

2/- in London

50¢

10 fr. in Paris

Harper's Bazar

APRIL 1925



The
Paris
Openings

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



YOU JUST KNOW SHE WEARS THEM

When she dances, her ankles must be clad in gleaming silken smartness—but in silken sturdiness, too. That is why the loveliest of women everywhere choose McCallum Silk Hosiery for dancing—because McCallum stands not only for the crowning achievement of the stocking mode, but for the utmost in stocking wear as well.



Those who read the McCallum DeLuxe Book are indeed abreast of all that is the very latest and most delightful in the stocking mode, for McCallum sets the mode—and this delightful McCallum booklet fitly illustrates it. Send a card today to McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Mass., and we will send you a copy free of charge.

1

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELERS

1837 - QUALITY - 1925

INQUIRIES INVITED

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



For Daytime, Night-time, Anytime Wear

When it's a question of hosiery, what Daughter of Eve would hesitate between "just stockings" and "Onyx Pointex"?

This creation of style and service is skilfully fashioned to reveal the natural grace of every ankle.

Conceived and executed by artisans who are also artists, "Onyx Pointex" stands alone upon its eminence of hosiery perfection.

Made in every shade and tone of the season's newest colors and in a style and texture to complement each costume.

Leading stores everywhere sell "Onyx" Hosiery, and especially the "Pointex" styles listed below:

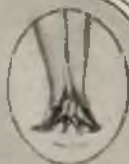
Silk, with Lisle Top \$1.65
 Style 155, Medium weight
 Style 255, Service weight
 Style 355, "Sheresilk", the sheerest weight of pure thread silk } \$1.95

All Pure Thread Silk
 Style 350, Service weight
 Style 450, "Sheresilk", so clear you can read print through it } \$2.75

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc.

Manufacturers

New York



"Onyx"  Hosiery
 "Pointex"
 REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© "O" H Inc., 1925

Harper's Bazar
 April, 1925

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Vol. LIX
 No. 4

LA SUPREME CORSETS AND BRASSIERES

Which confer that grace of line which is the very essence of the smart woman's chic.

Model 300—Dance Belt of elastic bands and silk broché which holds the figure firmly while giving complete freedom for dancing. In flesh. 2.00

*Model 302—La Supreme Step-in of silk elastic in the new coral shade, reinforced at back and front with heavy silk batiste to give the flat effect. 12 inch length. 22.50
14 inch length. 25.00*

Model 302a—Bandeau Brassiere of filet pattern lace with white satin ribbon straps. 1.00

*Model 304—Brassiere of Pussy Willow satin with elastic insets at sides and back to make it self adjustable. In flesh 3.75
In real Irish linen. 2.95*

*Model 306—La Supreme Clasp-around Corset of hand-knitted silk elastic reinforced with silk broché. It is molded to the figure in such a way that it idealizes every line, giving a natural "uncorseted" look. In flesh. 14 inch length. 38.75
16 inch length. 40.75*



THE NEW PARFAIT CORSELES

That combine two garments in one unbroken slender line.

Model 308—Parfait Corsele—bras-siere and girdle combined—of silk broche and hand-knitted elastic with elastic straps. Its light, cleverly placed bones make it as effective as a cor-set in giving slenderness. In flesh. 11.75

Model 310—Parfait Corsele that unites the poise of the brassiere and girdle in a boneless garment, of heavy silk tricot with deep panels of knitted elastic. In flesh. 19.75



300



302



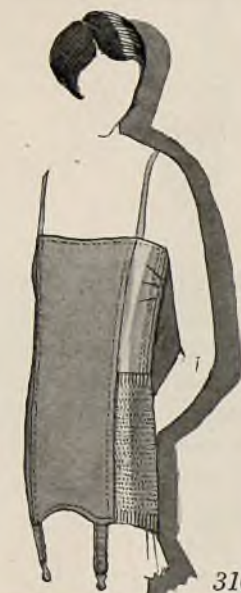
308



304



306



310

Franklin Simon & Co.

A Store of Individual Shops

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

CORSET SHOP—Second Floor

Charge Accounts Solicited

Entire Contents Copyrighted, 1925
by Franklin Simon & Co., Inc.

JEANNE
LANVIN

THE NEW PARIS GOATS

*have a feminine elegance
or a masculine simplicity*

Lanvin's new flare coat of Chinese inspiration was one of the outstanding Paris successes, and our reproduction is exact. Black canton crepe with stitching in white and gold, blue and gold, green and gold, or cocoa brown and gold. Sizes 14 to 20. 145.00

Watch for our fashion showing in your town. We visit the following cities between now and April 15th. Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Ft. Wayne, Chicago, Wilkes Barre, Reading, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Haven.

The vogue for mannish tailored coats continues, and was an important note at the recent Paris openings. Here is one of the smartest coats, with the new long collar and nipped-in waist. Navy, black or beige chambray, foulard lined. Sizes 14 to 20. 85.00

PARIS

Best & Co.

LONDON

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street — N. Y.
Palm Beach, Florida

BONWIT TELLER & CO.

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



The Animated Silhouette In REPLICAS OF WOMEN'S PARIS GOWNS

AT LEFT—Replica of a Martial et Armand gown for women showing the animated silhouette with circular skirt, of crepe back satin in blonde, silver gray, copper, navy or black. Sizes 34 to 44. 48.00

AT RIGHT—Replica of a Patou gown for women showing the animated silhouette with inverted pleats, of flat crepe in blonde, silver gray, marine blue, wild rose or black. Sizes 34 to 44. 69.00

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED



VIANNE: (above left)
Capriciously youthful is this printed chiffon tea or dance frock in flesh and blue, beige and orange, lavender and rose, sand and yellow, black, white and red.

Sizes 14 to 20—\$39.50

MARSHA: (above right)
Lower one's waistline—and lower one's years—so proves the second frock—a beaded georgette for madame. In Titian, Pervenche blue, ashes of roses, gray and navy.

Sizes 34 to 44—\$39.50

DORYSE: (photographed right)
One eagerly awaits Spring's first warm day to don this charming crepe satin street frock. No need to sing the praises of its cascading lace jabot, straightline back and pleated apron. In black, blonde, navy and cocoa. Sizes 34 to 44—\$39.50.



JOCELYN:

Borrowing its skirt from Chanel and sleeves from a Bishop, this youthful flat crepe frock pretends to be two pieces. A lace net yoke and gay handkerchief complete. In beige, navy, Pervenche blue, gray, Lanvin green, and cocoa.

Sizes 14 to 20—\$39.50.

ALLURING FROCKS FOR EASTER—AND LONG AFTER

A SPRING FROCK—that will be quite as smart beneath the Summer sun!

So alert and sensitive is Barbara Lee to every fashion trend, her frocks far outlive a single season.

In the lovely April array are charming models for youth and her elders, for all daytime and evening hours—each so low priced, one may indulge in several,—\$39.50.

Barbara Lee.

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



A YOUTHFUL FROCK OF BLACK LACE FROM LUCIEN LELONG

*This season, youth will dine and dance
in frocks like this*

FIFTH AVENUE B. ALTMAN & CO. NEW YORK



ITS BEAUTY CHARMS; ITS STRENGTH AMAZES

DRESSING a bed correctly requires the same good taste and eye to beauty as the selection of a smart frock. But it goes further. Sheets and pillow cases must *last*; passing styles do not affect them.

Clever, provident women buy Wamsutta Percale Sheets and Pillow Cases for the innate fineness of texture and, above all, for the astonishing strength of this fabric.

By the famous Millard Test it was proved that after 160 launderings (equivalent to 6 years home use) Wamsutta Percale came through stronger than any of the 25 brands of well-known sheetings tested.



Wamsutta Percale
after 160 launderings



Ordinary Sheetting
after 160 launderings

The enlarged microscopic photographs above show how the finely woven texture of Wamsutta Percale is unharmed after the severe test of 160 launderings — while the texture of ordinary sheeting breaks down and separates.

Wamsutta Percale is made in those great mills at New Bedford, Mass., where the weaving of this exquisite fabric is superior to any other — here or abroad. Not only is Wamsutta Percale lovelier than fine linen, but it costs considerably less; and not much more than ordinary cotton.

The Wamsutta green and gold label is your protection. Insist on seeing it when you buy sheets and pillow cases. At the best stores — plain, hemstitched or scalloped.

WAMSUTTA MILLS, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Founded 1846

RIDLEY WATTS & CO., Selling Agents, 44 Leonard St., N. Y.

WAMSUTTA PERCALE

Sheets and Pillow Cases ~ The Finest of Cottons

WAMSUTTA MILLS ALSO MAKE WAMSUTTA NAINSOOK, LUSTERSHEER, LINGERIE, WAMSUTTA UNDERWEAR CLOTH, AND WAMSUTTA OXFORD

Typical of the high quality and low prices of Macy's reproductions are these four occasional chairs. At left, a Shaker chair with calico covered seat, \$9.84. Next to it, a maple finished, rush seat chair, \$18.74.



Chair in right center is a French peasant design, with rush seat and ladder back, \$15.24. At right, a splint bottom, painted chair after original from Gadsby's Tavern, now in Metropolitan Museum. \$9.64.

A QUESTION FOR THE SOPHISTICATED

WHEN a small shop opens without advertisements . . . as the Corner Shop of Macy's *did* open . . . and when by the sheer merit of its offerings it attracts, first, a host of professional decorators who came to look and remained to buy . . . and then attracts young people of good taste who must be economical,

and also attracts collectors who can pay what they like . . . when its offerings are as good and unusual and alluring as those you see on this page . . . and so modestly priced, considering quality . . . don't you think *you* ought to be among the army of Harper's Bazar readers who know and patronize the Corner Shop?



A vase from the Corner Shop's interesting collection of glass vases in solid colors and unusual shapes. Amethyst, amber or green. \$4.74.



Lamp with pewter finish. From old Colonial oil lamp model, \$8.94. Map shade, \$11.24.



A piece of Italian pottery with mythological head in relief repeated as a design. Glazed finish, in blue, \$1.94.

Below is an iridescent glass bowl, which emulates the color and beauty of Venetian glassware; amber, blue \$2.84.



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





Dorothy Francis

Prima Donna

*Now Appearing in
The Messrs. Shubert
Production of*

"THE LOVE SONG"

GOWN, HAT & FUR—By MILGRIM

The EMPRESS EUGENIE GOWN

AN INSPIRATION

of *Eally Milgrim*

GOWNS · FROCKS · SUITS · WRAPS
MILLINERY · FURS

"AMERICA'S FOREMOST
FASHION CREATOR"

MILGRIM

BROADWAY at 74th STREET, NEW YORK
600 MICHIGAN BOULEVARD SOUTH, CHICAGO
MILGRIM MODES at the Foremost Store in Each City



The Debutante Fashions Add Paris Smartness To An Air Of Youth

A certain youthful charm is emphasized in every misses' fashion presented by Saks-Fifth Avenue—whether it be a topcoat, an ensemble suit or a filmy dance frock. Not only is it stressed in our adaptations of successful Paris models, but also in the Paris originals imported by us. For these were selected by our personal representative abroad, just as are those fashions selected here—because they best express the irresistible debutante spirit, the buoyant mood of youth.

For all Occasions —

MISSES' COATS	35.00 to 295.00
MISSES' FROCKS	29.50 to 195.00
MISSES' SUITS	45.00 to 395.00

SAKS - FIFTH AVENUE

FORTY-NINTH to FIFTIETH STREET, NEW YORK

How small is a woman's foot?



THE shoe shop has its mirrors, focused on the floor line, to remind its patrons that there is more to choosing the right shoe than the mere matter of size. The right shoe, at any season, is the shoe that shows the foot at its trimmest and best. Between two shoes of identical size there is all the difference in the world in the vital matter of effect upon the appearance of the foot. Here line and pattern enter the picture — and the material of which the shoe is made.

And here, in this new season, the creators of footwear fashions have scored their greatest triumph — in choosing for their trim, new models the rich leather, Vici kid. Vici kid molds itself to the foot as smoothly as a fine glove fashions itself to the hand. For Spring the smartest models, in shoes for every occasion, are made of Vici kid — good news for every woman versed in

the art of putting her best foot forward.

Regardless of your price requirements, you may have Vici kid

The vogue for Vici kid starts with the most expensive of the new shoes, to be sure. But fashions are made for the majority, and the majority prefer to be fashionable at reasonable cost. Vici kid presents the new modes in footwear just as accurately in shoes of moderate price. The new models in Vici kid are obtainable at the price you want to pay.

This will help you recognize the correct new shoes

The makers of fashionable footwear are placing the Vici kid trade mark



Look for

this mark—the Vici kid trade mark—inside the shoe of your choice. There is only one Vici kid—there never has been any other.

inside their new models in Vici kid. Look for this trade mark. You may select the shoe in which it appears with all confidence that it is an authentic representative of the new mode.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Inc.
PHILADELPHIA

Selling agencies in all parts of the world

Nothing could be smarter than these three new models in Vici kid



This three-strap model in rich black Vici kid represents a type of shoe no well-dressed woman can do without—a shoe for business, travel and general-purpose wear. Models with one broad strap are also being shown.



This model shows the popular two-tone treatment at its best. The vamp and quarter are Oak color Vici kid with a covered heel and applique trimmings of Caramel color Vici kid. Similar combinations of Oak and Sudan and Sudan and Cranberry color Vici kid are equally smart and effective.



Nothing could be smarter than this new step-in pump with its severe enameled buckle. It is being shown in black mat (dull finish) Vici kid, and in the voguish soft tone colors.

VICI kid

for the foot aristocratic

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



THE PRINTED CHIFFON FROCK

Is a Fashion of much Consequence

FASHION goes into print for Spring. From first to last page the story of the Paris openings comes to us largely in bold patterns. And the page that catches our eye and holds our attention is that of printed chiffons. *Lord & Taylor* interprets this most engrossing page of the mode in printed chiffon frocks for women and misses. Frocks for afternoon, for dinner and for dancing. \$45 to \$110

Third Floor

Lord & Taylor

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

The tailored shoe

made with Barbourwelt

to complete the tailored costume

TRIM, simply designed and practical—that is the ensemble note in every well tailored costume. Your shoes, too, can be selected to “go” perfectly with the correct tailoring of suits, frocks and trig little hats.

The newest shoes for Spring have been made with *Barbourwelt* to complete this effect. Many different makes of smart shoes offer you *Barbourwelt* models with the trim tailored line of leather ribbing along the seam between upper and sole.

And the “practical” advantage of genuine *Barbourwelt* is that it reinforces the lighter leather of the upper and counteracts the natural tendency of the foot to wear it out of shape.

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY

Manufacturers of High Grade Goodyear Welting for over thirty years

BROCKTON, MASS.

Ask to see the new *Barbourwelt* styles of whatever make of shoes you usually buy. At all good stores.



HERE IT IS

Made with *Barbourwelt*
A smartly tailored oxford in two-toned brown calfskin with perforated quarter and vamp lines, and a low boyish heel.

BARBOURWELT

“STORMWELT” for winter ♦ “DRESSWELT” for summer



WHEN EASTER'S SUNSHINE LURES ONE SEAWARD

MYRA and Alice were enjoying their brisk walk along the boardwalk when Joan hailed them from her rolling chair.

"Why, Joan," Myra exclaimed. "When did you come down and why this lassitude? Don't you know boardwalks are meant to be walked on?"

"One question at a time. I came down yesterday but not to walk."

"Well, don't complain when you see Alice and me slim and lissome—we earned our slenderness by walking to Chelsea and back twice today."

Joan groaned. "Don't rub it in—I had hoped to lose about five pounds and I haven't been able to walk a city block."

"Why not?" asked Alice.

"Oh, the spirit is willing but the feet are weak. My walking shoes weren't finished before I left and I've nothing but these high heel pumps, and they're meant to be looked at."

Alice regarded Joan disdainfully.

"Honestly, Joan, you seem determined to make life troublesome for yourself. Yes—I know your foot is difficult to fit—so is mine, but no one has shoes made to order these days."

"Do you mean those confections of yours weren't made for you?"

"Of course not—Myra, Marion, all of us wear Ped-e-modes."

"Well, you needn't have been so secretive about it—I've spent a fortune trying to copy the smart shoes you've been wearing this season. Write the address of the shop down now before you leave me."



*Patent leather and Alligator
share honors in this smart,
single-strap pump. At home
at all daytime occasions.*

Pedemode Shoes for Women

*Alligator trims this Russian
Calf pump and fashions the
heel. An excellent walking
shoe and decorative as well.*



The Pedemode Shop

76 E. MADISON ST., CHICAGO

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.	L. Livingston New York	Caspari & Virmond Co. Milwaukee, Wis.	Joseph Horne Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.	Seymour Sytle Richmond, Va.
Kerr Dry Goods Co. Oklahoma City, Okla.	Thomas Kilpatrick Co. Omaha, Neb.	Knight Shoe Co. Portland, Ore.	Lauber's Toledo, Ohio	F. E. Ballou Co. Providence, R. I.	Phelps Shoe Store Shreveport, La.	J. W. Robinson Co. Los Angeles, Calif.
Johnston Shoe Co. Denver, Colo.	Robert I. Cohen, Inc. Galveston, Texas	D. B. Loveman Co. Chattanooga, Tenn.	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.



*An original Paris
Model by Madelaine
Monjaret—of
Soielanelle, a washable
Darbrook Silk.*

Darbrook Silks

SILKS *of* CHARACTER *and* QUALITY

BELLE FLEUR GEORGETTES DARBROOK PRINTED CREPES
DORIS SATIN CREPE AMOUR

for the Formal Costume

PEBBLE BEACH SOIELANELLE CREPE BARODA
WELLESLEY CRETONNE DE SOIE CORONADO

Washable Silks for Sports Wear

Should you not find Darbrook Silks at your favored shop, we will be pleased to tell you where they are on display at a shop convenient to you. Address any inquiries to Darbrook Fashion Service, 478 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Select COLORS and UPHOLSTERY for your Custom CADILLAC

AFTER all, you are *best* satisfied when you satisfy yourself. And so, when you purchase a V-63 Cadillac with Custom Body by Fisher, Cadillac invites you to *dictate* your car's appearance by selecting both colors and upholstery.

The V-63 Cadillac chassis, as you know, is recognized the world over as the foremost example of eight-cylinder manufacture.

It, too, will prove as fine and satisfying as though built to your personal specifications.

The Cadillac Custom-Built line includes five closed models in 24 master color harmonies and ten upholstery patterns. Wheelbase 138", except the two-passenger coupe which measures 132". Price range, \$3975 to \$4950, f. o. b. Detroit.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Luxite

SILK
Lingerie
and Hosiery



NO ONE questions that Luxite Lingerie is the superlative in glove silk, that it is cut extra full from the finest pure silk; wears longest; has unusual lustre; exquisite color designs and painstaking tailoring.

The only question is, are you willing to pay a few cents more than cheap underwear costs for these extra qualities?

What do you want in hosiery? A snug, smooth fit; rich lustre; fine flawless weave, so closely knit it will fit the slenderest ankle; so elastic at the top it will give perfect comfort. Carefully fashioned to fit foot and leg without a wrinkle. The finest silk to give long service; colors that withstand hard laundering. All this and more you will find in Luxite thread silk hosiery.

Write for style booklet and name of nearest dealer

LUXITE—Milwaukee, Wis.

Luxite Textiles of Canada, London, Ontario



For spring, Cammeyer creates a new fashion—slippers with short vamp and narrow toe.

Cammeyer

*Salon de Luxe
Fifth Avenue at Fifty-third
New York*

*Cammeyer is now exhibiting shoes in many of the larger cities.
A brochure of springtime styles will be mailed to you upon request.*

NEW YORK

BROOKLYN

NEWARK

HARTFORD

Mail Orders Will
Be Promptly Filled

No connection with any other establishments in the world

WORTH

43-45 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK

For Madame and Mademoiselle

FROCKS

In the Smart Fashions, Fabrics
and Colors Paris Is Wearing Now

SUCH LOW PRICES FOR SUCH PERFECT
REPRODUCTIONS OF EXPENSIVE IMPORTS
ARE POSSIBLE ONLY BECAUSE THE COPIES
WERE MADE IN OUR OWN WORKROOMS



4539
\$14.75

4536
\$18.50

4539—Paris expresses the perfect good taste of smart simplicity in this chic frock of rich crepe satin with its reversed panels and delicately lovely collar of French knotted silk net combined with Valenciennes lace. Colors: blonde, goblin blue, aquamarine, chili and black. Sizes 14 to 44.

\$14.75

4536—By pleated flounces, an adroit use of smart buttons, and a new Jenny collar of rich Venetian lace edged with a frill of fine net, this slender-line frock of flat crepe achieves that unmistakable French smartness every woman admires. Colors: blonde, goblin blue, periwinkle blue, aquamarine, rose, navy and black. Sizes 14 to 42.

\$18.50

4541—A patrician frock of flat crepe that flaunts its Paris origin in every slender line and every sophisticated detail—from its smart godet flare and tiny crocheted buttons to its puritan collar and frilled jabot of georgette. Colors: blonde, goblin blue, periwinkle blue, aquamarine, rose, navy and black. Sizes 14 to 42.

\$16.50

4540—The new fashion of feminine elegance that many smart Parisiennes have adopted, is perfectly expressed in this exquisitely slender, daintily flounced frock of rich flat crepe with elaborate yoke and pockets of hand-embroidered silk net edged with Valenciennes lace. Colors: blonde, goblin blue, periwinkle blue, aquamarine, rose, navy and black. Sizes 14 to 42.

\$22.50



4541
\$16.50

4540
\$22.50

WORTH—45 WEST 34th ST., NEW YORK CITY—DEPT. 22

Mail orders will be promptly filled • Money orders must accompany each order • If purchase is unsatisfactory money will be promptly refunded

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



*To Admire
and be Admired*
MALLINSON'S
Silks and Fabrics de Luxe

For Spring and Summer the woman who appreciates the newest note in fashion will appear in some one of the wonderful Mallinson creations in Printed Indestructible Voile, Printed Pussy Willow or Printed Pussy Willow Crepe.

You can't help admiring the fabrics when you see them—when you wear them you can't escape being admired.

For whatever place or occasion where distinction of dress is appreciated, Mallinson's Silks and Fabrics de Luxe predominate.

Sold in all the better stores and identified by the name **MALLINSON** on the selvage.

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, Inc.
Fifth Avenue at 31st Street, New York
220 South State St., Chicago 711 Wells-Fargo Bldg., San Francisco

Sole representatives in United States and Canada of *Robinson* PARIS



Printzess

COATS · SUITS · DRESSES



A REAL pleasure to shop where PRINTZESS modes are sold.

They are always in such reliable stores, where the salespeople are quick to understand your requirements, and anxious to please you.

And when you find just the coat, suit, dress, or ensemble that you have in mind—there is the PRINTZESS label in the back of the garment, to tell you that it will wear well, and keep its shape and good style.

PRINTZ makes a specialty, too, of garments for the shorter woman who usually has trouble in being fitted.

These are sold under the Miss PRINTZESS label.

Do not deny yourself the pleasure of trying on a few of the notably stylish models which PRINTZ has designed for spring wear—and personalized for you.

It's well to shop early because PRINTZESS things are so attractive this spring. The Printz-Biederman Company, New York-Cleveland.

The Printzess Label in your coat, suit or dress is a guarantee of quality, and the identification of a smart garment which you have purchased from a reliable store.



Printzess Coats - - - \$25 to \$ 95
 Printzess Tailleurs - - \$45 to \$ 75
 Printzess Ensembles - \$55 to \$145
 Printzess Dresses - - \$25 to \$ 55

--BECAUSE YOU
LOVE NICE
THINGS!



Her hat has the severe simplicity sponsored by the French couturiers. Her frock is slender and straight of line—a triumph of the tailored mode. So she relies on her gloves for that frilly, feminine note which is so extremely important to a fashionable ensemble. Silk gloves by Van Raalte she chooses for their delightfully varied styles and—because she loves nice things.

VAN RAALTE
Silk Gloves



COATS WOMEN WILL WEAR THIS SPRING

Hart Schaffner & Marx newest Paris models

TAILORED coats hold favor for spring; new single and double breasted sport coats of smart tweeds, cheviots in the soft colorings of the Scotch Moors. Then there are the straight silhouette coats that drape so gracefully, with fur at the bottom and cuffs and collar of the cloth or fur if you prefer it.

Smart coats for motoring, sport wear and for dress; all of them in the finest domestic and foreign fabrics. Rare knitted designs, cord effects, stocking weaves, sunset patterns, and soft one tone shades. You'll be as delighted with the reasonable prices as you are with the styles and tailoring.

The spring style book is ready; it shows models for every purpose. Send for it.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Chicago

New York

Copyright 1925 Hart Schaffner & Marx



She finds her Van Raalte Silk Underwear perfect of fit and dainty to look upon, lending itself gracefully to Spring's slender lines.



Applied medallions of contrasting color combine with piping to trim this set of vest and French drawers.



Van Raalte tailored glove-silk vest with matching bloomers. Superb of fit. In pink, orchid, peach, white and black.

Step-in chemise by Van Raalte—daintily trimmed with imported Valenciennes lace. Extra fullness at hips.

—BECAUSE SHE LOVES NICE THINGS!

Costume lines were never so straight and slender. Never was it so important that one's underwear fit without a wrinkle or a bulge. Van Raalte Silk Underwear is perfect in fit, yet amply and comfortably cut. Further, it is firm of texture, washes splendidly and gives wonderful service. And it comes in all the delicate colorings and in the most delightfully varied styles.



Tailored glove-silk step-in chemise trimmed with tucked net inserts and contrasting piping. In a delectable peach color.

Princess slip of glove silk with adjustable shadowproof hem. In pink, white, peach, black, pearl gray, pongee and navy.

VAN RAALTE

Glove Silk Underwear



Brown^{bilt} Shoes

THE new two-tone leather effects are shown in a wide range of smart styles in Brown^{bilt} Shoes—one model of which is illustrated above.

Women who consider the costume as a whole will find in the new Brown^{bilt} models a particular style for each definite need, for street, afternoon or evening wear.

For beauty of design, grace of line, and correctness of style, Brown^{bilt} Shoes are rarely equaled. They fit as though they were custom-built.

Good stores sell and recommend Brown^{bilt} Shoes for their distinctive style, their correct leathers and their superior craftsmanship.

Brown Shoe Company,
St. Louis, U.S.A.
Manufacturers



BUSTER BROWN SHOES

are expressly made to keep the feet of growing boys and girls healthy, strong and sturdy. The new models feature the latest style effects for children, in straps, sandals and oxfords, in all the fashionable leathers and combinations.



—BECAUSE YOU
LOVE NICE
THINGS!

A galaxy of colors! Colors gem clear, sunset varied, flower fine! Colors for evening wear, soft as the afterglow of southern suns. For afternoon, deeper sun-kissed shades. Everything that is fashion favored. And all expressed in silk of flawless texture and fashioned into stockings of smoothest fit and well-liked service.

VAN RAALTE

Silk Stockings

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



THE consensus of leading shoe designers as to the *sine qua non* of correct lace footwear is evidenced by the prevalence of visible eyelets on leading makes of street, dress, and sport shoes. Always insist on Goodyear Welt shoes with Diamond Brand *Visible* Fast Color Eyelets!

Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets promote easy lacing and preserve the smooth style lines of the upper. They retain their original color and finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.

Look for the DIAMOND  TRADE MARK



UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY, BOSTON

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND *Visible* FAST COLOR EYELETS

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

The Latest Cable News about SILK GLOVES

Paris may waver between the silhouette and the flare—but it is unanimous this Spring on gloves.



Double ruffles and double shirring with the new side clasp, give this glove inimitable charm.
Model 596—Price \$2.00



As she turned out of the Rue St. Honore, we noted a diplomat's wife wearing this glove with its scalloped cuff.
Model 576—Price \$1.50



Three embroidered decorations give this circular cuff—one shade darker than the glove—distinction and charm.
Model 550—Price \$2.00



The glove of a distinguished Russian emigre as she started out to shop.
Model 592—Price \$2.00



Paris Decrees The Ornamented Cuff

Up to Paris came the news! On the Riviera—at Cannes, Nice, Monaco—over at Biarritz, the ungloved hand is *passé*.

All because someone created the vogue of decorated cuffs—now gloves are lovelier than ever before, the final complement of a smart Spring costume.

Paris heard the news! *Voilà!* By cable we received style notes sketched by our own representatives.

And now, *Madame* and *Mademoiselle*, the *modes de rigueur* of the Rue de la Paix are to be found in your own favorite shops here in the States.

Speed? Yes. It is our pleasure to transmit the *mode* from *les Parisiennes* to *les Américaines* with dispatch.

Just as if you had shopped in Paris you, too, may wear the smart gloves now seen on the Bois, at tea at the Ritz or before dinner at the Crillon.

Kayser observers in Paris keep us posted. So look to Kayser, as other wise women do, for all that is *chic* in gloves.

Note some of the latest models sketched here—they come in different shades in the proper silk weights for Spring. And the prices—such as would delight the smart but thrifty *Parisienne*.

Kayser

GLOVES · UNDERWEAR · HOSIERY



Originally sketched in the foyer of the Opéra, following a smart concert.
Model 1560—Price \$3.00



Smart but simple—the elegance of contrast—it has four piped circlelets.
Model 525—Price \$1.75



A new gauntlet model with handkerchief flaps in contrasting colors.
Model 555—Price \$2.00



Appropriately enough, we noted this flower embroidered turn-down cuff as the wearer emerged from a lovely garden.
Model 582—Price \$3.00



This model was worn by a noted American just up from Cannes.
Model 519—Price \$2.00

Wonderful Shoes for Wonderful Girls



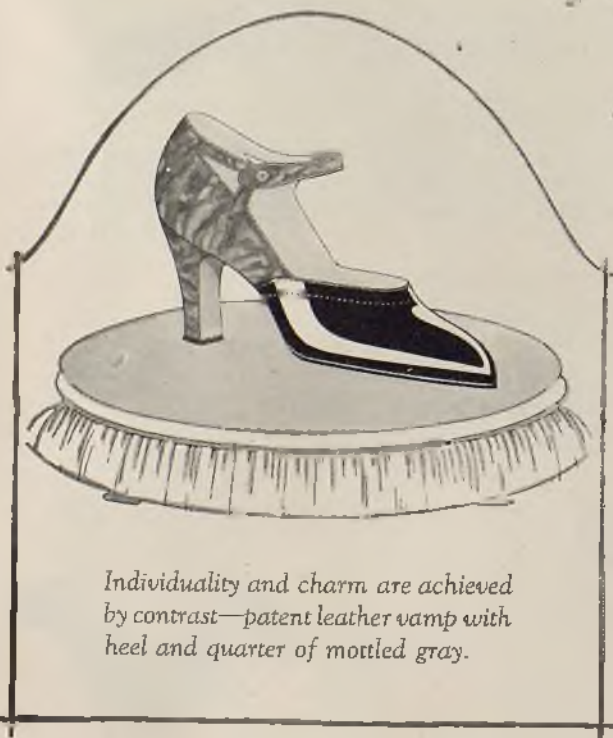
The newest development of the satin pump is distinguished by patent leather cut-out ornamentation.

NEW, smart, youthful—the qualities you want most in shoes for your Spring costumes—are unmistakably characteristic of these slippers made by Johnson, Stephens & Shinkle.

“Wonderful Shoes for Wonderful Girls” are always a step ahead in the pace of fashion. Heels, vamps, decoration—all are patterned after the most advanced Paris models.

Materials are of finest quality, and each shoe is made as carefully as though it were the only one of its kind—solely responsible for the reputation of the factory.

Carried by the largest and most exclusive shoe stores and department stores everywhere—always moderately priced.



Individuality and charm are achieved by contrast—patent leather vamp with heel and quarter of mottled gray.



Sandal-type fancy cut-out slipper in varnished leather ornamented with brown leather lacing.

JOHNSON, STEPHENS AND SHINKLE SHOE COMPANY

Wonderful Shoes for Wonderful Girls
ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Does Your Figure Belie Your Face?

Women who concentrate their energies on preserving the youthful beauty of their faces must remember that the face is no younger than the figure. In fact, the figure is the one thing which most nearly dominates the ensemble of a woman's attractiveness. This emphasizes the importance of a correctly designed figure-moulding garment—one which combines smart, straight lines with proper organic support and perfect freedom.

The H & W Bandeau illustrated, average and full figure type G-3157, is skillfully designed to give flattening effect over diaphragm. It is a long-line model which comes down well over the girdle top. Made in a variety of materials retailing from \$2 to \$10. Other Bandeaux and Bandettes \$1 up. Corsettes and girdles \$1.50 up. In all leading stores.

THE H & W COMPANY, INC. NEWARK—NEW JERSEY



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The H & W Company, Inc., Newark, New Jersey
I should like to read the story of a young artist's
adventures in New York Society, so please send me
a free copy of "Behind Gilded Curtains"—your
latest beautifully illustrated style book. (H)

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Corsettes · Girdles · Brassieres

LICENSED TRADE MARK

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

You can have these very
same silk frocks that
IRENE CASTLE wears



ALLA

This Corticelli Crepe Ensemble frock sets off Irene Castle's smart slenderness with especial charm. Its interesting long scarf flares at the ends into circular lines which give an effect of grace and motion to its straight silhouette. Both in fabric and inserts of all-over lace two harmonizing shades are exquisitely combined. A very smart frock for afternoon or informal dinner wear!



FEDORA

Dull rich Corticelli silk faille suggested one of the smartest coats Irene Castle is wearing over her pretty spring frocks. From its tiny folded collar to its border of susliki fur it is slim and straight as a pencil. Folds of contrasting Crepe Tremaine at revers and hem carry out the tone of the lining and give great richness and beauty of color.

ZIA

The front suggests an ensemble, in this beguiling frock of Corticelli Crepe Tremaine—and indeed it has the charm of one! Its perfectly flat back and gilet of all-over lace combine to give it unusual interest.

IRENE CASTLE



Photograph by Ira Hill
The "Best dressed woman in America"—Irene Castle

One exclusive shop in nearly every city has them ~

AND charming as have been all the Irene Castle Corticelli Fashions, you will agree that these little early summer frocks and costumes are quite the loveliest things designed in this silk season.

It isn't only that perfect taste and style sense which have long given Irene Castle the name of being the smartest woman in this country—it's an unusual manipulation of fabric, an exceptional cleverness of line, a surpassing interest and variety in the modes selected!

The sports frock—the afternoon frock—the dinner frock—the very modes that Paris chooses for all times of day—all so exquisitely varied in the Irene Castle Fashions that, regardless of your needs, you will be able to find just what you want!

~ ~ ~

HERE are the colors Paris is wearing—subtle tones—striking or sombre—the shades Irene Castle chooses for her own blonde beauty and colors for other types as well.

You will see just how Paris is using softly-draped and dull-finished crepes—some of them in circular godets and jabots, others in plain, straight lines. All the newest trimming touches which give French frocks their distinction.

Best of all you can select these fashions in the same lovely silks that Irene Castle likes, in the Corticelli Crepe Tremaine, the Crepe Eldora, the Crepe Ensemble and Satin Tremaine which so greatly enhance the beauty of her own frocks.

~ ~ ~

THERE is just one exclusive shop in nearly every city which carries the Irene Castle Corticelli Fashions. If you don't know where they can be obtained, just let us know and we will be glad to send you the name of the nearest dealer. Sketches and descriptions of the styles and fabrics chosen by Irene Castle are given in a new booklet—"Irene Castle Corticelli Fashions." Fill out the attached coupon and let us mail you this at once.

Irene Castle Corticelli Fashions, Dept. 387, 136 Madison Ave., N. Y.



VALIA

It was a Corticelli Chiffon of unusual beauty that practically determined just how this frock was to be made; therefore its lovely ombré stripes are used quite simply from shoulder to hem, and are emphasized only by very tiny tucks and by touches of lace and dark velvet ribbon.



IRENE CASTLE
CORTICELLI FASHIONS

Dept. 387

136 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me free booklets I have checked.

- ☐ Irene Castle Corticelli Fashions
☐ New Corticelli Silks for Spring
☐ New Corticelli Silk Hosiery

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CORTICELLI FASHIONS

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Wear

HOSIERY

for

MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, INFANTS

Silk Vests and Bloomers for Women

Combination All-in-One Silk Vests and Step-Ins for Women

Form-Fitting Knitted Union Suits for Men, Women, Children

Loose-Fitting Woven Union Suits for Men, Women, Children

Infants' Tab Bands and Binders and Double Breasted Wrappers



Munsingwear is now obtainable in hosiery as well as in union suits. The hosiery line comprises an exceptionally large assortment of numbers in the wanted colors and materials in styles for men, women, children, infants, and is already recognized by the trade as one of the great hosiery lines of the country. Thousands of Munsingwear dealers have already put Munsingwear hosiery in stock and are selling the hosiery with the same confidence they have always had in selling Munsingwear union suits.

When buying your Munsingwear union suits, ask your dealer to show you samples of Munsingwear hosiery. You will find the same fine quality and workmanship in the hosiery that for so many years have characterized all under garments bearing the Munsingwear trade mark symbol.

Munsingwear Quality Assures Comfort and Service

THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



From the painting by Gomin

**CHENEY
SILKS**

A sweeping hat, a slender parasol for spring sunshine; a luxurious wrap for its cool winds—so alluring an outdoor ensemble that shimmering silk alone can complete it.

CHENEY SILKS for a woman's dress—novel, daring, yet restrained—that reflect in every way the inspiration of modern masters.

CHENEY BROTHERS



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NEW YORK



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PERFUME MAKER
IN PARIS
PRESENTS
**CHAUVÉ-SOURIS
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OF
"MON CHERI"
PARFUM
EXTRAORDINAIRE**

THE
GREATEST PERFUME
VALUE IN THE WORLD

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DOLLAR**

THIS PICTURE SHOWS
ACTUAL SIZE OF THE
BOX, COVER AND THE
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FROM A PERFUME GENIUS TO A GREAT ARTIST:

CHAUVÉ-SOURIS PAQUETTE OF MON CHERI, THUS INSPIRED AND MODESTLY PRICED AT \$1.25 IS REALLY A BRILLIANT SPECIAL SIZE OF THE DE LUXE FLACON OF MON CHERI SO FAMILIAR TO AMERICAN GENTLEWOMEN, AND RETAILING FOR \$12.50 (GUARANTEED DOUBLE-LASTING BECAUSE IT IS MADE AND BOTTLED IN PARIS) STORES ARE BEING SUPPLIED AS FAST AS POSSIBLE BUT AS AN ACCOMMODATION AND TO ACQUAINT YOU IMMEDIATELY WITH THIS PARFUM EXTRAORDINAIRE UPON RECEIPT OF \$1.00 WITH COUPON WE WILL SEND DIRECT TO YOU CHAUVÉ-SOURIS PAQUETTE OF MON CHERI AS SHOWN ABOVE AND WE WILL PAY ALL PACKING AND MAILING CHARGES.

P.S. GABILLA'S POUDRE SUPERFINE
MADE AND BOXED IN PARIS — GUARANTEED EXTRA FINE

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116 WEST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK

HG

Paris, 16 Octobre, 1924

Dear Mr. Balieff.

Last night, I was at
the Paris premiere of your
Chauve-Souris—the new programme
It was the most thrilling and
the most amusing performance
I have ever seen!

Among my perfumes,
there is one I like best so
I have named it "Mon Cheri"
As a tribute, will you
permit me to dedicate "Mon Cheri"
to you and your Wooden Soldiers?

Bravo, Monsieur Balieff!
Henriette Gabilla.

VERY IMPORTANT: UNLIKE MANY SO-CALLED FAMOUS "FRENCH" PERFUMES WHICH STILL RETAIN THEIR PARIS LABELS BUT ARE MANUFACTURED AND BOTTLED IN AMERICA, GABILLA PERFUMES ARE AND ALWAYS WILL BE MADE AND BOTTLED IN PARIS AND ARE THEREFORE GUARANTEED DOUBLE-LASTING.



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One of the Moon innovations of the year is the new Cabriolet roadster. The deck lid opens up a fully upholstered rear seat "a deux". With the lid down the car is a closed roadster. Concealed compartment for golf bag and other luggage. Rear window may be lowered for communication between passengers. (Patents applied for)

AHEAD of its day with a distinct and different smartness, Moon enjoys an amazing preference wherever smartness is a *sine qua non*.

For pride of possession is the chief satisfaction of the Moon family. Pride in its dauntless performance. Pride in its distinguished appearance. And as the miles roll up, a feeling almost of affection for its clocklike regularity.

So, in the metropolitan style centers, where most of the motor-wise live, where there are more cars per unit of population, you find Moon selling away ahead of its price class, outranking in registrations many of the makers who build more cars than Moon.



MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY . . ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

DALBY SILKNIT UNDERWEAR

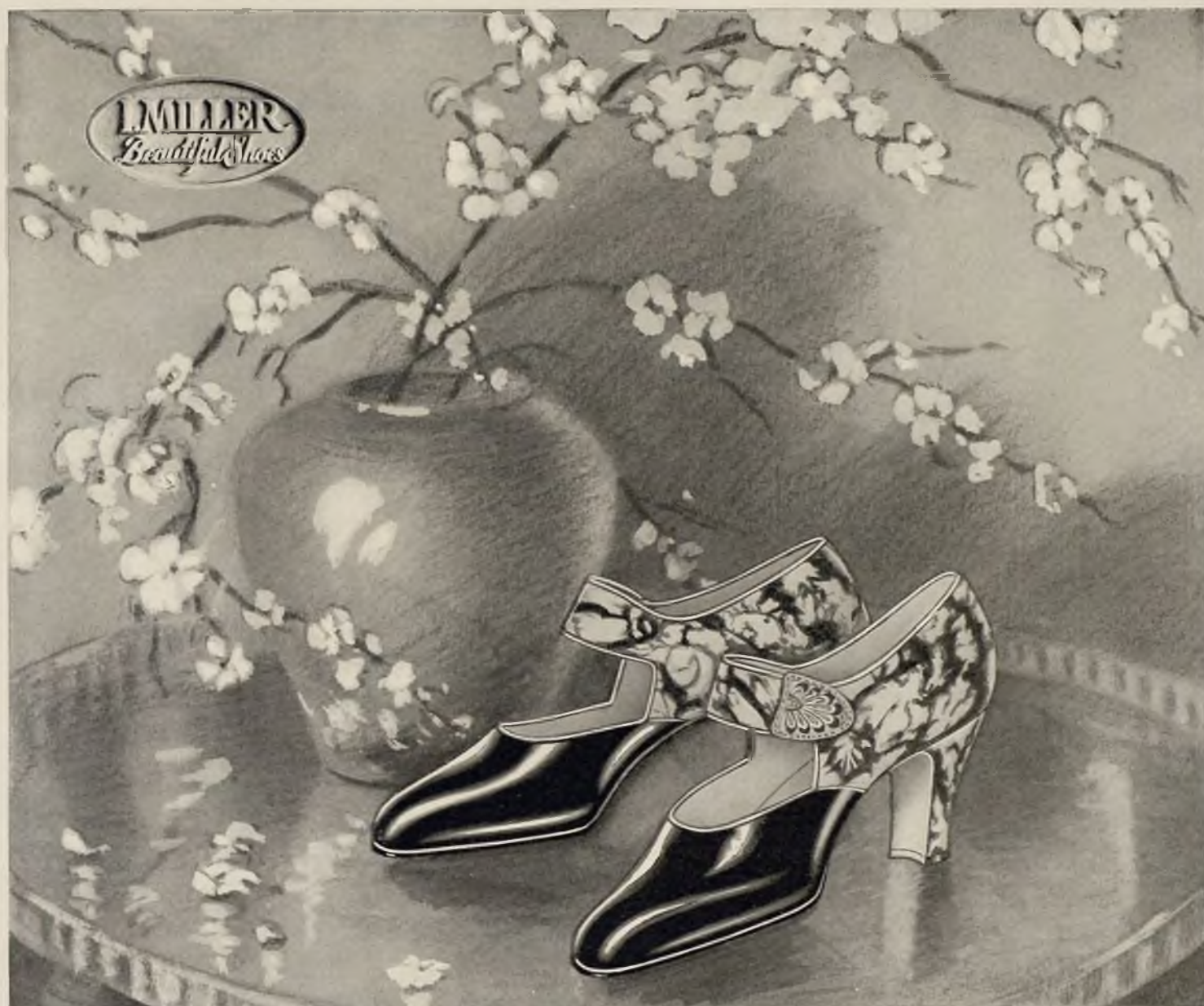
Where are the wide encircling ruffles of olden days? Gone. All gone. Just lissom perpendiculars in Fashion's gay geometry now.

SLIMNESS—Fashion's most fascinating little virtue! Makes you think of tripping feet and swaying dances—sculptured slenderness that can be made more youthful with Dalby Silknits. Here is underwear that is soft and clinging. Of purest silk—*knitted* to fit with delightful smoothness, yet allow luxurious freedom. It neither wrinkles nor climbs, and stays lovely and sheath-like always. A special process in the knitting insures exquisite finish and great durability. Dalby Silknit vests, bloomers, step-ins and union suits, in white, black and pastel shades, at the better stores.

THOMAS DALBY COMPANY
Watertown, Mass.

Dalby Silknit Dealers:

ALABAMA		FLORIDA		MASSACHUSETTS		OKLAHOMA	
Mobile	C. J. Gayler & Co. L. Hammel Dry Goods Co.	Pensacola	Watson, Parker & Reese Co.	Pittsfield	Holden & Stone	Oklahoma City	Kerr Dry Goods Co.
		St. Petersburg	Robertson Company	Roxbury	Timothy Smith Company		McMinn's
		Tampa	O. Falk's Department Store	Salem	Almy, Bigelow & Washburn, Inc.	Okmulgee	Knights' Lady Shop
ARKANSAS						Sapulpa	Green's Ready to Wear Shop
Fort Smith	Wolf, Pollock Dry Goods Co.	ILLINOIS		Watertown	Clara Mitchell	Tulsa	Hunt Department Store
Little Rock	Walter A. Marx Co.	Aurora	S. S. Sencenbaugh Co.	Worcester	C. T. Sherer Co.		
CALIFORNIA		Bloomington	C. W. Klemm, Inc.			PENNSYLVANIA	
Bakersfield	Malcolm-Brook Co.	Chicago	Your Shop	Ann Arbor	Wm. Goodyear & Co.	Harrisburg	Pomeroy's, Inc.
Covina	W. B. Broadwell Co.		Casson, Firie, Scott & Co.	Bay City	H. G. Wendland Co.	Philadelphia	B. T. Dewees
Culver City	J. B. Foss & Co.	Elgin	Lanahan Co., Inc.	Detroit	Newcomb, Endicott Co.		Oppenheim, Collins & Co.
El Centro	B. Salomon & Co.		I. Cohlen & Co.	Flint	Herbert N. Bush	Pittsburgh	J. B. Sheppard & Sons Co.
Escondido	Escondido Mercantile Co.		Joseph Speiss Co.	Grand Rapids	Paul Stehrice & Sons		Kaufman Dept. Stores
Fresno	Cooper's, Inc.	Evansville	Lord's	Jackson	The Alderman Co.		Oppenheim, Collins & Co.
	The Wouder, Inc.	Galesburg	Kellogg, Drake & Co.	Niles	A. N. Hendleman Co.	Reading	M. B. Fritz
Glendale	H. S. Webb & Co.	La Salle	Francis Kilduff			Scranton	B. J. Loewy Hosiery Shop
Glendora	Ridgley Foss & Co.	Quincy	W. T. Duker Co.	MINNESOTA		Wilkes-Barre	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Hollywood	Hollywood Dept. Store			Minneapolis	La Ciel Corset Shop	York	Bon Ton
Huntington Park	Ridgley-Martin Co.	Elkhart	Chas. S. Drake Co.		L. S. Donaldson Co.		
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	The May Company	Michigan City	Moritz & Son				Gladding Dry Goods Co.
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	Westlake Dept. Store	Washington	H. Robinson Shop				
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Orange	W. G. Neely Co.		KENTUCKY			Charleston	Kerrison Dry Goods Co.
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						WISCONSIN	
						Milwaukee	The Herzfeld, Phillipsen Co.



Featuring imported batik in charming contrast with patent leather or tan Russia

BEAUTY MATERIAL-IZED in FOOTWEAR

By I. Miller



In slippers as in gowns this season, material is inseparable from the mode, and so one wisely selects those smart innovations ---crocodile, lizard, batik and the many hues of satins and kidskins sponsored by I. Miller in his original creations.

Shown at the shops of I. Miller in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia and his exclusive agencies throughout the country.



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SERVICE! BEAUTY! NOVELTY!

A RARE combination — rich in design, rare in texture, beautiful in color. As appealing as colorful prints, as striking as raised effects, as durable as the finest voile—and with splendid draping quality, for women's, misses' and children's dresses. Very moderately priced.

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AT THE BETTER SHOPS EVERYWHERE

Katherine Harford's Costume



Photo by
Nickolas Muray



Color Harmony Charts

*an Authentic Forecast of Hosiery and Costume Colors
for Spring and Summer*

AMERICA's leading exponent of correct dress, Katherine Harford, the eminent style authority—formerly with Harper's Bazar and now Director of the Real Silk Fashion Bureaus in Paris and New York—provides in her new Costume Color Harmony Charts an authentic forecast of the latest color decrees for Spring and Summer.

Equipped with the most advanced information gleaned by our own fashion bureaus from the leading designers both here and abroad, Miss Harford, with her rare taste and artistry, has personally selected the most pleasing and appropriate color schemes for street, sports, afternoon and evening wear. In every combination she indicates just the right tints and hues for each item of apparel, including hosiery, gowns, shoes, hats and accessories.

Katherine Harford's Costume Color Harmony Charts will be sent FREE on request—without obligation—as a part of Real Silk's comprehensive fashion service.

Just as Real Silk offers this unparalleled aid in matters of correct dress, so through Representatives who call at the home, Real Silk affords another unduplicated service by enabling the women of America to procure wonderful Real Silk Hosiery direct from the Mills at Mill prices.

Real Silk Hosiery may be secured in fifty voguish shades. With this wide range of colors to choose from, one is sure to find just the right tints to harmonize with every costume. The silk is guaranteed to be 100% pure, while to insure maximum service, top, toe and heel are woven of finest lisle.

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REAL SILK
Guaranteed
HOSIERY

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



This gold burton identifies the authorized Real Silk Representative when he calls at your home





SWITZERLAND

There is only one—

That happy, beautiful, majestic little Republic of the Alps, which for centuries has been the goal of millions of tourists from every part of the world.

A tour of Switzerland is a most economical vacation. We are constantly arranging most satisfying itineraries, one of the many advantages of which is that they *avoid all rush and cost comparatively little.*

Let us show you how to see Switzerland, comfortably and well—supply you with numerous illustrated booklets, maps, etc., and make all arrangements for your tour.

Wouldn't you like to go to Geneva, the world's peace capital, ever attractive for its beauty, wealth and intellect; to enjoy the delights of distinguished Lausanne-Ouchy, an international center for education, and the mingled city and peasant life in Berne, the quaintest and most charming diplomatic city of Europe?

You will travel in luxuriously equipped electric trains—via the Loetschberg route, for instance—to the kaleidoscopic Bernese Oberland; and be a part of the fascinating life at its many gay resorts, particularly at the garden spots of Thun, Kandersteg-Gstaad and Interlaken. The glacier beauties and pastoral life at Grindelwald and Wengen, the thrills of the Jungfrau Railway to the top of the world, with the many side trips above cloudland to the Schynige Platte and Murren, will last forever.

And beautiful Lucerne, where Swiss history was made hundreds of years ago—with the fascinating country about.

Or the Grisons, where snow-capped peaks and blossoming valleys and famous St. Moritz, will add other thrills to your never-to-be-forgotten days spent in Switzerland.

All Sports in perfection and inexhaustible—Wonderful Golf everywhere.

Write for Swiss travel literature address

SWISS FEDERAL RAILROADS
241 Fifth Avenue, New York



"Deadlines" protect no woman against the loss of her personal money

Only known criminals tear the "Deadlines" of the police. The word has no terror for pickpockets or occasional pilferers who are the cause of the greatest number of money losses, among women. Working on the street, in stations, or wherever there are crowds, these sneak thieves, preying especially on women, operate quickly and well—leaving their victims helpless of any redress.

American Express Travelers Cheques

are the only protecting "Deadlines." A crook wants cash not Travelers Cheques. If your cheques are stolen or you lose them you simply report to the nearest American Express office and your loss has immediate attention.

Think of American Express Travelers Cheques not only as desirable for travelers. Think of them, *and use them*, to safeguard your personal money wherever you are.

Over \$30,000,000 in travelers cheques were used last year by non-travelers. \$150,000,000 were bought by tourists, motorists and business men and women traveling in this country. \$120,000,000 were carried abroad.

American Express Travelers Cheques are the best known and most serviceable form of insured money in the world. They are acceptable everywhere—good anywhere.

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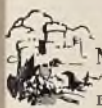
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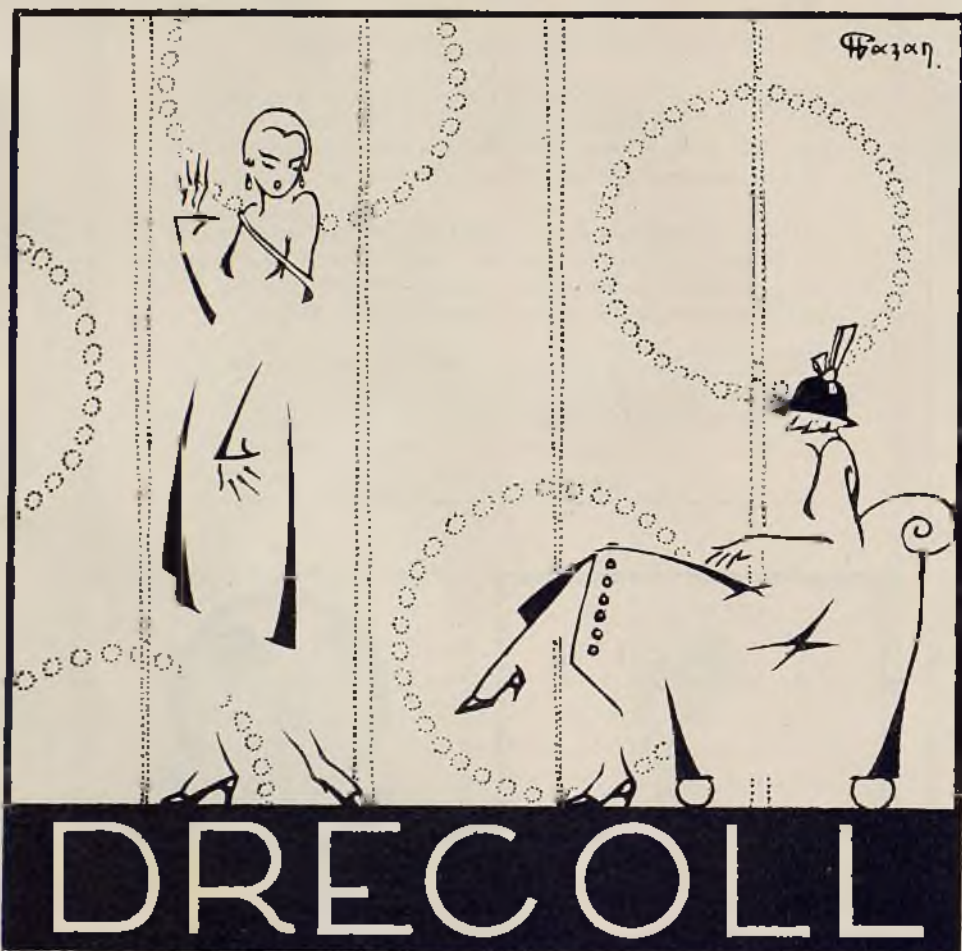
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ralentie, les grands salons si animés d'ordinaire, sont presque déserts. Les clientes n'y font plus leur station journalière; les vendeuses désœuvrées ne savent à quoi se distraire. Une étrange torpeur envahit la ruche bourdonnante. Sommes nous donc dans le palais de la Belle au Bois Dormant? Non, car dans la partie la plus reculée du vaste hôtel, il est une porte toujours fermée, derrière laquelle travaille fiévreusement, avec un inlassable enthousiasme, l'animateur des rouages les plus infimes. De cette pièce, jalousement close pendant tant de jours, sortent enfin, prêtes à être admirées les nouvelles "créations" qui vont, une fois de plus, porter au loin le gracieux renom de la France.

COMME POUR TOUTES les formes de l'art, il faut au créateur de modèles, le "don," cette étincelle de génie déposée dans le cerveau humain et qu'aucune science acquise ne saurait remplacer. Mais il ne se suffit point à lui-même, et doit être développé par un labeur incessant, par une connaissance approfondie du métier, par une psychologie subtile.

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créatrice. Sur une grande poupée de bois, elle traduit l'effet nouveau—entièrement réalisé dans sa pensée—qui distinguera la robe. Puis guidée par le sens du tissu, elle complète harmonieusement le modèle, le terminant enfin par les garnitures.

Pendant cette période d'un travail si fécond, le créateur cherche à entourer d'un impénétrable mystère ses précieuses conceptions.

MAIS IL N'EST pas de ruse qui ne soit employée pour connaître à l'avance les idées qui vont rénover la mode. Ailées traversant les murailles, des indiscrétions se produisent, des suppositions se forment, parfois bien éloignées de la vérité.

L'administrateur d'une maison renommée pour ses ravissantes innovations conte en souriant cette histoire véridique:

Préparant un accessoire de toilette, tout à fait inédit, le projet fut faussement dévoilé. Voici Paris en émoi! Les commentaires s'amplifiant chaque jour deviennent bientôt la plus invraisemblable des nouvelles: Il paraît, lui dit-on, que vous allez présenter votre prochaine collection sur des mannequins articulés, imitant si parfaitement la nature qu'ils posséderont même... la respiration humaine! Cette amusante anecdote montre quelle curiosité passionnée suscitent les moindres découvertes de nos grands créateurs. C'est que l'intérêt d'une corporation, malheureusement trop étendue, est en jeu: les copieurs de modèles.

L'ON IGNORE trop que la copie est un vol véritable, répété et audacieux. Reproduire une robe, c'est, exploiter le talent, c'est piller sans (Voir la suite, page 64)



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honte cette étonnante et si rare faculté, la création, c'est travestir une signature et dérober la juste récompense d'un effort de volonté et d'argent incalculable. Les grandes maisons supportent non seulement le coût de leurs modèles; mais encore pendant une période morte, tout le poids de leurs frais généraux.

La loi poursuit les copieurs, qui sans cesse tentent de se soustraire à ses recherches et à ses rigueurs. Cet appui légal a plusieurs fois procuré aux magistrats—la surprise aimable de voir entrer dans le prétoire, quelques jolis mannequins de la rue de la Paix. Mais n'est ce point tout d'abord à la femme si aisément sensible au noble sentiment de justice—à refuser impitoyablement les reproductions, et à flétrir leurs auteurs?

Moins coûteuses il est vrai, ces robes faites en série, ne présentent point les tissus incomparables, le charme sans égal du modèle.

ELLES NE SONT point "nées" et à côté de leurs soeurs aristocratiques elles sembleront toujours des parvenues. Telles ces plébéiennes duchesses de l'Empire, qui amusèrent toutes les cours d'Europe par les ridicules de leur ineffaçable vulgarité.

Les femmes au goût délicat ne sauraient s'y tromper. Eprises d'art et de raffinement pour leur toilette aussi bien que pour la décoration de leurs demeures, elles n'acceptent que les chefs d'oeuvres des maîtres et ne portent que la robe du "créateur" Mais il faut, toujours davantage, obtenir cette protection efficace et charmante, pour que l'élégance véritable, comme la beauté féminine demeure divinement éternelle.

Alice Baudouin -

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CHANTAL

of Paris

and how a rare talent made
willing captives of the

BUYERS

of America

A MIRACLE occurred in Paris this
spring. A phenomenon that
appears about once in every style
generation came to pass. A new voice
was raised with authority in the realm
of la couture: a new name—a name
that did not exist a twelvemonth ago
—was upon the lips of the buyers
whom America sends to Paris twice a
year for the decrees of the overlords
of fashion.

The voice and the name were
those of Mlle Chantal.

It is a story Parisian—essentially
so—this sudden, swift rising of a star
of the first magnitude high in the
firmament of creative style—a thing
that could happen only in a world
artistically attuned to appreciation of
the unusual and the beautiful. In one
word, the story is this:

A WOMAN of characteristic French
taste, young, aristocratic, mag-
netic, finds her personal fortunes
ruined by the war. She is possessed of
immense energy, immense personal
chic, immense interest in life. Such a
nature is unwilling to accept meekly
the drab semi-poverty to which fate
seems to have condemned her. She
contemplates a career in business and
turns naturally to the thing she knows
most about—clothes.

She opens a small dressmaking
establishment expecting to create
gowns for the select inner-circle of the
Parisian *haut monde* of which she her-
self is an intimate. Her friends are
delighted with the genius which she
instantly displays for original design,
charmed with the creations that are
so individual, so strangely lovely, so
utterly Parisian. She is designing the
sort of gowns that she, the descendant
of a line of *grandes dames* of fashion,
would herself like to wear.

HER friends buy these creations
liberally. It is a small business,
reckoned by modern Parisian stand-
ards, but it is established and she is
content, asking no more.

But the world these days will beat
a broader pathway to the door of her
who designs a beautiful gown than of
him who invents an efficient mouse-
trap. Paris is filled with a discerning
company of connoisseurs—the resident
commissionnaires who represent the
great buying dress houses of America.
These experts are continually on the
watch for the new and meritorious.
They are a silent race, each keeping
his own counsel; for sometimes a great
business stroke results from an in-
dividual discovery.

But the quick eyes of these com-
missionnaires, who frequent the places
where smart Parisian society gathers,

began to catch a fresh and unique
note—and an engaging one withal—in
the dress of some of the most elegant
of Paris's women. It was a note,
moreover, that they could not read,
skilled as they are in telling at a glance
what designer has created the new
toilette that comes under their obser-
vation. Each made private and dis-
creet inquiry, and each heard a new
name—

CHANTAL! Such was the brief
history preceding the spring
"opening" at the Maison Chantal
early in February. Mlle. Chantal—
it is the name she has adopted for
business—expected only her clients—
her personal friends—to be there.
But these friends found themselves
barely able to squeeze into the salons,
so great was the press of commercial
buyers there, each *commissionnaire*
gazing with surprise and discomfort at
his competitors as each realized that
his discovery was no *exclusivité*.

Thus it happened that the
Chantal gown went to America this
year—in the house's second season—
an exemplar of the Parisian genius for
design, a new criterion of style.

It will be necessary to add only a
few words to account for this sudden
success. The secret of it lies in the
quality of Mlle. Chantal herself.

Hers is a heritage which endows
her nature with a perfect infusion of
that essentially Latin quality called
mesure—the delicate sense of propor-
tion—an artistic discipline expressing
complete originality without eccen-
tricity or extreme effects of any sort.

It is a quality that reveals itself in
the singing atmosphere of her salons—
all light and air and springtime gaiety
as they are. Above all it manifests
itself in her own creations, in the
exquisite sense of color shown in them,
in queer, shy artistic touches, and in
the infinite care devoted to details
often slighted. No scamping and
jerry-work in these models. It is
Chantal's way to design a gown first
and then have such adornments as
embroideries, buttons, and buckles,
made to suit it. Instead of the easier
way of accepting what is available and
allowing the producers of accessories
to circumscribe the couturière's art.

And when a gown emerges from
her ateliers, it comes with a finish
delightful to the woman who knows
what sewing is. Mlle. Chantal, indeed,
might be said to be bringing forth a
new formula in dressmaking. More
truly, she is the apostle of a renaiss-
sance, a revival of that mating of
genius with the inimitable French
needlecraft which our hurried times
were pushing out of existence.

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SOCIAL CALENDAR for APRIL

THERE will be no reason for the lover of music to suffer this month, and then, with the ending of Lent, the round of social festivities will be merrier than ever.

APRIL 1.

Sunset Hill Club April Pool Party.
University of Pennsylvania Mask and Wig Club at Orchestra Hall.

APRIL 2.

Detroit Symphony Concert, Ossip Gabrilowitch, conductor, Florence Easton, Metropolitan soprano soloist, at Orchestra Hall.

APRIL 3.

Detroit Symphony Concert, Ossip Gabrilowitch, conductor, Florence Easton, Metropolitan soprano soloist, at Orchestra Hall.

APRIL 5.

Popular Concert at Orchestra Hall, Victor Kolar conducting, Madame Djina Ostrowska, harpist, and Joseph Gerner, violin soloist.

APRIL 6.

Polish National Orchestra at Arcadia Auditorium.

APRIL 7.

Grosse Pointe Hunt Club Musical Ride.

APRIL 7.

Jascha Heifetz, violinist, at Orchestra Hall.

APRIL 10.

Haresfoot Club of University of Wisconsin at Orchestra Hall.

APRIL 11.

Players Club meeting.

APRIL 12.

Easter Sunday.
San Carlo Opera Company.
Popular Concert, Victor Kolar conducting, at Orchestra Hall.

APRIL 14.

Grosse Pointe Hunt Club Musical Ride.

APRIL 15.

National Vaudeville Association Benefit at Orchestra Hall.

APRIL 16.

Detroit Symphony Concert, Ossip Gabrilowitch, conductor and soloist, at Orchestra Hall.

APRIL 17.

Detroit Symphony Concert, Ossip Gabrilowitch, conductor and soloist, at Orchestra Hall.

APRIL 18.

Dayton Westminster Choir at Orchestra Hall.

APRIL 19.

United Singers of Detroit.
Closing Popular Concert of Detroit Symphony Orchestra, with Victor Kolar conducting, at Orchestra Hall.

APRIL 21.

Orpheus Club.
Grosse Pointe Hunt Club Musical Ride.

APRIL 28.

Grosse Pointe Hunt Club Musical Ride.



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ALTHOUGH California boasts an all-year climate that is far, far different from those benighted places that have only snatches of good weather during certain favored seasons, nevertheless Spring is a particularly delightful time in the Golden State. Especially as to Fashions.

Maybe this is because, like Paris and New York, one somehow dashes into new clothes in spring just as Nature herself assumes new habiliments. Certainly, this is the season of seasons when the smart shops of California are at their best, when they display most lavishly the costumes and accessories that are the last word in the new mode.



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PARIS MODES
GOWNS
HATS



Philadelphia Social Calendar for April

APRIL 2

First of Annual Spring Luncheons at Sedgeley Club.

APRIL 13

Easter Ball at Ritz Carlton.
Dinners before the ball given by Mr. Oliver Hopkinson Baird, and
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hoffman, Jr.
Mask and Wig Performance of the University of Pennsylvania.
Parties at the Mask and Wig.
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Clark Zantinger box party for Miss Elizabeth
Farnum, debutante daughter of Mrs. Harry W. Farnum.
Mrs. George Grant Snowden box party for Miss Marion Kendrick,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kendrick.

APRIL 14

Mask and Wig.
Dr. and Mrs. Perry S. Allen box party for Miss Edith Page Willing,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kent Willing.

APRIL 15

Dance—Mr. and Mrs. Burrows Sloan for their debutante daughter,
Miss Frances Sloan.
Dinner—Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Justice for Miss Inez Justice before
Sloan dance.
Mask and Wig.
Mrs. Lewis Audenried Rommel, a luncheon and matinee party for Miss
Nancy Nichols Page and Miss Evelyn Raiguel Page.

APRIL 1

Wedding—Miss Frances Paul Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul
Denckl Mills, and Mr. John H. W. Ingersoll, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles
Edward Ingersoll, St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Wayne, at 4 o'clock.
Reception at Mills home, Radnor.
Tea—Mrs. McFadden Brinton at the Wellington.
Mask and Wig.

APRIL 17

Rabbit Party—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Chew in honor of Miss Nancy
Drayton, daughter of Mrs. William Pepper.
Dance—Dr. Malcom Guthrie for Miss Lee Reed Edwards.
Dinner—Mr. and Mrs. Norman McMullin for Miss Carmita Kennedy
before the dance.
Mask and Wig. Mrs. George Justice a box party followed by supper at
the Ritz-Carlton for Miss Inez Justice and Miss Ethel Hart Hecksch.

APRIL 18

Dance—Mr. and Mrs. Victor Mather for Miss Katherine Kelso Stewart,
Miss Katherine Churchman Snowden and Miss Louie G. Thomson.
Dinner—Mr. and Mrs. S. Griswold Flagg 3rd for Miss Louie Thomson.
Mask and Wig. Parties.
Mr. and Mrs. George W. B. Roberts for Miss Edith L. Roberts.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Tunis for Miss Lydia Wister Tunis.
Mr. and Mrs. John M. Gates for Miss Roberta Dearden.

APRIL 20

Playhouse Dance.
Hasty Pudding Club at Bellevue-Stratford.
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Voorhees will entertain at Hasty Pudding for
Miss Nancy Drayton.

APRIL 20 to 25 inclusive

Mask and Wig every night and Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

APRIL 21

Large Bridge Party and Fashion Show—Benefit Girl Scout Building
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APRIL

1925



Early Spring Fashions Number

AVIS

TOUS les modèles reproduits dans notre magazine sont la propriété de leurs créateurs. Les reproductions, imitations ou contrefaçons même partielles peuvent toujours entraîner contre leurs auteurs des poursuites de la part des créateurs et de l'Association des Arts Plastiques et Appliqués en France et à l'Etranger.

THE DOORS HAVE OPENED!

ONCE again Paris has waited breathless days, once again she has lived her ecstatic moment and, once again, she is settling back to the ordinary interests of life. The Paris Openings are over! What did they reveal? What is new? What are the colors? The lines? The details? The questions are as endless as they are eternal. Yet, once again, Harper's Bazar has seen to it that they are answered—answered correctly for you, dear reader.

NO "HEADLINE" MODES

THOSE who are in search of sensational changes will be disappointed. There are, indeed, two principal phases of the spring models, both qualified by "more"—more color and more fulness. But we are trespassing—in fact, we are quoting—Marjorie Howard's article "The Mode of 1925," and if you wish to know how very informative it is, ponder its adroit subtitle, "Summarized from Ten Thousand Examples." On page seventy-one.

A TRIP WITH BARON DE MEYER

VEXED, perhaps, by our innuendoes that Baron de Meyer's life is one constant round of doing what he most wants to do, and that is, selecting lovely modes and photographing them on lovely ladies, he describes the ardor of the round—and incidentally, the best of the new creations—on page ninety-eight. Particularly charming is that photograph of the Gertrude Lawrence who not so very long ago sang the "Limehouse Blues" in Charlot's beloved Revue. But why waste your time with these slight introductory remarks when Paris and spring and new fashions—what an irresistible combination!—await you on every page of this Harper's Bazar?

NEXT MONTH: THE TRAVEL NUMBER

Correct Costumes for Anything from a Week-end Trip to a World's-end Journey

Harper's Bazar is published monthly in the U. S. A. by the International Magazine Company, Inc., William Randolph Hearst, president; C. H. Hathaway, vice-president; Ray Long, vice-president; Joseph A. Moore, treasurer; Austin W. Clark, secretary, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. Single copies, 50 cents. Yearly subscription in United States and dependencies, \$4.00. In Canada, \$5.00. In foreign countries, \$6.00. (All subscriptions are payable in advance and at the full price.) When you receive notice that your subscription has expired it is best to renew it at once, using the blank enclosed. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered at the New York Post Office as second-class mail matter. Copyright, 1925, by the International Magazine Company, Inc. (Harper's Bazar) Harper's Bazar is fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission.

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The Shimmer of Sain
by Drian

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



THE MODE OF 1925

Summarized from Ten Thousand Examples

— by Marjorie Howard —



2, rue de la Paix, Paris.

JUST twenty-five years ago this month, Paris inaugurated a universal exhibition. It was the triumph of the "art nouveau," that meandering school of lines which, tortured beyond their strength, broke suddenly into a perspiration of blossoms and butterflies, realistically inlaid with nacre and colored glass. Filing past the displays in the Grand and Petit Palais, built for the purpose and busily displaying things ever since, were ladies in clothes which we now recognize as ugly, over-trimmed, and footless—footless in a literal sense to judge by the engravings in the volume of "Art et la Mode," kindly lent me for these researches, and in which I have vainly sought the slightest indication of a toe. Skirts spread themselves like morning-glories from swelling hips, below "normal" waists that could be spanned in the hands. Bodices were covered with what Horace Walpole called "expensive balconies and other excrescences." Huge salads of chiffon, feathers, and flowers were poised on nebulae of hair and precariously secured thereto with twelve-inch hatpins, endangering the public vision, and heartily and vainly condemned in the public prints. Yet these ladies were immensely admired, for Dame Fashion's motto is, "Whatever is, is right," and the majority of her followers are always eager to agree with her.

Now here we are getting ready to visit the present exhibition of *Arts Decoratifs*, and feeling as sartorially superior to our predecessors of 1900, as we are sure that our "modern art" is superior to their "art nouveau." We are quite convinced that one has nothing to do with the other; yet, where else did we get these flounces, plaited, gathered, or cut circular, at the hems of our skirts? Whence came the skirt cut in sections which gives so novel a look to our "little frocks"? And do you realize that the bolero, revived by Premet as shown on page seventy-eight, by Patou and Bernard, as a feature of the season, was an essential decoration of the majority of costumes of that fussy time? They also were interested in an attempted revival of the Empire style; they also reveled in chiffon scarfs with evening dress, even though they anchored them firmly to one shoulder with a large and fussy chou.

The nineteenth century had been a period of fluctuation in fashions; they stuffed themselves out and pinched themselves in, and managed to be both ugly and inconvenient most of the time. If I were to risk a prophecy, I should say that there would be far less change in the coming quarter century than there has been in the last. Standardization is undoubtedly going on. Daytime clothes, at least, are approaching

crystallization point, as men's have done already. They will play pendulum for a while, vacillate between the pictorial and the practical, as men tried for a time to hold on to pre-Napoleonic vividness, wearing blue coats and brass buttons well into the new century, though utilitarian drabness soon became too much for them.

No such dismal prospect confronts the women; but there is no more room for furbelows in an air-taxi than in the ordinary variety, and the week-enders of 1950 will have as much need of frocks that fold into a suit-case as we have. Terrific revolutions in dress are no longer feasible; but minor changes we shall have always with us. Waist-lines will continue to gambol sweetly from knees to chests; collars will run up to the ears and down

again; sleeves will shorten and lengthen, shrink and swell; skirts will rise and descend as inevitably, if not as regularly, as the sun. The mode, in short, will have its ups and downs, with comparatively little change sideways, for it is unthinkable that enlightened ideals of health and

exercise should ever again permit us more than a moderate covering of our bones. And each time they happen, these changes will be praised as most significant, and a great improvement.

And now, what is new in the fashions to which this year of grace will give its name? Those who looked for "headline" modes are doomed to disap- (Continued on page 80)



Ayuntamiento de Madrid



A new tendency toward just a thread of drapery on evening gowns is well illustrated by this white and silver lame gown beaded with silver, with a scarf drapery of white chiffon.

The drapery of the gown itself is extremely smart and new, and this gown of royal blue and silver lace, beaded with crystal, is an excellent example of this new effective mode.

Lelong

LUCIEN LE LONG'S COLLECTION. A rich collection of which the features are the sports costumes, with special adaptation of the *jupe culotte*, and the evening dresses. The motto of the house is, "The prettiest silhouette is that which follows faithfully the natural lines of the body." Freedom of movement is obtained not by godets or circular forms, but by clever cutting, or by the use of wide inverted or box plaits. Morning dress; neat, practical, influenced by sports clothes. Afternoon dress: simple in line and without much trimming, but always completed by its coat. Evening dress: very rich, and usually beaded, jeweled, or embroidered, but not the beaded chemise which has become monotonous. The beading is effectively disposed, and there is a tendency toward the draped model for the important evening dresses. Many are accompanied by magnificent wraps of the most brilliant flowery lamés.



Embroidery and beads have taken on entirely new character. The heavy beaded tube frock is now monotonous. Vivid flowers embroidered in Czecho-Slovak colors in fine paillettes.

A new mood distinguishes the house of Dacville. Vivid flower embroidery of the Czecho-Slovak type is used for straight-line evening gowns like this, that deviate from the chemise frock.

DACVILLE'S COLLECTION. This is a collection in which there are quantities of new details, and, at the same time—much rarer—a new idea in line. This new line is used in frilly frocks under plain coats, the frills gathered to a point in front, making, as it were, a great X. The material itself is worked in countless ways; much cut work and encrustation, stitched bands, fine checks formed by silk stitching in the same color as the material, et cetera. Many ensembles in pastel colors, kasha coats, and print or plain crepe frocks in rose, pink-mauve, pale green, pastel blue, flax blue, et cetera. Most models, with the exception of tweed sports things, flare low in the skirts, by means of godets or circular cuts. A lavish use of ciré materials, especially chiffon printed and plain, reembroidered with bead flowers, or with colored paillettes. The white frock sketched is an example. A complication introduced in the beaded evening frock to get it away from the chemise.

Dacville



A "lady's gown," and very lovely it is, too, of the new reversible crêpe jersey in gray. The dull side of the fabric is used for the tunic. (Below) Thinnest black and white chiffon velvet is used for this "robe à crête," flat in back.



Dre'coll

Mlle. Madeleine, at Dre'coll, wishes to return to the more formal evening gown. This golden gown is given a peacock-like movement by its full flounce and train.

DRÉCOLL'S COLLECTION. A collection of ideas, first of all. Beginning with tailleurs, completed by odd waistcoats and collars, originality ran right through it. A new sleeve was used a great deal, with a large square lower portion something like a Louis XV. cuff. Dozens of odd lingerie details and novel scarfs. The afternoon gown illustrated is typical of the graceful feminine lines for this type. Waist-lines are still low, if they exist at all, and the flare is low, except with the new silhouette, which has a sort of princess line, spreading to a really wide skirt, especially at the sides. This was shown in only a few models. A note running through the collection was the accentuation of the bust-line through some detail.



Narrow coat lines—very new. Fabric of steel paillettes embroidered in coral and black. Black satin slip. Black and silver bow.

Worth

WORTH'S COLLECTION. Worth shows everything this year, including bathing suits. His collection contains nearly 450 models. Interesting points in it are the use of mauves, plum color, and the new greens, including billiard green. There are more flared than straight models, the flare always low. Some models experimented with the normal waist-line, but more suppressed it, or placed it at the hips. Many ensembles showed the new idea of tailored silk coat, and soft, light frocks in crêpe de Chine or chiffon with much disguised fulness. Still hints of the Directoire period. Lots of lingerie collars.



(Above) Silver and rose lame, lined with orange-rose Georgette crêpe. Huge gathered sleeves of crystal and rose and silver. Collar and cuffs of ermine. (Below) Old gold lame in geometric design. Plaited collar and beige fox border.





This gown caused great excitement at the Chanel opening, first, because it was of bright green Georgette crêpe, and then, because the fringe was of green rice grains.

Chanel

CHANEL COLLECTION. The Chanel collection, as usual, is just what one wants to wear, though there are few "headlines" in it. The sports things, this year, have straight blouses of fine Rodier jersey kasha edged with the material of the skirts, all of which have some deep plaits for width. The ensembles have coats with soft flare, often the entire coat being cut in sections, lined with delightful small patterned prints, of which the soft frocks are made. There are soft light browns and a great deal of dark blue, sometimes combined with dark red. Some navy models are beaded with steel beads. Very novel are the coats trimmed with masses of coq feathers. Many short square-cornered coats, sometimes of printed crêpes with frocks of plain crêpe.

Molyneux

MOLYNEUX'S COLLECTION. Molyneux reverses the usual procedure of straight lines for morning, and wider ones for evening. Almost all his daytime models widen at the hems in various ways while most of his evening gowns are straight slips, the lower part very richly decorated, and the tops perfectly plain. Quantities of ensembles, many of them in light woolen materials, kasha, Meyer's frisca, or Rodier's crepey reps, and in rose beige and dead leaf colors. All have some flare to the coats, with simple frocks slightly flaring at the hem, or with vareuse blouses and plaited skirts. Many models with trimmings on the lower skirt made of ribbons cut in the material itself. Many "tab" skirts and godets. Lingerie details on simple frocks.

For this evening gown a new fabric is used—a very dark blue ciré crêpe de Chine, cut in a slip, with the lower part embroidered like a Spanish shawl in dull red and beige.



MOLYNEUX



LENIEF

Flowers, embroidered solidly on white and shading from dark to pale rose with green leaves, distinct and overlapping each other, are an extraordinary new ornament.

Lenief

LENIEF'S COLLECTION. The most exciting gown in the collection is sketched here. It is the season's newest embroidery. Other new notes in the collection, which as a whole is restrained in both line and decoration, are the sports costumes, with blouses like sleeveless jackets in bright colors and plaited white skirts; ensembles of tailored coats, often in the new silks such as surah, and softly full dresses; a series of models with tunic tops and Chinese inspirations both of line and embroidery; mélange of at least two colors, often very striking ones, in one model; thin coats or capes of Georgette and chiffon over embroidered or figured gowns; much dark red and combinations of red and blue.



Street frocks to be worn without coats and made to resemble coats are found in several of the Paris collections. This one is of plain tailored light-weight English wool plaid in gray, with a coat-front lined with printed crêpe in rose, white, and gray. There is a chemisette of white handkerchief linen that completes the frock.

Premet

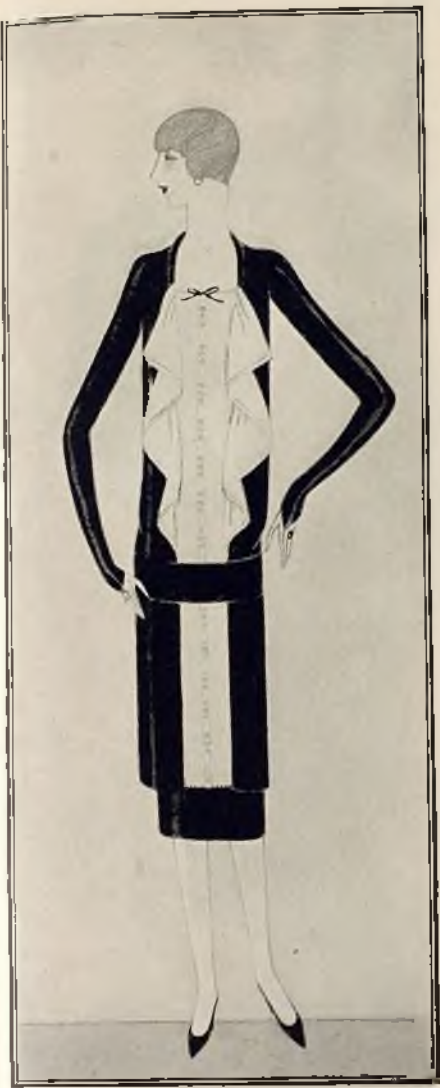


Several houses have tried the bolero idea, as well as the chemisette. This model has both. The fabric is beige colored light-weight woolen.

PREMET'S COLLECTION. A collection in which sports clothes and the "little frock" for street and daytime wear predominate. Charlotte has made herself mistress of this type, and her name "La Garçonne" is now used to describe the whole species. Noticeable in this year's version are the bolero fronts, the coat fronts with plain backs, the combination of light woolen materials, with printed crêpes, and the great interest in chemisettes and lingerie neckwear.



Chemisettes now appear with interesting frequency. Brown rep, piped with dark brown, with the immaculate little chemisette of white piqué.



Another jabot frock, of black crêpe marocain, with finely plaited white chiffon jabot. This frock is worn under a coat of black surah silk, with brown fur collar and cuffs.

Beer

BEER'S COLLECTION.

The new fulness is well illustrated in this collection, of which even the simple morning frocks show the new flare. An interesting revival of the frock all in sections, widening toward the feet, is illustrated on this page. Some of these frocks have a sort of circular frill at the hem, sometimes set only in the back. Many lingerie details, charming little chemisettes, cravettes, etc. A few of the models show a sort of "peacock" silhouette, the flare being arranged on a line that mounts in front, with something like the effect of a peacock's tail. Afternoon ensembles have flaring coats over simple frocks, with softening touches of white, and there are several suitable for wedding gowns. Glittery effects are liked.



An interesting frock of dark green silk alpaca, cut in distinct sections from shoulder to hem. The silhouette has the new morning-glory flare, that has found a place in the mode now. This is a frock becoming to many types of figure, since the sections permit of special adjustment and fitting. The collar and cuffs are of lace and embroidery with flowers.

PARIS IS PUTTING JABOTS ON SOME
OF ITS NEW
SPRING TAILORED COSTUMES



MARTIAL
et
ARMAND

Skirts and coats that do not match but harmonize are smart for the spring tailleur. The coat is brown kasha cloth worn above a skirt of checked Rodier kasha in brown and beige.



MARTIAL
et
ARMAND

Lingerie neck-wear, particularly the jabot, is a new and very smart mode in Paris now. This costume of hunter's green ottoman has the coat cut like the short tailored jacket this season.

pointment. Those who predicted a reasonable development along the old lines are congratulating themselves on their perspicacity. There are two principal new phases of the spring models, and both of them are qualified by "more"—more color and more fulness.

MORE COLOR

TO begin at the beginning, black is no longer the only smart wear; and having said this, I find that I can hardly get quickly enough to the modifying statement that black is still smart. Do not expect it to go out like a candle in a draft, though there is far less of it in the collections, and here and there we find a woman who begins to say that she thinks "they" are getting tired of it. The dark blues, navy and crow blue, are being tried again as a substitute; green, conscious of its success this winter, continues its bid for favor; many browns



MARTIAL
et
ARMAND

The jabot has returned to be new and smart. This costume does two new things: shows the use of lingerie for a jabot, and the revival of the cape. Of blue surah and black satin.

With this ensemble of beige covert cloth is worn a little white satin jacket instead of a blouse. This jacket-blouse is in many collections. The covert cloth coat is trimmed with stitching.

appear, particularly the light "eatable" ones (cinnamon, caramel, ginger, burned bread); we see the "violines," an expression which means "purplish" and has nothing to do with stringed instruments; beige is nearly as popular as it was last season; the smoke grays make a tentative appearance—all these are used as black was invariably used last season. Wherever clear color thinks it has the slightest chance of acceptance, there it is found—in bright edges, lines, and pipings on the costumes that were so chastely beige last summer; in linings; in the soft short frocks or long blouses which complete ensembles; in blocks and masses for sports and country wear, green, yellow, mauve, rose, and blue. There is a clear light blue called *bleu lin* after the flax flower, which at Patou's showing to the press was received with cheers from the male portion of the audience whenever a mannequin appeared in it.

Many of the designers display a real interest in red, all the way from sealing-wax to wine color; a

COSTUMES FROM TWO PARIS WOMEN
DESIGNERS WHO STUDY
THE NEEDS OF THE DAY



YVONNE
DAVIDSON

Yvonne Davidson has invented this costume called the "six piece." A lovely thing of black, coral, and white Georgette. Each layer of the triple coat may also be worn separately.

The double blouse of the "six piece," made of white Georgette crêpe over coral and worn with a black Georgette skirt, is shown here. Mrs. Davidson makes a specialty of these.

This frock of gray striped toile de soie, with tiny puffed sleeves and a plaited section in front for free movement, is worn under the gray éponge coat that is shown at the right.

(Right) Madame Yteb, who plays golf herself, designed this golf ensemble of gray cotton éponge to blouse at the hips to allow for one's swing. The coat is edged with the frock fabric.



YTEB

success at Chanel's has a dark blue coat and a Bordeaux tunic. Green, too, runs the gamut from Nile to myrtle. Mauve makes a surprising début in tailored modes and fabrics. In evening dress, if white, frequently sparkling with silver and crystal, retains the palm of popularity, rose, red, and green find themselves well represented, while blue refuses to be ignored. Lanvin, for example, who loved the combination of rose and silver last year, offers us silver and turquoise instead this season. Patou gives us rainbow dresses, which he calls a triumph of dyeing, and which he further embellishes with perfect firmaments of diamond embroidery.

The question of straight lines or full lines is rather like a tug of war, now pulled to one side and now to the other. The last collections signaled "more fulness" to a waiting world, only to see the straight silhouette gain appreciably in mid-season fashions. These new summer collections stress fulness again, and so it goes. Type of model and

selection of material play the most important rôle in the settling of this question, and yet there is plenty of room for individual interpretation. Some houses want narrow lines for daytime and fuller ones for night; others, like Molyneux, take the opposite stand—everything widened toward the feet for daytime, and evening frocks as much like decorated pencil-cases as ever. Nobody, thank goodness, wants to hamper our stride, and even the most vertical silhouette leaves us room to put one foot well before the other. The blessed comfort of the sports influence has affected all daytime dress to the extent of a reasonable freedom.

MORE FULNESS

SOME of the thin material models, of chiffon and the like, must gladden the heart of the weaver, for they conceal a vast quantity of stuff. Even evening wraps, which seemed quite determined to be as

narrow as a kasha coat, are indulging in a certain voluminousness, as the two from Worth on page seventy-five well prove. Do not be misled into thinking that we are going to ape a bouffant mode. With the usual exception of certain specialists, like Lanvin, in the *robe de style*, the designers would have us wear our fulness with a difference. Like Mrs. Wilfer's under-petticoat, we can't see it, but we know it's there.

There is a certain sort of "morning-glory" silhouette, as exploited by Patou in chiffon, and by Beer in the little green frock on page seventy-nine, which is fairly irresistible. A slender, supple *torse* looks fragile as a lily stalk in contrast to the corolla of the skirt; but—a terrible but—this is going to involve us again in the continuous struggle for an even hem-line. Do you remember how half-made frocks were hung up for days so that the natural "give" of the fabric should exhaust itself before the hem was run? Now that the official place of the

THE SIMPLE SPORTS MODE
IS THE BASIC IDEA FOR VARYING
PARIS COSTUMES



REDFERN



GEORGETTE

Striped taffeta plays a definite part in the new mode; several houses have used it in clever ways similar to this. The blouse has horizontal stripes, while the skirt is cut in ribbon-like tabs that are extremely effective. The proportion between the long-waisted blouse and skirt is unusually good on this frock.

As a blouse, this costume uses a long sweater of old rose and beige tricot, banded with old rose crêpe. The skirt has the new plaiting, pressed in zigzags. This new plaiting used in different patterns is much used by Paris houses. One of those "in between" sports and purely feminine frocks.

An extremely interesting and important note is that this season the tailored frock and mannish coat have replaced last season's skirt and blouse and coat. All English fabric of rather light brown, with a chemisette of washable white satin and green suede belt with brown polished wood buckle.

hem is half-way between the ankle and knee, an even skirt-line will be still more essential; and that's a bore.

We don't need to go in for this silhouette, pretty as it is, unless we like; there are a dozen others, as these pages will prove, and the new mode is all for a free field and no favor. This new fulness is really part of the campaign against the persistent simplicity which experts fear will kill creative ability. I don't think they need be afraid, for the hand of the expert is discernible in the simplest model; and, as in the other arts, the simpler the theme, the greater need for perfection in the composition, lest it become banal. When the

mode complicates itself, it leads inevitably to tampering with natural body lines, and a specter of steel and whalebone rises before our mind's eye—the real Simon-pure corset in all its terrible rigidity, from whose tyranny we so hardly escaped after a century of compression. This leads us straight to the third new phase of the summer mode, the raising of the waist-line.

THE "NORMAL" WAIST-LINE

WE HEAR an awful lot about the "normal" waist, especially since Jean Patou gave the hip-line only a few months to live. Just what is a

normal waist-line? Is it an imaginary line, like the equator, running round the center of the body; is it between the hip and the knee, or is it just under the bust, as it was for centuries, all through the mystery that was Egypt, the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome? One thing is certain, and that is that the placing of the waist-line in our outer garments is entirely dependent on what we wear underneath them.

Twenty-five years ago in the days of the "straight front," our waists, unnatural as they were, appeared at their "natural" place. The corset straightened and lengthened itself out into the semblance of a tree-trunk, and our waists ran up obediently above

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

TAILORED ENSEMBLES
AND SIMPLE TAILORED FROCKS
PARIS NOW WEARS



There is a decidedly new flare in the newest spring top-coats, a flare ever so slight, but still to be sensed definitely—toward the hem. This redingote costume of rather dark "bois de rose" color is of Rodier kasha zibeline. The frock is made of "bois de rose" kasha cloth, checked with a brown line.

Two views are shown of this frock, because the front and back are of such very different character. It is of fancy rep, striped with coral, and mixed coral and white. The blouse is of heavy white linen, bordered with washable white tulle. The back has an inverted box-pleat and a nacre buckle.



PHILIPPE et GASTON

the normal line. Then came the war-utilitarianism, practicality, hard work—you remember how serious and laborious life was. Corsets went into the discard, in France, with much more useless lumber. Down came the waist, immediately, to its normal place, and in came the bag tied in the middle called the *robe chemise*, vituperated for its persistent influence ever since.

War over, social life resumed—in comes the short elastic belt, confining the hips only, and leaving the *torse* quite free; and down goes the waist-line to the top of the hip, where it still remains in the majority of cases. Sometimes it has fallen far below, between hip and knee, and then we have had

an unfortunately legless appearance. An attempt to push it up to the bust failed because it was at once exaggerated into fancy dress. The suppressing of it altogether had a great success, a measure of which it still enjoys.

All these changes, you see, had their base in some sort of reason. Some people think that the present attempt to put the waist at its natural place is based on no reason at all, but is purely arbitrary. One thing seems sure, and that is that a normal waist means either much more of a corset than we wear at present, or none at all. I have been gravely assured, "You will be wearing a long, boned corset in six months," and as gravely, "Woman's participa-

tion in sports will never allow her to return to the long corset." Just one thing is certain—until next August at least you may put your waist-line where you please, you may leave it off altogether without fear and without reproach; but, when you have your new gowns made, you will probably say, as I said the other day, "Don't you think we might put the belt a trifle higher?" That's the insidious thing about a waist-line—you yourself don't know where to have it.

And now please let me be a catalogue of novelties for a few paragraphs, taking the different types of the mode in detail—morning, sports, afternoon, and evening. In (Continued on page 162)



WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

SPRING IN THE MOUNTAINS

"I HAVE traveled everywhere," said our groom, "over there and everywhere, but I always come back to Virginia; it's the gardenest spot in the world." In the spring there is nothing to compare with the trails that lead far into the mountains from the estates that surround the Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs or the Homestead over the mountain.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Drawings by John LaGatta

CLUB BORGO

NOT since the war has the social season both in the metropolitan centers and in the South been of such brilliance. Now, at the end of the season, those who wintered in the South are returning bronzed, "rested," and well stocked with amusing gossip to meet their friends who wintered in the North. As a consequence the exotic night clubs and the smart restaurants are enjoying a luxurious and profitable "afterglow" season.

THE END OF THE SEASON

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



MRS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AND
PRINCE LOTFALLOH
THE ARABIAN MINISTER TO ROME

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Left to right are Dorland Dyer, Christopher Dumphy, Maurice Fatio of Switzerland, Marjorie Oelrichs, and Prince Lockowicz. Standing in the center, A. J. Drexel Biddle, Jr. and Mrs. Marjorie de Loosy Oelrichs.



Mrs. Joshua S. Cosden.



The Misses Consuelo and Muriel Vanderbilt.



Mrs. Lyman B. Kendall.

PHILL LOWE PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOGRAPH



The Duchess of Sutherland.



Mrs. Fol de Saint Phalle.



Mrs. J. L. Welsh.



Mrs. William May Wright and her butler of an evening. Though perhaps better known as a violinist, Jascha Heifetz served his brief term with dignity.

Time Was When Snapshots Like These
Only Emphasized the Bad Taste of
Many People Socially Important



Prince Lotfalloh, the Arabian Minister to Rome, Mr. Alexander Moore, Mrs. Edward Kelly, Mrs. N. Went, and Mrs. Henry Kelly, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS
ON THIS
PAGE BY
FOTOGRAFIA



PHOTOGRAPHS

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS AT RIGHT BY INTERNATIONAL

Madame Paul Rodier and Paul Rodier of Paris and Hiram Mallinson. Monsieur Rodier holds a unique position in the esteem of the couturiers of Paris.

Each Year the Southern Season Gains
in International Importance as a
Truly Indicative Fashion Spectacle



Left to right, at a beach luncheon party, are Miss Blanche Strebeigh, Mrs. D'Aigle Munds, and Miss May O'Gorman.



Mr. A. J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., and Mr. John Pillsbury.



Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld and Patricia Ziegfeld.



Miss Mary Brown Warburton.

TWO LOWER
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE SAVAGE

*A Beguiling Story of Americans in France
That Will Surprise You*

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz

"IMAGINE," said Dolf, slowly, "what it must be to live with three Fragonards—live with them!"

He put down his tea-cup with a luxurious sigh and leaned back on what he often referred to as the third most beautiful chair in France. The Countess de Flournay smiled at him her crooked enigmatic little smile, and moved her pale, long hand vaguely in the direction of the wonderful painted panels, where shepherdesses bloomed in deliciously faded tints and decorative courtiers bowed to them among the trees and fountains.

"Yes," she answered in her beautiful English (the one thing of which she was observably proud), "yes, but you see, my friend, one becomes accustomed to the Fragonards, when one has lived a hundred and fifty years with them! One rather forgets them. I like my Dégas better."

She smiled again, toward the amusing laundry women who leaned down from their frame, pressing, with extraordinary draftsmanship, upon their irons.

"Dégas—of course," Dolf murmured. "But then, you have everything, Mélanie. It is hard to choose."

He never called Madame de Flournay by her Christian name without a little thrill, though he had been doing it for years, after five years of friendship. It was an innocent snobbishness, that thrill, and he was honestly prouder of the fact that it had taken five years to arrive at it than of the privilege itself. The slowness with which such intimacies were accomplished over here delighted him.

"We should have been slapping each other on the back in a couple of weeks, probably, in America!" he mused, and sighed again, comfortably. Not that he had ever seen a countess whose husband's ancestor had fought at Ivry receive a slap on the back, nor, in fact, had he ever witnessed such a jovial attention bestowed on any women of his acquaintance, in any country; but the idea pleased him, and

he decided to use it in his next conversation with any visitor from his native land.

"Apropos," said Madame de Flournay, as if following his thought (a thing, as he often pointed out, that Frenchwomen accomplished so frequently and so wonderfully), "I expect a visit from a young compatriot of yours this afternoon. Do you happen to know Miss Penelope Weston? From New York? Her father has great interests, I understand, in railroads. Henri has hunted with them, and finds her charming—most amusing, he says, and original. And very daring."

DOLF shrugged and pinched his lips together.

Though ordinarily looking much younger than his thirty-eight years, this gesture betrayed them, and the little scowl that went with it, though it brought out the cleverness and force of his keen American profile, expressed the obstinacy that his cordial smile and clear blue eyes concealed.

"Oh . . . daring!" he said. "That, of course. They are all daring, nowadays, unfortunately. It might be more interesting if it were less common perhaps. But will you explain to me, Mélanie, if you can (and thank God, you can't!) what can possibly be the logical attraction of daring in a young girl? What can it lead to? She takes the risk, yes, but can any decent man allow her to take the consequences? It's a cheap game—with no stakes! At least one hopes so. Though even so, I'm afraid, from what we hear of the life over there . . ."

Madame de Flournay waved her hand again very lightly.

"In this case, my good Dolf," she said, "the stake appears to be a broken neck. Mademoiselle is a marvelous horsewoman, it appears, and it's her daring in this that Henri spoke of. For the rest—I don't know."

"Oh," said Dolf shortly, "horses! I believe there is a great fad for sport over there now, among the rich. They ape the English on Long Island, I'm told.

A magnificent training for a wife, breaking one's neck, isn't it?"

"Ah," Madame de Flournay replied softly, "it is difficult to train oneself for a wife, *mon ami*, especially nowadays, it seems. And suppose one is well trained—and finds no husband? In that case one might regret not having broken the neck . . . instead of the heart!"

Dolf smiled obstinately.

"In any case, this mania for expensive sport trains one for nothing but spending money," he persisted. "And a horsey woman! Preserve me from that!"

"Still," said Madame de Flournay gently, with that fascinating, twisted little smile that softened any appearance of argument, "I feel that our young girls would benefit, perhaps, by a little more of the freedom and open air of the English and the Americans. Of course, we are changing greatly, but our customs do not yield easily, you know."

"Thank God for that!" Dolf cried heartily. "Don't tell me that you would change Antoinette by a hair's breadth! Don't, Mélanie! I really couldn't bear it!"

"Antoinette is a dear child," she replied slowly, "and naturally, as her aunt, I love her and am proud of her. I can't see that she has any faults, really. But I wish, frankly, that she had a little more. . . . What shall I say? Vitality? *Joie de vivre*? I don't know quite . . ."

"And nobody else does, I assure you," he said warmly. "Toinette astonishes me every time I talk with her, by some new side of her education. The extraordinary things the child knows, the way she expresses herself—it's exquisite!"

"Oh, educated!" Madame de Flournay repeated. "For that, yes. She's well educated, certainly. My sister-in-law has always very high ideals. But I feel, sometimes, that she is almost too well educated, perhaps. . . . I mean, if she had a little more, what do you say, *volonté*, wilfulness?"



"Dolf's heart thawed beyond belief. The girl really was remarkable—odd, but remarkable. If only she wouldn't loll about so, one might make something of her."

Dolf laughed shortly. "I think 'will of her own' is what you mean, *chère madame*," he explained, "but I'm afraid 'willfulness' is what it really works out into! Don't, for heaven's sake, dream of spoiling that perfection, the real *jeune fille* of France, by the brutality, the inconsequent egotism of our alleged. —I think de Flournay is coming—may I take your cup?"

COUNT HENRI DE FLOURNAY, ninth of his line, advanced, laughing and talking with a jollity unusual with him. He was in riding clothes and appeared to be accompanied by a tall fair young man who carried his hat in his hand, a shorter, darker friend, and a young girl. As they emerged from the dusky hall, which was never bright even at noon, it was evident that the tall figure was a young woman's; her laugh, as fresh and musical as it was

loud, covered the low chatter of the others, her height dwarfed every one but her host; as Dolf rose to meet them, he realized that he was just—if barely—as tall as she.

De Flournay kissed his wife's hand lightly, clasped his guest's quickly and turned to meet the young people, a warm smile on his bronzed aquiline face. Some recent amusement still twinkled in his inscrutable, fatigued brown eyes—the old eyes of an old people.

"I present Miss Penelope Weston to you, my dear *Mélanie*," he said, "and I congratulate myself to be able to do so—I feared at one moment that she intended to gallop back to Paris. Swimming the Oise on her way!"

"Oh, no, no, no! You're making fun of me, Monsieur! She would have stopped the moment I wanted her to! But she's such a darling and I do so love to gallop like that."

She put out a large, white hand and her hostess' slender fingers were lost in it.

"Don't you love to ride, *Madame*?" she asked and smiled.

Her smile was large, like her hand, with something so confiding and childlike in it that one smiled back as to a child. Her skin was of an even, bloomy, old ivory tint, her eyes hazel gray, her hair just too light a brown to be called yellow. Slender as a tall boy, her riding breeches and high stock gave her a curiously theatrical air, or at least the atmosphere of a fancy dress ball, an effect only the more accentuated by the girlish dressing of her smooth, heavy hair, which rolled back from her white forehead and massed itself close on her neck. All the breeches and boots in the world could not have masculinized her; her full lips and melting, shining eyes, her voice, at once soft and penetrating, (Continued on page 144)

ERTÉ HAS GIVEN EACH
OF THESE GOWNS
EXTRAORDINARY DETAIL



Two enormous orange
plumes form the interesting
and graceful feature of
this brown velvet gown.

The scarf and sleeves of
this black satin dress are
of white chiffon. The pocket-
ets are lined with orange.

A plain quaint gown of brown taffeta has elaborate pockets in the shape of an old-fashioned bouquet in various tones of rose. The leaves of the bouquet are embroidered on the gown in brown and gold thread.

The shadow evening dress at the left above is of black, white, and many shades of gray crêpe de Chine. The shading bands, edged in gold, are of various lengths, making the skirt longer at both sides and the back.

Erté designs a rather elaborate dinner-gown of steel metal fabric with long draped sleeves. The triangular motifs, arranged to leave the shoulders bare, are finely embroidered in heavy gold, silver and coral.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

CHOOSE YOUR FAVORITE VIEW

*That Which Is Black and White on One Side, Becomes,
Oddly, White and Black on the Other*

IN HIS monastical seclusion where nothing can disturb him, Erté's ideas flow forth in a steady stream; they are limitless and ever fresh. His sense of line and rhythm are infallible, unvarying. His creations are poems, deft, imaginative and often intricate beyond belief. Exquisite and precise detail distinguishes all of his designs.

One of Erté's favorite schemes is to combine two very beautiful fabrics in contrasting or harmonizing colors, stitch, embroider, or bind them together and use both sides to create an idea. One of his most successful combinations is black and white satin or charmeuse, blanket-stitched together with an antique gold or steel thread, hung from the shoulders with perhaps the dark material forming the main body of the gown, and the hem turned up in the back all the way to the shoulders, in this way showing both sides of his combined fabrics. But Erté is not wholly dependent on black and white or satin and charmeuse for his extraordinary costumes. There is no color too vivid or too somber for his daring brush and no material too rich.



For a tea-gown Erté takes two pieces of very heavy charmeuse, flesh color and black, stitches them together and uses both sides to create this singular effect. The sleeves, of the flesh color, continue like wings across the back. The neck is cut very high and turned over, to form this unusual collar. The embroidery and tassel are of antique silver.

AGAIN ERTÉ USES CONTRASTING
COLORS IN THESE
PICTURESQUE FROCKS



This smart bellows-shaped bag is made of geometrically cut bronze leather over russet. The cord is of bronze and russet silk.



The separate sleeves of the blue serge afternoon dress are attached to the gown by a silk cord tied at the shoulder.

Pointed diamond shapes on this white crêpe dress are cut out of the gown itself and bound in orange showing gray underneath.

Narrow plaitings of black and white ribbon form the unusual sleeves and large pockets of this jade-green crêpe dress.

This sumptuously lovely gown Erté has fashioned out of cerise velvet and flesh satin. The hem of the skirt at the back is made into a long train which is draped up to the shoulders. The motif is embroidered in gold, rose, and cerise.

The double-faced material is again used in this gown of emerald green and a rich greenish yellow surah. The tight sleeves have long flowing wings which are attached to the gown and in which convenient pockets are concealed.

FOR THE STREET ERTÉ FASHIONS FIVE
ESSENTIALLY DIFFERENT
FROCKS OF VARYING FABRICS



In the coral duvetyn vest of this white duvetyn suit are cut round openings, which expose the embroidered slit pockets underneath.

This costume of black satin lined with white cloth has a most unique two-paneled skirt folding over a side-tying silk braid belt.

An attractive street suit of white surah has a straight black velvet jacket bound and lined with the surah. Buttons of black.



A street dress of midnight blue duvetyn and flamingo braid is meticulously tailored. The front panels of the dress, also the cuffs and collar are lined with flamingo crêpe de Chine. The matching hat is helmet shaped.

The green kasha frock bordered with white leather is made like a spiral stairway. The spiral begins at the front hem of the skirt and continues up to the left shoulder where the arm slips through, so eliminating hooks.



DEMMEYER

CHANEL

MODEL 92908

WHITE MOUSSELINE
embroidered in pearls, silver, and rhinestones

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



DEMMEYER

MODEL REPOR

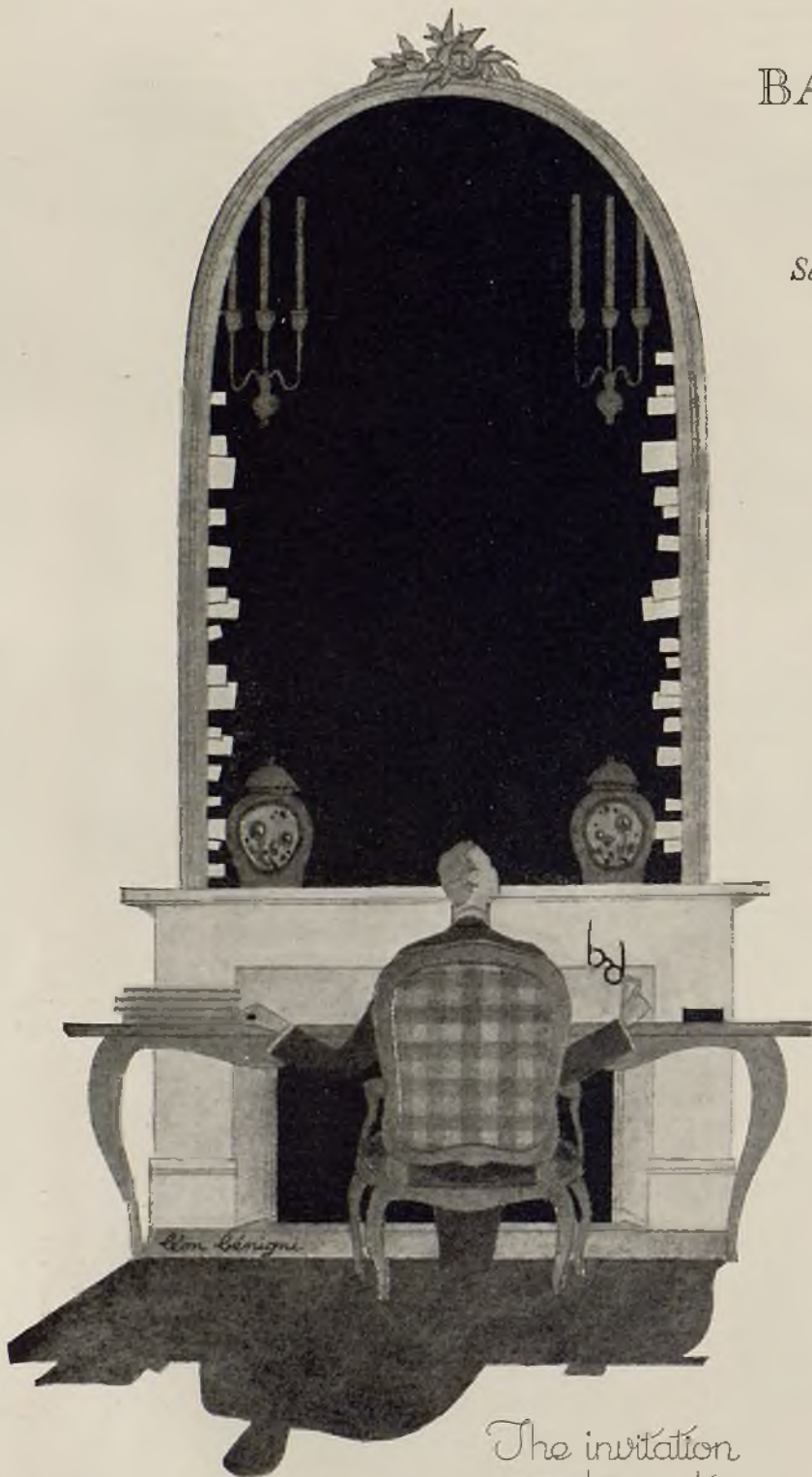
VIONNET

WHITE CREPE
with silver fringe

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

BARON DE MEYER VIEWS THE MODE

*Seen Through Baron de Meyer's Analytical Eyes,
The Mode Resolves Itself Into Easily
Perceived Features*

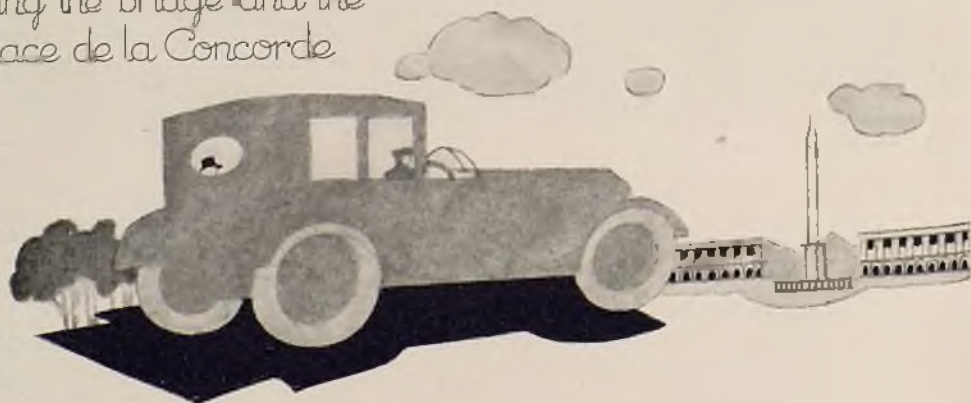


*The invitation
card on the
mirror*



Leaving 18 rue Vaneau

*Crossing the bridge and the
Place de la Concorde*



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

DRESSMAKERS' collections always make a brave show on the day set for their formal openings. A festive atmosphere pervades the showrooms, which somehow disposes my brain to be more receptive. I therefore take advantage of my numerous invitations and try to attend all the openings.

I have acquired a number of pleasant memories, some of which I would not have missed for worlds. Among these is the beauty of the Vionnet collection, so full of invention—this creative artist at her best. I am grateful to Patou for giving me something new to write about, something people will like, dislike—anyway, discuss! His reverting to the normal waist-line, his having discarded black in his collection in favor of rainbow shades—*couleurs en folie*, as they are termed—proved him to be the season's boldest innovator.

I devote a pleasant and grateful memory to the lovely Chanel collection, pervaded by this designer's fragrant note of elegance; while the record-breaking crowd at Lelong's on the two opening days, when orders were still given and accepted at one A.M., is still vividly in my mind. Many more such notable facts are worth recording, but I notice I am wasting time on an introduction.

THE VIONNET INDIVIDUALITY

THE models of the Vionnet collection happen to be almost the first glimpses of the new spring fashions I was privileged to see. I shall therefore speak of them to start with. The style of the house is of such a decided character that one's first impression in coming across a new model, wherever it may be, is one of recognition. *Ah! C'est du Vionnet!* Its novelty, its detail, in fact, its beauty comes to one only later. This stamp of individuality is a great asset. Madeleine Vionnet's stock of new ideas seems inexhaustible, though she reverts in many instances to devices, almost classics, of the Vionnet traditions, such as circular ribbon roses, favorite cut-out effects, or, as just now, her famous fringes. She succeeds in giving these time-honored decorations a new twist and presents them in such a novel way as to make them more attractive, more delightful than before. Strange to say, this season's most sensational Vionnet models are those on which our old friend "the knotted fringe" figures prominently.

For sports and Southern wear fawn-colored homespun and butter-colored kasha, as well as white ratine or serge, are very popular. For town wear colored gabardines in violets or greens are a great novelty. These materials are made into plain tailored suits of an impeccable masculine cut. They are worn with printed neck scarfs, closely tied around the neck, an identical handkerchief hanging out of the pocket, reaching below the skirt hem.

Crêpe gowns are very numerous; some are gathered about the neck-line and have small godets for the sake of fullness around the hips. A red frock has elongated pieces of pink crêpe inserted in the material.

Many gowns are decorated with tucks all over them; tucks of fabulous workmanship. Some of these are shaped into squares, others into lines and circles. Another departure is a Georgette gown made of several horizontal bands stitched together. These bands are of shaded tones in *bois de rose* or green. Nothing, however, pleases me as much as the series of flounced *mousseline de soie* dresses in

plain or printed materials with scalloped flounces sewn on in wavy lines. These are quite a feature of the collection. The skirts are dreams of billowy and floating flounces, which somehow this season have a way of billowing and floating in quite a novel way. Another of this season's novelties are tunics of *mousseline de soie*, almost shaped like coats, either plain or figured, to be worn over a different colored foundation. As I have already mentioned, fringes—which many people consider quite passé—have been revived by Madame Vionnet. She somehow seems to have given them a new lease of life.

VIONNET USES FRINGE

THEY look new to me, almost the most novel evening gowns I have seen, so far. There are several such models in black and in white, and one in red, covered in diagonal zigzag lines by graduated navy blue fringes. This gown in coloring, at least, seemed to me the most original of the series. One white crêpe gown, a clinging chemise, is hidden entirely by white fringes of different lengths, which form a bewildering maze of geometrical designs. Another white gown, a marvelous invention, has gleaming white fringes wound like a spiral around the figure, starting at the shoulder and ending on the skirt hem. A black model is shown with a long-fringed shawl, which has a winglike Watteau effect in fringe, truly wonderful. To close this series, I was shown a white satin gown with bands of black silk "knotted-in" fringes, which is very stunning.

Of course, there are any number of other evening gowns. One in flesh satin, for instance, has a design of Greek horses on a background of heliotrope tubes and beads. It looks very unusual. However, this is but one of a dozen others in a most fascinating collection brimful of inspiration.

PATOU HAS SUCCESS

PATOU'S opening caused a sensation. His collection was universally voted quite unsurpassable, which expression was heard on every side. It floated through a festive atmosphere, from a festively inclined assembly, composed of many Parisian and American notabilities.

The most striking feature of the Patou collection is the almost normal waist-line. In spite of its displacement, this new departure does not clash too violently with the line of previous seasons, though it is higher than it has been for many years. Both coats and skirts are fuller, jackets shorter, some almost of bolero length, unless on the contrary they are very long. Kasha, preferably beige, both plain and embroidered, figures extensively for sports purposes. A new washable material, suitable for summer gowns, is called "crêpe gigolo." Hyacinth, pervenche, lavender are tones very popular this season, especially when in combination with navy blue. With blues and pinks, and with a lovely shade of beige rose, almost apricot, they are the leading colors in the Patou collection.

His evening gowns this season are a riot of color. Prismatic rainbowshades are the outstanding novelty. Gowns fashioned out of these materials are unsur-

passably rich, in fact bewilderingly so. Mr. Patou says himself, "Let us steer clear of excessive simplicity. Let us bear in mind that the fine point in all art is to give, beyond doubt, the impression of perfect simplicity, but let us obtain it by a research for detail and the most refined technique." He adds, "Fashion is again becoming rich." Somehow it is impossible to imagine how Mr. Patou next season can surpass his present gorgeousness. He seems to have achieved the maximum.

Every means of giving the impression of a higher waist-line is cleverly taken advantage of, be it by a line or a flounce placed higher up than hitherto, by a belt, or maybe only by a pinch in the material. The fabrics seem to cling much closer to the figure, while skirts in most instances are fuller, more flaring, producing a rippling movement, especially when made of light materials. A charming gown exemplifying this style is "Claridge." It is of beige rose Georgette crêpe.

There are almost no satin day gowns in the new Patou collection, in fact, black satin is used in very few instances. Patou now considers black too utilitarian. *Diamant rose* is one of the new shaded crêpe evening gowns. It is designed in cerise vanishing into pink, and is closely *couté* with pink and red diamonds. The gown is slightly draped, excessively short in front, and hangs very low at the back. The series of rainbow gowns, bejeweled, befringed, and heavily embroidered in every known sparkling bead, is a revelation. Of these *tissues dégradés*—pink, blue, green, yellow, violet, et cetera—shades of which the great Loie Fuller dreamed but which she hardly ever realized, one can but say, "astounding." They cannot be described, they must be seen.

There are coats to harmonize with every one of these astounding gowns. They form an ensemble, for, as Patou says, "The ensemble is the summons of chic for the elegant woman; a long career is in store for it." Less riotous and therefore more distinguished is a really lovely white crêpe frock. It apparently has three waist-lines, produced by bands of diamonds embroidered on the clinging bodice part, while the very soft but full skirt is studded in a regular all-over design of sparkling diamonds. The model is called "*Vierge folle*."

Nothing can be more beautifully elegant than "*Anthinéa*," an ensemble produced by a liquid silver evening coat fashioned on the best Patou lines, trimmed with dark fur borders, lined in pink velvet, and worn over a rose and silver gown.

In speaking of the new Chanel collection I cannot express my own impressions better than in Mademoiselle Chanel's own words. Why, therefore, look for others? This is what she said to me on the opening day.

"In designing my new models I have neither labored nor broken my head in order to create sensational new depart-

tures. My clientele does not require this, in fact, it would be resented. Sensation and eccentricity are justified for those who have to make up by such methods for what comes to me naturally—good taste. I believe my collection to be comprehensive. It contains what every woman needs, now they have realized that in order to be well dressed they have to adopt the style of one house, be it mine or the style of some other first-class establishment, but have to remain faithful to it. Women who dress in half a dozen different houses hardly ever succeed in looking smart. Therefore, the ones who come to me come here expecting to see only Chanel gowns, no others. Chanel gowns are synonymous with elegance, so if I've labored—and believe me, I've worked hard over this collection—I've labored to create nothing but elegance. Have I succeeded?"

"Yes, you have," was my reply.

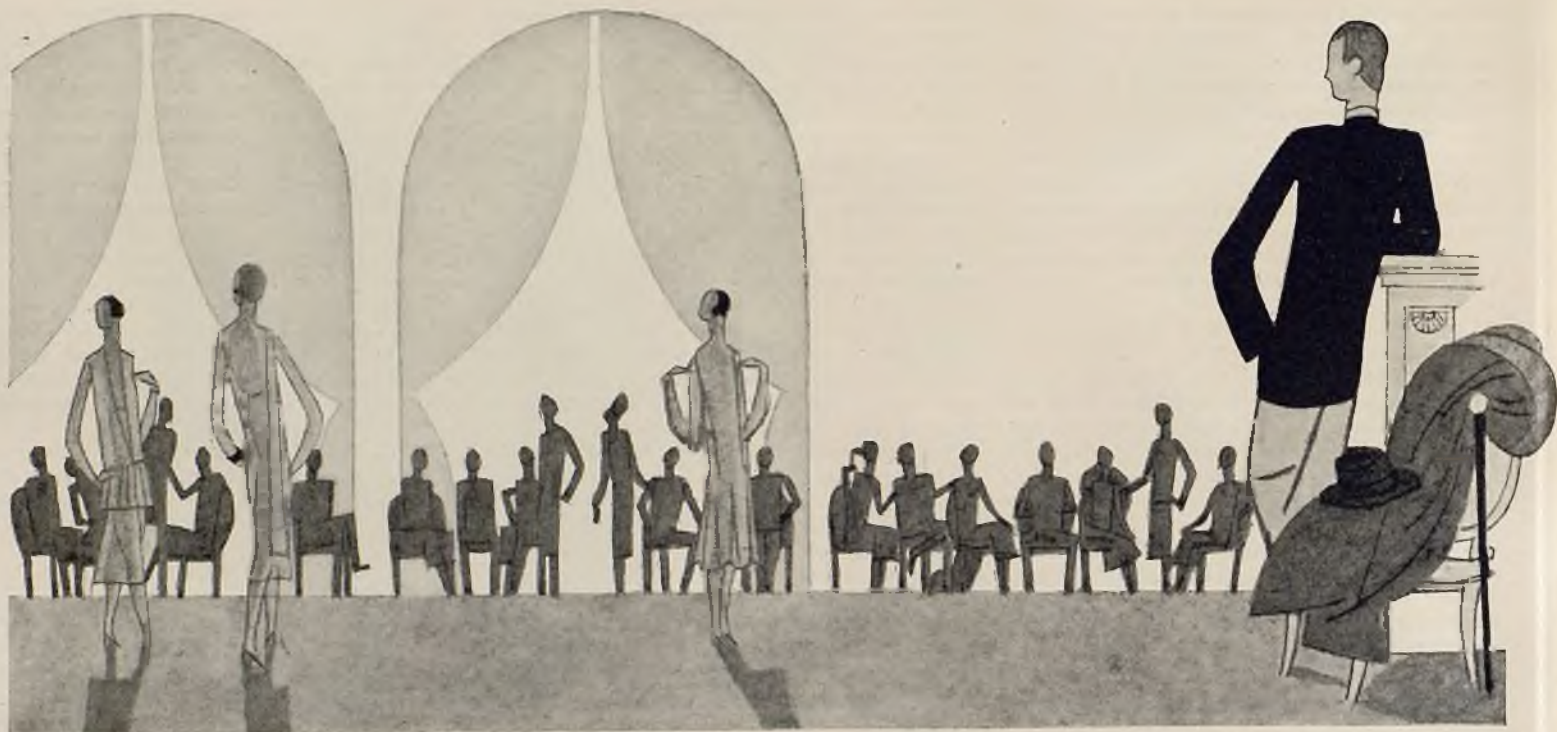
"Well, then, if you think my collection elegant it is sufficient. It contains a great many novelties, but requires the experience of a seasoned dresser to detect its subtleties."

THE ELEGANT CHANEL

FOR sports purposes thin jerseys and homespun are used in a happy combination. Jersey alone is made into little daytime gowns worn under kasha and crepella coats.

Crépella, both for gowns and coats, is quite a feature of the house. Some of the coats of this material are unlined, therefore only possible for summer





Viewing the collection

wear. Printed crepe dresses are very numerous, especially in black and white, and a large assortment of the famous Chanel Georgette and chiffon gowns are being shown. A very smart sports coat is made of champagne-colored velveteen, and I noticed coats and capes with immense borders of soft cock's feathers. (I specially noticed a red crêpella garment with red cock's feathers.) Tortoise-shell colored moiré, shot with gold, is most effective made into an evening wrap with a fur border matching the shade of the material. A wine-colored evening coat, with a capelike collar, is lined with a silver tissue and has a novel decoration of silver tassels. Delightful is a glorified waterproof of a stitched pale green caoutchouc lined in beige taffeta. It is specially designed for motoring.

Chanel's afternoon ensembles are delightful. One of these has a gown of Bordeaux crêpe de Chine, combined with a navy crêpella coat, and a black flowered crepe is worn under a soft black taffeta coat, which flares prodigiously and conceals the gown entirely. There is a large collection of evening

dresses. They comprise Georgette crêpe and chiffon gowns in lovely shades so practical for small occasions, and lace frocks by the dozen. Black ones, of course, but also red ones, a number in beige, and a few in gold lace. One model in particular, gold flounces over pink satin, is sure to become a very great favorite. A charming little black lace frock, consisting of innumerable *volants* made over a net foundation and worn with black lace trouserettes, is delightful. So is a green Georgette model which is *à la* Chanel, having two tiers of the new green "rice" fringe in lieu of skirt. There are quite a number of metal tissue gowns in this new collection and a series of embroidered dresses. I especially recall one such garment, embroidered in pearls and silver, the design representing an immense sunburst.

LENIEF THE DISTINCTIVE

LENIEF'S evening reception took the form of a pleasant gathering. There was music, a singer, the atmosphere of a private party. The music was

discreet, in keeping with the establishment and the refinement of the models. Ever since taking an active interest in fashions I've had a weakness for the Lenief collections. They have an air of distinction in their extreme neatness, and their refinement is very pleasing. They have individuality. All the Lenief collections I have seen have always been good. However, since last season he seems to have, both mentally as well as actually, departed from his exclusively adopted straightness, and though his models never flare he seems to permit himself more freedom. In other words, Lenief evolves maybe toward something unknown to us as yet, but surely toward something new, which he will find. I expected him to develop the *Directoire* waist-line. He indicated it last August, but there is none of it in his new collection. The waist-line at Lenief's continues to be absent, or at least is placed low.

Every model is wearable. Skirts are short, but always in proportion. Tunics are open in front and show a contrasting foundation. This contrast of color and fabric is a feature of the Lenief collection. Sports costumes are exclusively made of kasha, sleeveless kasha jumpers worn under coats and jackets.

As in most other houses beige kasha predominates, but red is Lenief's favorite shade, and he uses real violet, as well as mauve and lavender. Embroidery is used very lavishly, of the kind one expects from him, charming in detail, refined, and giving the characteristic Eastern note that is individual to this house.

A slim tunic, open in front over a narrow underskirt, with a few inches of pantalettes of a contrasting shade showing beneath the narrow skirt, a few embroidered high-lights, some gold threads, produce an ensemble unmistakably Lenief. Typical colorings are plum with coral, black and gold, or white, coral, and silver. A lovely coat is of a silver texture resembling Japanese lacquer in combination with steel gray satin. Charming is a mixture of brilliant green and blue over white, on which designs of water-lilies are embroidered.

One of the best evening gowns of the Lenief collection is of lavender chiffon over rose and mauve. This model is worn with a belt of big turquoises and diamonds from which hangs a long mauve tassel. An evening coat to harmonize with this gown is of a gold tissue woven with a design of large mauve poppies and lined with pink velvet.

ONE REMARKABLE FROCK

ANOTHER very striking model is a beautiful white evening gown which has immense circular pink roses, of the kind one sees on Spanish shawls, embroidered on the lower part of the skirt. It is sketched on page seventy-seven.

Lucien Lelong's evening party for the press, an excuse for an evening's entertainment, was very



Picking out the model to be photographed

brilliant. The unusually rich collection, the elegance of the audience, and the lavishly provided refreshments were quite a feature.

In fact, the very interesting company proved so distracting that somehow most of the fashion points escaped me. I had, therefore, to return next day. To my surprise I found the crowd, consisting mostly of foreign importers and buyers, even greater than the night before. An excellent champagne was being served, a courtesy almost as much appreciated by the American contingent as the display of models.

Lelong's collection is magnificent. There are over three hundred models and no one need again complain that models are monotonously plain in Paris. They vary from simple kasha sports suits to golden leather garments, and from little Georgette frocks to jeweled and re-bejeweled resplendent evening gowns. The collection is just one big successful effort and should please even the blasé American woman.

LELONG AT HIS BEST

AS TO finish and workmanship this new collection is far superior to anything Lelong has given us up to now. He seems to improve from season to season, an indefatigable worker who will only realize the full extent of his popularity on reaching New York next fall. A hearty welcome awaits him.

Beautiful English materials and kashas are prime factors in the sports department. Most models in such materials have skirts combined with knickers made of the same texture. The variety in cut and style of such skirts, quite a feature this season, seems unending. Most sports gowns are sleeveless, combined with short jackets, or with a long narrow coat to keep one warm.

Beige kasha, as in most houses, reigns supreme, be it in self-colored ensembles adorned by stripes of contrasting shades, or by decorated bands. It is used also for coats in combination with plain or printed crepes. In the latter event the coat is tailored, but deftly by some clever touches brought into harmony with the gown.

Very interesting, for instance, is a gold leather sports jacket banded with pale beige beaver worn over a beige kasha gown, photographed on page one hundred and four. "Biarritz" is the name of a yellow kasha coat and skirt worn with a knitted sleeveless sweater of zigzag design, modern, but derived from what is popularly known as "Point de Hongrie."

Many of the little day gowns are extremely youthful. They have big white collars tight around the neck and huge taffeta bows high up at the throat. One model in particular resembles a white pinafore, plaited and belted. It is worn under a long and narrow black coat. "Yaconda" is an ensemble composed of a gown made of very large black and white squares, heavily shot with gold. With this dress goes a severe looking black coat, tied at the neck and waist by large black taffeta bows.

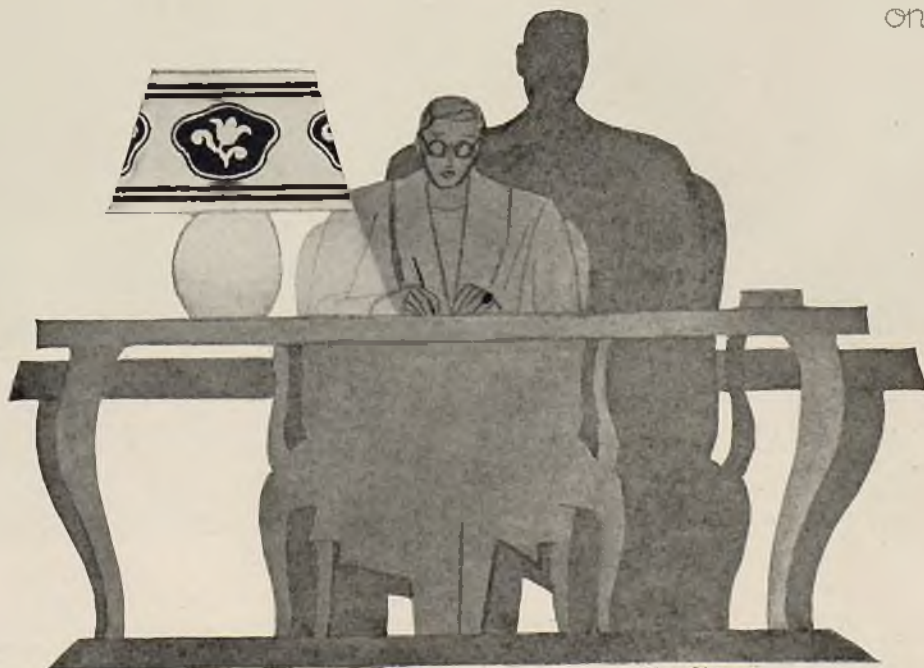
Lelong's favorite colorings for evening wear this season seem to be pink and blue, rose and blue, salmon and blue, and all similar combinations. Such gowns are in every instance designed to be worn with corresponding wraps and form a collection of extraordinary brilliancy. "Pelleas" is the name given to a turquoise velvet coat decorated by bands of turquoise cock feathers, while the gown, called "Melisande," is similar in (Continued on page 103)



Leaving the maison
de couture



Driving across
Place Vendôme
on way home



Recording
impression
of collection

Léon Benigni
1925



DEMMEYER

POIRET

MODEL: MARY

BLACK and GOLD

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



DEMMEYER-

LANVIN

BLACK and SILVER

tone but shades into rose and mauve. One of the loveliest models of this very beautiful collection is "Dragon d'Or," a dress made entirely of golden tubes, re-embroidered in rhinestones. The feature of this gown is a deep band of navy blue which reaches from bust to hip, the texture being brocaded in a design of Chinese dragons embroidered in *diamanté*.

Molyneux's collection is pervaded by the charm and personality of its designer. It consists of lovely and wearable creations, refined, perfect in coloring, and always in excellent taste. Edward Molyneux's love of magnificent embroideries never carries him beyond the limits he has deliberately set for him-

self. His evening gowns are in most cases magnificent and covered by embroideries, yet are always counterbalanced by a youthful, narrow look, very characteristic of his style.

"GALLANT CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX"

HIS sense of elegance and measure is, I should say, the most distinctive note in his new collection, which is sure to greatly enhance his reputation. Sports clothes are very numerous and smart. Jumpers, mostly designed with elbow sleeves, are to be worn under coats. Beige kasha, as a matter of course, is used extensively, though less lavishly than in other

houses. A novelty is homespun fabrics producing *dégradé* effects from light to darker brown and a beige shawl material with a dark woven border. Both these textures are shaped into sports costumes. Huge tassels, and in another instance very small ones, are used almost like a fringe on a kasha coat and on the skirt of a beige crepe gown. The effect is charming and new. A champagne-colored frock is very smart, so is a similar ensemble in the same shade, but designed in *broderie anglaise*. This latter is very summery, only wearable with a large shady hat, as yet quite out of season. Evening dresses at Molyneux are very varied. There is the narrow black satin type (Continued on page 170)



MONTIL REPORT

LELONG

Gertrude Lawrence

The
GOLD LEATHER COAT

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



DEMMEYER

MODELE REPOSE

FOURRURE MAX—MADAME LEROY

Cecile Sorel

The
SILVER BROCADE COAT

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Dorothy really gives a gentleman a bad impression as she talks quite a lot of slang.



So Mr. Ginzberg and I walked around the deck and we met the gentleman face to face.

FATE KEEPS ON HAPPENING

The Diary of a Traveling Professional Lady

By ANITA LOOS

Slides by Ralph Barton



April 12th.

WELL Dorothy and I are really on the ocean sailing to Europe as I can note by looking out of the window. I always love the ocean, I mean I always love a ship and I really love the *Majestic* because you really would not know it was a ship because it is just like being at the Ritz, and the steward says the ocean is really not so obnoxious this month as it generally is.

Dorothy is out taking a walk up and down the deck with a gentleman we met on the steps, but I am not going to waste my time because if I did nothing but go around I would not finish my diary or read good books which I am always reading to improve my mind. Dorothy

really does not care about her mind and I always scold her because she does nothing but waste her time by going around with gentlemen who really do not have anything when Eddie Goldmark of the Goldmark Films is really quite wealthy and can make a girl delightful presents. But she will waste her time. I mean yesterday which was really the day before we sailed she would not go to luncheon with Mr. Goldmark but she went to luncheon to meet a gentleman called Mr. Menken from Baltimore who really only prints a green magazine which has not even got any pictures in it. But Mr. Eisman is always saying that every girl does not want to get ahead and get educated like me. I mean Mr. Eisman is always a gentleman. I mean he is really more to me than my own father and sometimes I even call him Daddy.

Mr. Eisman and Lulu came down to the boat to see us off and Lulu cried quite a lot. I really believe she could not care any more for me if she was light and not colored. Lulu has had a very sad life. I mean when she was quite young a pullman porter fell madly in love with her. So she believed him and he lured her away from her home to Ashtabula and deceived her there. She finally found out that she had been deceived and she really was broken hearted and when she tried to go back home she found out that it was too late because her best girl friend who

she had always trusted had stolen her husband and he would not take Lulu back. So I have always said to her she could always work for me and she is going to take care of the apartment until I get back again because I would not sublet the apartment because Dorothy sublet her apartment when she went to Europe last year and the gentleman who sublet the apartment allowed girls to pay calls on him who really were not nice. So Mr. Eisman is going to meet us next month in Paris because he has to be there on business because he is in the button profession and he always says there is really no place to see the latest styles in buttons like Paris.

Mr. Eisman has literally filled our room with flowers and the steward has had quite a hard time to find enough vases to put them into. He said he really knew as soon as he saw me and Dorothy that he would have quite a heavy run on vases. And of course Mr. Eisman has sent me really quite a lot of good books as he always does because he always knows that good books are always welcome. So he has sent me quite a large book of Etiquette as he says there is quite a lot of Etiquette in England and London and it would be a good thing for a girl to learn. So I am going to take it on the deck after luncheon and read it because I would often like to know what a girl ought to do when a gentleman she has really only just met says something to her in a taxi. Of course I always become quite vexed but I always believe in giving a gentleman another chance. So the steward tells me it is luncheon time as I can hear by quite a loud horn so I will go upstairs as the gentleman Dorothy and I met on the steps has invited us to luncheon in the Ritz which is a special dining room on the ship where you can spend quite a lot of money because they really give away the food in the other dining room.

April 12th.

I AM going to stay in bed this morning as I am really quite upset as I saw a gentleman who quite upset me. I am not really sure it was the gentleman as I saw him at quite a distance in the bar but if it really is the gentleman it shows that if a girl has a lot of fate in her life it is sure to keep on happening. So when I thought I saw this gentleman I really got quite upset and I said goodnight to Major Falcon who is the gentleman Dorothy and I met on the steps and I came to my room and went to bed and cried quite a lot.

Major Falcon noticed that I was quite upset and he really wanted me to tell him all about it but I was too upset. So I did not stay up late like Dorothy so she is still asleep so the steward brought me my coffee and quite a large pitcher of ice water so I will stay in bed and not have any more champagne until luncheon time. Dorothy never has any fate in her life and she really does nothing but waste her time and I really wonder if I did right to bring her with me and not Lulu. I mean she really gives a gentleman a bad impression as she talks quite a lot of slang and I always scold her because when I went up yesterday to meet her and Major Falcon for luncheon I overheard her say to Major Falcon that she really liked to become intoxicated once in a "dirty" while. Only she did not say intoxicated but she really said a slang word that means intoxicated and I really scold her quite a lot. I mean I always tell her that "dirty" is a slang word and she really should not say "dirty." Major Falcon is really quite a delightful gentleman for an Englishman. I mean he really spends quite a lot of money and we had quite a delightful luncheon and dinner in the Ritz until I thought I saw the gentleman who upset me and I am so upset I really think I will get up and get dressed and go up on the deck and see if it really is the one I mean. I mean there is really nothing for me to do as I have finished writing in my diary for today and I have decided not to read the book of Etiquette as I glanced through it and it really does not seem to have anything in it that I would care to know because it wastes quite a lot of time telling you what to call a Lord and all the Lords I have met have told me what to call them and it is generally some quite cute name like Cookie whose real name is really Lord Cooksleigh. So I will get up and get dressed and not waste my time on such a book. But I really wish I did not feel so upset about the gentleman I really think I saw.

April 13th.

IT really is the gentleman I thought I saw. I mean when I found out it was the gentleman my heart really stopped. I mean it all brought back

things that anybody does not like to remember, no matter who they are. My whole trip would be spoiled if it was not for Major Falcon who really knows how to comfort a girl quite a lot. When I got dressed yesterday and went up on the deck to walk around and see if I could see the gentleman and see if it really was him I met quite a delightful gentleman who I met once at a party called Mr. Ginzberg. So he said we would walk around the deck together. Only his name is not Mr. Ginzberg any more because a gentleman in London called Mr. Battenburg, who is really something to some king, changed his name to Mr. Mountbatten which Mr. Ginzberg says really means the same thing after all so Mr. Ginzberg changed his name to Mr. Mountginz which he really thinks is more aristocratic. So we walked around the deck and we met the gentleman face to face and I really saw it was him and he really saw it was me. I mean his face became so red it really was a picture. So I was so upset I said good-bye to Mr. Mountginz and I started to rush right down to my room and cry. But I bumped right into Major Falcon who really noticed that I was upset. So Major Falcon made me go to the Ritz and have some champagne and tell him all about it because he knew I was upset last night by seeing a gentleman.

So I told him about the time in Little Rock when Papa sent me to Little Rock to study how to become a stenographer. I mean Papa and I had quite a little quarrel because Papa did not like a gentleman who used to pay calls on me in the park. So I was in the business college in Little Rock for about a week when a gentleman called Mr. Jennings paid a call to the business college because he wanted to have a new stenographer. So he looked over all we college girls and he picked me out because he told our teacher that he would help me finish my course in his office because he was only a lawyer and I really did not have to know so much. So Mr. Jennings helped me quite a lot and I stayed in his office about a year when I found out that he really was not the kind of a gentleman that a young girl is really safe with. I mean one evening when I went to pay a call on him at his apartment there was a girl there who really was famous all over Little Rock for not being nice. So when I found out that girls like that paid calls on Mr. Jennings I really had quite a bad case of hysterics and my mind was really a blank and when I came out of it it seems that I had a revolver in my hand and it seems that the revolver had shot Mr. Jennings.

So this gentleman on the boat was really the District Attorney who was at the trial and he really was quite harsh at the trial and he called me names that I really would not even put in my diary. Because everyone at the trial except the District Attorney was really lovely to me and all the gentlemen in the jury all cried when the lawyer pointed at me and told them that they practically all had had either a mother or a sister. So the jury was only out three minutes and they were all so lovely that I really had to kiss all of them and when I kissed the judge he had tears in his eyes and he took me right home to his sister. I mean it was really when Mr. Jennings became shot that I got the idea to go into the cinema so Judge Hibbard got me a ticket to Hollywood. So it was Judge Hibbard who really gave me my name because he did not like the name I had because he said a girl ought to have a name that ought to express her personality. So he said my name ought to be Lorelei which is the name of a rock in Germany. So I was in Hollywood in the cinema when I met Mr. Eisman and he said that a girl with my brains ought not to be in the cinema but she ought to be educated so he took me out of the cinema so he could educate me.

Major Falcon was really quite interested in everything I talked about because he said it was quite a co-instance because this District Attorney who is called Mr. Bartlett is now working for the government of America and he is on his way to a place called Vienna on some business for Uncle Sam that is really quite a great secret and Mr. Falcon would really like to know very much what the secret is because the Government in London sent him to America especially to find out what it was. Only of



When I kissed the judge he had tears in his eyes and he took me right home to his sister.



The steward is really quite a nice boy and he has had quite a sad life.

course Mr. Bartlett does not know who Major Falcon is because it is really a great secret but Major Falcon can tell me because he really knows he can trust a girl like I. So he says he really thinks a girl like I ought to forgive and forget what Mr. Bartlett called me and he wants to bring us together and he says he really thinks Mr. Bartlett would talk to me quite a lot when he really gets to know me and really knows I forgive him for that time in Little Rock. Because it would be quite romantic for Mr. Bartlett and I to become friendly because gentlemen who work for Uncle Sam generally like to become romantic with girls. So he is going to bring us together on the deck after dinner tonight and I am going to forgive him and talk with him quite a lot, because why should a girl really hold a grudge against a gentleman who had to do it. So Major Falcon really brought me quite a large bottle of perfume and a quite cute imitation of really quite a large size dog in the little shop which is on board the boat so Major Falcon really knows how to cheer a girl up and so tonight I am going to make it all up with Mr. Bartlett.

April 14th.

WELL Mr. Bartlett and I made it all up last night and we are going to be the best of friends and talk quite a lot. Major Falcon brought Mr. Bartlett out on the deck and he left us alone and I did not see Major Falcon again until I went down to my room quite late when he came down to my room to see if I and Mr. Bartlett were really going to be friends because he said a girl with brains like I ought to really have lots to talk about with a gentleman with brains like Mr. Bartlett who knows all of Uncle Sam's secrets.

Mr. Bartlett thinks that he and I really seem to be like a play because all the time he was calling me all those names in Little Rock he really thought I was. So when he found out that I turned out not to be, he said he always thought that I only used my brains

against men and really had quite a cold heart. But now he really thinks I ought to write a play about how he called me all those names in Little Rock and then after seven years we became friendly. So I told him I would write the play but I really did not have time as it takes quite a lot of time to write my diary and read good books. So he did not know that I really like books which is quite a co-instance because he likes them. So he is going to bring me a book of philosophy this afternoon called "Smile, Smile, Smile" which all the really brainy senators in Washington are all reading which really cheers you up quite a lot. Mr. Bartlett really does not drink anything or he does not dance. I mean there is really not anything to do on a boat after all but he asked me to dine at his table which is not in the Ritz and I told him I could not but Major Falcon told me I ought to but I told Major Falcon that really there was a limit to almost everything. So I am going to stay in my room until luncheon and I am going to luncheon in the Ritz with Mr. Mountginz who really knows how to treat a girl.

Dorothy is up on the deck wasting quite a lot of time with a gentleman who is really only a tennis champion. So I am going to ring for the steward and have some champagne which really is quite good for a person on a boat. The steward is really quite a nice boy and he has had quite a sad life and he likes to tell me all about himself. I mean it seems that he was arrested in Flatbush because it seems that he had promised a gentleman that he would bring him some very very good scotch and they took him for a bootlegger. It seems they put him in a prison and they put him in a cell with two other gentlemen and it seems that the two gentlemen were really quite famous burglars. I mean they really had their pictures in all the newspapers and everybody was talking about them. So my steward whose real name is Fred was very very proud to be in the same cell with such famous burglars. So when they asked him what he was he really did not like to tell them that he was only a bootlegger so he told them that he set fire to a house and burned up quite a large family in Oklahoma. So everything would have gone alright except that the police had put a dictaphone in the cell and used it all against him and he could not get out until they had investigated all the fires in Oklahoma. (Concluded on page 160)



"Madame's visitor's face hardened. Only his voice, so carefully restrained, gave indication of his suffering."

THE LAST OF THE VIRGINS

Closing a Brilliant Series of Mystery Stories

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Illustrated by Marshall Franz

GEOFFREY FRANCIS, Earl of Westerton, like many a man of his age, state of health, and profession—he had been a guardsman in his younger days—was disposed to be irritable. Three times he had blown the whistle of the speaking tube which was supposed to communicate with his chauffeur, and on none of these occasions had the man taken the slightest notice. He was still sitting, stolid and immovable, in his place, and his passenger, who on entering the limousine had distinctly indicated his desire to be driven to Nice, was rapidly losing his temper. Without a word of warning or explanation the chauffeur had taken an abrupt turn to the left off the main road and was proceeding inland at a pace which, along such narrow roads and in an entirely unknown direction, was certainly on the venturesome side.

"Hi! You there! Where the devil are you going? I told you Nice," Lord Westerton bawled down the tube.

There was no response whatever. The occupant of the car suddenly remembered that this temporary chauffeur might possibly not understand English. He repeated his protestations in French with similar lack of success and afterwards let down the window and reiterated in both languages everything which he had previously said to the motionless figure at the wheel. Still the man took not the slightest notice.

"Are you deaf, confound you?" his lordship demanded at last, leaning out so far that he could jog the other's arm.

The chauffeur spoke for the first time, choosing his own language. He was obviously a Frenchman.

"Milord is not to derange himself," he said. "All will be well. It is a little call which we pay among the hills quite close at hand."

Milord, who was exhausted, leaned back in his seat.

"Abducted, by God!" he muttered.

Lord Westerton, among other qualities not all so admirable, possessed a sense of humor and inclinations toward philosophy. He clearly perceived that, situated as he was, he was helpless. They were traveling at thirty miles an hour and any form of appeal to a casual passer-by or to the peasants working in the fields would be only ridiculous. For some reason or other, not in the least apparent, this chauffeur, who had taken the place of his own man, suddenly indisposed, for one day, had made up his mind to disobey instructions

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

and to pilot him to some unknown spot. To leave the car was impossible. To make any sort of attack upon the chauffeur in this narrow thoroughfare would be dangerous. On the whole he decided to resign himself.

THE country through which they were passing was at least picturesque and interesting—a great improvement upon the main road. There were many little homesteads with their vineyards and strip of meadow land, here and there a sheltered orchard, a flurry of cherry blossoms in the soft wind, the perfume of an occasional grove of orange trees, fainter but more insistent. It was a country which Lord Westerton knew indifferently well and into which he had always felt an inclination to penetrate. The road wound round a great château of historic memory and curved itself deeper into the bosom of the hills. In his younger days this involuntary passenger had been fond of adventures. Some faint revival of this instinct for the unexpected stirred in his blood with every kilometer. Where was he to be taken? How was it possible to escape far enough from civilization to hold him anywhere against his will? Or was it, perhaps, a joke on the part of one of his friends? Meanwhile it was a very pleasant drive, a little change from the monotony of his ordinary life. Of fear or apprehension he had none whatever. Such evil qualities were unknown in his family.

So, with his irritability merging into a faintly excited sense of curiosity, Lord Westerton gave himself up to the enjoyment of his unforeseen adventure. Its meaning was hidden from him even when at last they turned into the gates of the villa, and, climbing the avenue of oleanders, budding rhododendrons, and many flowering shrubs, drew up at last before the wide-flung piazza. Obeying, apparently, a summons from the porter's lodge, a very correct-looking English butler descended the steps and threw open the door of the car. Lord Westerton was conscious for a moment of a ridiculous feeling of disappointment. Nothing exceptional could happen with such an environment.

"Will your lordship be so good as to descend?" the man invited.

"Why the dickens should I?" was the querulous response. "I don't even know who lives here or why I have come."

A woman who had been reclining in a long chair hidden by the clustering roses came slowly to the

steps. She was dressed in a very beautiful morning wrap, hung with wonderful lace. She was obviously no longer young but her eyes were still brilliant, her figure slim, and she carried herself with grace and dignity. Her involuntary visitor gazed at her in bewilderment. Then her lips parted in a faint smile of welcome, and he remembered. He also understood.

"Madame!" he exclaimed.

"I am very glad to welcome you at last, dear friend," she said, holding out her hands. "I have been very patient, but I must remind you that you are the last of my Virgins. It was not like that years ago."

Lord Westerton descended from the car and bowed over the fingers which he raised to his lips.

"Madame," he declared, "in one respect at least you are unchanged. You are an epicure in the unexpected. May I hope that my humble apologies will be received with your usual generosity—?"

"That depends upon your state of mind," was the not ungracious reply. "His lordship will lunch here, William," she added, turning to the butler. "Send the car to the garage. We will telephone when it is required. Meanwhile," she went on, pointing to two chairs on the piazza, "we will talk for a little time."

LORD WESTERTON seated himself by her side with a chuckle.

"So I was abducted!" he observed.

She looked at him reproachfully.

"You should not have needed such a method of persuasion," she declared.

He sighed. After all, it was amazing how easily the threads were picked up. For a moment he forgot that he was sixty-nine years old. He thought only of the days when the near presence of Madame meant always the stir of life. "I have been to blame," he admitted. (Continued on page 154)



"'But I do not wish to go,'
Claire protested vigorously.
'I have taken this coun-
try into my heart. I
do not wish to leave it.'"



BERNARD
E. DE MONVEL

Patou

PATOU has produced this impeccable and beautifully turned-out riding-habit—with the slightest of French accents, perhaps—in his new “Coin des Sports.” The coat is of covert cloth, the breeches whipcord, the shirt and tie, tussore silk. There is a well fitting gray beige hat. In the background is shown a herring-bone tweed ulster that Patou has named “Rolls-Royce.”

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



THUS MUST THE RIDING HABIT BE CUT

*The Correct, All the Correct, and Nothing but the Correct Riding-Habits
Are Minutely Sketched and Discussed
in this Portfolio*

By MARIE LYONS

THERE is very little opportunity for the exercise of taste in men's clothes. Everything from collar to shoes is definitely prescribed so that the well-dressed man is distinguished from others chiefly by his manner of wearing his clothes and the excellence of their cut and material.

There is one department of dress where women have this same advantage—the riding-habit. Here women's dress falls into the same category as men's, and taste is subordinated to law. Uniformity and conformity rather than variety and individuality are the rule. It is just as ridiculous for a woman to attempt any display of personality, any variation from the prescribed costume here, as for a man to try to differentiate himself by wearing a black velvet dinner jacket—as some men have been known to do.

With so many laws to hem them in, such a formidable array of do's and don'ts as definite and uncompromising as the ten commandments, one would think all women who ride would be properly dressed; yet there is no place where one sees so many laughable examples of bad taste as on the bridle path. It takes a kind of genius to dress so badly. How are such costumes possible and in what shop can such atrocities be obtained? Nothing is required of these women

except that they should obey the law, and yet probably not ten per cent. of those who ride are even passably well-dressed. Instead of the severe and utterly practical garments they are supposed to wear, they appear in all manner of furbelows, plaid coats, khaki suits, golf trousers, velvet coats or skirts, polo trousers, Georgette blouses displaying fancy lingerie, low-necked waists, velvet jockey caps, tricornes of straw or patent-leather, earrings, necklaces, not to mention such minor atrocities as coats too short and flaring, fluffy hair, bright ribbons on their panama hats, chin straps, etcetera. And the worse they ride the more certain they are to carry a crop and wear spurs. Here the apparel certainly proclaims the rider. A correctly dressed woman is sure to be riding well and in good form, for the professional spirit is shown in performance as well as in dress; but the badly dressed woman is almost surely riding in bad form and dangerously, being an amateur in spirit.

A woman may be born without the taste to achieve smartness in her daily dress, and she may never be able to acquire it; but any woman can obey the few simple rules that will make her a well-dressed horse-woman.

The first general law—and perhaps a difficult one



G. Hart



FORMAL HABITS FOR THE SIDE-SADDLE

This most formal of habits for show purposes is of black melton with a black velvet half collar. Accessories—buff cloth vest, white shirt, white stock, black patent-leather boots, high hat, gardenia.

Slightly less formal is a habit of light-weight black melton or dark blue melton with revers of corded silk and slit pockets. Accessories are the same as for the other habit except the pique vest.

for the woman who values her prettiness above all things—is the rule of masculine severity. One may be the very quintessence of femininity in the drawing-room, but on a horse one must look as much like a man as possible. For example, the only hats that are permitted the horse-woman are those that a gentleman would wear—his high hat “of eight reflections,” his derby, felt hat, stiff straw hat, and panama—never a cap, never a tricorne, never a sombrero.

The hair beneath the hat must be arranged with the utmost severity. If it is curly or fluffy, one is unfortunate; it must be made to look as straight and sleek as possible. If it is short, it should be brushed flat and close to the face. The ears may show or not as one prefers. If the hair is long it should be drawn back very tight, so as to display the ears (it looks smarter to expose the whole ear than just the tip), braided, wound in a tight circle on the neck, and securely pinned. If one has not enough hair to do this, a switch should be worn or the hair arranged to look like short hair. Above all, no single curl must be allowed to stray, no puff on the cheek tolerated. All else may be perfect, but if the hair is even slightly fluffy the whole effect will be destroyed. No make-up should be worn, no earrings. The head must

be the severely plain head of a man. This is the Waterloo of the woman who *will* be pretty at all costs. She cannot sacrifice her prettiness to the laws of good taste and smartness. Yet, if she but knew it, what she fancies she loses in prettiness is more than made up in true distinction.

The fabrics of women's habits are those worn by men—homespun, whipcord, Bedford cord, melton, et cetera—and the cut is as nearly like a man's as can be achieved. The woman's breeches are exactly the same shape as the man's and the coat should be cut so as to give the broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped effect of a man's figure. It is fatal to look hippy on a horse. Here, if anywhere, the slim, boyish figure that is demanded of women to-day is absolutely essential. For the woman who wears a skirt and rides a side-saddle, the laws of severity are as rigid as for the woman who rides in the masculine position.

Riding-habits should be made to order. Just as the well-dressed man finds it necessary to have his suits cut to his measure and beautifully tailored, so the woman who rides, in order to achieve a similar well-groomed, well-turned-out appearance in a costume which depends



Habits on both pages from
NARDI

LESS FORMAL HABITS, INCLUDING SUMMER HABITS, FOR THE SIDE-SADDLE

An informal side-saddle habit, correctly worn only for informal country riding, consists of a skirt of tan Bedford cord, a coat of brown and white flecked homespun, a checked vest, a white silk shirt with a high collar, harmonizing tie, a brown derby, and brown boots.

For less formal hunting than the habit shown on the opposite page is this model of a dark gray, almost black, Oxford mixture. For real hunting weather the coat is lined with red and white plaid flannel, and a shirt of light gray or natural color French flannel is also worn.

The best looking hot weather informal side-saddle habit is of pongee with a coat cut sharply away from a single button, and patch pockets. With it may be worn a panama or leghorn hat, tan boots, and a silk shirt. This suit may be worn for park or country riding.





*Habits on both pages from
NARDI*

LESS USUAL HABITS FOR RIDING ASTRIDE, INCLUDING THE FORMAL HABIT



An astride costume for show purposes approved by many judges consists of the frock coat and military trousers worn by men for show purposes. These are of dark blue whipcord with a line of black braid. The prescribed coat is a single-breasted coat of black melton.

For polo one may or may not wear a sleeveless coat, according to the weather. This may be of tan or white crash, linen, or gabardine, worn with trousers of white whipcord and a short-sleeved white linen shirt open at the throat. The typical masculine helmet is worn.

Except for show purposes jodphores are not considered correct for girls over fourteen. For children, however, they are excellent. These are of tan Bedford cord, the coat is of light brown or tan homespun, the shirt white silk with a combination collar, the hat tan felt.





Women who always ride astride may wear this habit for the informal hunt or for cross-country riding: breeches of tan Bedford cord, coat of plain tan or brown homespun or of a diamond patterned homespun in brown and white.

Correct coat and breeches which may be made in a variety of combinations for park or country riding. If the coat is of almost black Oxford, the trousers may be of an indefinite gray (not white) and black check—a shepherd's plaid.

CONVENTIONAL HABITS FOR RIDING ASTRIDE

upon precision of cut and fit for its chic, must go to a tailor who thoroughly understands his métier—and it is remarkable how few of them do. Nardi, whose habits are shown in this portfolio, has an unexcelled reputation. It would be impossible to go wrong if the advice of such an authority were followed throughout. Recently this shop has added a ready-to-wear department, and while the same perfection of fit and tailoring cannot be obtained even here as in the made-to-measure habit, correctness and good taste are guaranteed. The woman who has a boyish figure and who takes her own taste with her, can often obtain very acceptable habits in those few shops which specialize in really good ready-made habits.

Let us take first the most formal of habits—the side-saddle habit for show purposes shown on page 112. As this is often worn in the evening, it has many of the characteristics of the man's evening dress. It is made of black melton cloth cut away in front, somewhat in the manner of the man's full evening dress. It may be only slightly cut away, as shown in the sketch (which is better for the somewhat full figure), or very considerably cut away. It has a black velvet half collar but revers and cuffs of the melton cloth. The proper accessories

are a buff cloth vest, white English broadcloth shirt, white stock, black patent-leather boots, white buckskin or chamois gloves, high silk hat, and white boutonniere. Such a habit is also correct for park riding and formal hunting.

A word about the newest development in hats. This year the hats (high and derby) have changed the line from a flat brim to one considerably rolled. This shape of brim necessitates a slightly higher crown. These shapes are newer, but the flatter brims are permissible if they are more becoming.

Second in formality comes the other habit shown on page 112, which also may be worn for the three occasions of show, hunting, and park riding. This likewise may be made of black melton or dark blue melton or doeskin cloth. Broadcloth is passé. The less degree of formality of this habit is marked by the cut of the coat (more like a man's dinner jacket than full dress), the permissible use of blue rather than black, the slit pockets, and the corded silk revers. The correct accessories are a white piqué vest, white stock, black patent-leather boots, high hat, and white gloves.

The informal side-saddle habits are shown on page 113. Of these



Group at right from
WILLIAM WRIGHT

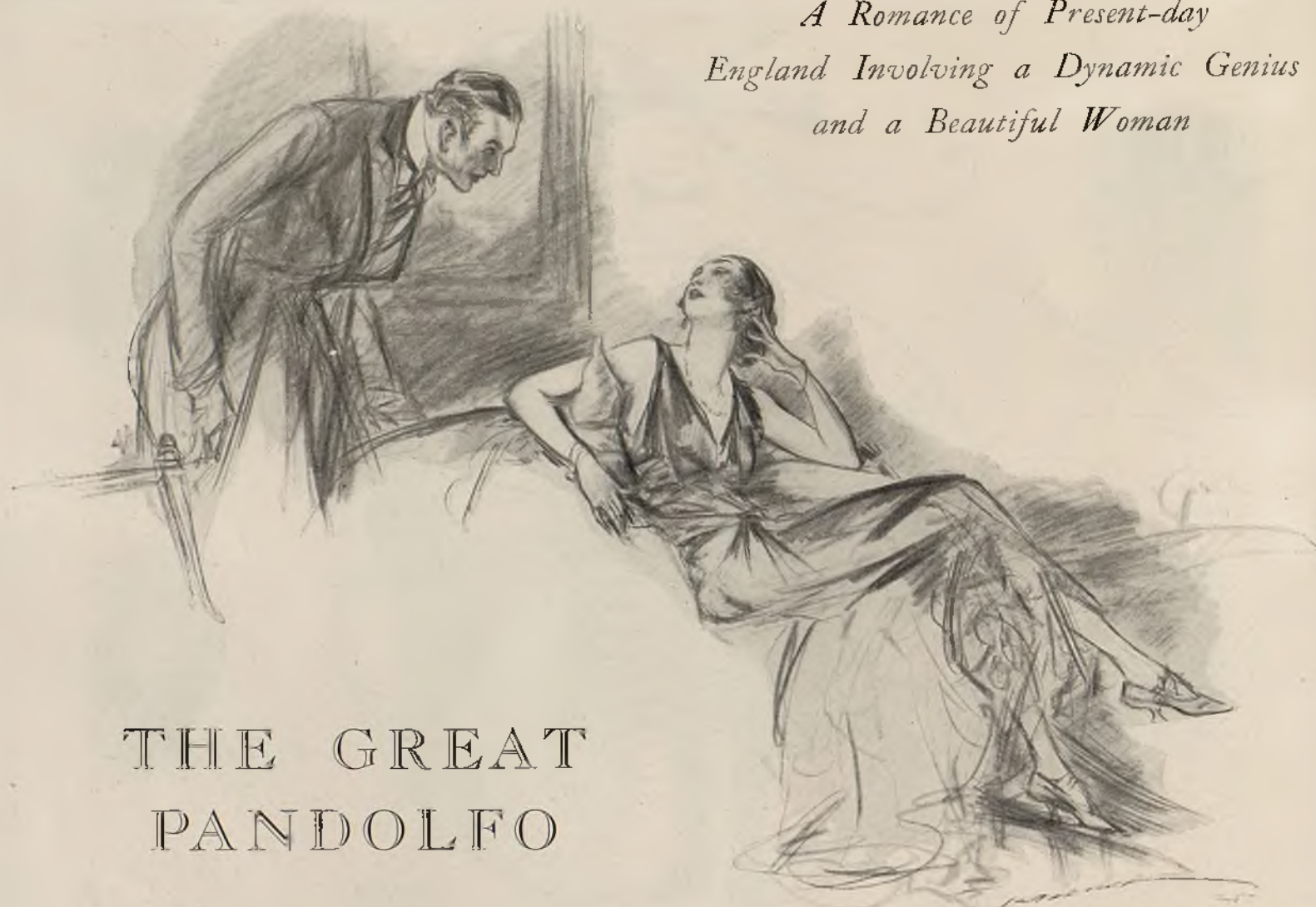
With the exceptions noted,
the accessories on
these two pages are from
ABERCROMBIE AND FITCH

the one shown at the left comes first in formality. It is a hunting habit for real hunting weather, made of a dark gray, almost black, Oxford mixture lined with a red and white plaid flannel. Instead of the rather clumsy separate tab to fasten the collar high about the throat in wet or cold weather, it has a simplified fastening; the tab is cut in one with the collar and turns under the collar proper so as not to show when the collar is turned back. The accessories are: a French flannel shirt (always a man's shirt) in natural color or light gray, a yellow kersey vest, black leather boots, black derby, white gloves, hunting or beagle whip. The edges of this coat and that at the top of page 113 meet all the way down.

Habits for side-saddle riding are never quite as informal in appearance as astride habits. Even the habit at the top of page 113, which is far from touching the degree of elegance of the show habits, has quite an air of its own. It is intended for country riding and consists of a skirt of tan Bedford cord and a coat of brown and white homespun. The vest is preferably of the same material as the coat or may be of an inconspicuous tan and brown check to tone in with it, so as not to give the effect of too many colors and fabrics. The derby is brown, the boots brown calf, the shirt, with its combination collar, of pongee or natural color silk to give a one-color harmony to the whole, the gloves brown dogskin,



*A Romance of Present-day
England Involving a Dynamic Genius
and a Beautiful Woman*



THE GREAT PANDOLFO

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

"Sir Victor rose, and holding her with his bright eyes said very quietly: 'It's no use your struggling against Fate, Paula.'"

PREVIOUS PARTS OF THE STORY IN BRIEF:

A SLIGHT acquaintance with Sir Victor Pandolfo was developing into a rather disquieting intimacy which Paula Field found herself strangely unable to check. He was an inventor—quite a personage, in fact—working at the time on a marvelous metal which was to revolutionize industry, and which he at once named Paulinium. It was a tribute to her, and yet he took her acceptance of it so maddeningly for granted that it amounted almost to effrontery.

He was an extraordinary person—egotistical, domineering, impetuous—with a most amazing faculty for giving, and Paula seemed powerless to refuse his gifts. A botanist acquaintance at Renes-les-Eaux—whence Pandolfo had followed Paula and her friend, Lady Demeter—described a beautiful wildflower, found only on the most dangerous mountain slopes, and Paula expressed a careless desire to see it. Instantly Pandolfo pledged himself to bring her one, despite her protests and the botanist's warnings.

Absent the following day, Pandolfo returned late in the evening with the promised flower in his hand, but badly injured. It meant a trained nurse and several weeks in bed. Pandolfo fretted under this enforced inaction. He had arrived at Renes-les-Eaux with wonderful plans for Paula's entertainment, which his accident had compelled him to surrender. But during one of Paula's infrequent visits to his sick-room, he declared his feelings for her, practically demanding that she marry him.

And then Paula had a distressing letter from her father in England—a tale of much affliction. Unwise speculation had so depleted his rather limited fortune that he would be unable to continue his allowance to her, and there was danger of the mortgages being foreclosed. Obeying a wicked impulse, Paula announced to Lady Demeter and Pandolfo that her father had had a great stroke of luck, and that she was joining him at once. She confessed later to Lady Demeter, and admitted that she was

really running away from Pandolfo. The man's insistence was getting on her nerves.

And so, on the following day, perhaps more in a spirit of desperation than anything else, she drove over to Aix and promised to marry Sir Spencer Babington, an old suitor who had just been appointed Minister to one of the new Eastern States. Paula had a little guilty twinge when she and Sir Spencer drove back to Renes-les-Eaux. What she had done had hardly been sporting. Really she had shirked things, but, after all, Pandolfo had been making her life miserable; it had to stop, and certainly she had stopped it by most effective methods.

And then Pandolfo sent for her and announced that he knew the truth about her father, that he was prepared to take over the mortgages on her old home, and turn them over to her as part of her marriage settlement. The man's presumption was so astounding, so exasperating, that Paula forgot his illness, forgot the accident suffered, after all, for her, and defiantly announced to him her engagement to Sir Spencer.

FIFTH PART

PAULA sat by the morning-room window of Chadford Park looking at the pale pearl of the November sky against which the damp yellow trees glimmered mournfully. Yellow leaves strewed the lawn and the damp graveled paths; one or two stuck dismally on the body of a female statue, giving her the appearance of a disarranged or absent-minded Eve. The prospect before Paula was informed with peculiar melancholy, suggestive of Tennysonian Moated Granges and decaying woods and dreary gleams and the approaching end of all things. Instead of half a dozen gardeners to tidy up the place, there only remained one and a half, old Simkin and a boy. Old Simkin was hard put to it to keep the kitchen garden going. To the boy the sweeping up

and carrying away in a wheelbarrow of dead leaves was the most loathsomely futile form of human activity.

Paula was alone, writing, with a silk shawl thrown over her shoulders. A wood fire on the opposite side of the great room smoldered sulkily, as though the damp of hopelessness had sunk into its soul. Faded chintz covers on sofas and chairs loomed disconsolate in the half light. Here and there discolored patches of wall proclaimed removal of pictures.

An old Great Dane shivering from the hearth-rug and loped creakingly up to her, thrust his head under her arm as she wrote, and appealed to her from his patient topaz eyes. She fondled his head and spoke, as one who knows the moods of dogs, the words that he desired to hear. Whereupon, consoled, he creaked away, and, with a sigh, slounded back into a circle in front of the fire.

A few moments afterwards, with much the same lope and creak, entered Pargiter, the old butler, once a very fine figure of a man, with letters on a salver. As she took them, she noticed that his coat-cuff was frayed. This most trivial of facts irritated her. Ruin was descending on Chadford Park; but there was no reason for Pargiter to dress the part of faithful and decayed retainer. His wages had not been lowered. Mr. Veresy had not even given him notice. Like all the rest of them, he had, notoriously, put something by. Out of footman's livery from the past five and twenty years, he had found, as became a butler's dignity and income, his own clothes. She decided that the pathos of the frayed sleeve was rather cheap.

"The young person from the vicarage is here, ma'am."

"I'll see her in a few minutes. I'll ring."

She sighed. The young person in question recommended by the vicar's wife had vast ambitions, apparently, to see the world, but not experience in the craft of ministering to the intimate wants of



"Myrtille stood tragically in front of Paula, worked into a rare passion, so that her withered beauty started into intense loveliness." "You throw away God's gifts as if they were nothing," she cried."

ladies. Her father was a once respectable carpenter, with half a dozen children, who had lately forsaken God-fearing ways for a Bolshevik and alcoholic path.

"I must have a maid-servant of some kind," Paula had said, and this was all the attendant she could get.

Simkin had departed. For how could she afford the Simkin wages? Old Simkin had not been quite the feudal altruist she had made him out to be. There had been an affecting scene. The old man, with tears in his eyes, had protested—as far as Paula could gather—that, were it not for the price of pork, he would have died rather than allow his daughter to leave Miss Paula's service. But the price of pork (and other things) was that terrible—So Simkin had melted away into an Americo-ducual firmament, whence she wrote letters as politely rueful as those of honest Ovid from his exile among the Goths.

SO MANY things had melted away during the past two months. The flat in Basil Mansions, let furnished to a queer rich bachelor from Kettering. The vivid country house life which usually filled her autumns. Not that there had been lack of the customary invitations; but maid-less, autumn-kit-less, hesitating at the prospect of expensive jour-

neys, tips, bridge-losses and all the incidental costs of fashionable visiting, she had declined on the grounds of her father's health. These vain amenities of life had melted away. So had Clara Demeter.

It would take a miniature epic to describe the comfortable lady's fury at Paula's preposterous behavior. No sooner had she reconciled herself to Paula's turning down of Victor Pandolfo and her acceptance of Spencer Babington, than the irresponsible woman goes off and leaves the three of them there, at Renes-les-Eaux, in the lurch. There was she, Clara Demeter—"I ask you, my dear, to think of it"—planted between two wild men—and she, an invalid, doing her cure, under doctor's prescription of perfect rest for exhausted nerves.

"Until you come to your senses, Paula," wrote the indignant lady, "I don't see how I can have anything more to do with you. We should only quarrel, which besides being undignified is bad for my health. Already I've been so worried that the cure has done me no good. I have put on weight, instead of losing it. A sure sign."

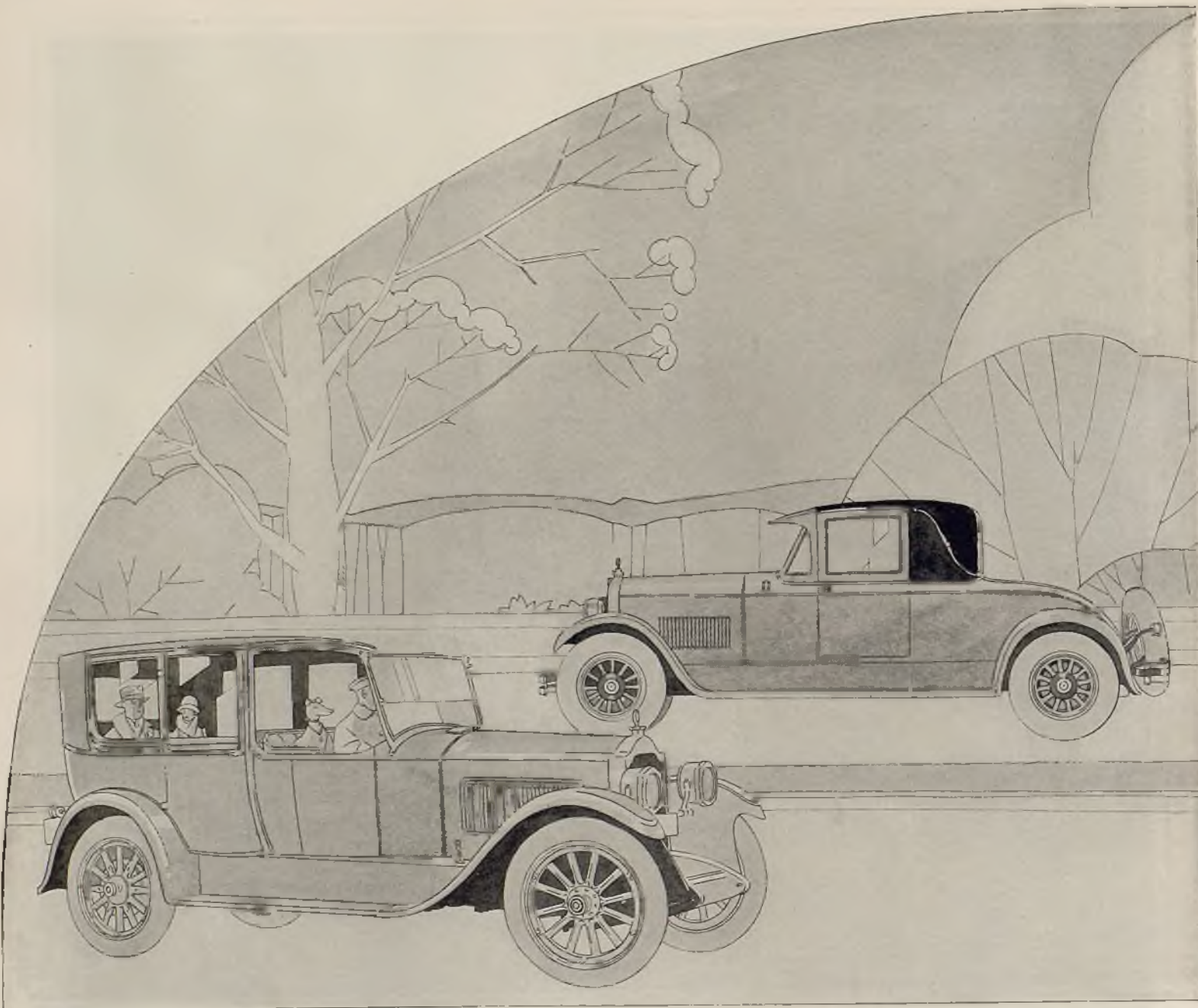
And with Lady Demeter had melted Spencer Babington, not into Czecho-Slovakia but into the blue inane of the Pacific. Another fellow, it seemed, had been sounded as to Prague, and not having hedged round the matter with such necessary diplomatic cautions and reservations, had been ap-

pointed. Spencer, applying for leave, had gone off on a world trip in the height of spiritual dudgeon and physical comfort. He had tried to persuade Demeter to accompany him. But Clara had put her foot down.

"Because you've lost a wife—that's no reason why I should lose a husband."

That settled it. All this was told to Paula in letters ever renunciatory of friendship. It was right, said Clara, that she should know. She did not defend herself. What was the use? She could take a man's humorous view of her sex and recognize its granitic inconvincibility.

EVEN Pandolfo seemed to have undergone the same process of vaporization. She had received news of him from Nurse Williams leading a life of mild riot in Bodmin where, apparently, her new clothes had almost shut respectable doors, to say nothing of those of the church, against her. "No one will believe," said she, in the playful way of the spinster secure of reputation, "that I came by them honestly." As for Sir Victor, his ribs had mended beautifully very soon after Mrs. Field's departure from Renes-les-Eaux, and he had gone straight back to London with Mr. Uglow and herself, had insisted on her staying a night or two in his beautiful home in Chelsea and had then (Continued on page 126)

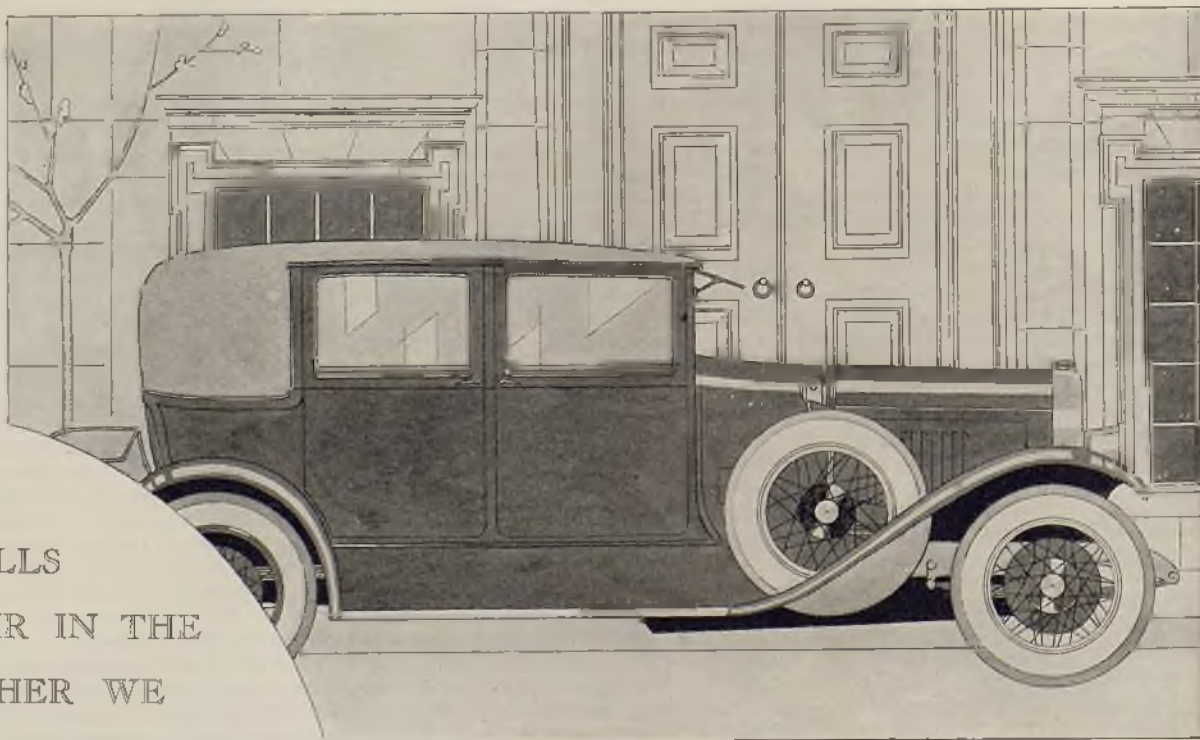


PACKARD

MARMON

If the day is chilly and raw we sally forth in the Packard limousine, for Toto loves to sit like a most proper footman in the front seat. If we have no luggage to speak of and want to be just by ourselves our Marmon coupe is the thing.

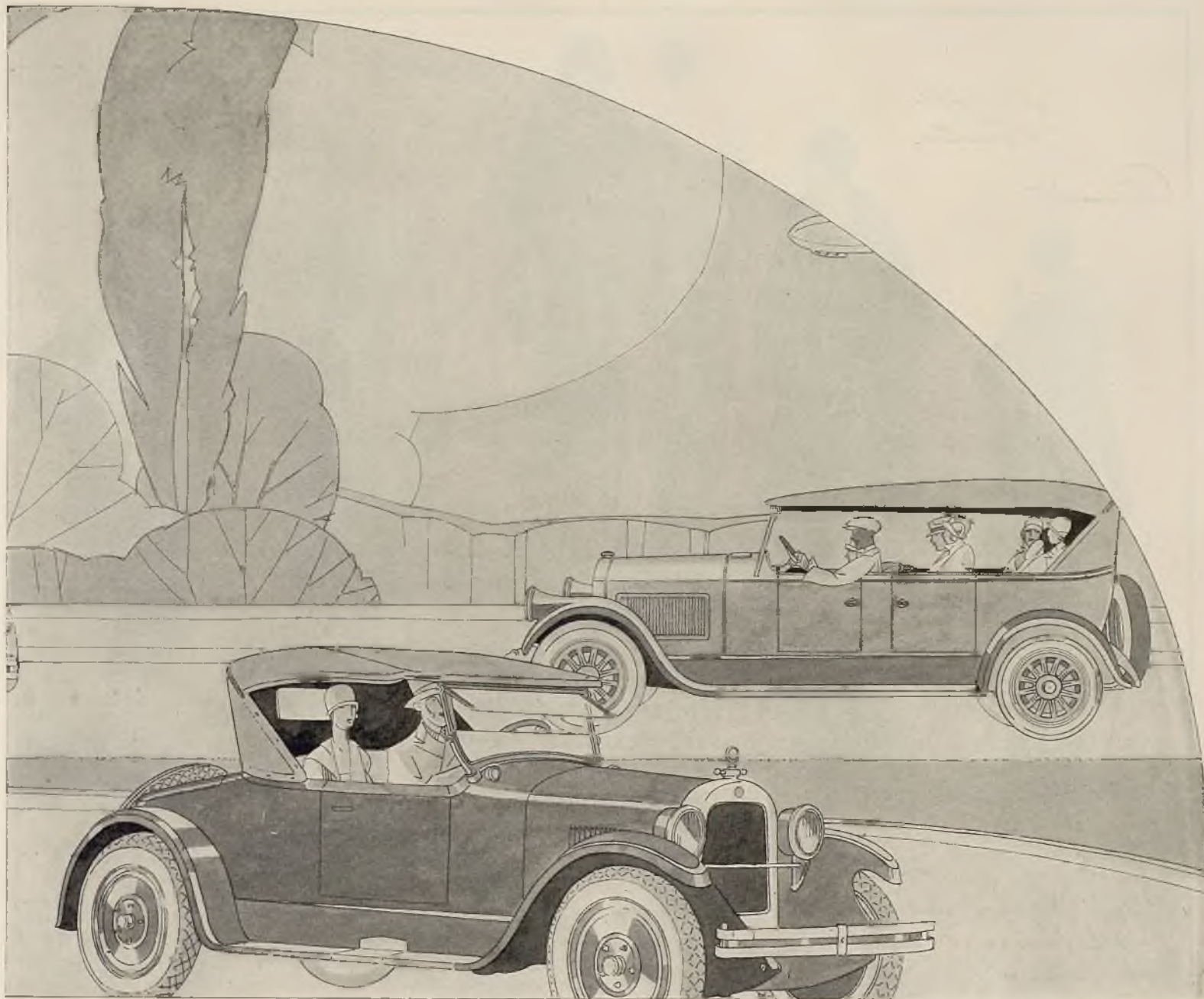
And if we want to cut a very swanky figure on the road we tell James to bring the Cadillac—the very new Le Baron sedan in thistle green and gray and upholstered in clear gray.



CADILLAC

SPRING CALLS
FOR THE OPEN AIR IN THE
COUNTRY WHITHER WE
RIDE FORTH

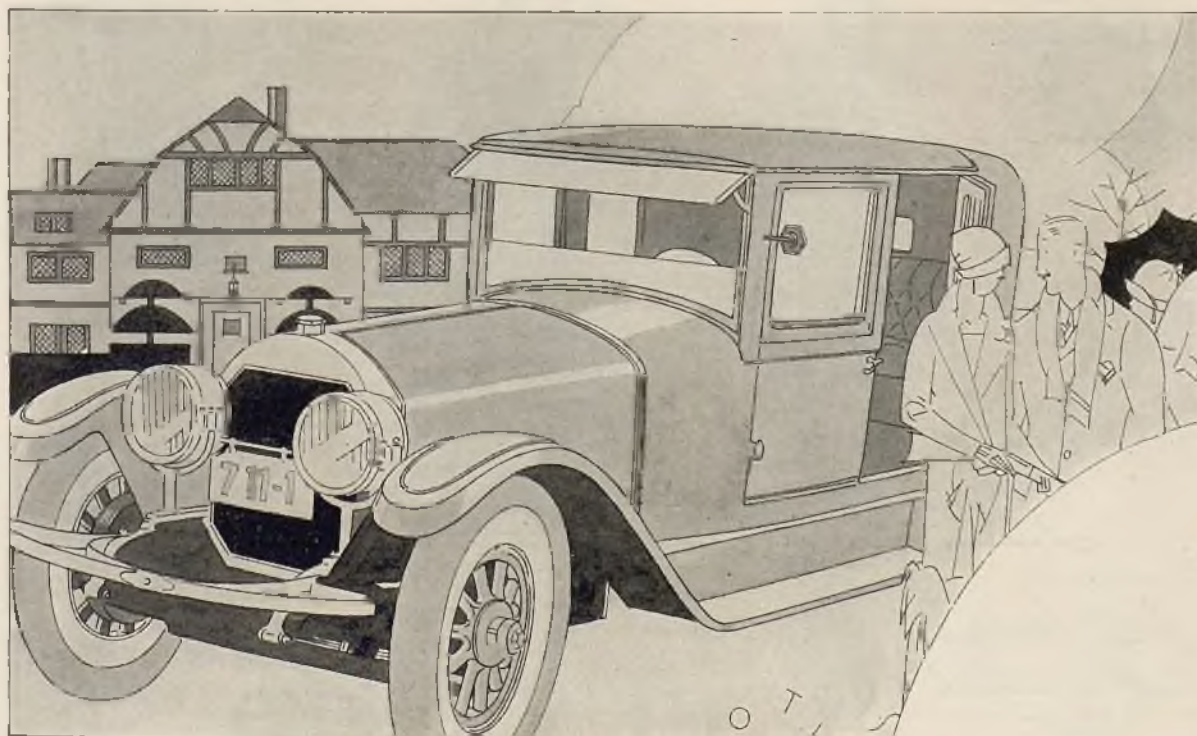
Ayuntamiento de Madrid



DODGE

PIERCE-ARROW

If the day is clear and warm and the whole family wishes to go along we bundle up well and drive in the Pierce-Arrow, but if Aunt Elizabeth doesn't insist upon coming and bringing all the children we can take our smart Dodge roadster.



LOCOMOBILE

And if the sun has already begun to set before we have finally started we ring for the Locomobile sedan—we always feel so safe and comfortable in this splendid, dependable car.

*Drawings by
Samuel Davis Otis*

Philippe
et Gaston

Brindt



Bernard
et Cie

Coral-colored pursh
with waistcoat effect
under jacket

Lelong



Lelong



Red kasha
with sleeve-
less cape -

Ensemble of
navy blue tref
and redorgette

Traveling
coat of Rodier
fabrie

Hunters green
print with
white waistcoat

Last Minute
Sketches from Paris



Plaid ensemble
in gray, green,
and mauve

Loupy



Lucile

Gray tailleur
with mannish
coat



Anna

Ensemble
of black
chiffon



Georgette

New flax blue alpaca
with blue and white
printed chiffon blouse

Changeable
taffeta in
red and blue



yleb

yleb



Black crepe
chiffon with
embroidery in
colours and gold

Lucile



Anna

Evening coat of black
satin with applique
flowers of gold tissue

Lace frock in
string colour with
bands of ribbon



Larwin



Larwin

Draped frock
of crepe satin



Ensemble in
navy blue and
white kasha

Loupy



Bechoff

Trunk of natural
tussore embroidered
in fine black silk

Ensemble of
brige tussore and
brige crepe polka
dotted with navy

Bechoff



Clear Soups~ the fine art of soup-making!



Consommé The soup *par excellence* for the formal dinner and luncheon. Blended by Campbell's famous French chefs with an artistry that tells at every delicate, delicious taste. Only choice beef is used. In the amber-clear sparkling blend are the varied flavors of young carrots, celery, parsley and a touch of onion. A challenge and a stimulant to the appetite. A glow to the whole feast.



Bouillon Another of the clear meat soups which reveal the skill and experience and resources at Campbell's command. It is even richer and more pronounced in flavor than the Consommé and is especially nourishing and invigorating. Delicate people find it distinctly beneficial. Vegetable essence, herbs and seasoning impart their tempting and refreshing flavor.



Printanier A breath from Springtime! The lightness and delicacy, the fresh new color tints of the prettiest time of the year. A bouquet and a flavor of exquisite charm. In this dainty soup, the clear meat broth contains young carrots and white turnips cut in small fancy shapes, celery, Savoy cabbage, whole small peas, parsley and a touch of leek.



Julienne Still another "banquet soup" which enjoys its vogue for those social occasions where the most is expected. In this soup the vegetables—young carrots, white turnips, celery, Savoy cabbage, lettuce and leek—are shredded into the clear meat broth. Whole small peas add their color and flavor. There is fresh parsley, and a touch of onion gives an added piquancy.

12 cents a can



If you've aspired to be admired,
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The Campbell's cooks
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color—fascinating effect.

"Ambassador"

—a new perfume of great allure



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THE GREAT PANDOLFO

William J. Locke's Novel

(Continued from page 119)

sent her off with an astonishing check and a first-class return ticket to Cornwall.

Indirect news had also come to her from Gregory Uglow. In a letter from London, addressed to Basil Mansions and forwarded thence, he thanked her very courteously for her kindness to him in Rennes, also gave satisfactory tidings of Sir Victor's ribs, and placed his devoted services ever at her disposal. She replied and sent her kind regards to Sir Victor, who up to now had not acknowledged the message. In fact, Pandolfo had taken no further heed of her existence, which in one way was a comfort, but in another an insult. Very reasonably, according to her sex's psychology, she nursed a grievance against Pandolfo.

The only persons who gave no sign of melting were Myrtilla and her father, especially the latter, whose portliness increased in inverse ratio to his fortunes. A man addicted to the exercise habit for many years, he now suffered from its forced abandonment. He had given up his golf club, sold his stable and shrank from wandering round his neglected estate. Now and again he went up to London, driving to the station in the one surviving rattletrap of a car, and there transacted mysterious business. But that wasn't exercise. His friend the vicar, a stalwart and affluent contemporary, found a birthday opportunity of presenting him with a complicated set of poles and cross-beams and rings and India-rubber ropes and a manual as to their use, written in three languages. A quarter of an hour a day at this, said the vicar, would make him as fit as a whole day's hunting. But Mr. Veresy had arrived at such a stage of moral atrophy as to declare that if he couldn't hunt, it didn't matter to him whether he were fit or not. So he watched his girth grow with a kind of morbid satisfaction. It served the world right for treating him so unjustly.

"When a man's ruined," said he, "the only thing left for him to do is to face it like a gentleman."

MR. VERESY sat down in his library, and at meals in his dining-room, did nothing, and faced ruin like a gentleman.

Myrtilla, an angular and elderly model upon whom it might have been supposed that Paula in her magnificence had been fashioned, had ruthlessly cut down household expenses, discharged a regiment of men, and sold horses and pictures in order to provide for daily necessities of living. She had put the fear of the Putney flat into her father's soul. Rather than the Putney flat, he would inhabit the meanest room at Chadford and live on tripe and onions cooked there in a saucepan. He didn't mind hardship; but he couldn't stand Putney.

"He's quite impossible, my dear," said Myrtilla. "If I hadn't insisted on the money for the pictures and the horses being paid into my private banking account, I don't know what would have happened to us. And what will happen I know less. We can't live on pictures and horses for the rest of our lives." "But what about the mortgagees' foreclosing?" asked Paula. "If they do, we'll be turned out neck and crop."

Well, the mortgagees, as far as Myrtilla could judge, had been temporarily appeased. How, she did not know. She had gone herself into Gloucester to see Bulstrode. Bulstrode & Co. had been the family solicitors from time immemorial. Old Bulstrode, the delectable old thing in the world, had died, as Paula knew, a couple of years ago, and a young Bulstrode, a perky young man who magnified his office, reigned in his stead. Not a word could Myrtilla get out of him.

"My dear lady," he had begun. Myrtilla hated the jackanaping of a form of address only tolerable in far different social condition. "My dear lady," said he, "I am Mr. Veresy's confidential adviser. It is evident, therefore, that I cannot discuss matters that are confidential as between solicitor and client with you, unless you bring me Mr. Veresy's assurance that you are entirely in his confidence."

Myrtilla, narrating the interview, said: "And he swung back in his swivel-chair and put his pudgy finger-tips together, and looked at me out of his fishy little eyes—and I could have killed him."

AND the devil of it all was, according to Myrtilla, that Mr. Veresy would give no such assurance. He had the obstinate secretiveness of the weak man. Even though he faced, like a gentleman as he declared, the ruin brought about by his own folly, and gave up to Myrtilla the whole responsibility of dealing with such ruin as far as it affected the household, he denied the feminine mind's capacity of dealing with its higher financial aspects. His dear Myrtilla's criticisms could not be helpful in that they would be based on misapprehension of facts and erroneous judgment.

"So here we are, living from hand to mouth, and that's all I know about it."

Thus Myrtilla, mistress of Chadford Park.

How could Paula, younger daughter and, by theoretic convention of marriage, cut off from practical concern with her father's affairs, interfere with any hope of success?

In the queer, detached old English way they loved each other dearly. Once she had come to Chadford to discuss the situation and offer her filial sympathy, he would not let her go. Indeed, by means of furtive little caresses, when no one was looking, and a shy word of endearment, he gave her to understand that she was the favorite daughter. Never a hint did he give of disloyalty or ingratitude toward Myrtilla. He was too great a gentleman openly to differentiate between them. But unregenerate man resents in his heart excess of female virtue especially when it is redeemed by somewhat of a domineering spirit. He loved Myrtilla with the affection due to the offspring of his dear and respected wife and to the capable manager of his establishment; but Paula he adored with scrupulously veiled adoration.

Knowledge of the fact was a matter of elementary intuition. It distressed her inconceivably. What had she done for her father save leave him at the first opportunity, while Myrtilla had sacrificed youth and womanhood and all that mattered to woman to his comfort? The injustice of life! Yet, now and again, when the three of them were seated at the table in the intimacy of their fallen fortunes, she felt nearer to him by reason of her wider sympathies and experience of the world than the precise Myrtilla, with her almost algebraic conception of life. He was a handsome man, in his florid way; with thick, curly, neatly cut hair, parted in the middle, just as he wore it as a young dragoon, although now snow-white, and a white mustache curling up at the ends with just the faintest swaggering suggestion. In him she recognized her own beautifully cut features and the twist of an ironical mouth. And they would exchange little jests together at which Myrtilla sniffed resignedly.

Yet, in spite of this undercurrent of mutual understanding, she found herself as much shut off as Myrtilla from his business confidence. He deplored his inability to continue her allowance. Sometimes he could kick himself from here to the Infernal regions as the meanest skunk alive. But his dear old girl must see how he was tied hand and foot. The restraint of his feet, Paula declared, was a blessing in disguise, in so much as it precluded the carrying out of his rash inclination. He patted her shoulder. She was a brick to take it that way. Well, that was the situation. The scoundrel, Monte Dangerfield, was at the bottom of it all. Why the fellow had not long before this been pitched out of the city into one of His Majesty's gaols, he had no conception. On generalities of the past he was eloquent; on particulars of the present he was as dumb as an oyster.

"There are signs, my dear, that things may not be so bad as one dreaded. At any rate the roof of Chadford is still over our heads. If it tumbles in on top of us, we three'll have the satisfaction of being buried together. I know it's devilish dull for you; but if you can make do with hash and rice pudding, I'll be grateful."

As to the nature of the signs, he gave no idea. Paula could not question him, any more than he could question her on her private affairs. When she came to think of it, her own reticence very fairly balanced his. Not a whisper did she breathe at Chadford Park of the pursuit of Pandolfo or her transient engagement to Spencer Babington. The very names never stirred the stagnant air.

SUCH was the situation on that November afternoon.

Paula, sitting under the cold radiation of the great window, drew her silk wrap close around her shoulders and shivered. She leaned back in her chair and took stock of life. There was enough desolation in front of her and about her to make a silly woman sit up and howl like a dog. But she prided herself on not being a silly woman. . . . An old aunt of her childhood, still living in the odor of lavender, used to say: "My dear, when things look very black for us, there is nothing so wise as to count up our mercies." Paula smiled at the remembrance of the sweet and prim philosophy; but she counted all the same. And she came to the conclusion that she was not the least bit in the world unhappy. At the worst turn of Fortune's wheel, she was assured of bed, food and raiment adequate to inclemency of climate. She was living, for the present at any rate, in her childhood's home, sleeping in her own room consecrated by how many girlish hopes and fears. Myrtilla loved her in a dry sisterly fashion. Perhaps more than Myrtilla allowed herself to reveal. Now and then, during the past two or three months, she had been vaguely suspicious of possible smoldering fires behind her elder sister's calm and calculating eyes. Hitherto, in the triumph of her beauty and her wide existence

(Continued on page 128)



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THE GREAT PANDOLFO

William J. Locke's Novel

(Continued from page 126)



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she had given little more than comfortable thought to Myrtilla. Now, she reflected that their life-long relations had never been shadowed by a cloud of jealousy or misunderstanding. Myrtilla had always stood there, coldly affectionate, undemonstrative, ever capable, ever helpful, ever almost scientifically gentle. . . . Was it not more than possible that great love stirred the passionate depths that the woman kept sternly hidden from mankind?

Of course there had been the inevitable man. Paula was at school abroad at the time and had pieced together imperfect scraps of information. But the composite result was enough to tell her that there had been an engagement; that the young gentleman, the other party to the contract, had been swooped down upon by another young gentleman's wife and carried off to Ceylon. Hence rupture of engagement, divorce, a damnably exasperatingly happy marriage of the abominable pair and the landing high and dry of Myrtilla. His name, Paula remembered, was Buddicombe; he came of an old Devonshire family, and now he was a Member of Parliament, an old Tory, upholder of Church and State and a shining light in the House of Laymen. But of all this the reserved Myrtilla had never spoken a word. Yet, inside her, Paula felt assured, smoldered the hidden fires afore-said. They were a queer, reticent lot, the Veresys.

And there was her father whose affection, though unexpressed, was obvious.

YES, there were a host of mercies to be counted up. Splendid health was one of them. The peace, perfect peace of the hymn was not compared with the restfulness of Chadford. Like other factors in life possibly to be regretted, worries had melted away. She went to bed not caring what the dull morrow might bring forth. She awoke not apprehensive of some brutal sign of a man's would-be domination. She was free of Pandolfo; free of Spencer Babington. She felt inclined to agree with her late maid, Simkin, that men spelled nothing but trouble.

Here perhaps you see pursued nymph or primitive woman panting in the security of forest recess at last regained, her hands on her heart.

No analogy of the kind suggested itself to the sophisticated mind of Paula Field. She had escaped from pursuers and that was enough for her. As for hands on panting heart—her heart beat with perfect normality.

She welcomed the peace and quiet and the mastery of her time. She could get on with her work which, however one may despise the sordid, meant money. Her articles in the women's journals had always been the essays of a woman of the world and not the jottings of a fashionable reporter. She carried on with the county side of social affairs. And also, greatly daring, she began another novel.

She had been writing for an hour or two, not overjoyously inspired by outer things, yet accepting them with a melancholy content, when Pargiter had entered with news of the young person from the vicarage and the letters on the salver. These, after a spell of reverie she took up idly, as a recluse for whom the great world has ceased to be of vivid interest. It seemed the usual budget of scrawls from friends telling of gay doings and reproaching or pitying her for non-participation, two or three tradesmen's envelopes containing bills or receipts and a few circulars. Yet when she gave them her closer attention, she noticed one envelop addressed in a not unfamiliar nervous handwriting. She opened it and read:

"Dear Mrs. Field:

"I AM requested by Sir Victor to make his profound apologies for the non-delivery of your promised 'Paulinium' car. He begs you to believe that it has not been through lack of consideration on his part, delay, in the first place, being due to his anxiety that nothing short of perfection should be offered to you. And now I am to say, with his sincerest regret, that another six months, at least, must elapse before the car, as he desires it to be, can be delivered. Unfortunately when the severe tests came to be made, a few flaws here and there appeared in the metal which would make the car unsafe. He begs me to remind you that after all, the metal a few months ago was only in the experimental stage. He has discovered to what causes these flaws were due and has taken steps to remedy them in new forgings. But, to his immense disappointment, he has had to scrap your chassis, and so he asks me to crave your gracious indulgence for a few necessary months.

Yours sincerely,

Gregory Uglow."

The envelop contained also a shy scrap of paper.

"Dear Mrs. Field:

"The enclosed is written, as you may gather, according to instructions. I had to submit

it for his approval. But really he is almost heartbroken over his failure. Forgive me if I am outrageously impertinent when I say that I know a kind little word from you would cheer him enormously. G. U."

At dinner that evening, a none too sumptuous meal, though served with ancient solemnity by Pargiter of the frayed coat-cuffs, Mr. Veresy turned to his younger daughter, "My dear Paula, do you know a man called Pandolfo?"

She started. She had been thinking of nothing but the obsessing man for the past five hours.

"Sir Victor Pandolfo? Yes, I know him."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

Said Paula with a smile: "I suppose I know about a thousand people, more or less. Why should I pick him out for special mention?"

"He seems to be a dam' good fellow," said Mr. Veresy, curling his white mustache. "There are only the three of us, and I think you ought to know how things are. Well—it comes to this, I've met Pandolfo in London—quite recently. Business, you know. As a matter of fact, he has bought up all the mortgages and is now sole mortgagee and is letting me down very easily and generously. I told you a week or two ago that things might be on the turn. It was only this morning that I heard he was a friend of yours." In answer to Paula's look of inquiry he went on confidentially. "It was young Bulstrode, if you wish to know. I don't like the chap—not a patch on his father—but still he's a shrewd man of business. Oh, yes, my dear. Don't make any mistake. There are few brick walls that—I grant you—rather objectionable young man can't see through. He has been working on his own to find out things about Pandolfo. And it turns out that he's a great friend of yours. Charming fellow. Small world, isn't it?"

The florid gentleman of the thick white hair parted accurately down the middle smiled at his daughters with bland innocence.

"You say you met Sir Victor, on business?" said Paula. "Didn't he mention the fact that he knew me? He was quite aware that I belonged here."

"No. That's the funny part about it," said Mr. Veresy. "And yet, I don't know. A gentleman doesn't mix up business affairs with social relations. . . . A delightful fellow."

"It's a curious coincidence that he should have bought up the mortgages, isn't it?" said Paula.

"The more one lives, my dear, the less is one struck by coincidences. I can tell you a dozen off-hand—I remember in '84 or '85—no—it was 1886—"

He wandered off into an inapposite tale to which Paula listened with dutiful eyes, but with ears bewilderingly closed.

GREGORY UGLOW, writing according to instructions, had given but a poor account of the disaster that had befallen the Paulinium car. It had nearly been the death of the three of them, Pandolfo, Uglow, and the chauffeur. The chassis and engine responded to all kinds of tests. It ran up the famous hill in Hampstead on top gear, as though it were coasting down a slope. It did an incredible number of miles an hour at Brooklands. The miniature boudoir of a limousine body invented by Pandolfo was fitted. They went a-testing springs and balance along the Portsmouth road. Then, suddenly, somewhere near Cobham, something happened. The car danced round and round as though it were drunk and turned a somersault into a ditch. The chauffeur, miraculously thrown clear, opened the topmost door and hauled out Pandolfo and Uglow, considerably bruised.

"What the devil—?" cried Pandolfo.

"The cardan shaft, sir," said the chauffeur. "There must have been a flaw in the metal."

"A flaw?" Pandolfo stared at him as though he had spoken blasphemy.

"It's the one and only way of accounting for it," said the chauffeur.

A very sober, dangerous looking Pandolfo returned with Uglow in a hired car to London. All he said on the homeward way was:

"I wonder what I've done to God that he should be against me."

For the next few days he went about, the picture of ferocious gloom, like a modern Lucifer doing battle with the Almighty Powers. For, when the poor wreck was towed into the Bermondsey works and the shattered body removed, the cause of the accident was only too horribly clear. The cardan shaft had snapped like a bit of brittle wood. The sections of the fracture showed the flaw. Nor was that all. The shock of the fall, magnified by the weight of the body, had played the almost incomprehensible devil with the rest of the metal work. The back axle had snapped, too. There was one crack in the petrol tank and another in the cylinder casings. It became obvious to the inventor and his scared

(Continued on page 130)

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THE GREAT PANDOLFO

William J. Locke's Novel

(Continued from page 128)

lieutenant that, at its present stage of development, Paulinum could not supersede steel in the making of motor-car engines.

"Scrap the lot," said Pandolfo, to his manager in the dismal shed. "I see what's wrong." Whether he did or not, no man can say; perhaps least of all Pandolfo himself.

FROM the moment of his arrival in England he had started furiously to work. The Paulinum Steel Company—his fellow directors had prevailed on him to accept this new designation of the metal, so as to inspire public confidence,—had been floated. A Staffordshire site, near the coal-mines, had been bought for the erection of vast works, which now had already been begun. He had triumphed over opposition, he had crashed through all obstacles. He had worked, as Gregory Uglow, perhaps more loyal than original in phrase, said, Napoleonically. And side by side with the huge conception of the Paulinum Works, with its infinite detail of plans, of plant, of ready sources of ores and their easy transport, of choosing and salarizing and housing metallurgical chemists, of inventing, parenthetically, a cooking-stove heated by waste that would cook a thousand meals at once, ran the fierce desire to give Paula Field the earth's perfection of automobiles.

At the announcement of her engagement to Spencer Babington he had laughed in sublime certainty of knowledge. At her summary casting off of his dry rival he had smiled with satisfaction. He had consented to sit at the feet of Lady Demeter.

"My dear man," she said, "give the woman a chance. Make her look on you as a necessity instead of a nuisance."

"A nuisance?"

"Yes. If you'll forgive me saying so, a damned nuisance. You've gone the wrong way to work."

"I've been accustomed to get what I want," said Pandolfo.

"But a woman isn't a 'what,' she's a 'who,' which makes all the difference," said Lady Demeter.

She did not lack courage. He admired her; confessed to her shedding upon him a new light; insinuated delicately that she counseled strategy rather than massed attack in information.

"I've nearly exhausted myself in telling you," replied Lady Demeter.

That was why Pandolfo took up his strategic position on distant heights, and gave to his enemy no sign of his existence. He obtained, however, Nurse Williams' confirmation of Lady Demeter's advice, when she passed through London on her way back from her Bodmin holiday. She had a half-scared meal with him in the museum that was his dining-room, Gregory Uglow having been sent off to lunch at his club, suffered all sorts of frank opinions to be torn out of her, like some medieval Jew yielding teeth to the torturer of a prominent baron, before she disclosed all she divined, felt or knew of the feminine psychology of Paula Field.

"A woman doesn't only want to be wanted, but she wants to want. That sounds rather muddled, but you see what I mean?"

"I do," said he.

"And I shouldn't let her have any idea of the mortgages, if I were you," she added.

"Inadvisable, eh?"

"Fatal."

"I'll see what can be done," said he.

So he made secrecy a condition in his negotiations for the purchase of the mortgages, and on his meeting with Mr. Veresy gave no hint of his acquaintance with any member of the family.

IT WAS the time of his life at which he rode the highest, in the full blaze of Fortune.

The companies which ran his various inventions flourished exceedingly. He held himself to be a man of solid wealth. Beyond the acquisition of a picture now and then, he had few expensive tastes. The pictures themselves were investments. He lived modestly. Work absorbed the vital energy that might have found an outlet in the costlier vices. When his solicitor questioned the sagacity of his proposal to buy up the Chadford Park mortgages, in view of the large sums he was pouring into the Paulinum Steel Company, he replied airily:

"My dear fellow, I've got money to burn."

Again the solicitor protested. If Mr. Veresy could not pay the interest to the then mortgagees, how did he himself expect to be paid?

"Did you ever hear of a Guardian Angel?"

"Not outside of Heaven or a lunatic asylum."

"Well, you see one now," said Pandolfo.

"What does the trumpety interest matter to me?"

He soared away on newly invented wings. The image delighted him. Hitherto he had not crystallized his idea so perfectly. He would be her Guardian Angel, working for her from the impenetrability of the Vast Inane, shielding her from harm, answering from the

void her unspoken prayers. He rejoiced in the colossal self-conception. Instead of being the damned nuisance of Lady Demeter's trenchant homily, he would become a transcendental and mystical protective power of which she should be unconscious.

After a while, he chafed at the lack of practical means of performing these angelic ministrations. The only thing that money could do he had done. Besides, the artist idealist in him despised money. Purchase, for him who had the means, was so easy. On the table of his studio-library-laboratory, the great octagonal room into which Gregory Uglow had been led from the Chelsea Embankment, lay week by week, the pertly covered, incenseous journal of frivolity to which she contributed her weekly article. Thus he read devoutly. It was ever like herself, clear-headed, kind, witty in the grand manner.

"How much do you think they pay her for it?" he asked one day.

Gregory Uglow suggested, fairly accurately, the rate.

Pandolfo swore it was monstrous exploitation of genius. Sweated labor.

"I've a good mind to buy up the rotten magazine and pay decent prices to contributors," he declared.

But there again, it was only the power of money—even if he could have afforded to commit the idiotic act. His brain, at last, had gripped the truth that her chance realization, in the future, of pecuniary indebtedness toward him, would alienate her from him forever. It was money, money all the time, exasperatingly money. He held it only just that she should possess shares in the company to which she had given her name. But how to give them to her and the consequent enjoyment therefrom, without her knowledge?

"How the devil can I do it?"

Gregory Uglow, very uncomfortably and despairingly up to the lips in his confidence, said:

"The only way I can see is to make her a beneficiary under your will."

"I've done it," cried Pandolfo. "Do you think I'm devoid of imagination? Of course, I've made my will. She and you are the only people in the world I care for. You're provided for. She gets the rest."

THIS particular conversation took place in the miserable threadbare sitting-room of the miserable Staffordshire hotel nearest to the site of the Paulinum Steel Works, where they were spending the night. Outside it was wind and mud and coal-smoke and depression. Save for the mud, it was more or less the same inside. He loved to descend unexpectedly and tear about the place with Uglow following like a recording shadow. The hotel's greasy food and coarse discomfort affected him very little. Ordinarily he was too exuberant with new schemes for alterations and improvements, but to-day's visit had shown just a dull level of progress, with not a jagged bit for the eager mind to seize upon. So he sat with Gregory over a sullen fire in a high old-fashioned grate and talked of what, to him, was the ever personal aspect of Paulinum.

"That's very kind of you, Sir Victor," said the young man, after a pause. "I needn't say that such a thing never entered my head. But I wish you'd cut me out."

"Eh?" cried Pandolfo. "Why?"

"I should feel more independent," replied Uglow awkwardly.

Pandolfo took up the poker and lunged at the fire.

"My God! Here's another of 'em! Can a man do anything for a fellow human creature without trampling on his susceptibilities? Independent! Why the deuce do you want to be any more independent than you already are? You're free. I haven't bought you. You can go out now, any day, and earn double the money I give you."

Gregory interrupted him quickly. "I couldn't earn all the other things you give me."

"Then why are you driveling about independence? You give me to infer that there's some sort of bond—friendship, sympathy, understanding, loyalty, whatever you like to call it, between us, which means more to you than money. Well, damn it all, I take the for granted. Do you think I'd discuss my personal feelings with any other man on God's earth?" He rose, poker in hand, and said about the gas-fitter room. "That's what we've been talking about. The something that's money. It has been in my power, some time or other, to give it to you. And you're dissatisfied. You want to be independent. You're absurd. Don't let me hear anything more about it."

He threw the poker into the fender and down again.

"It was your will—the question of money—" Gregory hazarded. "There, you see, it crops up again."

"What on earth will it matter when I'm dead?"

(Continued on page 132)

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THE GREAT PANDOLFO

William J. Locke's Novel

(Continued from page 130)

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"Nothing. But it will matter all the time that you're alive."

"Thank God!" cried Pandolfo, "my mother wasn't a lineal descendent of prehistoric Scottish Kings."

Gregory laughed. "It isn't that."

"Then what is it?"

Gregory sighed. "I'm afraid I can't explain."

"Are you afraid that your loyalty can't stick it out for the ten, fifteen, thirty, forty years of the life that may be before me?"

Gregory grew pale. How could he explain the inexplicable? There was a moment of tense silence during which he felt as though the two men's souls were at death grapple. The sullen layer of coal raised a while ago by Pandolfo's poker, fell with a crash. Both started.

"No man can be loyal unless he is free," said Gregory.

Pandolfo broke away with a laugh and a wide gesture.

"Well, consider yourself disinherited."

"It will be a relief to me, Sir Victor," said Gregory.

The shirt-sleeved landlord brought in the whisky and syphon that had been previously ordered, and lingered in talk while he poured out the modest drinks. When he had gone, Pandolfo said:

"You and Mrs. Field are very much alike in many ways. I wonder whether you understand her better than I do."

"I've never attempted to think of understanding her," replied Gregory. "I scarcely know her."

"That's true," said Pandolfo. He sipped his whisky and soda. Then suddenly: "Good God, what are these?"

Two pairs of ancient and deformed carpet slippers, worn by generations of commercial travelers, had been unostentatiously set by the landlord to warm by the fire. The kicking of the dreadful things to the other side of the room broke the thread of talk. Pandolfo took up the detective novel which he had bought at the station bookstall and Gregory sat down at the round center table and transcribed on fair paper the day's rough penciled notes from a little black book. Later they parted for the night without reference to their conversation.

WHEN the Perfect Car stood ready for the road, before the last disastrous test, Pandolfo, still impressed by Lady Demeter's wisdom, devised a method of delivery. He would sacrifice his impetuous desire to dash down to Gloucestershire himself, and would send Gregory Uglow in his stead. That way lay the delicacy counseled by women. Yet when he announced his intention, the young man's response lacked enthusiasm.

"Short of going myself, which for my own reasons isn't feasible, I don't see that I could pay her a greater compliment than making you my representative. Or you either."

"Of course, if you tell me to do it—" said Gregory.

"I do tell you—and there's an end of it."

Pandolfo, dictatorial, closed discussion. Gregory went away, heavy-hearted. Suppose, in anti-Pandolfo mood, she scorned the gift? What would be his own position? That he himself would receive gracious welcome he did not doubt. But he would have to plead for acceptance, and, in doing so, plead the amorous cause of his benefactor. He could see the ironic smile at the corners of her perfect lips. He could see the soft humorous eyes reading his own miserable secret. Thank Heaven, said he, he had spoken bravely about the legacy. That would have strangled his inmost and most wildly delicious thoughts. A free man he could think of her, at any rate. A man of sense and character, he could, if left alone, check lunacy in its effect on conduct. Pandolfo was the great man and Paula was the great woman. As coldly clear as an iceberg in wind-swept weather was the fact that the two were made for each other. He was under no illusion. He resigned himself absolutely to their eventual and inevitable mating. But to be employed as an agent in the process was intolerable. Besides, the proposition contained an element of medieval grotesquerie repellent to the modern spirit. So he dreaded the presentation of the car.

And even if she did not scorn the thing, but merely fell into helpless collapse before it, asking him what in the world she was going to do with it—what could he say? His was the fantastic mission to deliver to a member of an impoverished aristocratic family a vast automobile all bright blue and silver and satin and what-not, such as an Indian Rajah, with tastes unmodified by European experience, might have commanded for State purposes, to match his ceremonial elephants. It was glaringly out of scale with her means, her position, her dignified modesty. Even if she could afford to pay the wages of the highly skilled man required to drive and attend to it, she would no more dream of flaunting it in about the quiet country roads than of wearing a diamond tiara on her visits to the poor.

A little homely runabout, to show the wonder of Paulinism, yes; but before this thing of Oriental gorgeousness his heart sank. And he knew, that whatever she might do or say, her heart would sink with his, for precisely the same reason. This side idolatry he loved Pandolfo. Her prospective, inevitable, and instantaneous judgment of his hero was intolerable. She would not laugh in derision—another woman might; but she was too exquisitely bred. Yet, suppose she did—he would be capable of springing at her and strangling her, for all his love.

And not a word of this did he dare breathe to Pandolfo. The car had been his dream, his solace and his joy for months. Of course the engine had been planned and the chassis begun long before his meeting with Paula at Hinsted in the summer. It was then but a trial of the new metal. But when once the magic name had been discovered, the car had ceased to be a cold experiment and had become a fervid consecration. What protest could the sensitive youth make to the enraptured giant?

Perhaps no man ever hated inanimate things more than did Gregory Uglow hate the thrubbing monster with its long flashing bonnet and its cobalt blue limousine body, the whole car a structure of exquisite and sensuous lines, when he waited in front of it on the pavement on that last test morning, for Pandolfo to come out of the Chelsea house. He was oppressed by the sense of the wrongness of its insolent luxury.

Pandolfo ran down the steps, walked right round the car.

"God! it's good, isn't it? Achievement—no. Creation—there's nothing like it in the world. You feel a thrill when you find you've begotten a child. Any damned fool can do that. But for a child of the brain, multiple, the thrill a million times. This marvel of a thing is ME."

He laughed, dashed in his swift way into the car; Gregory followed; the chauffeur who had waited by the door, rug over arm, spread the rug.

Once outside the trammelines of London, they careered like gods. And then, all of a sudden, came the crazy catastrophe.

The feelings of few young men have been more complicated than those of Gregory Uglow, when he surveyed the complete wreck of the great Paulinism car.

PAULA wrote at once to Pandolfo. Could a kind-hearted woman do less? Indeed a betraying moisture of the eyes blurred now and then the written words. Never had she felt so tenderly disposed toward him as now, his disappointment and humiliation. She gave him her spontaneous sympathy, consoled him with assurances of the perfecting of her metal and chided him gently for his neglect. She made it clear that, with her modified means, she could no more dream of the upkeep of a large car than of that of a racing stable. If he wished to please her, he must concentrate all his energies on things greater than such vanities. The fact of his giving her name to the metal was sufficient to secure forever her intense interest in its development.

Of Bulstrode's revelation she said nothing. Evidently Pandolfo desired her not to know of the mortgage. The secret had been well kept. Of course, during their last interview at Reuteles-Eaux, Pandolfo had declared his intention of becoming the sole mortgagee; but that declaration had obviously been dependent on his beautiful matrimonial scheme. That having gone awry altogether, like the schemes of other men referred to by the poet, she had never given the question of the mortgages, as it was he was concerned, a single thought. Now, she gave it many, and many a worrying one, especially when she had sealed and posted her sympathetic letter.

She sought out her father.

"I want to know why Sir Victor Pandolfo has never referred to his acquaintance—indeed friendship—with me."

"I told you last night," said Mr. Versey. "You didn't tell me enough. He must have made some conditions of secrecy."

Paula, standing over the kindly white-haired gentleman, forced him to confession. "In a way he did. He said that such transactions being entirely out of his way of business, his name should not be mentioned outside the little circle of people directly interested. That's why I respected his confidence as regards Myrtille and yourself. It was only when young Bulstrode told me you were friends that I gave you the information."

She nodded and thanked him with a smile and a filial pat on the shoulder and went away. On the tip of her tongue was the question: "You silly old dear, hasn't it occurred to you that, just because we were such friends, he was anxious for me not to know?"

But it went no further. Evidently the question had not occurred to Mr. Versey; and his daughter was not one to disturb a quiet mind with disconcerting suggestions.

Her own mind, however, suffered distress.

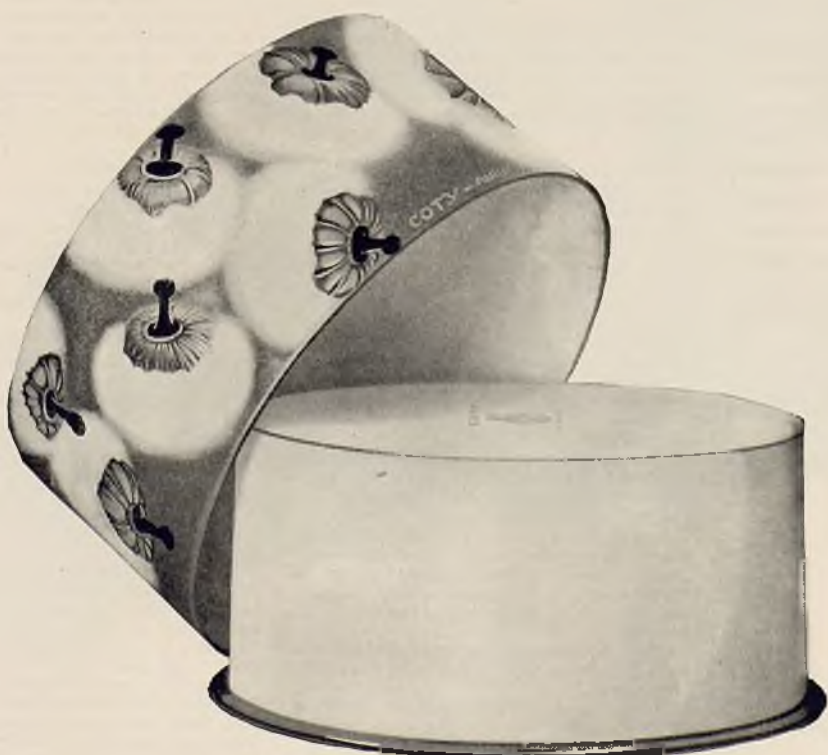
(Continued on page 134)



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THE GREAT PANDOLFO

William J. Locke's Novel

(Continued from page 132)



ten minutes by the clock

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Marie Earle
NEW YORK PARIS

ance For some months she had been freed from the man's obsession. Now, more than ever, did it oppress her.

Mortgages don't threaten to foreclose, if interest is paid regularly. If they want to realize their capital, they have only to sell their mortgages like any other sound securities. Of this, in spite of her ordinary careless woman's ignorance of business affairs, her common sense made her aware. Some time before her father had airily announced an easing of difficulties. What else could that mean than one of Pandolfo's bravura gestures?

"My dear sir," she could hear him saying, "don't have a moment's anxiety. It is true that I have bought up the mortgages on Chadford which represent a capital of so many thousand pounds, and that the ordinary business man, the stranger, who has nothing to do with sentiment, expects his quarterly installment of interest to be paid into his bank, through his solicitor. Pray, regard me in another light altogether. I know the straits to which our old landed families have been put since the war, and, it is far from my heart to make them straiter. It will be the great pleasure and honor of my life to allow the question of interest to be one of your power, convenience, and honor."

Her intuition pictured fairly accurately the state of affairs. She did not know that young Bulstrode had said to her father in a moment of triumph:

"Thank God, Mr. Veresy, we've got hold of a mug."

And that, her father, red as a lobster, had thumped the solicitor's table and cried:

"Don't you ever say such a thing again. Thank God we've got hold of an honorable and chivalrous gentleman."

That was why, in his talk with Paula, he had called him "a damn good fellow." She remembered his encomiums and applied them to her construction of the facts.

And only one conclusion could she draw. Pandolfo hovered like some grotesque and foolish god over the Chadford household. The three of them lived there practically under shadow of his benignity. What else was the solution? Myrtilla, as ignorant as herself of their father's real financial standing, had been forced to sell horses and pictures, in order to provide for household expenses. Out of the proceeds she could meet these for a considerable time to come; but, whereas once Mr. Veresy talked gloomily of facing ruin like a gentleman, he now seemed to take it as the jest of a sportive Providence.

"What's the meaning of it?" she asked Myrtilla, whom, least of all mortals, did she desire to take into her confidence.

Myrtilla shrugged her shoulders and bade her ask Bulstrode.

SHE was on the point of taking Myrtilla's ironical counsel when Pandolfo himself appeared, in answer to her letter.

Pargiter impressed by vast car, title and Napoleonic authority, had, without question, divested him of coat, and throwing open the morning-room door, had announced:

"Sir Victor Pandolfo."

Paula rose from her chilly window table, where she had been writing, with a little gasp of surprise. He advanced, both hands outstretched, to greet her. He gripped hers. Pargiter closed the door noiselessly.

"Even more beautiful than my memories and my dreams," said he.

She laughed. "And you more—exotic than ever." She freed herself and moved across the room. "And being exotic, you must be chilled to the bone this dripping and dreary day. Come to the fire and warm yourself. Where have you come from?"

"Our works—the Paulinium works in Staffordshire. I go down periodically to supervise progress. . . . I thought that in ten minutes' speech with you I could tell you more of thanks than in all the letters in the world."

She glanced at the roclock on the mantelpiece which marked half-past twelve.

"Ten minutes? But that's absurd. You stay to lunch."

"I must be in London this afternoon—and it's about a hundred miles."

"You stay to lunch, or not a moment do you have of my company?"

In a flash, her hand was on the knob of the door. To turn any casual visitor out fasting into the dismal sleet was unthinkable; least of all the man who had nearly broken his neck and half broken his heart for her sake. He wavered.

"What we can give you to eat God and the cook only know. But, at any rate, we can kill the peacock."

He made a gesture of submission. She rang the bell, gave a hurried order to an invisible Pargiter and shut the door.

"But this," said he, "is not the day for peacocks. That day will come, with the realization of all my dreams. Oh, yes. My dreams have always included a peacock served, Renaissance style, in all its arrogance and splendor. And it shall be for you and me

alone, in the dining-room of an old Italian palace, with a beautifully vaulted ceiling and great thick walls and embrasured windows looking over the hills of Vallambrosa."

"And it will be tough and tasteless, and the vaulted dining-room will be as cold as death, and the hills will be hidden by miserable rain. No, my dear friend, that is where you make your fundamental mistake. I'm not a romantic."

"I've not had the audacity to wonder what you are," said he. "I only know that the sight of you is wonderful."

She crossed before him and sat, thus turning her back on him for a fraction of a second. Facing him now, she motioned him to a chair.

"I too am glad to see you, for one or two reasons. There's a certain picking of bones."

"The Car of Misfortune! Don't speak of it! You shall have your Paulinium car no matter what happens. And it shall be built this time to your specification. A one-seater sedan chair kind of thing—two-mouse power—which you could learn to drive in five minutes and would do its fifty miles a gallon and could be washed down like a perambulator by a house-maid. I've started work on the design already and I'll finish it on the voyage."

"Voyage?"

He was forever startling her. The words put her for the moment off the track of the bone to pick, which had nothing to do with Paulinium or the car.

"Yes," he cried eagerly. "I've got so many things to tell you that they're all struggling to get out simultaneously. I must go to Brazil. The Paulinium mines—or rather the mines of the ore that are the secret of Paulinium—are up country and want cleansing with the Fear of God. I'm carrying a supply with me. When I come back there'll be no more flaws in Paulinium. Not only your car but railway lines and battle-ships will last till the Day of Judgment."

"I'm sure of it," she smiled. "I know that tremendous inventions are only perfected after infinite experiment. But do believe that I've been sympathizing with you far more than I can say."

HE ASSURED her that her letter was balm for wounded vanity. He had passed through a desperate season of depression. The house in Tite Street had been a Doubting Castle, he himself Giant Despair, and he had dreaded walking through the Slough of Despond of the London streets. Her words were like an angelic message making clear and pure the murky air. Faith was the solvent of all things and she had faith in Paulinium. The combination of her spirituality and his materialism would eventually bear them up to heaven in a Paulinium chariot. Paula murmured an adequate accompaniment to his dithyrambs. At last, looking at the clock—

"In ten minutes," she said, "my father will be summoned from his library, my sister from her boudoir, where she has been inking her fingers, face and hair over household accounts, and we two from here. We haven't much time before lunch for the bones I have to pick. I know it seems starting a meal at the wrong end," she laughed, "like a cinema film worked backwards, but still—here we are—why have you bought up all these mortgages?"

"I wasn't aware that you knew."

"A child would know. Why did you else it?"

"A sound investment."

"You were acting against my very dearly expressed wishes."

"It pleased your temporarily divine reason to be angry with me. I discounted it, as I discounted another announcement."

He rose and holding her with his bright eyes, stood over her, with folded arms; and he said very quietly:

"It's no use your struggling against fate, Paula. You've got to be mine one of these days, and you know it as well as I do."

She rose superb and snapped her fingers. "My friend, I'm not going to be yours as long as you've got a penny you think you can buy me with!"

He turned away with a wave of the hand. "You hurt," said he.

"I meant to."

He flashed round. "Why? What have I done?"

"In order to win my—esteem let us call it—you have bought up the mortgages and told my dear but entirely unbusinesslike father that he needn't worry about paying interest. You're keeping the roof above our heads. Do you think that's an agreeable position for a proud woman? Do you think I'm going to fall into your arms with a 'thank you, thank you for saving an ancient ruin from ruin, and, out of gratitude, I am yours forever'? Use common sense, my good friend."

HE PASSED his hand over his crisp auburn hair. "I adore to see you like this. You remind me more than ever of the T—"

(Continued on page 136)

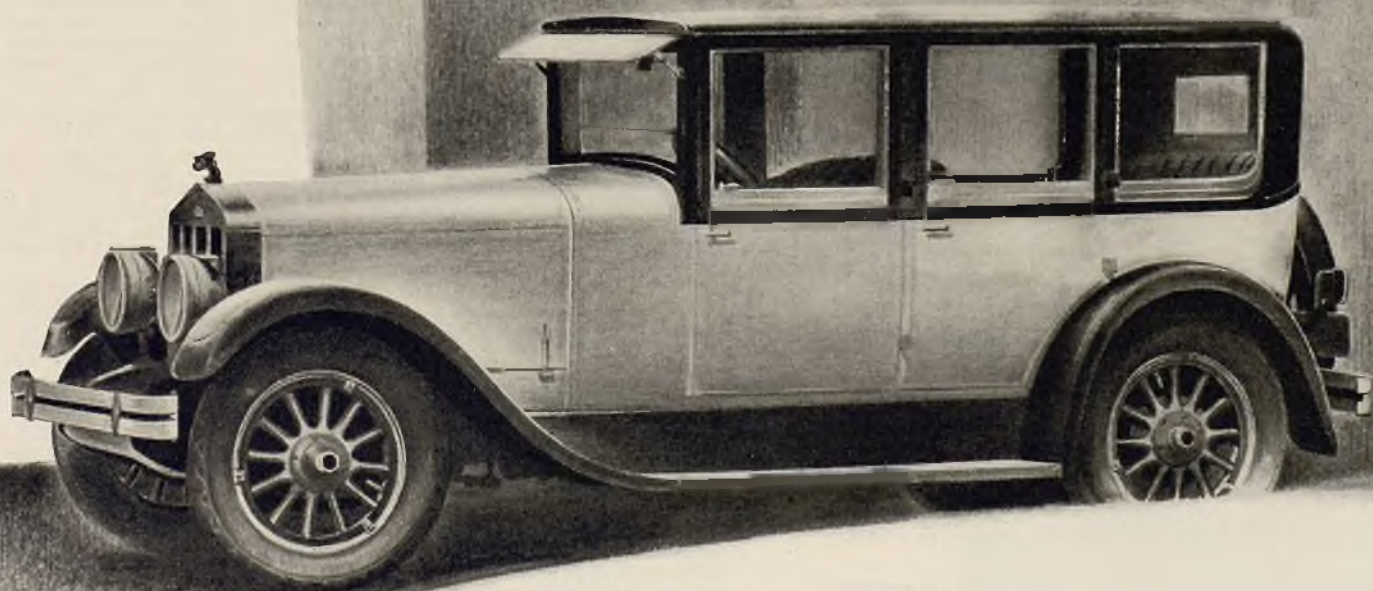
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THE GREAT PANDOLFO

William J. Locke's Novel

(Continued from page 134)



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Malatesta who married the great Pandolfo of Rimini. But, pardon me if I say so—you are beating the air. There has been no question of remission of interest between Mr. Veresy and myself, I assure you."

She said bewildered, "I know you well enough not to do you the injustice of doubting your word."

He made a somewhat ironical gesture of acknowledgment.

"I have the vanity, as you doubtless have discovered, of thinking myself a great many great things. But I'm not a great liar."

"Will you explain, then, why my father couldn't afford to pay the other mortgagees and he can pay you?"

"Readily, my dear." He smiled. "It's a mere question of a business man's personal interest in Mr. Veresy's financial affairs. The late mortgagees cared not a fig. Why should they? I come along with lawyers, accountants, stockbrokers and bankers, a whole army of experts, and we find that with a little manipulation here, a little judicious investment there, a little thumb-screwing of a certain gentleman—"

"Monte Dangerfield?"

"Ah. You know. Well, we arranged a certain compromise in order to avoid a lawsuit. Everything has helped, you see. I can't say that we have restored Mr. Veresy to his position as a rich man. Alas, that is not possible, at present. In the future, who knows? But at any rate, his solvency is assured, and if he is content with a modest scale of living, there is no reason why he should leave this beautiful ancestral home."

The last three florid words were accompanied by one of his sweeping gestures. Paula winced as at a jangled chord. If only he had said, like anybody else: "This jolly old house!"

He waited for a while and then took a step nearer and in a low tone:

"I hope you're satisfied," said he.

"I am very grateful for what you have done," said Paula.

The door opened and Mr. Veresy appeared. He shut the door all in a hurry and advanced cordially with outstretched hand to Pandolfo.

"A thousand apologies, Sir Victor. I only just learned that you were here. Really Paula, Pargiter is growing positively senile—"

And not even a sherry and bitters and a biscuit offered after his long motor journey! Would he have one now? Or one of the modern concoctions—a cocktail? He himself was old-fashioned enough to know nothing of their making; but he was sure Paula could "fix one up" for him. That was the correct word, wasn't it?

Pandolfo declined, smilingly. He defied all the doctors and never drank except at meals. Chadford, he explained, was so little off his route that he could not resist the temptation of calling to bid Mrs. Field good-by before starting for Brazil.

"Brazil! How I envy you! A fine country. Rio de Janeiro harbor! God bless my soul, how many years ago was it? . . ."

HIS calculations were interrupted by the entrance of Myrtilla. In a few moments luncheon was announced. Mr. Veresy compensated for the simplicity of the meal by ordering up a precious bottle of the old Johannesburg. Its exquisite perfume filled the room. Pandolfo, silencing trivial talk, held up arresting hands.

"My dear Mr. Veresy, who am I that you should bestow on me this gift of the Rhine gods?"

He passed his glass under his nose and sipped. "What? Eighteen eighty-four! It can't be possible."

Mr. Veresy thumped the leathern arm of his chair and beamed delight.

"It is. The very year." Pargiter was sent to fetch the empty bottle. "To give good wine to a man who knows is one of the greatest pleasures in life. Yes, '84. My old father laid it down. He made a specialty of Hocks. There's half a cellarful still. During the war, I couldn't bring myself to touch the stuff. Seemed unpatriotic. But now—what has the poor old wine got to do with it, anyhow? By George! Fancy your spotting the vintage!"

He regarded Pandolfo as a kind of god, a modern and highly sophisticated Bacchus.

Paula, amused and interested, asked: "How did you recognize it, Sir Victor?"

"Memory. Why shouldn't you record sensations like any other facts? I tasted this wine once before the war at a castle in Silesia. I drank it again last year in the City of London. Mistake was impossible. The particular flavors of wine are like individual melodies to a musical ear. Once heard never forgotten."

"We'll have up another. Indeed as many as are left," cried Mr. Veresy, "and we'll sit down here until they're all finished. It's no use giving it to the people round about here. They prefer Moselle. Lighter and more refreshing! Or whisky and soda—very weak."

If the war hadn't proved the contrary I would say it was a dam' degenerate age, when a man can't take his drink like a gentleman. Seems to me that the world's all upside down. A young fellow comes in and drinks lemon-squash and eats ices, and you find he's a V. C. I give it up." He drank and smiled. "Thank God, I've got a palate left," said he.

"And this," said Pandolfo, with a bow. He went on. "I can't give you anything better. That would be beyond the power of man. But something perhaps as good, of a different genre, if you would do me the honor of visiting my humble house in Tite Street. Imperial Tokay out of the cellars of the late Emperor Franz Josef. I once was in Vienna looking after a patent of mine. I had many introductions, in consequence of which I came to know the Surgeon-in-Chief to the Emperor. One night over an excellent Tokay wine he grew confidential. The Emperor suffered from many infirmities of old age. He mentioned one. No need to go into particulars. There came to me one of my usual flashes of inspiration—the inventor's flashes. 'But that,' I cried, 'can easily be remedied.' I took out a pencil and made sketches on the table-cloth. The next day I sent him a complete design and specification. A free gift. It was really a very simple trumpery matter. To cut the story short, he had the appliance made, clapped it on the old Emperor, with the result that, eventually, I was presented. Then came the question of recognition. Money was out of the question. In those days one was quite delighted to help a lame Emperor over a stile. I didn't want the Order of the Three Purple Eagles or whatever they used to give away in Austria. I wanted what no one, unless he were a Crowned Head, could get. Some of the best Imperial Tokay that lay in the vaults of the Hofburg. And I got it. I got a dozen. Court Functionaries drew up in motor-cars to my hotel, and presented me with a case all over seals and imperial devices franking me through the Customs Houses of the Universe." He turned to Paula. "I always get what I want, don't I?"

She avoided the direct question. "Why haven't you told me this story before?"

"It would take me a lifetime to tell you all my stories. Haven't you realized that I'm an amateur of the Picturesque?"

"I should say an expert," said Mr. Veresy courteously.

"Call me a professional," laughed Pandolfo.

HE WAS launched on the theme of the color and joy and madness of Life's Adventure. He held the worn and simple Myrtilla spell-bound. He was a radiant angel fallen into her little narrow world.

Confirmation of his estimate of the guest as a damn good fellow set Mr. Veresy aglow. By the end of the meal Pandolfo had established a position in at least two simple hearts.

Mr. Veresy kept him in the dining-room after the ladies had retired. Myrtilla was full of questions. Why had Paula given no hint of her friendship with this most remarkable of men? Paula had to respond lamely that, in London, one met so many remarkable men that they eclipsed one another, so to speak, and individually made no impression.

Whereupon Myrtilla sighed and said that Paula had all the luck.

The men came in; Pandolfo with the announcement of immediate departure. He must be in London for a great Paulinium dinner-party he was giving prior to his sailing for Brazil. Myrtilla asked: What was a Paulinium dinner-party? He threw up his hands to Paula.

"Have you said never a word for me?"

"For you? Why should I? Of you—no. No more than you've said a word of me."

Mr. Veresy and Myrtilla exchanged glances.

"Paulinium steel," said Mr. Veresy, with the air of one who knew, "is the new metal of which Sir Victor is the inventor."

"I see," murmured Myrtilla.

"And so the dinner-party—a band of believers . . ." Pandolfo smiled in his engaging way.

LEAVE was taken. Mr. Veresy and Paula followed their guest into the hall where Pargiter stood by the entrance door, furlined coat in hand. Suddenly from the morning-room came a sharp cry.

"Father!"

With an apology the old man obeyed the summons. Myrtilla caught him by the arm.

"Don't be a dear old silly. Give the man a chance."

Mr. Veresy asked God to bless his soul and Myrtilla to explain.

"You don't suppose he came here to see you—or me. Can't you see he's over head and ears in love with Paula? They're as thick as thieves. Why should he christen his old metal Paulinium? And why should he have taken such an affectionate interest in Chadford? The dear thing gives himself away at every turn."

(Continued on page 138)



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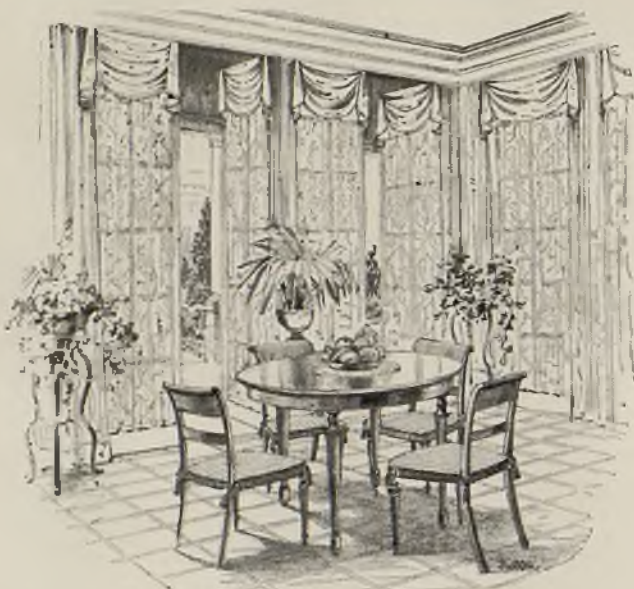
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THE GREAT PANDOLFO

William J. Locke's Novel

(Continued from page 136)



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"That makes things rather awkward."
"On the contrary," replied Myrtille.
"Yes—but—I can't let the fellow go without bidding him good-by."
"Paula will see to that," Myrtille declared.
"Where's our old visitors' book?"
Unaware of the subtlety of the feminine brain, Mr. Veresy damned the book. No one had written in it for the last five years, and of its whereabouts he had no knowledge.
"I think I have," said Myrtille. "Wait here till I come."

Meanwhile Paula and Pandolfo stood together at one end of the great staircased and balconied hall, while Pargiter stood impassive at the other.

Said he: "Tell me. To-day, at least, have you been contented with my demeanor?"
She laughed. "What an odd lot of words. What do you mean?"

"I came here a starving man. Almost a wolf. Instead of saying and doing what I wanted to, I've been as discreet and colorless as our friend, Babington. I deserve some thanks. Considering all things—I think I've been great!"

Like an actor, at the fall of the curtain, turning to an invited friend in the wings, he awaited his meed of praise. She wrinkled a perplexed and humorous brow.

"My dear friend, after all this time, don't you understand? If you didn't want me to marry you, there's no man in the world I'd like to love more."

"That's cold comfort," said he, "to one who needs all the warmth he can get."

FOR the first time during his embarrassing pursuit did he touch her heart. She felt just a faint sensation of a stab. Hitherto his love-making had been a mere invitation—not to share, for everything he did was in the grand manner—but to crown his splendor. His attitude had been that of the Great Olympic Giver of All. For the very first time, therefore, he struck the very simple human chord. For the very first time he had suggested his own needs, had asked for something for himself. With an awakened intelligence she swept his face with a swift feminine glance. He had grown a shade older. There were new faint lines on his forehead and at the corners of his eyes in which there seemed to burn a strange hunger. Hers met them for a second or two very steadily. She was a woman of the modern world; a beautiful woman, inured, if such a thing were possible, to the admiration and desire of men. But in his eyes she read something apart from man's stark desire; a hunger, almost wolfish, for other things than love.

She came close to him and said in a low voice:

"Putting foolishness—you know what I mean—aside, what can I do for you? How can I help you?"

"What is the value of the goblet to a thirsty man without the wine?"

She turned aside, at loss for immediate answer, her straight English sense of language ever so slightly offended by the exotic metaphor. Not that the words did not ring true to the man. His sincerity to himself she did not question. But, as an instinctive expression of the man, they did not ring true to her. No clean-run Englishman appealing to her sympathy in an indubitably tense moment would have talked of the vanity of an empty goblet. And yet, the Latin who spoke had summed up the whole business in a phrase.

Had she been in flippant mood, she might have suggested, by way of compromise, the filling of the goblet with soda-water or lemonade. But compromise was impossible. Either wine—for wine is a living thing, one of the three "God's great words to man"—and at once a symbol and a gift of God's grace and love; or the mockery of the empty cup, no matter how elaborately and exquisitely garlanded.

So, as has been said, she turned her head away and made no answer. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you know why you broke off your brief engagement to the excellent Babington? You realized that the rich vintage of yourself which you were prepared to pour out wouldn't be good for his health. I defy you to say, as I defied you the first moment we met, that it wouldn't be good for mine. What are you going to do with it? Keep it in a locked cellar, forever and a day, so that no man can get a drink of it? Think of the wickedness of the waste, my dear!"

She said with a wry smile:
"I think, my dear friend, it's only a little *vin du pays* and has turned sour already."
"If it had, you would have thought it quite good enough for Babington."

The voice of Mr. Veresy, perhaps ostenta-

(To be continued in the May issue)

tiously raised, came from the open door of the morning-room.

"So you've found the book at last, Myrtille."

Paula asked swiftly: "When do you sail?"
"The day after to-morrow. Southampton. Royal Mail *Oranto*. Can't I carry away a crumb of comfort?"

Again the appeal. She felt wickedly hard-hearted. As a friend she could feed him with whatever loaves and fancy bread he desired. As husband postulant she could give him naught.

"You shall have a telegram," she said.

Then, into the hall came Mr. Veresy and Myrtille, visitors' book and fountain pen in hand. Pandolfo laughed and, on a carefully presented virgin page, dashed off his triumphant signature.

Mr. Veresy accompanied him down the dignified flight of steps to his car. Pandolfo drove off, waving his hat, with his usual air of a conqueror.

"Splendid fellow! One of the best!"

"I'm so glad you like him, dear," said Paula demurely.

When he had retired to his study, where of afternoons he had the habit of facing ruin like a somnolent gentleman, Myrtille turned on her sister.

"Why the—why the—why the—?"

Paula took her by her lean shoulders.

"What the—what the—what the—what has it got to do with you?"

"I'm sorry," said Myrtille, disengaging herself. "I'm not often indiscreet. But this is so obvious."

"And the poor dear," said Paula, "thought no one could possibly have guessed his secret. He himself told me so."

Myrtille the faded, elderly image of Paula, laughed in her turn.

"Men are idiots, aren't they?" And after a pause: "But, you darling—you see it's of such enormous interest to us all—what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to find a nice little undiscovered, uncharted island in the middle of the Pacific," replied Paula, "and I'm going to sit there for the rest of my days."

"Women like you," said Myrtille a trifle sourly, "make me tired."

PERHAPS this was the first time in their lives that their English reserve had allowed them to talk nakedly. And Paula saw that they were poles apart. Brief though her joy had been, she had had Life's glorious fulfilment. She had loved; she had borne a child; death had been but that fulfilment's sanctification. She had gone forth again into the world, humorously, regally conscious of every man's desire. Like every beautiful and virtuous woman she had her own unconsciously woven scale of values. She never doubted that, in her world, other decent women had the same. Her mind was too delicate and her preoccupation with material things too insistent for anything approaching morbid self-analysis. The great sweet people of the world do not worry about themselves. It is only the little diseased folk that love to turn themselves inside out and discuss their poor little psychical insides thus exposed in either private or general company. The strong and the sane give themselves in robust objectivity to the world. So Paula Field.

A defect, it might be, of her qualities that, until that moment of her sister's exclamation, she had not recognized the cry of the starved woman.

She replied lamely:

"But, Myrtille, darling, how can one marry a man one doesn't love?"

Myrtille stood tragically in front of her, worked into a rare and sudden passion, so that her withered beauty started into intense loveliness.

"Love! What does it matter so long as a man wants one? You've been wanted all your life. No man has ever wanted me—" she shook her hands in front of her, in unprecedented gesture. "You throw away God's gifts as if they were no'ing, while I would be contented with any crumb that fell from the table. I have no patience with you. I hate you!"

She flung out.

Paula went to the window and looked on the desolate and dripping winter garden. For a moment she regarded apathetically the forlorn female statue. Then her fancy worked. That it should spring into fantastic, Bacchantic Maenadic life was less a miracle than the staid Myrtille's outburst.

Then suddenly she turned away and swept her brows with impatient hands. What on earth could Myrtille know about it? You must love a man. You must . . . Oh, the whole thing was impossible.



Gera Fabrics



Gera Fabrics in Spring Fashions LASHERA, CUEVERA, PATOU'S SUEDE, BENGELERA

TO their own distinction of design, the four models presented on the following pages have the added distinction of superb fabric. Each one was created from one of the exquisitely fine woolens bearing the proud name of Gera Mills. There is a wide variety of Gera Mills woolens for the new season—all managing most subtly to direct the trend of Fashion as well as to follow it. Their texture, their weave, their very submission to every whim of the deft designer—all these proclaim their distinguished character. The models illustrated are to be seen only at the shops where they were originated—Franklin Simon & Co.—Henri Bendel—Stein &

Blaine—Bonwit Teller & Co. Other costumes, in woolens, from Gera Mills, are on display in the smarter shops the country over. This is the fifth portfolio of advanced fashions published by Gera Mills with the co-operation of the following twelve members of New York's younger social set, who, in the interest of charity, posed for the sketches by the celebrated fashion artist, Miss E. M. A. Steinmetz: Miss Janet Brower, Miss Constance Delanoy, Miss Adeline Hatch, Mrs. Putnam Morrison, Miss Harriet Camac, Mrs. Alvin Devereux, Mrs. S. Theodore Hodgman, Jr., Miss Catherine Okie, Mrs. Van Henry Cartmell, Miss Helen Gould, Mrs. Frederick Humphreys, Mrs. Fenton Taylor.



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A STUDY OF
MISS CONSTANCE
DELANOY

Miss Delanoy is wearing a chic frock by Henri Bendel, especially designed in GERA MILLS' "PATOU'S SUEDE".

"Patou's Suede", the Gera material chosen by Jean Patou, the great Paris designer, to make some of his charming spring creations, is used by Bendel in this smart button-trimmed frock. The soft golden-beige of its colouring is echoed in the badger fur that makes a rich trimming just above the hem. The side-front button closing is very good, this spring, and the novel roll-back collar is very becoming to the youthful wearer.



A STUDY OF MISS ADELINE HATCH

Miss Hatch is wearing a new coat
by Franklin Simon & Co., espe-
cially designed in GERA MILLS'
"LASHERA".

"Peach"—that smart, new pinky
shade, one of the loveliest of all
pastel tints—is the colour of this
slender afternoon coat of Lashera,
a light, pliable kasha-like fabric.
Its warm tone is further carried
out in a deep band of fox fur at
the bottom of the coat. It will be
noticed that this model has the
epaulet shoulders and sleeves in
one that have been so emphasized
as a feature of spring chic.





A STUDY OF MISS HARRIET CAMAC

Miss Camac is wearing a cape-coat by Stein & Blaine, especially designed in GERA MILLS' "BENGELERA".

"Bengelera" is a light, warm material—with a finish, to the touch, like flannel—which is ideal for a daytime wrap, such as this one, to be worn over summer frocks, and is practically unmussable. The smart cape-coat shown here, made of fog "Bengelera," is distinctive in its circular cut that gives an extremely graceful movement to the coat. A hat of "Bengelera" in the same exquisite "fog" shade to match the coat, completes the costume.



A STUDY OF MRS. S. THEODORE HODGMAN, JR.

Mrs. Hodgman is wearing a simple coat by Bonwit Teller & Co., especially designed in GERA MILLS' "CHEVERA".

The chic, simple daytime coats of spring gain their distinction, this year, in the beauty of their pastel colouring. "Chevera"—a diagonal cheviot weave—the material of this tailored model, may be had in white and all the soft flower-garden shades that will be seen on the street, this season, as well as in the house. This coat is in a pearly mauve, which suggests violets and summer mist, yet it is smart and practical for everyday wear.



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THE SAVAGE

Josephine Daskam Bacon's Story

(Continued from page 91)

made her costume only the more striking and unlikely. She seemed to Dolf bizarre and conspicuous in the extreme.

"Mr. Adolphus Worthington, Miss Weston," said Madame de Flournay, smiling unconsciously with an unusual warmth into those wide-set hazel eyes, "a countryman of yours—though for a long time an inhabitant of France, we are glad to say. He is as happy here as I hope you will be."

"Oh, I am happy everywhere," Miss Weston replied and laughed again. "I am always happy! I seem to have the most wonderful time—I don't know why. Father says it's because I'm so healthy—but I don't know. . . . I know lots of girls just as healthy as I am and they don't seem to have nearly such a good time. But everybody is so wonderful to me."

She laughed again, and the Count to every one's amazement laughed with her.

"*Elle est d'licieuse*," he murmured to Adolphus, who stood reserved and silent, having dropped her firm hand.

"It is not difficult to see why every one should be, as you say, 'wonderful.' Mademoiselle," said the young man who had entered with them, in careful English.

"*Bonjour, Madame*," he added, kissing the outstretched hand, "*bonjour, Worthington, comment ça va?*"

"*Très bien, d'Adolphe—et vous?*" Dolf answered mechanically, watching the young French girl, who leaned to her aunt's kiss and returned to a fascinated study of the young American in the breeches. Her large dark eyes, which were not, somehow, lovely, though they were full of intelligence and feeling, followed every gesture of the amazing, laughing stranger; even when Dolf shook her hand and spoke of the beauty of the day, she answered him with the nearest approach to inadvertence he had ever seen in her perfect manner.

"Yes, it is a lovely day," she said vaguely. "Oh, Monsieur, you should see her ride! It is marvelous! She has no fear of anything!"

"Ah," he returned, increasingly vexed at the exuberance of this girl's personality, which seemed by the mere warmth of health and youth to excite and exhilarate them so, "but after all, that is a merely physical courage, isn't it? Many people have it, you know."

"I have not," said Antoinette simply. "But you have so many more wonderful things, my dear Toinette. Think! Surely mere courage—"

"It takes more courage to ride my uncle's mare than to think!" she said quickly, and turning, joined the other two young people. She had never interrupted him before.

FOR the first time since his acquaintance with them, Dolf felt himself a little neglected among the de Flournays, a little out of it. How often he had listened, amused, to the chatter of Americans (for the Count rather affected Americans since the war) in that beautiful salon; always a part of the European group somehow, always ready for an amused flash of Madame de Flournay's eye, or a quick translation for Antoinette, who was very shy in English and disliked to speak it, though she understood it fairly well.

But to-day, he was in no group at all, it seemed—he was by himself. This tall, self-sufficient creature—whose voice, at once loud and gentle, dominated the room; whose face, though not beautiful by any standard, was yet so compellingly fresh and noticeable; whose conversation, though far from stupid, was certainly not brilliant—glowed like a fire of youth and hope and happiness in the dim and somewhat chilly apartment and they all gathered around her and warmed their hands at her, fairly! That she should monopolize the situation seemed perfectly natural to her—it would, of course, he mused bitterly. That's what they did over there, young girls. Obviously Melanie could do nothing; however disgusted she might be, she was always the perfect hostess, and it was not for her to put this young person in her place. Moreover, her husband was amused, and Henri's amusement had always been his wife's chief care. But that Antoinette should sit there, gazing at the young savage like an adoring spaniel, was simply disgusting. That was what she was—a Savage. That her native wigwam was doubtless a luxurious brownstone building full of bathrooms, that her deer-skin jacket had developed into expensive English riding clothes, that her wampum pouch was a check-book, made no difference, no difference at all! Spiritually she was a Savage, as ruthless and blatant and egotistic as any Cherokee, and for Antoinette to admire her like that was a sacrilege—Antoinette, who had forgotten more than this absurd girl would ever learn! How, indeed, had she ever had any time to learn—hunting and dancing and running the streets all day! He turned deliberately away from them and studied the Décor.

New voices sounded behind him and Madame de Flournay moved past him to

welcome the arrivals. At the same moment, a well-known voice was close in his ear.

"It would be a great idea if you'd get me some tea, Mr. Worthington—would you? I'm famished, absolutely famished!" announced Miss Weston. "Then we can have a talk: Antoinette says you know a lot about pictures. That's wonderful, that one, isn't it?"

She loomed beside him, her eyes level with his, and smiled her confiding, confident smile. Just what she would do, of course. Stalk a man, quite by herself (a man who was obviously avoiding her) and send him, like a waiter, to get her something! The American Princess. One was expected to be flattered at the privilege of running across the room for a chit of her age.

"I will bring you some tea with pleasure," he said coldly, but with a curious inward perturbation. "I am not particularly fond of modern paintings myself. Will you sit down?"

THE countess smiled at him, as he passed with cup and plate and the French people left the two foreigners to a natural reunion: the first time he had been thus classed in that house. His resentment showed in his face, but Penelope did not observe it.

"I know, Antoinette told me you only liked old things," she went on, extending her graceful length in the deep chair and crossing her slender legs like a boy.

"Your apartment must be lovely—she told me about it. It must be great to live right on the river, like that."

"Mademoiselle de Flournay has done me the honor to take tea there, yes. It is kind of her to admire my little place," he answered formally.

"Oh, I don't know about that," she returned quickly, "the poor kid is glad enough to get out once in a while, Mr. Worthington! It must have been a treat for her!"

"Mademoiselle de Flournay has opportunities, Miss Weston, I assure you, which make my rooms ridiculously—"

"There's where you make a mistake," she interrupted composedly; "what do you mean—opportunities? She's been begging me hard enough to get her to tea at the hotel!"

"What! An American hotel? I can hardly believe—"

"Oh, the French girls are crazy to come to our hotels," she assured him. "They love it! I'm having a tea for Antoinette to-morrow—you must come. Antoinette adores you, Mr. Worthington!"

A little warmth crept into his heart. The girl's voice was very sincere.

"Those are rather strong words to apply to a young French girl," he said with a smile. "We are good friends, I hope. When you have been here a little longer, Miss Weston, you will realize that the French people are difficult to know."

"That's what everybody says," she replied, opening her eyes wider over a luscious chocolate morsel, of which she had eaten three, "but I don't find it so; you know, I have lots of French friends, and they're as cordial and charming as possible! They're simply lovely to father, too. He's never been better mounted—their horses are awfully good."

"Ah," he said drily, "I don't ride. And there are, of course, French people—and French people. The really old families, if you know them, are still—"

"Ah, vous voilà, mademoiselle!"

A gray-haired man, with the inevitable red rosette in his buttonhole, advanced and shook his finger at Penelope.

"Figure to yourself," he explained to Madame de Flournay, "that I am the reputed host of this young person. And when do I meet her? Almost never! All the world carries her away!"

His hostess smiled and left them. "Have you met Monsieur de Brigly?" the girl asked, and performed the introduction to charming French, to Dolf's surprise. He had somehow taken it for granted that she didn't speak French.

"Monsieur de Brigly has the most wonderful old chateau—it's so quaint," she went on, smiling up at them from where she lounged. "You ought to see it, Mr. Worthington, you're so fond of old things."

"Every lover of architecture knows Brigly-sur-Oise," Dolf answered respectfully. "It has been 'quaint' for five centuries, Mademoiselle!"

M. de Brigly smiled appreciatively. "I should be delighted to show it to you more fully, Monsieur," he replied amiably. "You will perhaps like to visit it while Mademoiselle your friend is with us."

Dolf drew a long breath. Visit Brigly! Could anything better be offered any lover of beauty? He expressed himself with fervor and so intelligently that the *châtelain* of the ancient house smiled warmly.

"It is amazing," he observed, "how extra-

(Continued on page 140)



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THE SAVAGE

Josephine Daskam Bacon's Story

(Continued from page 144)



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ordinarily well informed the Americans are on these subjects! You have lived long in France, Monsieur? Will you permit me to compliment you on your facility of expression?"

DOLF'S heart thawed beyond belief. The girl really was remarkable—odd, but remarkable. And she seemed very simple. These people hadn't turned her head at all, apparently. If only she wouldn't loll about so, and would take off those abominable breeches, and talk lower, one might make something of her. Her French was really pretty—not always accurate, of course, but oddly idiomatic and a not unattractive accent. D'Astergy joined them and stood by her chair, a grouping that suited his short, stocky figure.

"This is really hardly fair, my good Worthington," he complained, "you press nationality a little too far, *n'est-ce pas?* Miss Weston is in train to forget us!"

Dolf smiled, not ill pleased. "Oh, I will be generous, d'Astergy," he said. "Sit here, won't you?"

Penelope raised her gray eyes confidently. "Do sit here, Monsieur," she urged, "and then you can enjoy Mr. Worthington as much as I do."

The Frenchman raised his eyebrows. "As much" he began doubtfully. "You see," she explained in her clear, full voice, "all my life I have wanted to meet a man named Adolphus! I never believed there were any. I thought it was a joke. And here he is!"

The nearest approach to a shout of laughter that he had ever heard in that house rose around him. Antoinette's rare peal of mirth rang above the rest; it seemed that de l'our-nay would never stop chuckling.

"*Vraiment, elle est délicieuse*," he murmured, wiping his eyes.

"I am glad to have afforded you so much pleasure," Dolf remarked stiffly, crimson with rage. Savage! Utter, untrained savage!

He rose and followed Antoinette, who had taken charge of an empty cup, and stood by her silently. As she still smiled, a little flushed and absent, he spoke a trifle severely.

"I confess that there are points of French humor I have not yet grasped," he said, "but you, naturally, appreciate them, Toinette."

"Oh!" she cried softly, and opened her eyes at him with a mocking little light in them he had never seen, "but that is *American* humor, Monsieur Dolf! It is you who should laugh!"

IF HE found himself in the great, crowded hotel the next afternoon, it was for a distinct reason; two reasons, in fact. In the first place, Antoinette had asked him to come (she was clearly a little shy) and in the second place, he wanted to motor out to Brigly with the Westons and Penelope had invited him to her tea. This course was obvious. Dolf got on well with older women, and as he didn't dance, he made an excellent partner for a non-dancing lady. Moreover, the sight of so many rich, ridiculous persons, and the atmosphere of overpaid, gilded service, the general, pointless opulence of the place, gave him a comfortable sense of superiority. Among all these gay, uncomprehending birds of passage, he at least, had a settled, even a distinguished little nest. They would pass, but he would stay.

In the most crowded corner of the crowded room, around a large, conspicuous table, they were gathered; he and d'Astergy were the oldest there. Penelope was really handsome in a soft maize-colored simplicity that would have paid two months of his rental; Antoinette, a little dwarfed and rather too warmly dressed beside her friend, listened to her clear, loud voice with the same rapt interest. Dolf was displeased that he found her a little less elegant than the young American: where was the legend of the perfectly attired French girl? It was simply a different type; that was all!

"She looks like a Botticelli," he remarked to d'Astergy, who answered, "but, of course! I find that many Americans do! It is something in the expression—*quell* something cool and—and plaintive? Young . . . far away . . . unspoiled."

"For Heaven's sake! They are spoiled to death!"

"Ah! In your sense—not in mine. See! She is two years older than Antoinette—twenty-two—and she has a younger face."

"Antoinette has thought more, learned more."

"Possibly. This one acts. And feels, too—like a child"

"And Mrs. Weston?" Dolf asked, shaking Penelope's warm hand. "I hope I may—"

"Oh, mother's awfully busy," she answered vaguely. "She never has a moment, here. Somebody's always turning up, you see, and then, her fittings . . . the only person she has time to talk to is the telephone. May I present you to Mademoiselle—"

The air was full of perfume, tea, and

flowers. The music swelled and beat across the talk, which rose, of necessity, to cover it.

"What a ghastly noise!" Dolf said irritably, as the saxophone groaned melodiously above the persistent, monotonous tune.

"You think so?" d'Astergy questioned. "I am not sure that I don't like it, me! I mean, to dance. Even, I find it interesting; it is a question of syncopation, is it not? And the good Beethoven syncopated, you know. To say nothing of—oh, I have lost my chance!"

A tall, nonchalant young American leaned over Penelope and took her hand.

"I think we might have a bit of this?" he suggested, and in one easy movement she had risen into his arms and they were swaying off together, laughing and talking.

"A charming way to ask for a dance!" said Dolf acidly, but d'Astergy had invited Antoinette and he was left alone.

PENELOPE and her partner moved like one body; it was as if the same mind governed their muscles. Their method was incomprehensible to Dolf, it seemed to have no system, no pattern, no continuity. But that they were graceful was undeniable, that they were highly competent was obvious. The French couple were stiff and monotonous, in comparison; clearly they repeated the same evolutions oftener. However, Antoinette seemed to enjoy it thoroughly; she smiled and the flush of exercise suited her dark eyes excellently. Before the dance was over, Penelope glanced at the table, empty but for the straight distinguished figure of the guest, and spoke to her partner, who guided her to her seat.

"That was lovely," she said gratefully, "you certainly are far from poor, Bill! Ask me again!"

"Righto—any time you say," he answered briefly, adding:

"You don't dance?" to Dolf.

He was an easy-going young man, beyond doubt and Mr. Worthington resented easy-going strangers who stared carelessly at older men.

"No," he said, "when I was the age of you youngsters, there was a little war going on over here, and we were all pretty busy. I was dancing attendance on a rather fussy colonel."

"Ah," returned Bill, in a bored voice, "yes, yes. Pretty deadly, all that. Well, Pen, see you later!"

He lounged off, picked a charming brunette from the arms of a protesting partner, and resumed his irregular rhythms.

Penelope giggled and ate a pink cake. "That was rather funny," she said. "Do you know who that is, Mr. Dolf? That's Bill Stretlinger."

"And what does Bill Stretlinger do—besides dancing, I mean?"

"Oh, nothing much—he's awfully rich, I believe. But he was in the Aviation. Right through everything. He was a year in a prison camp and he has three decorations. He's a great friend of General Gouraud."

"For heaven's sake!" said Dolf, gasping and reddening. "I—I—why, how old is he?"

"Twenty-eight," she answered, reaching for a green cake.

"I'm very sorry," he began, in a low voice, "I had no idea—I'll apologize immediately, of course. I must have seemed like a fool . . . but how could I have known—"

"Oh, that's all right," she said, meeting his eyes in frank sympathy, "you couldn't, of course. And don't speak of it, again; it makes him furious. He knew you didn't know. That's his way. He's a nice kid, really. Lots of people think he's conceited. But he isn't."

She was claimed by d'Astergy and Dolf sat alone with his thoughts, which were not pleasant. He was glad to have them interrupted by a broad-shouldered, iron-gray sort of man, who dropped into the chair next him and began to choose among the little cakes.

"Good afternoon," he said, "I hope you've got everything you want, eh? Everybody happy? I am the bride's father, so to speak—Nathan Weston."

Dolf shook his hand, which seemed to be constructed out of his own steel rails, and named himself.

"Ah, yes—Pen spoke of you. This young d'Astergy said you were writing a book?"

"I'm trying to," Dolf admitted, "but I may be the only person who will read it! I'm in a law office, here, Mr. Weston, but I'm not so enthusiastic about the law as I ought to be, I'm afraid, and I've always written, more or less, with just enough success to keep me at it! I'm doing some articles on old French architecture, now."

"I see. Pen loves all that, too. The younger you are, it seems, the older you want everything to be, eh?"

Dolf laughed at the dry, clipped sentences. "Perhaps," he admitted. "Miss Weston is certainly young and very charming, to-day."

(Continued on page 150)



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SPRING, PRIMROSES & LOVE

PEOPLE are very sentimental about the primrose. In the spring one perpetually hears young women declare that they love primroses, which they cruelly stuff into small vases, and yet when you question them they don't know that the yellow primrose has an orange eye. I fear that we are most of us rather akin to Peter Bell, of whom Wordsworth remarked,

"A yellow primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

It is a sad state of things, to be like Peter Bell, whom Wordsworth further describes:

"The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky."

And yet, to make an end of the poets, we are told that in the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love. From which we may conclude that a young woman's fancy turns in the same direction. Let not, however, the reader fear that I am about to write an essay on spring. Spring and death have provided too many platitudes for me to add any more.

Spring abounds in fatal results, of which the leaping lambs are ill-aware. It is quite true that in these days of mild winter or fugitive summer the fancy of human beings turns to love. (I reserve the cynical opinion that their thoughts turn to love in all seasons and in all weathers, for that would spoil the argument.) The reason, so far as I can see it through an imagination more akin to a compass than to a soaring lark, is that in the spring women begin to remove a minor portion of their clothes, preparatory to the grand summer fantasies when they remove them all, and then put on again just so much as will prevent their being arrested. The reader will observe that here we approach a philosophy of clothes which Carlyle had not thought of, probably because in his period young women wore bodices with thirty buttons and buttoned all the buttons. Women are most attractive in the spring because they do not reveal themselves so fully as in the summer, and also because they suddenly appear after cloaking winter, as butterflies emerging from a chrysalis.

—W. L. GEORGE

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THE SAVAGE

Josephine Daskam Bacon's Story

(Continued from page 146)



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"Isn't she?" The father's sharp gray eyes softened and glowed.

"But there, everybody thinks so! Sometimes I tell her mother we're a pair of old fools about her—and she says:

"Well, Nathan, in that case there are plenty of fools besides us!"

"And that's so. Everywhere she goes, it's just the same. Her mother's afraid she'll be spoiled being the youngest, but you can't seem to spoil her. She's had everything she wanted, up to now, and I mean her to have, by George! Why not?"

Dolf smiled a non-committal smile. And this man was a business man! Blood and iron!

"There's a lot of nonsense talked about the young people, Worthington, if you ask me." Mr. Weston continued, selecting a chocolate éclair thoughtfully.

"People don't look deep enough. Take this girl of mine, for instance—dancing around in her pretty clothes (and they are pretty, aren't they? I must say I like a well-dressed woman!), flirting, fooling, whatever! You wouldn't suppose she was at her art class every morning at nine, working till one, would you? All winter?"

"Really? What does she do?"

"Modeling. The teacher tells me she's got a great deal of talent. He rates her number four in a class of thirty. Not bad, eh?"

"Indeed, no. I didn't know—"

"Oh, she's crazy about it. Now that I'm over here for a few weeks, what does she do? Gives it up without a word. To be with her dad. Thursday to Monday we hunt, and on days she lugs me around to churches and museums. A few churches go a long way with me—ah, here's Mrs. Weston!"

IT WAS difficult to look long at Mrs. Weston's face (which was, after all, like so many other faces that one couldn't have remembered it) without descending to her figure, which was, to put it briefly, quite worthy of her clothes. These were, from any standpoint, merely perfect. Even a man must feel that her pearls were just large enough, just close enough about her throat; that her impeccable little hat was just small enough; that her misleading little frock was just simple enough; that her vague, lustrous fur was just costly enough. If her face expressed anything, it was the calm conviction of these truths.

She smiled kindly at the men and expressed her hope that Mr. Worthington had everything he wanted, to which he replied in the affirmative. Urged to partake of tea, she indicated a table in the further corner and explained that she should be at that moment serving it to several friends of her own.

"But then, how can any one be on time?" she asked, with a hopeless gesture. "I've been late everywhere, to-day! You really must come and say how-do-you-do to old Mrs. Murray, Nate," she added, "you know what her tongue is! She says you avoid her."

"She's dead right—I do," her husband responded. "However, if you say so, Pussy, here goes! It can't last long. I'll leave you to Pen, Mr. Worthington; she can take care of you, I'm sure."

"Oh, Pen can take care of everybody," his wife agreed, "she's a sweet child, isn't she, Mr. Worthington? You must come in to tea again. I hope not to be so busy, later—but then, I'm always hoping that! Pen says you're coming to Brigly one week-end when we're there . . . we must have a long talk about architecture, when I get time. I'm immensely interested in architecture!"

They were gone.

"My God!" Dolf murmured, and sank back into his chair. Penelope was coming toward him, smiling and alone.

IT WAS several weeks before he saw Madame de Flournay again. She and her husband had joined the Westons in a motor trip to Cannes, and Antoinette had been nursing her grandmother and looked a little thin and pale. The trees were hurrying into bloom and they had ventured upon coffee on the terrace, to give Toinette as much air as possible: the old lady had been tyrannical and the girl was her favorite grandchild. When she left them, to return to her convalescent, they spoke more freely, and Madame de Flournay amused her guest with a little discreet Riviera gossip.

"Serge told me that you made an excellent impression at Brigly," she added. "They were all loud in your praise!"

"You are too kind," he answered, a little absently. "They were marvelously cordial. D'Astergy was there while I was—have you seen him since then?"

"Serge? Oh, yes, he went to Cannes with us—you didn't know?"

"No, I didn't know . . . he was actually in the party?"

"Very much so. I imagine that affair is practically decided."

"What! You don't mean—"

"But, indeed, yes. My poor friend, had

you no idea? Serge has never been so hard hit—isn't that what you say? And in a great many ways, everybody is very well pleased. Of course, his mother would have preferred a French girl, that goes without saying, but fortunately she has taken a great liking to Penelope, and they tell me the child was charming with her."

DOLF scowled and stared at her.

"But surely . . . I don't want to be indiscreet . . . but wasn't there an idea that . . . I certainly understood that—"

"Oh, yes, we should all have been very glad if Serge and Antoinette could have been arranged. I think he would have, later, if he had not met Penelope. He has seen Antoinette grow up, of course. They are very fond of each other. But this was a real *coup-de-foudre*—you never say 'stroke of lightning,' do you? I think not."

"No," he answered mechanically, "we don't. But tell me, Toinette, what will she feel? How can d'Astergy—"

"Oh, there was nothing definite. Nothing that she knew of. She may have thought, sometimes, perhaps . . . but Antoinette is young. My sister-in-law will take her out more, now, that is all. They will probably spend more time in town."

"And I thought it was a settled thing . . ."

"Oh, hardly. Desirable, yes. But not immediately, anyway. Serge is only thirty-two . . . there were complications . . ."

Dolf's lips pinched together. He had seen one complication, at a restaurant, a blonde and very charming one.

"And these no longer exist . . ."

"*Fin, fini*," she said, waving her hand, "he has thought of nobody but Penelope since he met her. Serge is settled, now; his mind is fixed."

"Mr. Weston told me once that they liked old things," Dolf said slowly. "At least the young lady has picked an old family! But suppose they can pay for it. Great heavens, Melanic de Flournay looked at him seriously; a slight flush rose on her smooth cheeks."

"That is not quite fair, I think, Adolphe," she said, strangely enough for her in French.

"Serge, as a matter of fact, is very proud. Had Miss Weston been one of your enormous rich compatriots, he would never have permitted himself. But she is not. She has two brothers and a sister, and Mr. Weston divides absolutely equally among them. Just that, Serge has as much as she, actually. As her health and beauty must be considered."

Madame d'Astergy consulted Henri (they are second cousins, you know) and he was enormously in favor of it.

"It has been a long time, Madeleine, since the d'Astergys have had an alliance with such a superb vitality," he told her. "France is greatly in need of such a *dol!* That—love—are all that we would wish! He finds Penelope's nature very fine, her spirit admirable."

"She will make a great mother for your children, *mon petit*," he told Serge. And frankly, Adolphe, I agree with him. I prefer an American marriage to an English."

"Extraordinary!" he murmured. "Extraordinary! The old *noblesse*—and Western railroads! And you, Melanic, you agree."

"Oh, *that!*" she said, with a wave of her hand, "what does that matter? We are in the Middle Ages, my friend. And there is a *noblesse* of the heart—Penelope has it."

"Well—all I can say is, she is very lucky," he said coldly. "No wonder the transatlantic liners are so crowded!"

"And Serge is very lucky," she answered obstinately. "*Allez-allez!* You are worse snobs than we, at bottom, you others!"

"Perhaps," he said shortly, and took leave.

He could not understand his depression. All the savor had gone out of the little party he was giving them in two days' time. Penelope had literally invited herself, and Antoinette on the plea that the French was too shy to ask, and her aunt had promised to bring them. He had disapproved of the girl's high-handed methods, but was secretly glad of the chance to show this denuded hotel what a charming little home could be planned by a bachelor who combined with a small income. Now he arranged hyacinths and pansies rapidly and with interest, and listened with a nod to competent if arbitrary servant's views on the requisite variety of *brûche* and *vau de putisserie*.

"Oh, any kind of cake—all the kinds!" he interrupted.

"But, *monsieur!* For Madame de Flournay!"

"As a matter of fact, she prefers toast!" said.

JOSÉPHINE was struggling with her when the bell rang, and Dolf went to the door, but only Penelope stood in the

(Continued on page 152)



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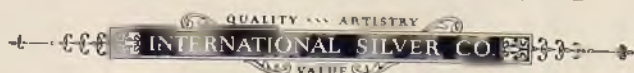
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THE SAVAGE

Josephine Daskam Bacon's Story

(Concluded from page 150)

Sheridan



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entrance, more Botticellian than ever in a pale fawn-colored costume and some sort of fluffy, feathery neck-piece.

"Oh! Come in, won't you? They haven't come yet—how did you find your way over here?" he began awkwardly.

"I didn't. The chauffeur asked everybody in Paris," she answered, swinging by him and exclaiming at the careful little salon, where a wonderful "find" in tapestry made a successful background for a really regal armchair, all faint gilding and worn brocade.

"Isn't this ripping! So much nicer than our hotel! And you picked everything out, I know!"

His heart softened. "Naturally. Who else? I have nobody to help me, you know! Have you seen Antoinette?"

"Yes, and they can't come."

She sank into the armchair, took off her hat with an accustomed gesture of relief, and leaned her pale hair against the pale gold of the carved back.

"I get so tired of a hat, all the time," she explained.

"They can't come? Why not?"

"You see, Antoinette forgot her clinic—*centre d'hygiene*, they call it. She goes once a week to teach the mothers about weighing the babies, and all that. They've changed the day, it seems. And her mother wouldn't let her off. Stupid, wasn't it?"

A wave of irritation and disappointment surged over him.

"I'm afraid," he said formally, "that French girls have a great many obligations and instructions that seem stupid to you, my dear young lady. That is a very fine work, and much needed in France, to-day. Will you excuse me if I add that it would not be a bad thing if some of you pampered young butterflies learned a little of those things? After all, no nation is stronger than its children."

"Oh I know all about that," she answered indifferently. "They're awfully backward here, of course. Antoinette asks me the funniest questions. I've done all that, you know, my last year at school."

"At school?"

"Yes. We had to choose something, and I hate sewing (I don't mind cooking at all), but I love babies. We went to the Bellevue Clinic once a week, for a year. I can wash them and weigh them and feed them and mix the formulas, and everything. I've got a Red Cross diploma. The trouble here is the milk, you know—they feed the children frightfully badly. Is that a real Tanagra—that little, darling statue?"

He sighed and shook his head.

"Yes. No, of course. It's an excellent reproduction. I confess, Miss Penelope, I don't understand you at all. You are certainly an odd mixture. I'm sorry to seem inhospitable, but perhaps we'd better go back to the hotel for tea? Or where you prefer?"

"Everybody's an odd mixture, aren't they?" she answered, opening her eyes wide. "But why anywhere else? I prefer it here—don't you?"

"Without a doubt," he agreed, smiling, "but you see, with nobody else here, I'm afraid we might be a little criticized—"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Mr. Dolf, how utterly idiotic!" she cried, and laughed her soft, loud laugh. "Criticized? With you? Voyons!"

He blushed angrily.

"Well, I'm not exactly—" he began.

"You're exactly yourself," she interrupted, "and as ridiculous as usual! Anybody would think you were one of those Frenchmen on the stage! (Not that I've ever met anybody like them.) Why, you're not even an artist! You're not going to eat me, are you?"

"No, but I'd like to spank you!" he said suddenly, and stopped abruptly.

"Oh, everybody feels that way, but they get over it," she replied calmly. "Now, where's the tea? I'm starved."

A curious, irritable lassitude seized him. He gave her an odd look.

"Very well—we'll stay, by all means," he said quietly. "Naturally, I should prefer it. *Josephine, s'il vous plait!*"

HE HAD never realized of what resentments, of what revenges he was capable. He had promptly invited d'Astergy, on hearing Madame de Flournay's news, and d'Astergy, of course, was bound to come.

Very well, let him come! Let him see, at close range and utterly unexpectedly, some of the social standards of his *fiancée*! The "noblesse of the heart" was all very well—but Dolf knew something of French gentlemen. The girl thought she was right, and of course, in these particular circumstances, she was right fundamentally. But would Serge d'Astergy think so? Let her see!

A strange, gay humor woke in him; he had never talked more cleverly. Josephine smiled sympathetically at the peals of laughter that reached to her immaculate, uncomfortable little kitchen.

And suddenly, in the middle of it all, a black, violent melancholy dropped down on him. What a disgusting thing he was doing! This girl knew what she wanted—yes; then let her have it! But she didn't know what she was doing—she mustn't be allowed to do it. Let her learn later what a French *fiancé* expected—but not this way!

"Come, Miss Weston," he said abruptly, "let us go, now. I'm going to take you home. I didn't tell you before, but I'm going to tell you now—d'Astergy is coming. Now, don't interrupt me, my dear child, I'm older than you, I've lived here longer, and I know the French better. More than that, I'm a friend of d'Astergy, and I can't, from his point of view, insult him. You must simply take my word for this. We'll go, and you can tell him that the others couldn't come, and so we went to the hotel. This, from his point of view—"

"His point of view! Why do you keep harping on that?" she cried, scowling. "What do I care for his point of view?"

HE STRODE over to her, seized her hat, and with angry, trembling fingers jammed it down on her head.

"You little fool," he muttered between his teeth, pushing at the hat against her strong, young hands, "you poor little fool! Do you think you can marry into an old French family and not care for your husband's point of view? You're mad! Stark, raving mad!"

"I'm not nearly so mad as you are," she said angrily. "You're crazy, yourself! Who's going to marry an old French family? Not me!"

"You're not going to marry d'Astergy?"

"No, I'm not. Certainly not."

"Then—then—who are you going to marry?" he demanded, staring at her and shaking her by the shoulders.

"I—I wanted to marry you!" she said simply, and opened her eyes wide at him.

He gazed helplessly into those great, hazel, wide-set eyes, and the weight and the pain and the rage that had nearly burst his heart melted away into their lovely depths and he knew them for the jealousy and the hatred and the hunger they had meant. So that was it! It was love! He was staggered.

"Oh, Penelope! Not really? Not really, my darling?" he whispered and kissed her.

"Yes," she said, "all the time. Didn't you—Dolf?"

"Oh, lord, yes!" he groaned.

"I told Serge he'd better marry Antoinette," she added, smiling happily at him. "He can, now, with that actress out of the way, and they'll get on very well, I'm sure."

"That act—you knew—"

"Why, of course," she said, "everybody in Paris knows."

"Great heavens! But Antoinette—"

"Why, of course," she repeated, smiling at his discomfiture, "Antoinette knows, too, of course. Did you think she was an idiot? You are so silly, Dolf!"

"Great heavens!" he sighed again.

He rose from the arm of the chair and drew a long breath.

"My dear," he said, "this is all very well, but I'm a poor man. I've always had three thousand a year, unfortunately, and I don't work as hard as I should. I've no right to go to your father and—"

"Oh, father approves of you awfully," she interrupted. "He says you'll be all right, once you get your neck into it!"

"You mean your father knows—"

"Father knows everything about me," she said. "We tell each other everything!"

"But perhaps your mother won't—"

"Mother wants me to have what I want," she said. "She doesn't care. And she likes you—she thinks you're very distinguished looking!"

He sat again on the arm of the chair and kissed her in a confusion of happiness and wonder.

"You are rather like the Frenchmen in the plays, after all, Dolf, aren't you?" she observed, smiling her wide, irresistible smile.

He sprang up, horror stricken.

"Oh, Penelope!" he gasped. "How could—"

"There, there!" she soothed. "Father and mother are coming any moment—it'll be all right! I'll be chaperoned."

"You—you asked them?"

"I suggested it," she answered carelessly. "Father is really pleased, you know—he said it looked as if you would really be able to manage me!"

She stood opposite him and he put his hands on her shoulders. The years dropped out of his face and the boy that lives in the men of his race eternally floated in his troubled eyes.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, do you suppose I can manage you?" he questioned; "I'm nearly forty years old, Pen, and I've never been in love, really. Can I ever manage you—honest?"

She put her hands easily on his shoulders and stood eye to eye with him.

"I am awfully easy to manage, dear," she said, "if I have what I want!"

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THE LAST OF THE VIRGINS

E. Phillips Oppenheim's Story

(Continued from page 100)

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"You knew that you were summoned?" she asked.

"I knew," he assented, "but for a man of my age what did it mean?"

"You have not received your quittance," she reminded him. "I still hold your confession."

He frowned.

"A foolish affair," he murmured.

"Nevertheless," she persisted, "it would be better destroyed."

"Perhaps," he admitted. "Will you destroy it for me?"

"Upon terms," she answered.

He looked at her curiously.

"What terms?" he inquired. "What is there I could do for you? One knows that you are wealthy. One imagines that you have long since passed from that exotic but wonderful world in which for a few years we lived. What service could I render to you?"

"That I shall explain presently," she promised. "Do you remember why you broke off your connection with us so abruptly?"

"I do," he answered drily. "I broke it off because I discovered one day that my son had joined the little band of your adherents. The Virgins were a wonderful society, dear Madame, but there was something incongruous in the idea of a father and son both belonging."

She assented with a little sigh.

"It is your foolish English custom of varying names," she observed. "How was I to know that Hugh Cardinge was the son of the Earl of Westerton? . . . Have you seen or heard of your son lately?" she continued, after a moment's pause.

Her visitor's face hardened. Only his voice, so carefully restrained that its inflexions became almost unnatural, gave indication of his suffering.

"Not for sixteen years," he replied. "That was about the time that the few pounds a week I was sending out to Canada began to come back to me. I had hoped," he went on, "that the war might have brought him once more into the world. He had led a wild enough life, but there were many who found salvation in that way."

Madame leaned over and deliberately possessed herself of his hand. She called him by a name which belonged to the past.

"Francis," she said, "I suppose you read—there were notices about him in all the English papers—of a Colonel Carde, a Canadian private when he joined up at the beginning of the war, a V. C. and a Brigadier when he finished."

"What about him?" he demanded sharply.

"That Colonel Carde was Hugh Cardinge—your son."

For a moment he knew then that it must be all a dream—that forced drive up into the hills, the stolid chauffeur, the villa, Madame, this odor of roses and lemon verbena which seemed all the time in his nostrils. Now it was fading away. Yet Madame was still there, leaning over him; the sound of another voice, too, the pressure of a glass between his lips. The sudden darkness was passing.

"Francis, be brave, dear friend," she whispered. "Drink this. . . . Now sit quite close to me. I shall tell you the story of a hero, and presently—well—you shall see."

CLAUDE, a vision of loveliness in her pale pink summer gown, bareheaded, her face turned sunwards, as though defying alike the wind or the sun itself to affect her almost perfect complexion, crossed the road a few minutes before the car containing Lord Westerton turned in at the villa gates, passed along the avenue of cypresses, and, skirting the farm-house beyond, climbed to where Cardinge was working in a field adjoining the vineyard. He welcomed her cordially enough but showed slight disposition for conversation.

"No golf this morning?" he asked.

"No golf, no tennis, no diversion of any sort," she replied. "Consequently, here I am."

"You are very welcome," he assured her, "but I am desperately busy."

"That is fortunate," she observed, picking up an empty basket, "because I am in the mood to make myself useful in any desired direction. There are preparations for a visitor at the villa and Madame, my dear aunt, although she will never admit it, is, I think, a little nervous. What can I do?"

"You can pick that second row of peas," Cardinge directed. "Who is this visitor? I thought we had come to the end of the list."

"It is the last," Claude confided. "I do not know his name, but I do not imagine from Madame's manner that it is a serious affair. In any case you will meet him. I was to tell you to be sure and not forget that you were expected to luncheon this morning."

Cardinge sighed.

"Madame is indeed hospitable," he observed, "but I wish that it were not right in the middle of a busy day."

"What swank!" she scoffed. "Just because you are doing a few days' work—probably for the first time in your life—you pretend that the place can't get on without you for an hour or so. What do you think could possibly happen to the peas and the strawberries and the artichokes, the vines and the beans and the little field of corn? Nobody's going to run away with them, are they?"

"My child," he replied with a grin, as he paused in his labors for a moment to fill his pipe and light it, "you are profoundly ignorant of the arts of husbandry. These things all need attention."

She laughed back at him as she turned at the end of one row of peas and began another. "So proud of your little farm, aren't you?" she observed. "You think that everything on it languishes if you are not strolling about with your hands in your pockets encouraging things to grow."

He removed his pipe from his mouth and looked at her fixedly.

"Is it my fancy," he demanded, "or are you making fun of me?"

"No one would dare to do such a thing," she assured him hastily. "Certainly not a little coward like me. . . . This basket of peas is getting very heavy."

"Set it down and fill another," he advised. "There are plenty of empty ones at the end of the row. You haven't been working for a quarter-of-an-hour yet."

She fetched another basket.

"Another ten minutes will be all you're getting out of me this morning," she declared. "Luncheon is at twelve o'clock, and Madame likes us to be on the terrace a few minutes before."

He glanced at his watch.

"I must go and get ready," he announced. "Come and sit on the porch when you have done as much as you want to."

CLAUDE watched him descend the hill; a lean, masterful figure, whom no one could possibly have mistaken for a peasant, although he wore the blue jean clothes and thick boots of his fellow laborers. After he had disappeared she filled her second basket and presently strolled down to the farm-house, sinking with a little exclamation of relief into a comfortable chair on the cool white flags, and drinking half a glass of the cider which Marthe, the fat old *bonne*, brought out for her.

Marthe was in a depressed state of mind. She extended her hands with a lugubrious gesture.

"Again to-day," she complained, "Monsieur takes his *déjeuner* away. And to me not a word of warning. All is ready for the omelette. The chicken, the vegetables, they prepare themselves. It is the third time in five days. I ask you, mademoiselle, how can one keep house with economy under such conditions?"

"Very soon," Claude reminded her, "we shall be away. Then the villa will be shut and monsieur will take his luncheon here every day."

Marthe withdrew, still grumbling, and Claude leaned back in her seat. Several pigeons were waddling about in the shade, and there was an insistent buzzing from the long row of hives a few yards away. Overhead the sky was blue and unclouded and a little breeze came murmuring down the rustic rose pergola. The farm-house had been built on the ruins of an old chateau and masses and pinnacles of the cool, gray stone still remained. It was a place which seemed to breathe the very atmosphere of rest. Claude rose to her feet with a little sigh of regret when at last Cardinge appeared.

"I cannot tell you why," she remarked, "but it seems so much more peaceful down here than at the villa. You don't want a housekeeper, do you, Hugh?"

"Badly," he answered.

"My keep might be a little expensive," she ruminated. "I always seem to eat more than any one else in hot weather, and you know I am naturally very lazy. I could not possibly get up at those awful hours you say you are in the fields. Otherwise, I should certainly not be grasping."

"And the villa?" he queried.

She made a little grimace.

"Hugh," she confided, "Madame is getting restless. I know the signs so well. To-day she is expecting the last of her Virgins. I am sure that when he is gone, she will make up her mind to leave—that one morning I shall wake up and find a maid packing my things."

"Well," he reminded her, "it is getting late in the season for this part of the world. You will probably go to Deauville where Armand is, or to Aix. It will be gayer for you there."

"But I do not wish to go," she protested vigorously. "I have taken this country into my heart. I do not wish to leave it. I prefer

(Concluded on page 156)

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THE LAST OF THE VIRGINS

E. Phillips Oppenheim's Story

(Concluded from page 154)

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to wait for the vintage. I want to see you press your grapes, Hugh. I want to see you unbend and attend the fete up at the village."

"It would give me great pleasure to have you stay here," he assured her fervently. "I shall find it very lonely without you."

She was suddenly serious; a condition of mind to which she seldom attained.

"How nice to hear that, Hugh!" she exclaimed. "I wish you would tell me so more often."

SHE seized his hand impulsively and they went swinging up the steep meadow together. Presently she looked at him with anxious eyes. "I believe that you are not well, Hugh," she declared.

"Well? I am perfectly well," he insisted. "Whatever put such an idea into your head?"

"Why, your hand is hot, for one thing," she told him, "and you seem out of breath already. Am I walking too fast? I always have the idea that I can never tire you."

He laughed and slackened his pace. "All the same," he confessed, "I am getting old."

"Rubbish!" she scoffed. "I wish you would not talk like that, Hugh. You are always trying to play the elder brother with me and I do not like it. I know exactly how old you are, so it makes no difference. I suppose you realize, too, that you look years younger since you settled down here."

"Who wouldn't?" he answered. "One thrives always in the surroundings one loves, and I do love the place and the life here."

"So do I," she agreed. "I love the villa, too," she added, as they crossed the road and entered the grounds through a small gate.

"The only drawback is that sometimes I feel absolutely terrified here. There is sometimes an atmosphere about the place which is almost sinister. That dear aunt of mine creates it, I suppose, with all these strange visitors and the things she sets them to do. I was simply terrified last week. I loved Mr. Sarle and I have never seen any one in the world I detested so much as Maurice Tringe. Shall you ever forget that luncheon?"

"It was not a cheerful meal," he admitted. "It was ghastly," she declared. "My aunt always tells me," Claire continued, "that I must walk through these days of my life with my eyes shut. But how can I, Hugh? I am not a child any longer. Aunt forgets sometimes my age. She often treats me as though I were a child."

"When is Armand coming home, Claire?" he asked her abruptly.

"When I promise to marry him, he says," she replied flippantly. "If he means it, then it will be never."

"That will be a great disappointment to him," Cardinge said gravely.

"I am not so sure," she rejoined. "You know how short a time he has been in Deauville, and he has confided to me that he has already a love affair with a manicurist, a professional *dansuse*, and an English countess. He is willing, however, it seems, to relinquish all these if I send for him."

"And you?" he asked. "As you are not able to indulge in the feminine equivalent of these little enterprises, how do you feel about his absence?"

"I miss him for golf and tennis," she admitted. "Sometimes I used to enjoy an expedition up into the hills with him, although he grumbled always when I made him walk far. On the whole, though, I find life more comfortable when he is not here. There have been times when I have hated him."

"Madame still clings to her scheme. She wishes you to marry him, I am sure," he remarked.

"Do you?" she asked him point-blank.

"No."

Claire halted for a moment and laughed. She thrust her arm through his. "Why not?" she ventured softly.

There was a fire in his eyes which for a moment brought her a sort of frightened happiness. The smile faded from her lips. She listened eagerly.

"Because," he said, "if I were Armand's age and if I were not next door to a pauper, I should want to marry you myself."

"I should never marry any one so young as Armand," she told him, "and—I have plenty of money."

He laughed a little hardly.

"We don't understand that sort of marriage in England," he said. "If a man has nothing to give, he offers nothing."

"You have your dear self," she whispered, with a little sob in her throat.

MADAME leaned over the balcony and called to Claire. To Cardinge's surprise, Eric Brownleys descended the steps and advanced to meet him.

"Hullo, Brownleys!" he exclaimed, as they exchanged greetings. "I thought you'd shaken the dust of this place off your feet—got your quittance, and all that."

Brownleys nodded.

"I came over to-day," he explained, "on

rather a different errand. There's some one up there, Cardinge, wants to see you very much—some one whom I think you, too, ought to be glad to see."

Cardinge seemed unconsciously to stiffen. Brownleys laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Look here, Cardinge," he continued, "I don't know a damned thing about the trouble there was in the past between you and your father, but although we're sort of distant connections I wouldn't have dreamed of interfering if it hadn't been rather thrust upon me. But after all, you know, we're none of us getting any younger and the old man—I beg his pardon—Lord Westerton, has been shaky for a year or two. They roped me in this morning to come and look after him. Couldn't make out where he'd got to."

"Brownleys!"

"Hold on, old fellow! Think well before you turn away. He is your father after all, you know, and, to be brutally frank, I am afraid his number isn't far from being up. I'll tell you something you perhaps don't know. Before you joined Madame's little company, he was one of the Virgins—her senior Virgin, she used to call him."

"Good God!" Cardinge muttered.

"He cleared out when you came along. Father and son in that *galerie* didn't seem exactly in order. . . . Anyway, Madame sent for him and, though he wouldn't come at first, he's here now right enough. She's just told him that little story about Colonel Carde, and the old man's as proud as Lucifer. Of course, he was wrong to cut up so rough just because you went the pace a bit, and he knows it, but you can afford to be generous. You've a good many years left. He hasn't."

"Where is he?" Cardinge asked, a little unsteadily.

"On the terrace there, waiting."

Cardinge started off at once. They met on the steps, the likeness curiously apparent as the elder man straightened himself. They grasped hands.

"Hugh, my dear boy," his father began—"Your coming here is quite sufficient, sir," Cardinge interrupted. "Come and sit down. I want to hear about Westerton."

"And I," his father said, "want to hear a little more about this 'Colonel Carde. . . .'"

Presently the bell rang for luncheon and the others found their way on to the terrace.

"And who is the young lady?" Lord Westerton inquired, as he took his son's arm. "I saw you coming through the wood together. May I not be presented?"

Cardinge held out his hand to Claire.

"Claire," he said, "this is my father, Lord Westerton. I hope that you will be very great friends."

Lord Westerton bowed; an art which he had learned in the old days when he had been ambassador to the Court at Vienna.

"You are my son's friend," he said, "and I am grateful to all those who have tried to make up for the shortcomings—I am afraid I must say, the injustice—"

"Not another word, sir, please," Cardinge interrupted.

His father let go his arm and took Claire's.

"If Madame permits, you will sit next me, perhaps," he begged. "Afterwards I hope to persuade you and Hugh to motor back with me to Cannes."

MADAME met Cardinge and Claire on their return from Cannes that evening with an open telegram in her hand. There was tragedy in her face, but also more than a gleam of humor.

"Hugh!" she exclaimed. "Claire! What am I to make of this? I had a long letter from Armand this morning—a third of it about an English countess—I have forgotten her name—a third about a little manicurist, and a third about a *dansuse* at the Casino. There was a postscript too about an American widow whom he had just met. Now I get this dispatch. Listen! 'Have married her. Love. Armand.'"

"But which?" Claire cried.

Madame extended her hands. Her expression was one of helpless consternation.

"But who knows?" she replied.

They all three looked at one another. Then Madame began to laugh softly.

"Armand is a fool," she said. "He has enough money fortunately, and I have no real responsibility with regard to his doings. I suppose the world would say, though, that he is not more of a fool than I. Paul must be taken care of, so I have promised to marry him next week. It is your future alone which disturbs me, Claire."

"My affair entirely," Cardinge declared joyously. "We've got most of it planned already. I am putting a caretaker in at the farm and we are going back to England with my father next week, and returning here at vintage time for our honeymoon."

Madame leaned over in a rare fit of graciousness and kissed her niece tenderly. "So we are all fools together," she murmured.

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THUS MUST THE RIDING-HABIT BE CUT

Marie Lyons's Article

(Continued from page 117)

rides astride? In the absence of any prescribed and accepted habit certain judges have decided that the habit shown on page 114 is permissible. This is an adaption of the man's suit for show purposes. It consists of military trousers (not jodphores; these trousers are not so full as jodphores) of dark blue whipcord, fitting the leg easily all the way down, and with a line of black braid down the side. With this is worn a more formal coat than is ever worn with breeches—a single-breasted frock coat of black melton with a seam at the waist-line sloping low toward the back. There is a concealed cash pocket at the seam. With this, indicating its formality, is worn the formal high hat, a white or buff vest, square-toed military spring shoes cut in one piece with elastic on the sides for ease in getting them on, white gloves, and a white stock. These shoes are different from the jodphore boot usually worn with jodphores.

Jodphores are not permitted women riders. They are totally out of place in the park or even for country riding. For girls under fourteen and for boys they are excellent. They are so easy to step into in comparison with breeches that have to be buttoned and carefully adjusted and worn with hot, high boots, that children are permitted this comfort. A correct costume for a girl under fourteen is shown on page 114. The coat may be of several fabrics—tan or light brown homespun or a diamond pattern in brown and white homespun. The shoes are tan jodphore shoes or shoes with a square toe that lace up the front. Then comes a white silk or linen shirt, a mannish tie, and a soft brown felt hat, usually worn pulled down on the sides.

A correct polo costume is shown on page 114. The coat is seldom worn in play as it is too warm. The wide polo belt on page 117 then makes a fitting finish to the shirt. Usually only one glove (on the riding hand) is worn; if a glove is worn on the mallet hand the fingers are off.

The two suits shown on page 115 are typical astride costumes. There is no variation in the cut of coat or breeches, and only the many possible combinations of fabrics distinguish one habit from another. No cut of coat except that sketched is good form for the astride habit. As indicated in the two sketches considerable variation in the length of the coat is permitted, according to the height of the wearer. Covert cloth makes a good habit, and here coat and trousers generally match. One of the models sketched shows Bedford cord breeches, diamond patterned brown and white homespun coat (or any good plain tan or brown homespun), a white silk or linen shirt with the typical man's collar, a buff vest, brown bowler, brown boots, dogskin or chamois gloves.

The second habit sketched shows a black melton coat, trousers of a faint, indefinite check in gray and white with a blurred edge—a shepherd's plaid (black and white check is too conspicuous), white shirt, black bowler, black boots, and chamois gloves.

Norfolk jackets are not good form, nor is the color green ever used for astride habits. It is used in some side-saddle habits, a very dark shade, for the hunt.

Since astride habits are never of the first formality, none of the accessories of extreme formality are permitted with them—never a high hat (except for the occasion cited on page 114), never black patent-leather boots. A stock is, however, allowed—in white or in colors, plain, plaid, or striped.

Next comes the question of accessories. First—boots. Various types are shown on pages 116 and 117. The usual mistakes are to have the boots too short or too full or both. They should not slope out at the top, but in, and the whole effect should be one of straightness and slimness. They should come as high on the leg as is consistent with comfort—that is, they must not, of course, pinch when riding; just slightly below the knee is the correct height. If a stiff boot is worn for riding the side-saddle, it should be about two inches shorter than the astride saddle boot, so as not to pinch the right leg. Usually, however, soft boots are worn for the side saddle. A pair of soft tan boots is shown to the left on page 116.

The formality of the boot depends upon the habit. Patent-leather is the most formal and should not be worn except with formal habits; next in formality comes the hunting boot, then the dull black calf boot, then the tan boot, the field boot, the jodphore boot, the military spring boot, and the low laced boot which may be worn with puttees. All boots should be kept on trees when not in use. The tan boots may be cleaned with saddle soap and the black ones with a black cleaning and polishing oil which comes in a tube (Abercrombie and Fitch). An excellent way to polish boots is with a bone—a mellowed deer shank about nine inches long, impregnated with grease.

The correct black patent-leather boots are shown at the right on page 117; the black jodphore boot in the middle; the tan held boot, laced front and side-top at the left; the hunting boot of black patent-leather with a tan top at the right on page 116; the military boot next; the soft boot for side saddle at the left. The best-looking spurs have a chain which goes under the heel. Spurs usually have only a nut, and the rowel is worn only for hunting purposes, et cetera, and by extremely good riders.

Every horsewoman should be equipped with the proper accessories for putting on and taking off her boots. An ideal bootjack is shown in the middle of page 116. The one-piece jack is more practical than the folding jack. The strip of leather at the front prevents it from marking the boot and the band of corrugated rubber gives a grip for the other foot. Next is shown a boot hook for pulling on the boots and near it a very convenient little device—a jockey lift. One or two of these nickel-plated lifts slipped into the top of the boot keep the breeches smooth and prevent the buttons from being scraped off when putting the boots on. At the right on page 117 is shown a black-handled nickel device for smoothing the breeches down if they have become rumpled in pulling the boots on.

Whips and crops next. In the group at the top of page 116 is sketched a small cutting whip with a bone handle separated from the stick proper by a band of leather dotted in blue; then comes the tan leather stick and finally the white lash. The crop is of brown leather with a white handle with decorative black circles. The third is a plain crop of brown leather with a silver handle. At the top of page 117 is a long whip of brown leather with a white bone handle cut for grip, inserts of brass, and a thong of blue leather at the end of the lash. The stick is of bamboo with leather knob and trim. Below the overcoat are shown two summer crops for the horse lover who likes to flick off the flies. The top one is of bamboo with a horse-hair tail. The other consists of many thongs of black leather interlaced.

Gloves are an important point. White buckskin are the most formal, the chamois next, then dogskin. A pair of white buckskin stitched in black, entirely sewn by hand, is sketched to the left on page 117. On the right is shown a pair of gloves of two leathers. The backs are brown, the palms tan, and the backs are ventilated. These are for hard, hot riding in the field. Below the summer crops is sketched a pair of chamois gloves with a self-color twine crocheted used on the fingers to give a better purchase. Another device for getting a purchase on the reins is to have the gloves tucked on the inside of the fingers and the palms. Such a pair is shown at the right on page 116. They are of dogskin. Opposite is a pair of winter gloves of dark brown leather with a separate pair of cashmere gloves to slip inside. The air space between the two gloves, as well as the wool itself, gives warmth. On warmer days the inner glove may be removed. The well-dressed horsewoman wears her gloves large—so that the hand can be thrust in with a single motion, masculinely.

Fancy or "horsy" handkerchiefs are in extremely bad taste. Plain white, man's size, is best, the corner showing in the breast pocket; but a handkerchief with a colored border or stripe, such as is shown on page 116, may correctly be worn.

The watch—a wrist-watch—should be as severe as a man's. One with a black leather strap is sketched on page 116.

The only jewelry permitted is what a man would wear—a stick-pin or bar-pin for the stock—preferably the latter—and cuff-links. The best thing for the pin is a tiny crop, whip, or polo mallet in gold or platinum. Pins and links of crystal with a horse's head, shown on page 117, are, however, if kept very simple, permissible.

The polo belt is a wide affair of woolen webbing with several leather straps.

For formal wear white stocks are *de rigueur*. They may be tied as an Ascot or the Prince of Wales. The stock on the right is narrower, perfectly straight, and has a narrow colored stripe. At the top of page 117 is shown a piqué collar with a black satin bow tie—also smart for formal wear. For less formal wear colored stocks are permissible; very good-looking ones are in quiet two-tone plaids. Two good-looking ties are sketched on page 116. That on the right is of white and light blue stripes on dull silk. The one on the left is of percale with confetti in blue, red, brown, and black on a white ground.

Two vests are shown at the top of page 116. That at the left is a Tattersall—fine stripes in red and black on white flannel. A dinner cut is shown on the right. This is of home-

(Concluded on page 160)



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FATE KEEPS ON HAPPENING

Anita Loos's Story

(Concluded from page 107)

So I would rather talk with a boy who has been through a lot and really suffered because after luncheon I will have to talk quite a lot with Mr. Bartlett.

April 15th.

LAST night there was really quite a maskerade ball on the ship. I mean most of the sailors seem to have orphans which they get from going on the ocean when the sea is very rough. So they took up quite a collection. I mean Mr. Bartlett made quite a long speech in favor of orphans especially when their parents are sailors. He really likes to make speeches quite a lot. So then they had the maskerade ball. So quite a few of them were quite cute because one gentleman really looked like an imitation of Mr. Chaplin. Dorothy and I really did not want to go to the ball but Mr. Bartlett bought us two scarfs at the little store which is on the ship so we tied them around our hips and so everyone said the two of us made quite a cute Carmen. So Mr. Bartlett and Major Falcon and the tennis champion were the judge and everybody had to walk around. So Dorothy and I won the prizes. I mean I really hope I do not get any more large size imitations of a dog as I have three now and I really do not see why the Captain does not ask Mr. Cartier to have a jewelry store on the ship as it is really not much fun to go shopping on a ship with gentlemen, and buy nothing but imitations of dogs.

So after that I had an engagement to go up on the top of the deck with Mr. Bartlett as it seems he likes to look at the moonlight quite a lot. So I told him to go up there and wait for me and I would be up there later as I promised a dance to Mr. Mountgins. So he asked me how long I would be dancing till, but I told him to wait up there and he would find out. So Mr. Mountgins and I had quite a delightful dance and champagne until Major Falcon saw us and he was looking for me and he said I really should not keep Mr. Bartlett waiting. So I went up there and he was there and it seems that he really is madly in love with me because he did not sleep a wink since we became friendly. Because he never thought that I really had brains but was only a doll. But now that he knows it it seems that he has been looking for me for years, and he said that really the place for me when he got back home was Washington D. C. where he lives. So I told him I really thought a thing like that was nearly always the result of fate. So he wanted me to get off the ship tomorrow at France and take the same trip that he is taking to Vienna as it seems that Vienna is in France and if you go on to England you go to far. But I told him that I could not and that I really thought if he was really madly in love with me he would take a trip to London instead. But then he told me that he really had serious business in Vienna but nobody knew it. But I told him I did not believe it was business but that it really was some girl because what business could be so important.

So he said it was business for the United States government at Washington and nobody really knew what it was but him. So we looked at the moonlight quite a lot. So I told him I would go to Vienna if I really knew it was business and not some girl because I could not see how business could be so important. So he told me all about it. So it seems that Uncle Sam wants some new aeroplanes that everybody else seems to want especially England and Uncle Sam has quite a clever way to get them which is to long to put in my diary. So we sat up and saw the sun rise so I became quite stiff and told him so. Because we land at France today and Mr. Bartlett has to get off the boat and I said if I got off the boat at France to go to Vienna with him I would really have to pack up. So I went to my room and went to bed and Dorothy came in and she was up on the deck with the tennis champion to but she did not notice the sun rise as she really does not love nature but always wastes her time and ruins her clothes as I always tell her not to drink champagne out of a bottle on the deck of the ship as it lurches quite a lot. So now I must get up as we will be at France this afternoon. So I am going to have luncheon in my room so I will send a note to Mr. Bartlett to let him know that I have quite a headache. So I will tell him I will not be able to get off the boat at France to go to Vienna with him but I will see him sometime somewhere else. So Major Falcon is going to come down at 12 and I have got to thinking things over and I have got to thinking what Mr. Bartlett called me at Little Rock and I am quite upset. I mean a gentleman never pays for those things but a girl always pays. So I feel so upset I really think I will tell Major Falcon all about the aeroplane business as he really wants to know. As I have really got to thinking and I really do not think Mr. Bartlett is a gentleman to call me all those names in Little Rock even if it was seven years ago. I mean Major Falcon is always a gentleman and I mean he would really be upset if he did not find it out. I mean Major Falcon really wants to do quite a lot for us in London. Because he knows the Prince of Wales and he really thinks that Dorothy and I would get to like the Prince of Wales once we had really got to meet him. So I am going to tell him all that Mr. Bartlett said about the aeroplane business and I really do not want to see Mr. Bartlett again as I keep thinking of it. So I am going to stay in my room until Mr. Bartlett gets off the ship at France and not see him. So tomorrow we will be at England bright and early.

Mr. Eisman sent me a cable this morning as he does every morning and he says to really take advantage of everybody we meet as traveling is the highest form of education. I mean Mr. Eisman is really always right and Major Falcon knows all the sights in London including the Prince of Wales so it really looks like Dorothy and I would really have quite a delightful time in London.

THUS MUST THE RIDING-HABIT BE CUT

Marie Lyons's Article

(Concluded from page 158)

spun in a faint, indefinite check in white, blue-gray, black, and brown.

Now hats. The rolling brims spoken of at the beginning of the article are shown on page 117. These, in high hats and derbies, are the latest English models. A perfectly straight brim in a black straw derby is shown on page 116. There is also a slightly rolling brim, between the two, that is liked by some. The felt hat at the left of page 116 is being considerably worn and is permissible, but is not in such impeccable taste as the styles described in the beginning. With a soft hat some women like to wear a fiber helmet, lined with satin, as a protection. One is sketched on page 116.

Going to and from the park a coat is necessary. The one sketched on page 117 is of a brownish diagonal homespun with lining (an integral part of the homespun), collar, and cuffs of red, white, and black plaid. The coat can be worn inside out. An overcoat should look large and hang loosely from the shoulders.

The raincoat on page 116 is of tan Burbury, i.e., waterproof. It covers the rider completely and the saddle as well by means of an extra piece inserted fanwise in the slit in the back. This gives plenty of room and prevents the wind blowing the coat open. Straps fasten it about the legs and it buttons high.

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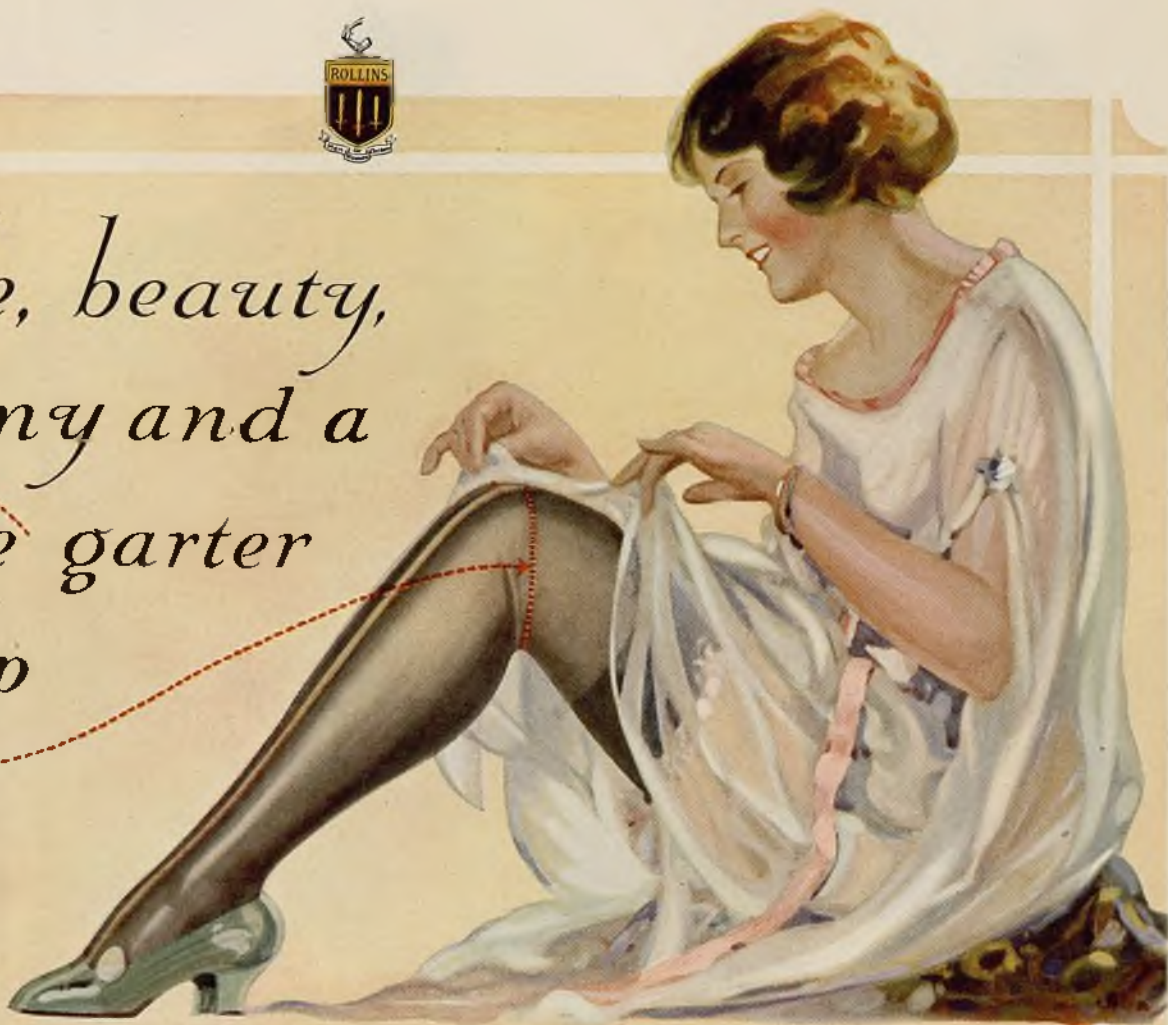
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No doubt, imitations will appear. But Rollins is the *only full-fashioned silk stocking with a red Runstop at the knee*. The Runstop is always red, regardless of the color of the stockings.



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THE MODE OF NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

Mariorie Howard's Article,

(Continued from page 83)



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CHICAGO NEW YORK PARIS

the tailored mode, we have the two types that the forecast sketches in the March number lead us to expect. There is the short "stream-line" suit, like that from Martial et Armand drawn by Soulié on page eighty. double-breasted, mannish, smart. This year it sometimes has its jacket of one material and its skirt of another, like this model and like many at O'Rossen's, recalling the black coat and striped trousers of men's afternoon dress. All kinds of novel neckwear are shown with it, like the high collar and jabot in the sketch, while its blouse is quite often a regulation waistcoat.

A pretty idea is illustrated in the other Martial et Armand model sketched—in covert cloth. There is very little change in its straight coat, but instead of a feminine blouse, it has a tailored jacket of green ottoman silk, softened again with a fluffy white jabot. Here is a new idea which is exploited in several collections, and which has already taken on the Riviera.

Then there is the redingote type, which is just as popular as I said it would be. Sometimes its coat is as slim as ever, sometimes it widens toward the bottom, like the model from Bernard sketched by Soulié on page eighty-three. Notice the new feature of the redingote suit, illustrated by this model and by that from Redfern; the tailored frock instead of the skirt and blouse. There are lots of tailored frocks, or coat-dresses, in the new mode. Premet invented a special interpretation of them, and gave the first model the name of "La Gargonne," which has clung to it ever since.

This year Madame Charlotte has designed all Premet's tailored frocks with white chemisettes—the three sketched by Luza illustrate this point. She has used the coat-front idea for them, sometimes in a suggestion of the bolero, as in the model on page seventy-eight, and sometimes in longer coat-fronts, lined with printed crepe, as in another model on the same page. Patou hints at the bolero in much the same way, occasionally suggesting it by double jabots of the material. Bernard puts a short Eton jacket over a slim tailored frock, trimmed only with a row of buttons.

When morning dress is less tailored, it adopts the ensemble idea which is going as strong as ever. A new version this year is a combination of the new silks, such as surah, with prints. The surah is used for a straight simple tailored coat, sometimes unlined, sometimes lined with the printed crepe of which the soft frock is made. These frocks are a bit more complicated in cut than they were last year, but they still like to concentrate their fulness either at the hem or in front only. About half the coats of these ensembles are straight, either full length or three-quarter length; the other half have some flare at the sides or in front. A determined effort is made to substitute a cape, either short, or three-quarter length, for the coat. This is illustrated in the Martial et Armand model on page eighty, which is made of dark blue surah and black satin, and which shows another of the novel neckwear ideas.

Many of the frocks have jabots down the front, as in the Beer model on page seventy-nine, and the black and white gown from Drécoll, on page seventy-four. This double jabot is Mlle. Madeleine's latest version of the "cockscorn" dress on which she has been working for some time. The smoke-gray model from Drécoll on the same page is included in this Hall of Fame—because smoke is the shade of gray which stands the best chance of acceptance; because it is a "coat front" model with that plain back which the mode still insists upon; because it has the collar which so many of the new models prefer to the open neck-line; and because, though it is a summer model, it is trimmed with fur, for that is a vagary of many collections.

While the three-piece that we now call an ensemble is as much a feature of the mode as ever, Yvonne Davidson has invented a special version of her own, that she calls a "six-piece." You see it on page eighty-one, but you have no idea of the impalpable charm of the three layers of different colored Georgette one over the other. It is the real creation of an artist. In connection with the ensemble it is interesting to note Lanvin's effort to get away from it, by showing many of her coats and frocks as separate garments.

SPORTS CLOTHES

AS TO sports clothes, they play a more important role than ever. I told you about Lanvin's and Patou's special departments in the March number, and their success is amazing. Lanvin held a supplementary opening of hers, after her regular collection opening. The models are of the same general type as those shown in the March number, with enchanting details. Patou's real sports clothes, riding habits for example, delighted

me by their absolute correctness, as the drawing by Bernard Boutet de Monvel well shows. His splendid big ulster, "Rolls-Royce," is lined with fur, even though this is a summer collection, an idea which several other houses, including Redfern, have adopted. Does this mean that they have inside information of a wet, cold summer?

The Worth collection showed a new departure—the inclusion of real working sports clothes, for riding and for bathing. Lelong continued to exploit his invention, a sports frock of tweed or homespun, which is cleverly cut in panels to conceal knickerbockers. Lenief began his collection with a whole flock of mannequins all let loose at once, and all wearing blouse-jackets of brilliant sports fabrics, with short sleeves, and short, plaited or kilted white skirts. Vionnet showed some simple white frocks with regulation "blazers" of colorful striped kasha.

Premet had a long series of simple and practical sports dresses, in white or pastel colors, cut with a flare, and worn with simple scarfs, tied once over in the back of the neck. Georgette continued to use the patterned sweater, knitted in extremely fine wool, in soft pale combinations of color, such as the beige and old rose of the model sketched on page seventy-eight, which also illustrates an important new detail—plaiting which makes a pattern. A special machine can plait in zigzags, great rounds, squares, or ovals, and many houses have shown themselves interested in it.

Chanel completed her new sports costumes with extremely plain blouses in fine Rodier jersey-kasha, the neck and hem being trimmed with a flat, stitched band of the tweed or homespun of the rest of the costume. Molyneux has a lot of beige kasha costumes, with *varouse* tops and plaited skirts, and coats which flare at the sides and often have big patch pockets.

The Rodier kashas, plain and patterned, their tweed-like "burafyls" in grays and browns, and their soft and clinging jersey-kasha, are heavily represented in sports costumes. The Meyer dorkas, with their indistinct pattern in self-color, and many of their zigzag and striped materials have interested many designers. Several houses propose sports capes to take the place of the ubiquitous straight coat.

As to the sports dresses, there is still nothing better than the *varouse* blouse and short skirt, either plaited all round or in sections, or with one big inverted plait in front or in the back. The model from Yteb on page eighty-one shows an idea that she has worked out herself for golf. The coat is of a cotton éponge material, and is bloused very much at the top of the hip, on an elastic, to allow of perfect freedom in the swing of the club. This is placed over a simple frock, of crepe or of wash silk, like the sketch, which can be worn for tea-dancing, after play, without the trouble of going home to change. The frock sketched also shows Yteb's revival of the little puffed sleeve. Many of these frocks simply look as if their sleeves had been forgotten.

NEW EVENING DRESSES

WE HAD a wonderful opportunity to size up the new evening models at the Bal de la Couture, held this year in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées and wonderfully managed. Down the center of the hall promenaded two hundred mannequins, wearing the best models from their respective houses. There were two or three frankly *jeune fille* frocks with bouffant skirts, but the rest were invariably slender, even when their skirts concealed a lot of material. White was the most successful; there was a lot of pink, quite a bit of red, and a lot of green.

One of the best gowns in the show was a billiard green moire from Paquin, with a long swathed waist, and a skirt in gathered panels. All Madame Wormser's mannequins, from Chéruit's, wore green, and looked extremely harmonious in consequence. One had a most exciting crinoline gown painted by the Dunand process; the mannequin was masked, and distributed long-stemmed pink roses. There were some mauve gowns, and a few pale blues, but the blue looked almost dull among the others, and proved that it is not one of the best colors for evening.

Many fringed frocks illustrated the revived interest in this graceful trimming, with which Vionnet, this year, has accomplished perfect marvels. One of the greatest successes was Louiseboulanger's white and silver moire with the huge bow in the back—and her star model Gaby wore it wonderfully. Lanvin showed her lovely slender white satin bride, the gown on long crossed lines, quite new for her, and followed by maids in bouffant organdie, painted with huge flowers.

(Concluded on page 104)



French Creams and Lotions Made in Paris!

Buy them from that Quaint New York Branch
Of the Famous Parisian Salon of Dr. Dys

A FRENCH FROCK, a French hat, French lingerie—are these enchanted syllables to make fair eyes sparkle and closed purses open at the mere sound of them? Perhaps, but beneath their enchantment is an undisputable fact. It is founded on the knowledge that the French have a talent in regard to things feminine—a magic gift which makes everything they touch turn to beauty.

They have been making the world's best frocks for generations. But they have also been making things which have an even more direct influence on beauty—the most marvelous creams and lotions that ever graced a boudoir and made their effects felt even unto the ballroom.

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If you have never used the preparations of Dr. Dys, you can have no idea how marvelously they improve your appearance. There is a cream, soft as the oils of the Orient, that silks your skin and makes men want to say all sorts of lovely things about it. There is a lotion so peppy and tingling that crow's feet and wrinkles have absolutely no chance against it. There is—but no, you'd rather know exactly, wouldn't you, with names and prices and everything?

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SACHETS CONCENTRÉS—Herb baths which correct coarse pores, oiliness of skin, blackheads. Clear the skin wonderfully. Box of 25, \$2.25.

SACHETS SUPRA—Herb baths which firm flabby muscles and reduce puffiness under the eyes, bringing back the contours of youth. Box of 25, \$3.25.

Write for a complexion questionnaire and the attractive booklet "Plus Que Belle." And do stop in, when you are in New York, at Darsy's, to have one of those wonderful treatments for sagging cheeks, for double chin, for a scrawny neck, for arms and hands, etc., for which this salon is famous.

THE MODE OF NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

Marjorie Howard's Article

(Concluded from page 162)

THE NEW PAINTED DRESSES

I MUST say a word or two about the new painted dresses. The mode has been experimenting with them for some time, but they have only just become really wearable, thanks, largely, to the Dunand process, which blends the color beautifully and leaves the material flexible. Almost every house shows some painted frocks.

The first I ever saw was at Yteb's—triangular or wave-like arrangements in gray and blue on white chiffon. Then I saw the process beautifully used by Agnes the milliner, on velvet and gold and silver tissue, in her own hats and in the gowns made for her by Chéruit. This year there are a few painted models in almost every collection, and always in the so-called "modern" designs, which are like problems in solid geometry.

Renée has done the most with them—her collection is painted from one end to the other. She also uses a thick opaque process for painting flowers on chiffon. Lanvin's process also differs from Dunand's, and the designs are more flowery and less angular. It seems that the *Arts Decoratifs* asked the couturiers to stress "modern" designs as much as possible. They have done so, but they have been unable to resist the exquisite flowery patterns offered by the silk houses, and they have also used quantities of plain. They are wise in this, for I have heard several well-dressed women express themselves as "tired of pattern," except for the printed frocks so charming for real summer weather. The new cubist designs certainly take a lot of wearing, though they are undoubtedly effective for certain women, especially in the restrained harmonies of smoke gray and sepia on gray, beige, or silver, which is the color scheme of the majority. As to the polka dots mentioned in the February number, Lanvin's entire collection is speckled with them, printed, embroidered, and painted, and the effect is very new.

THE NEW MATERIALS

BESIDES the woolsens, particularly the kashas mentioned above, we find quantities of the "English mixtures" in tailored clothes; some reps, plain and chiné like the Philippe and Gaston model on page eighty-three; crêpe plain and combined with silk prints at Chanel's; and a revival of the little black and white check called "shepherd's plaid." An interesting novelty from Goupy is shown in the Last Minute sketches. This is a new process, by which a "dress length" is specially woven, pattern and all, the design carefully disposed as trimming for the proposed model. Just enough for this one model is woven at a time, and as the color effects are usually arranged in two tones of the same shade, the result is successful and very new. In silks, there are the predicted surahs, some ottoman, and silk serge, principally used for tailored coats with flowery, checked, or plaid print dresses.

There is a distinct effort to bring back taffeta. You may see how Georgette does it on page eighty-two. Renée combines it with chiffon or bands of rep for costumes. Chanel makes a coat of it, with a print frock. Poiret shows a whole collection of period costumes worked out in it. Worth has some plaid taffeta suits. Taffeta, however, seems rather a "corset material," except for the *robe de style*. It had a long inning in 1900 whose mode it exactly suited. It has been softened by time, however, a great deal since those days. Some houses combine tussore with prints for their ensembles.

The printed crêpes, flowery or geometric, are more charmingly used than ever. I particularly like the little checked and finely striped patterns. Louiseboulanger has a delightful frock in leaf green checked with a fine of brown. Special patterns in silks which have been used by a number of designers are Couderier's chrysanthemum lamé, Ducharme's single large flower on black crepe, Bianchini's print of black-and-white flowers, with a border of roses in soft dark reds and green—to mention only a few of them.

The chiffons, plain and printed, triumph everywhere. Premet has a way of using them as if they were a heavy material, which is amusing. Renée makes several ensemble costumes of them. Douillet has found a new line for them, a sort of great X of frills crossing at the waist-line. Chantal uses one colored layer over another. Vionnet makes whole skirts in soft frills running up and down in great scallops. Lelong softens his embroid-

ered frocks with chiffon trails and inserts, as in the white frock sketched on page seventy-two. He, in company with several others, wants to lead us away from the beaded slip of an evening gown, and into something a little more complicated in plan, as illustrated in the other model.

Several designers have specialized in the ciré materials, particularly for evening. Molyneux does so in the gown sketched on page seventy-seven, others are Douillet, Drécoll, Worth, and Lelong. Lace appears in many models, always in small patterns and in either thread or metal. Black lace models are found in every collection.

THE NEW TRIMMINGS

JUST a word about the new trimmings—first of all the fringes which astonish us so much at Vionnet's, and which several other designers have used less originally. The gown from Chanel, sketched on page seventy-six, illustrates an invention of the season, beads of rice grains made into fringes. I saw these also at Martial et Armand's and Premet's. Madame Vallet declared that one of the gowns had to be begun all over again, because the mice in the atelier ate off the trimming! There are still quantities of dresses "infested with beads" like the Old Man of Leeds, though paillettes are having a try at rivaling them. Worth uses them in solid masses of color, like a cloth, and Douillet has used the new plain colored celluloid paillettes as an artist uses paints.

Embroideries are astonishing, and among them none more so than the huge Spanish roses with which Lenief has decked the gown on page seventy-seven. Gold and silver leather is a new trimming this year, for little cuffs and collars, sometimes embroidered with fine colored beads; for appliques, for bands, and edges. Lelong has a gold leather coat trimmed with that new braid of woven strips of leather and gold thread, called "casoar," after the cassowary, with whose honest-to-goodness feathers Louiseboulanger has trimmed a beige chiffon gown. There are many feather trimmings, not much ostrich but a lot of coq. Chanel trims ensembles with it. There are also lots of feather collars and cuffs of doubtful origin.

Another oddity of the season is the *colle de maille* of silver and gold mesh work, introduced by Lanvin last August and used by everybody this time. Worth has a whole overblouse of it, and pockets and belts of it are frequent. Lanvin runs it down the seams of a light crêpe frock in narrow lines like beading.

ALL THE DETAILS

THIS article cannot go on forever, so, sixthly and lastly, for a word on neck-lines, hem-lines, and other details. If you think the present mode short, wait till you see the new spring models. That is all I have to say about that. Neck-lines are varied, and there are quantities of high collars for the daytime, some of them hermetically closed, others made to open. Evening décolletés are moderate in most cases, but some gowns are cut extremely low in the back. Premet has an amusing new back décolleté sketched on the Last Minute pages, which is an excellent resource for unattractive shoulder blades.

I have never seen a greater variety of fingerie neckwear; the never-failing invention is astonishing. Sleeves in the main are long and tight or forgotten altogether. There are some short bands at the top of the arm, and there are a few little puffs. Some collections specialize in the important decorated sleeve of a few seasons ago; both Lelong and Lanvin put a wide embroidered one into an otherwise plain frock. Drécoll uses an immense cut, often bordered with fur, and makes much of sleeves all through the collection. Scarfs are not ubiquitous, but if you like them you may certainly continue to wear them. You may swathe your shoulders in tulle in the evening; choose a color that goes with your skin or your hair rather than with your dress, if you want the best results.

After all, the new modes are very lenient with our frailty. We can keep on with our sports clothes; we can wear out our zedigote suits, and our kasha and print ensembles. Our tunic frocks and long tunic blouses are still acceptable. Our glittery evening gowns need only be taken up a trifle at the hem, while our floaty chiffon ones require nothing.

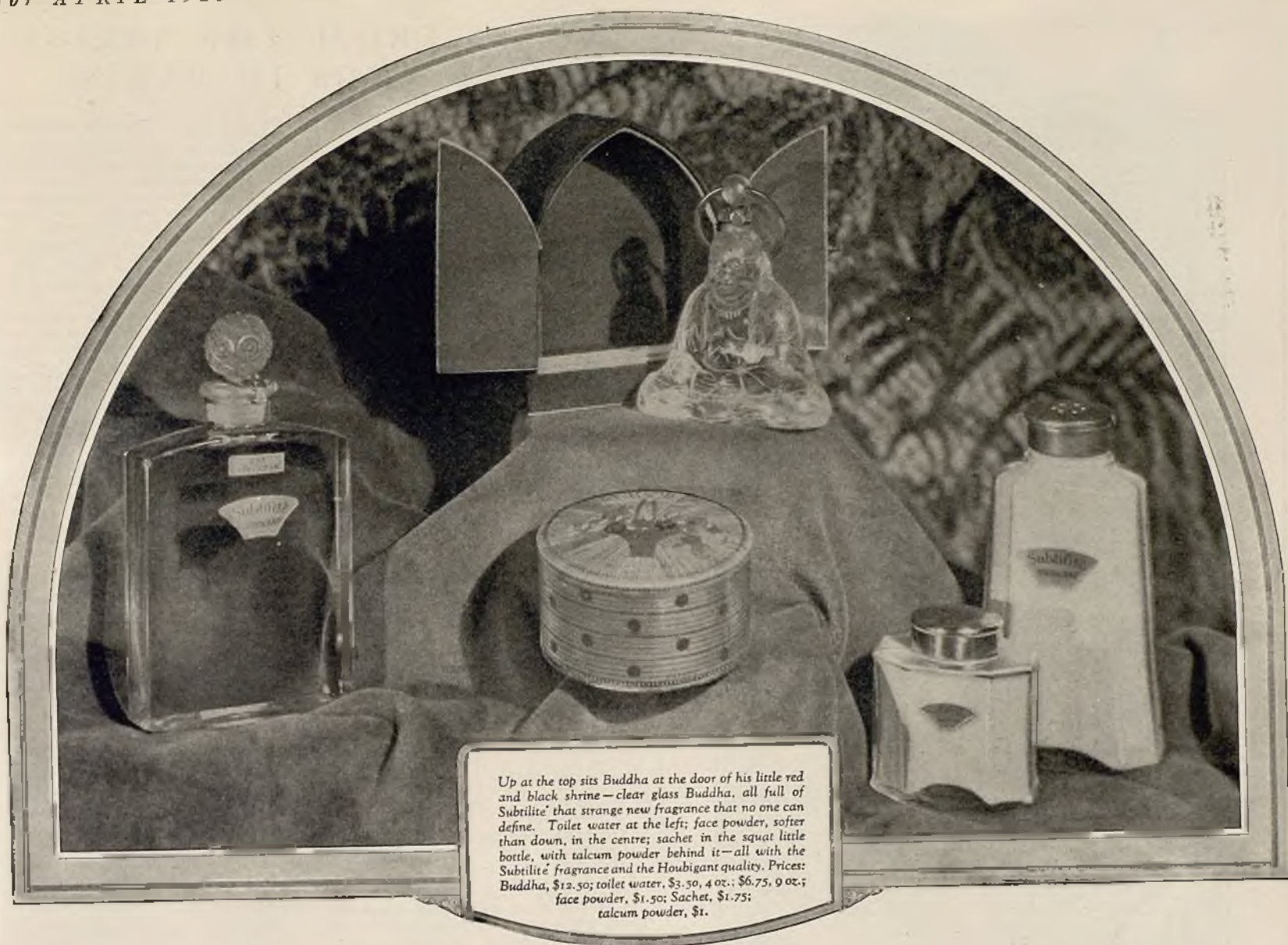


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NOTES FROM THE SPRING OPENINGS IN PARIS

THE COLLECTION OF WORTH

A SMART woman could dress at Worth's, this spring, with the assurance of being properly turned out for every event of her life, from riding and swimming to being presented at Court. She could even buy her lingerie in a special department, and her handkerchiefs, bags, vanity-cases, and knick-knacks down-stairs, to say nothing of her perfume. There is an interesting riding-habit, at the beginning of the collection, with an extraordinarily novel combination of skirt and breeches miraculously cut in one; while at the end is a series of the most gorgeous evening wraps, with that full, enveloping feeling which is so much newer than the slip of silver or gold tissue, cut exactly like a day-time coat, that we have been wearing. Two are illustrated on page seventy-five.

The tailored mode shows jackets of all lengths, including the redingote, which here often keeps a hint of the Directoire in the setting of its buttons very high. The new idea of a tailored silk coat and a softly full frock is found here. Some of the waist-lines approach the normal worked out in different ways for all types of dress; indeed, the waist-line is played with amusingly throughout: one finds it everywhere. The evening dress sketched on page seventy-five shows this, as it also illustrates the interesting use of paillettes, in solid masses of color like a fabric. Some beaded or embroidered evening frocks were entirely veiled with an overdress, complete in itself, of chiffon, tied at the sides. This gave a charmingly fragile appearance to embroidery, bringing a touch of summer to the winter mode. The entire collection was full of color, and simply bursting with new details, such as an applique of flowers and leaves in gazelle on chiffon. Did you ever hear the like of that?

THE COLLECTION OF BEER

REMARKABLY perfect workmanship distinguishes the house of Beer, a house which keeps to the good old tradition of cutting and fitting a "toile" for even the simplest model. This is the only collection in Paris which begins with negligees, including this year some striking pajama suits as well. I particularly liked the "little frocks," with a new sense of flare at the hem-line. Some of them are so far away from that reproach of the mode, the chemise belted in the middle, that they are made up of numerous long sections, the seams fitted with meticulous care, with an extraordinarily slenderizing effect. The dark green silk alpaca frock sketched on page seventy-nine illustrates this.

A few coats are cut with a fitted top, their skirts set on at the hip, on a line rising toward the front. One of these, trimmed heavily with black cock feathers, gives a sort of peacock silhouette which is very new. Its frock, a charming thing in black and white, is also sketched on page seventy-nine and shows Beer's interpretation of the jabot dress, the double jabot being made of white chiffon. Almost any one else would use the salvage edge, but it is typical of Beer's for detail that the frills are hemstitched here. The popular *cote de maille* is used as trimming, together with another new effect, which looks like melon seeds of colored enamel, set in close blocks of color, and each seed surrounded with gold thread like cloisonné work. A series of lovely white gowns, many of them appropriate for brides, closes the successful collection.

THE COLLECTION OF PREMET

MADAME CHARLOTTE has a right to the name of "creator" for she has perfected and christened a type of dress which is now an essential part of the smart wardrobe: the tailored gown which is called a "Gargonne" frock because her first model of this type bore that name. The first part of her 1925 collection is distinctly masculine, especially so as worn by her "gentlemanly" mannequins, like debonair young men, with their short shining hair brushed very busily back behind their ears. Her tailleurs are "streamline" models, with novel details of buttoning; the redingote persists, worn with men's waistcoats and very doggy ties and collars; materials are mannish, and colors masculine beiges and grays.

A very important series of sports things includes charming frocks of pastel-colored woolen fabrics like kasha, short-sleeved, their skirts with circular flare, and all completed with scarfs, frequently tied once over in the back. The new "Gargonne" frocks are illustrated on page seventy-eight; they show the revival of the bolero idea, with an effect of the skirt being raised in front; the coat fronts and plain backs which are a feature of the season; and some of the many details of

novel neckwear in which this collection is particularly rich.

The ensembles are a bit more elaborate. Their frocks often have colorful decorations, appliques, embroideries, in the front only, while their coats are sometimes straight and sometimes flaring, and often have feather collars, taken from unfamiliar fowls. Many fancy materials and weaves are used with printed materials, the latter worked on straighter, simpler lines than elsewhere. Many bright touches of embroidery enliven dark fabrics.

The evening gowns frequently show a waist-line which curves up slightly in the front. They are rich in beading and embroidery in flowery designs, and have a new décolleté which is sketched in the Last Minute pages. Skirts are extremely short and usually very full, but with a soft effect of chiffon or fine laces. A lovely dress has brilliant roses embroidered on a white ground, and the whole then veiled with long lines of sparkling bead fringes. It is called "Le Jardin sous la Pluie" and looks its name in every particular. But the Premet names are always clever and well chosen.

THE COLLECTION OF DRÉCOLL

IT IS simply impossible to compress the Drécoll collection into a paragraph. It does not "classify" at all. It is a series of studies, alike enough perhaps to show that they are from the same hand, but utterly unlike each other. Mademoiselle Madeleine seems to let her stuffs talk—every weave and every pattern has something special to say to her, and it is said in line and curve, in lines as straight as a pencil here, or as wide as those of an eighteenth century crinoline there. There are enough ideas in this collection to furnish a wilderness of models. Yet to those who have followed her recent collections, the gowns of this one are logically developed.

Last February she made slim gowns with a great circular flounce set right up one side of them; last August, this developed into the "robe à crête," or cockscomb dress, with its jabot not unlike a cock's comb. This year, we have the latest version of the jabot frock, sketched in black and white by Luza on page seventy-four.

Then take the evening gown, sketched on the same page, of distinctly Spanish inspiration. Here gold tissue is folded around the body on "shawl" lines, with great squares of figured lamé set on, on a low line, so that the frilly train of the "Sevillana" costume is suggested by the silhouette. Madeleine has been working out this diagonal drapery for some time, and it culminates in this gown.

The gray afternoon frock on the same page illustrates the "coat front" principle, in which several designers are interested. It is bordered with fur, irrespective of the season, but almost every house in Paris has used fur as if the collection were shown in August and not in February.

A note that runs right through this collection is the centering of attention by a dozen different means at the bust-line. Sometimes a strip of bright colored satin is laced through two eyelet holes and tied at this point; sometimes there is a bow of bright ornament here; sometimes a scarf starts in the center of the front to lose itself over one shoulder.

There is a new silhouette illustrated by several models in different materials. This begins with a sort of princess line, which is fitted to the body by means of many seams, broadening over the hips with an effect of panniers. Is this a future indication? It is impossible to say. The collection is so suggestive that it starts us thinking on many different lines.

One thing on which Mademoiselle Madeleine wishes to insist, and that is on the revival of "real" evening dress, the stately, sumptuous gown of long and trailing lines, which forms such a contrast with the trim, short, boyish silhouette accepted for the day. She says she does not know where such gowns will be worn, but she thinks that woman's famed "infinite variety" demands their reappearance.

THE COLLECTION OF RENÉE

RENÉE is an individualist; she is one of the designers who could go on creating if they shut her up in an ivory tower, for her inspiration comes from inside her head. Her things are soft and fine and feminine; they reflect the mode without being exactly of it. But a Renée model can, on that account, be worn for years and years.

Her collection is easy to summarize, for every season it shows one or two strongly marked characteristics. This year, they are the use of the new soft taffeta, both for entire models and for geometric encrustations and appliques; and the use of painted designs, done by a process which shades the color

(Continued on page 168)



Double-breasted Shagmoor with the new flare silhouette.

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Is your powdering a succession of lost opportunities? Powder, of all beauty requisites, is the most universally used, and by far the most often used, too. Your tiny pores, dutifully performing nature's task, are constantly exuding perspiration, oils and acids over the surface of your skin.

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NOTES FROM THE SPRING OPENINGS IN PARIS

(Concluded from page 166)

prettily and leaves the material as supple as if it were printed.

This process, I believe, was perfected by the painter Dunand, and I saw it first *chez* Agnes, the milliner. I told you all about it in the March number. No one, however, has gone in quite so heavily for it as Renée. Some of her frocks are painted with designs used like embroidery; sometimes the painted pattern is an integral part of the gown's plan, always the pattern is adapted to the model so that it never has a look of being done "by the yard." All the patterns are what is called cubist—odd arrangements of cubes and angles, like problems in solid geometry.

Renée uses a lot of chiffon, which she handles as if it were cloth, for ensembles of coat and frock. Some of her chiffon evening frocks are painted with flower designs, but another process is used, more like the conventional painting in oils. She shows a black chiffon gown with a long trail of white poppies up the side and a real white chiffon poppy poised on the shoulder. Chanel, too, has used these chiffon poppies, which are as delicately creased as the field originals.

MARTIAL ET ARMAND

THE best collection that Madame Vallet has shown in many seasons, was the verdict of the press after the special evening showing. The principal features of it, from the point of view of novelty, were the new interpretation of the redingote, cut with a slight flare instead of on straight lines; the lavish use of the new patterned plating which is one of the great novelties of the season; the reintroduction of capes for afternoon ensembles instead of coats; and the summery frocks with wide extremely short skirts and sashes tied at the side or in the back. A pretty note with the *tailleurs* of mannish type was the blouse in bright silk fabrics, made like a short tailored jacket and worn with a white collar and jabot. Pretty jabots with high collars accompanied many of the coat frocks and *tailleurs*.

In materials particular attention was paid to the *surahs*, to the chevron patterns of Meyer, and to the printed chiffons. There was more embroidery than there has been, usually very well used. Fine embroidery on gold or silver leather was a new note.

In colors we found the new flax blue and many shades of coral red, while there was plenty of black, light brown, and combinations of black and white. A feature of the evening frocks was the addition of a voluminous scarf, of chiffon or tulle, tied tight round the neck by one end, and fastened with a huge artificial rose, the long ends floating down the back. There were as many ensembles as ever, their coats frequently trimmed with fur. Only incidental use was made of the "modern" designs, and the new polka-dots appeared in several models.

PHILIPPE ET GASTON

ENSEMBLES in many materials and many colors are featured at Philippe et Gaston's. The coats are often three-quarter, in natural kasha, or in woolen materials in various blues—royal, navy, flag, or *bleu de France*. There are several of these models in white satin, and one in white linen with a deep yoke of dark blue linen. A suit in coral kasha is amusing on account of its blouse in white linen belted with a white *suède* belt. The favorite trimming is braid, of every known material and in all widths. Braid in black silk, in *suède*, in leather, in *toile cirée*, and even in lace, is used like a galon. Quantities of Venetian lace on the afternoon dresses, in flounces, aprons, waistcoats, in collars and cuffs, or in encrustations. A new sleeve, long and full from shoulder to elbow, with a tight cuff. Much red, coral color, and pink, and a great deal of blue, notably of the new *bleu lin* or flax blue.

YTER

THIS is a collection of simple, wearable clothes, with special emphasis on sports and evening attire made by a woman who plays games and dances herself, in all the smart resorts. There is a real novelty to be found in it, the revival of the dress draped to one side in a large bow, which is shown in

several materials, and particularly in shot taffeta. Otherwise the models are straight for daytime, or show some flare toward the hem, either at both sides or in front only. A feature of the collection was the including of charming *robes de chambre* which had a great success. A new detail is the tiny puffed sleeve, sometimes single, sometimes double, in summery frocks. Chiffon is painted by a new process in the so-called "modern" designs, which are an impressive note of the season. These painted frocks are the most successful I have seen.

GEORGETTE

MADAME GEORGETTE always shows a few of her new models herself. This year she appeared in a frock of striped taffeta and bright green crepe of the popular *vareuse* and skirt type. The stripes ran horizontally and the skirt was extremely short in comparison with the long straight blouse. This made a model typical of many of the new features of the season. Another thing that must be noted in this collection was the use of the new blues, particularly the shade called "flax," the exact color of the flower. Pastel colorings ran all through the collection. The most successful models in it were the semi-sports things, some of which had capes instead of coats. There was an effort to reintroduce the cape for sports and evening clothes. There was a great deal of black, especially thin black, for afternoons. The tendency towards "modern" designs was noticeable also. Many flower-printed chiffons were shown, a new note being given by combining them with fine laces. On the straight glittery evening gowns huge tulle bows tied at one or both sides struck a novel note.

BERNARD ET CIE

THE striking feature of the new collection at Bernard's is the widening of the redingote type of coat, which has now a semi-fitted body and softly flaring skirts, achieved by inverted plaits or by an adaptation of the circular cut. Instead of the mannish chemise and plain skirt, this type is now shown with a tailored frock, of which the novel feature is a waistcoat effect in front, with double-breasted rows of buttons. The very mannish type of redingote is also continued, as we predicted that it would be. Silken materials such as *surah* and the new finely ribbed Ottoman of Bianchini, which he calls "velvaflor," are used in a novel way for suits, their coats as strictly tailored as if they were in men's materials, and their frocks or blouses very feminine. The contrast is amusingly effective. Many daytime models show the *camailieux* coloring, or several shades of the same color. A piquant novelty, for the very youthful, is the tailored frock in English mixtures, buttoned straight up the front, with another row of buttons up the back, completed by a very short Eton jacket, its own row of buttons meeting that on the frock. There are quantities of lingerie details in neckwear, and frilly or plaited white jabots. Collars and cuffs of massed frills of Valenciennes lace on ensemble suits replace fur. In colors, navy and red, smoke or dove gray, many mauves from heliotrope to spilled wine color, reds both for day and evening, and a revival of shepherd's plaid.

REDFERN

EXCELLENT mannish *tailleurs* and ensembles are the feature of this collection, its coats for this season being almost identical with men's country or travel topcoats. Some of these in brown and gray tweed are entirely lined with fur and look most comfortable. A model which caused comment was a coat of coppery waterproof material, called "radioco," lined with kolinsky. This seemed odd in a summer collection, but there were many days last July and August when a fur-lined coat would have been most acceptable in traveling. Lovely printed chiffons were shown for afternoon, patterned with roses and other flowers, the backs in the patterned material and the fronts of plain, with the flowers cut out and appliqued in long lines or squares, in an effective way. A series of handsome evening gowns, many of them still trimmed with ostrich, completed the collection. *Marjorie Howard.*



Fashion, in her daytime hours, enthuses about all-over prints. The frock shown is made of a two-color Penikees print in 40-inch-width, with deep border.

Colorful Prints are Now in Vogue

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NEW YORK



NEW BEAUTY NEWS for WOMEN

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We refer, of course, to the new Lettuce Cream—new in the sense that it has just become available to the general public through drug and department stores—which cream, by the way, has been the basis of over five hundred million beauty treatments in the more than 7,000 Marinello beauty shops and ten beauty schools.

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"But how about results?" you may ask. "Can I apply this Lettuce Cleansing Cream with the same results as the beauty specialists?" You surely can, but here is a way to prove it. Just send for the 3-day free trial tube and apply it according to instructions. It is gently massaged into the pores of the skin and removed with a dry white cloth. Your skin is not only cleansed, but its natural softness is restored. It takes but a moment—it's on and off—and the result will be beyond your greatest expectations. No complicated application; no elaborate ritual; it is scientifically prepared by Marinello, and the 25,000 beauty experts who use it regularly are ample proof of its purity and efficiency. Everyone, whether you are a user of cosmetics or not, needs at least a cleansing cream, and here is one whose efficacy has been proven millions of times. At your druggist's, department store or beauty shop—in tubes, 50c; in jars, 60c and \$2.00.

BARON DE MEYER VIEWS THE MODE

(Continued from page 103)



Underwear Charm Never Before Known

Smart style... "soft-to-touch" materials... loveliness... new comfort... new beauty... has won thousands of women to Futurist... Woman's Modern Underwear.

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of gown, profusely embroidered with futuristic flowers, birds, and chimeras in brilliant colorings. These embroideries are composed of tubes, beads, rhinestones, and metal threads, and are typical of the Molyneux collection.

For another kind of elaborate toilette the new rainbow materials have been selected. They are quite a feature of the 1925 spring season. One of these gowns is shaded from rose to a deep lavender and sparkles with innumerable metallic flowers, while another brilliant gown of green becomes gradually cornflower blue below the knees. It is worked in every kind of glittering bead. A coat, to form a harmonious ensemble with this gown, is designed in shaded green and gold metal tissue. Long coral fringes are made use of on many elaborate dresses and most particularly on a golden cape which, besides these fringes, boasts of a design of Chinese pagodas worked in coral as a border. A heavy and rich-looking silver evening coat is beautifully decorated with steel embroideries and bands of chin-chilla at neck and hem.

The collection of pajamas, for which the house of Molyneux is famous, is again most interesting. One of these garments, a combination of cornflower and peacock blue satin, is worn under a black chiton coat, embroidered with roses and bordered by long swinging fringes in contrasting blues. Another set of pajamas is of black and jade-green satin and has gorgeous floral designs produced by colored tubes and beads on the waist part, which is of black satin. These pajamas are as handsome as a dinner gown.

POIRET THE ARTIST

THROUGH silver gates, up a grand staircase, I was ushered into a large showroom with rose and silver walls. An expanse of vivid green carpet had to be crossed before I reached the armchair of velvet, printed with flowers of every hue. Here I was requested to be seated. We were in Poiret's new palatial building. From an adjoining room streamed luminous green lights, emanating from a green ceiling. I had the bewildering impression of being seated in an aquarium among strange fish (not necessarily all of them foreign buyers, for one lone Duchess sat among them). An exotic note of exuberance had been struck, we felt the Poiret genius about us. The curtain would be drawn—we would be thrilled.

However, the collection having passed, I was surprised to realize that Poiret had this year chosen to strike the prevailing, fashionable note—the prevailing beige kasha, the prevailing sports suits and *la robe chemise*, as well as the black satin afternoon gown. All of these were quite unlike the Poiret models of my dreams, the ones I have unbounded admiration for. The Poiret genius, however, could not be suppressed and, at times, it flashed most brilliantly. But why, oh why, suppress so much?

Unbleached kasha is used very cleverly. Gold leather designs on beige, embroideries of Persian metal flowers, golden chains, and lovely bands of breast feathers from ducks and pigeons are only a few of the new touches in this spring collection.

The 1925 Poiret line is both narrow and full, skirts are slightly longer than elsewhere, and colorings remain individual. This is to be expected of an artist like Poiret. Sleeves are quite a feature. They are very tight from shoulder to elbow, but float away in handkerchief draperies of crepe from elbow down to the wrist.

Interesting is a new series of models inspired by the fashions of 1870-1880. These gowns have real bustles which are produced by bunched taffeta of varied Scotch looking patterns, as well as in the case of "Bovary," by black embroidered in gold down the front of the gown.

Some *robes de style* for *jeunes filles* belong to as early a period as 1830. One is shown in shades of blue and lavender, while another of pink taffeta has pale blue velvet ribbons in the way of trimming. Both are charming replicas of the fashions of the period.

CALLOT'S NEW CHARACTER

CALLOT'S extensive collection this year has acquired an added interest. One may almost say Callot is striking a more human note which, being in many cases less stately, is more accessible to those having to consider the more practical side of life. The collection does not start as it does in other houses with sports suits to culminate in a bridal cortege. On the contrary, we may be shown a lovely bride first, an afternoon gown next, and a ball gown, a sports suit, and a pair of pajamas, passing all of them in rapid succession.

Watching a collection at Callot's is more diverting than elsewhere, more varied, more kaleidoscopic. The showing of little printed

gowns with flying panels, of knitted sports clothes combined with soft leather coats boasting of a flowered lining, for instance, are new departures in this house. However, even in such garments, the Callot atmosphere and cut is unmistakable. A very light and fluffy kind of fringe is new, especially when used in innumerable rows in brown and beige, forming a cape.

Most of the rather summery looking gowns are combined with capelike wraps or with transparent coats of net or chiffon reembroidered in some instances with shimmering paillettes or with great flowers in natural colorings. Paillettes have always been a great feature of the Callot evening gowns, lovely colorings shimmering on a foundation of net combined with every kind of bead and many jewels. No one is able to compete with Callot in this sort of gown not in full-skirted ball gowns, be they snow-white net with clusters of big American beauty roses on the skirt or with voluminous net flounces in a combination of orange, mauve, blue, green, and yellow.

A harmony of flying tulle scarfs of rose, mauve, and lavender has vividly remained in my mind as a creation which has to be seen to be believed. The apparent absence of a bodice is a great feature of the evening gowns, a net foundation on a more substantial flesh foundation, a few bejeweled straps and a flower collaborate with a length of material to produce a wonderful mode.

Typical colorings this season are lavenders brought into harmony with all shades of rose, also *bois de rose*, peach tones and pinks. Evening wraps are either made of brocaded metal textures bordered by satin bands with enormously upstanding collars or are simply large squares of brocade in gold or in a color harmonizing with each gown, bordered by wide fringes such as are used on Spanish shawls. They envelop the gown entirely.

The Chéruit collection this spring is quite excellent and very successfully planned. Madame Wormser seems to wave a fairy wand which has the happy faculty of thinning and elongating all she touches. She makes her clients seem tall, slender. She gives them height. Her clothes are all wearable and no freak costumes are included in the collection, which contains novel ideas and new features. These are especially noticeable in suits and coat blouses of crepe de Chine. They look like long waistcoats buttoned all down the front. They are worn under coats. Such coats, as well as nearly all day dresses, have low V neck-lines, the V in some cases reaching down to the waist. They have floating chiffon revers or are edged with narrow scarfs tied very low in front, large flat cravats. For instance, a brown one on beige kasha is tied at the extreme point of the V.

Charming is a series of little homespun costumes in pale blue, violet, or *écossais* plaid to be worn with plain or plaited black skirt combined with a crepe scarf or a black velvet cravat. They are excessively chic.

A *polonaise*, a garment which was fashionable some fifty years ago, is revived in gray kasha and looks very new and smart.

CHÉRUIT'S CLEVER CUTTING

CHIFFON and lace gowns for day and evening wear are very numerous. They are admirably cut and float in characteristic Chéruit style. Some have panels placed one above the other all around the waist, while others have gathered side panels, one on each side, one on the waist-line, the other much lower.

Scarfs are again a feature of the Chéruit collection. One of soft gold has cubist triangle-painted on the textile, a Dunand creation. This same artist has decorated by hand some satin and crepe gowns, and though futuristic in atmosphere, they look quite simple and are wearable. Gold and silver tinsel materials are much favored for evening gowns, and so is satin. Lovely is a rather full white satin dress which has tiers of beige tulle flounces and a beige net scarf to match. A *Directoire* redingote is made of a metal textile which looks like platinum, and a black satin coat cape with a belt has the very high collar and the entire front of the garment made of ruby velvet. The effect is most picturesque.

THE LANVIN CHARM

MADAME LANVIN has for this spring season of 1925 produced a new collection more individually Lanvin than any she has given us of late.

For day wear she almost exclusively shows kasha. It is the predominant note. Polka-dots in every size and color are the next most noticeable feature. Be they in black on white or white on black, in gold, red, green, or any other shade, these gay dots are to be found on (Concluded on page 172)

The figure at the left is idealized by a DeBevoise Corsette,* which supports and moulds the figure most effectively. The right figure owes its lines to a DeBevoise Smartway Bandeau (extra long) and a DeBevoise Girdle, which controls hips, lower thighs and diaphragm.



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Paris Presentations

There is movement and ripple and life in the latest importations... in the circular swing of a Lanvin skirt... in the graceful flare below the knees initiated by Cheruit... in the uneven hem or the lovely rise and droop of a Chanel tunic. But these variations are introduced so cleverly that the silhouette still remains straight. Indeed, these gowns lose their effect utterly when the figure departs from flowing, graceful lines.

For years, DeBevoise designers have been working in co-operation with leading fashion authorities here and abroad, studying every type of figure and how it may best be adapted to each new vagary of fashion. They have originated a modish series of foundation garments including brassieres, bandeaux, corsettes,* girdles and reducing garments of Secreterex.*

No matter what your requirements, there is a DeBevoise foundation garment to idealize your figure into lines that give poise and drape and enchanting effect... gently and without constraint. Each garment is identified by a tiny DeBevoise label that means as much as a Paris mark in a gown or hat. Obtainable at the best shops and specialty stores. Inexpensive, too.

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DeBevoise

BRASSIERES - CORSETTES
GIRDLES and REDUCING GARMENTS

BARON DE MEYER VIEWS THE MODE

(Concluded from page 170)

almost every garment woven, printed, or embroidered.

We are shown kasha jumpers, kasha coats, in fact kasha garments, ad infinitum, figured, quilted, plaited, striped or embroidered, and in many cases combined with surah printed with polka-dots. Kasha materials figure in shades of red, in absinth green, pink, pale blue, or in lovely silver grays, not mentioning the ubiquitous beige.

New ideas for trimming plain little kasha frocks are incrustated bands and squares of English men's materials—or the use of hand-painted cubist patterns of the style which lately has become associated with the name of Dunand the artist. Over steel-gray kasha, a long sleeveless coat of *singe perle* is very smart. This fur treated by Madame Lanvin becomes a great novelty.

The waist-line in this house remains very low, except, of course, in the case of full-skirted *robes de style*. Narrow tabs, almost fringe-like, starting from the low waist-line, are a feature of this season's skirts. There are long tabs besides, hanging from the shoulders, which complete the well-established Lanvin silhouette. Another type of gown, very typical of the house, is a long sort of waistless slip, edged below by a very full flounce produced by a series of flaring godets. In some instances this kind of gown has a looped-up effect on each side, which makes it appear longer both front and back.

The collection of evening gowns, very straight or very full, is quite lovely. There is a great assortment of each kind. Straight-line dresses are made of satin, crepe, or chiffon, mostly decorated by a wealth of embroidery in sparkling beads, tubes, and rhinestones. They have the unmistakable air which emanates from the house of Lanvin, distinct in style from the work of any other designer. The profuse use of mirrors, mother-of-pearl, and in several instances painted handwork, is individual.

The loveliness of the famous *robes de style* is still unsurpassable, therefore the aimless discussions on the subject of "Are such gowns in fashion or not?" are quite futile. As long as Madame Lanvin will produce them for a certain type of young woman, her *chénille spéciale* will continue to order one or two of such gowns each season.

Organdies in black and white, or maybe in pink or green, sometimes over a silver foundation, show a wealth of beautiful handwork, sentimental in atmosphere and exquisite in finish. Bunches of field flowers, big bows of silk, and mirrored designs, as well as cut-out circular patterns in shaded velvets applied on heavy white silk, are repeated on some very beautiful gowns. A specially full pink satin model has an immense black velvet sash on the skirt and some white muslin, embroidered with mirrors, on the bodice. It is a dream of poetry. More important-looking is a yellow full-skirted gown decorated by innumerable silver flounces and white satin bows.

CLEVER SUZANNE TALBOT

THOUGH Suzanne Talbot is known as a modiste the world over, it is only recently she started her *maison de couture*. At Number Fourteen of the rue Royale Madame continues to preside at the designing of hats, while at Number Ten she boldly cuts into most wondrous fabrics.

Hand-loomed materials, unique textiles specially woven to her order, are her favorite materials. Her models are mostly very narrow, very short, and very closely wrapped about the figure. This season's inspiration has been Egypt. The "Pagne," a sort of Egyptian loin-cloth, folded about the hips over a narrow plaited skirt, is interpreted in a dozen different versions. This fashion, however, is no more entirely new, for it seems to have been very stylish in the year 2000 B.C.

Madame Talbot is an extremely interesting designer, and though she shows an excellent collection of sports clothes, as well as of beautifully printed muslin gowns in wonderful shades and harmonies, it is in her own special Eastern style, in dresses of shimmering and gleaming fabrics, she is particularly successful. In spite of other houses deriving inspiration from similar sources—Persia, China, and, this season, Egypt—the Talbot models seem to stand alone. There is about them a quality of precious lacquers and particularly of shimmering metals, almost dramatic. An evening coat of Japanese red has a pointed over-cape, the point at the back almost trailing on the ground. This cape is made of a patterned gold material and has a hood which, when worn pulled over the head, frames the face and envelops the wearer in the folds of a mysterious atmosphere.

INTERESTING BOULANGER

LOUISEBOULANGER'S collection generally contains novelty. She succeeds in giving the prevailing fashions a new twist, a promise of to-morrow's new note. She does

not favor straight lines, in fact she detests *la robe chemise*. Especially in the handling of material, and in the art of draping in particular, she is a great master.

The Boulanger waist-line is placed low down, in some instances, very low. Her skirts are roomy, almost full. Her numerous mouseline de soie gowns, for instance, produce an effect of innumerable sashes, bunched or plain, irregular in length, almost trailing in the back, though in front the skirts remain short. The collection contains a great number of such chiffon gowns, both in plain and figured textiles many of them in shades of blue, which seems to be Madame Boulanger's favorite color this season. Sevres blue, turquoise, cornflower, and an almost royal blue are prime favorites. Madame Guilmet, the directrice, told me there was an unprecedented run on blue. Not a yard of a very special tone was left in the house, nor to be found at any of the great silk dealers.

Butterfly wings are produced by a graceful skirt drapery of mouseline de soie in green, blue, and coral; while other successful chiffon color combinations made into ravishing gowns are in bright blue with pink, in blue with sea-green, and in a material of rainbow shades—mauve, rose, orange, and yellow—which proves that brilliant colorings well combined can produce distinguished harmonies.

A *grande toilette* of silver tissue has a train, produced by the sash ends of an immense bow, taking up the entire back from the shoulders down to the knees. Though it may sound peculiar, this gown has great distinction.

"Mussolini" is the name given to a Fascist sports costume worn with a long-sleeved black shirt. The coat, waist-coat, and skirt are made in a rose and beige homespun.

CHANTAL HAS SUCCESS

CHANTAL, though a new name *dans la couture*, is one we shall hear more of in the future. Mademoiselle Chantal carries out her models with rare perfection. Her ideas are original, sober, and always in good taste. Sports clothes carried out in chiffon are a new departure. She shows waistcoats, sweaters, or coats made of transparent textiles, even though skirts and topcoats are of kasha or homespun. Dyed lace-like Shetland wools made into sweaters are a novelty combined with English men's materials. Quite charming too are bands of gazelle or of bird's breast feathers on woolen suits.

The Chantal mouseline de soie gowns are treated in a very novel way. They are a feature of the collection. A combination of lavender with the now rapidly becoming famous "Chantal pink" is a typical coloring of this new house. "Green bamboo" is a gown of white crepe with bands of green. It has fresh bamboo shoots embroidered on the full bell sleeves. An evening gown of green net over silver becomes shaded, just by the number of its tulle layers. The skirt is full and very vaporous. Snap is given to this very youthful dance frock by a band of coral net placed on the bodice. The Chantal collection might be termed a collection of transparencies, for this designer's creations have an air of lightness produced by a great number of transparent textiles. It is a novel note, which certainly should spell success.

YVONNE DAVIDSON

YVONNE DAVIDSON has new premises. It is only quite recently that she moved into these more spacious quarters, and her opening was quite brilliantly attended. As a designer of dresses the popular wife of Jo Davidson is as talented as her husband is for sculpture. The inauguration of her new house on a much larger scale is evidence of her success.

Kasha, here as elsewhere, is featured. There is a strong leaning toward silver gray, quite a relief after too much beige. One gray kasha coat in particular has incrustated motifs of gray chiffon interrupting the plainness. This is quite a new feature. Rose-colored wool materials are used as well as greenish ones. The latter coloring is made into an unusual sports ensemble. The skirt of this suit is worn over breeches cut all in one with gaiters, as well as with a jumper buttoned high up at the throat.

The greatest successes of this charming collection, however, are two black ensembles. One of these is called "Chu Chin Chow," a combination of a long coat, blouse, and skirt, in black, white, and rose crepe remain; truly Davidson in cut and atmosphere; while the second model consists of a long black jumper-like garment open down the side and worn over a white crepe gown, which has a design of brilliant green leaves printed all over it. This gown can be worn without the black overdress or the overdress over any other slip. A brown and beige double gown is simply wrapped about the figure, held together at one side by brown and beige ties.

Dorothy Burgess, the flapper in "Dancing Mothers," introduces the fashionable "all white" coat for spring. Designed by Bergdorf Goodman.



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By MARIE BEYNON RAY



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ALL evening the picture of Eileen, defiant, kept passing across Monica's mental vision like a ghostly slide in a magic lantern—Eileen with her head thrown back, her lids drooping, her eyes brazen and resentful in their shaded corners. How could a child have an expression like that?

Between Monica and her husband, dining for the first time in her new home, waited upon this evening of her arrival by obsequious servants anxious to please, came, over and over again, this disturbing vision of his daughter—Eileen.

"Damn her insolence!" Alan had cried, as the girl had refused Monica's outstretched hand and flung defiantly from the room; and now he had just finished saying, as the silent butler poured their wine, "I am to blame for all that is wrong with Eileen."

All that is wrong with Eileen! Across the shaded lights and perfumed drifts of flowers, under cover of softly lashed eyes, Monica studied his face. Did he know all that was wrong with Eileen? Did he even see all the surface wrongness of lips too red and hair too bright, the clothes and the manner of a woman of thirty on the immature body of a girl seventeen? And beneath this painted surface did he see only a passionate, wayward, insolent girl? Had he never seen what already Monica had twice glimpsed that afternoon—once in the unguarded moment of the girl's meeting with her father, when she had thrown passionate arms about his neck, and again when they had come upon her unexpectedly on the stairway, foaming, glittering, on her way to a dinner party? Had he not caught sight of something fleeing from him in her eyes—something frightened and ashamed? And had he not felt, as Monica had, a quick clutch at his heart?

"WHAT do you mean, Alan—all that is wrong with Eileen?"

He waited until the man had left the room and what that comes to," he said. "Being more or less weedy and uncultivated, you know. Since Lisa died, she has done pretty much as she liked—quit school, gone about everywhere, bought her own clothes, picked her own friends. A ruinous procedure for a girl like Eileen. I haven't had the time nor the wisdom to deal with her. I could only spoil her. And there she is—spoiled—for you to save, Monica. That was one of the hundred reasons I had to have you. The other ninety-nine," he leaned close to her eyes, "are that I love you."

She laid her hand over his to answer and to halt him.

"Tell me more about her, Alan. Did she hate your marrying me?"

"I don't understand her, dear. Sometimes she seems to have so much feeling about things and then, when I am expecting a torrent, so little. There are dams and floods. At first she accepted my marrying again almost indifferently—only said in that hard little way she has, 'Then you didn't really care for mother, after all?' That is hard to explain—even to oneself. But I tried to tell her how I still cared for her mother, and yet for you, too. 'No, I don't understand,' she said. 'I don't believe one can care twice—I don't believe it.' Then—she was taking a book from the shelf—she flung it violently across the room and threw her arms about me. 'Oh, daddy, daddy, daddy,' she cried, as she used to when she was quite a little girl, 'don't go to her, daddy. Don't leave me. I'm so lonely.' I explained that we were all going to be together, but she only shook her head. 'If you marry her, you will never belong to me again—never.'"

"We must be very good to her," said Monica. "I am the intruder."

"She adored her mother," said Alan.

"She adores you," she replied.

"SHE will adore you," he laughed. "It sounds like a French conjugation." Monica had never before faced antagonism. She had always walked triumphantly through life, her beauty going before her like an army with banners, her charm and sweetness making friends in the most unfriendly places. But suddenly—there stood Eileen.

Petty and childish, ignorant and unreasoning, but oh, so determined to be an enemy entrenched and grim! A force Monica could not gauge nor account for opposed her, and every effort she made to win the confidence and liking of the girl was turned to insult. In three weeks, in six, Monica had not won a single kindly glance from Eileen, who would not stay a moment alone in the same room with her nor enter into the briefest conversation.

"And it isn't because I am her stepmother nor even because I am your wife," she explained to Alan once, "that she hates and distrusts me. It's something else—vague and hidden—something, I think, that has nothing to do with me and that was here before I came. And somehow it makes her not so much hate as fear me. And that's

strange, too. You won't understand this, Alan, but sometimes I feel a little shock of repulsion for her, as though there were something—oh, secret and unclean, like a slow poison working within her—and then it is lost in a great flood of pity."

"Monica! Really you're becoming morbid about this. You talk as though Eileen were a pathological case, a subject for alienists, and she's just an obstinate little girl—a bad, silly little girl having a tantrum. I say we spank her."

But Monica, her eyes on the golden windows across the street from the couch where they sat, did not smile.

"No, Alan, you don't understand. And it's because you don't understand, don't even think there is anything to understand, that Eileen has become as she is. And if, between us, we don't understand very soon, and help her, I'm afraid—I'm truly afraid for what may happen."

"Why, Monica! Why, dearest, what do you mean? You've brooded over this so much that you've grown nervous and super-sensitive. I'm sure it's something quite simple and obvious that's wrong with Eileen—just her jealousy of me and for her mother."

Monica shook her head slowly.

"No, Alan. . . . Tell me, has anything ever happened to frighten Eileen?"

"Why, no. I'm sure not. She would have told me. What could have happened?"

"Something that has made her sick to her very soul. I'm sure of it, though I can't get close to it. It's in her eyes when they escape mine, and it's there most of all when they look back at me so brazenly. . . . Babies can love sometimes, Alan—desperately. There never has been that?"

"Never. Of course."

She rubbed her cheek softly against his sleeve. "You wouldn't know anyway, old silly."

"You won't laugh if I tell you what I think?"

"Of course not, dear."

But the golden windows across the street were flinging tiny gilt disks into her eyes and it was that she was thinking of.

"Sometimes, when I'm alone in the house, reading, playing the piano, as I often do at twilight, I hear a sudden cry and I start up and listen. Nothing. No one. But I can't sit quietly. I wander upstairs. The house is very still. No one there. No one has cried out. Yet, I could swear I had heard it—the cry of some one calling for help—some one, a prisoner, hidden away in a secret place, calling for release. And when, with so strong a conviction that it comes from Eileen that I pass her room to look in, either she is not there or she is dressing to go out, and throws her head back and looks at me with that brazen, defiant look of hers."

"BUT, dearest, it all seems so fanciful and unreal to me. You've taken the whole thing so much to heart that you're beginning to invent explanations for what you don't understand. You're simply unhappy and discouraged about Eileen."

Monica drew one slim, ringed hand up over the other.

"Somehow, you don't see it, Alan. Yet it's there, plainly to my eyes. You don't see even the obvious things—in her face, in her manner." Suddenly, she leaned forward and seized his shoulders, almost shaking him. "Look at her, Alan—look at her, just once. Then you'll be afraid, as I am, for Eileen—and what is before her."

For the moment he was impressed, troubled; then drew her gently to his shoulder.

"You're tired, dear. Try not to think of it any more now."

But that evening the open rupture which Monica had dreaded ever since her arrival, came suddenly. She had had a slight headache and had told Alan she would not go to the play; then, at the last moment, had felt better and dressed hurriedly. She had just joined him in the lower hall, when Eileen appeared, scintillating in spangles and jewels, on the upper landing. When she saw Monica, she came to a sudden halt in her gay flight down the stairway; her eyes flashed dangerously and her voice flew out like a lash.

"I thought we were going alone," she cried to her father. "I thought you told me she had a headache." Then, before he could answer, she turned and ran, stumbling blindly, tearing her flounces, back up the stairs. They heard her door slam and a furious, outraged cry leap after it.

"Little devil!" cried Alan, seizing his hat and gloves. "Come along, Monica."

But Monica was already half-way up-stairs. "Wait. She must go with you, Alan," she called back over her shoulder.

Eileen, tossed in a glittering drift upon the bed, was beating her pillow with frenzied fists. Monica stood a moment beside her; then stooped forward to say gently, "Eileen, dear—I'm so sorry. I—"

The girl leapt like a hunted, infuriated animal, her eyes dangerously aflame. Her voice was hoarse and strangled.

(Continued on page 176)

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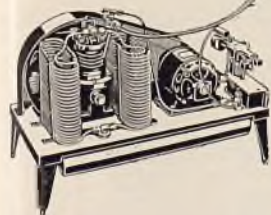
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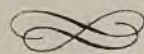
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THE SECRET PRISONER

Marie Beynon Ray's Story

(Continued from page 174)

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"Get out of here!" she cried violently. "Leave the room, do you hear?—at once. Good God, can't you see how I hate you?"

Monica drew back, fearful of such violence. With her hand on the door, she turned to say quietly, "I wanted to tell you that I'm not going with Alan. He's waiting for you downstairs. I'm sorry. It was a mistake."

"Get out!" repeated the girl through clenched teeth.

But within ten minutes, Monica, waiting in her room at the other end of the hall, heard Eileen's door open and then her voice, deprecating and timid, speaking to Alan in the lower hall. Then they were gone.

The next morning she met Eileen in the hall. The girl paused a few steps beyond Monica and, without turning, said in a hard little voice, "That was awfully decent of you—what you did last night."

MONICA'S voice, as she came a step toward her, was very soft.

"No," she said. "I owe you so much. I seem to take so much from you, though I don't mean to. I want to give to you—not take away—if you would only let me."

A little sob broke from Eileen. She tossed back her head and looked with strange, wild eyes at Monica, then fled from her down the hall.

That was the beginning. Monica's advance into the girl's confidence was at first slow and uncertain. There were days when Eileen chattered with her as naturally and spontaneously as to a friend of her own age and was gay, bubbling, and affectionate; and there were other days when she avoided her, grew sullen, and lived to herself, secretly. Un-understandable, baffling! Monica could find nothing in the girl's character to account for these changes. She was passionate and sweet, obvious and docile—just a normal, lovable young girl. But somewhere was something twisted and distorted—a sudden turn in her character beyond which all was dark—a door, as Monica visualized it, locked and barred, beyond which lay an unknown and forbidden country.

During the next six months, one by one all the doors leading into Eileen's confidence opened to Monica—all but that one. Close as she came to the girl in those months, she never came one step nearer to the thing that was not Eileen but that dwelt in her like a secret prisoner. Even when, at last, Eileen seemed completely hers, there were still times when she would rudely break the bonds of their friendship and escape into this unknown region from which issued obscure and wayward desires and unaccountable impulses. At such times, like a childish Mr. Hyde, she would trample on the things that were most dear to her, return to her old, vicious habits and insolent manner, and mock at Monica's gentleness. Then, suddenly, she would fling herself in a passion of remorse into Monica's arms and the evil enchantment would be broken for weeks to come.

But even then the secret door remained closed to Monica.

GRADUALLY Monica came to know all the girl's friends. "Most of them are really sweet, simple, charming little girls with very pretty manners—which they sometimes use," Monica described them to Alan. Alan, she found, had no conception of their way of life—never conceived the endless bridge games with their immoderate debts, the silly love-making, late hours, cocktails, cigars—all the attestation of an empty, vicious, adult existence; and she saw no reason to enlighten him. It was enough that Eileen should gradually be won from all this, and that Alan should vaguely recognize the change in her softened manner, her slowly emerging, illusive prettiness, shorn of all its silly paint and extravagant furbelows.

Monica sought among these friends for a clue to those dark episodes in Eileen's life, but there was no enlightenment here. Nowhere, in all the girl's light, inconsequential environment could she find anything related to those ugly phases of her character.

Then one day a young man, a friend of Eileen's, whom Monica had met once or twice, came to the house and asked to see Monica herself. As soon as she entered the room she saw that he was controlling an unbearable excitement. He jumped up and almost ran to her.

"Mrs. Durand," he said, "I'm sorry to bother you. Perhaps I shouldn't have come. I don't know what you'll think of me. I didn't know what else to do. I had to come. I want to tell you about Eileen."

Monica felt that, unless she stopped him, he would go on indefinitely with these short, explosive sentences, like a nervous schoolboy. It was almost laughable, and yet his deadly earnestness sent a little thrill of apprehension down into her heart.

"Sit down," she murmured.

Before he was seated, he was speaking again. "I know you must think it strange for me

to come to you like this. It was awful, trying to make up my mind what to do. I hope I'm doing what's right. Well . . ." He crowded his doubts down with both hands and hurled himself forward, regarding her with tense, young eyes in which she saw such a swift rushing of life. "I've known Eileen a long time—even before you came, Mrs. Durand. I've always liked her a lot. But I was always fighting against it, too. I didn't think I ought to care for her. She was like—like temptation. She wasn't the kind of girl I wanted to like. I didn't think she was very nice—very good—that is—" he hurried frantically to cover his mistake, "she seemed so gay, so—well, I'm afraid I thought of it as fast, Mrs. Durand." Such intense trouble in those young eyes! "You see, I'm studying for the ministry and I guess that makes me pretty stiff and hard sometimes. I've no right to be like that."

"Why, I understand," said Monica kindly. "Ministers are no more intolerant than the rest of us."

"You see, although I didn't want to like her, yet—" he seemed in a desperate struggle to give her the truth of it—"yet it was just the things about her that I didn't want to like that I liked the most—her gaiety, her lightness—even her *fastness*. I was ashamed of myself, yet it was that that attracted me to her. When I thought how gay and laughing she looked, as she danced and smoked and teased me over the wine glass, and the way she flung back her head to laugh, I felt hot and happy all over." Suddenly he stopped, deeply troubled. "I don't see how I can tell you all this, Mrs. Durand."

"Of course you can," she said gently, "I'm her mother."

"Well, but all that wasn't what made me really love her. Even at first, before you came, there was something good and sweet under all her gaiety that she didn't want any one to know about. It was almost as though she wanted to kill her real self by all the awful things she did. I'm afraid I don't make it clear—"

"YES," said Monica, "perfectly clear." And suddenly it seemed to her that this young man, who at first had seemed to her just a negligible boy, was a mature and thoughtful person whose love had given him a real understanding of the girl. She leaned forward to ask breathlessly, "tell me, do you know what is the matter with Eileen?"

There was no shock of surprise in his eyes, just a deep trouble, and he shook his head.

"No. Except that for all her gaiety, she isn't happy. And that that man is somehow responsible for it."

"What man?"

"Why, he—Mr. Fleming—don't you know? That is what I came to talk to you about."

"Mr. Fleming? Who is he?"

"Then you don't know him? That is what has been worrying me—whether you knew and still let her go with him. Oscar Fleming—an old man. Every one knows him. A beast—an old beast—" the boy clenched his fists. "She doesn't go with him so much now as before you came, but still, everybody talks about it. Something breaks inside me whenever I see them together. She doesn't seem sweet to me then, but *disgusting*—like him. It is because of what people have been saying recently—that I came to you. Oh, Mrs. Durand, she mustn't see him any more—ever again!"

Monica rose with her hand to her cheeks, that were suddenly white and drawn. Here, she felt at once, was the truth. As soon as the boy began to speak, she felt this to be the answer to all her apprehensions.

"Thank you, Mr. Arnold," she said, "thank you for telling me. I want to make Eileen happy. I think this will help me."

He rose, too.

"I HAVEN'T done anything wrong, have I? I've thought about it so much. I don't know how to help her myself but I thought if you knew about it, you would know what to do—so she will be happy. Oh, Mrs. Durand, I love her so!"

He stood miserably before her, his throat working convulsively. She held out her hand to him and he gripped it spasmodically.

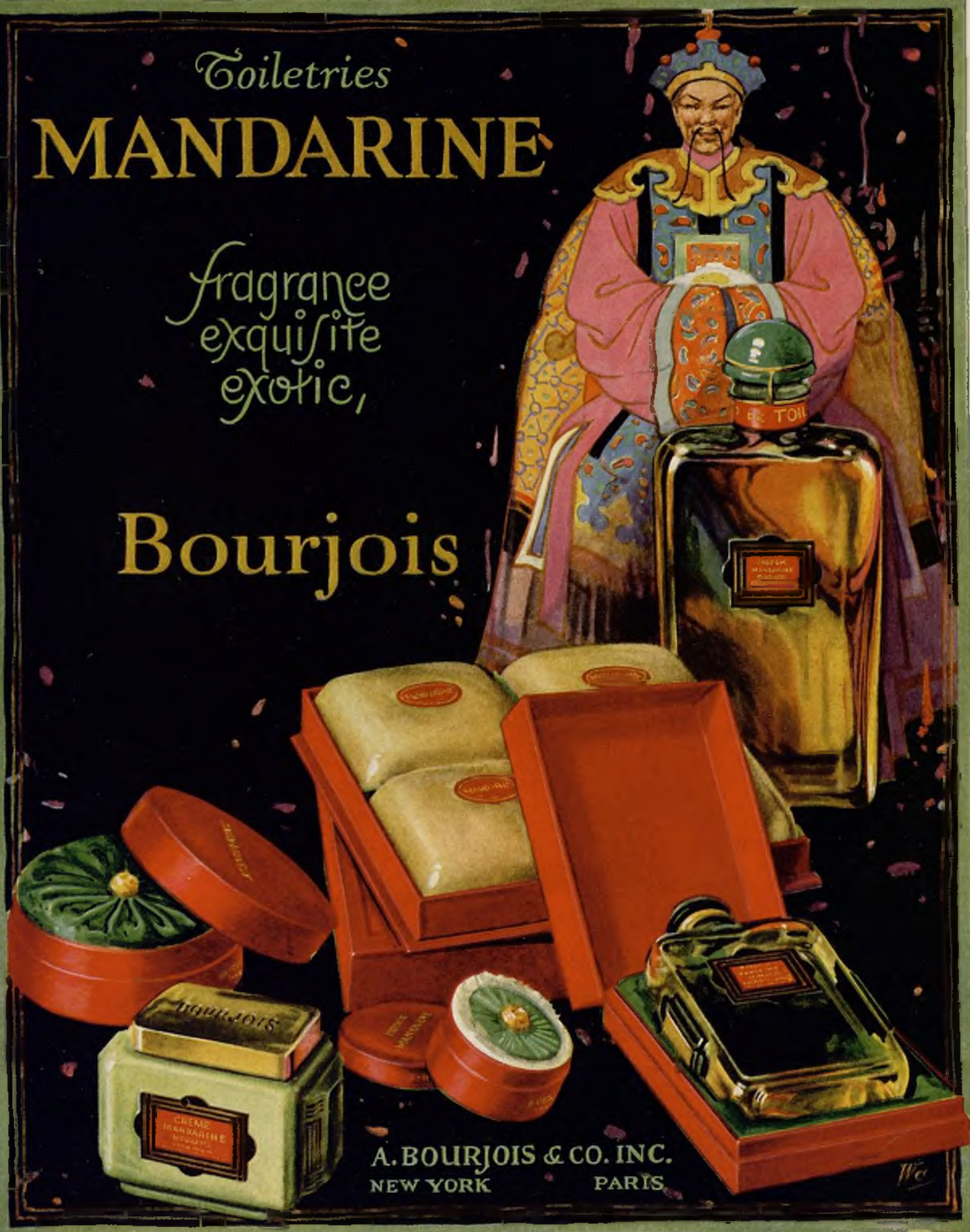
Monica met Mr. Fleming. An old man, shaken with years and sinfulness, from whom mothers snatched their daughters as from a plague. But he was not to be turned out of a society where he had grown old in sin and pleasure. He was tenacious—and secure. Monica smiled upon him and he glowed dimly, shaken with a senile pleasure. He did not believe himself past conquests. Still, he was crafty. Eileen? Oh yes, he knew her. A nice little girl. He was, he might say, a friend of the family, had known her mother, though he had never had the happiness to meet the present Mrs. Durand—the famous beauty, painted by Sargent, by Sir John Lavery.

(Continued on page 176)

Toiletries
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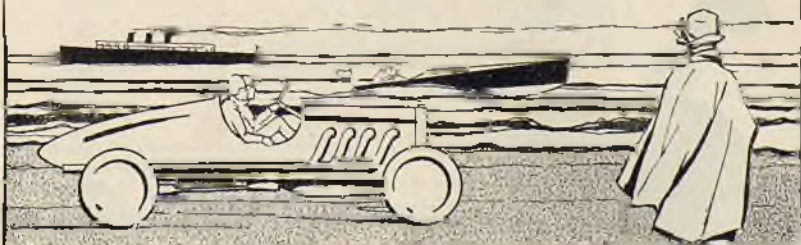
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THE SECRET PRISONER

Marie Beynon Ray's Story

(Continued from page 176)



THEY BUY TANGEE

on the rue de la Paix!

FORGETMENOT skies and winds from the south . . . shops like little jewels along the *rue de la Paix*. . . taxis hurtling through the gay streets like comets, sirens a-blare. . . pretty women, smart women, rich women from all over the world flinging their money down like golden rain. . . Paris in Spring!

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Ayuntamiento de Madrid

"Oh, only an Irish beauty," Monica said and turned away smiling.

Later she tried Eileen. Mr. Fleming's Eileen's eyes were instantly veiled. A nice old thing. People were horrid about him. If he liked you, he spent no end of money on you. Gave gorgeous presents. She'd always kept them for a while, so as not to hurt his poor old feelings, and then usually given them back. Some of the girls were horrid. She didn't remember anything special now—a pin perhaps—a necklace. She no longer wore them. Mr. Arnold? Eileen laughed and opened her eyes wide. Billy? That ridiculous boy? Had Monica met him? Wasn't he funny? So serious—so desperately serious about everything. Fancy, he wanted to marry her! "Can you bear it?" In just that deadly earnest way of his, he had asked her—as though marriage were a sort of double funeral. As if she would marry him, a minister with an archbishop for a father—she, Eileen!

"But what would be so strange about that?" "Why, you know, any one's marrying a minister would be funny, but me—me—" the smile grew a little stiff and white before it faded—"me, you know, Monica!" It didn't sound, somehow, quite such a joke as it had started out to be.

Then came the night that Monica received the letter from Billy Arnold—incoherent, frantic. "People were saying—oh, there could be no truth in it—but he was such a horrible old man, Eileen such a baby—things had not been so bad until this last rumor—now every one was talking—they must take her away—"

As Monica was reading, Eileen came into the room. With a swift motion Monica slipped the letter into her dress and felt herself turn hot, then very pale. Eileen paused a moment with parting lips, advanced a hesitating step, and then stood, with narrowed eyes, studying Monica's face. She had seen, and she was puzzled. Slowly a look Monica had never seen crept into her face—a look sly and beguiling. She smiled and came slowly forward. But, though she smiled and looked so assured, Monica saw that she was trembling.

"A letter?" she asked. "I saw, I'm sorry. But you don't need to worry. I give you my word I won't mention it to any one. You can trust me." She patted Monica's arm reassuringly, smiling that sly, beguiling smile.

FOR a moment Monica did not comprehend, but gradually it came to her that Eileen thought she was concealing this letter because it was a letter she shouldn't have received. But how could such a thought have come to her? What in herself, what in the girl, could have suggested such a possibility?

Then, in a flash of comprehension, she saw the explanation. Broken bits of the past flew together to form the solution. She saw that this road might lead to the unraveling of the mystery that surrounded Eileen. She must follow it.

She rose, pressing her hands over the note within her dress, keeping her eyes immovably on the girl's face.

"Thank you," she said. "I'm sure I can trust you."

The smile fluttered and went out, leaving Eileen's face very still. Then, for the first time, Monica saw the transformation occur—the actual moment of change from a normal, young girl to that secret, strange, and repellent creature who at times possessed her. A physical change, as though she had taken a poison and it were creeping slowly through her body, came over her—horror in her eyes, a sneer on her lips. She tossed back her head, —to laugh, it seemed—but instantly her whole self changed—was shattered, and she flung herself, sobbing passionately, into Monica's arms.

"No—no—no!" she cried. "Not you—my God, not you, too, Monica—not you!"

Monica held her close, murmuring reassuringly. She knew she couldn't pursue this plan in the face of the girl's suffering.

"Darling, no," she murmured. "No, not I. It isn't true, dear. What you think isn't true."

At last Eileen was quieted.

"But if it isn't true, then what—?"

Monica laid her hands on her shoulders. "I can't explain now, dear. It's something I must think over. Perhaps later I can tell you about it. But now, you will just trust me, won't you?"

The girl looked wistfully into her eyes. "Yes," she said doubtfully, "yes, I trust you." Then, as she turned to go: "I have to trust you, Monica, or I'd die."

Little and broken, pitiful and spoiled! Monica drooped forward and wept. Pity and terror surged through her—pity for a sweet thing spoiled. She seemed to see the sweetest thing in the world suddenly dashed, suddenly violated and broken.

All through the night she could not sleep and in the morning she went to Alan. She no longer had only her fears and presentiments

to take to him. The letter was definite. Surely now he would see, now he would believe, and together they would do what was wisest and best. He would suffer, be angry—Still she must go.

But Monica was not prepared for the violence of his outburst. Her own mind had not gone the full length of the terrible conclusion to which he instantly leapt.

He read the letter and raised his head slowly, and she saw the fearful thought come into his mind.

"Alan!—You don't believe—?"

"I don't know. Perhaps."

The certainty of it was growing slowly in his eyes and she tried to ward it off.

"No, no, I don't believe it, Alan. It can't be true—I know—I'm sure—"

"But, Monica, isn't this just what you've been looking for—the slow poison? Wouldn't this be the answer to all your questions? My God, Monica, if this is it!"

HE ROSE, and flung his chair violently against the desk.

"If—this—is—it, Monica!"

And at that moment Eileen entered. She saw the paper in Alan's hand and recognized the letter of the night before. Her eyes flew to Monica and her mind flew to its conclusion. Like an inflammable brand she took instant fire from her father's anger. She advanced a step, threateningly, toward him, and her small, white face blazed suddenly into his.

"Look here!" she cried, "you let her alone, do you hear? What right have you to blame her? She's kind and she's sweet to every one. She's been wonderful to me when no one else cared. So what does it matter if she's not perfect? Perhaps you think other women are saints. Well, they're not. And perhaps you think—perhaps you think—" her speech staggered but returned at once to its terrible attack—"perhaps you think your first wife was perfect. Well, she wasn't! She wasn't, I tell you, she wasn't!"

She dropped to the couch beside Monica, covering her face with shaking hands, trembling so that her knees knocked together. Alan stood motionless. At last:

"What—do—you—mean? Answer me!"

She threw back her head defiantly.

"I mean—I mean that Lisa was bad, too. Bad. Rotten!"

He drew back slowly.

"You little devil!" he whispered.

Monica saw his gathering violence and rose to draw him away.

"Alan," she said, touching his arm, "come with me. Come."

But Eileen, looking into his face, leapt and flung her arms passionately about his neck.

"Oh, daddy, it isn't true!" she cried.

"Darling, I tell you it isn't true! I fled, I—I just wanted you to stop hurting Monica. Please, please, daddy, it isn't true. I swear—"

But Monica, with a look to Alan, was drawing him to the door.

"Please go, Alan. Leave me alone with her. This is what I've been waiting for."

When he was gone, she drew Eileen to the couch beside her. The girl seized her hands convulsively and Monica drew them into her lap.

"You can tell me now, can't you, dear?" she said softly. "Why you are unhappy—everything? So I can help you?"

Eileen did not look at her.

"You told me last night—it wasn't true, Monica."

"It isn't true, dear. The letter was about some one else—about—"

Eileen looked straight into her eyes.

"About me?"

Monica nodded.

"And Mr. Fleming?"

Again Monica nodded.

"You believe it? Father believes it?"

"No—we don't believe it."

"YES—father does." After a pause, she continued. "I told myself last night I would want to die if you were like that, Monica."

"Dear Eileen, you should have known."

"How could I know . . . ? My mother . . ."

Monica waited, breathlessly still.

"Monica, you don't know me at all. I'm not what you think I am. Ever since you've been here you've been teaching me to pretend to be something I'm not. But it's no use, Monica. It's all just pretense, no matter how hard I try. I'm not good and sweet and simple as you want me to be, and I can't deceive you any longer. I want to be honest with you, even if I lose everything you've given me. . . . Oh, Monica, you're the only friend I have, the only one that wants to understand!"

"Yes, dear, I do want to understand." "Don't, don't look at me like that. You wouldn't if you knew. . . . Wait." She gripped her hands between her knees to steady them. "I'll begin when Lisa died. . . . I never loved any one so much, Monica."

(Concluded on page 180)



Coat with the modish flare front, graceful and girlish, is developed of aquamarine jewel tone, with border of natural tibetone fur.

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THE SECRET PRISONER

Marie Beynon Ray's Story

(Concluded from page 178)

not father even. Every one adored her. They loved her because she was so gay and so lively. Of course I thought it was all right for her to do all the things she did—have men always about her and go everywhere and receive presents—and father thought so, too. I think he felt as though she were a bird who would want to fly away if he tried to keep it in a cage. And I guess everything was all right until—until he came." She was speaking in a high, hard little voice as though some one were clutching her throat.

"He?" repeated Monica softly.

"That old man—Mr. Fleming. He didn't seem old then. He has grown terribly old in the last few years. I used to think he was quite handsome and very impressive, so clever and well-dressed and dominating. I used to tremble when I heard his voice—speaking to mother. Oh, well . . . I guess she thought him rather wonderful, too. She was always going about with him and getting letters and presents from him. I didn't really think it mattered, but somehow I knew I mustn't tell father. She would hide the letters when I came in, but she wasn't very careful. I guess she thought I was too young to notice. Well—then she died. She sent father away when she knew she hadn't much longer to live and she told me about a box where she kept her letters and asked me to burn them. I read every one before I burned it. I tried not to but I couldn't stop. I didn't cry once. I just seemed to die inside, and since then I don't have real feelings inside me any more—none that matter very much. I'm just—dead."

Monica could not speak. Eileen's white face, so set, looking straight before her, broke her heart with pity.

"And there's worse—much worse. About myself. You will despise me . . . You know how I must have hated that old man. There was a terror, a horror of him in me, almost a physical nausea. And yet when he came to me, after her death, there was something in me that wanted him. Once he kissed me, and I could have killed him. Yet often, after that, he was all day long in my thoughts. I seemed to be seeking for him and—yes, longing for him. A restlessness—a search—for something. Sometimes I almost screamed, I wanted him so. And when he came, I had to go to him, and his kisses would burn all night on my lips. . . ."

She sat, looking straight before her—very still. She drew herself up a little before she continued.

"And even that isn't the worst. I have to tell you everything so that there shan't be one little thing I've held back to make myself seem better than I am. Well, even now, sometimes, it seems to me that I must go to him and say, 'I have come again.'"

"No—no! Not that!—Oh, what has he done to you?"

"So you see—" she threw out helpless hands, "I'm no good! You might just as well give me up. Lisa was this way, too."

For the moment, Monica could not speak, and Eileen, glancing up, pulled a little away.

"I know you despise me. Just now, you are a little sorry for me but when you see I can't, no matter how I try to, get away from this—oh, I know how it will be. And father—" She rose and stood miserably before Monica.

"I'm going away, Monica. I'd be better off if I didn't have such an easy life of it—if I had to work like some girls. I've been thinking about it and I'm sure it's the only way I can help myself. It's no good my staying here, Monica, letting you try to whitewash me and make every one think me nice and proper. I'm too—rotten."

"Dear Eileen!"

"Don't. I know about myself—myself and Lisa. After to-day there's not one decent thing left in me. Until to-day I'd at least kept all this to myself—I hadn't, no matter what happened, hurt father. But now—"

"You didn't do it to hurt him, dear. You did it to help me."

"It doesn't matter. It just shows that I'm no good when, in every way, I let my passions get the best of me." Suddenly she

slipped to her knees before Monica and looked up into her face, her own for the first time melting from its hardness and working piteously. "Do you think we might keep it from him even now, Monica? Couldn't we make father believe I had lied to him? And that Lisa was good? Couldn't we?"

Before Monica could answer, a knock came at the door. Eileen seized her hands in panic.

"Lie to him," she begged swiftly. "For his sake, help me to lie to him."

And then, not Alan, but a footman entered. "Mr. Arnold," he said, and before they could re-use, the boy had rushed past him. On seeing them together he halted, abashed. Monica gave him her hand, which he seized gratefully.

"Thank you for your letter," she said gently. "It has helped to make everything right. Eileen has been telling me about it and she is going to be much happier—"

Eileen flew between them.

"No—no!" she cried. "You mustn't tell him anything that's not so, Monica. If Billy wrote you that letter, he knows what every one is saying and—and I want to tell him the truth. I want to tell him myself—Monica, please!" She snatched Monica's hands, as though afraid she would leave, and held her.

"Billy," she said. "Everything they say about me is true. I know you wouldn't believe it unless I told you myself. Oh, Monica, I don't need to tell him about mother, do I? Just myself—just myself. I'm no good, Billy. I've tried. I've wanted to be—ever since Monica came and since you told me. . . . But never mind that now. It's no use. I'm just as bad—just as bad as he is. And I can't ever get away from it, Billy. It's something inside me so that I want to be like that. That's what you can't understand, Billy, that I want it. And so I'm going away where I won't see him and will have altogether different things to think about. I think if I work hard, instead of just thinking about enjoying myself all the time, it will be easier. Don't you see, Billy, if I have to take care of myself, I may become stronger and better? If I find I can earn my living and take care of myself in every way it will make me feel surer of myself. And I might get to be a little bit worthy of you and Monica and father."

The boy took her hands gently. "You don't need to go away to do all that, Eileen. If you marry me, you will forget all about this. We can help each other."

Her eyes opened wide and Monica saw the first tears spring into them.

"Oh, Billy, I didn't think you'd want me after I told you. But don't you see it wouldn't be the same if I came to you as if I had to take care of myself? That's the only way I'll ever know what I'm worth. And I don't think you quite understand how—how bad I am. You see—even now—even now sometimes, I want to go to him!"

He stepped back.

"You see!" she said miserably.

But at once he returned to her.

"No, it doesn't make any difference," he said. "Nothing could stop my loving you."

"I can't do it, Billy. You're—you're wonderful to want me and—and I love you, but that is just why, don't you see—I can't marry you. Not as I am now—ashamed, disgraced. But if I'm ever good enough for you, Billy, I'll come back."

The hard little voice was breaking and she drew back to Monica for support.

"Tell him I'm right," she whispered brokenly.

Monica motioned to him to go. The boy took Eileen's limp hands, as she leaned against Monica's shoulder, and kissed them softly, but she did not lift her head, even when the door closed behind him. And then, on a long breath, came the sobs she had held back so long. And over and over again Monica heard the broken words, "But I'm right, Monica, I'm right. I know—it's the only way for me."

And Monica, holding her close, answered softly, "You are right, dear, you are right."



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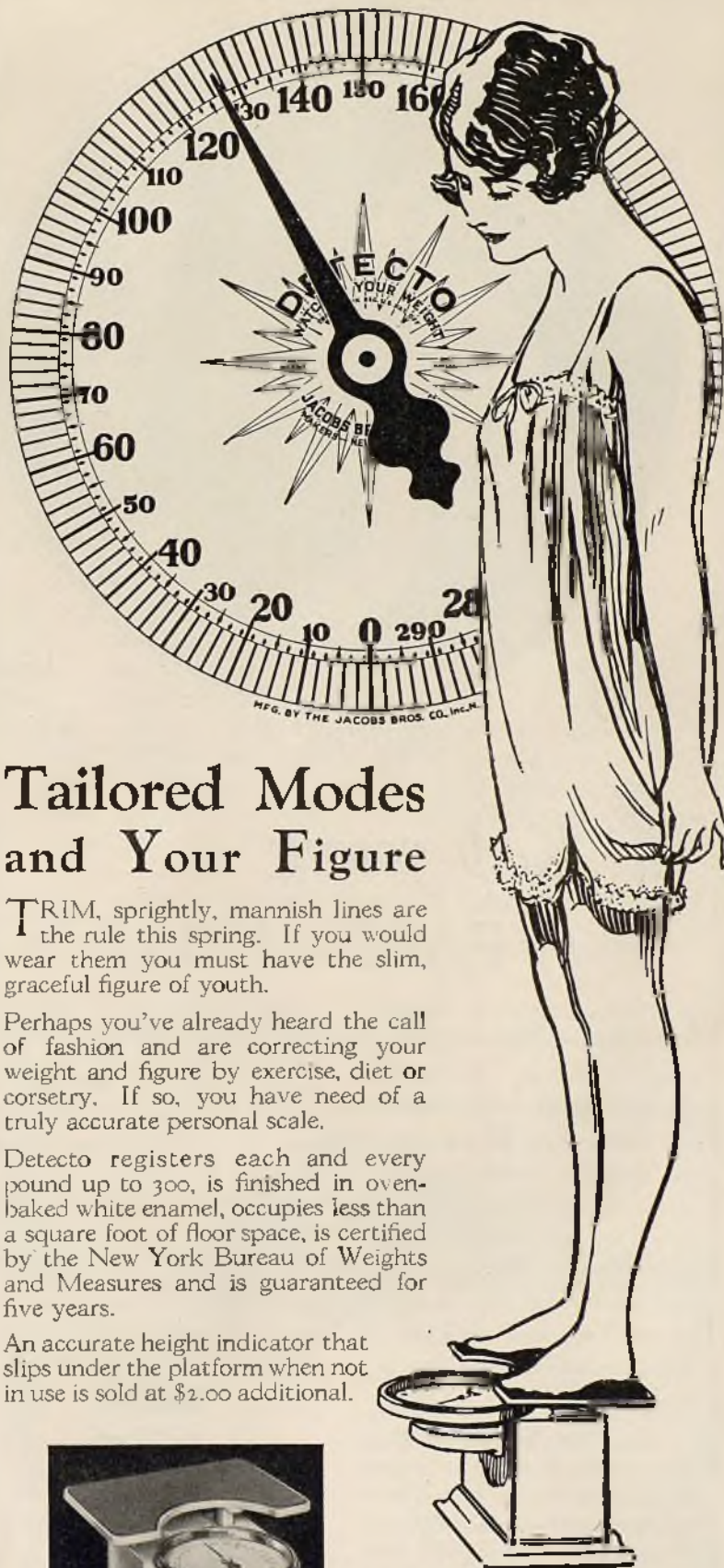
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The Park Lane on Park Avenue which is one of the typical new apartment hotels.

THE HOUSE NEW YORK BUILT

By HELEN BULLITT LOWRY

SHORTER and shorter waxes the official New York season.

So, too, then, must the streets of fashionable residence wax shorter. New York society is moving out, leaving its own New York to Iowans and Hoosiers, to bachelor girls chasing careers and chickens chasing dates and buyers chasing chickens, and to Oklahoma oil kings chasing the tail of fast-vanishing society. When Vincent Astor startled the readers of the two-penny picture sheets the other day—if not his own world—by announcing that his stately palace on Fifth Avenue would be turned into apartment house property, the real truth of the matter was that his country estate on Long Island had just been completed.

Teas and functions and marble Fifth Avenue halls of the smart architectural vintage of 1900 grow passe. Society is now concerned, not with preserving its feudal right to keep the Other People out, but with enjoying itself. Which it is doing with hunt clubs and golf and international polo and race tracks. And with breeding its own thoroughbred horses and chows and Llewellyn setters.

That's why society is moving a fourth of its wardrobe and an eighth of its "likker" stock into Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue apartment house closets. The story of these new millionaire apartment dwellers is really all psychologically tangled up with the dramatic yarn of the Back-To-The-Dog-Kenne's Movement.

Vincent will doubtless hang his "other suit" in an apartment house closet. That will be the next real estate development on Manhattan. And, as usual, the stones of Manhattan will tell the archeological story just as they've been telling it since old Knickerbocker society first moved uptown from Beekman Street, leaving its fanlight doors and its dormer windows behind it.

Gaze your last then upon Fifth Avenue as she is to-day; your last at gleaming white Renaissance palaces—usually swathed up with boarding before the windows. Hail, ta ta, and farewell to the magnificence and grandeur above Fifty-ninth Street, that came in with the Pittsburgh millionaires around 1900. A new era is galloping up-town, defying the traffic cops.

To-day, over on Park Avenue we can discern the blueprints of the coming era. The just completed Madison on Madison Avenue and Park Lane on Park Avenue give an accurate idea of how the old New York aristocracy, transplanted to the land, is going to do its sketchy new urban living.

Understand then that this new type of apartment dwelling is not going to take place in the huge de luxe, duplex apartments of the seven bath persuasion, that could accommo-

date in a pinch a whole family connection. Even husbands and wives don't spend the same night in town these nights. Much less is there such a thing extant as a family party.

Picture instead a three- or four-room suite, where furnishings and Chinese mandarin coat hangings are furnished by the tenant, but where "service" is furnished by the management. Imagine a service, too, that must go on not only while you sleep, but also while you steam-yacht across to the Indian Ocean. Inhabited or not, your Fifth Avenue or Park Avenue apartment must get its daily dusting dozen.

Picture telephones in the baths, and closets Yale-locked beyond the wildest dreams of thirsty dusting employees. Include in your inventory, like as not, solid oak wall panels from some storied Elizabethan manor house, fitted into your rented living-room at a personal cost of \$25,000. And above all keep a mental picture of the living-room itself, oftentimes forty feet square, the mere geographical carpeting of which should keep any thrifty interior decorator in cars and hats for a year. Fact is the only room in the oncoming suites which will not be constructed on this grandiloquent scale will be the slit of a room for one's personal maid.

Then add to the picture a brace or so of butlers, retained on each floor by the management, whose special business it is going to be to remember over a span of a week, or of a year if need be, whether Madame prefers gluten bread, or takes her calories *au naturel*. The room service of the new era must be personal. The Social Register will positively not retain a suite in your house, if service from breakfast to formal dinner on one's own refectory table shows by word, look, deed, melon, or butler, that it comes ready-to-wear with the lease, instead of being custom-made in one's own private menage.

What these apartment houses supreme are really going to have to furnish is high personal overnight service and short winter season "lodging" for the international polo players and golf champions that inhabit Long Island and Westchester County and Tuxedo. This is the latest decree of real estate.

For don't mistake—in the final analysis it is real estate that controls millionaires more often than millionaires real estate. Back, back, back the story carries us, back to the early days of the nineteenth century, and down into the narrow toe of Manhattan, where business first began to strangle for breath; then stretched out relentless talons and wrecking squads to tear down the houses before it, by the simple expedient of offering the socially important owners more cold cash for their home sites than they had the

(Continued on page 184)



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"The climax came," says the New York World, "when one woman, described as a 'prominent Long Island society matron,' took the stand and testified she had been afflicted with such a heavy beard

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CREATIONS JORDEAU NEW YORK

THE HOUSE NEW YORK BUILT

Helen Bullitt Lowry's Article

(Continued from page 182)

sentimentality in their system to turn down. More cold cash for the front footage than house, Lares, Penates, marble mantels, fan-light doors, et al. were worth lumped together. Decade by decade Knickerbocker society has been falling to this economic temptation, migrating northward and ever northward.

Safe, as they deemed at each migration beyond the wildest dreams of business aggression, the "ancestors" rebuilt their homes in whatever was the latest fashion in houses that season. That's how it came that old John Jacob Astor around 1830 moved his whole clan up to Astor Place at Eighth Street, to-day's Wanamaker site. All that's left of that old social center is the row of five dingy colonnaded houses where Stuyvesant Square slants off St. Mark's Place. Shabby down-at-the-heels ghosts of the dignity that was of the poke-bonnetted 'thirties.

For through Broadway's narrow gulch business had come driving on, fairly shoving the socially elect out of their home sites. And the Astor clan, ever the pioneers of the social migration, thriftily packed up bag and baggage. Aristocracy scattered north up Broadway to the region between Fourteenth and Twenty-third, westward-ho to Washington Square, and eastward through St. Mark's Place as far as Avenue A. That's how Second Avenue, now a place of dental surgeon advertisements and beaded peplums, became for two brief decades fashion's actual rendezvous.

Meantime Fifth Avenue was preparing herself for the proud destiny of harboring fashion; the destiny and glamour that once was Broadway's. Once more we find the ever-practical Astors pressing on in the vanguard of the social migration. Indeed a whole century's Odyssey could be told in the adventures of this one family. Hence we find them among the first to enter the famous old Murray Hill district. Among the first, too, to leave to make way for the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, that was Industry's outpost.

Yet, in spite of Astors and their ilk, ever we have had with us the "romanticist" school of millionaires, who, from sheer sentiment, have hung on in lonely grandeur, long years after Industry had won out in the real estate battle. As late as fifty years ago, people of prominence still lingered on in their haughty homes and iron balconies that overlooked the Battery. Washington Square North's last stand is an old story, what with the able assistance of the magazine writers, who have placed enough Best Old Families in those dozen old red brick mansions to repopulate France's devastated areas.

There is a poignancy and a minor chord to

this proud resistance against the march of Time—which is the one force that even millions can't snub!

Even the Morgan clans have failed to win out in their scientific organized resistance against the ruthless irresistible onslaught of the city. This Morgan matter, indeed, is one of the most picturesque episodes of Manhattan's real estate social saga—an episode, as you shall soon see, which is linked up with this latter-day Fifth Avenue architectural scandal of ours. Because here at last in Murray Hill we strike for the first time the new era of legalized zoning regulations. No longer is business allowed to exercise random willfulness upon the city's destiny.

In these modern days there positively must be a written permit. Which may be had only when the majority of property holders of a considerable district vote to raise the height of the buildings or to allow there certain specified types of business. Front footage votes as do shares in stockholders' committee meetings.

Then picture the conflict—the twentieth century, scientific battle. Business and apartments and office buildings smugly decided that they would take on the East Thirties east of Madison. J. Pierpont Morgan, Sr. decided that the district should remain fashion's residential rendezvous—that the stately Morgan homes on Madison at Thirty-sixth Street should be as when fashion's vehicles were horse-drawn and fashion's dogs ate lumps of sugar.

Residential height to Murray Hill has remained. For the first time in Knickerbocker history Time's clock has been stayed, because somebody willed it so. Time's clock has been stopped as hasn't been done since Merlin practised black magic, and Sleeping Beauties abounded, and whole castles could be doped off to nap for a century. The only difference has been that, in this unromantic twentieth century of ours, the black magic consists of fifty-one per cent. of the real estate's votes.

Yet, for all this latter-day magic, fashion kept on moving northward.

The poodles of the 'nineties, shaven up like privet trees, and the spans of dock-tailed horses, and the old ladies, with bonnets and carriage parasols like those of Queen Victoria, were dying off—the last-mentioned species doubtless moving on to their real estate mansion holdings in their guaranteed Episcopalian Heaven. The raucous noises of motor-drawn traffic bore on up Madison. Motor-impelled trucks thundered across the East Thirties.

Yet these same motor-drawn vehicles were annihilating distance.

(Concluded on page 186)



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

The Madison, on Madison Avenue, is another of the luxurious new apartment hotels.



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smartest exclusive crea-
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Bring out your Hidden Beauty with

Dr. FOLTS' SOAP

Big Hips, Large Busts, Ankles, Arms, Reduced
in a Remarkably Short Time

WHY not bring out the beauty of your real features hidden under those ugly rolls of fat? A double chin adds ten years to your face. Large busts and hips make you look matronly. Big ankles give you a clumsy appearance, yet if you care to, you can have a perfect face and figure, molded just as you wish it, without trouble or inconvenience of any kind. IF YOU ONLY WANT TO TAKE OFF

A FEW ROLLS OF FAT HERE AND THERE, YOU CAN DO THAT IN NO TIME. SIMPLY USE THIS EASY RECIPE: Get some of Dr. Folts' Soap from a good drug or department store, make a lather, and apply a few minutes, night and morning, on special parts you want to reduce. You will be surprised at the quick and amazing results in taking off fat from parts where it shows. Men and women have lost as much as 20 inches from their stomach and hips. Double chins and large ankles disappear as if by magic. Every day more people are using this simple, old-fashioned formula to reduce, because it is absolutely harmless, practical and cheap. So many women are not fat all over and all they need for a perfect figure is to "trim off the edges." For them, Dr. Folts' Soap is ideal, because a few applications will do it. Possibly you are still slender enough, just getting a little "plump," and you hesitate to eat all you want because you are afraid of fat coming on. Get some of Dr. Folts' Soap, use it once in a while, and watch how it will keep your figure into ideal proportions. Dr. Folts' Soap is guaranteed absolutely harmless, does away with pimples, will tonify the tissues and give the skin a wonderful glow of health.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS—ASK FOR THE ORIGINAL REDUCING SOAP CALLED DR. FOLTS. If your druggist does not carry Dr. Folts' Soap in stock he can get it from his wholesaler or you can send a money order or check direct to Scientific Research Laboratories, Dept. 89, 350 W. 31st St., N. Y. C. This soap sells for 50c a cake—3 for \$1.20.



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as sweet as a spring morning—*
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"BON ODOR"
LATEST PARIS CREATION

Instantly Relieves Body Odors and Perspiration

ARE YOU ONE OF THE MANY WHO THINKS THAT ONLY DURING THE HOT SUMMER SHOULD PERSPIRATION AND BODY ODORS BE TAKEN CARE OF? Then, little do you realize that at all times even during the coldest weather most people are subject to a certain amount of perspiration and body odors. Soap and water alone cannot relieve such condition, it should be corrected with a good deodorant. REGARDLESS OF THE SEASON OF THE YEAR, "BON ODOR" should be used by everyone faithfully.

"BON ODOR" is the latest creation from Paris—it has solved an almost impossible problem: to instantly relieve all unpleasant odors without closing the pores, causing sores or lumps or damaging the finest lingerie. Not only was "Bon Odor" created for the elegants who care to appear and feel at her best always but it has been found ABSOLUTELY INDISPENSABLE FOR EVERY WOMAN AT CERTAIN TIMES.

The chic Parisienne turns to "BON ODOR" for so many different uses that a detailed and more intimate booklet has been written and will be sent ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE UPON REQUEST with interesting French beauty secrets used by Famous Actresses and well-known beauties to keep young and attractive.

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THE HOUSE NEW YORK BUILT

Helen Bullitt Lowry's Article

(Concluded from page 184)

No Hooks—No Eyes—No Elastic—No Bones



Snuggleband—Trade Mark—Pat. Reg. U. S. and Canada

The Snuggleband

Modern corsetting no longer caricatures woman's figure, but accepts as its ideal the "human form divine" and molds the figure into the natural girlish lines of youth.

The Snuggleband was scientifically designed with just this ideal in mind. It is made of rich, firm satin, with no bones or constricting elastic to hamper freedom of movement, but so cut that it holds the figure in lines of natural grace and affords a fitting foundation for the slim silhouette.



The Snuggleband is easily adjusted—it "wraps" across the back, buttoning in the middle and on either side—six buttons in all, no hooks or eyes. Laundered as easily as your lingerie. In pink or white, price \$12. The Snuggleband is also offered in imported English mercerized broadcloth at \$9.

The Bromley Panty-brassiere, sketched on the left, is a combination brassiere and step-in of heavy glove silk which buttons on to the Snuggleband, making a three-in-one garment which cannot get out of place. Or you can buy the Bromley straight-line brassiere of glove silk, which buttons on to the Snuggleband, making a two-in-one garment which "stays put." Panty-brassiere, \$12; Bromley brassiere, \$4.

The Bromley-Shepard Co., Inc., 31 Paige Street, Lowell, Mass.

The Snuggleband is sold at the following stores. If your favorite shop cannot supply you, write us direct, sending bust and low waist measure.

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Upper Fifth Avenue beckoned with its promises of sunlight and air, the two things of the spirit that millions can buy the city dweller, even if (as is alleged) they can't buy happiness. The arts and crafts of making over lean brownstone-front parlors into interiorly decorated living-rooms had not been developed, as they were to be developed after the housing shortage struck New York in 1918. The East Sixties lured with the latest Florentine fashions in architecture. New York was positively stage-set for another social migration.

It was the "smart young married set" that began to move on first, just as it was the smart young married set of 1850 that moved up to Gramercy Park by brougham. Breaks came in the social brownstone phalanx of Murray Hill. Houses were for rent. The solemn old deserted mansions were not even getting the privilege of dying a violent death in their shoes, as the colonnaded mansions of Astor Place died seventy-five years ago, when the smart shopping district on Grand Street needed more space and sent out wrecking squads before it, to seize that space.

Instead, the insidious boarding-house blight came skulking into the East Thirties—that menace that slinks across the side streets whenever lordly business marches boldly up the avenues. Soon the real estate anomaly existed of a boarding-house of the bourgeoisie wedged in between two fine old New York families. On summer nights the "boarders" sat on the stoop. On summer nights the caretakers of the boarded-up old houses gave the boarders dirty looks.

The social migration uptown went on until the region of the East Sixties and Seventies was to become the very center of New York's social destiny. Our pre-war period of most dazzling real estate splendor had begun.

Newport was still at its most gorgeous and formal. More frenzied, more extravagant grew the social pace. Unprecedented fortunes came pouring into New York out of the West. Old Washington Square North, clinging on by its eye teeth to a square of grass and of trees, may still have labored under the delusion that it was snubbing these denizens of extravagance. But in truth Society had gotten out from under the old Knickerbocker dictation of ancestors and tradition. The new rich in this case, rapidly becoming the old rich (as is the way with riches), were extravagantly hewing out a new set of traditions.

The white palaces of Fifth Avenue that seemed built for eternity (because forsooth architecturally they deserved to be) tell the story of this brief period of unprecedented splendor and climbers and frenzied finance.

Yet barely were these white palaces safely built up Fifth Avenue, before industry began surging up again from the south, offering money for front footage and yet more money. Again the curtain was due to go up on the same old melodrama. The houses on Manhattan cannot be made to cost enough money, but that the land they are built on can gobble them up in a decade. Apartment houses for the patronage of the likes of Vanderbilts and Astors and Carnegies were demanding the land on which Vanderbilts, and Astors, and Carnegies had builded.

Nor does Society really need the magnificent houses any more that the building speculators are trying so hard to buy for such a very valuable consideration. In this nonchalant post-war era there is little room for pomp and circumstance. Society is really a bit fed up with its own game of magnificence, and would honestly like to untie those millions that are tied up in its white Renaissance palaces,

boarded up as they are and guarded by caretakers and burglary insurance.

But, for all that, what is our moneyed aristocracy going to do about it? The two-century-long migration can no longer be repeated. Harlem and Harlem's progeny press close from the north. The far-flung hinterland of middle-class apartment houses, christened like Pullman cars, block progress for miles and miles. True Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt solved her housing problem by her now-historic move to Sutton Place in 1921. But Sutton Place will care for only a mere handful. The post-war backwash into old Murray Hill, while it has thrown panic into the souls of the boarding-houses "missuses," is taking care only of individuals.

The real migration of this decade will have to be more radical than any mere turning back of the real estate clock. It will be the dramatic, full-lunged leap to the great expensive open spaces, where society is already spending six or eight months of its year.

A sudden and spectacular rise in Fifth Avenue real estate values has been the event that has given this general tendency its final impetus. This rise in land values—in some cases a twenty-five per cent. rise, in others a fifty per cent.—came over night last June, when the Court of Appeals settled the litigation that had been hanging fire for four years, by ruling that Fifth Avenue above Fifty-ninth Street could be built one hundred and fifty feet from pavement to cornice.

This is the real inside story of the Astor announcement. Vincent Astor had been morally and financially behind the fight to make Fifth Avenue safe from apartments. The litigation had hinged on whether the city-owned Park front footage had a right to its votes. That is a long legal story. Suffice it to say, that, the minute the ruling was handed down, Vincent Astor hurled down his dramatic announcement.

Thenceforth then and from now on and forever and a day—at any rate while the present out-of-door sports of society stay fashionable—New York society will operate from an out-of-town base. Urban New York society will soon be with the smart set of Nineveh. Those apartment houses will rise on Fifth Avenue. *C'est finis.*

And yet a hundred years hence Fifth Avenue and those East Sixties (which have solved the housing shortage of the play-setting as satisfactorily as Washington Square that of the magazine story) will carry the mark of fashion's footprints. For never a street of New York that has once known fashion but is marked indelibly. One house will linger on out of the dead century, growing somber and sad as the unoccupied years roll over it, poignantly whispering the story of its by-gone days of fashion.

Corroded old brass knockers down on Cherry Street tell yearningly of negro slaves with orange turbans, dead these hundred and fifty years, who once polished those knockers. The iron balconies of Henry Street, made over into second-hand fire-escapes, tell louder than written history of gracious belles of the 'fifties.

When you and I, too, are dead and gone to our mansions—or perchance bungalows—in heaven, one Renaissance Fifth Avenue palace will linger. Will linger as have lingered those other relics of by-gone New York. Will linger because a poor "title" to the deed has been accumulated somehow by reason of minor heirs or of litigation. Will linger shopworn upon the real estate counter. Will linger on to tell the story of the grandeur of the early limousine period, just before Fifth Avenue fell before the historic Back-To-The-Dog Kennels Movement.



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Exquisite Anita Stewart, posed in a double Pontiac Strain silver fox neckpiece.

Photo by Seely, Los Angeles



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"With the right corset, yes! Without it, positively no! For one cannot be correctly gowned unless one is first correctly corseted."

Your dressmaker is right. True fashion foundation depends upon correctly fitted corsets.

And she knows there is a Bon Ton corset or brassiere for every need of the human figure—models scientifically designed to put the pounds in their place and prevent straight lines from curving prematurely.

For the lovely Easter frock you cannot be satisfied with just any corset. Insist upon a Bon Ton fitting for a corset of undeniable comfort—one that will not fail to give you proper support and line in the right place.

Of particular interest to all women planning their Spring and Summer wardrobe is the exceptional offering of Bon Ton FIVE DOLLAR corsets now being shown by leading department stores and specialty shops. These are a quality corset of finest materials and workmanship that will outhold their shape and outwear far more expensive models.

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in a few seconds with your favorite loose powder—why use cake powder any longer? Obtain a Norida Vanitie at any toilet goods counter. The price is \$1.50—comes filled with Fleur Sauvage, Wildflower, Poudre, a fragrant French Powder, in any shade you want.

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FOR years stage stars have known this secret of clear, radiant complexions. It is part of their stock-in-trade. Who ever saw an actress whose skin had infections, blackheads, pimples? Yet actresses *make-up* several times a day. Their skin is constantly exposed to hard use—yet remains charming.

Now you, too, may know this secret of famous stage beauties. It is simply the use of Kleenex in removing cold cream and cosmetics each night. This soft velvety absorbent is made of Cellucotton.

Towels often cause infections; they are expensive. Kleenex, at all drug and department stores, costs but 25c. A box contains about 200 sheets (size 6 by 7 in.) and lasts about a month. Use it once, throw it away. It's cheaper, better, safer. Beauty experts advise its use.

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White

Louis Wolheim and William Boyd in what is still the outstanding play of the season, "What Price Glory."

A THEATRICAL PERSPECTIVE

Over Fifteen Crowded Years

By PERCY HAMMOND

VICISSITUDE is one thing at least that the theater holds in common with life, and so the scheme of entertainment fluctuates. The French man of letters who refreshed his soul with the epigraph

Diversité, c'est ma devise

must have learned his little creed of variation in the orchestra chairs. In New York Eugene O'Neill sounds his mournful dirges in a playhouse hard by Ed Wynn's foolish headquarters, and Mr. Shaw's cosmic observations are to be heard next door to a genre comedy called "Pigs." Congreve's "Way of the World" and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" are within a stone's throw of the Russian "Chauve Souris." The surly scenes of melodrama, "where rant and bloodshed join," are neighbors to the lollipops and caramels. At one time this year Longacre Square and its environs contained plays from the Hindu, the German, the Austrian, the Muscovite, the Hungarian, the English, the French, the Negro, the Italian, the American, and the Seven Seas. "Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light."

MR. H. M. HARWOOD, a distinguished London dramatist, has just proclaimed that the past fifteen years represent the

richest period theatrically since the Elizabethans. He includes, no doubt, the American effort in that enthusiastic devisor, since the drama of both countries is so closely affiliated. Therefore it is not impudent, in a reflection over Mr. Harwood's remark, to think how abundant the art in this land has been since 1910. If not "rich" it certainly has been extravagant. All the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan could have been produced with an expenditure less than that of a single version of the Music Box Revue, and it is suspected that any of the works of Samuel Shipman or Avery Hopwood cost the public more than "The Rivals" or "The School for Scandal."

It has been the gilt age of the theater. It has produced tons of tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, and historical-pastoral. And its chief events have been "Abie's Irish Rose" and "What Price Glory," if "Rain" be excepted as half-English. In the circumstances I ask Mr. Harwood and others who pretend to take the theater seriously, if it is wise to speak of it save in terms of bewilderment.

Mr. Harwood's optimistic survey inspires one to take a vague inventory of the fifteen years' achievements on the American stage. What have they produced in the way of acting and the drama? Miss Laurette Taylor

(Continued on page 190)



Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the Theater Guild's production of "The Guardsman."

GRAY HAIR banished in 15 minutes with



INECTO RAPID NOTOX created by science expressly for coloring the sensitive organism of human hair is specifically guaranteed to reclaim permanently the original color of naturally gray, streaked or faded hair. It may be had in 18 shades, from radiant blonde to raven black; and even under the closest scrutiny its application can not be detected. It will neither rub off nor be affected by shampooing, curling, salt water, perspiration, sunshine, Turkish or Russian Baths. It will not affect permanent waving—and permanent waving does not affect INECTO RAPID NOTOX. Contains no paraphenylene diamine. Beware of imitations—look for NOTOX on the package. It is your protection.

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PARIS



Pauline Lord has even surpassed her "Anna Christie" in her rôle in Sydney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted," produced by the Theater Guild.

A THEATRICAL PERSPECTIVE

Percy Hammond's Article

(Continued from page 188)

and Miss Ethel Barrymore came to full flower in plays that were sometimes successful and sometimes good, but it was rather a time of famine for Mrs. Fiske, Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Mary Nash, and Miss Billie Burke. It developed a promise in Miss Ina Claire, Miss Jane Cowl, and Miss Katherine Cornell, and it has brought to the threshold a number of other young women of talent—Miss Jeanne Eagels, Miss Phyllis Povah, Miss Helen Menken, Miss Helen Hayes, Miss Pauline Lord, Miss Juliette Crosby, Miss Regina Wallace. But it has witnessed the passing of Miss Maude Adams, Miss Marie Doro, Nazimova, Miss Margaret Illington, Miss Hilda Spong, and Miss Charlotte Walker. From its so-called richness it has given little to Miss Anglin, Miss Elsie Ferguon, Miss Florence Reed, and Miss Marjorie Rambeau. They

have played and they are playing, but not importantly.

THE men actors have not fared much better. Walter Hampden and John Barrymore have edged Mr. Sothorn and Mr. Mantell aside in the plays of Him of Avon. Arthur Byron's fifteen years have been neither fertile nor barren, and the accomplishments of Henry Miller, Lionel Barrymore, Otis Skinner, John Drew, and William Faversham can not be called "rich" in the best sense of the word. Mr. Lackaye, Arnold Daly, Frank Keenan, and Mr. Cohan have been waste, and so has David Warfield, except as Shylock, the work of an Elizabethan. William Collier, the ablest of the satiric actors, has had nothing to do. The most eminent of the "stars" brought

(Continued on page 192)



Laura Hope Crews lends her delicate and delightful comedy to "Ariadne," the new Milne play the Theater Guild is producing.

Her Diary

MARCH 31ST

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Nicholas Murray

Helen Hayes, who has been playing in "Quarantine," is to have the rôle of the skylarking Cleopatra in the Theater Guild's Shaw revival.

A THEATRICAL PERSPECTIVE

Percy Hammond's Article

(Continued from page 190)

out by the period, I suspect, is Lowell Sherman, and his contributions have not been large. That prosperous fellow, William T. Hodge, the people's actor, though a busy artist, has been somewhat niggardly in his gifts and the same may be said of Louis Mann. Mr. Arliss has confined himself successfully to plays by his own countrymen.

The activities of the playwrights may have been more fecund. I have a meager memory and I do not recall any of the wonderpieces of Mr. Harwood's fifteen years. Numerous men and women have been breeding dramas for us and a list of their names suggests that a lot of good should have come from their labors.

So far as I can remember the best these authors have done to justify Mr. Harwood's halleluiahs is contained in the following small and, of course, unsatisfactory catalogue:

"Seven Keys to Baldpate"
"Dulcy"
"Beggar on Horseback"
"Desire Under the Elms"
"The First Year"

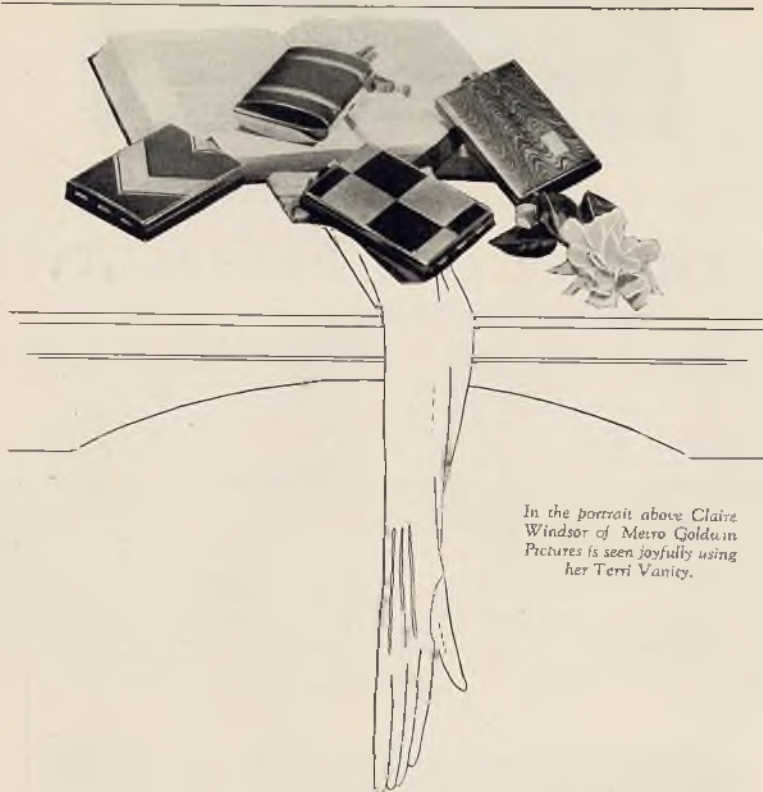
"They Knew What They Wanted"
"Close Harmony"
"Minick"
"The Show Off"
"Merton of the Movies"
"Tarnish"
"The Goose Hangs High"
"Detour"
"Icebound"
"The Adding Machine"
"Tea for Three"
"The Boomerang"
"Rain"

I find myself suspecting that some of Montague Glass's Potash and Perlmutter opera should be included, they were so rich in character and humor; but as plays they were slipshod. Mr. Pollock's "The Fool" was a sincere and eloquent hot-gospeler, enriching us emotionally rather than esthetically. And Winchell Smith's Mother Goose melodies were just sedative soothing sirups. Augustus Thomas and Clyde Fitch did not do much in the fifteen years to make them valuable. (Concluded on page 194)



White

Horace Braham and Katherine Renner in "The Rat."



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Florence Vandamm

Gertrude Bryan in "The Way of the World."

A THEATRICAL PERSPECTIVE

(Concluded from page 192)

BUT the next fifteen years! Therein, Mr. Harwood, if you are as young as you seem to be, you may find treasure. Sane and honest theatergoers are joining with the counterfeit poseurs to form an audience that will inspire and support an adult drama. There are a dozen new playwrights in America who know something about life as well as the theater, and who are proud enough to want to combine them in an intelligent way. Young actors are at hand, hundreds of them, who can act, not merely "show off." Whereas most of the playing of the past fifteen years has been largely affectation, in the next it will be impersonation if not characterization. For a while at least, such alive and occasionally understanding producers as the Theater Guild, the Provincetown group, Gilbert Miller, Winthrop Ames and others

will help to make the time relatively millennial. So rainbow is the prospect that I shouldn't be surprised if the ensuing fifteen years discovered an American dramatic critic.

The new age begins impudently. It commits all sorts of adolescent misbehaviors and pooh-poohs circumspection. It illustrates with frankness most of the frailties of the human race, smoking, drinking, chewing, swearing and keeping late hours. It lives, as the saying goes, its own life. Words are spoken in the new dramas that cause the police to be called out. Deeds are done that affright those playgoers who are carnally white-livered. But it is young, candid, comparatively honest, and its manners will improve with the passing of the wild-oats season. At any rate it is no longer the pathetic little "Cinderella of the arts."



Mourice Goldberg

Odette Myrtil in "The Love Song" at the Century.

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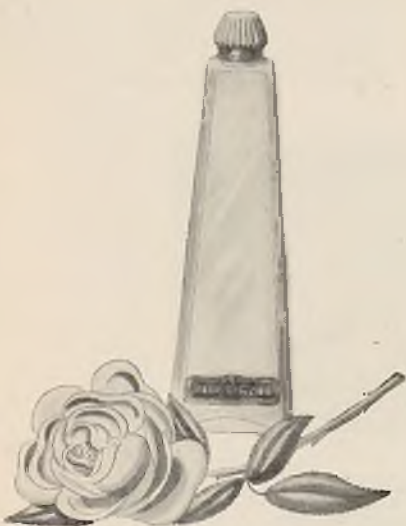
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A MODERN FOLLOWER OF AN ANCIENT CRAFT

By LIDA ROSE McCABE

TO BIND a favorite book with one's own hands was the fad which closed a century that had seen many a faddish bit of handwork, from footwear to wax flowers. The England of William Morris was undoubtedly responsible for this luxuriant by-product of the art-craft movement that swept America in the late nineties and early nineteen hundreds.

Of the butterflies that fluttered to Alfred Schleuning's bookbindery in Old Chelsea to coquette there with the ancient craft, scarcely a baker's dozen saw the first volume through. For Schleuning—offspring of generations of German bookbinders—was a hard taskmaster. It is not a light diversion to stand on one's feet or sit at a work bench from eight-thirty until six. One by one the bevy faded away, leaving Marguerite Duprez Lahey the sole survivor.

How the gifted American girl persevered to be acclaimed, after twenty-two years, the finest bookbinder in America and one of the world's greatest, is a story connected with the assembling of the J. Pierpont Morgan Collection, which was presented recently to the City of New York as a public reference library and a memorial to its founder by his son, who has brought it to its present perfection.

Marguerite Lahey has six hundred edition de luxe bindings credited to her in the Morgan Library catalogue, besides numerous solanders, or designed and tooled leather cases to hold priceless manuscripts. In each sumptuous binding is tooled her signature, after the manner of the immortal Grollier and kindred masters of the art.

Supplementing this major work are articles of her design and execution for the personal desk of the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan in his private room of the library—a blotting book, a box for stationery, and a telephone directory, America's one contribution to desk essentials, a guest book for autograph signatures of notable visitors, and, last but not least, six blind-tooled morocco bindings for the voluminous deed transferring the library to the city. The deed volumes are gifts, one to each of the library's six trustees: Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, their sons, Junius Spencer Morgan and Henry Sturges Morgan, Lewis Cass Ledyard and James Gore King.

Few, even among connoisseurs, realize the labor and skill that go to the making of one fine binding. About eighty processes are involved. In Paris, to which the art was brought from Venice by Grollier in the reign of Charles I., it is highly specialized, countless experts contributing to the finished whole. Miss Lahey is master of every step, and does a

fine binding from start to finish without an assistant.

As a child she always wanted to use her hands, and it was to bind her own books she took up the hobby. To this day, her books—save a dozen for exhibition purposes—remain unbound, for, like the proverbial shoemaker, she never has time!

For ten years she worked hard and unceasingly at home in America and during the summers at the benches of Paris master binders and gilders. Then the late Mr. Morgan saw a volume she had bound for herself and finished at the work bench of M. Jules Dumont, France's master finisher. Mr. Morgan had an edition de luxe of the same work—it was Frederick Masson's "Napoleon and his Women"—in his library room reserved to French books. He commissioned Miss Lahey to make a duplicate binding of her copy for him. It was the turning point of a unique career, for shortly after she bound the famous Morgan Caxton, the Histories of Troy, 1472, the first book printed in English and this the only known perfect copy. For sixteen years now she has worked for the Morgan library, the son royally continuing the father's patronage.

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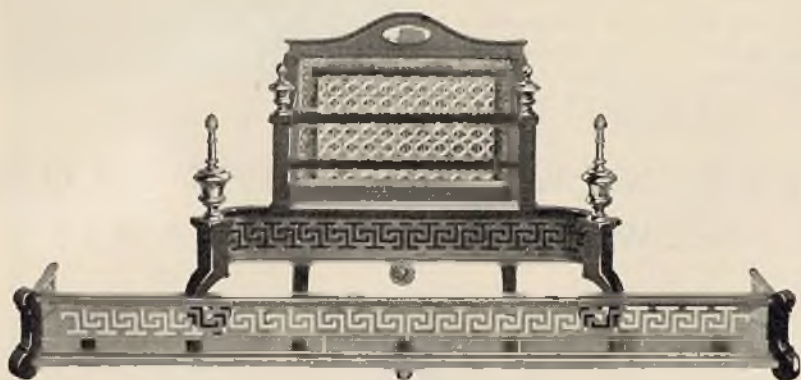
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(Left) The one-strap slipper of black satin for dinner and afternoon wear. Saks—Fifth Avenue.

(Right) Brick-rose satin, with a very high spike heel, and inset with gold embroidery. From Paris.

(Left) Colored kid and moire. The tiny buckle and kid bow are new and smart. From Saks—Fifth Avenue.

The two brocaded metal shoes shown at the right are rather extreme models from a Paris designer.



Tiny enameled buckles in color for the spring patent-leather opera pump. Saks—Fifth Avenue.



(Left) Red and gold brocade Perugia shoe, from Saks—Fifth Avenue. (Above) A new French brocade slipper with a very high gold heel.





Next Month....

The TRAVEL NUMBER of HARPER'S BAZAR

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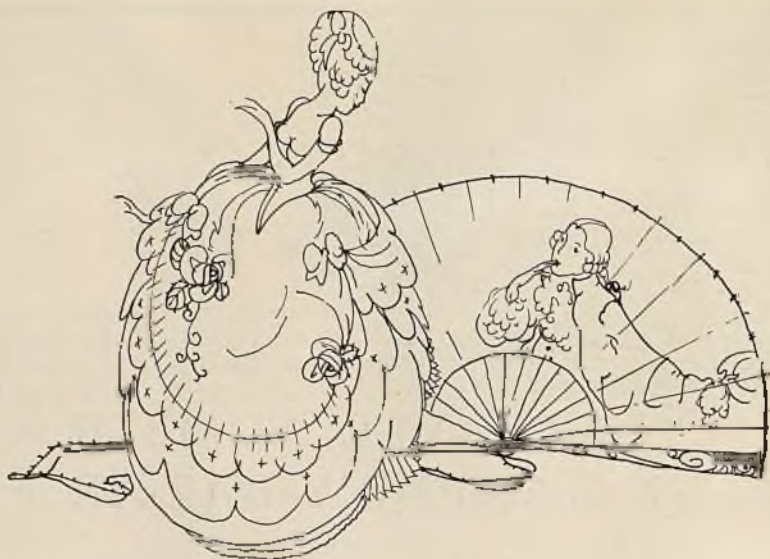
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THE LOSS

By HOLLOWAY HORN

THIS episode is as old as Adam, since, if the truth were known, the notorious apple-biting episode was probably due more to Eve's being bored with the Garden (and Adam) than to any innate naughtiness in that unfortunate and much-maligned lady.

The Adam in this modern comedy was very worthy, very successful, very dull. Every one respected Peter Wetherby—even Eve. This latter part was in the carefully manicured hands of Gwen Wetherby, his wife.

The third character—it would be rude to call him the Serpent, so perhaps it would be fairer to refer to him as the Apple, although there is no direct evidence that he was bitten—the third character, I say, was played very well indeed by Mr. Russell Halliday. At least, up to the point when he missed a cue rather badly . . .

The affair had been ripening for some little time. Gwen was "misunderstood"—you know, of course, what I mean—and a lady who is misunderstood usually manages to make things pretty awkward all round. Russell Halliday was sympathetic. He was the incorrigible bachelor into whose ears every pretty, married, and misunderstood lady was able to pour her woes and be certain of finding understanding.

There were emotional dinners in discreet little restaurants where they were not likely to meet Peter or his friends. There was an atmosphere in such places, pink shades and mild wickedness, which was in keeping with the silly game they were playing. Probably, at opportune moments, he held her hand, and sighed. Certainly he was good at sighing; bachelors of forty very often are!

Naturally he told Eve he was in love, as he had told other and equally misunderstood ladies. But—and this is the joke, the fly in the amber—he was beginning really to think that he was in love.

UNDER normal conditions he would have been safe, even then—no man in London was more expert than he in skating over thin ice. But he knew that he must be very careful because even a bachelor of his mature years is never quite secure when the emotions are affected.

It went very much against the grain but, after thinking the whole thing out carefully, he made up his mind to break it off. He was very mad indeed with himself for falling in love; it made everything so difficult. But she would understand, he was certain, for he was rather good at suggesting a sadness which would tinge the rest of his life, and gradually crystallize into a pale mauve memory. In a quiet and slightly husky tone he would talk of what might have been had they but met . . . before, tell her that she would always be his ideal . . . all the usual gup.

Experience told him that she would probably dab her dark eyes with a dainty cambric handkerchief (not the ordinary hanky but one of those special fluffy ones which are provided for these occasions), sniff, and say she supposed it was the only way.

Then, of course, the farewell kiss, long and lingering, during which she would close her eyes. The whole affair would be in excellent taste and according to well-established precedent. A week or so later he would meet some other lady, equally misunderstood, and start again at the beginning.

In spite of his calm anticipation, however, the affair was not so easily to be fitted into a type.

Their last night came and they sat facing one another across the shaded table. She was very beautiful. Her eyes, as he had often told

her, were the color of forget-me-nots and her hair like oaten straw in the autumn. . . .

She was very sad, that evening; so was he.

He looked into the dark depths of her eyes. For a second, as he made to fill her glass, she touched his hand as she shook her head. It thrilled him; it ran right up his arm to his brain; thrilled him as Russell Halliday had not been thrilled in years.

She knew what she had done and lowered her eyelids, so that all he could see were her misty lashes.

"Gwen!" he murmured.

She made no reply to this remark. There wasn't much she could have said, of course.

"I love you!" he added tensely, leaning a little across the table toward her.

"You . . . you mustn't," she faltered, meeting his eyes for a fractional part of a second in a manner which told a very different story.

IN the taxi he took her unresistingly in his arms. Russell Halliday was in love. Blindly madly in love!

And so was Mrs. Wetherby.

How the little god must have laughed! But possibly he has no sense of humor; so few people have!

After a short, rapturous silence Russell Halliday asked Mrs. Wetherby to clope with him.

It is much better to state the fact simply. Whether it was the thrill, the champagne, the dark depths, I, who am but a poor scribe and no psychologist, cannot say. Suffice it that Russell Halliday asked Mrs. Wetherby to clope with him.

Mrs. Wetherby agreed. . . .

If you had entered the smoking-room of Mr. Halliday's club that evening and announced that he had asked a married lady to clope with him, you would have been greeted with a hostile incredulity caused not so much by your questionable taste in making such an announcement, as by the assumption on the part of every man there that you were either a liar or a practical joker with no sense of humor.

If, on the other hand, you had entered the smoking-room of Mrs. Wetherby's club and announced that she had just consented to clope with Russell Halliday, you would, very rightly, have been ordered out, although the ladies there, once they had overcome their indignation, would have discussed the piece of news you had given them on its own merits and with gusto.

And yet, to the two people in the taxi, it seemed the most natural thing in the world. Indeed, it seemed the one absolutely inevitable fact in the universe.

"Sunday night, then, my darling, under the clock at Charing Cross, ten minutes before the boat train! Till then I count the seconds!"

IN fairness to Russell Halliday it must be stated that he would not have used such an awful cliché if he had been normal. But he was not normal. He was in love. He was so much in love that he walked homeward through the Park as one who walks on thistledown. It seemed almost as if he had but to reach up to touch the stars. And it served him jolly well right.

It was all rot, he argued, what the cynics said about love. When the one woman in the world holds out her arms to a man, codes and all the silly little conventions drop from him. He stands above all rules and laws, majestic, free. He was, as you can see, most

(Concluded on page 202)

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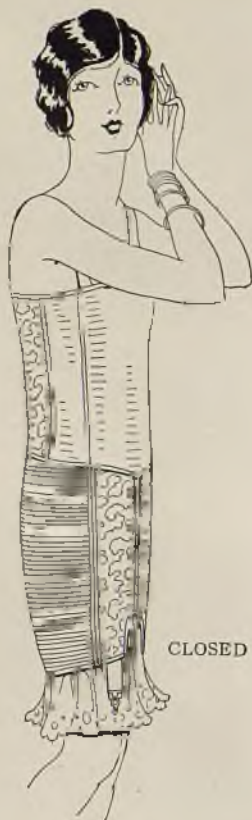
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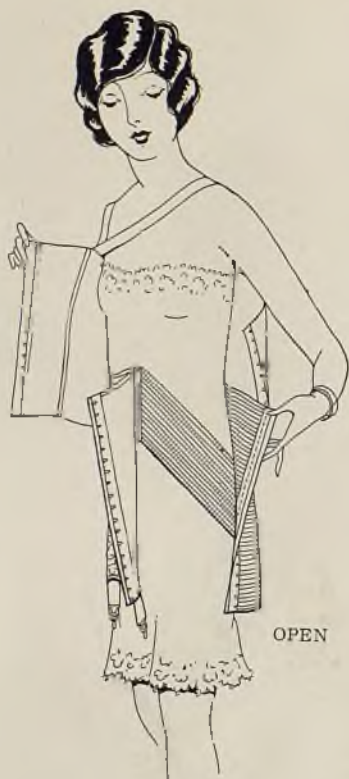
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THE LOSS

Holloway Horn's Story

(Concluded from page 200)

abominably in love. Certainly at that moment he was much more of an apple than a serpent!

Ultimately, in spite of the trend of his thoughts, he reached his chambers and found that the wonderful William (his servant—a treasure!) had left on the sideboard exactly the things he wanted. He put his glass down with a feeling of exhilaration which took him back to the enthusiasm of boyhood. She was wonderful! Her dark eyes...

At last, strange as it may seem, he managed to go to bed. Almost before he knew, sleep came to him and he slept the sleep of the comparatively good (a very excellent kind of sleep, too!) until the Wonder waked him in the morning and asked him if he wanted his bath cold or luke-warm.

Russell Halliday was silent until consciousness returned fully to him.

"Cold!" he said.

A COLD bath is, with the exception of influenza (also, be it noticed, a species of cold), the most disillusioning thing in the world. Russell Halliday saw things with vivid clearness as he completed his toilet. He appreciated fully what he had done.

He called himself names; cursed his stud, his collar, and everything that was his.

The patent breakfast food which he usually favored was waved away petulantly; the Wonder wondered, with raised eyebrows. The refusal of whiffled wheat was obviously a matter of great moment. Even bacon, cooked to the perfect crispness, failed to charm. The coffee itself was criticized. This latter had never happened before.

The Wonder was grim. He diagnosed the malady and wondered who she was.

Poor Halliday lunched at his club where his manner caused three of his friends to inquire anxiously after his health.

The foursome in the afternoon got on his nerves. His game was so bad that his partner asked jocularly whether Halliday was in love. The poor wretch, with magnificent self-control, merely smiled, but he was very near felling his mirthful partner with his niblick. He would probably have made a better stroke with his driver, but he was using his niblick at the moment the remark was made. It is just as well to have these details correct as so many people are taking up golf nowadays.

He rarely dined at his club, because they do not do dinners well there, but that evening he took his place in the empty dining-room. He was in the mood in which all dinners seem alike.

Afterwards he wondered what he would do, but without taking any very great interest in the question.

And then he noticed the letter in the rack.

He read it, whistled, read it again, smiled, ordered a whisky and soda, then another one, then told the hall porter to call a taxi.

He felt once again almost as if he could reach up to the stars; and thoroughly enjoyed the show at the Frivolity.

THE clock at Charing Cross showed that twenty minutes yet remained before the hour at which the boat train left. Russell Halliday waited patiently. He glanced about him anxiously at the Sunday evening crowd, but no one took any notice of him.

A quarter to the hour. The minutes were creeping on to the time they had arranged.

She came not.

Some one spoke to Halliday from behind. He started violently, but it was only a dis-

tracted Frenchman in need of guidance.

Still the minute hand crept on.

There was renewed bustle on the platform; doors were being closed.

The whistle went one minute after the hour. Halliday watched the great train glide out of the station into the night.

She had not come.

He called a porter, who transferred his suitcase to a taxi. He gave the driver the address of his chambers. The Wonder was almost surprised when he saw his master return. Not quite, but almost. He was the perfect servant.

TWELVE months clapse before the next scene in this sad little drama.

Russell Halliday is sitting in the end seat of the fifth row of the stalls at the Imperial Theater. The lights have been lowered; the play has commenced. Halliday politely rises to allow a lady and gentleman to reach the second and third stalls in his row. He settles down to the play without glancing at the new comers.

At the end of the first act the gentleman goes out to get a drink and Halliday is suddenly conscious that the lady next to him is looking at him.

It is Mrs. Wetherby.

"Well..." said Halliday and then, making a really excellent recovery, added, "Why didn't you keep the appointment that Sunday evening? I waited and waited..."

Mrs. Wetherby glanced sharply at him. "Was it on a Sunday evening?" she asked with a little tinkling laugh.

"Surely!"

"I suppose I must have changed my mind. I've really forgotten, Mr. Halliday."

"It is a woman's right," he said gallantly. She laughed.

"Like," she said, "is a very funny thing."

"Isn't it!" he said, with enthusiasm.

"Confess now," she said, "you were glad I changed my mind!"

"At the time," he said, "I was desolate."

"And now?" she challenged.

"Now," he said, meeting her glance without flinching, "I am only conscious that you are happy!"

"The odd thing is that I am," she said, with a touch of seriousness. "Peter is, after all, rather a dear. Here he is! Peter, you remember Mr. Halliday?"

Peter, thus appealed to, stopped in his progress toward his seat and examined the gentleman in question.

"Can't say I do," he said. "How are you, though?"

"Very fit," said Halliday and then the lights went down for the second act.

THE Wonder had left the same fittings on the same sideboard when Russell Halliday reached home after the performance. Again he put down the glass. But this time he turned to his bureau and from a pigeon-hole at the back took the letter which he had found on the rack at his club on that awful night twelve months before.

"My own darling," he read.

"I can not manage Sunday after all. My sister is coming for dinner. It would be too terrible for Jane to find me gone. She's so particular. Make it Monday, heart of my heart, at the same time and place. I am racing to get the post, but I have just time to send you all my love. Thine utterly, Gwen."

"This little chap," Halliday said with a grin, "must have been lost in the post!"



for APRIL 1925

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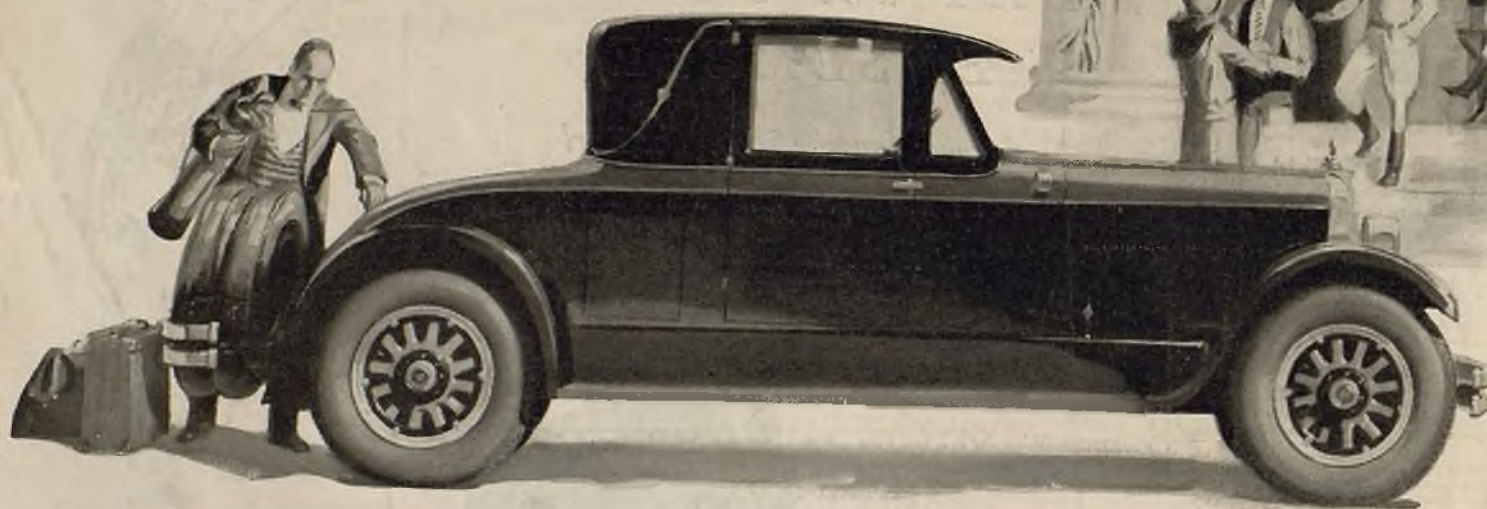
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