought and infinite knowledge.

"Yes," said Mr. Paul Rodier, "it is not given to every one to be a good manufacturer, nowadays. One requires culture, to have taken one's degree, to have traveled the world over, with one's eyes and ears open, and to have studied in museums and exhibitions."

CHEZ BIANCHINI-FÉRIER

IN THE same block, but situated in the Avenue de l'Opéra, are the premises of the world-famed silk manufacturers, Bianchini-Férier. To these I now directed my steps, having previously telephoned to my old friend, Mr. Coste, the former director of the New York branch of the house, to find out if Mr. Bianchini was disposed to see me for an interview. The answer had been yes, only would I leave my camera behind? To be interviewed was bad enough, but to be photographed was more than he could bear. So there is no picture of Mr. Bianchini to illustrate this article—alas!

Lyons, in the eyes of the world, has become the center of the silk trade. Certain famed houses have quite particularly contributed to this reputation, by close coöperation with the Paris *couture*, by keeping in touch with their wishes and with the whims of fashion. Such coöperation produces a friendly atmosphere which, in its turn, facilitates the manufacturers' creative work. Bianchini-Férier is a brilliant example of such coöperation.

It was quite difficult to start Mr. Bianchini talking—almost as difficult as for me to interview him, but once started . . .

To my first question, as to whether the Bianchini establishment was inherited from his father, as the Rodiers inherited theirs, his reply was, "This firm was founded in 1880 by my friends, Atuyer, Férier, and myself. We three boys had met at Delvaux-Bachelard, the big Lyons silk merchants, where we all three were learning the business."

"But what was your father?" I insisted. "Was he in business, too?"

BIANCHINI'S PROGRESS

"OF COURSE he was—my father was a dealer in raw silk. When I was quite a small boy he used to say, 'You shall be a silk manufacturer,' and he saw to it I should be properly educated for this purpose. At eleven I was sent to school in Switzerland, and on returning to Lyons I spent two more years at the School of Commerce and one year at the looms. At eighteen I spoke five languages fluently and entered the firm of Delvaux-Bachelard. I became quite a useful salesman, for I could talk to the different foreign buyers, and as I was supposed to be talented there were many opportunities afforded me to develop my abilities. For instance, my chief having fallen ill, I was asked to represent the firm in Paris and London and get business for them. I was much pleased, for I was very ambitious. So I, of course, accepted."

"And how long did you stay with Delvaux-Bachelard?" I asked.

"I left them in 1888 to start in business for myself, together with my two associates. At the time, Atuyer was twenty-six, Férier twenty-five, and I myself was twenty-four. We settled down in the Place Tolozan in a small apartment, and had but one employee. Here we did work for our Parisian clients, for those who gave us tentative orders on the strength of our fine designs. Our first business year brought us over a million and a half francs, in those days some three hundred thousand dollars, which wasn't a bad start for three enterprising boys. We had no factory of our own, and our textures had to be woven at Croix Rousse, a suburb of Lyons, where, in those days, some forty thousand independent looms were at work and independent orders were accepted."

"Two years later, owing to big strikes at the Croix Rousse, we decided to buy a small factory of forty looms. This small factory developed our business. The big wholesale firms in Paris, those we were up to then working for, were out of harmony with our progressive ideas, and had given us no encouragement. We therefore decided to dispense with their intermediary services and start on our own. We moved to Paris, to the Avenue de l'Opéra, into this very house, perfect strangers in a large city."

"Believe me, it required courage to give up

(Concluded on page 138)



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FIRST THE FABRIC THEN THE GOWN

Baron de Meyer's Article

(Concluded from page 136)

big houses and their big orders, so as to manufacture for ourselves, and set out to establish a new clientele. We were considered a very foolish trio. However, at the end of six months we had many new customers and had changed our style completely. I myself used to call at all the dressmaking houses with my collection, and while showing them my fabrics, I watched my clients' expressions and listened to their observations. These served as indications for next season's novelties. Some of my more intelligent clients would say, 'Why, oh why, Mr. Bianchini, do you go on producing such stiff brocades, such heavy textures, and why go on making such narrow materials?' We need wide materials, they would facilitate our task of making gowns. The result was my famous Charmeuse and my Meteor, to name but two of my supple fabrics. I also widened my looms, and altered the old-fashioned method of folding piece goods in four. It used to take hours to fold a piece of material, so I started rolling the fabrics on wood and placing them in cardboard boxes, which is much more convenient than wrapping them into heavy paper. We manufactured all our boxes ourselves."

"How long do you consider it took you to establish your house in Paris?" I asked.

"About ten years—at least it took that long to have us really recognized, but that is over twenty years ago."

"Is there much difference between the production of silk and woolen textures? Remember, Mr. Bianchini, I am very much a layman."

"There is a vast difference," he replied. "For instance, figured silk, brocades, are made on Jacquard looms."

"And what is a Jacquard loom, if I may ask? I am quite ignorant as to its merits."

THE CLEVER JACQUARD

"IT IS a loom named after a man who invented mechanical weaving, and is specially used for figured textures. Formerly, two workmen were required for each loom, the one in front did the weaving while the one at the back pulled the different cords. The latter produced the pattern. Jacquard's mechanical invention replaces the man at the back. In earlier days 'thread dyeing' was almost universal. A pound of silk was dyed red, another green, and so on. The threads were wound on spools, which produced the warp, and the blending of colors was done by the shuttle. This method nowadays has become almost obsolete and has been replaced by mechanical looms and piece dyeing. The fabric, to start with, is woven in self-toned ecru and subsequently dyed into two, three or more shades."

"Notwithstanding the new methods, there are quite a number of materials which are still woven with previously assorted colored threads, especially in the case of certain multicolored brocades. Quick delivery, however, even here forces the workman into adopting quicker methods."

"Haven't you made quite a feature of your metal tissues?" I asked.

"I can almost say we invented them," was his reply. "Quite new and very special processes had to be invented for the production of these fabrics, especially in the last twenty years. Effects are now produced which could never have been obtained by the old-fashioned thread dyeing. The new process is based on acids, we call them mordants, and results are varied and surprisingly novel. Metal tissues have to be handled very delicately and require experienced workmen and careful manipulating. Hands, especially, have to be exceptionally clean, for metal tarnishes very easily."

"Where are your factories? Are they all in Lyons?"

"Not actually in Lyons," said Mr. Bianchini, "but some sixty kilometers out of the city. The district is called Le Lyonnais, in the Isere Department. Tour du Pin is entirely devoted to mechanical weaving, while at Dolomieu and La Frette we have factories for hand-loom. Our textures are first cylindered at Givors, then woven at Tour du Pin, sent to Tournon to be dyed and printed, and finally finished in Lyons. We have great difficulty in finding workmen, as children nowadays refuse to make their apprenticeship in hand-loom, the mechanical processes are considered so much easier."

"Has the manufacturing of silk made great strides in the last thirty years?"

"It certainly has, especially in the last ten years. Textures of an entirely modern fabrication have been placed on the market. They were quite unknown before."

"In what way are they so very new?"

"The novelty and quality of our modern textures reside in the supple finishing and in the combining of metal and silk threads. In olden days Italian brocades, for instance, were stiff and hard, and principally used for church vestments. They were shaped into garments much later. These fabrics were heavy. Now, though just as rich and magnificent, they are supple and soft."

"Have raw silks risen in price, like everything else?" I asked Mr. Bianchini.

"I should think they had," he replied.

"Before the war we paid fifty or sixty francs a kilo. To-day we pay three hundred and fifty francs, and there was a time we had to give as much as five hundred francs. However, it doesn't seem to matter—big prices don't prevent any one from buying, for nowadays luxury appears to be at every one's command. However, the creating of textures is a very special talent. One should be a native of Lyons, as I am, and have been brought up in the atmosphere of silk merchants. When I was four years old I was already playing about with bits of silk, so you see I started early."

"One day I realized that, in spite of my never having been to America, my most important foreign clients were Americans. I, then and there, decided on a trip to the United States. It gave me an opportunity of opening up direct and very valuable business relations with a number of the most important houses over there. We almost at once came to the conclusion that having a *succursale* in New York was not only profitable, but was also useful for the development of our Parisian business."

"Americans are quick to appreciate novelties, and have always bought our fabrics trustfully. They realized that as I manufactured these for my Paris trade, models suitable for my materials were sure to be designed by the Parisian couturiers. Their deductions were correct and my success in the States assured."

"Who were your first customers in America?"

"The big department stores," Mr. Bianchini answered, "though later on I sold to dressmakers direct."

"I suppose your fabrics are copied a good deal in America?"

"Well, it's quite possible some of the manufacturers get their inspiration from us, but why should I mind—isn't the copying of my materials a very subtle compliment, one which, however, I should like to see postponed until my novelties were at least a season old."

"Is there anything I can say to my American readers which could be construed as being a message from you to them?"

TWO WONDERFUL SILKS

"WELL, you might say that I am proud to have founded a branch of my house in New York; that it was started by my two faithful assistants, Mr. Coste and Mr. Heu. Tell them these two men succeeded in establishing for the house of Bianchini-Ferrier a wonderful position in America, which was achieved by sheer hard work. You might also add that the thought of my fabrics, created in France, having enabled American merchants to make millions of dollars, gives me much pleasure."

"Have you any special fabric in mind, when saying this?" I asked.

"I have. To name but one or two—Charmeuse and Crepe Georgette, both of them among my greatest triumphs."

"What made you think of the name of Georgette, in connection with the crepe? As it has become famous, its history should be recorded."

"The history is very simple," Mr. Bianchini replied. "One day, while calling on Madame Georgette, the great modiste of the rue de la Paix, she said to me, 'Bianchini, why don't you make me a heavy mousseline, a sort of crepe?' and she showed me two or three layers of muslin one over the other. I grasped her meaning, had the desired crepe made, and brought her the result. She was delighted. 'C'est exactement ce que je voulais—send me several pieces at once.' I suggested her being the new crepe's godmother. She laughingly agreed. Hence, its name—Crepe Georgette."

With September the theatrical season will once more be in full swing, and Percy Hammond's reviews of both the major and minor events of the season will appear in every issue of Harper's Bazar.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



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If you are romantic, elusive, imaginative—fond of freedom and novelty—you will choose Babani's *Chypre* and *Sousouki*. (These two unite in fragrant harmony in the proportions of 3 to 1.)

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THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND QUIPS

Mildred Cram's Story

(Continued from page 95)

now and then a spiral broke loose and curled as it dried. The black ringlets gave him the look of a saucy Italian of the Bass Italia. His eyes were Hebraic, tragic and passionate, baffled and eager.

"What we want is something new, Mr. Bates," the reporter began. "We've had all the stuff about your life in Russia—"

"Not all! I tied myself in bow-knots on a square of red velvet carpet in the streets of Moscow, and no one laughed. Yet I was funnier then than I am now."

"What is your real name?"

"I have forgotten. I was a gipsy, and fatherless."

"What the public wants to know, Mr. Bates, is how you get your ideas. You have a literary slant. What Dickens had. You've got us, from kids to grand-dads, down cold."

"Have I?"

"Well, haven't you?"

"God knows. I'm not sure that I understand people, or even like them. Only don't put that down! The longer I live the more I am impressed by the futility of the personal struggle. Man is like that masquerader of Papini's—he lost himself—you remember?"

"Papini," the reporter said, pouncing. "Ah! Very illuminating. You read Papini? I see!"

"Don't say so! Papini is a skeptic, an atheist, a devastating Thomas. If it were known that I kept such literary company, Bates stock would drop ten points. I make the world laugh, but I mustn't laugh at the world."

THE reporter shrugged his shoulders. "What I'm after is a little Hamlet stuff, and you won't let me print it. The public likes to think of you as a philosopher in a clown's make-up. . . ."

"The popular philosopher reads Thackeray, Shakespeare, and Lord Byron. So do I—in public! Look at the books on my desk over there. Schopenhauer, Baudelaire, Goethe. A whole stack of dangerous young moderns. That damns me as a radical and a highbrow, doesn't it? Say anything you please about me, but don't call me a thinker."

Billy poured coffee out of a Sevres pot into a Sevres cup. "Say, if you like, that I am not happy. I don't belong to myself. Wherever I go, I am an object of curiosity. I long for the freedom of obscurity." His eyes, with that look of humble tragedy, the eyes of a dog, clouded over. "I should like to find a desert island and spend the rest of my days there. A coconut tree. A book—"

"And thou—"

"No! No! I abjure the feminine. Only don't say so. To be popular, I must be at least a potential lover."

The reporter laughed. "How about this island stunt? Damned good publicity."

"Publicity!"

"Well, you know what I mean. Helping along the tradition. The world's greatest comedian in exile! Perhaps that wouldn't loosen a few tear-ducts! You could stage a come-back that would make Pershing's welcome look like a feeble handclap. Triumphant arches. Legions. Laurels. Rose petals. Hurrahs."

"But I'm quite serious."

"Are you?" The newspaper man grabbed his hat. "That's a scoop. Billy Bates plans trip to desert isle. Flouts five million dollar contract. World weary. Great!"

Billy pushed back his chair and rose, clutching the blue silk robe. For an instant there was a flash of his comic self, that inimitable, side-splitting, and mournful hobo child. His smile was apologetic—the smile of a Neapolitan rattle-tattle eager to please; a lift of the lip, a flash of teeth, something deprecating, a charming and touching humility.

"Please," he said. "Please don't."

"All right, I won't spill your pretty idea. But if I did—if you should—there isn't an island on earth where you could get away from us. Why, say! You're Santa Claus. Or Puck, or something. You belong to the crowd. I'll tell you what. You have to pay for popularity. I'd change with you."

"Would you?"

"Sure. Say, how does it feel?"

Billy hung his head. He tried honestly to capture his elusive discontent and to pin it to the wall. He had, it seemed, everything; the accepted blessings were heaped at his feet. He rejected them, not out of perversity but out of weariness, since he had had a surfeit of glory. Every critic and poet and novelist on five continents had written that he was the personification of the *weltanschmerz*; the initiated found him not laughable but pathetic—the futile woes of humanity made manifest. He felt that he bore the burden of Everyman. If they'd only stop talking about him! The doubt assailed him that perhaps he did not feel these things or express them—it was a colossal conspiracy, an intellectual hoax, a

universal misapprehension. He was, after all, not a superman.

"How does it feel?" he repeated. "Crowded!"

The reporter laughed. "That's my cue. Good morning. And thanks very much."

THE telephone rang twenty times between nine o'clock and eleven. Like a trapped beetle, it buzzed beneath the petticoats of a French doll. Eleven times Billy drew it forth to hear himself glorified, solicited, invited, questioned, or, still more flattering, criticized. He knew opposition to be a sign of advancement. Hands reached up to pull him down, because he was climbing. He could gauge his success by the activity of his antagonists. The higher he went, the louder the noise at the foot of the ladder.

He refused three invitations to dinner, the honorary presidency of a screen club, the hand of a rich woman, and a legacy of ten thousand dollars bequeathed him by a fanatic who "loved his eyes."

At eleven o'clock, a celebrated photographer arrived with an assistant to photograph Billy at home.

"I want your thoughtful side, Mr. Bates. I'm not interested in the little straw hat and the trick mustache. You understand, I am more a painter than a camera-man. If you please. . . . At the desk, with a book. Something serious. Ah! This witty sophistry of Ojetti's. *Vaillat*! Don't smile, if you please. When you smile, you are irresistibly comic. Something of the Pierrot. Sad. Remote. The outlines blurred, as it were. . . ."

"I'm supposed to be funny," Billy said patiently.

The photographer shook his head. "No! I beg of you. Lower the eyes. Smith, shift that light a bit. Right! Now, Mr. Bates!"

Backing away, he squinted at this rare little man, this *gamin* turned genius. Billy was not camera shy, but for the first time in his life he hated the stare of that round eye, digging into his soul like a surgeon's probe. He had an unpleasant feeling that the developed film might show something more than the image of a young man reading Ojetti; his self-distrust might be written on his forehead, his fear made forever manifest. Now that he had achieved success, it seemed too easy. The insatiable lens might prove him a fraud, a third-rate tumbler wearing Caesar's laurels. . . .

"Click."

"Now, Mr. Bates, at the window, please. Looking out. An expression of pity and comprehension. . . . Lights, Smith!"

Billy glanced down at the cubistic city, pyramids of granite, oblongs, squares, prisms heaped like the casual crystals upon a window-pane. His city. He could see his name written across an electric sign in liquid blues and golds, a fluid fame, a press-agent's dream of immortality. . . .

"Click."

"Thank you, Mr. Bates. Now, if you please, in profile."

Billy sat languidly upon a Chippendale chair. He thought, "Suppose I were really to go to some remote island, ten thousand miles away from this infernal notoriety. I've had a full cup. Too full! All these people telling me how I feel, and why. . . . Suppose I were kicking my heels on a white beach somewhere—alone—"

"*Vaillat*! Magnificent! The essence of Billy Bates—"

"Click."

"Very wistful. *Merci mille fois!*"

"Not at all," Billy said politely, stifling a calculated yawn.

HE LUNCHEONED with a popular leading woman, a creature both statuesque and lissom, who kissed him on both cheeks.

"For heaven's sake, Billy, let's go where we'll be recognized."

Billy shuddered. "The Ritz?"

"The Ritz. The smallest table, in the exact center of the room."

They crossed the crowded place through a silence that was like a shout of recognition. Pretty women in French hats turned their heads to watch the passage of this little man who seemed to wince away from their glance. How charming of him to be shy!

"This is worth a thousand dollars to me," the leading lady whispered. "Make love to me, won't you? Smile for the ladies! Shake your curls, you delicious faun! I want every one to know that I'm lunching with Billy Bates."

"But, my dear Peggy, you aren't in need of advertising!"

"When an actress achieves stardom, Billy, she begins to consider the decline. You are fortunate. In spite of the gray in your hair you can go on being what you are. At seventy, you will still be playing tragic, absurd, human little men; you will still be

(Continued on page 142)



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- 1 · The Child
- 2 · The Débutante
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- 4 · The Mother
- 5 · The Father
- 6 · The Family Group

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THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED
A THOUSAND QUIPS

Mildred Cram's Story

(Continued from page 140)

earning two million a year. Not I. I have paused for a moment on the top rung of the ladder, that's all. Ten pounds gained, two wrinkles, a certain look under my chin—"

She threw back her veil; her round, black eyes collected glances with the gusto of a connoisseur. She presented herself to the public gaze, challenging the lovely ladies in French hats to discover a flaw in the perfection of her beauty. Billy, who knew something of the devious by-paths she had followed, wondered at that something candid, limpid, that innocence. It was more than skilful make-up. She was a naughty creature; her name had flapped on many a line, airing. How many husbands? Two, or three. Yet she could play dream-smitten virgins, veiling the hard brightness of her eyes; her strident and emphatic voice could be huskily beautiful.

"Let's have sole with white grapes," she said. "You can afford it."

"So can you," Billy interrupted.

"I'm saving up for my fat and idle years," she explained. "I spend one dollar and save two. I'm canny." She laughed. Her hand, ungloved, rested for the fraction of a second on his. "Billy, I'm quite lovely and strange and practical and witty, and a woman. Why don't you marry me?"

Billy shook his head. "I'm sorry. No." A perverse idea flashed across his mind. "I'm going away," he said.

"Away?"

"Thank God, yes! I'm going to cut loose. I'm sick to death of this side-show, this masquerade of passions, this—"

He waved his hands and a hundred covert glances caught the gesture. "Diamond dust and rouge. Ospreys plucked out of living birds. A slaughter of ermine and chunchilla. Faith down in the dust and jazz on a throne *This!*"

"But it's life!"

"My dear Peggy, do you mean to say that you believe in it?"

"Of course I do. It's all I've got to believe in!" She touched his hand again with pointed, polished finger-tips. "Don't get ideas, Billy. Don't, just because you're an artist, think you've got to be a Bolshevik. The critics are doing this to you. Stay human. It's your best hunch. Stay real. Why, we're all silly children afraid of the dark, trying to play our little game of make-believe. Stay sane. Help us. Shoo away the bogies. Work for us. We're worth it."

"I can't laugh any more," he said. "My nerves jangle. Things taste like straw. Nothing coordinates exactly. I want to be alone. I want to sleep, and sleep, and sleep."

She gave him a curious look. "Better not do the Rip Van Winkle, Billy. Some one will steal your crown and your money."

The waiter, passing the delicate fragrance of sole and white grapes beneath her nose, interrupted the conversation. Her eyes hovered, like gulls. Her hands were tremulous with desire for this expensive and delectable portion. She was again worldly, a creature dedicated to artificial emotion; she forgot Billy's world-pain because she believed it to be a little twinge of unsatisfied ego.

Billy watched her, his fork suspended. He knew, and it hurt him acutely to know, that the graceful, sleek creatures in Paris hats were laughing at him; the waiter was laughing at him; the head-waiter was laughing at him. . . .

The unholy desire seized him to twist his hair into a forelock, to assume his screen personality and to shuffle across the dining-room, mournful, languid, irresistibly funny. . . . To give them their money's worth, once and for all! Damn 'em!

Outwardly, he was a calm, rather conventional little man, with no hint of revolt in his eyes.

He was a man one laughed at as a matter of course. He was Billy Bates.

HE DINED at the Players' Club with an explorer and a playwright, both of whom took him seriously. He found it possible to quote Verlaine without being written down as a newly-educated mental climber; his good manners were not a subject for surprise in this company. He was recognized, but not chattered at. He reflected that he was like the monkey at the zoo, left blessedly alone with the initiated and disillusioned keepers. Gone the sticky babies and worshiping, goggle-eyed small boys and mocking parents. For a blessed moment he could cease being a source of merriment, a target for indiscriminate peanuts, and could be, quite simply, a monkey.

The playwright said: "Billy, I wish you'd leave the screen and try the stage. I'll write a play for you. Not Hamlet! Something damned human; *Oliver Twist* grown up. The kid in all of us."

Billy shook his head. "Thanks. But I

think I'm through with acting. Through with everything. My soul is sick. I'm weary of success. I'm deafened by the applause of multitudes. I'm lonely because I'm never alone."

He smiled, and, as usual, that flash of teeth touched the risibilities of his audience. "You snicker! The world snickers. I can't put my nose outside my door without exposing myself to the unsolicited, the indecent embraces of mankind. I am everybody's baby boy! I am dandled on humanity's knee. Consider for a moment the horror of my position—to be conscious of kindling this recognition in every face along Fifth Avenue, up and down the Bois, the Corso, the Strand, the Bund, the Bubbling Well Road. . . . I suppose when I die all hell will greet me: *Billy! Our Billy!*"

Suddenly he buried his face in his hands. After a moment, the playwright said, "Nerves, Bates. That's all. Overwork. Having to manufacture five million dollars' worth of laughs out of your own skull. . . ."

"I'll tell you what," the explorer interrupted. "I know the very place you're looking for. A little crust of pink coral and coco-palms in the exact center of a painted, purple ocean. One hundred natives. They've never seen a camera, not to speak of a movie. And they've never heard—I swear it—of Billy Bates!"

Billy lifted his head. A look of incredulity had come into his eyes. "Never heard of me?"

"Never. Go out there and see. Place called Talufa in the Low Archipelago. Two feet above water and kept afloat by the grace of God and a few billion coral bugs. A Frenchman, fellow called La Sainte, settled there thirty years ago. He is a hermit, a scientist of sorts. He will make you quite comfortable and feed you coconuts and tinned beet."

"Bah!" Billy cried. "He'll adopt me, too. They all do."

"He never heard of you! He hasn't seen a newspaper for twenty-five years. Nor a white man, until he saw me. And I took care not to mention you."

"Thanks awfully."

"Not at all."

Billy pounded the table. "I'll go!"

"You can buy a schooner in Papeete," the explorer explained, "and have yourself put ashore at Talufa for six months. You'll find La Sainte quite meticulous. He dresses for dinner, and combs his beard. You'll like him."

Billy stretched out his arms. "Six months! Alone!"

"Yes," the explorer said, lifting his glass. "Alone at last! And five million dollars to the bad."

BILLY stepped ashore one afternoon, upon a dazzling beach fringed with small waves that broke with exact repetition, musical and bubbling. It was hot. Behind him, the schooner *Mary Ellen* lay upon the sea, hove to, waiting to set sail again in half an hour. Billy had stipulated that the chains which bound him to civilization should be broken as quickly as possible.

The crew tumbled his boxes ashore, and a group of brown natives in shapeless Mother Hubbards came out of their houses to stare and to chatter. Their speech was like a bubbling of water. Their eyes were friendly. Their bare feet left lovely, innocent imprints in the sand, like those of the children of Eden.

Billy braced himself to meet a burst of laughter. He lifted his shoulders and arched his chest as if he expected to go forward into a thicket of pointing fingers, as a warrior bares his breast to the enemy's spears.

But the Talufans were solemn and uncomprehending. This man was a "foreigner" like their own La Sainte and the rare adventurers who landed from tramp schooners to sell calico and glass beads.

"They don't know me," Billy thought. He watched the crew row back to the *Mary Ellen*, obedient but reluctant.

"So long, Billy! Good luck! Back in six months!"

He waved his hat. It seemed to him that he was bidding good-by to his last audience; this was to be his final Thespian gesture. He was conscious of the romance of the situation, the figure he made, in white linen, his curls blowing, delivering his valedictory.

The most famous man in the world! Napoleon Bonaparte must have sensed this extraordinary release, when he stood at last upon Saint Helena, rid of the responsibilities of power.

The whale-boat diminished, the flash of oars rhythmic, conclusive; at the mouth of the reef it disappeared in a smother and thunder of foam, then reappeared again upon smooth water, alongside the schooner. Billy saw those little figures climbing aboard. The

(Continued on page 144)



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THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND QUIPS

Mildred Cram's Story

(Continued from page 142)



WOMEN of every city share the same privilege as Smart Fifth Avenue Shoppers, in being able to wear



A prominent store in your city will be pleased to show them to you—or write us for information.

E. J. WILE & Co., 498 Seventh Ave., New York

Mary Ellen came clumsily about, seemed to falter, to breathe deeply, and all at once, catching the wind, dipped like a swallow and skimmed away.

Billy became conscious of the silence about him. His arms dropped to his side. He should, he reflected, be enormously happy. But instead, he felt a vague uneasiness, as if suddenly deprived of something necessary to existence, such as a heart, or a pair of sound lungs. He was dizzy. He had an impulse to run after the schooner and hail it back, as one hails a taxi on Broadway.

He raised his arms again and ran a few steps, stumbling in the hot sand.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!"

A voice hailed him from the shadow of the coco-grove. Billy turned—smiling the supplicating, guilty, disarming smile of a small boy surprised by a policeman.

A very tall man with a blond beard advanced to meet him.

"Ah, you are here! I was told that some one had landed. My dear sir—"

He offered his hand and Billy surrendered himself to a powerful clasp. He thought, gazing up at that pinkish beard, a beard curled, spiraled, brushed, tremendous: "I'll use him in my next picture. Marvelous foil. Oh, what luck! The biggest man and the funniest beard."

"How do you do?" he said aloud. "I've come to visit Talufa. Tired. Nervous or something. Craved quiet."

"Ah! Well—it is quiet. An occasional hurricane—otherwise, Talufa is excellent for your purpose. I introduce myself. Heracles La Sainte."

"Billy Bates."

"Monsieur Bay-etes."

"Great Jupiter," Billy thought, with an odd twist at his heart, "he doesn't know—"

The realization trailed off into a feeling of acute nostalgia. A rice-picker of Bali would have spotted Billy Bates at first glance. A llama of Thibet would have slapped him on the back. The President of France would have kissed him on both cheeks. And this—this back number—

"I will be pleased to entertain you, Monsieur—how d'you say—Bay-etes? My house is there, beyond the store, where you see the two hogs."

La Sainte turned, and striding ahead, pierced the circle of mild-eyed natives like a javelin and made for the veranda of his house. Billy followed, divided between an immense admiration for his host's screen possibilities and a desire to shout at him: "See here, do you know who I am? You gorgeous boob!"

HERACLES LA SAINTE'S quarters were primitive. A wide veranda framed two rooms. The scientist's life was spent lolling in a home-made chair on the veranda, or working in his "laboratory," a cluttered closet very like the den of a medieval alchemist.

He flung the door wide:

"Voulez! My workroom. Where I labor for the good of mankind."

He chuckled. His shoulders shook. And his hand raked at his beard, twisting and untwisting those pink Dureresque spirals.

"Mankind," he said, his voice a note deeper, as if he were stirred by a greater emotion. "My children—"

Peering over that vast shoulder, Billy saw an array of bottles, gloves, microscopes, filters, magnets, wires, a primitive assortment of "properties." Stifling his depression, he said politely: "Very interesting. What, may I ask, are you doing for mankind?"

La Sainte closed the door and led the way back to the veranda. Twilight had fallen over Talufa like purple gauze dropped upon the sleeping face of a pale woman. There was no sound save the distant thunder of the reefs and the dry rattle of palm blades against the screens. A swinging lamp hung just above La Sainte's head, so that he seemed immersed in a pool of yellow light. Billy sat in the shadow, feeling very small, very much as he had felt in Russia, when, a sorrow-smitten boy, he had crouched at the feet of huge gypsies, listening to their stories of an unknown world.

There was something poignant and exquisite in this reversal. For the first time in ten years he found himself on the other side of the spotlight.

La Sainte split wide a coconut and offered the cool milk to his guest.

"Drink! I haven't tasted stronger wine since I left France, thirty years ago. I am sixty-five. And my tongue waters at the thought of Bordeaux, Madeira, Moselle, the light bubbles of Champagne! I pass the names across my palate, to quench my thirst!"

"Why don't you go back to France?"

The giant made a wide, embracing gesture with both arms.

"I am the servant of humanity."

"How do you mean?"

"Consider. The day will come when man will find himself without fuel. The forests will be leveled, the oil wells drained dry, the coal beds picked to the bone. And all the while the earth growing colder, the sun fainter. . . . You comprehend? There will be no fuel to keep men warm!"

La Sainte shrugged his shoulders. "Some one, my friend, must think against that day. Some one must care. Some one must work for the millions yet unborn. Therefore I—"

He leaned forward, a shining giant in a pink halo of crinkly hair.

"I will tell you something. I am going to get fuel out of the air! You don't believe me?"

"I don't know anything about it, one way or the other," Billy admitted.

"You are not a scientist?"

A perverse and devilish temptation assailed Billy: "I am Billy Bates."

"Ah."

"I am the most famous man in the world."

"You amuse yourself, Monsieur, by making little jokes?"

"Not at all."

A look of fear flashed into La Sainte's eyes. "Then perhaps you have defeated me. I am old. I am slow. . . . You have plucked my secret out of the heart of nature!"

Billy shook his head. "No. I have a secret of my own. I make men laugh."

"Ah! A clown!"

Billy felt a twinge of irritation, as if some one had stepped on the tail of his coat. "An actor," he corrected.

La Sainte laughed. Throwing back his head, he gave vent to gargantuan bellows of mirth. Outside, the twilight was shot through with peals of merriment, little starbursts—the people of Talufa were laughing with La Sainte, their chief.

"It is impossible. Ridiculous! You ask too much of my credulity."

"Have you never heard, then, of pictures that move?"

"No. Explain."

BILLY explained. And as he gestured, as the lovely words of description fell on the silence of Talufa, he felt within him a new pride, a new awe, a new faith in himself.

"All over the world," he said, "they are laughing at me. I caper across a dozen million screens, stirring up laughter. This face you are looking at is as familiar as the face of the moon. Babies will reach for it, and old men will smile at it, and lovers will take delight in it, forever. I am alive. And I am everlasting. It is wonderful. It is also terrible."

La Sainte nodded. "We are both servants. . . . Listen, my friend. I am, in my heart of hearts, not a scientist but a *boulvardier*. I love the very dust lying in the gutters of the rue de la Paix. Women. Pretty, shining women with tight little waists and high-heeled shoes. Shops. Jewels. Theaters. Rows and rows of people in evening dress, and the delicious odor of velvet and papier-mâché! I love crowded cafés and little iron tables set on the sidewalks of Paris, and a drop of absinthe on a lump of sugar. And poodle dogs yapping, and nurse-maids in the gardens of the Luxembourg! I love boudoirs full of scented cushions, with crystal bottles of perfume set upon marble-topped tables. I love music—the waltzes of Strauss and Waldteufel and the songs of our own, incomparable Gounod. All these things—"

He closed his eyes.

"Yet here I am, in Talufa."

"Why?" Billy asked.

"Who but I can warm the reprehensible, the adorable bones of those pretty women who will live a thousand years from now? I am frivolous; therefore, I isolate myself. I am easily tempted, and I remove myself from temptation. I am lazy, so I come where I must either work, or go mad. I have abjured life because I love life too well."

"Great Scott," Billy whispered. "Are you happy?"

"There is no other happiness," La Sainte replied.

"But who knows? Who cares?"

"I know. I care."

"But is humanity worth serving?"

"Christ thought so."

"And he was crucified."

Billy shivered. Beyond the circle of lamp-light, the darkness closed in like a sea, flowing through the screens and washing about that island where La Sainte sat, imponderable, benign, in possession of his unique security, his absorbing and satisfying dream.

Suddenly the brown children of Talufa began to sing.

"What's that?" Billy demanded.

"Their hymn, to me, their chief," La Sainte explained, expanding his powerful chest.

"To-morrow," Billy said, "I'll make them laugh."

(Concluded on page 146)



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THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND QUIPS

Mildred Cram's Story

(Concluded from page 144)

In the morning Billy woke and, from his bed on a mat thrown down in a corner of the veranda, stared up at La Sainte who stood, in a blaze of sunlight, his arms athwart the door.

"To-day, I work. When you have breakfasted, Monsieur, I suggest that you explore Talufa. You can not lose yourself, since the island is but two miles long and a half mile across. You can not drown, unless you swim out to sea. There is nothing to do but to breathe the air and to scratch fleas. I advise you not to flirt with the ladies. My authority here is paternal, and I disapprove of inter-marriage."

Billy thought of Peggy, throwing back her veil to collect glances as a savage woman collects sharks' teeth!

NEW YORK was far away, he told himself, stretching in the sunlight on the veranda. Was he already forgotten?

He boiled two eggs and opened a can of sardines for breakfast.

Great heavens! What a place! Save for the white hogs grunting in the yard, there was no sign of life. Nothing seemed to happen except the occasional flat thud of a falling coconut.

There must be, Billy reasoned, a Main Street. A few village belles and dandies dressed up in fresh sea-weed and hibiscus blossoms. Something going on.

He wondered, artlessly, whether the Talufans would like the movies. Whether, by any possible chance, they might like him? The magic words "Billy Bates" would go well to a Moody-Sankey tune, for instance. . . .

Who was La Sainte to consider himself the sole servant of mankind? What was fuel to laughter?

Billy threw the egg shells into the yard and rapped on the door of his host's workshop.

"I have had a revelation," he said, putting his lips to the keyhole.

"Eh bien?" cried La Sainte from within. "I see myself. Objectively. For the first time, you understand. I have discovered that I am indispensable!"

La Sainte opened the door. He came out holding a kettle of evil-smelling liquid. "Explain yourself."

"Be patient. I intend to."

Billy made his famous entrance—a shuffle forward, a quick smile, a half-finished, futile, absurd, lovable gesture with both arms.

"I am Billy! I have kicked the bearded Santa out of men's hearts. I have plastered Kris Kringle with a custard pie. You can't keep me out; I get in, woolly head, feet, trick mustache, little straw hat, dog's eyes and all. . . . I am Billy! I have a nickname. K of K, Bobs, Teddy, Old To-morrow, Papa Joffre, and Billy!"

"I never heard of any of them," La Sainte insisted.

"I have taken the place of Pierrot, Arlecchino of the Commedia, Punch, Puck, and the marionettes. I am vulgar, my friend! I mix tears with idiosyncrasy. I put the grotesque into love. I tickle sluggish minds. My recipe is a mixture of legend and pep, pantomime and beauty, artifice and art."

"I gargle my wine and sit on pins. I kiss largely and loudly. I am kicked in the seat of my pants and I kick other people in the seat of theirs. I fall up-stairs and down coal chutes. I put my thumb to the tip of my nose and wriggle my ten fingers. I wallow in dough and slap policemen and get drunk. I am as agile as a fly and as supple as an octopus. I am an artist, and I will be a legend when you are forgotten."

"Prove it," cried La Sainte.

He put the kettle down and wiped his hands on a piece of waste. "It seems that we have come to the test," he said.

Billy felt an excess of joyous excitement. Seizing an ember from the fire, he blackened his upper lip. He reduced the brim of his straw hat with a pen-knife. He fashioned a pair of shoes from pillow-slips and strings. His bamboo cane stood in a corner. A twist of his curly forelock and he was ready.

THE people of Talufa were soft and lazy. "Mild as milked lambs," La Sainte said. He led the way to the clearing before the "store," a place of sharp-bladed shadows and brilliant flecks of sunlight.

Billy's audience gathered at a clap of their white chief's hands. They stared, gentle, uncomprehending—a row of children; a performing monkey. They had never seen the like of Billy before!

His heart was in his mouth. What could he prove? Nothing beyond the authenticity of his genius—he could, or he could not, make

them laugh. Prove himself to himself, once and for all. Establish his purpose. Free himself of doubt. Guarantee his mission!

The people of Talufa would make it forever clear whether Billy was a press-agent's creation or a spirit dedicated to the spark of laughter in the hearts of men.

Billy swung his cane. He missed his nose by an inch. He bent his cane. It leaped skyward and he caught it. He went to lean on it, wearily, and sat upon the ground instead. And the look in his eyes was dumb and sorrowful.

A ripple passed across the brown, naked, lovely bodies of the Talufans, as if they were shaken like little leaves in a wind.

Billy got to his feet. He ran a few steps. His feet hurt. The arch was broken, the soles tender; he maneuvered never to lay them flat on the ground but put them down tenderly, with a wince.

Old stuff! Old stuff. But a shout of laughter broke the silence of Talufa.

He caught them fair—stopped them with a droop of his narrow shoulders, a discouraged, disheartened, sagging of head, hands, and knees. He stood a moment with his back turned, (as daring an experiment as any of Mrs. Fiske's Hedda Gabblings) forlorn and pitiful.

A sigh shook the Talufans.

Then courage returned. He straightened, lifted his head, swung his cane, flourished his elbows, kicked up his sore heels and trotted briskly away along the dusty white path to the sea. . . .

A shout went up, a great hiccough of hilarity.

He came back, taking a corner on one foot. La Sainte, shaking his great shoulders, saluted him.

"You are wasted in Talufa! Go back to the world!"

THEREAFTER Billy sat on the beach, watching the painted sea for a sail. One Talufan fanned him. Another fed him. Another wove garlands for his hair.

The day came at last when the *Mary Ellen* spun down the horizon, slipped up to the bar and hove to.

Again the whale-boat cut through the reef, across the lagoon—in the bow a camera man, grinding a camera; in the stern another. Newspapermen clung to the gunwales, their fountain pens between their teeth, risking their toes in those purple waters swarming with sharks.

Billy stood upon the beach, garlanded, shy, wistful, waiting for the close-up.

"Billy!"

"First word for the *Picayune*!"

"Billy!"

"Hello, boys."

"Coming back to us, Billy?"

He turned his profile to the camera. "Well, rather."

"Great stuff. Exclusive rights to the *Times*."

Billy raised his hand, but the cameras went on clicking. Sweet music! "I'm glad to know that I'm not forgotten. I'm going back. I came out here to lose myself and I found myself instead. I'm a drunkard for praise. I'm a sponge for applause. And I'm a bear for publicity. Also, I'm funny, and I know it."

"Copyrighted by the *Tribune*!"

"Billy!"

"Just a minute. Listen, you fellows. See that house up there with the tin roof, just beyond the bog? Well, there's a man up there who's going to solve the fuel problem for your great-grandchildren. His name is La Sainte."

"Never heard of him!"

Billy pleaded: "Go pick on him, you fellows. Scatter his photograph over the globe. He has labored thirty-five years to make the world safe for posterity."

"Not on your life," the camera man answered. "We're after the popular guys. Smile now! Straight into the camera. Thanks!"

"But listen," Billy cried. "He's going back with me. He has the pinkest, curliest beard in the world. He has promised to be my Dromedary, my Castor, my Man Friday!"

THE newspapermen leaped into the surf and splashed ashore, dragging their cameras.

"Where did you say he lives? Billy! This belongs to the *World*! Camera! Copyrighted, Billy! Exclusive! Where is he?"

Billy pointed. He thought: "There's a moral to this, but I'll be damned if I know what it is."

And he led the way.

The School Department of Harper's Bazar has a list of good schools which still have vacancies. Write Kenneth N. Chambers.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

for SEPTEMBER 1924

THE MEADOW LARKS

Helen Bullitt Lowry's Article

(Concluded from page 69)

for miles about. An eighteenth-century sporting print world.

Boys growing straight and tall and ruddy and healthy as the young blooded animals about them. Boys falling off horses almost as soon as they can stand on their two legs—and getting that part of the business of polo out of their systems.

White-haired women of fifty—America's famed horsewomen—trained down like young athletes. Perfectly cut habits stained by the sun and wear of long years of service. Polo players of forty five, too—the famous Milburn and Stoddard, for example—with "fronts" that curve in instead of fronts that curve out as is the lot of mere males that dwell in cities and ride in limousines instead of on horses. The highest civic honor a man can attain in those parts is that of Master of Hounds.

Low white frame houses draped in climbing wild roses, sprawling out comfortably under the trees. Within, billiard rooms and informal living rooms and family portraits and low slung chairs for male occupation—houses as far removed from the old-time Newport grandeur as is polo pony from damask-lined limousine. England—old England—reincarnated. Eight o'clock breakfast. Bedtime at eleven. The abstemious self-controlled life of the polo player, the accepted tradition of the countryside—for it just isn't on the cards to play good polo if there be indulgences in either eating or drinking.

This is Long Island in the neighborhood of the Meadow Brook Country Club—in the very heart of the polo world on this side of the Atlantic. Here boys are born to polo as the sparks fly upward. Little wonder, then, that five years ago the little sons of the famous sporting families began playing polo as automatically as other little boys play baseball and yet other little boys attend motion pictures.

Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, as famous a horsewoman as her husband is a sportsman, was their patron saint. Well, perhaps not exactly the Joan of Arc brand of saint, unless you take the Bernard Shaw version of the saint lady who slapped the Dauphin on the back and said, "Hello, Charlie." Fact is, this modern horsey patron saint rode with the lads herself and taught them their polo letters, just as tradition has it that ten years before she had taught the polo A B C to her elder son, the famous Tommy of the American and Olympic Teams. A jolly scene the imagination pictures us.

AND so, two years pass over boys and beagle pups and colts and climbing roses.

It is a group of strapping twelve-year-old youngsters (of Penrod age, if not of Penrod avocation) whom we find playing "leads" in the next scene of our drama of juvenile polo. This next scene is "set up" in Aiken, South Carolina, where American polo moves into its winter quarters, carrying its early hours and its personnel, its strings of ponies and stable boys, its vocabulary and its little sons with it. Our youngsters are now attending the little Aiken School for sub-prep boys—a school that is itself almost as much a club affair as is a Long Island hunt club.

What more natural than that polo should be introduced into the school's official sports calendar? Not only were there youthful players on tap—but here were patron saints aplenty. Louis E. Stoddard and young Tommy Hitchcock, Harry Payne Whitney, Robert Strawbridge, Junior, and Skiddy von Stade, Harold Talbot and Devereux Milburn, and half a score of others, good-naturedly willing to "coach" the twelve-year-olds in the mighty science of polo, somewhat as thirteenth-century knights obligingly instructed the young squires sons of neighbor knights, in the noble and ancient arts of tourney and heraldry.

Thereby has polo in the Aiken School attained a sentimental and lasting importance in the development of polo in America. Even though the Hitchcock-Phipps-Rathborne crowd of lads (that to-day make up the Meadow Lark Polo Club) has passed on to the St. Paul Preparatory School (in the course of time and in the course of their teens), the sport is as safely established in the Aiken School as is football in Princeton. Out of the forty-two little boys in the school, fifteen are good sturdy little polo players. Next decade's international players are being manufactured there.

Indeed, the two groups of boys—the little lads of the school and the Meadow Lark Polo Club of youngsters—can hardly be divided out into two neat parcels. They merge into each other. A dozen of the younger boys have been given honorary membership in the Meadow Lark Club. Many of the Aiken boys are the younger brothers of the club boys. So it has come about that in the summer season the little fellows are allowed to play in handicap games on that same green field with the lords of creation—i.e., with the sixteen-year-old

youths of the club who were yesterday's Aiken boys.

The Who's Who of these "lords of creation"? Well, first of all, one naturally mentions Frank Hitchcock. "Tommy's" younger brother, since it is on the Hitchcock field that the club practises and holds its championship matches. Anyway, it is well nigh impossible to discuss any phase of polo without coming on a Hitchcock before one is well started. The dramatic story of American polo is inextricably tangled up with the fortunes of this family—ever since Thomas Senior, was a student at Oxford, where he busied himself in learning the game of polo from the British army officers, who, in their turn, had, not so many years before, brought the Oriental game of polo from India.

He came back to America, bringing the love and the science of the game with him. And that's how polo crossed the Atlantic and was established at Narragansett—the Westchester Country Club, they called it. Here gathered the famous sportsmen and horsemen of the nineties. For years Thomas Senior was the moving spirit of this club. With his mother an ardent sportswoman, that's the material of which our youngest great American polo star, Tommy Hitchcock, was builded. Tall, strapping young Frank, with his mop of sunburned blond hair, is already proving himself of the same "ethnological material."

Then there is young J. Cornelius Rathborne. Sportsman stock here, too. His father, Cornelius Rathborne, was responsible for introducing polo into New Orleans—was responsible also in large part for the brief run that polo had in college athletics at Yale a generation ago, a brief and scintillating run, which came to an ill-advised end because a boy was killed in a game. It is only since the war that polo has been put back into college athletics through the influence of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Young Cornelius, then, a few years hence, will be having his chance to carry on the old Rathborne polo tradition at Yale.

Few of these juveniles but have some such interesting feature to their sporting pedigrees. Take young Raymond Guest of Roslyn. His father, Captain the Honorable Frederick E. Guest is the chairman of the Polo Association on the other side and the most influential member of the Hurlingham Club of England—the "man" you write to when challenges are being exchanged and international matches arranged for. Roy Rainey, too, is connected by birth and by "environment" with the great in polo. His uncle by marriage is Louis Stoddard of the American Team, president of the Polo Association of America.

NOT only have these lads "polo ancestors," but most of them have polo futures that are being appraised and forecast by the veterans.

Roy Rainey is deemed a coming Number One. Winston Guest is a hard hitter. Bobby Young is a spectacular and daring player. Frank Hitchcock as a Back has shown himself an unselfish "team man." Harry Uram (whose father is J. Sergeant Cram, patron of the sport though himself not a player) is a steady all 'round player. Bradley Martin is highly promising, while young Frederick Nicholas (whose father is Master of Hounds of the Meadow Brook Club) is generally conceded the best Number One of the juniors, though illness last summer kept him out of the summer's championship matches.

So it goes. Promising material nearly every one of them, the great American polo players of to-morrow. In one case the promise has been put to practical demonstration. George Edward Kent, one of the Meadow Lark Club boys, is captain now of the Harvard polo team. Boy polo has made good, and is going to keep on making.

And it is America—not England—that is responsible for this amazing development of polo for youngsters. Over in England seventeen has been the age for beginners. That is, in the past, but boy polo is catching. And last summer, when the British Army Team was in this country two of the great army players played with the boys out on the Hitches' field. I recall in particular the astonishment and admiration of Lord Cholmondeley at the finished work of the youngsters. The army team went back, vowing that the jolly new boy "angle" should be introduced into their own private island.

All of which takes on an added significance, when you consider that Devereux Milburn began at eleven on his father's polo field at Buffalo—and Tommy Hitchcock at nine, even though there was no organized polo for boys in Tommy's day. The boys of that decade, you'll recall, were riding red sport roadsters instead of polo ponies.

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