

Jan 1908.

Harpers' bazaar

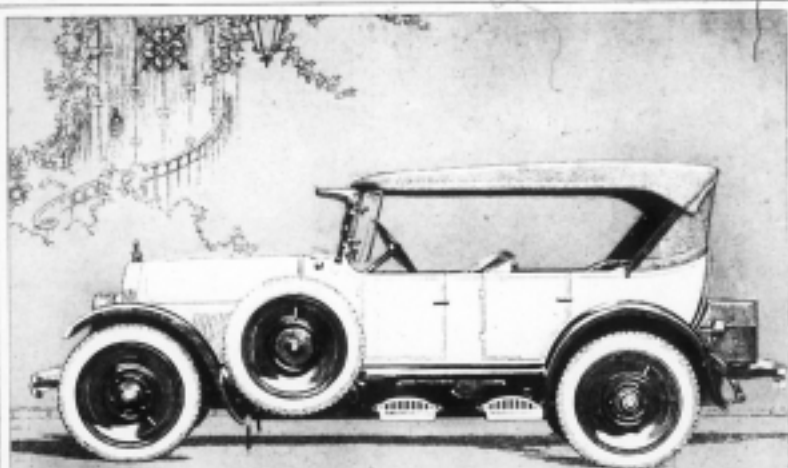
TIFFANY & Co.

PEARLS JEWELRY SILVERWARE WATCHES CLOCKS

INSEPARABLY
ASSOCIATED WITH QUALITY

PURCHASES MAY BE MADE BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



THE NEW 1923 FIVE PASSENGER HAYNES 57 SPORT TOURING

"NO EXTRAS TO BUY." The new, 1923 Haynes 57 Sport Touring Car answers most attractively the desire of the motorist for a typical sport model that shall be constantly serviceable and not simply for use on special occasions.

This five-passenger car comes fully equipped; everything accepted as an essential feature of a sport model is on the car; there are no "extras" to buy. Front and rear bumpers, polished protection bars and a spacious trunk in rear, six disc wheels with six cord tires and tubes, sun and vision visor, new design windshield wings, artistically fashioned individual steps, individual fenders and many other features which convey the impression of the last degree of quiet refinement and thoughtful design, are standard equipment.

Finished in a rich, Burgundy Wine color, resting on a 123-inch wheel base, powered by the famous Haynes-built light six motor, this newest Haynes is like an idealistic motor car brought into actual being at last.

Ask your Haynes dealer to demonstrate the four Haynes 57 Sport models, so that you may make your reservation immediately.

We shall exhibit at the New York Automobile Show,
Grand Central Palace, January 6 to 13, 1923.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Kokomo, Indiana
EXPORT OFFICE: 1705 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.



THE NEW, 1923 HAYNES 57 SPORT SEDAN, 4 PASSENGERS



THE NEW, 1923 HAYNES 57 SPORT COUPELET, 2 PASSENGERS



THE NEW, 1923 HAYNES 57 SPORT ROADSTER, 2 PASSENGERS

Copyright, 1922, by The Haynes Automobile Company

Harper's Bazar
January, 1923

HARPER'S BAZAR is published monthly at 117 W. 40th St., New York, by International Magazine Company, Inc., 117 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1911, at the post office, New York, N. Y., under No. 246, Postoffice No. 1507.

VOL. LXXXI
No. 1

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 174 and 175 Bcs., New York



For Madams and Mademoiselles to wear at the Sunshine Resorts

THE NEW SWEATERS AND SKIRTS

SWEATERS

- 71—Beacle Weaver Sweater of imparted two-tone twisted fibre silk and mohair yarn; Lavinia green, maize, red or French blue with white 19.75
- 75—New Jacquard Plaided Sweater of mohair and fibre silk yarn with solid color sleeves in camel, gray or white, and plaids in contrasting colors. 18.50
- 79—Blouse Sweater with peasant sleeve; imparted two-tone wool and fibre silk yarn; design and border in contrasting color; white with red, silver with navy, camel with brown or green 29.50
- 83—Inspected Sweater of Organic Wool, sheer lace weave; Branley or "V" neck; Lavinia green, white, beige, orchid or silver 18.50

SKIRTS

- 73—Pleated Kasha Cloth Skirt; white, camel, silver gray, Lavinia green or coffee color 19.75
- 77—White Wool Twillard Skirt in wrap-around model 14.50
- 81—Pleated Flannel Skirt with combination box and cluster pleats; white, beige or gray 9.75
- 85—Wrap-Around Flannel Skirt with wide underlap; combings of material give lattice effect; white, beige or gray 12.75

Charge Accounts Solicited

Copyright, 1922, by Franklin Simon & Co., Inc.



FANCHON

For the serious little maiden, Barbara Lee chooses this frock of Crispe Route.

The pin tucks (both front and back) are stitched in gleaming metal thread while the side panel is caught up at one side to allow a drape. Embroidered net finishes the collar, the sleeves are set in and the belt is finished in front with a pleated ribbon cinch. The colors are navy, gray and black, the sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and the price \$39.50.

FROCKS FOR THE YOUTHFUL ONE
ARE CHOSEN BY BARBARA LEE

Never has youth been so beautifully expressed as in the modes of today and Barbara Lee shows here four of her favorite models for the miss.

The line, the workmanship and the silk itself are rarely to be found in such inexpensive little frocks. In each model is the unmistakable signature of

Barbara Lee.

Barbara Lee frocks are shown exclusively in the shops listed in this advertisement.



CHAMINADE

Black, brown or navy. Crispe Route fashions this frock for the young and slender one. Boyce as it waists and falls as it short, there are circular designs of fluted ribbon for adornment. The scalloped bottom of skirt and the flaring cuff are faced with crispe in contrasting color, and long streamers hang from a wheel of fluted ribbon with floral cover. A typical Barbara Lee model with attractive lingerie collar. 14, 16, 18, 20, \$39.50.



COLUMBINE

Taffeta is youth's own fabric and this frock of Silvia Taffeta with self color cinch dots is an alluring model. The lacy, the full-flared skirt, the lace trimmed collar and sleeves, combine to give it demureness and charm. The carriage is of hand-made French flowers in varied hues, held in a quaint lace veil. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20, in navy or black, \$39.50.

PAMELA

An unusual dress in this Crispe Route by Hunt Brothers. The dresswear, effective in itself, is outlined in bands on both blouse and skirt. On almost straight lines, there is a suggestion of a front drape enhanced by the cascade side effect. The hand neck, short sleeves and cape or bertha back are youthful touches of Barbara Lee character. 14, 16, 18 and 20, navy, cream, gray or black, \$39.50.

L. S. Ayres & Company
Indianapolis, Ind.

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

The Bon Marche
Seattle, Wash.

Bullock's
Los Angeles, Cal.

The Dayton Company
Minneapolis, Minn.

The Emporium
San Francisco, Cal.

Wm. Filene's Sons Company
Boston, Mass.

Joseph Horne Company
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The J. L. Hudson Company
Detroit, Mich.

The Laskie & Koch Co.
Toledo, Ohio

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

The Rike-Kumler Company
Dayton, Ohio

Strawbridge & Clothier
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

Weinstock, Lubin & Co.
Sacramento, Cal.

Woodward & Lothrop
Washington, D. C.

For JANUARY 1923

BONWIT TELLER & CO.

The Specialty Shop of Originations

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38th STREET, NEW YORK

The January Sale of Silk Undergarments



TESSA

PERLE

RUBIE

BERYL



PERSA

SARA

TESSA—Gown of flesh color crepe de chine with tucks and real fillet lace 10.50

PERLE—Step-in combination of flesh color crepe de chine with real fillet lace . . . 6.95

Introducing Treatments of REAL LACES

THESE PRICES PREVAIL DURING JANUARY ONLY

PERSA—Step-in combination of flesh color crepe de chine with hand embroidered dots and wide real Irish lace . . . 7.95

SARA—Gown to match Persa, of flesh color crepe de chine with hand embroidered dots and wide real Irish lace . . . 13.50

MARISE—Step-in combination of flesh color crepe Gorgeotte with wide real fillet and lace hand embroidery . . . 8.95

IONA—Gown to match Marise, of flesh color crepe Gorgeotte with wide real fillet lace and hand embroidery . . . 13.50

BERYL—Gown of flesh color crepe de chine with real Irish lace 10.50

RUBIE—Gown of flesh color satin with wide real fillet lace and crepe Gorgeotte 18.50



MARISE

IONA

A beautifully illustrated booklet of *Lingerie and Winter Resort Fashions* mailed upon request.



Beaucraft

This Knitted Dress of pure thread silk with its blouse brightened with vivid Bonduren embroidery strikes a note of distinctive charm for street or resort wear. Its individuality is typical of all Beaucraft creations. Dresses, Blouses, Coats, Shirts, Wraps, Suits, Knitted Outerwear and a complete display of country and town clothes.

WM BLOOM & CO INC 40 EAST 50th ST N.Y.

For Southern Shores
'Neath Sunny Skies

FASHIONABLE CLOTHES

for Travel, Sports, Dancing,
and the dolce far niente
of a Semi-Tropical Winter

for WOMEN, MISSES
and the YOUNGER SET

B. Altman & Co.

Fifth Avenue
Thirty-fourth Street

Madison Avenue
Thirty-fifth Street

New York

KOTEX



John Van Dyke - 1925

Women appreciate freedom from embarrassment

And that, perhaps, is more than any other the main reason why thousands of women were first attracted to Kotex.

One asks for them by name. In drug, drygoods, and department stores everywhere. In resort centers as well as in cities. And thoughtful hotels deliver them to one's room on telephone request.

Even the box is refined for it has no printing except the name. Not a descriptive word.

Many find it advantageous to keep a supply of several boxes on hand. Particularly when traveling. Regular size and hospital size—the latter has additional thickness.

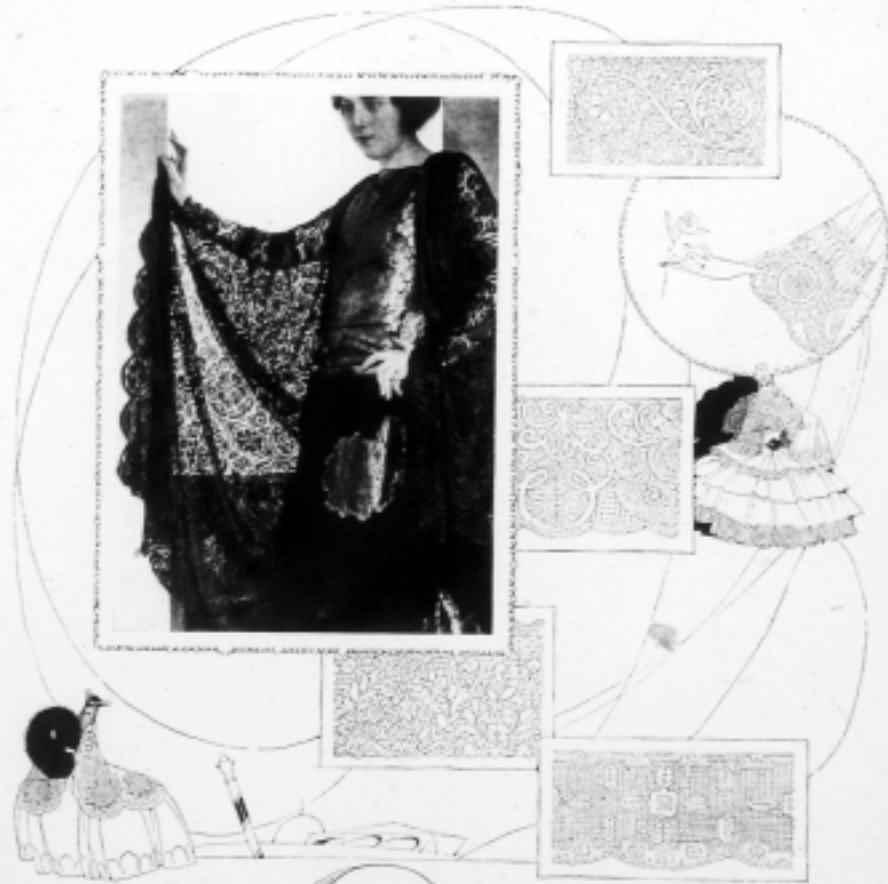
There is nothing to do but to open the box. The sanitary pads are instantly available to use, and quickly and easily disposed of. Ask by name for Kotex.

Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Boul., Chicago
51 Chambers St., New York. Factories: Neenah, Wisconsin
Copyright 1925, C.P.C.



Regular size, 12 for 65c
Hospital size, 6 for 45c
additional thickness

INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX



Laces

From precise Italian filets and delicate Point Applique to bold black Spanish lace—Fashion has embraced them all—these decorative laces, as modern as sunlit phrases from Debussy, as old as the Renaissance. Modern, because lace is the most perishable of the arts and crumbles into dust with age. Old, because these patterns were first woven in France and Italy five hundred years ago. Flat Venetian Point, Duchesse, Point

R. H. Macy & Co.
HERALD SQUARE INC. NEW YORK

Applique, Italian Filet and a Spanish lace—you see the intricacies of their patterns before you in the order named.



MARION DAVIES
as Princess Mary in "When Knighthood Was in Flower"

MINERALAVA as an Aid to Beauty

by Hector Fuller

WHEN on the "silver screen" is a picture of Charles Major's wonderful story: "When Knighthood Was in Flower," hundreds of thousands of people are made aware of the real beauty of Marion Davies, who as beautifully plays the role of Princess Mary, it is only natural that they should seek eagerly to discover by what means Miss Davies retains the fine qualities of the beauty which appeals.

It is not by hasty remedies, massage, cosmetics or paints that a woman may hope to retain the complexion of Youth. Science has shown the perfect way through Mineralava.

Miss Marion Davies herself says: "I have found Mineralava Beauty Clay a most successful restorative and stimulant for the skin; the perfect way to a perfect complexion."

Skin-Malnutrition, the prime cause of the evils that mar the beauty of the human skin, must have been much more rife in those ancient days, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," days when soap and water were regarded not as daily necessities, but as luxuries. Today, through science and Mineralava the very root of the trouble is reached—and corrected.

Discovered 23 years ago as a product of the laboratories of Nature, Mineralava has been refined by the most noted chemists of Europe and America who have added to it medical ingredients which have given it healing and cleansing properties never equaled.

Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the noted English Skin Specialist, showed that of the two layers of the human skin, the Epidermis and the Dermis, the outer one was constantly flaking and falling away. This made it clear that only a product of Nature like Mineralava that aided in the process of building up, nourishing and sealing

new the under skin, would result in the perfect complexion.

Mineralava makes the skin well nourished, and a well nourished skin never ages. Lines, and wrinkles, sagging muscles, oily and dry skin, sallowness, enlarged pores, coarse texture, blackheads—all are due to "Skin-Malnutrition."

Mineralava is the one perfect specific for "Skin-Malnutrition!" It not only corrects the facial blemishes you can see, it works constantly and invisibly on the tender under skin, nourishing it to a ripe and lovely texture so that it is ready, as the old skin falls away, to take its place—new born and beautiful.

Every face that is subject to premature wrinkles, blackheads, eruptions, or any disorder of the skin is suffering from Skin-Malnutrition.

Mineralava is good for home use. It should be an hand requisite. It is the great, speedy and safe restorative of tired faces.

And, remember: Mineralava, the guaranteed product can not be successfully imitated.

Such noted beauties of the Stage and Screen as Marion Davies, Hugué Baskin, Marguerite Hawley, Julia Sanderson, Estelle Devereux, and others, as well as thousands of happy American home women have gladly testified to the permanent qualities of Mineralava. Originally Mineralava was sold only in Beauty Parlors at as high as \$15 a treatment. Today it is within the reach of every woman at \$2.00 a bottle, each bottle containing eighteen treatments, or a little more than 18 cents a treatment. Full directions for treatment and a soft brush for applying, with every bottle.

There is also an Introductory Trial Tube of Mineralava at 50 cents.

Try this and you are sure to be as pleased by its remarkable effects that you will become a permanent user. Try Mineralava Today!



MINERALAVA—makes Homely Skin Perfect!



MINERALAVA—corrects all forms of Skin-Malnutrition!



MINERALAVA—keeps Young Faces Healthy and Rosy!



MINERALAVA—makes Old Faces look like Young!

Mineralava has 22 years successful use behind it in the best homes of America. Don't experiment with any and untried Beauty Clays. The original is your only protection.

Mineralava has superior value for discriminating people.

Go to your dependable Druggist or Department Store. Ask for Mineralava Beauty Clay. If the Store does not happen to have it write direct to the manufacturer and they will see that your order is supplied to fill your requirements. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 West 19th Street, New York.

Mineralava
BEAUTY CLAY

MADE BY VIVAUOOU since 1895



A COMPLETE SOUTHERN RESORT OUTFIT
FOR EVERY HOUR OF THE EVENING OR DAY
IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND PLAY

Shown by Stewart & Co.



1009—An original French dinner or evening gown revealing unique head treatment on a background of French Gorgone Crepe over a slip of French Crepe. Colors: Apricot, Red, Jade, White or Black. Size: 14 to 18—16 to 22. \$89.50

1010—Patsy designs this afternoon dress of Nette Canton which plays a double part, for half of the dress reveals rich silk Crepe. And a circular gold or silk tippet with a chain reveals the Nette part of the material. Colors: Black, Navy Grey or Green. Size: 14 to 18—16 to 20. \$49.50

1011—Laurie created a fascinating sports dress indeed when she conceived this two-piece silk Crepe dress with its unique contrasting colored undersided overblouse toping a body-placed sports skirt. Colors: Red, Canary, Jade or Black blouse with White skirt. Also all Navy or Greenblouse and skirt. Size: 14 to 20. \$49.50



Stewart & Co.

Correct Apparel for Women & Misses

Fifth Avenue at 37th Street



Round the World

Check's Red Cross
New York, Jan. 20, 1914
By the specially chartered steamer S. S. "EMPEROR OF FRANCE" (5,475 gross tons). Under personal direction of Mr. Clark, organizer of Round the World Cruises.
A floating palace for the trip. Visited New York, Panama, San Francisco, Hong Kong, Cebu, Manila, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, London, Liverpool, London, New York, 4 days in each. Sailing, 1914. Round the World Cruises. R. to Montreal and New York.

The Mediterranean

Check's Red Cross
New York, Jan. 20, 1914
By the specially chartered steamer S. S. "EMPEROR OF FRANCE" (5,475 gross tons). Under personal direction of Mr. Clark, organizer of Round the World Cruises. R. to Montreal and New York.

FRANK C. CLARK
Times Building, New York
or your Travel agent





Louis Sherry

CATERING
Assures a Perfect Function

YOUR own suggestion expertly executed. Or, if you prefer, a Louis Sherry idea may be used. Mr. Sherry's organization is successful in planning dances, weddings, luncheons and banquets, in the home or in the luxurious Sherry salons. The Sherry name and ability assure a perfect function.

<p>For Dances</p> <p>Dinner preceding Dance</p> <p>Light Dinner</p> <p>Light Lunch</p> <p>Table Decorations</p> <p>Flowers</p> <p>Music</p> <p>Waltzes, Mazurkas, etc.</p> <p>The Sherry Ballroom</p>	<p>For Weddings</p> <p>Grand Breakfast</p> <p>Light Luncheon</p> <p>Wedding Cake</p> <p>Ice Cream and Cakes</p> <p>Wedding Flowers</p> <p>Music</p> <p>Waltzes, Mazurkas, etc.</p> <p>The Sherry Ballroom</p>	<p>For the Home</p> <p>Excelsior Dinner</p> <p>Dinner</p> <p>Light Dinner—five or six persons in Dinner</p> <p>Ice Cream and Cakes</p> <p>Rocking Chairs</p> <p>Table Decorations</p> <p>Flowers, Plant Stand</p> <p>Belts, Hats, etc.</p>
--	--	---

At your command **Louis Sherry** *for catering*

120 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK
210 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Bellevue-Stratford, Phila., Pa. The New Willard, Washington, D. C.



Pinehurst

NORTH CAROLINA

How may be enjoyed again the happy and time-honored custom of having our best wine for the summer, from open and good-fellowship of Pinehurst.

CAROLINA HOTEL
NOW OPEN
THE HOLLY INN and RESERVE
Open early in January

Golf, Tennis, Trap shooting, Rifle, Range, Handball, Boxing, Wrestling, Swimming, Chess, etc.

Championship events in every field of sport throughout the entire season.

For information or reservations, address:
General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.



On the East Coast of Florida

all of the "good life" is one of shores, surf bathing, golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, motorboating, and any other form of recreation which you can think of.

FLORIDA EAST COAST
211 Fifth Avenue, New York
Telephone: MAdison 92-27
General Office, St. Augustine, Florida



MUNSON LINES TO NARAGUSETT and EASTERN COAST

Special office boats independent for your winter recreation trip. Special office boats independent for your winter recreation trip. Special office boats independent for your winter recreation trip.

EASTERN CLUB
S. S. MUNNABEE S. S. MUNNABEE

MUNSON STEAMSHIP LINES 42 WALL ST. NEW YORK

YOUR INQUIRIES WILL BE ACCURATELY ANSWERED

by The Travel Bureau of Harper's Bazar

OFTEN, the most puzzling sort of questions arise when you are planning a trip. What are the railroad or steamship rates? which is the best hotel to go to? Is the climate the sort you'll enjoy?—these are some of the simplest. The Travel Bureau of Harper's Bazar will be glad to answer your letters in regard to any perplexing question concerning traveling anywhere.

Frank's

Cruise De Luxe

to the

Mediterranean

Limited to 400 Guests—First Class Cabinets

The Magnificent Ship

Cunard

S. S. "Scythia"

Specialty chartered for this Cruise, will sail from New York Jan. 29, 1914, returning April 2, 1914.

The Wonder Lands of the World

Egypt

Madeira, Portugal, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Italy Land, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, etc.

Free inspection in Europe, visiting the old Capital, ancient Rome, France, in England at lower rate.

For complete information, full information on request.

Also Frank's De Luxe Tours to Europe, North America, Japan, China, California, Honolulu, West Indies, Bermuda, etc.

Frank

Tourist Company

487 Fifth Avenue, New York
219 So. 4th St., Philadelphia

*of Canadian Pacific Hotel
Atop Old Quebec*



Try winter Sporting in Quebec!

Snow turns Quebec into a sports paradise. The thermometer says zero, but the sun feels like 50. The air is nippy, but the ozone speeds up your blood. The snow is deep, but its dryness invites outdoor play. . . It's atop this spot that stands Chateau Frontenac. A huge, towering castle. Restaurants à la Paris. Appointments à la New York. . . In front the Chateau, Dufferin Terrace. Here are Quebec's famed toboggan slide, its skating rink, its ski-jump. Here the snow-shoe clubs hold their races. Here the Eskimo dog-teams start . . . When you get all aglow with the outdoors, hop indoors. To a roaring log-fire, a man-size meal, and your own room, furnished and bath-equipped after Canadian Pacific standards . . . Join the jolly winter crowd. Come up January and February. Let the Canadian Pacific Office plan your trip now. In New York, 44th Street and Madison Avenue. In Chicago, 140 S. Clark Street. Or, write Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

CHATEAU FRONTENAC

WHERE TO SHOP

arts and decorations

WISNER WOODSTATUE
447 Broadway
New York 10013

amusement bridge

WEEKLY TRIVIA GAME ON BRIDGE BOARD
The weekly word game on the nationally known Bridge Board is now being played weekly on the nationally known BRIDGE BOARD. The game is played on a special board which is used for playing short and long bridge. The game is played on a special board which is used for playing short and long bridge. The game is played on a special board which is used for playing short and long bridge.

beauty & health

PERMANENT WIGS—The wig is a beautiful and practical hair solution for women who wish to change their hair color or style without the expense of a permanent wave. The wig is made of real hair and is worn over a special cap which is secured to the head with a special fastener. The wig is made of real hair and is worn over a special cap which is secured to the head with a special fastener.

beauty schools

LEARN BEAUTY CARE—Under the direction of a professional instructor, you will learn the art of beauty care. The course includes the latest techniques in skin care, hair care, and nail care. The course is designed for women who wish to enter the beauty profession.

chintz

THE CHINTZ SHOP
200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.
Specializing in chintz, damask and percale. Imported and domestic.

cleaning & dyeing

ARMER DYEING
Special French Dyeing and Cleaning. Colors, silk, woolens, fur, etc. 100 W. 4th St., New York, N.Y.

corsets

WINE & SWEETNEY
Corsetry, made by the method of fashion. 100 W. 4th St., New York, N.Y.

dancing

ACADEMY OF DANCE ARTS
115 W. 4th St., New York, N.Y.
MARY COOPER
100 W. 4th St., New York, N.Y.
THE AMERICAN DANCE
100 W. 4th St., New York, N.Y.

"I'LL BID THREE HEARTS!"

Among the absolute necessities of life that this page offers you are books on bridge and personal lessons in playing bridge.

And perhaps before you go to the bridge, you should have your hair dressed. You'll find a place for that, too.

Or, possibly, they'll play bridge for you and dance afterwards. Well, that's simple there, also, you'll find where to go for the latest dance steps.

In fact, here is an article or a notice to help you in almost every way. Just glance through the announcements on this page.

delicacies

DELICIOUS CALIFORNIA DELICACIES
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

dramatic art

THEATRE ARTS
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

dress forms

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

dressmaker

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

employment agency

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

funny dress & costumes

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

flesh reduction

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

for the children

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

for the home

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

furrys

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

gifts

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

ladies' hand bags

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

made uniforms

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

millinery & feathers

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

patterns

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

plaiting & buttons

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

sachets

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

shoes

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

shopping commissions

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

specialty shops

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

stationery

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

wedding stationery

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

wholesale gifts

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

wholesale gifts

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

wholesale gifts

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

ladies' hand bags

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

made uniforms

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

millinery & feathers

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

patterns

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

plaiting & buttons

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

sachets

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

shoes

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

shopping commissions

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

specialty shops

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

stationery

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

wedding stationery

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

wholesale gifts

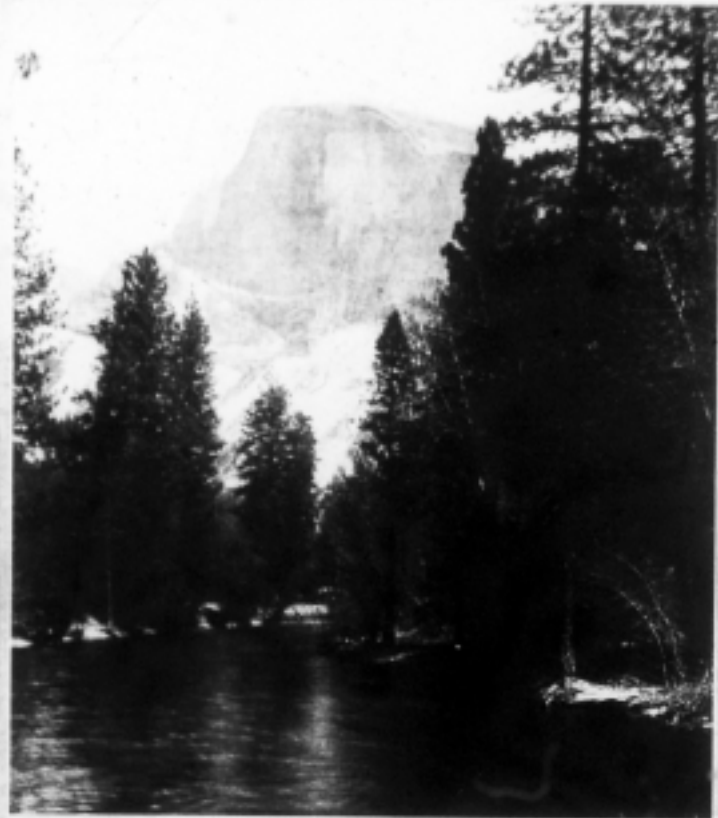
THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

wholesale gifts

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

wholesale gifts

THE FASHION DESIGNER
Specialty food service. 1234 N. 4th St., Los Angeles, California.



“OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS”

and where some excellent schools are located

COLORADO, New Mexico and the sun-flooded shores of California—

Don't the very words bring forth a picture of deep, many-colored canyons, wide-sweeping plains, orange blossoms blooming beneath snow-capped peaks? Don't they summon back pictures of the days of the American Indians, the gold rush, the prairie schooner and the scenes that Bret Harte loved? And also don't they make one think of a climate world-famed for its equable charm?

Of course you are planning a trip this winter—perhaps a several months' trip. But the thought of the children makes you hesitate.

Do you know that representatives of the Harper's Bazar School Bureau have personally visited the leading schools and colleges in all parts of the country—East and West!

I have just returned from a trip through the far West where I called upon the prominent schools of California, New Mexico and Colorado. Also, I made a point of calling

upon a number of schools in the Mid-West, especially Missouri and Ohio.

From information gathered on this trip, I can give you immediate and firsthand facts about the best schools in these various states—the best schools in California, the conservatories and colleges of music in Colorado, the special schools throughout the territory.

If your trip is planned, just let me know where you expect to spend the most time, and I shall be glad to suggest the right school in that community.

At considerable expense, Harper's Bazar has sent its representatives to the four corners of the country to investigate and call on schools for you. These representatives are really your representatives. This information was gathered so that it might be of service to you. Please feel entirely free to make use of it.

Address your letter personally to

KENNETH N. CHAMBERS, Director

HARPER'S BAZAR SCHOOL BUREAU

130 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Ask Harper's Bazar for School Information

Western - Boys



PAGE MILITARY ACADEMY
A day school for boys from 7 to 18 years of age. Military training, physical education, and academic instruction. Located in Los Angeles, California.

ROBERT S. GIBBS, Director
Room 1, Box 948
Los Angeles, California

Seale Academy (Military)
Comprehensive training in a charming environment. Located in Los Angeles, California.

CAROLINE C. SEALE, Headmistress
Paris Ave., California

WILLIAM WARREN SCHOOL
Prepares for Marine and Air Force. Located in Marine Park, California.

SAN DIEGO ARMY AND NAVY ACADEMY
Training for Air Force, Army, and Navy. Located in San Diego, California.



MILITARY ACADEMY
For military education. Located in Culver, Ind.

THORPE
SCHOOL
For military education. Located in Address Lake Forest, Ill.

Northwestern Military and Naval Academy
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

Western - Girls

ELLIOTT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
In heart of beautiful Los Angeles. Located in Los Angeles, California.

The Anna Head School
For girls from 7 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

FOREST PARK COLLEGE
For girls from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
For girls from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

Lenox Hall
For girls from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

A WESTERN SCHOOL
For girls from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

MAY WE HELP YOU?

THE Services of this School Bureau are not confined exclusively to Harper's Bazar subscribers. Do not hesitate to write to us for School information because your name may not be on our subscriber's list. We are always pleased to give information to a reader of Harper's Bazar. Address your letter personally to:

Kenneth N. Chambers, Director
HARPER'S BAZAR SCHOOL BUREAU
119 West 40th Street
New York City

Special

THE BILKINGTON TRAINING SCHOOL
For boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

STANDISH MANOR
A special school for girls requiring individual attention. Located in Standish, Maine.

SOUND VIEW SCHOOL
For boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE SCHOOL
BACKWARD CHILDREN
For boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

THE HEDLEY SCHOOL
For boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

The Bancroft School
For military education. Located in Los Angeles, California.

MISS WOODS' SCHOOL
For boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

THE FREER SCHOOL
For boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

THE WRIGHT ORAL SCHOOL
For boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

Schermerhorn Home School
For boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

DEVEREUX SCHOOLS
For boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Los Angeles, California.

Teachers' Agencies

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCY
Offers responsible service. Located in Los Angeles, California.

Camps

Sargent Camps
Petersboro, N. H.
The Artistic Camp for Girls
For girls from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Petersboro, N. H.

CAMP MYSTIC
Mystic, Conn.
For boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Mystic, Conn.

Ogontz White Mountain Camp for Girls
Ogontz, Pa.
For girls from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Ogontz, Pa.

SILVER LAKE CAMPS
Silver Lake, Wis.
For boys from 14 to 18 years of age. Located in Silver Lake, Wis.

Professional

The Sargent School
For Physical Education
Cambridge, Mass.

STUDENT NURSES WANTED
The Sargent School offers a two year and two month course. Located in Cambridge, Mass.

Professional

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Founded in 1914
FRANKELIN B. SARGENT, President
THE leading institution for Dramatic and Experimental Training in America. General and Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Comedie.
JANUARY TERM BEGINS JANUARY 12.
For information apply THE SECRETARY 175 Carnegie Hall, New York, N. Y.

WOMEN'S THEATRE
OF THE
ARTS
DRAMA, OPERA, SPEECH, STAGE DANCING, PHOTO PLAY, SINGING
Courses in all by Anne
Conversations courses include social stage, dramatic and experimental, and a course in dramatic writing. For information apply THE SECRETARY 175 Carnegie Hall, New York, N. Y.

SCHOOL OF THEATRE
THRESHOLD PLAYHOUSE
Courses in all by Anne
For information apply THE SECRETARY 175 Carnegie Hall, New York, N. Y.

The California Denmark
at 333 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles
A three month winter course in advanced technique and dance, commencing January 1, 1931.
Gloria C. Moore, Supervising Director
Gladys MacLachlan, Resident Director

VESTOFF SEROVA SCHOOL of DANCING
Ballet, Opera, Interpretation, Children's course
100 W. 10th Street, New York
Telephone: Columbia 3-1111 and 3-1112

MASTER SCHOOL of UNITED ARTS
Music, painting, sculpture, architecture
111 W. 10th St., N. Y. City

ELEAZARETH MACK STUDIOS
Courses leading to master's degree
111 W. 10th St., N. Y. City

MAGLEAN COLLEGE OF DRAMA AND SPEECH ARTS
CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
Courses for advanced students and for general education. Public speaking, drama, expression, speech, acting, vocal, dancing, games.
111 West 10th Street, New York City

The Art Students League of New York
215 West 10th Street, New York

THE ROYALTY MUSIC STUDIO OF BOSTON
41 West 10th Street, New York

Professional

Interior Decoration
25 Lessons by Mail \$10.00
ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
41 East Madison Street—Chicago

Dress Design
25 Lessons by Mail \$10.00
ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
41 East Madison Street—Chicago

PAINTING
25 Lessons by Mail \$10.00
ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
41 East Madison Street—Chicago

Fashion Design
25 Lessons by Mail \$10.00
ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
41 East Madison Street—Chicago

Patting
25 Lessons by Mail \$10.00
ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
41 East Madison Street—Chicago

Commercial Art
25 Lessons by Mail \$10.00
ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
41 East Madison Street—Chicago

THE ONLY INTERNATIONAL PROFESSIONAL ART SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ART
25 Lessons by Mail \$10.00
41 East Madison Street—Chicago

BECOME AN INTERIOR DECORATOR
Specialized and intensive instruction for men and women. Covered with international. Learn to decorate for men, women and children.
RESIDENT AND HOME STUDY COURSES
The New York School of Interior Decoration
25 Lessons by Mail \$10.00
41 East Madison Street—Chicago

COSTUME DESIGN
FASHION ILLUSTRATION
Fashion design, drawing, painting, and illustration.
INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION
Drawing, painting, and illustration.
MODERN FASHION DESIGN
124 W. 42nd Street, New York City

FASHION-ART STUDIO OF DRESSMAKING
625 West Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Fashion design, drawing, painting, and illustration.
Drawing, painting, and illustration.

DESIGNING and MILLINERY
Drawing and painting. Cutting and fitting for women, men, and children. Dressmaking, millinery, and alterations.
COSTUME DESIGN
Drawing and painting. Cutting and fitting for women, men, and children. Dressmaking, millinery, and alterations.

Delicately Millinery is the Mark of a Well Dressed Woman
Learn to make your own exclusive styles in a delicate and artistic way.
ADELAIDE MILLER STUDIO
25 WEST FORTY-THIRD STREET
NEW YORK CITY

THE FINE ART of HOMEMAKING

by
Jessie Ann Long, B. S.
Chairman of the Alumni Association of Household Arts at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

JUST what subjects should be included in a curriculum for a well educated girl has been a mooted question ever since women have ceased to be "educational orphans." According to one prominent educator the education of any person should begin along the channel of his natural aptitude, and into this channel should flow all the contributing and enriching sources of culture and utility which are needed to round out a full, sympathetic and useful life.

Woman's natural interest, if not her natural aptitude, is the competent administration of the home. She is at the head not only of the material needs but of the spiritual life. Should she not, therefore, be educated to dispose of the material needs with despatch, in order to leave her mind and time free for the ethical, the social and the public service?

Subjects, then, that contribute to a better home, belong in the educational curriculum of all girls. Many ask, "Cannot the girls be taught homemaking in the home?" Parents themselves recognize that nowadays this is almost impossible, because it breaks in upon the organization of the household; it is difficult to give time to teaching, and the girls progress more rapidly and happily with those of their own age and experience. In the school, too, there is opportunity to teach the homemaking subjects in their broadest aspects, with the contributing sciences and inventions by which they have been enriched.

A school which includes these subjects must interpret life and must extend into the community, of which the home is an integral part. To advance the common weal of mankind, it must train the girl in heart and brain and hand—train her technically, socially and politically.

Only by such an inclusive schedule can we help our girls to meet our new social needs and make "mere living humane, beautiful and efficient."



COSTUME and MILLINERY DESIGN

Right Off the Avenue
FASHION ACADEMY
The Internationally Known School

YOU are cordially invited to spend a delightful and instructive hour at 25 East 76th Street, New York, a few doors from Fifth Avenue. In this practical residential school we will be glad to tell you how you can enter a remunerative and general profession. The Hartman Method of Instruction for women is based on twelve years of systematic study.

You are also invited, if available to you, to call on our Philadelphia and San Francisco schools. You will be amply repaid. If you cannot call, write to our New York headquarters for Mrs. Hartman's notable book, "The Secret of Costume Design." It is yours for the asking. It may open a new field for you and put you on the high road to success.

FASHION ACADEMY, INC.
25 East 76th Street, Studio 408-A
Philadelphia, Pa. San Francisco, Calif.
1922 N. Broad St. Swedish Rite Temple

Katharine Gibbs School of Secretarial and Executive Training for Men and Women
300 West 42nd Street, New York City

THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF SECRETARIES
Three month intensive course. Students enter on one day. Individual instruction.
222 Madison Avenue, N. Y. City

MARGUERITE MELANIE WILLS
International Dressmaking School. Graduated with New York University. Graduate of the University of Paris. Author of "The Art of Dressmaking." 124 W. 42nd Street, New York City.

The Miss Farmer School of Cooking
Home of the famous "Cooking School Book." Located in the heart of New York City. 124 W. 42nd Street, New York City.

The BROWN SCHOOL of COMMERCE
Thoroughly practical instruction in Business, Economics, and Finance. Secretarial, Dictation, and Bookkeeping. 25 West 48th Street, New York City

BALLARD SCHOOL
Beginner Now For SECRETARIAL COURSE. Established 28 Years. 625 East 42nd St., Central Building, N.Y.C.

SHORT-STORY WRITING
A Short Story is here made simple in our writing and editing of the most popular magazine. 124 W. 42nd Street, New York City.

Save Two-Thirds ON YOUR CLOTHES

Any woman can easily save two-thirds on the cost of her clothes and be better dressed, too, if she is willing to devote just a few leisure hours to learning how.

The distinctive silk crepe dress pictured here cost about \$10 in the shops. It can be made at home for \$3.75. A saving of exactly \$6.25!

This is but one example of what you can save on all your clothes, from lingerie to evening gowns. A remarkable method has been perfected that teaches you dressmaking by mail. From the very first lesson you start to make the more simple things BY YOURSELF. Quickly and easily you progress until you are actually designing gowns, frocks, suits, coats for yourself, the children or others.

So complete is this new method that you can, if you desire, prepare yourself at home to earn \$25 to \$500 a week as a designer or dressmaker.

THE POWER OF DRESS

Every woman who is interested in being attractively dressed for one-third of what she now spends should write the Women's College for a copy of their free booklet, "The Power of Dress." Find out about this wonderful method of home dressmaking that has proved to be a boon to thousands of women.

WOMEN'S COLLEGE OF ARTS and SCIENCES
Dept. 111, 126 and Wallace, Philadelphia, Pa.



Costume or Millinery Design De Luxe with P. Clement Brown

ART IN DRESS
by P. Clement Brown
is the subject of a NEW BOOK

The first edition of the new book by P. Clement Brown, which consists of a practical reference book for designers on the psychology of line, color, ornamentation and structure as well as a home study and course in fashion design. This book contains over 100 designs of the best work of the day. With every book comes a complete outfit of materials for making the models. Send \$1.00 to New York studios and book will be sent by return mail.

BROWN'S SALON STUDIOS
620 FIFTH AVE.
of 52nd St. New York

The Quartet
from *Rigoletto*



Recorded on
Victor Records
35100, 36000,
36001, 39000, 55066

Could you tell this story?

Music may be just a succession of pleasant sounds—or infinitely more than that. It may tell a fine romantic story or it may portray some spiritual struggle that you yourself have experienced.

To know these things, to understand the significance of the music you hear, is to enjoy it to a vastly greater extent.

With a Victrola and Victor Records you get a thorough understanding of music such as can be secured in no other way. You are enabled to observe closely and study every detail of interpretation and become intimately acquainted with all music.

Then you discuss it with the same freedom as you discuss books, art, architecture or the drama—and with the same satisfaction to yourself and to your hearers.



Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey

Harper's Bazar



JANUARY
1923

Fashions for the South Number

THE NEW YEAR

ERTÉ'S description of this month's cover
translated from the French

*W*e are charmed to observe by the invisible and endless
links of time, and we describe each link of this chain
as "a year."

The year is dead. Long live the new year!

*We like to see the new year come in gaily, for we always
imagine the brief future as pleasure and happiness. We
know what the past year was, but we know nothing of the
one which is approaching, and like everything which is
new, it seems the mirror of our desires.*

*The figure on my coin, which symbolizes the new year,
is joyous and ready to satisfy our wants. She dances—on,
she leaps—for her short life permits only this quick move-
ment. Her costume is of gold, since she must be precious
to represent Time. Two gold beads are joined to the
white hair of a sibyl's from which her fallow's earth is
sown; this is the year which has just finished from mortal
sight. The other gold beads fade away into the unknown,
for she is but the link of a great chain which connects for us
the past with the mysterious future.*

*While leaping, she throws to all the people she passes
—everything that can give man a moment's happiness—
pearls, diamonds, gems, falling from her fingers; hence
her is a glittering circle. This circle, which is the emblem
of Time, forms a magnificent halo about her.*

*She is merely a link in the chain, but we worship her,
We welcome her with delight because she represents a frag-
ment of unattained pleasure. We stare her about our necks,
she bestows her pearls on us, and with curiosity we take
this chain, link by link, out of Time's noose where it end
its hidden. We draw it forth, this valuable necklace,
for each year adds priceless pearls and diamonds to it.*

	Page
Cover: "The New Year"—by Erté	25
Frontispiece: "The Partisance at the Fountain"—by Edouard Delon	26
"The Last Time": The First Part of a Novella by Robert Hichens Illustrated by Maurice L. Rasse	27, 28, 29
"The New Mode in Paris": A Fashion Letter by Baron de Meyer Illustrated by Edouard Delon	30, 31, 32, 33
Fashion Compositions photographed by Baron de Meyer	34, 35, 37
"The Lengthened Shadow": Part IV of William J. Locke's Latest Novel Illustrated by Henry Rabigh	35, 37
"The Divergence Holds the Social Stage"	38, 39
"His Career": A Love Story of Married Life by Ivan Haynes Lewis Illustrated by René Lévy	40, 41
Costumes for the South from our Paris Office	42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47
Erté Expresses Himself in Colours and Ideas for the Red Masque	48, 49
"The Phantom Husband": A Short Tale by Frank K. Adams Illustrated by Stuart Carter	50, 51
Unusual Custom Brides Characterize the New Automobiles	52, 53
Suggestions for the Winter Seasons in Southern Climates	
Herman Patrick Tappé's Fanciful Thoughts	54, 55
Drawn by Gray Carter	55, 57
Drawn by Reynolds Lane	55, 59
Drawn and designed by E. N. J. Strickman	60, 64
Drawn by Gray Carter	64, 65
Gay Bathing-suits Will Be Worn at Palm Beach. Novel Uses of the Dearville Handkerchief	64, 65 66
"The Man Who Could Injure a Bee": A Diverging Story by Richard Connell Illustrated by Ernest Sloan	66, 69
"Light Herbs and High Colours": A Review by The Harrow	70, 71
Interesting Interiors from Metropolitan Homes	72, 73
A Portfolio of Clothes for the New York Season:	
For Morning Occasions	74, 75
Drawn by Katharine Steyer	74, 75
For Afternoon and Evening Wear	76, 77, 78, 79
Drawn by Mary Mackintosh	76, 77, 78, 79
Last Minute Sketches by our Paris Artists	80, 81
Accessories for the Southern Wardrobe	82



A NEW AND ABSORBING NOVEL BY COSMO HAMILTON WILL BEGIN IN
AN EARLY ISSUE

Harper's Bazar is published monthly in the U. S. A. by the International Magazine Company, William Randolph Hearst, president; C. H. Hathaway, vice-president; Ray Long, vice-president; Joseph A. Mower, treasurer; W. G. Langdon, secretary; 119 West 40th Street, New York City. Single Copies, 10 cents. Yearly subscription in United States and Dependencies, \$2.00. In Canada, \$2.50. In foreign countries, \$3.00. All subscriptions are payable in advance and of the full price. When you renew, please send your subscription has expired it is best to renew it at once, using the blank enclosed. When changing your address, give the old address as well as the new and allow two weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as the New York Post Office as second-class mail matter. Copyright, 1922, by the International Magazine Company (Harper's Bazar)



THE PARISIENNE IDENTIFIES HERSELF WITH
THE SPIRIT OF THE FOUNTAINS



ROBERT HICHENS

Robert Hichens is master of delicate nuances, of the just shade of emotion. Here, with his inevitable subtlety of imagination and description, he presents an absorbing problem of marriage.

A Novelette

By

ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah"

THE LAST TIME

Illustrated by Maxfield L. Evans

THE summer of autumn lay over the land. Already the September gales, which attack the trees and shake from their branches the weakling leaves, were over, and the steady gales of the new season were stealing along the ways. Mists lay at dawn and at evening in the folds of the hills and along the rocky banks of the streams. Heavy dew bathed the grasses. Colors were creeping among the woods. The days were rapidly getting shorter. And the winds of sea were changing with changing nature, were turning inward a little like curling leaves, were becoming more aware of themselves than they had been in the season of open-air joys.

With the fast fess crackling on the hearths there came the autumn thoughts, which are strangely different from the thoughts of summer.

Harry Strickland noted that difference as he sat below his fire with a pipe, in his house in Chelsea, looking out on the river. He had been up North, fishing in Cumberland with a friend, and drinking Scotch Pine, Pils, and other energy pills at the Lake District.

Their last nights had been spent in the inn at Wastdale Head, and at the Scotch Head at Sealside. The weather had been wild. But up North

at that season one expected wild weather. They had bicycled from Wastdale to Innesdale to take the train to the south. All along the great sands, which stretch from St. Bees Head to Easington and beyond, the sea had shown the belated line of treading white foam, and had roared with a voice which had sounded full of mysterious intention. The gulls of the Manchester Gallery had swept down the wind, uttering their cry which was like a cry of the wind and the driven sands. And at sunset, in a pagoda of coral gold, the life of Man had shown for a few moments only, far off beyond the roaring waves, like some world's knowledge land, they had been swallowed up by great clouds and the night.

THE North had been harsh, almost misty in those last days; yet it was not until their train had run into the homelands of southern England that Strickland had suddenly realized the flight of a season. He had gone up North in full summer; he returned to find deep autumn unfolding the land. And now, while he sat by the fire, he felt the autumn hurrying among the chimney pots of London and in the small gardens of Chelsea, felt it hanging over the Thames and creeping about the bridges. Things were dropping, dropping, dropping down. Turkey

colours and decay made the great town rich and strange. The wild and vital ones of the North had given place to that stiffness which belongs only to autumn's days and nights, a stiffness not harmful, as sometimes in winter last-time, but heavy and almost forbidding.

WASTDALE HEAD and the mountains and the wild weather of the so-called Northern summer! London-weather in the City and the South!

The fire crackled on the hearth. Outside the black river was at almost full tide. Autumn's reflections shined upon Strickland. And nearly all of them were a little sad. For he was one of those more or less imaginative people who feel a sadness in autumn, and are apt to connect the season with the swift fading of life, with the falling away from a man of his strong activities, his high hopes, his keen pleasures of the body, his animal spirits, his thoughtless gambles, even his love. Among these autumn weather times of his one stood out, was more vital just now than the others, was oddly persistent. His mind left it, but again and again returned to it.

He had gone over to Paris on some business connected with an electrical company of which he was a director. Towards the end of

September he had set out on his return to London. The *rapide* from Paris to Calais, often crowded, had chanced not to be full that morning, and Strickland had found himself in a first-class carriage with only one other traveler, a woman. She had sat next the window on the far side of the carriage with her back to the engine. He had sat also next the window, exactly opposite to her.

When she got in he had cast a swift but casual glance at her, and had noticed that she was well but simply dressed, that she was tall, handsome but rather austere looking, and that she had the peculiar distinction of being obviously young and yet having snow-white hair. He had guessed that she was an American who had lived usually abroad, probably one of those cultivated American women who make Paris their home.

Then he had gone on reading. At that period he had been half-way through Rolland's "Jean Christophe," a book which had interested him profoundly. He was a man who could forget everything in a fine book. That day he had forgotten for a long while the woman who was sitting opposite to him.

She was not reading. He had been vaguely aware of that, and had noticed that two or three magazines lay on the seat beside her. She must have sat very still. For no movement had recalled him to recollection of her when he became absorbed in his book. The deep thoughts of Rolland about life and human nature, profound, cynical, often very sad, had carried him away into vastness and a curious twilight had entranced him, as it were, in the immense and intricate complications of existence. Paris, which he had but just left, was all around him in the book, Paris which he had thought he knew, but now felt that he did not really know at all.

Presently, after a long while, he had come to the end of the volume, "Les Amis." He read the last words, "Elle se levait point, les yeux a demi fermes. Enfin, il se releva, et, sans la regarder, il sortit rapidement."

He closed the volume. Above him in the rack, shut up in his dressing-case, was the next volume, "Le Balcon d'Adam." He meant to get hold of it, to go on with his reading. But for a moment he had sat quite still, staring before him, thinking about the episode on which he had just been concentrated. And in that moment he had gradually become aware of the tremendous forward movement of the train, of its noise, of the flying landscape at his side, and then of his silent and still companion. And he had looked up with new seeing eyes.

THE tall woman with the young face and the white hair—he remembered it all sharply now by the fire on this autumn day—was sitting upright and absolutely still, with her hands calmly folded on her lap. He had glanced at her face, and noticed its refinement, the slightly aquiline nose with sensitive nostrils, the carved, closely meeting lips, the marked, very dark eyebrows, the rather large dark eyes, the broad, low forehead. The whole aspect of the face was reserved, dignified and, he had thought, almost singularly tranquil. The woman was not looking at him but downward.

For some time they had sat thus quite still, but his thoughts had become busy about her for the first time since they had left Paris.

A cultivated, probably high-minded woman he had thought her. Married, far above the gossiping hands of most, intellectual, tranquil, very reserved, perhaps even a little cold and distant in her relations with other human beings, yet ardent somehow, in some secret moments, and very, very self-possessed.

And just then a strange and horribly tragic thing had happened.

The face in front of Strickland had suddenly contorted itself in a grimace, had worked violently for two or three ugly seconds; it had become suffused with blood; it had swollen; and then the woman had burst into a passion of tears. She had wept as

carriage, apart from the noise of the train, he had glanced up over his book. And he had seen once more a tall, handsome, rather austere-looking woman, sitting perfectly still, with an air of dignity and of strong self-possession.

The train had stopped. A porter had quickly opened the door, had taken the woman's belongings. She had stepped down, had mingled with the crowd. And Strickland had never seen her again.

WHY was he thinking of her on this autumn day with such persistence? He wondered. The episode dated back three years now. His life had been fairly crowded since then, one way and another. And yet the woman was there before him, convulsed, shaken, crying horribly.

Somehow, ever since that day of travel he had connected her in his mind with the autumn, with the season of heavy sadness and decay. He had seen dead leaves falling round her life, rains blurring her fate as they blur a window-pane, the twilight that holds the dark night in its hands settling about her.

Poor woman! Strickland had seen perhaps as many sorrows as the average man, but he had never felt tragedy so strongly as he had felt it in that railway carriage with that stranger. What could it have been that had so suddenly, so utterly overcome such a woman as that? And how had she been able, through her bewilderment, to inhibit him from any demonstration of sympathy? In her collapse she must have been strong. He still felt curiosity about her. Now he got up, walked over to the window and looked out on the river, then he opened the window. The autumn came in breathing its many regrets. Barges went by in the twilight. A hoarse voice cried out from the water. A bell rang thinly and was drowned by the rolling of wheels. A little wind came, a little low wind as if out of the earth, and shook some damp yellow leaves from the branches of a pyramidal tree. And a shiver went through Strickland. He shut down the window.

AS HE went back to the fire he thought of Jeanne, the girl who he had parted from in anger a couple of years ago.

What was Jeanne doing now? It didn't matter to him. They could never get on together again after the unwholesome way they had had.

And yet they had loved one another, had been terribly near to one another at times.

Yes, there was something terrible in drawing quite close to the soul of another in the dark. It showed one the horrible gap that lies between each human being and any other.

Silence thoughts—damn them! Three days later, when he returned from a time-consuming meeting in the City, Strickland found a letter lying on his hall table.

Dunbury House,
Dunbury, Kent,
September 27th.

Dear Mr. Strickland:
If you are free, do you feel inclined to come down to us from next Thursday or Friday till the following Monday? There's a good train down to Appledram from Charing-Cross at 4.30. You change at Ashford. We would send the car to meet you. Only three or four people in the house. We have a hard tennis court now, and it is in perfect order. So bring your racquet. Mrs. Ingleton, who plays



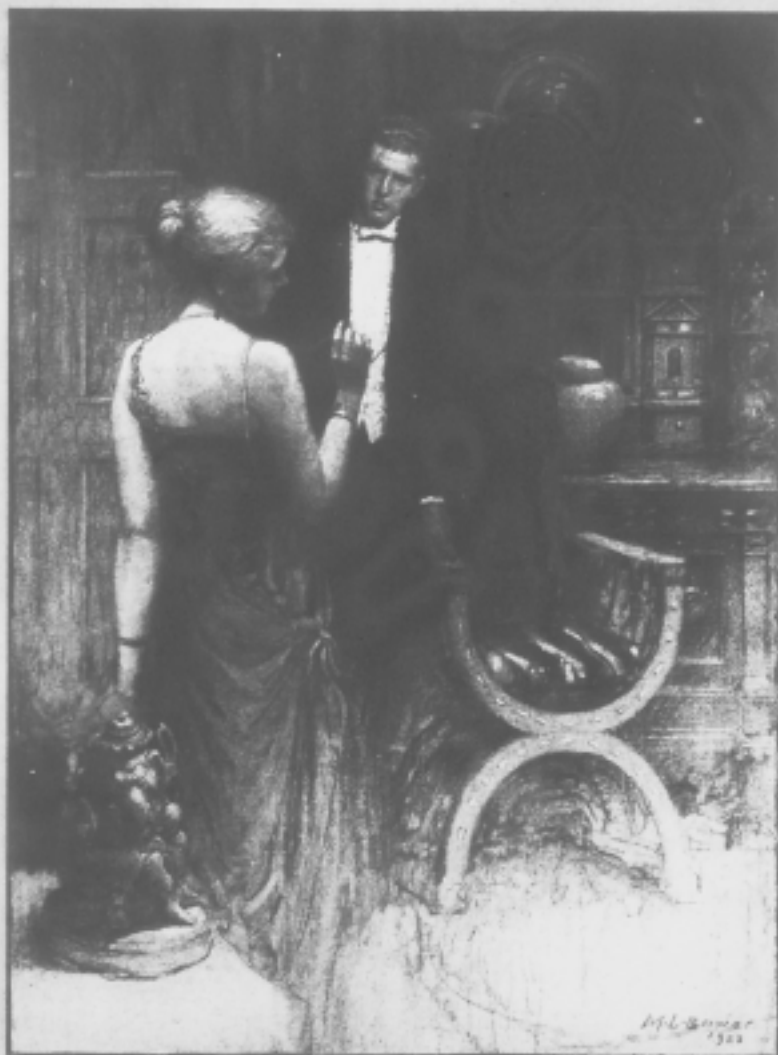
WHY was Strickland thinking of her on this autumn day with such persistence? The episode dated back three years. Somehow, ever since that day he had connected her in his mind with the autumn, with the season of heavy sadness and decay. He had seen dead leaves falling round her life, rains blurring her fate as they blur a window-pane; the twilight that holds the dark night in its hands settling about her. Poor woman!

Strickland had never seen a woman weep before, with a face convulsed, a body shaking.

That had been strange enough. But a stranger thing still had been this: that Strickland had said, done nothing, had not bent forward in pity; had not spoken a word of inquiry, a word of human gentleness, or equivocal courtesy. He had wanted to, had had the immediate natural impulse to, had even intended to. But something—and it must have been something in the woman's mind or soul—had absolutely prevented him from either acting or speaking.

Simply—he had not dared to. When he had realized this—his impotence to dare, he had got up quickly, taken his dressing-case down from the rack, opened it, pulled out of it "Le Balcon d'Adam," and gone on reading Rolland, while his companion had gone on weeping. And—and that had been all.

HE HAD never spoken to the woman; he had never known what was the matter. The train had pulled on to Calais. Before it had reached its destination, aware at last of absolute silence in the



We would just love much she hated him, if she recalled him.

splendidly, will be with us, an American friend who lives in Paris, Mrs. Aradage—she married an Englishman and is a widow—and probably a couple of men. Dick says you can't get out of it. What do you say?

Yours very sincerely,
Minnie Laporte.

Strickland had no country engagement for the following Saturday and Sunday and he decided to accept the Laporte's invitation. He had been to Exbury before and was lord of the place. They

made him feel at home there, and Mrs. Laporte never put on any airs. Dick, her husband, was an excellent fellow, and knew good wine from bad better than most men. A hard tennis court was an attraction, too, for Strickland was an ardent tennis player. And game courts were impossible now. He wrote that he would be down on the Friday. And when Thursday came he felt such a longing to be away from sticky London that he got out at two Friday morning omnibuses and wired that he would be at Applbury station at six-thirty that day.

And he duly arrived there at the appointed hour. As he left the train a keen wind, which more than lasted at the seariness of the sun, welcomed him, blowing across the wide green marshes, and he turned to look over them.

A blue motor was waiting. In a moment Strickland was being whirled along the narrow lanes, past the two-ched canal, towards the upland on which stood Exbury House looking south over a wide Kentish landscape, from the half-gate tower of the church, dating from somewhere about 1200, over into view above (Continued on page 24)



Madame de Rio Silva

Comtesse de Salsbery

Madame Riccardo Tross

Lady E. Condy

"THE MODE IS VERY SIMPLE—
AND VERY EXTRAVAGANT."
SAYS BARON DE MEYER

To illustrate this whim for simplicity, this extravagant poverty, Baron de Meyer has chosen the gown shown above. The first gown (left to right) is of black satin, beaded so that the fabric has the effect of being curiously and richly woven. Next, white *crêpe de Chine* is simply draped; then *crêpe* embroidered and beaded with *crêpe* to match the wrap; then a draped gown of grey velvet.



DE MEYER

Paris now wears its short hair closely cropped. An evening dress in gold and silver tones and brocade motifs, from Marie Collet.

THERE REALLY IS A NEW MODE IN PARIS

WHEN MY HEAD FEELS SO, "Nothing Is New This Season," Is It FASHION?
SOMEWHAT—MAGNIFICENT AND CLEVER SOMEBODY—Is NEW, NEW IN EXQUISITE DETAILS
NEVER THOUGHT OF BEFORE. THIS "SOMEBODY PRIVATE" Is THE NEWEST MODERN.

A Fashion Letter by *BARON DE MEYER*

THE significant costume that I shall now describe is the fashion, the mode of the day. Few realize that there is a new note in fashion, because it is too near them, and even fewer know how to adapt it because it is neither a matter of increasing nor of the length of a skirt, but a certain atmosphere, the result of a lifetime of experience and incessant thought.

I recently saw a beautiful skirt and jacket, the latter very tight-fitting over the hips. Two blouses went with this suit, at least this practical lady had ordered two. One was of white crepe de Chine, entirely covered by an extremely rich design, worked in small three-sided crystal beads, the other looked as if made of a screen material, but was embroidered in horizontal lines, Cassiopeia in atmosphere, and consisting of brilliant reds, light blues,

greys, white and black. With this smart and useful costume a very small, perfectly plain, black velvet circle was worn, only decorated by the unusually adapted double-headed pin, consisting of two large pear-shaped pearls—something quite new.

A BEWILDERMENT OF FABRICS

IN IT possible to have actually seen, during these last few weeks, the quantity of garments and fabrics that have passed before my eyes? To have witnessed at the innumerable fashion displays, to have observed the many lovely children which, like the obsession of a nightmare, flutter in my poor distracted, almost color-blinded brain?

It hardly seems real, surely it is but fancy. And dreaming, my fancy decks them all in glittering be-

rays, in diamonds, in endless rows of pearls—Hels, Samaras, Ginette, Gaby—in fact, all the most famous Paris couturiers. They flash before me a whirl of beauty and a confused vision of magnificence.

I often wonder why this incredible effort should be made by Paris and thought worth while; this effort to decorate the woman's form divine—when beauty unadorned since time immemorial has been the inspiration of all art, the ideal of every artist. Be that as it may, Paris remains unchallenged, and will remain so forever, the center to which all look and from which fashions must emanate.

Anyone acquainted with the latest workings of a dressing establishment in either Paris or New York, as I am, for instance, will easily realize the difference between Paris and almost any other center in the world. It is difference of temperament,



This is the beautiful and Baron de Meyer speaks of in the preceding page.

Paris is full of atmosphere, full of tradition, of intense interest in women's wear in any shape or form. Men and women concerned in this business, so vital to French reputation, and who direct, create and evolve, are possessed of infinitely higher mental qualities, and they sign what is there is almost an art from the very highest angle.

LA COUTURE IS AN ART

THE importance that is given to its costume in Paris must obviously produce results that new dressmaking in other countries can never give.

Such really fine preferences as Monsieur Doucet or Monsieur Worth, men who since childhood have been reared in the prosperous atmosphere of their own establishments, who belong to a dynasty of artists, descendant from designers, and who will be succeeded by sons and nephews, are only found in France. To them, it seems to be one of the arts. They have devoted their passions, and have given it a standing. They are the Princes of Commerce, distinguished among all.

Monsieur Jacques Doucet's collection of eighteenth-century French art was among the finest in France. He sold it some years ago and has since devoted himself entirely to the collecting of contemporary art, commissioning the greatest artists of the day, as well as those as yet unknown, to produce for him of their best. I am told his private house is a wonder.

ARISTOCRATS OF THE MODE

SUCH men have tradition and a firm foundation. If, by chance, some season comes when their models are less popular, when the fickle crowd prefers those of some house across the street, it is but temporary, for the great establishment proceeds on its course, flourishing and prosperous, ever organized and ready at a moment's notice to design lofty or dilly new and individual creations for any season. Such a feat has just been achieved for Cécile Sorel. Only those who know the routine of a work-room can appreciate the excellence of an organization capable of designing, producing and delivering in two weeks' time the fantastic and gorgeous treasures the great house of Doucet produced for Cécile Sorel's journey to the States. It was the impossible achieved.

Fashion—to talk of the latest vagaries of this fickle dame again—is still forbidden to all but accepted, however casual, lazes. The solving of this eternal question of her remains of the utmost importance. Do women ever really study this problem? And if they study, do they remain true to what has been found good?

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

THE woman who has discovered this elusive, throne which sits her, should consider herself lucky, and remain faithful to it. She will find it to be the most successful step towards good dressing, just as the first aim of all women should be a good "ensemble." When nothing harmonious, nothing can look well, however beautiful the gown, the hat or coat. When anything goes with everything, however, the result is almost certain to be successful.

If a woman looks best in brown, for instance, or in shades thereof, she should not fear to adopt this shade, nor fear to be dressed monotonously; her entire outfit for the one season should consist of such tones.

If judiciously treated, black is becoming to almost any woman. It is nowadays no more considered gloomy. Treated as a background, it can serve to the most fanciful adaptations of color. White with black is, however, almost more distinguished than any other combination. Gray with black, red with black, blue, in fact any color can be allied to black, if the color is used intelligently and with discretion.

THE COSTUME COMPLETE

ANOTHER thing. The only way of being really chic nowadays is to have gown and coat designed together, for either day or evening wear.

This will produce the perfect "ensemble," the ideal for which every well-dressed woman strives.

If, in some houses, the linings of wraps are more gorgeous than coats, either in brocade or silks, these are other houses, never ones, where, though only crêpe marseilles is used, the linings end by being even more costly, because of the gown beneath the coat, which should be fashioned of the same crêpe as the lining of the coat.

If not entirely a new invention, it certainly is new in its latest interpretation. This novel extravagance can be ascribed to the fertile brain of the indelible Gabrielle Chanel. The simple grace and coarseness of such dresses combined with their own wraps are her real triumphs. One feels at once that here is the match, very solution of being warm and looking smart on a rainy afternoon, when outside all is fog and gloom and inside everything is warm and gay. Chanel's clothes always give one the impression that they are particularly suitable to the smart, epigrammatic, modern woman who sees life through clear glasses, not through old-fashioned rose-colored spectacles which quell disillusion and premature old age.

At Jean's, too, there was quite a series of evening gowns which were shown as an "ensemble" with their coats. Some of these I photographed for you.

I also saw a scarlet velvet gown, studded with scarlet diamonds, in an all-over pattern which made it look like some magnificent material, and to which belonged a cape of the same texture which formed part of the scheme.

CHEF MOLIYNEUX

MOLIYNEUX recently had another opening, showing his midwinter collection. As usual in this elegant establishment, the gathering took the

form of a smart social gathering; tea and refreshments were served to the straggle of a distant and fairly discreet band.

The assembly was distinctly hospitable, as dooming Captain Molyneux principally catered to the smart Americans, as well as to English beauties who come over to Paris to get the latest styles created by their compatriot. They think nothing of flying over from London after lunch for a sitting and returning late in the afternoon, in time to dress and dine at the Savoy. Captain Molyneux has excellent taste, not only in his creations, which, however artistic, are always wearable, but also in the choice of his mountaineers. They are known to be the most beautiful in Paris; Hélé, Suzanne, Jetté, and others, are very much admired. His models are never shown without complementary additions, as head-dresses, hats, bags or any other details comprising the "ensemble." This is an excellent plan, as it gives an impression of what the gowns might look like when worn away from the establishment. Point a good many years ago started this new very novel idea: he was followed by Lady Duff Gordon, who elaborated on the scheme and carried it to a rare excellence in execution.

ENIGMATIC SIMPLICITY

HERE were some exquisite evening gowns, very simple in line, as becomes her beauty. The folds of a pink velvet gown seemed loosely draped around her lovely figure, just like a large piece of material held in place by some glittering gem.

Another very simple gown was composed entirely of crystal tubes, with designs of black beads, giving the impression of fine tracings almost like a sparkling Chantilly lace on a light ground.

Suzanne appeared in a gown of brilliant yellow, also of beads, but enriched by silver and diamond encrustations. Large drooping chrysanthemum petals hung like golden tresses from her sleek dark hair. She was glowing and golden like her name. There was a lovely Russian sable coat, huge and



One of the beautiful mountaineers who wear the clothes chef Molyneux.



The Clover Club—and August Moller, the Spanish singer Paris is mad about.

enveloping, woman "king's ransom," woman modern takes a really antiquated term. Ermine wraps, mink coats, and chinchilla—all of them big and cozy—had the her marked expensively. One "reasonable"—a plain black cloth gown—remained vividly in my memory. It had, in addition to the gown, a plain and very long black cape, lined up to the waist in sash-like, with the upper part of spotless grain. On the sash-like part was an increased wealth of ermine nose, which looked like flat and modern lines of white on black. An ermine nose completed this costume well presented by a lovely mannequin.

Molyneux of late has been making a series of concert gowns for Madame Mlle and for Frieda Hempel. They should enhance Molyneux's reputation in America, as though I did not see these creations—both ladies expressed themselves to me delighted with the results.

GREEN MONKEY AND PINK ERMINE

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX has been using some of the most fantastic looking fur trimmings, green monkey fur (instance), or vivid green fox; pink ermine and orange-colored astrakhan.

Strange to say, and weird as this may sound, a black velvet cape, with a huge green monkey collar, looks—well, quite interesting, and should be becoming to some—why not?

The weather has been exceptionally kind to herries this season. The cold and damp atmosphere which prevailed all through September has made

her coats and her trimmings popular, at a time when the multitude persists in wearing out their summer garments.

Habitual sables and hobbles are much worn at present, as well as the old-fashioned curly astrakhan, both black and gray. This fur is rapidly coming to the fore and is really extremely smart.

THE SMART USE OF ERMINE

BRITTSCHWANG, and ermine, even if ultra-smart, can be afforded by very few, not only because of their price but principally because of their fragility. Ermine is now only really smart when worn as a lining, though one still sees quantities of ermine wraps about, but they are mostly upon by those who previously have not been able to afford them.

Chinchilla, really good chinchilla, is rare in Paris than in New York. However, there is a very wonderful looking rat-chinchilla which is most effective. In fact, one has to look into the matter very closely, or seeing a woman come into a restaurant wrapped in a long chinchilla garment, to know if she is wearing the genuine article or the rat!

The markets are again in full swing for the early winter season. The Clover Club, the Club Duquesne, the "Le Dilettant," and even the Arctique, which is more of a seasonal locality, are all overcrowded.

The women at this time of the year, however, are not as elaborately dressed and gorgeous as they are

during the spring and summer seasons. Somehow, they reserve the full glory of their renewed wardrobe for the spring, when Paris seems setting with life, with elegance and extravagant dressing. As everybody, at that time, is in town, there is an extraordinary overflow of luxury and expenditure. This is in contrast to New York, where in the fall women spend very freely on tailoring andinery, while in spring a very marked relaxation and a feeling of economy set in.

I don't mean to imply that the Clover Club, for instance, a few nights ago, did not contain women extraordinarily smart and wearing the newest and most costly models, but they seemed to stand out more, and were the observed of observers, the headline eye following them about the room with apparent interest, than gowns were the exception.

THREE GORGEOUS GOWNS

AT ONE table sat three women, each wearing a very simply made beaded gown. But what gowns! One was beaded, or rather encrusted, in diamonds, the second was encrusted in and pearls with lines of emeralds, and the third was beige, beading of a multitude of tiny beads, very original and new. Among the three of them, the beads were worth many millions. All three were turned out to perfection, for a woman can hardly be considered elegant unless she wears the right shoes, the most transparent stockings, the bag of the moment, and has her hair beautifully

coiffed. Perfect grooming and elaboration of details spell elegance; to-day even more so than before.

When these ladies finally departed, followed by their numerous escorts, their wraps harmonized with each of the gowns. They represented to me the last word in elegance and perfection.

At Ciro's last week, I saw one of the most famous beauties of England wearing a gown of white and gold brocade, very simple in line, fitted for a "Mélisande." The material seemed one mass of golden tassels, each one of these being edged by long golden bead fringe—gold on gold. The gown seemed new to me, and, in spite of the rich sound produced by all this "gold," was in most excellent taste.

THE DIRECTOIRE WAIST-LINE

I ALSO saw a well-known woman wearing the ubiquitous-crease gown typical of the prevailing fashion with the waist-line indicated by a sash, very low on the hips, rising toward the front, the skirt faintly gathered. However, and evidently as a promise of what is to come, there was a second waist line under the bust, the line again slightly rising upward toward the front. This line, distinctly Directoire, heavily decorated and emphasized by embroidery, looked remarkably well, and, strange to say, in perfect harmony with the well-defined demurement about the hips.

The short waist, ever since Georgian days classical and accepted, has at present been abolished by the prevailing fashion but is sure to be recovered to, be it next season or in a year or two. It seems the season's consolation.

Paris now designs its gowns and wraps to be worn together. The gown of the right is rose white, decorated with blue and silver beads.

(Left.) If you don't like your dress to form an "X" under the bust, it is a wrap of this color, belted deeply with the soft gray of shirtings.



*Model's gown
XXXX*

REVUE



Photograph by Bruno de Meyer

Dress by
LEONORA NUGNES

PATOU
ILLUSTRATES
THE NEW MODE OF
EXTRAVAGANT
SIMPLICITY



(Upper left) This is an unusually good example of what Bruno de Meyer means when he says that the new mode is a combination of "poverty and magnificence." A Patou gown of swart-colored crepe marocain is simple with the simplicity that is achieved only by one of the great couturiers.

(Lower right) Again, the simplicity that is costly. The blouse of red crepe is embroidered in fine gold designs that are not conspicuous, but give the blouse an indelible richness and distinction. The black velvet skirt emphasizes the rich note. A short fur jacket is worn with this.

(Left) A gown of silken marse lace, so extraordinary in itself that it needs no ornament, is made over a slip of marse velvet, and caught with a huge marse velvet chrysothemum of the waist-line. In this gown the air of luxury is supplied by the gorgeous fabric; again the extravagant simplicity.



"Why did you bring me!"

Susanne, thrilled by the gorgeous pageantry of the Biarritz bull-fight, is overcome by disgust at its brutality; for the first time she gets an inkling of her fascinating guardian's true character. "The Lengthened Shadow" has revealed a new William J. Locke—to all his old wistfulness, humor, and understanding have been added a startling strength and power.



"I should scream and scream, and Suzanne would come in and learn what you are," said Valerie.

THE LENGTHENED SHADOW

A New Novel by WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

THE STORY SO FAR

PETER MOORDIUS, *ban banneur*—a man of affairs and man of the world—a brilliant and entertaining companion—sympathetic, understanding—in the opinion of twenty-year-old Suzanne Chastel is a guardian far beyond her dreams.

The English part of Suzanne approves of his thoughtfulness, his efficiency; while her French blood thrills to his flashing ardency. Even more wonderful than the twist of fate which made her side heir to the large fortune of the eccentric Joseph Grubbler was the astonishing foresight he had used in providing her with two excellent guardians.

Timothy Swayne is the other. In every way he is a contrast to Moordius. A timid, lame, well-offering widower with a little girl, minor partner in a firm of chartered accountants, he appeals chiefly to her pity. But Suzanne acquired a quiet affection for him when, after she told her infatigable uncle to go to the devil, she was taken into Timothy's home as the governess of his motherless girl.

She, too, has quickly fallen under the spell of Moordius. He finds, in his capacity of co-executor and co-guardian, a new life opened to him. But he is acutely uncomfortable in Moordius' home; where, under the terms of the amazing will, Suzanne is to spend six months of every year until she is twenty-five. For Moordius has a grown daughter, Valerie. And Timothy, going through the papers

of the deceased Grubbler, found letters which established beyond doubt that Grubbler had been the lover of Moordius' dead wife—and that Valerie is really the child of the invisible co-venturer.

Suzanne does not understand Valerie's hatred of the man who is apparently the most devoted and ideal of fathers. She resents Valerie's insinuation that Moordius is not the benevolent person he seems. Perhaps she is falling a little in love with him.

Moordius guesses—that she is aware. Valerie believes that gambling means more to Moordius than Suzanne suspects. She even painted him as something of a scoundrel. All of which charges Suzanne meets with indignation, even with fury.

FOURTH PART

TIMOTHY, told as a son in Paris, was heart by his motherlike timidity when he reached London and prepared to set his financial house in order. It may be said at once that the gipsy's warning had nothing to do with his fears; for it had not been conveyed to him by a scornful Suzanne. He dreaded not so much the future as the immediate present. From day to day he postponed the inevitable interview with his partners of Condemners Son and Co.—Berners. To have them seemed an act of ingratitude, dishonesty, even treachery. When at last he decided, and stood with his hand on the knob of old Condemners' door, perspiration filled the deep

convolutions of his brow, and his heart thumped loudly. He entered with the air of a guilty clerk about to confess his delinquencies.

Instead of withering him up with curses old Condemners fell back in his chair.

"God bless my soul!" said he. "What are we going to do without you? Let us send for Augustus."

The antique hat blew in and loosened. He proclaimed himself dazed. The senior partner expressed his opinion.

"Put our noses to the infernal griddlestone, I suppose," said Augustus. "Timothy does all the work. It'll be our turn now."

Timothy reddened. "Augustus is talking nonsense, Mr. Condemners."

Senior Condemners, violently described by old Mr. Grubbler as a long-necked hypocrite with the face of a sanctimonious goblin, whose only human passions (known to Timothy) were collecting the offertory at church and medical receipts—he specialized in battle-axes—at home, joined him in depreciation of Augustus's youthful cynicism.

"We all do our duty, I trust," said Swayne, I admit, but done yeoman service."

The antique hat's brow shrieked. "I don't like the phrase, father, but let it pass." He turned to Timothy. "You're a lucky chap, anyhow, to be clearing out. I wish I had the chance. Accountancy's a dog's trade."

Timothy was astounded. Instead of being consoled he was excited. (Continued on page 47)

THE DÉBUTANTE HOLDS THE SOCIAL STAGE

This Year's Coming-out Parties Run True to Form—Present-day Form, That is to Say—and Quite Different They Are From the Days of More Gracious Years.

EVERY ONE, no matter how much of a positivist he may be, has a soft place somewhere in his heart for the pretty debutante who, attired in her person and most resplendent frock and surrounded by innumerable flowers, stands on the brink of the social world on that eventful day when she is formally presented to society.

This winter's coming-out parties have run true to form—present-day form, which is something quite different to that of other years. How well we all recall those festive days when the debutante was formally introduced at exceedingly staid afternoon receptions, given for the older friends of the host's parents. The poor little victim was always attired in the language of white satin, her delicate fingers were encased in shimmering white kid gloves, and a small, old-fashioned tiara completed her sartorial effort. Stiffness pervaded the entire ceremony; the debutante stood in line for hours shaking hands with people she did not know and in many cases did not care to know. Making one's debut, in those days, was something of an ordeal.

Today white satin is taboo; gloves are also in the discard, and as for receiving the guests, the modern debutante, if quick enough to escape her mother's glance, slips out of the receiving line whenever she notes uninteresting family friends or "detestables" approaching.

It is her mother's duty, she insists, to bid each guest welcome. Passing time has wrought great changes in debutante receptions, but they are still so much of a bore that formal debuts have been held to discuss this modern problem. Last winter at the Colony Club two hundred young matrons and debutantes met to form to both sides of the varied question. The decision, alas, was a draw.

BUT now that the question of the season for a debutante has been openly considered, it is bound to be more and more discussed as time goes on. Judging from the list of coming-outs given this season, those who favor formal debuts are in the majority. This list is unusually long and includes among many others, Miss Abby Rockefeller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; Miss Louise Clews, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews; Miss Corbetta Livingston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner Livingston; Miss Caroline Vanderbilt, granddaughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt; Miss Rhoda Cameron, daughter of Mrs. R. de G. Cameron; Miss Arlene Keyser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Keyser; Miss Cecile de Prester Kip, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav B. Kip; and Miss Julia Rankin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Rankin. This group of debutantes is widely connected, and innumerable entertainments were given for each one. Something very exciting, after all, would disappear from our social life if debutantes merely slipped out instead of coming out.



Miss Louise Clews, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, has returned from Europe and will be presented this season.



Miss Abby Rockefeller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., made her debut this season at a musicale given by her parents.

Young people rarely attend afternoon receptions unless they happen to be on the receiving line. When the word goes forth, however, that dancing will be a feature, the younger set turns out en masse and, after greeting the debutante and her good friends, they migrate to the room set aside for dancing and allow the older people to battle for advantageous positions near the buffet.

MANY times since the beginning of the season I have seen matrons, members of the "old guard," with their chapeaus displaced or their fans disarranged from their hectic attempts to crowd close to the platter containing the lobster salad. With the coming in of legalized prohibition, the buffet must now groan under a load of edibles that brings to mind the old-time Thanksgiving dinner.

The New York debutante has two goals, the Junior Assemblies and the Junior League. The latter now with an imposing number of branches will give a place in the former. One must possess brains and an earnest interest in sociology, however, to have one's name placed on the roster of the Junior League.

So far as the Assemblies are concerned, it is society that counts, as is the case with the Assemblies in Philadelphia and the St. Cecilia Hall given each winter in Charleston, South Carolina. The subscription committee so jealously guards the invitations that the lists are seldom let down. Many an ambitious mother devotes a lifetime to pulling every possible wire to secure the coveted postcard that will admit her debutante daughter to the dances held in the green and gold ballroom at the Ritz.

But it takes more than the Assembly and the Junior League to make a debutante's season. From the middle of October until New Year she crowds every minute of her day with one excitement after another. And aside from keeping ahead of her competitors she is bound to cultivate a new "line" every day or two. No debutante can be classed as popular who neglects to inquire or change her "line."

The life of a debutante is a strenuous one. Owing to the fact that she has been out to one, two, and sometimes three large



MISS CORNELIA LIVINGSTON

halls, the night before, arriving home along about daylight, she does not arise until the morning sun comes streaming in between the tightly drawn curtains of her bedroom. Then there is a wild scramble to dress for that debatable luncheon at one o'clock.

The luncheon party usually takes her guests on to the matinee, and after the theater her guests, with a "haght," "Thank you ever so much for a lovely time," "Kick off to this or that tea and reception where they could a slight debatable matter, following the reception comes a dinner followed by the opera or theater. Then it is on to the dance at Terry's, the Plaza or the Ritz, or some exclusive house and all too soon it is daylight again, and the weary little debutante is hurried home in the family motor with nothing to look forward to but the same matinee on the morrow.

THIS program might be supposed to keep any debutante busy, but there are always several fashionable charities to be helped along, and her services are in constant demand by this and that philanthropic matron whose requests can not safely be denied. In the most crowded days of her season, the debutante needs must spend several hours rehearsing dinner steps, dialogues, and dramatic pieces. Following these months of this crowded life, the

cautious parent whisks her daughter off to Europe or the South for a rest cure, which accounts for the steadily growing Southern season.

But after all, this is the era of the dancing debutante, and only those who perform in an almost professional manner, regardless of their wealth, social position, or beauty, make any great impression on the stag line and on this impression depends her reputation as a success. It is not always the heiress who has the most brilliant season. Quite frequently the poor little rich girl joins the ranks of the wall flowers, and all because her dancing fails to please. In this mad world, where good manners are at a discount, many a debutante is lured to the side lines as her own coming-out, no longer does a man feel any obligation to ask his hostess' daughter for the usual dance.

There is, you see, a tremendous contrast between the debutante of to-day and the still little white-satin ball of a century ago. And what has brought about this change in manners and dancing? Are the mothers responsible or have the debutantes themselves brought it all about? Who can tell? One thing is certain: the matrons and dancing on view at the debatable parties this winter would not be tolerated in public dance halls. A wave of actual revolution has spread over society,

and it is no easy thing to place the blame where it belongs. The most amusing part of the whole situation is the reluctance on the part of hostesses to control the objectionable features of their parties. And yet these matrons are in a position to lay down the law if they so will.

If the prep school or college youth to be held entirely responsible for the liberty that marks the usual debatable dance? Few guests go further than they assume the rules of the house will permit. The wise youth will carefully try out his buttons and is rather quick to take a hint. But there are others, unfortunately, who feel no responsibility toward their hostess and it is their behavior that has brought about present outrageous conditions. This revolution—the so-called upper East Side youth who "gave the limit" at a private dance is just as much a reality as is the lower East Side youth who terrifies his "street" and lands in jail for his indiscretions—became noticeable last season, but has increased alarmingly this year. It was no secret last winter that a group of a dozen men were responsible for all the liberty that marked the huge dances. Several matrons omitted the names of these offenders from their lists, only to have them revived by their daughters (Continued on page 117)



*He did not turn—"Listen," said, "something's
wrong. We're going away this afternoon."*

HIS CAREER

*A Love Story of
Married Life*

By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

Illustrated by Rexel Lefroy

HE HAD meant to wait until the dancing began before he told Jean that the plan for their flight was perfected. He had known for a week that they might go any day; but he had held that knowledge tight—held it as though it were a vase of incredible tenacity and filled with a death-dealing fluid—held it even from her. But ever since the instant late that afternoon, when the final obstacle, a business one, had been overcome, an excitement such as he had never known had shown in and lit spots along his consciousness. All his doubts and perplexities, his secret shames, his cynical misgivings, had melted to nothingness in that fiery breath. The fluid in the vase was boiling now; it was beginning to flow over the brim; it threatened to shatter the glass. Yet it was the last place in the world to mention the subject, he reflected, and not the happiest moment. He would not have been tempted if . . .

But by one of those instinct-driven accidents, inevitable to such an intimation as theirs, he and Jean, meaning of course to avoid each other, had taken seats in like-to-like proximity as they fled in from the dining-room to the drawing-room. They had avoided that vice-a-vice, however. Jean, pushing her chair a little back, had given herself up to an absorbed examination of the crystals and jewels which covered a small table at her left. He, moving his chair forward, drew a cigarette from the box on the center-table. Not two feet intervened between them. Yet what a current bridged that airy aperture! Flame flared through it. Electric sparks spun out of it. They remained thus for a few minutes in one of those intimate silences of which Jean was mistress; a silence that did more even than her preservative halting to live Christian Murr's blood.

Swerving to the left that delicious moment, Murr did not turn. His six feet three of vigorous height carefully disposed in the big crimson corduroy chair, his head on his hand, his bland gaze searching the room, his cigarette rolling the triumphant gleam in his gray eyes, he gave himself over to his senses. Occasionally from behind him he caught the molten orb of daylight—caught it above the starvato comment which filled the room. And then he visualized her making the secret cosmetic repairs at which she was so adept. The mischief-proof touch issued from the tiny mesh of gold and jade and pearl which seemingly never left her wrist. Her freshness as yet betrayed no need of artificial color. Yet, there was no doubt it added—that artificiality—an extra seduction. Perhaps because her pale olive

symptomatically carried it vividly through it. One touch of the rouge-pud to her cheek, one pass over the new coils of the powder-puff, a tiny shaking of the crimson pencil across the violent cleavage of her wine-dark lips—and she seemed to glow as new flesh has its right to glow.

NOW again came that same stirring. Then dead silence. Again it came . . . prolonged . . . the smooth whisper of satin against silk, the scowling furt of lace on both. Silence again. He could delay no longer.

He glanced about the room . . . waiting . . . watching . . .

Reta, his wife, had disappeared for a moment. Their guests, forty of them, were scattered in trios and quartets. It was the first dinner that the Marrs had given in their new home and the first entrance of their company into the big living-room. In the throng of exclamations and congratulatory, the thing had with one accord settled back to her the dazzling view. Through those long low-topped windows, from which the curtains were for the moment drawn, they saw beyond the loggia a sweep of snow-scathed terrace, then the dip down, up, down under a diamond-sown courtyard of a lawn which ended at the stately barrier of the ice-locked Hudson. Near trees had caught the limpid sky in a white in which glittered occasional her pendant shadest stars, far trees netted the river. Across the Hudson bubbled hills, rising rounded tops to the silver fire of the moon. Comparison drew among the company—the Skins—the Klins—the Dancks—the Nevs . . .

Then attention came back to the room. Deceiving an instant, Mary examined it himself, studied it as one who would, after that night, never see it again, surveying his guests as figures who were passing, as at the close of a dream, out of his life. The women in their gorgeous gowns looked like enormous single flowers in exotic shapes and hues which some giant hand had scattered in careless groups. They made the sitting more beautiful just as the sitting made them more beautiful. The room needed no adventures and, however . . .

The quietly-famed plastered walls showed a painted picture overhead. But wide-dim tapestries opened endless vistas into blurred medieval beauty; long dim mirrors brooded the modern vistas they reflected with a haze of antiquity. Not a piece of furniture but had the curves and colors of age.

Light, its sources concealed, manifested itself merely as a glowing, blurred glowiness. But the huge square fireplace at the far end of the room melted in the "soft" glow of this luminosity, concentrated it, threw it in tangible red-gold leaf-shapes up the chimney.

"It's like," came Cunningham Deeds's humorous laudatory, "a translation by a modernist of a Veronese."

The guests expressed their approval variously and drifted on into chatter. Clayton Marr was seeing them not only as a picture in which the colors, viewed through half-shut eyes, faded. His blood, food by the current which bridged the space between himself and Jean, was subjected to recurrent, red-hot impulses. He picked up a book of Japanese prints from the table, opened it at hap-hazard. He did not turn, but quietly—yet too quietly, not in a whisper, not even under his breath—"Lions," he said, "and don't look startled or excited. Everything's settled. We're going away day after to-morrow."

INSTANTLY the air aperture between them froze. That same stirring soiled in it. There came—he smiled a little—the silence of breathlessness, the limbo-like exclamation.

"They'll speak," he acknowledged. "Listen! Reta's not in the room. Nobody is looking our way now. I'll leave to-night after everybody's gone—ostensibly to go in town to make an early start for Washington. You stop at the Tarrytown station. Send your car on to New York. I'll pick you up and take you in town. We sail on the Aquila."

No sound came in answer. He called loudly. Among Jean's raised cheeks, her childlike equipment of a surprise was the prettiest. And now he had surprised her to stupefaction. She had known of course that sometime in the month . . . But so more than he, had she expected it so soon. That moment of failure began again, prolonged back. "Don't speak for a moment," he advised. "Mary James is looking this way. I think she's coming over here." He took up his book again. When next he turned, Jean's seat was empty and Mary James, as he had guessed, was starting on her way to join them. He arose, drew up Jean's empty chair, turned his square-cut efficient face, blandly welcoming, in her direction.

"How strange the house is, Clayton!" she in-

gave, her shrewd eyes, from which a certain questioning gleam had not departed, moving from his face to the fireplace. "You and Reta have certainly done wonders. Tell me how you managed to . . ." He lifted himself plumped in a discussion of the difficulties of after-the-war building. He should have been talking at random. His impression was that he was both incisive and logical. This impression was clear-cut because he listened to himself as to another man.

THREE circles of activity were nevertheless working simultaneously in his mind. . . . It was like a circus. Only that he could contemplate all three at once. Nearest in space but farthest in emotion was his talk with Mary. Farthest in space but nearest in emotion was the thought of Jean and their flight. In the middle ring—he looked at them from the other two into it—revolved the circle of his guests. His friends all, his intimates some—what would be their judgment when the story broke? Oh, of course—with varying degrees of charity—they would say the same thing. A bad to ruin such a career. Marr, himself, did not believe that a mere elopement would ruin it. And there was no other way out. Reta, of course, considered that she did not believe in divorce. She had always maintained that—theoretically. But Marr felt that he knew differently. Inevitably—after a discussion, and a decision opening with a sound to suggest—the most divorce him. It might take a year or two—seven five; she would make it in the end.

Presently the music started, simultaneously from opposite sides of the room. Reta and Jean re-entered. Jean—she got his first full glance at her—wore—over a silver slip—scarlet gauze veiled with purple. Out of its stems and shadows came a color emanation the exact shade of her freshly tinted lips. Her beautiful round arms—her tremor was like velvet—were bared to the silver straps at the shoulders and in deep V's under the arm-pits. Did Taylor own her at the door and she swayed across the room in his arms. Reta, an arresting bit of color, too, in grass-green satin with tassled points of a heavy gold lace longer than the skirt at the sides, showed even more pride than was usual in the carriage of her tall thin figure. Marr cleared the first dance with her.

He did not get an opportunity to talk again with Jean until two hours later. In the meantime he had played the pianoforte (continued on page 42)



"It's my misfortune to look but in the things I can't come to dinner parties," Reta admitted.



SOULIE FINDS THAT FUR ADDS BEAUTY
TO THE COSTUME FOR EVENING

Fur is now finding a new and important place in the evening wardrobe. Soulie does the seemingly impossible when he adds a deep border of leopard skin to dresses of lichen green crepe and still retains a slender effect. The gown is silver green. The cord is silver and the tassel is of pearls.

There is a new shade of salmon pink that Paris is wearing. Soulie suggests it in satin crepe for a characteristic evening gown and designs for it an unusual balance of silver tulle richly embroidered in pearl beads. Curious square plaques of pearls and crystals form narrow swinging panels at the sides.



Two models from
MOLINER

CHERRY

A very large Perles shield, the soft, easily draped kind, was good for this frock. It terra-cotta and cream color.

Another example of the evolution of the berbe. A fancy pleated Georgia crepe ruffle on a gray Georgia crepe frock.

Paris now lets a jacket fall in a fold from neck to hem. The frock here Scotch wool, plaid in squares of beige and brown.

COSTUMES FOR THE SOUTH

IN THIS LETTER FROM PARIS, WE LEARN ABOUT THE CITY LETTERS, SOME OF THE PARADISES WORN ON THE CITY D'ARMS, AND, TOO, WHAT SHE WEARS ON IMPROVISED OCCASIONS, IN PARIS.

à la mode de la Paris, Paris.

EVERY one knows how in the old days all the beauty and fashion and wit of Europe strolled on the terrace at Monte Carlo in the morning sunshine, or gathered at night round the tables of the Casino. Slender, beautiful Austrian women with dark eyes and wonderful jewels, stately Russians in rich gowns and gowns worth an empire, tall lily-like English women with great names, smart Americans, beautifully dressed, and all the lovely exotic creatures—gorgeous flowers of the night—who haunted Monte Carlo as they have haunted no place on earth since. Steady nights, music and magic. It was marvelous, but *comme c'est la vie!*

A NEW MODE OF LIFE

VISITING Monte Carlo during the second year of the war, I sat for hours, one rainy morning, on the Casino terrace, with only a bright red lined to keep me company. It was a nice brightly lined, darning about on the wall and doing its best to color the scene, but no more liquid could relieve the melancholy of the place, which was like a deserted village, silent and empty of people. And every-

where along the coast that year it was the same.

But now, again the Riviera is brilliant, not exactly as before the war, but still quite gay. The coast towns are crowded with visitors. Many English people, in order to avoid leg and taxes, have given up their homes in England and bought or hired homes in the sunny South, visiting England only in the season. In Monte Carlo, where taxes are unknown, not even so much as an attic is available.

Engelons are springing up like mushrooms all along the coast. One can see them from the railway—little red-tiled cottages under the pine-trees with a foreground of red rock and a background of blue sea. A banglow, a garden, a dog, a bicycle, and a pine-tree; the picture is complete. The expensive hotels are filled with the idle rich, who gull by day and gamble by night and dance all the time. There are races and tennis with tournaments of all sorts, *divers de polo*, costume balls and films of every description, with the chief interest centering always in the Casino.

For some reason, Cannes has been the most popular of the coast towns for the last year or two

and doubtless will be more gay than ever this season. The amiable, pleasure-loving King of Spain is expected at Cannes for the races, and his visit—a visit of King Carnival in person—will kindle the entire coast into a blaze of activity.

The grander maisons of Paris have established shops in Cannes, Nice, and other Riviera towns, and one may shop now in the South as well as in Paris. Special collections of gowns are being sent down for the season, such as are prepared in America for Palm Beach.

NEW SPORTS FROCKS

PREMET is making, for their shop in the Hotel Hermitage, Monte Carlo, frocks of embroidered kasha cloth, a Rodier fabric in tawny yellow, jade, green, white, and other colors. A model of orange-yellow kasha cloth—a three-piece costume—has a skirt of plain yellow kasha with a single plait on each side, topped with a ruffle of white Georgia crepe strapped with kasha and embroidered across the lower part with yellow and white beads. This frock is quite straight and shows rather a low waist-



Miss Jenny has chosen a fashion bomb that may explode later. The waist-line of this brown rip frock is at the hips—but there is another indicated by brown silk laces.

line. The straight jacket is of yellow kasha cloth embroidered in relief by machine with yellow wool thread.

A similar costume has a straight jacket of white embroidered kasha with a brilliant red and green Rodier scarf drawn through slit low in front, over a straight white crêpe de Chine frock griddled with a similar scarf. Still another embroidered white kasha cloth jacket has an odd pocket embroidered with tapestry colors which resembles a tapestry bag attached to the low straight strap girdle.

A black crêpe marsein frock trimmed with touches of bright green crêpe de Chine shows a band of tapestry embroidery in colored beads across the lower part of the coverage front, and bits of similar embroidery on the sleeves. The line of this frock is quite straight also, with a low waist-line.

THE WAIST-LINE CHANGES

THE silhouette at Premet's in general continues straight, with the waist line still at the hips, although perhaps a thought higher than last season's. The famous neck line still prevails and there is a little bow on the shoulder.

A smart black frock shown by Premet is of crêpe Georgette with an odd decoration of black velvet, as if black velvet had been snipped into flower-petals and all odd shapes and pasted on

to the Georgette with a touching all-over design. The waist-line in this case is almost normal, and loop-plated panels of plain Georgette on each hip and in the middle back fall out fan-wise from the girdle.

Premet shows a model or two of wool-tweed work—wool fabric with cross-bars of mixing threads which present a sort of basket-work effect. A loose coat of this wool sport-work fabric in dull rust color is trimmed with wool embroidery in relief in different shades of rust and brown. It is odd and smart.

Mlle. Lucille Chanel, whose shop is in Monte Carlo, shows several new tailored frocks for the Scotch of Scotch tweed in shades of beige, light brown, and gray. The plain straight skirt has usually a simple plait on each side, and the coverage is often a sort of smock blouse of tricot embroidered in a Russian design. As a rule the design is knitted into the garment, the prettiest perhaps being those of beige or gray wool with the design in white.

TRICOT AND LEATHER

SEVERAL smart tricot blouses in brown are patterned with red, white and beige, and a dark blue tricot is frankly embroidered with red and other colors and is very rich looking.

One tricot coat is lined with beige leather and worn over a figured tricot blouse above a tricot skirt. A tricot blouse in white and beige is edged at the hips with a fold of beige crêpe marsein, with a crêpe marsein bow on each side.

A new Chanel evening frock is of black crêpe Georgette embroidered all over with red and green flower leaves in a Russian design. The coverage is cut straight across under the arms with narrow embroidered straps over the shoulders. A Georgette crêpe handkerchief, embroidered all over to match the gown, is then tied about the shoulders. This idea is carried out in several of Chanel's new models.

Aside from the very lovely embroideries, the Chanel models are of the simplest sort. A square-necked coverage falls straight to the hips where it is attached either to a two-flowered skirt or to a straight skirt which is slit on each side, the edges

WHAT PARIS WEARS ALONG THE RIVIERA

SKIRTS for sports wear are neither short nor long and the straight-hanging skirt plaited in still the favorite. These appear in kasha cloth or in white crêpe de Chine worn with colored jackets. This is a smart combination.

FROCKS are quite straight with a low waist-line and the little jacket is often embroidered in gay colors. White kasha cloth jackets, embroidered with brilliant color, are griddled with bright Rodier black-printed scarves.

PREMET is making simple little sports frocks for the Riviera of Rodier kasha cloth in sunny yellow, jade green, and white. Some of these frocks are worn with jackets.

CHANEL, for many seasons the most enthusiastic user of jersey cloth for sports wear, has turned to wool. With this she wears embroidered Russian blouses of tricot.



PHILIPPE
GASTON

This is one of those semi-sports top-coats Paris wears. Of blue rip, embroidered.

overlapping. The square-necked coverings are usually quite plain, while the frocks are embroidered. The overlapping skirts are also embroidered except for three or four inches at the edges—the lower and overlapping edges being plain. And there is often a small bow at the hip, tying the skirt sections together.

COATS ARE STRAIGHT

CHANEL makes a smart or little separate coat of rough Scotch cheviot in bright green. The narrow chest collar is of tulle and the belt is a mere strap of cheviot with fringed ends tied in front. The short jacket is slit up to the girdle on each hip and the really wide sleeves are straight. Nearly all of the Chanel models show a narrow chest collar lined with fur. The cloaks are often velvet and the silhouettes generally is straight.

Jenny's new sports coats, otherwise simple in shape, show handkerchief collars of the fabric edged or stitched with another color. A bright green cheviot cloak, for instance, is bordered all about with a band of bright red wool, and the rather small red-bordered handkerchief collar is knitted once at the throat in front. Another green wool coat has a huge collar of this sort, trimmed only with a band of red stitching. The sleeves are very wide at the wrists.

A smart three-piece costume designed by Jenny for the South is of fine black rip, the jacket is trimmed with bands of white pique. The black skirt of the frock is straight, and the coverage front is of white crêpe de Chine with a handkerchief girdle of black crêpe de Chine tied in front.

THE UNUSUAL HANDKERCHIEF

JENNY

JENNY makes much of the handkerchief in her new collection, and of similar effects. A simple straight evening frock of crêpe marsein with a girdle then falling in the middle front is griddled with a waist of figured crêpe in red, green and other colors. Other models show similar girdles, while figured costume ribbons trim several summer frocks.



MOLYNEUX

PREMET

With the moderately long sports skirt of pleated white *crêpe de Chine* that Paris is addicted to this season, *Molynoux* shows a jumper of red leather embroidered with silver.

Black suits, as well as a silk fabric, is used for this simple sports suit, with its pockets bound and belt edged with shaggy black fur. The little hat is of soft black felt.

A very new evening frock designed by Worth for the South is of silver and white brocade. The skirt is straight and narrow with an open-side across the front which droops in a long circular flap on each side. The waist line is normal and the low, slightly draped evening is very demure-looking, showing the curve of the figure in the back. Whether this new silhouette will be accepted or not remains to be seen, but it is Worth's very latest creation.

PARIS IN THE EVENING

AT THE RAI, women are wearing frocks of palest pink *Georgette* tulle, *crêpe* lined with a frost-like embroidery of fine crystal scales. Some rose-colored frocks are fashioned of *crêpe de Chine*, without trimming. Still others are of pale rose satin, *fulcrant*, with its silvery sheen. The Duchesse Stern appeared a few nights ago in a sparkling garment of star-dust over a slender robe of rose-tinted silk half-sealed with a ruy mist of tulle. Her small white shoes were strapped and heeled with black.

On another occasion, the Duchesse Sillon appeared clad like a queen of the sea in green-blue sequins, a thin waist of green tulle clinging about her shoulders and a necklace of black pearls and diamonds about her neck. Her green and silver brocade shoes were worn with this slim green gown, which was slit on each side for several inches over the sea-green under-slip.

Elaine Glyn wore that night an odd frock of green and silver brocade, a striking design of Venetian velvet on silver cloth, which was rounded in wide scallops at the hem. The Comtesse de Dolant wore a green beaded frock with diamond and emerald ornaments. The Duchesse de Vendôme, who came with her three daughters—the Duchesse de Montpensier, the Princesse de Bourbon-Sicile, and the pretty blonde Princesse de Bourbon—wore a Worth gown of cyclamen velvet with superb jewels. The Princesse de Kagarbala wore a straight white gown glittering with rhinestones and jet, and the Duchesse Drouot wore a similar frock embroidered from neck to hem with massive bands of brilliants.

The Grande Duchesse Boris was clad in black and silver; a black and silver brocade evening above a full black skirt. The Comtesse de Montpensier-Franconi wore gray *Georgette*. (Continued on page 22)



PREMET

For the South, *Premet* combines a white brocade cloth jacket with a white *crêpe de Chine* sports skirt. The sack is gaily printed silk.



PREMET

Bright green *velours de laine* is lined with bands of green leather. One of the many little sports suits from the recent *Premet* collection.



For the South and for spring, A white straw cloth is the favorite shape of the past season, trimmed with a white moire ribbon around and here.



THESE ARE THE DETAILS
BY WHICH PARIS
INDICATES THE NEW MODE



Small and close to the head and very soft. A black velvet cap with a large wing flowing from one side. Paris wears it any time of day.



The small red straw hat is peculiarly becoming in the brilliant sunshine of the South. The trim is edged with a double row of light red cherries.



PHILIPPE
GASTON



Variations of the masculine shape are infinite. This one, of beige Georgette crepe, has a very flat crown, and is covered by a fine black lace veil.

(Left) The circular shawl again; these circular pieces are used to form the cape, the deep veil, and the full skirt of this gown of pearl gray tulle.



PHILIPPE & GUSTOV



DEUILLET



TYER

A detailed sketch from the gray frock on the page opposite shows the sleeve with its deep circular ruffle that marks the frock as new.

(Middle, above) Another attractive new idea. The circular shaped cuff appears four times on the same long slender sleeve.



JENNY

There are two openings for the hand to slip through in this sleeve. One makes it often long, the other full length—a versatile sleeve.

(Left, middle) Jenny is showing this detached cuff to be worn with sleeveless frocks. It is a very quaint and becoming mode, really.

A PAGE OF TRIFLES THAT MAY DETERMINE A WHOLE SEASON'S WARDROBE



WORTH

(Above) The influence of the Italian Renaissance has brought about such beautiful details of costume as this Worth sleeve.



BEXÉL



JENNY



WORTH

A long tight sleeve on a black satin Worth frock ends in a deeply pointed cuff of the same material, one that covers the hand.

(Left) You will notice that Jenny made the waist-line on this early spring model a trifle higher than last season's.



Over the thick black roll of hair is spread a gold net, finished with two long tassels that may rest each shoulder like fantastic hair.

(Upper middle) For the blonde, Fort has devised a coil, just adorned with jet pins over the ears, plus fastened to a jet girdle by long jet strands.



For the brunette is a coil, just enclosed in a network of grey coral beads. Two beaded strands are fastened together in front by a coral tassel.



COIFFURES FOR THE BLONDE,
THE DARK, AND
THE DARING

A massive silk afternoon frock, headed with white and underlined with old gold, has an unusual skirt, formed by splitting a plain skirt and letting the ends fall over a gold girdle. The holder has a strange cut-out motif at the neck-line.



This is a variation of the coiffure at the upper left. The roll of hair is enclosed in a gold net of different design. The tassels fall just in front of the ears. It is an idea for short hair; the roll is not necessarily one's own.



Barbique, undoubtedly
Erte, wears a costume
made of woven ribbons.

Columbine is dressed in a
collection of silver that
imprints white lines.

Pierrot, himself, is
dashing in white and
green and blue tights.

"NEW COSTUMES FOR PIERROT AND COMPANY!"
SAYS ERTE

Music Cafe, Moscow.



Mask and hat of green
JER and turquoise, red-
ding in green silk fringe.

such, come back first to get their usual clients. The tea-rooms kept by old English ladies or high society women of the Empire at yesterday begin to open their doors. There is on the Riviera such a quantity of these establishments that it is necessary for their prosperity that each business take at least

ten cups of tea a day in ten different rooms. That is why these establishments announcing their openings for the beginning of November close quietly in December.

Formerly, when the list of tea-rooms had not yet increased the crowds of people, incapable for any other trade, they went to Nice and Monte Carlo a few miles from where smart people liked to pass each other. Now this way of spending the afternoons being too vulgarized, people prefer to pass half an hour in the hall of the Hotel de Paris in Music Cafe enjoying, newly in solitude, their cup of tea, than to mix in other establishments with the crowds of semi-idlers who fill the rooms of the Casino, then it is no risk not to be confounding the fact that the dancers rise even at tea-time.

When I see the advertisements of these establishments growing at the beginning of the season, as usual soon after the rain, I wonder that one should consider all the tourists as old English ladies, for it is specially that class of human beings which delights upon this pastime. From the lists of arrivals one

notices that these ghosts of tea are beginning to come on the Côte d'Azur. Some more are expected, for the fact that the pound sterling is at sixty-nine must evidently make the journey and stay here easier for them.

The great illustrated English papers, in prevision of this future invasion, have organized a tour of their representations on the Riviera. I read the account of this tour of the English journalists. It is called a "propaganda" (Continued on page 102)



Combination mask and head-dress, made of a fringe of yellow tulle.



*The man—was he her lover
but certainly a strange one—
looked at Katherine approvingly.*

THE PHANTOM HUSBAND

A Short Story by FRANK R. ADAMS

Was There Love In His Eyes?

And How It Changed Katherine

Illustrations by Penelt Carter

HATS, gloves, turbans, linens, flowers, neckties, gowns, faces, slippers—oh, lord, what an endless lot! Mark about three exceptions the accounts rendered were for non-essentials, but Katherine couldn't know that—not with her training and with the generous name of Kilgore tucked onto her by an able but devoted father.

When Daniel C. Kilgore was alive, the existence of bills was a knowledge shared by Katherine and her mother. They brought what they wished and the statements went to the office, there to be dealt with slowly and methodically. If the struggle ever cost Daniel C. an effort, he did not betray it away from the battle-field.

The healthiness of the family had descended to Katherine because she had more fighting bills in her than had her mother. Mrs. Kilgore was almost an invalid, anyway. She would give up without a struggle to any demands that was offered.

She had been a pretty woman once, Mrs. Kilgore, and while the traces of beauty had not entirely faded from her face, the progress toward age had gone farther than she thought, and now she was that pathetic thing, an old woman with the affections of a young one. She was too ill to supervise her household but not to join her daughter in any diversion which might be offered, no matter how fatiguing. Perhaps that was one of the reasons why so many of Katherine's potential suitors married other girls, and why both mother and daughter spent so many evenings alone save for one another's society. Many a man who might have included Katherine at his breakfast table without question allowed reason to rule him after noting that her mother was the unassailable concomitant of all of Katherine's activities.

There was another reason why Katherine had arrived at the age of twenty-nine still wearing her maiden name unchallenged. But she did not tell any one about that, least of all her mother. The only visible token of it was a photograph lying carelessly in an unlocked drawer in a discarded dresser in the attic. Katherine had learned from bitter past experience that if she locked the dresser it would be pried open the first day her mother was alone in the house and her secret spread to the four winds of gossip. Mrs. Kilgore had an insatiable desire to share other people's privacy and laughed

that the world was equally interested with herself in the results of her excursions.

So the assigned fiscal enlargement of a glowing youth in army uniforms appeared openly where rumors might become seeds. It was no one whom her mother or any of her friends knew. Katherine shed no tears over it, as her great-aunt had over a water-proof daguerotype. Indeed, Katherine seldom took out her past and looked at it. Still she was painfully conscious of it occasionally, most especially when she had opportunity to compare some other man with her lovable money.

In a case of that kind, the dead man wins every time—up to a certain point.

In Katherine's case, that point had never been passed. Romance offered her out of the way to hurry to his exacting adventures.

Her mother urged her to marry, even reproached her specifically for having allowed several wealthy eligibles to escape. But the idea annoyed Katherine and now she was beginning to show the first symptoms of the passive woman, unhappy shadows under the eyes and a cloudiness that revealed her innermost, even more than fashion demanded. She kept the dream out of her mouth, but it was a

*And you this horror of the
bill? They had seemed
to love, but this month
there was the kiss of weary
ly lightning in their tone.*





"I've got to know," he said. "From now on there can be no secrets between us."

tax on her facial muscles and one day she would lose the field.

Kathleen was becoming an old maid in a world that laugh in adoration to the fresh, fresh charms of the flapper. She looked older than her married friends several years her senior—even the ones who were beginning to doubt the wisdom of their choice of husbands. On a woman, inevitability points more surely than downright unhappiness.

And now was this horror of the bill. They had named before, growled nastily on the barman, but this month there was the kiss of near-by lightning in their face, threats of lawsuits, publicity, even of violence. For the first time Kathleen was made by the appointment of collective agencies, of bullies and process servers. From automatic habit she kept the knowledge of their plight from her mother, but the nightmare never left her own consciousness.

No one but the bare-knuckled bruiser can know the tragedy of bills. The poor are not allowed to run up accounts and they may have difficulty in meeting the expenses of day to day, but they never have to fight off the icy clutch of the creditor's man that no matter which way you turn, no matter what you do, there is a greening pit waiting to swallow up your puny efforts to stave off disaster. Debt, in the consciousness of its own punishment.

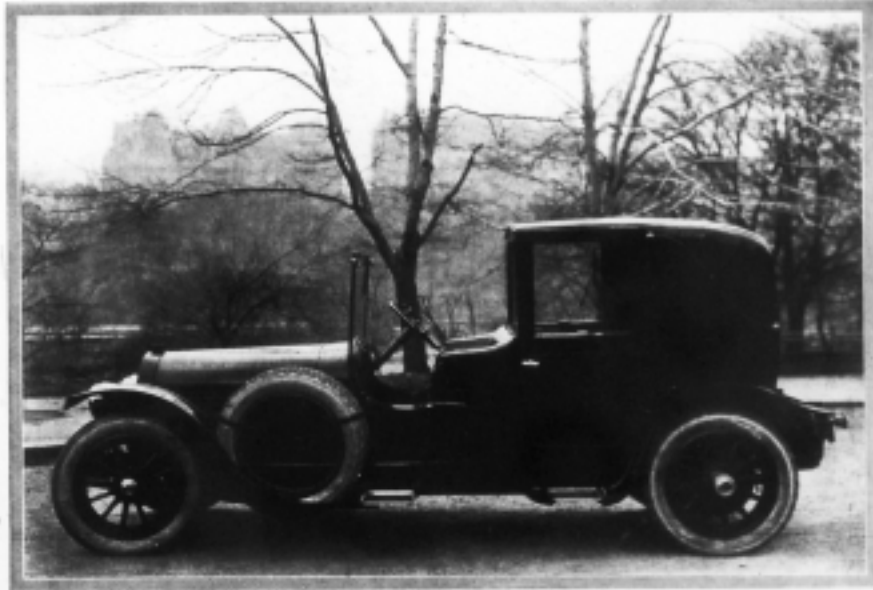
Kathleen, for her generous, generous adventures, had never been one to plan. But, unlike them, she could not stare inconspicuously behind windows. She had a social position and a mother—a front had to be kept up. Ever-ready to help any one else in distress so long as she had a son, she was, nevertheless, too proud to ask for assistance when the pinch came. So she had been

obliged to become a schemer, a gambler with truth to her losses. The rule of Rocky Sharp was often to one of open-handed nature.

It seemed that tragedy had marked her for its very own. There was no way out that she could take—no way compatible with her self-respect, that is—unless there were an unusual intervention by Providence.

Kathleen, seated at her beauty desk designed for no heavier burden than a ribbon-tyed bundle of hair-dress, had not jotted with a slender array of merchants' statements, made herself stop crying and agreed her own shoulders to face her problem.

The bill had to be paid. She had to do it. There were no more assets. The house had two mortgages on it already and the interest on them was one of the most pressing claims against her. Her few remaining jewels were. (Continued on page 124)



MRS. PETER COOPER BRUCE'S

Locomobile chassis, with a special custom-built collapsible coach body. In the finish, Mrs. Bruce has expressed her individual preference for deep maroon with black fenders. The lines of this well-built town car follow the lines of the horse-drawn brougham. The broadcloth upholstery has been used with other hardware.

REFINEMENT OF DETAIL AND CARRIAGE LINES DISTINGUISH THE NEW CUSTOM CARS

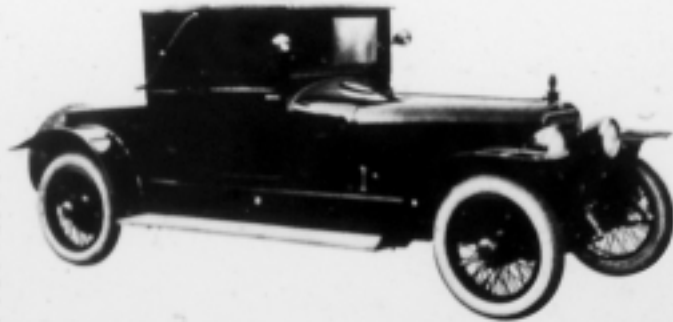
COUNTLESS experiments in custom body-building have led designers in a wide circle back to the graceful lines and magnificent simplicity of the old horse-drawn cabriolets, landaulets and broughams. An excellent example of this is found in Mrs. Peter Cooper Bruce's Locomobile, illustrated above. Put your fingers over the hood of this picture just in front of the chauffeur's seat—the body, as you can readily see, has all the character of a horse-drawn vehicle. The seat itself is unusually lower, in the motor car, but the double fenders and extended top arm on the outside

of the hood outline the lines of the single furred brougham. In the endeavor to produce a smart town car, with clean-cut lines and perfect balance, the body-builders have found no prototype so satisfactory. This will account for the ever increasing popularity of the cabriolet for town use.

In the matter of finish, the darker colorings have a distinct preference. Mrs. Bruce's cabriolet is in maroon, as is Mrs. William Goodley Lane's town car. Maroon has, of course, been the favorite color of many of the "great" old New York families for generations. In this, as in lines, there is a return

to the old carriage days. Black, also, is much used. The Countess Helmslein, Mrs. Joseph A. Blake and Mrs. August Harkacher all show a preference for black.

Following the mode of locks and grooves, the interior treatment of the custom-built body is one of magnificent simplicity. Ornamentation is taboo. Elaborate upholstery, ornate hardware are as passé as an open car in January. Excellence of workmanship and refinement of detail and color have become the outstanding features. The car interior has taken on the appearance of a well-built carriage

COUNTESS
HELMSTEIN'S

collapsible two-passenger cabriolet, specially built by the Dethlefs Body Company on a Sunbeam chassis, has a concealed rumble seat. The interior trim is of black broadcloth. The outside finish black with gray stripings and leather fenders.



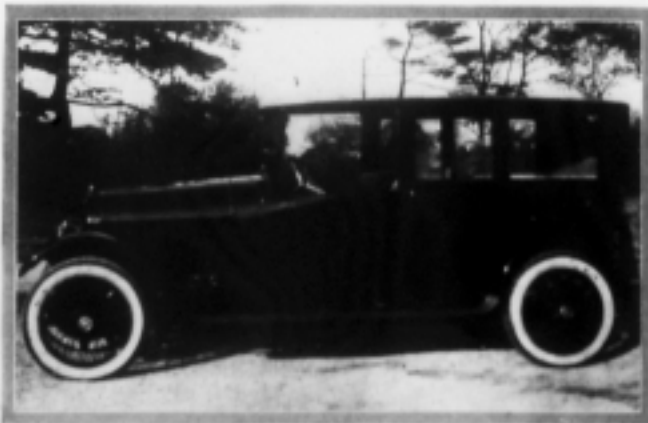
THE SMART
CAR FOR TOWN
IS THE
CLOSED CAR

MRS. WILLIAM GOLDST
LOEW'S

Buick-Rolls convertible, with a Brewster body, is another example in which success has been carried out as the body color of the car, with black finish. The interior, done in too breakfast, is also typical of the prevailing simplified treatment of upholstery. Plain silver hardware has consistently been used.

MRS. JOSEPH A.
BLAKE'S

Cadillac collapsible top convertible, with a special body by Freely, having offset coupe pillars and beveled moldings as distinguishing features, is black with tan cloth upholstery. A monogram tailpiece with gold-mounted and inlaid-shell accessories and gold-plated built hardware lend unusual distinction.



MRS. AUGUST
BECKHORN'S

Marmon limousine, with a special body built by the New York Carriage Company, provides comfortable seating capacity inside for six passengers. Black and white pin-striped cloth has been used as the upholstery here, with shell finish silver hardware. The body color, entirely of black with ivory stripings, is a dignified treatment for a limousine that offers great amenability.

The Encroaching Gulf Stream

So many things, think I, have strayed from their natural places lately that I am scarcely surprised to read in my morning paper that the long-suspicious Gulf Stream has grown weary of its monotonous groove in the Atlantic, and has of recent years surged thirty miles nearer our shores. Florida, at this rate, must be slipping from the deck into the actual tropics.

Therefore, on the summit of the northern palm tree note a white organdie shade hat seen with shirring threads of coarse rose silk and piped with deep rose. On the southern palm is a sun helmet of white organdie, crowded with roses made of white organdie ribbon piped with very dark sea-blue. Over the stream hovers a practical little beach bonnet of green bunched into which is woven a row of archaic yellow birds, each cooking a gold head eye at a small bottle-green sunshade, handled, ferruled and tipped with glowing coral wood lemon.

But the stream itself, as it draws nearer, may we not discover exotic flotam, surprising



giltam? A bathing suit of silks, for example, from the shoulder of which a gleaming panel trails; or a siren-like robe of metal plates, fringed with the scalloped designs of a mermaid's scaly tail. It would not surprise me to spy a chic swimming slip of pale green silk splashed with motifs of phosphorus which glow from under the dark water. But the siren-song grows dangerous by enchanting - a hasty action -



Herman Patrick Tappi.



At Palm Beach one always bicycles to the bathing-beach. She is wearing a little printed yellow tulle jacket, with a yellow crepe skirt. From Kurzman.

DAYTIME COSTUMES FOR PALM BEACH MUST MEET THE
REQUIREMENTS OF CLIMATE AND OCCASIONS

A tulle jacket is needed for sudden changes of wind and weather. This peach-colored crepe skirt has a jacket of kid, embroidered with orange and black. From Hollander.

Extremely practical for Southern days is a short cape and skirt of yellow husha cloth, worn with a white crepe blouse. The cape is embroidered with white. From Hollander.

The frock of this costume is entirely figured with orange and black. The wrap over the arm is of rust-colored velveteen, with a deep collar of summer crinoline. From J. M. Gidding.

For morning wear in the South is a frock of beige silk tulle, with an unusual girdle. The fabric is woven with a border of satin stripes and heavy basket weave. From Hollander.

The exquisite all-utility costume is lovely in Southern sunshine. This frock of white embroidered crepe remains for a matching cape trimmed with white fur. From J. M. Gidding.

For the cool damp days—and there are these days in the South—is a great cape of a white flannel woven fabric woven with primitive designs in black and yellow. From Bonnet Talley.





(Right) For "Ayou-ning" in the warm sun there is the simple frock of white Kodier fabric patterned with a narrow Persian motif in brown. From J. M. Gibbing.

(Right, above) Sable, pointed in color, forms the jacket with this large flared skirt. The importance of the three-piece costume, for the South, cannot be overstated. From Hollander.

(Lower, left) Rough wool fabric, burnt orange color, forms this warm wrap with cape-like sleeves. As an accent some it has a binding of black inside. From Abercrombie and Fitch.

Another silk cape morning frock. This line of a heavy cotton crepe with a built-in figure in black, red and blue. Blue crepe, shawl, is used as trimming. From Bonwit Teller.

Scarf cape de Chine, in a large fit, fastens the back and with flared cape of this two-piece costume. The cape has a close-fitting shoulder under-jacket. From Hollander.

One of these large comfortable top-coats is worn over frocks or sports clothes is of natural camel's hair with double piping. It is a coat of a thousand uses. From Hollander.

A Paris top-coat, another of the practical sort, is of black and yellow plaid woven, lined with yellow cloth. The collar features with a black buckle. From Grande Maison de Blanc.





(Left) Youthful three-piece costume of white flannel and blue and white plaid wool. (Right) White flannel jacket and skirt; charcoal-brown shoes. From Mollie O'Hara.



A square costume skirt from Radco, beige woven with brown motifs, forms this frock. From Gidding.

THE THREE-PIECE COSTUME AND
THE SIMPLE FROCK ARE
BOTH NECESSARY IN THE SOUTH

THE sports costume for the South must answer seasonal requirements. Of course, there is the single frock in which one plays tennis, and the conventional golf costume, but the greater outdoor activities of the South, besides swimming, are sunning in an "abscissable," lanching at the Everglades Country Club, and being generally picturesque and lazy and absorbing large quantities of sun.

For general outdoors wear the three-piece costume is vastly satisfactory. There is a little frock that may be worn by itself or accompanied by the coat, because the little coat is necessary in the tropics where there are damp days and the winds often blow chill. Some of these costumes may be worn all day long, because they are formal enough to lunch in and have sufficient sports air for general utility. This is the type of costume the designers have been working on for several



Woolly white sports cloth, tied with brown ribbon. A charming suit for sports. Mueller-Greene.



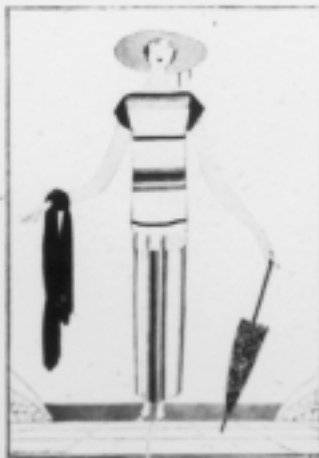
With a blue top riblet and rectangular cape is worn a white piped coat, stitched with red. From *Mollie O'Hara*.

Chinese characters in white inscribe a black jacket, and the bodice of a white flannel sports frock. From *Giddings*.

past seasons and this season it seems to have reached something quite near perfection.

The three-piece costume designed for the South this season is unusually original and amusing. The designers have taken bits of color and fabric from many countries and made strange little costumes that have decided pictorial value. The white flannel suit at the upper right on the opposite page has a short seaman's jacket, double-breasted and fastening with two large buttons. Then the skirt is an amusing bit of incongruity by being one of the newest things that Paris is doing. The back is perfectly flat and the front has a circular ruffle as if it were a full apron placed on top of a straight skirt.

Another three-piece costume of decided character is at the upper right on this page. It is Chinese in feeling, both because of its lacquer-red characters on a black ground, and because of its wide mandarin coat sleeves. This, too, is worn with a white flannel frock with a ruffle in front and a straight back.



Wide ruffles blue and green stripes on *Reine* white cotton crepe. The day cap sleeves are blue. From *Dobbs*.

ANY ONE OF THESE
COSTUMES IS SMART
FOR PALM BEACH



COOL SOUTHERN MORNINGS AND
OCEAN BREEZES DEMAND
THE THREE-PIECE SUIT

(Above, left) Cream-colored basket cloth, a fabric that the French give to grateful mendicant, is used for this sports costume. The blouse is of white linen, trimmed with red and white gingham.

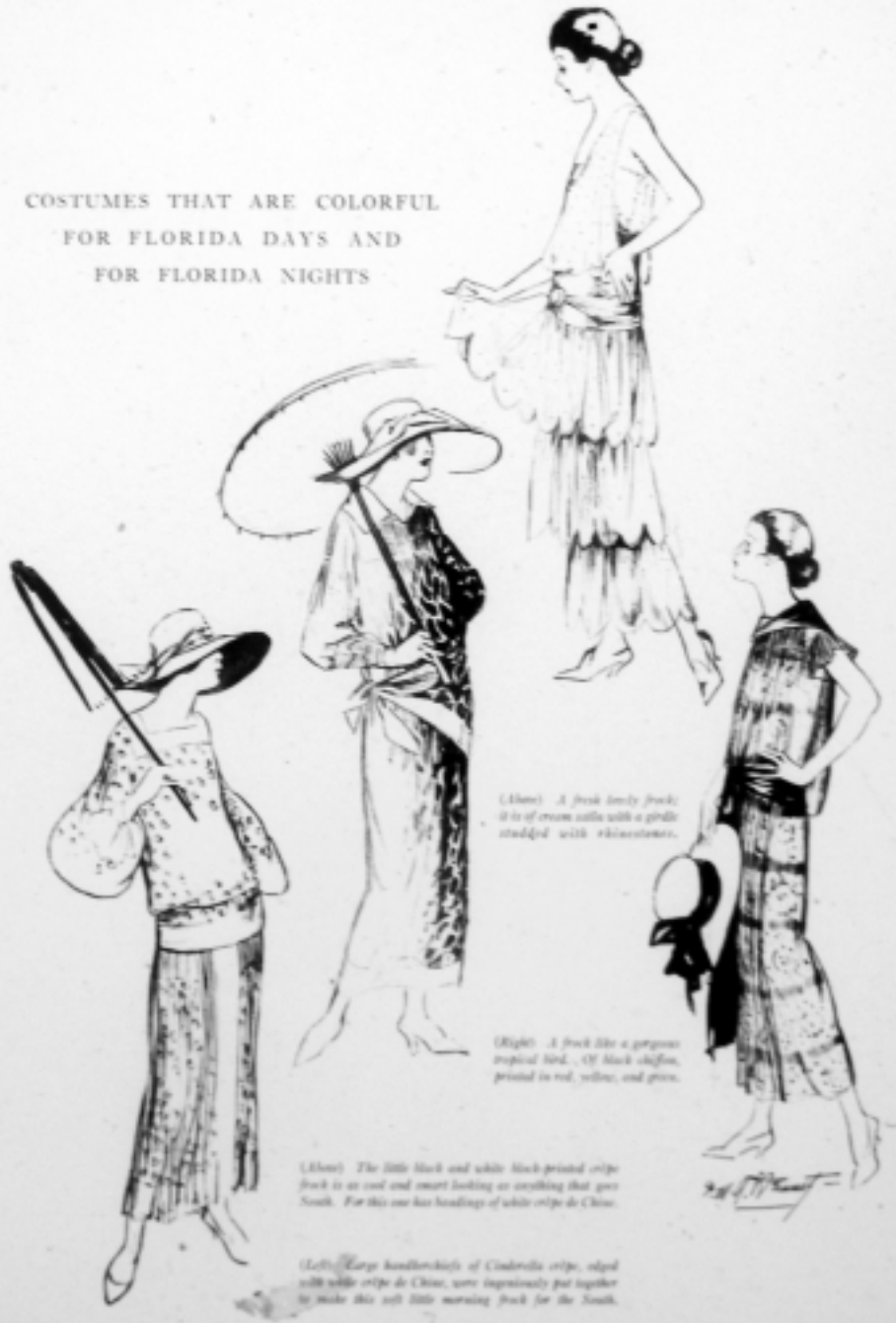
(Above, middle) This is one of the most charming sports costumes we have seen. The coat is of red cambrie, embroidered in white, and lined with white basket cloth, to match the frock.

(Above, right) Miss Stinson, the designer of the costumes on these two pages, has a feeling for unusual fabrics. She uses bright red velveteen for this sports jacket to go with a white crepe frock.

(Right) Yellow ruffles over silver lamé tissue. There are ruffles tracing the neck-line and around the scallops at the hem. The girdle, too, is a glittering band of shimmerance.



COSTUMES THAT ARE COLORFUL
FOR FLORIDA DAYS AND
FOR FLORIDA NIGHTS



(Above) A fresh, lively frock; it is of cream color with a giraffe striped with rhinoceroses.

(Right) A frock like a gorgeous tropical bird... of black silk, printed in red, yellow, and green.

(Above) The little black and white black printed crepe frock is so cool and smart looking as anything that goes South. For this one has headings of white crepe de Chine.

(Left) Large handkerchiefs of Cinderella crepe, edged with white crepe de Chine, were ingeniously put together to make this soft little morning frock for the South.



THREE TYPES OF GOWNS FOR PALM BEACH NIGHTS

(Above left) The gorgeous and glittering gown is part of the tropical night. This is of white crepe embroidered in "Cajón" motifs in shades of gold. From Jay-Thorpe.

(Above right) An entirely different type of gown, and one that is very satisfactory in the South, is of pinkish mauve chiffon over satin, girdled with green. From Mary Wall.

(Lower left) In the tropics, the "picture frock" is particularly effective. Vivid yellow tulle, embroidered with tiny black flowers, girdled with black; from Best and Company.



THE PATTERNED FROCK FOR SOUTHERN DAYS

(Upper left) A frock that remarks in black and white "So this is Paris" displays the Arc de Triomphe and other Paris bits; Waxmaker.

*Another unusually interesting patterned frock is of white *crêpe de Chine* embroidered in dark blue with extraordinary animals; from Jay-Thorpe.*

*(Lower left) An exquisitely gay frock of white *crêpe de Chine*, with sleeves ornamented with motifs of vivid silk. From Bonwit Teller.*

THE BATHING-SUIT IS NOW A GAY COSTUME



It is something that has taken several colorful seasons to develop, this wearing of gorgeous bathing costumes that are neither black nor practical nor inconspicuous. Two or three seasons ago, at Palm Beach, one felt it coming on; last season at Newport it was a definite fact. Perhaps it was started by the flair for the South Seas, and by the Gargamesque designs and color that have hung in all of our art galleries, have appeared in our magazines, and have even penetrated to our smart cells, these last few seasons.

At any rate, it is here. One no longer appears upon the sands of Palm Beach, or Miami, or Nassau (or whatever one's favorite sands are) in something cleverly and not too generously designed of black tulle or wool jersey. Not is even the daring "one-piece" suit of the flapper, and those who can wear it, smart. The bathing-suit has achieved the importance of the costume in which one dines or dances. Just as the gaudy bathing hour has spread itself over two full hours or more, and has achieved a new social importance.

The smart woman is making herself look more and more like a vivid Russian poster. Her bathing costume, her hat, her wrap, are all astonishingly gay and form a complete "ensemble," exactly as her evening gown and wrap form a costume complete.

Her "lickens" shy swims will below her skirt; remarkably gay stockings meet them at a critically smart point below the

Design by
GRACE HART

Made on both pages from
ROBERT TULLER

(Below) Sea-blue
silk, patterned with
magenta and green.
The wrap is bright
red and is woolen.



Bathing costume
of sea-green silk
with great flowers
in blue and white.
Lacquered girls.



The five-day costume of a Russian "bath" was
the prototype of this silk bathing costume. The
designs are vivid blue against overall green.

Wool.



A bathing-suit reminiscent of "Schéhérazade." The long-sleeved bodice is covered with a typical Russian design in color on a sea-blue ground.

Vivid lemon yellow velvet is a background for the stripes and forms the tight peasant bodice. The stripes are in bright rose and green and blue.



knit. "Rolled" stockings or bare legs and sandals. Desoville fashion, she borrows to those who frequent foreign shores, when it's done. More often than not, her sleeves are long. In fact, she is fully clothed, and as gaily and in as startlingly vivid colors as possible.

The costumes shown on these two pages, designed for Harper's Bazar, are of heavy silk, backed in extraordinary designs and colors that will give the sun-drenched beaches of the South the air of a Gangaïd mural decoration or a particularly gay number from "Chère South."

And the really smart person has three or four, six or eight, bathing costumes, with their attendant hats and wraps and shoes. She is able to make her vivid daily appearance varied and entertaining.

(Left) Large splashes of coral and blue and rose against a chocolate background. The design spreads in floating bubbles over the costume.

Gold and vermilion alternate in Egyptian triangles all over a bathing costume with an Egyptian giraffe of purple. The wrap is purple and gold.





With her simple hands cloth sports folk the Parisienne wears a colorful handkerchief, tightly rolled, to define the neckline. (Below) A gay little handkerchief is here used as a cuff on a sports frock. Another, rolled like the one above, may be used at the neck.

THE "DEAUVILLE HANDKERCHIEF" APPEARS IN NEW FORMS

It took two heavy silk handkerchiefs knitted in deep orange, green, and black, with black borders, to make this blouse that fits at the shoulder. Handkerchiefs from Cheney Brothers.

Knits green chevrons, striped with black and white, forms a cross between a sweater and a jacket. The crown of the felt hat is covered by a handkerchief; from Gilling.

Another Paris trick is to wear a large Easter handkerchief, patterned with Moroccan designs in red and yellow and black, to girdle one's simple crêpe de Chine sports frock.

An Egyptian border is introduced on a beige silk sweater, of exactly the type to be worn with the tiny hat with the handkerchief tied around the crown; sweater from Gilling.





DEMEYER

A VERY SIMPLE AND
VERY SMART
COSTUME FOR SPORTS

THIS is as simple a sports costume as possibly can be evolved—and one that is as smart as possible. To begin with, the all-important hat is of beige felt, made with narrow brim in front and narrower in back—the shape that Paris has called its favorite all season. The costume is a harmony of tan and green and gray, worn with a charming gray-green colored skirt. From Chanel.

What Is YOUR Parlor Trick?

In This Short Story
RICHARD CONNELL
Writes About

THE MAN WHO COULD IMITATE A BEE

Illustrated by Everett Shinn



IT WAS not until his twenty-second year that Hervey Deys realized that he was rising too slowly. Then the realization struck him sharply.

He had been a serious student and had earned more from a sense of duty than pleasure; his juvenile marble and hoop games had been game affairs, conducted with civility and decorum; he learned to read shortly after he was breeched and at seven presented a slip at the public library for the Encyclopaedia from A to Z. The librarian demurred, but he gently insisted, he was permitted to carry it home, volume by volume. At twelve he had resolved to be a scientist and furthermore a great scientist. He determined to pursue the career of ornithologist; there was something so dignified and virginal scientific about a science that called the sparrow *Fascia domesticus* and the robin *Eridania erythraea*. He made rapid progress. On his thirtieth birthday he took a bird walk at dawn and was able to recite in his note-book the scientific names of forty-one birds, including the ruby-and-violet humming-bird (*Chrysomitris thymoides*) which is rare around Boston.

At fifteen he wrote a daring monograph which proved beyond cavil that it would be possible to convert the electric great auk (*Pinguiculus imperator*) by a judicious and protracted series of matings between the penguin (*Spheniscus forsteri*) and the ostrich (*Struthio camelus*). This theory was hotly challenged by a German scientist in a seventy thousand word epigram; Hervey Deys crushed him under a hundred thousand word rebuttal and thus, at a tender age, came to enjoy a certain distant celebrity in the world of ornithology. At seventeen, still in the University, he was becoming known as a first-rate all-round bird man; he rather looked down on old Field at the Natural History Museum who was a beetle man and particularly an Ambrosia who was a man for man; yes, Ambrosia and his bird decidedly worried Hervey Deys. As it has counted!

Something revolutionary happened to him in the spring of his twenty-second year. The mild spring evenings, biology, inevitable Nature conspired against him; his mind began to reach out for contacts with new things outside the world of birds. He made the disturbing discovery that he could be interested in things unbirded, girls, for example.

He made this discovery at a tea to which he had gone, most reluctantly, with his mother, who was intensely curious about her social duties. He found himself sitting on a divan beside a girl, her hair was blonde and bobbed and she had an attractive little

smile. To be polite, he explained to her the essential differences between the European robin (*Phoenicurus Phoenicurus*) and its cousin, the American flycatching warbler (*Empidonax flycatcher*). As he talked the notion grew on him that tea was not the best he had thought of. It disconcerted him when the girl rather abruptly left him to join a fatish young man who had just entered. Hervey Deys could tell at a glance that the newcomer had not the intellect to so much as stuff a lark.

His alert mother spied his lonely state and steered him to another corner and another girl. He sought to fascinate her with an account of the curious circumstance that the male loon (*Gavia fusca*) has three more bones in his gable than the female of that species; he told her this in strictest confidence, for it was the very latest gossip of the world of ornithology. He could not but note that after fifteen minutes her attention seemed to wander. Presently she murmured some vague excuses and slipped away to join a laughing group in another part of the room. He followed her flight with a glass eye.

The group appeared to have as its center the fatish young man and it was growing distinctly hilarious. Hervey Deys had a pressing, but he told himself, wholly scientific, interest in learning what conversational charm or topic made the fatish young man so much more interesting than himself. He edged his chair within earshot.

The fatish young man was not talking; he appeared to be muttering a series of odd noises through his nose, varied now and then by throaty bellows. "Yessssssss, Yessssss, Yessss, Yessss."

THE trained ear of Hervey Deys was puzzled; clearly they were not bird noises, yet they had a scientific sound, perhaps the fatish young man was a scientist after all, a mammal man.

"Yessssssss, Yessssss, Yessss, Yessss."

The girl with the attentive smile solved the mystery. She called across the room.

"Oh, Hervey, do come over here. You simply must hear Mr. Mallard imitate a trained seal!"

Hervey Deys felt actually ill. So that was the secret of Mr. Mallard's possess, that was the magnet!

"Yessssssss, Yessssss, Yessss, Yessss."

Hervey Deys couldn't stand it. Still, he went out and as he took his hat and stick, he could still hear the laughter and the fainter.

"Yessssssss, Yessssss, Yessss, Yessss."

In a fury of disgust he went to his laboratory and so violently stuffed a grackle (*Agelaius phoeniceus*) that it burst.

Next day he realized that something amazing had happened, was happening to him, he could not keep

his mind on his work; it kept straying, despite him, to the little girl with the attentive smile. She had been interested in his talk of birds until the accomplished Mr. Mallard, imitator of trained seals, had made his untimely appearance. His teeth ginned together at the thought.

THAT afternoon he surprised his mother by suggesting that he accompany her to a tea; she was glad his social consciousness seemed to be aroused at last. They went.

"This is Mr. Mallard!" he asked her as they took tea-wafer in her mother's car, a product of the artlessness applied by Mr. Deys, sister, to his brick business.

"Mr. Mallard? Why, he's one of the Broadbill Mallards," his mother said. "Why?"

"Is he an animal man?"

"No, he with insurance."

"He seems popular."

"Oh, he has some parlor tricks."

"I beg pardon, mother? The allusion escapes me."

"Parlor tricks," repeated his mother. "He imitates a trained seal; it appears to strike the younger people as excessively comical. I believe he can also swallow a lighted cigaret."

Hervey resumed a polite manner.

"Must one do parlor tricks?"

"They have their uses," said his mother.

The girl with the attentive smile was at the tea and Hervey Deys captured her. Her name was Miss Lee. He was congratulating himself on having interested her in his new monograph on parakeet bills, when she sprung up with a little cry of pleasure.

"Oh, Mr. Deys, there's Ned Mallard. Let's get him to imitate a trained seal. He's perfectly killing."

"I do not know such," said Hervey Deys, severely.

"They fail to attract me. I am a bird man."

He left the tea with a heavy heart while the talented Mallard was going.

"Yessssssss, Yessssss, Yessss, Yessss."

Lying in his bed that night the brain of Hervey Deys entertained two thoughts. One was that Miss Lee was a singularly charming girl, the other was he could not interest her by birds alone. How then? He analyzed the situation with the same care and logic that he applied to the dissection of a humming-bird. His conclusion was resulting but inconclusive. He must master a parlor trick. He studied at the notion, but he was restless.

"The end justifies the means," he muttered.

He rose early and attacked the problem with



MADLINE and MARIAN FAIRBANKS

LIGHT HEELS AND HIGH COLOR

*The Season's Offerings
Along Melody Lane*

Reviewed by FREDERIC and FANNY HATTON

SAVE for the inescapable melody which Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sloan brought with them from vaudeville into the "Ziegfeld Follies," there is little complaint on Melody Lane that there isn't a song hit on Broadway.

But one must concentrate on something and the dancing is not to be ignored. Just at present there is a surprisingly large collection of super-heels scattered through the entertainments that are musical.

Dance lanes are having their day with such sparkling pedal performances to be seen as those of Carl Randall, the nearest approach to a Nijinski we have produced; the delightful Gansbrell at the Capitol; Mary Eaton—they are trying to woo her away to become another Sally; Gilda Gray, who makes a voyage to the South Seas superfluous; Una Stanton, who fits through the "Greenwich Village Follies" like a lot of tin-kettles; Herbert Howells, Fashola's recent partner, now in the Music Box Review; the acrobatic Donahue of "Molly Darling"; those talented bowlers, Fred and Adele Astaire, in "The Band and Judy"; the Dresden china Fairbanks Twins; and that devil comic, Harry K. Morton, who puts a nice Doskey model into "The Spiritation of Youth."

Will Rogers is not to be denied admission to this list of the light-headed elite. To see him skipping through his rope at the New Amsterdam is to feel

what a loss there is in the fact that his parents were not Russian.

Mr. Ziegfeld has dedicated this year's "Follies" to the glorification of the American Girl. But Mr. Rogers, doubtless with his fingers crossed, is glorifying the American mind. There are not only oases on his heels, but on his brain. He is our brightest commentator. (If that isn't a word, it should be.) Rogers probes presidents, diplomats, the mighty ones of the cabinet, speculators, bootleggers, and commoners between skips.

THAT's the hope of Rogers is a rare symbol. And he catches more than prominent shoes with it. He is our kindly and vigorous satirist. For America has a sense of humor, but no sense of ironic jab. But from this homely and unpretentious Will of the Larklets we take dashes and enjoy the smart of the wounds he gives us.

For in the "Follies" otherwise was chiefly Gilda Gray. She comes onto a stage gowned with American girl and dances us with the indelible outlines of a personality. Her invention is paper, even bannan, she is a Venus with Polynesian movements, suggesting Bright Shadows of Saturday Nights in Southern Seas. We shall never go to Papaya. Miss Gray, as an art, rarely transcends the lashed skirts of the island tropics.

Compared to Miss Gray, the classically beautiful

Martha Lober, also to be seen in the "Follies," is a Greek statue come solitary to life. In her unclad severity Miss Lober seems infinitely more garbed than the average human in the dark vestments of propriety. Miss Gray prompts into us thoughts of shells and slimes; Miss Lober to the memory of John Keats and his "Ode to a Grecian Urn." The former should be seen on Saturday night; the latter on Sunday afternoon, just after supper.

But the lightest heels in the "Follies," despite all levity as to the British ankle, are those of the Tiller dancing girls from London.

To see the best dancing of the season you must go either to the "Greenwich Village Follies," or to a moving-picture house, the Capitol, where, respectively, the highly-trained heels of Carl Randall and Mademoiselle Maria Gansbrell flash. It is our pins hope that some day they will be seen dancing together. If that ever happens we feel that some courageous manager will send them to Europe to outdo the continentals as Fairbanks and Maudlin did as a decade ago. The enterprise calls for a Morris Gest. The Gansbrell has the youthful beauty of Lopokova, the airy grace of Godea, the strength and fire of Pavlova. Some years from now people will pass the Capitol reverently and point it out as the place where the Gansbrell began to dance.



Richard Stone

MARTINA LORENZ

As for Mr. Randall we are sure he is quite as good as anything the Russians ever sent us and he is still very young. He has been responsible, this season, for the staging of the dancing numbers in the "Greenwich Village Follies" and he has made a success of the assignment.

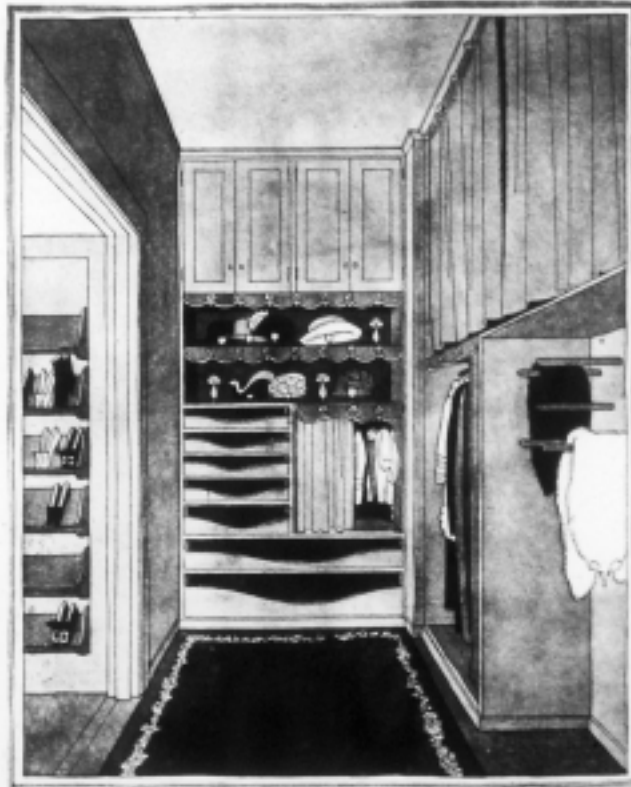
The Greenwich Village entertainment in all respects is quite the most appealing which John Murray Anderson has put together. Season after season he has managed to get new choruses into that

well-worn form of entertainment—the revue. This edition of the "Follies," from the neighborhood of Washington Square, is seasoned with gaiety to cheer the heart, garnished with brilliant silks and satins to delight the eye and equipped with a gallant band of ten-musicians to soothe the tired glances from the Longacre blues. And there was one chorus girl whom we will remember after forgetting all of Mr. England's glorified American girls. In fact the whole Green-

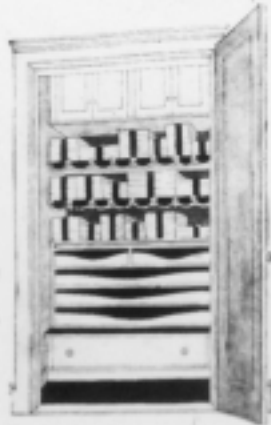
wich chorus is unbelievably young and smart. Mr. Anderson has an eye.

As usual in the Anderson productions there are striking settings. One must be mentioned—a huge cage set before long, hanging curtains, whereas a Russian dancer cracks a whip while the tenderest of the chorus leopards is his hiding as baby follows.

Two very attractive personalities in this cast are the sweet-voiced *Contadina* on page 112.



Designed by
MR. GEORGE
BERSON



MRS. FRANCES CARROLL'S
Even closet has heavy woodwork striped in pink
with rose garlands. Pink satin pads cover the
drawers and shelves, edged with net and
rose-trimmed black velvet. Linen straps match.

COLOR ENHANCES A CHARMING CLOSET

MRS. ALFRED C. BEDFORD'S
personal closet, painted in French
blue with rose stripes and rose
garlands, has blue satin curtains
trimmed with fringe, rose ribbon,
and ruse. Shirts, hats, handkerchiefs
hangers and fur areas correspond.
Sachet pads cover the bottom
of drawers and suit-lined chest.

MRS. JOBY SARGENT'S
residence includes this man's closet,
decorated in antique ivory with bronze
stripings. Here are compartments
for hats, hanging space for neckties,
coats and trousers, and decorative
drawers for shirts and underswear. A
drawer with a sliding tray for jewelry
and small accessories is also shown.





DRESSING ROOMS
THAT HARMONIZE
WITH THE HOUSE

This room has a vaulted Italian ceiling with deeply recessed windows and floor of green and cream marble. The dressing-table has a counter-weighted top that can be raised. The woodwork is walnut and the cushions of Venetian velvet.

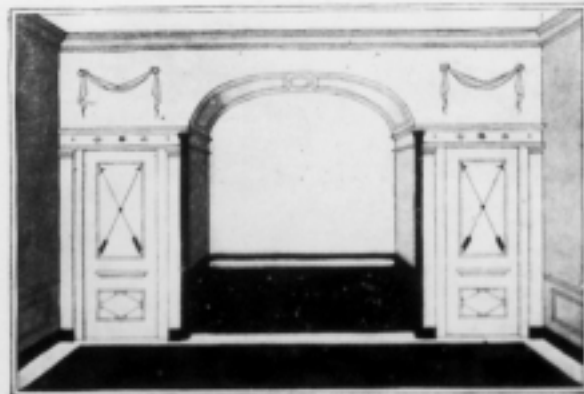
In the Empire style is this green and gold bath-room, in which the tub is placed in a recess, flanked by doors that conceal well-stocked cupboards.



A pedestal sink, splashing water into an old basin and placed in front of a mirror makes a sort of combined lavatory and wall fountain.



An early American corner cupboard makes an unusual lavatory when placed at an angle of the bath-room walls and filled with white faience and a black marble counter.



*Designed by
MOTT & SCHMIDT
Architects*

A PORTFOLIO OF CLOTHES THE NEW YORK
WOMAN IS WEARING FOR MORNING,
AFTERNOON AND EVENING



WALTON

Complete costume, consisting of matching dress and cape of tan gabardine embroidered in self-color silk cord; the cape is lined with moiré.

Coat-dress of dark blue tricotine with border of vivid scarlet maulmés, white sarcenet, and silver thread embroidery on royal blue silk.

SMART dressing is quite as much a matter of wearing the right thing at the right time as it is in purchasing the right and beautiful things in the beginning. With a large wardrobe of well-selected clothes one woman may not appear as well dressed as another with a much smaller wardrobe who knows to a nicety exactly what to wear on every occasion. The woman of taste who instinctively senses these subtle distinctions is the really smart woman. On this and the five following pages are shown types of costumes suitable for the functions of a smart woman's day.

The last few seasons have made several additions to the wardrobe which have given it more variety—additions to the types of clothes worn. Due to the introduction of the complete costume, the coat-dress, and the three-piece suit, street dress has taken on a variety never dreamed of in the days of the tailored suit. The introduction of picturesque period styles and the acceptance of several entirely different silhouettes for evening wear have given greater variety to evening dress. Examples are shown on the following pages.



CALLEY



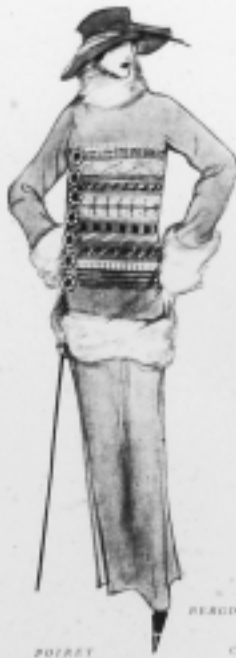


INSTEAD of the severely tailored suit with a lingerie blouse which a few years ago was almost a universal type of suit which the Frenchwoman always advocated, street dress for morning has broadened to include the various types of garments shown on these two pages—the matching wrap and dress of two gazarines from Madras; the coat-dress of dark blue vicuña from Calet; and the matching skirt, blouse, and jacket of gray vicuña from Luvvii. Any garments of these types, simply made of the plié or talika, are suitable for the various affairs of morning—shopping, concerts, et cetera.

FOR MORNING THE COAT-DRESS, THE SUIT,
OR THE COMPLETE COSTUME



LAVEL



DUREY

Costume from
BERGDOFF GOSWAMY

Also from
CHRISTINE

Three-piece costume of gray vicuña trimmed with marlot and black silk braid, fur and in small loops; edging of elephant-dyed silk.

Two-piece suit of black vicuña with embroidery and buttons in white chevrons and pure silk, and broadly banded with gray vicuña.



AN AFTERNOON HAS DEGREES OF FORMALITY AND FOR
EACH DEGREE A DRESS OF BLACK VELVET

*SLIP of American Beauty satin with matching
chiffon sleeves, elaborately embroidered, under a
black velvet sheath. Flat past-colored tulle roses and
green wheat and ribbon trim a full black velvet dress.*

THE NUMBERLESS WAYS IN WHICH
BLACK VELVET IS GIVEN
COLOR AND VARIETY

AS THE afternoon waltz toward evening and one progresses from
sund table to dinner table, the formality of dress increases. How-
ever slight, there is still a fine distinction between these varying de-
grees of formality, just as even the most formal dinner gown, such as
the Pointe dress opposite, is subtly different from a real evening gown.
The dress at the left of this page would be appropriate for the simplest
affairs of afternoon; that below, with its more elaborate embroidery,
for an occasion of more importance; the Callot dress opposite, with
its dignified drapery and gorgeous sleeves, would serve for a formal
reception; and the last degree of formality is represented by Pointe's
sleeveless gown. It is by the magic of cut, (the length of a sleeve,
the depth of a neck, the bouffancy of a skirt) as well as by the
greater or less elaboration of trimming, that black velvet is rendered
appropriate to every one of these degrees of formality.



CALLOT

Purple celtic sleeves and pockets
with silver and rose stitchery on
a black velvet dress; black and
gold wrap from Callot. Em-
broidery of pink and turquoise
beads and white tulle on a
black velvet dress; mustard cloth
fur-trimmed wrap from Callot.



Made as both pieces from
BLACK VELVET

CALLOT

EVERY EVENING OCCASION HAS ITS APPROPRIATE
STYLE OF DRESS AND FOR THE MOST
FORMAL BROCADE IS SUPREME



FORMAL evening gown of lavender and silver brocade with silver lace trim and net boths embroidered in silver thread, crystal and lavender beads—(Below) Ceremonious evening gown of royal blue, mauve, and silver brocade with bolice embroidered in matching beads.



THERE are several degrees of formality in evening dress. It is as just as bad taste to wear too elaborate a gown to a public restaurant as it is to wear too informal a frock to the opera. A loudest rule *de style* is so much out of place at the Club Royal as a simple chemise dress would be at a large private dance. For the latter occasion so charming a period dress as that by Lorvin (shown above) is exactly the right note; but for occasions of the greatest ceremony—the opera, for example—an even more elaborate style of dress, such as the Dreccoll gown at the right, is obligatory. At the opening night of the opera nine-tenths of the gowns were of this type—brocade gowns, with trains, extremely costly, elaborately jeweled; and with every such gown were worn magnificent tiaras and long gloves.

A gown appropriate for an informal dinner party is the simple yellow velvet shown opposite; and the restaurant dance frock is represented by the short, simple chemise dress from Viennot. Gowns of these two less formal types are made of plain materials—velvet, chiffon, crêpe de Chine—never of brocade, which is reserved for the most formal gowns, and are little trimmed and not extremely modified.



UNFIGURED FABRICS ARE USED
FOR THE LESS FORMAL
AFFAIRS OF EVENING

DINNER gown of yellow velvet with Venetian lace booha
—(Bellevue) Restaurant dinner
frack of white crepe de Chine
with embroidery of crystal tubes.

Models on both pages from
MARIE DENDEL

Designed by
TALLULAN BARRON



VIGNET

Last Minute Sketches
by our
Paris Artists

Bright green
hemstitch dress
has short coat
and of printed
Japanese style.



Philippe
et Gaston



Bergame
Salbot

Black felt crown,
black satin trim &
a touch of shaded face.

Polande



New sidewalk
model for the
month. White
silk de Chine,
kimono style.



Young

Greoth

Black silk mercerized
semi circle, knitted trim

Black blue gipsy con-
struct with figured silk

Chermit



Afternoon dress
of white and
beige. Old
french style
and papilla.



Accessories Sketched
Before
Going to Press.



Left) Alphabet book of
black sides and red
and gold bands (Right)
Red and green embroidery
day. Silver mounting
from Mrs. and Miss Paul.



New sticks and umbrellas
from London are exquisitely
made from T. Guayn.



From Vienna is a
black and gold hand-
held leather purse
from Adeline Goring.



Gold bag and gold
from Mrs. and Miss Green.



Black patent leather and
black skin from Manning.



White crystal beads from
Miss and Miss Green.



White kid with patent
leather from Manning.



Some of the
32 ingredients of
Campbell's
Vegetable Soup

Beef Broth
 Lima Beans
 Peas
 Sweet Corn
 Tomatoes
 Carrots
 Turnips
 Sweet Potatoes
 White Potatoes
 Celery
 Cabbage
 Alphabet Macaroni
 Basil
 Onion
 Leek
 Chives
 Parsley

*Taste the pride of the garden
in this delicious vegetable soup!*

Fifteen luscious and tempting vegetables, each selected at its very perfection. Invigorating broth made from fine beef, which must conform with Campbell's undeviating rule for Strict Quality. Cereals especially chosen for their rich nourishment. Savory herbs grown on our own farms the whole year round. But it is not alone the quality of these ingredients, not alone their number and variety which make Campbell's Vegetable Soup such a decided addition to your luncheon or dinner. It is really in the skilled and finished blending that the Campbell's chefs display the master-hand. To taste this soup is to know that fine soup-making is an Art!

21 kinds 12 cents a can



When snow is deep and drifts are deep
I wear my biggest shoes.
But my best fun is when I'm done,
For Campbell's then I choose.

THE LAST TIME

Robert Dickens' Novel

(Continued from page 77)

McCutcheon's
"The Greatest Treasure House of Linens in America"

Annual Sale Household Linens

Send for Catalog



Special Price Reductions during January only

Every January, the Linen Store holds a special sale of Household Linens and White Goods. It is the big Linen event of the year—the eagerly awaited opportunity to purchase superb McCutcheon Linens at lower prices.

For this occasion we have prepared a new "January Sale Catalog" that brings most remarkable linen values right to your door, no matter where you live. Its pages are filled with liberal selections of damasks, towels, household and fancy linens, as well as blouses, lingerie, laces, and other personal things of irreplaceable loveliness. All the articles are absolutely of the regular McCutcheon standard of quality.

Take advantage of this big opportunity that comes only once a year. Send for your copy of this new "January Sale Catalog No. 12."

Fill in and mail
the coupon

JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO., 36 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
Opposite Waldorf-Astoria
Catalog No. 12.
Please send me a copy of your new January
Name Address

the liquid traces which surrounded it. The very village camera sight. A dog barked at the door of a cottage garden full of stocks, hollyhocks, nasturtiums. The country postman passed on his bicycle. Then the train car turned to the right between two low white gas-pipe-iron-ornamented walls, and swung round sharply to the left of a two-story, and drew up before the Lathrop front of a red brick house with a porch and stone pillars.

The church clock struck seven. In the spare-drawing-room with its Italian furniture, its black painted walls, its windows curtained the color of a cardinal's hat, which had been by broken by the side of a blazing wood fire, with belated tea ready for him if he wanted it. With her were Mrs. Ingelton, a tall handsome woman, not unlike Britannia, and two men: Arthur Lathrop, known to Lathrop as "the intellectual stock-broker," a thin, wiry, brown man, with thick white hair, short white beard, and unusually bright and level-looking eyes, and Basilus Lathrop of the Lathrop family, large, solid, with black hair parted to the middle, long-fingered hand, melancholy eyes, and a quiet manner, which partially concealed a sometimes severe character.

Mrs. Lathrop, about thirty years old, dressed badly, yet always looked distinguished, had practically no manner, yet was obviously a thorough lady, was almost too much conscious, very business, very firm, and extraordinarily kind to those she loved. These whom she didn't like she seldom seemed to be aware of. She didn't attach themselves just forget about them. They didn't appear to her.

When Mrs. Lathrop said, "You'll see Vivienne Lathrop of course. You are next to her. Dick has been out on the marshes where she did work, and may be a minute later. You know how careless he is. We don't wait for him. I'll show you your room."

AND, very casually, she showed it to Strickland and went away with her "what does it matter?" walk. Strickland's clothes had all been put out and he dressed quickly. Dinner was at half past eight. Basilus after a quarter past eight he went down-stairs and opened the dining-room door.

A tall woman was standing alone by the fireplace with her back to him. She had on a black dress, but her hair was snow-white. Having the door she looked round. It was the woman who had come so suddenly in the railway carriage on the way from Paris to Calais. Strickland recognized her at once, then he didn't know whether or not she recognized him. He was so fixed to think she did not, for she showed absolutely no sign of recognition of him. He said nothing, however, but ready to make it necessary.

"Strickland that the door came up to the fire, and introduced himself."

"You are Mrs. Lathrop?" he said.

"Yes."

"Mrs. Lathrop, will you I should meet you. I believe you live in Paris."

He could not resist saying that, though, on reflection, he thought it would, perhaps, have been more delicate if he had avoided the remark.

"Yes," she said. "I am a Parisian-American. I hope you don't dislike the type. I believe some English people find it trying."

"I hope I am not so foolish."

The rest of the party came in, Mrs. Lathrop and Dick last of all.

Dick Lathrop, chief claim to distinction was as a player of games. He had evidently been from his school-days things with balls, cricket balls, tennis balls, golf balls, racquet balls, football. He could always get the better of a ball. He was famous and beloved throughout all England. He was a dear fellow, too, not a bit concerned about his position, indeed, decidedly modest, and at times apologetic—when he had other fellows to live on his own hard work, or had had some first-hand middle stump on his own cricket ground.

"Cheer!" he would say. "All cheer! My dear chap, the luck was with me. How could he help being lucky, in England, the practice of balls and players with balls?"

In person he was short, deep in the chest, muscular and extraordinarily much white hair, bald, nose and beaming, with large ears, a round nose and a small, determined mouth. He was had said of him, "He stands without with civility." And it was true. Of course, he had had "good luck" on the marshes, and had brought home several boxes of wild-ducks. Dick always seems to have luck with the birds," observed Mrs. Lathrop casually.

It happens to be an exceptionally good day," mentioned Basilus Lathrop to Mrs. Ingelton. "I don't believe it," he said. They began an argument on that subject.

It generally spread, and everyone was asked to give an opinion on the matter. When Mrs. Lathrop's turn came she said, "I believe in evil chance."

"Well they're good luck, too—eh?" said Dick Lathrop, in his best, rather heavy voice.

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Lathrop.

As the topics, rather sadly, her dark eyes happened to meet the eyes of Strickland, who was sitting beside her, and he surprised—or believed that he surprised—in them a faint expression, which was gone almost instantly.

"Perhaps she did recognize me?" he said to himself.

AS HE was conscious of a slight thrill. He observed in Mrs. Lathrop a strong, clear character, mingled of strength and perhaps of the weakness which often goes with power, that generous modesty which often goes with strength. Her character seemed quiet, yet—she had reason to know it—she was subject to storms which could sweep them away in a moment. Richard her nature struck there lay lurking fire. Perhaps, of all her comparisons in the long white dining-room, only he guessed that she was one of those unusually decisive women, who spend all their time sitting alone with their nerves, in the peaceful solitude innocently created for them in a dwelling place by character.

He wondered just how much she had told him, if she recognized him. For he felt that she must have been. Hadly he saw her and he was perfectly quiet. There was surely satisfactory. There could be no possibility of friendship between such a woman, full of respect and self-respect, and a young man. When his eyes met her own, he felt they were looking gently.

But she seemed to notice nothing. She talked cheerfully and with serene self-possession. There was nothing American in her voice or her way of putting things. She was evidently cultivated, slightly critical, quite liberally sane of heart, yet without pretensions. He found out that she had been brought up in Paris and knew very little of America.

"My husband loved France," she said. "His mother was French, and so, with enough, was mine. Our blood was all mixed."

"Many people think that it is an advantage," said Strickland.

"Well, I don't," she replied. "I think it is a disadvantage to possess two strong strains of blood differing themselves the one from the other. It may make for intelligence possibly, but it also makes for love."

"Fever! But—how I say to you—look very unusual," said Strickland.

There was just a touch of the lightest look in his voice.

"I don't think so. The lines of a human temperament, I fancy, have even on the edge of the grave," said Strickland. "And besides, you are young."

He lowered his voice in saying that. At that moment he felt that something, strong, down, a sort of understanding had been established between him and his neighbor.

And that night, when he was up in his bed-room, he said to himself, "I believe we shall speak of the journey we made together from Paris to Calais."

They had planned together all the evening. He and his partner, Mrs. Ingelton, had had to Mrs. Lathrop and Dick Lathrop. When they got up from the table Dick had said, "Oh, well, Mrs. Lathrop and I had all the luck of the earth."

And then he had actually been heard enough to add the explanation, "Lucky at cards, so lucky in love!"

Mrs. Lathrop had said nothing. But Strickland had noticed that immediately after he had spoken the insurance words Lathrop had fallen silent and had looked subtly embarrassed—rather like a well-meaning boy who had said the wrong thing.

"Was it the quality of an accidental husband and one of those inevitable lovers of which only women are capable?" Strickland thought, as he got into bed.

ON FRIDAY morning Strickland, Mrs. Ingelton, Basilus Lathrop and Lathrop dined together on the last evening. Mrs. Lathrop was in the house and about the village. She was nearly always busy and never made a fuss about it. Arthur Lathrop and Mrs. Lathrop went for a walk. They both looked suggested to Mrs. Lathrop a stroll about the garden, but she said she had some letters to write, and Mrs. Lathrop offered to come with him. Later there was going to be more letters.

"How do you like Nellie Strickland?" asked Mrs. Lathrop, as they walked over the street.

(Continued on page 85)



Pretty, well-kept hands

How you can have them

NOT every woman has that flawless beauty of face which artists long to paint. But every woman can have attractive hands—hands that are pleasant to look at, and touch. The kind of hands that fastidious men love to watch among the tea things, or flustering about in other dainty feminine tasks.

You can have hands like this, even though you have not developed their full beauty in the past. Just a few Cutex manicures, and you will note an amazing change.

That is because Cutex manicuring keeps your hands so perfectly groomed—your nails beautifully shaped and polished, the cuticle free from ragged edges, hangnails, and all discoloration.

And it is so magically quick! You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with

cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic liquid developed by Science for the care of the nails), work it under the nail tips and around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe off the loosened flakes of dead skin and surplus cuticle. Every trace of stain will be gone from the nails, the cuticle will be prettily curved, smooth, lovely and unbroken.

Then, for that jewel-like finish which Cutex Polishes alone can give

In the marvelous Cutex Polishes, you have choice of five—the cake, stick, paste, powder and liquid forms, all giving a brilliant and lasting lustre. The new Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the palm give you a dazzling finish which is as quickly removed. The new Cutex Liquid Polish dries instantly and leaves a delicately tinted hue that lasts a week.

CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

Don't Get the Cuticle



Never use scissors to trim the cuticle. Not only does cutting thicken and enrage the cuticle, but it is really dangerous—for infections often come from the little cuts made by scissors that penetrate so living tissue. The Cutex way of manicuring is the safe way. Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic liquid developed by Science for the right care of the nails) loosens adhering cuticle from the nails, tears them from hangnails, and surplus cuticle. Endorsed by doctors and nurses. Recommended by beauty experts. Price 25c.

Send for Miniature Set



—only 12 cents

Fill out the coupon below, and mail it to-day with 12c in cents or stamps for attractive Miniature Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Powder Polish, Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Cuticle Cream, emery board, and manicure stick, enough for six manicures. Address Northern Warren, Dept. H-1, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. H-1, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Mail this Coupon with 12c to-day

Northern Warren, Dept. H-1 Makers of Cutex 114 W. 17th St., New York City, N.Y.	I enclose 12c for which please send me complete trial sizes of CUTEX and sets for six manicures.
Name _____	
Street (or P. O. Box) _____	
City _____	State _____

Cutex Five-minute Set, \$1.00



This new Cutex Set brings you the manicuring essentials, all together in the handiest form—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, in full size packages, with emery stick and package of emery boards. Other Cutex Sets are the "Compact Set," the "Traveling Set" and the "Resolute Set," priced at 65c, \$1.50 and \$3.00 respectively.

THE LAST TIME

Robert Hichens' Novel

(Continued from page 85)



"Nocturne"

—a dinner gown—by E. M. A. Steinhilber

Miss Lily Cahill, in "So This is London!" wears costumes especially created by us to fit the character of Lady Duckworth.

All our dinner gowns are exquisite in effectiveness and detail and are fitted to the individual order.

Stein & Blaine

Furriers Dressmakers Tailors
13 and 15 West 57th Street
New York

path under the pergola towards the swimming pool.

"Strickland, who now believed that Mrs. Ambridge had made up her mind to avoid being alone with him during the visit, answered:

"I scarcely know her yet."

"After a moment he added, "I should think she is a rather difficult woman to know."

"You never met her in Paris, I suppose?" said Mrs. Laporte coolly.

"I have never seen her about Paris," returned Strickland. As he spoke he saw his hostess's large grey eyes resting upon him, and he was moved to add:

"Did you think I had?"

"I don't know why, but during dinner last night it came into my head that perhaps you had seen Nellie Ambridge before."

"Did she say so?" said Strickland.

"Oh, no. But I don't speak about it to her."

They walked on for a moment, passed through a tall, open gateway and came to the swimming-pool. There, on the stone coping which edged it, they stood still.

The moonlight water was now discolored. Dark leaves floated on its surface. Water fountains stammered across it. The trees which fringed the pool were the deepest green, and the sky above them was a pale, clear blue.

"I have seen Mrs. Ambridge before," said Strickland now, going at the water. "But I'm not positive that she lives in it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Laporte.

"But I had never spoken to her till last night. About two years ago I traveled with her in the express from Paris to Calais. Her appearance struck me, perhaps because of her white hair. For her hair looks young."

"She is rough—about thirty, I think. I wonder if she remembers you."

"I am not sure."

"I think she does."

"Good heavens! Why?"

"I don't know. Would you like to see my white hair?"

They went through a gateway into a field and came to a large chicken run.

"They are certainly beautiful," said Strickland.

"How tall for a few minutes about the chickens, then went on into the big kitchen garden."

"Has Mrs. Ambridge been a widow long?" asked Strickland presently.

"Rather more than two years. Her husband died suddenly—I think it was in the month of August. Was she by himself when you saw her in the train?"

"Yes, but not in deep mourning."

"I don't think she ever wore mourning for him. I believe they got on very badly together. Probably it was a relief to her when he died. I don't know exactly where the field lay. But people who have known her much longer than I have say that she used to be very dour and to have a tremendous temper. I only met her after her husband's death, and I have never seen a sign of it. She writes to me in a tone supreme self-control. I cannot imagine her being out of temper. Can you?"

"I don't know. You see, I scarcely knew her. What are these?"

"That's spinach."

"Does Mrs. Ambridge know about me?"

"About you and Jeanne?"

"Yes, Mrs. Laporte smiled.

"She has met Jeanne in Paris."

"In Paris? I didn't know Jeanne was there."

"It seems odd."

"Hello! What about some more tennis?" Dick Laporte called before them, having just heard, and, looking almost as eager as a quail who sees his master walking towards a gun crew.

"Mrs. Laporte's on the lawn already."

"Right you are," said Strickland, and he went off to get his racket.

STRIKLAND did not play his best game that afternoon. He found it difficult to concentrate. Many of his volleys went wide, and not a few of his forehand drives were held up by the net. Dick Laporte, who, with Jeanne, occupied him and Mrs. Laporte, remarked at the close of play that he and Laporte

had had all the luck of the game. But Strickland, with a glance at Mrs. Ambridge, who had been watching the struggle from a garden chair in the company of her hostess, said:

"Not a bit of it. I'm quite all right this afternoon. I ought to go on my knees to Mrs. Laporte."

"You did play badly," said she, with a good-natured smile. "But you should have seen me at Epsomhouse this year. I couldn't hit a ball right. And two days before I could almost have stood up to the London. You were thinking of something else."

And she smiled off cheerfully towards the house.

"What were you thinking of?" asked Mrs. Laporte.

She smiled and gave an evasive answer and ran to go to have a bath and change.

When he came down again Arthur Linton picked him up on an important financial question, and then Mrs. Laporte suggested they should get in at least on the matches with your being dark. The matter would "run them down" in a jiffy, and the Lintons were simply asking to be killed. Strickland opened his mouth to refuse, but what it again when he saw his friend's face. One couldn't refuse such an expression.

"Dick's 'best' meant shooting all the night was too thick around them for them to distinguish a ball from a tree. They were even late for dinner."

That evening Strickland sat between his hostess and Mrs. Laporte. After dinner Laporte begged him to play bridge, which Mrs. Laporte refused to play with the idea of having a slight headache, and when the women went up to bed Strickland had found no opportunity of a quiet word with her.

HIS DID NOT sit up very late that night with the men, but when he went to his bedroom he found a wood fire burning, and he resolved to smoke a last pipe "up the chimney." Miss Laporte wouldn't mind. He never seemed to mind anything more. That was why they all liked her. He got into his dressing-gown and slippers, lit his pipe and sat down in an armchair.

And he sat there smoking till two, although he was decidedly tired. Perhaps he was too late to have his pipe and get into bed.

He shut all very late the next morning, (approximately late. It was half past ten when he went down the final staircase to breakfast. Just as he came into the long corridor from which most of the sitting-room opened, he heard the pitter of a motor car. Dick Laporte's good voice crying out "Good-by! Good-by! You had better hurry, you're going!" the last of a horn, then the clattering rattle of a car in swift movement. Finally there was silence.

To one of the party had left on a Saturday? He knew of one who it was, and when Laporte met him at the close of the breakfast room with "Isn't it too bad?" Mrs. Ambridge had a better obituary for an hour in town. London on a Sunday! Four women! I pity her. She asked me to say good-by to you for her. Come along! You must be as long as a heater after all that tennis yesterday. We'll see who has the luck at tennis to-day!" he simply dropped his shoulder.

Dear old Laporte! He was a splendid fellow, but really—

"I'll play up to-day, old chap, never fear!" he said, after a moment. "One must live up to a fellow's character when he's your best and the kindest fellow on earth."

And that day Strickland played beautifully, his best, and won the approval of Mrs. Laporte, who was ever chary of praise, but whose outward appearance and behavior like most seemed to demand the last ounce of effort from someone who played with her, or against her.

After tea that day Laporte came up to the parlor in which Strickland was occupied by the time.

"Well, old chap, what do you say to another hour with the birds? Bob's in the hall having himself into a fit by the grass."

"Bob was Laporte's brown spaniel."

"All right," began Strickland mechanically, almost hypnotized by the eager, dog-like expression on the knowing face which he perceived above him.

"Then a sudden revulsion seemed to take hold of him, almost as if by the throat."

"Why the devil should I say 'yes' to anything? I won't, thank you. I will not!"

He had already half got up out of his chair. Now he dropped back.

"My dear fellow, I've played so hard to-day that I'm quite on a rough edge. I really

it doesn't seem on page 87)

Are you going to have a dog for your country house next summer? Better get him now so that he'll know you and won't get off somewhere when he has the open country lying him on. *Friend, Title of the Rover Dog Department will get you just the dog you want.*



TRUST YOUR OWN THOUGHTS OF PACKARD

In your own mind you instinctively award a high place to Packard.

The thought of Packard comes first, and instantly, when the finest cars are discussed.

The name of Packard leaps to your lips when you are seeking a synonym for the best.

These instincts, intuitions and impressions of yours can be trusted.

They can be trusted because they are true—and because your mental process

in regard to Packard is the almost universal process.

Packard has passed into the inner life of the nation and taken a permanent place in literature as symbolic of pre-eminence.

Nothing that we might say of Packard could possibly compare with this spontaneous, almost unconscious, and well-nigh unanimous tribute.

Trust your own thoughts of Packard—they will lead you to unalloyed satisfaction.

Five-Passenger Touring, \$4875; Seven-Passenger Touring, \$5375; Roadster, \$4475; Sport Model, \$4975; Coupe, \$5175; Five-Passenger Sedan, \$5175; Seven-Passenger Sedan, \$5175; Five-Passenger Sedan Limousine, \$5175; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, \$5175; at Detroit

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE LAST TIME

Robert Hichens' Novel

(Continued from page 67)



Introducing Hats
for Southern Wear
with Rawak features
of Style and Quality

RAWAK HATS

LONDON PARIS



One West
Thirty-Ninth Street
NEW YORK CITY

Wholesale trade will please note
change of address

"Think I'll have if you won't think me a molly-coddle."

Dick Laporte's face fell for a moment. It was very difficult for him to realize that any man had ever had enough of him. But in an instant he beamed again.

"It's yours? Oh, course! Keep quiet!"

Dobson—"I'll do the same. Eh, Miss?"

A loud, dumb-throat, barking was heard.

"Four old kids! You say and I don't like to interrupt the dog. Eh?"

He looked at his wife smiled. Nobody said anything.

"Think I'll—'ll just go for half an hour, only to keep poor old Bob in health, you know. I'll get you to exercise. I like to see a dog going to pasture for lack of exercise. Eh?"

He was gone. Miss Laporte looked brightly, and somehow there was life in her features.

"Four old kids! Isn't it odd to be the victim of a dog?" she said.

And then she went for the tea to be taken away.

"Have a glass of hibernian," said Mrs. Laporte to Arthur Lagan. "Just a couple of hibernian eggs."

"Certainly. I shall be delighted. But you'll lead me. You are worse than Lagan. You lead me at every point, even at oysters."

"Now, that isn't true. I've never really washed oysters."

"Thank!" said Lagan. "You'd become English champion in a day."

They sat all together amicably.

Barber Cannon sat for a little while, to give appearances, as Stockland decided. He never did the wrong thing, not even in an examination. They talked of books. Mrs. Laporte was an ardent reader. Then they spoke of people.

Presently Cannon said, "What a singular claim your departed friend has."

"Nellie Armitage? I think so too. Yet she makes little effort to prove it."

"I didn't all would, when that is reported."

"No, no. I. But perhaps because I am incapable of it. I know I am often horribly told by being too positive. Dick calls me the 'self-conscious jolly-dick,' that is, of course, when I get among the wrong lot. I lose my voice with a lion. A country girl's party has exactly the same effect upon me as had attack of hysteria."

"That is carrying things rather far. Isn't it, Stockland?"

"Yes. But even that is better than having an acute attack of social hysteria, which is more of an eye-salutic."

"Nellie Armitage never has that. Her spirit and still the lot. And yet I never find her that."

"I think I know why that is," said Cannon, getting out of his chair.

"Why?"

"Because on her health a lie is always harmful."

WITHOUT making any excuse he went slowly out of the room.

"Do you agree?" said Mrs. Laporte, when the door had behind him.

"Yes," said Stockland.

"It may be so. I don't know Nellie Armitage really well. I don't know anyone who does."

"I am sorry she went so suddenly," said Stockland.

"So am I."

He looked for a moment, hesitating whether to say a certain thing or not. Finally he said, "I have a ridiculous idea that she went because of me."

"Because of you? Why should she?"

"Perhaps she didn't like meeting me."

Mrs. Laporte asked no questions. She only leaned forward and said in her soft, sweet and rather deep voice,

"I feel like telling you something. Between Nellie Armitage and the other two for your London address."

"For me—how very odd! But perhaps—"

"I have no idea. When I told her a man called Henry Stockland was coming she said, 'Is he separated from his wife?' I said you were. Then she said, 'Is she called Jeanne?' I told she was."

"And then—then—"

"They she merely said, 'I have met her in Paris.'"

"And that was all?"

"That was all. She never alluded to you again."

"Perhaps she—I don't say she thinks I have behaved like a brute."

"I don't say she does," said Mrs. Laporte calmly. "She may be a feminist."

"Oh, I don't think so! I don't know, of course."

"No more do I. Anyhow, she has your address."

And she changed the conversation, without taking the time to try to find a bridge from one subject to another.

Stockland left Dandery House early on Monday morning. He traveled to London with Arthur Lagan and Barber Cannon, and they agreed that they had had a pleasant time. Cannon, however, asked, "in spite of the abrupt detection of my for the most interesting member of our party." They discussed Mrs. Armitage amicably. Arthur Lagan, although he had never met her before, had heard a good deal about her. The circumstances of his acquaintance with all manner of people were so extensive that he had heard a good deal about almost everyone above a certain level in Europe. Cannon showed interest in this history and asked Lagan lots of questions. The most striking fact which emerged from Lagan's report was this: that there was an extraordinarily marked difference between Mrs. Armitage married and Mrs. Armitage widowed.

"THEY all tell me so," he asserted, "including his silly white little beard."

"They?" questioned Cannon, looking up at his left eyebrow in a manner without of achievement by any but a Foreign Office man.

"People who know her in Paris. Armitage was very rich and knew all the Americans taking their tea and most of the best French people, including the Jews."

"And what is the difference between Mrs. Armitage the wife, and Mrs. Armitage widow?"

"Some such difference as one notices between a volcano and an Alpine snow peak," said Lagan.

"A volcano's hostility is unextinguishable!"

"Oh, the former, only much the former."

"Does Mrs. Armitage suggest an Alpine peak to you, Stockland?" said Cannon.

"Not altogether. But she is more like that than like an active volcano. She suggests to me great self-possession, great self-control."

"And she was, I understand, noted for her lack of self-control," said Lagan.

"She and her husband used to have tremendous rows. I believe the Armitage rows were almost notorious in their set. But since his death she has seemed another woman."

"Probably she married the wrong man and has only known happiness since she got rid of him. Armitage may have been an irritant. And it must be exquisite to be an irritant in Paris in the moon, or to play the roles of an irritant in a party of five or six. Mrs. Armitage may have known that joy. Until a woman knows all she is a widow. Hello! Added and the papers?"

AT CREAKING CHAIRS they separated, and Stockland was free.

He often enjoyed a country house which he was generally glad when it was over. Even the most delightful country house had a faint flavor of the cage for Stockland—after two or three days.

First he got a taxi and drove to his house. It was a very charming and well arranged, though quite small house, and he had never lived in it with Jeanne. So it possessed no tragic memories for him. Nevertheless, he thought it looked almost deplorably empty as he worked his hat bag into the hall and put it down. He spoke a few words to Ellen, his parlour maid, and to his housekeeper Mrs. Fry, tin through the kitchen that were lying on the hall table. Then went off to the City.

It was a money to have plenty of work. About five that day he was walking home by the river-side.


In the country he had chosen all the depressing other which comes had had upon him. Laporte had kept him very busy. And at Dandery he had written home about. But now again he felt his loneliness acutely and the will, and yet heavy, depression of the woman flooded over him.

And so Jeanne was in Paris! And the memory of the railway carriage knew her. Stockland wondered how intimate the acquaintance between the two women was, and what Jeanne had said about him. For he thought she had spoken about him to Mrs. Armitage. The letter, he felt sure, had had Dandery because he was there. Nevertheless, she had asked for his address. She must then surely intend to write to him, or perhaps to see him again. Her going away so abruptly, and her taking for his address, seemed to him, in consideration of the two facts, to show a contradictory mind and disposition. But then all knowing, all really attractive women were contradictory. Jeanne had been contradictory. He remembered, when they were married, that he had often been taken aback by her apparently opposing moods. And after their marriage he had not always understood her. And he doubted whether she had ever understood him, although she had certainly loved him, even with violence. Violence! There had always been a certain violence in their relation to one another, in their intimate intercourse. Perhaps that had had him at the root of their disagreement which had ended in rupture.

(Continued on page 91)



Judged by the Same Standards

 GENUINE Oriental Pearls, like ancient Oriental vases, possess certain spherical irregularities which are one of the many characteristics by which a deep-sea specimen is judged. Teda Pearls possess that characteristic, too, as well as all the others.

Teda Pearl Necklaces with Genuine Diamond Clasp \$200 to \$250



Teda
333 Fifth Avenue, New York
80 Rue de la Paix, Paris
7 Old Bond Street, London

HIS CAREER

Ines Haynes Irwin's Story

(Continued from page 41)



Announcing

The showing of a new collection of styles created by Paris and our own designers for the Riviera and the South

**BERGDORF
GOODMAN**
616 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

best. He dined with all the women except Jean. This night was not exceptional. It was not any more to approach Jean. She was an exquisite dancer and there was something about her dancing attitude. . . . Jean's eyes to find the reason for her partner's mood. Her look was velvet. It gave to the touch like velvet. She wore laced trousers. And to-night when she was like some rich-petted, dew-splashed orchid, to chaperon Jean with a heady wine, Jean's eyes were not to look at her across the room set. Man's pulses to pounding again.

HE HAVENED again with Reba. Man was enjoying herself; at least, he felt a kind of excitement vibrate through the element of her movements. All the evening she had shown an activity almost boyish, the dashed from guest to guest. She talked a great deal and laughed more often and more loudly than he had ever heard her. A perfect color—the red in her hair—was becoming—rather her cheeks. Reba was not beautiful, nor handsome, nor pretty even. . . . but she made the best of her looks. She was as sleek as a sword, a little sharp-pointed, with a great deal of non-colored hair which she could have managed so well. . . . She was at her best in severely-cut clothes. For some reason, this hair seemed to wear an indication of "class." He liked the set of her chin, delicately-squared shoulders and he had always noticed with a certain effect of her graceful authoritative carriage on by-gones when they passed through hotel-lobbies and theater boxes.

"You're pleased, Reba?" he questioned deliberately.

"Oh, yes," she answered absently. "It's everything I've dreamed and planned."

"You'll be happy here," he went on at length, his eye trying to avoid catching on Jean.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," she answered with a sudden intention. She passed. "It's exactly what I've always wanted. You know that?" Emphasis, a little forced, disappeared the language of her manner. "I've just as well as long because we found the perfect place. Sometimes I will wonder about the planning. Yet it's like the French villa. . . . She concluded quite as much at random as he.

He pointed with the conversation—the sudden change in the multifarious subject. And he felt Reba's eyes turned to a rival who could not quite speak. But at times, his eyes, which he still would reach out that fleeting flame of female flesh, the face reduced to a perfection of color and form, motionlessly symmetrical, of dusky hair, the intense, lustrous metallic eyes that work that glimmer with a kind of pearly phosphorescence within the delicate warmth of her lips.

Gradually a subconscious manner flowed over him, his conscious mind, made him think. . . . Jean's eyes, that he made plain all the details of their meeting in that hurried moment. . . . Jean had a marvellous dove complexion. That tranquillity was a part of her delicate beauty. But no woman was so little to be depended on for penetrability. And once or twice she had made mistakes in their rendezvous which had resulted in grotesque mix-ups. . . . quartzite eye. He could not now be sure, even if she had heard, that she had noted. . . . Jean's eyes, that he made plain all the details of their meeting in that hurried moment. . . . Jean had a marvellous dove complexion. That tranquillity was a part of her delicate beauty. But no woman was so little to be depended on for penetrability. And once or twice she had made mistakes in their rendezvous which had resulted in grotesque mix-ups. . . . quartzite eye.

HE MINUTE after the last guest left, Man was in his chamber, changing into smoking clothes, throwing things into the big black bag on the bed, making the loitering last-minute preparation. When an interval the door opened and Reba entered. She had taken off her green and gold gown, she wore a slim close negligee, long enough in the back to trail a narrow glimmering tail, but short enough in front to show her brown shoes in a high medieval cut, of crimson and gold brocade, edged with dark fur. Her hair—in the face the light made it seem of silver—hung to her knees.

"Hallo!" Man said. And then to cover a rich sense of embarrassment. "Why didn't

you wear that eye to-night? You'd have made a sensation."

Reba inserted her lips into a distance between the big black bag he was packing and the polished bed-head. She pulled her head forward, drew herself into a comfortable position, her feet together on the bed in front of her, her hands clasping her bunched knees.

"It's my intention to look best in the things I can't wear to dinner-parties," she grinned. "How long will you be gone, Clay?"

"Can't say," Man answered with perfect truth. "You'll hear before I get home," he continued, also with truth.

Reba did not appear to be listening. Her eyes were lazily intent, but they followed his movements. "Men," she exclaimed suddenly, "you're not doing that right. Those things can be talked easily. Let me. . . . long, really attractive white knitted flannel shirt in and out among the cushions of chairs and pillows, brushes and ties in the bag. . . . Man began to make a last survey of the room. When his look came back, he had made space for the extra things he held in his hands. He took them from him, compressed them neatly, inserted them in crevices invisibly slender.

"Anything more?" she asked. And at his brief negative, she closed the bag and locked it. Mechanically he placed the key she handed him in his pocket, took up his coat.

"How helps you are without Edward?" Reba commented absently. "It's the last man you ever had. It's too bad he couldn't be here to-night."

HARRARD, discharged that afternoon with a substantial profit, was Man's selected with a good, with the best man he had ever had. But he could not take Edward with him. For a long time now he would not want to have about anything or anybody that recalled his dead. And into Edward's old, stiff, effusive expression, he would read what volumes of ironic comment. In England there would be hundreds of uneducated, unassuming Edward's hungry for such a job.

Then Edward dashed out of his mind and Reba stepped into it. Suddenly he felt there was a new air about her. . . . softness. . . . she was still sitting on the bed with her hands clasped upon her knees. He observed that, the first time in years, she was wearing her wedding ring.

"Sometimes I wish—" Reba began uncertainly and paused.

For an instant he was conscious of a horrible embarrassment. Could it be possible that Reba was becoming demonstrative. . . . after five years. . . . A kind of horror succeeded by embarrassment that on the night of his flight with Jean. . . .

But after all he was mistaken. Reba was concluding in the color of accents. "—that I had a choice such dark children?"—was along if he liked the room.

Of course he liked it, he answered her. And he gazed with a contrasting effect of one making a closer scrutiny about his disengaged, well-ordered surroundings.

There were in all the things he had stipulated: no pictures, no beds-a-lone; big, easy furniture; a wide bed with the hard pillows he liked; a shelf beside it with the latest books and magazines; floor-grips everywhere and a parabolizing lamp. And there—Reba was a mistress of the art of comfort—a system of glass and silver between the bed and the chair lounge.

"Well!" His comment had been hanging thickly over his ears. He pulled himself together, picked up his bag. Good night, Reba. I guess I'll be on my way."

REBA came to upright with a sudden impulse of her slim body. Her head dipped backward, coiled for a moment like a silver pendulum on the white background of her negligee.

"Good night, Clay," she said nonchalantly, and in his surprise swept over to his side, kissed him. For an instant, memory irresistibly surprised him with the ghost of a thrill. The first time he kissed Reba he had found it pleasant to have to bend as little as six feet three of height.

Another moment and the big black car was humming at curbside as any support over the undulations of the drive, was turned into the Albany Post Road. Clay's moonlight had made a sparkling mirage of the street. The river started his right with lines of light. It seemed to him that half his life shivered off and dropped soundlessly into some enormous time-space as he swung towards Terrytown station. And yet so he updated the signs in preparation for Jean, he thought wildly and vividly of the past. To his great surprise his eyes were wet.

(Continued on page 91)

The Hinds Cre-Maids present to you
The answer to winter aches
Just use for Health and Comfort your
Hinds Honey—Almond Cream



Please write us

For Winter Comfort

Let us send you our newest and most attractive booklet—"Beauty Land"—which explains the merits of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Simply mail a brief request to the A. S. Hinds Co. at Portland, Maine, and this pretty booklet will come to you in a few days.

If you'll just try this wonderful cream for some of the purposes described we are very sure you will soon give it preference, because that is what so many other nice looking ladies have been doing all these years past.

It is the purity and refinement and gratifying effect of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream that have gained for it such a remarkable nation-wide and world-wide patronage. It is good for everybody in your home,—grown-ups and kiddies. Father and brother like it after shaving and to keep their hands smooth and good looking. It prevents as well as heals the chapping.

HINDS WEEK-END BOX makes a very useful gift and costs only 50c postpaid, or at your dealer's. It contains those essentials for the comfort and attractiveness of the face and hands. Tital skin, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, Cold and Disappearing Cream, Soap, Talc and Face Powder.

As you hike along the windy street
Facing the blast of icy sleet
Chapped faces, hands and ankles too
And windburned skin may trouble you.

Then pause a bit upon your way
And take the Cre-Maids' tip today,
Just use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream
And meet the weather with joy supreme.

Frostbites, chilblains and kindred ills
Hinds quickly comforts, heals and stills.
Chapping and windburn pass away,
Soft lovely skin just comes to stay.

When the winds are raw and the cold extreme
You need Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

WONDERFUL BASE FOR FACE POWDER. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is now used for this purpose with marvelous success. Moisten the skin slightly with the cream, let it nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will adhere to perfection.

AS A MANICURING AID THIS CREAM softens the cuticle, prevents soreness and preserves the lustre of the nails.

All druggists and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail you a small sample for 10¢ or trial bottle for 25¢.

Ask your dealer for Hinds Superior Toilet Receipts, but if not obtainable, order of us. We send postpaid in the United States.

A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 14, PORTLAND, MAINE

HIS CAREER

Ines Haynes Irwin's Story

(Continued from page 91)



FABRICS that are English—a cut that is swagger, combine to make this coat ideal for Travel and Southern Wear.

Its distinction—unique, yet confined to the simplicity of good taste—gives the usual evidence of the art of



In your city and more than two-hundred others, the stores which women hold highest in their regard are adding the prestige of MANQONE to that of their own good names.

For information, write: MANQONE, NEW YORK.

It was all so strange about their marriage; he did not understand it himself. Their union had at first shown every possible promise of success. He met Reba during a month he spent in Florida—a month following the ten years' struggle which established him as a leading architect in New York. They walked and swam together. They played tennis and golf together. Reba's type showed in the best advantage outdoors. Then, she was a "good fellow" and she had an insatiable reputation of "class." Professionally she had been an enormous success; had played the social game more skilfully than he ever could have played it himself, had retained him always with her sparkling wit. By what mysterious process had their marriage tapered to nothingness after five years? Clayton Mast looked his eyebrows up and tried to follow the story. Really, there were no obvious reasons—no quarrels, no break. The tide of love had gradually receded just as the tide of the news gradually receded. It had left them both as good as dead, but gone for ever. He had gone to Europe that Reba had left. The very note of this—last his place vacant. . . . There had been no accidental, brief social separation affair which would be found later. After five—

JEAN was of course, everything that Reba was not. She was everything all women were not. She had beauty and personality, a sparkling beauty, an attractive personality. She had individuality and refinement. Individuality made her dress as no other woman dressed. Temperament had driven her to strange lengths. Always she had the histrionic eye. She could sing, she could act, she could dance. Once she had tried to go into acting, but her pretty features were discredited by a frown in the wrong place, and a professional by-stander. Then for a while she had meditated founding a school. She had taken a small part in a professional production, but her unobtrusiveness had doubled itself in the white glare of the headlights. These experiences had come just before Mast was born.

From that time, she had never been in the papers except when she danced for charity, or when an occasional Sunday story recalled a bit of New York society women who had appeared behind professional footlights. These stories always carried her picture. And they were always extraordinary pictures. . . . Mast had seen the last paper in New York and had thrown it into the waste basket. But even at that last moment, he had noticed that this was only the evidence, inevitable to an untrained position. That and that alone plunged her into the orbit of extravagance from which she was always escaping. It is not that these frequent visits to photographers must have sent him silly pictures of her.

When she was his wife. . . . Unhappily, of course, Reba would choose him. They had seen to take up his career. In the meantime the Kinkers, the Greys, the Browns, and a clear selection in a villa at Boca Raton. . . . long walks. . . . long talks. . . . books. . . . the chance to grow together. . . . "I thought you would never come," Jean pointed delicately as she sat down up to the dinner. "And of course I'm simply wild to hear about everything. I've said to you. You see I had nothing on my mind."

"Well, you can imagine what I've been through. Reba detested me a bit. I got away as soon as I decently could." Mast had established her in the corner of the cat, was sitting next to her.

She threw back the deep collar from her long eyes, selected a square of velvet cloth, then drew it close again, tucked back into the warmth of the table. These slow movements achieved a part of perfume. It was Mast's eyes like a ocean of love. In her eyes some long curtains, evoked deep on deep, of diamond dust, chained together by invisible platinum threads. Over her head was fixed smoothly a single thickness of black tulle. It crinkled into a bow at the back of her neck and crossed the top of her nose in front. Through it glowed her magnificent eyebrows, hard like a lexicon metal. She always smoothed them with a waxy line along the lower lid. And now, enlarged further by her wonder and excitement, they looked enormous.

"I'll be everything all over again," she detached. "Really he told her, emphatically himself the while in wrapping up about the silver-plated box. She lay back, holding him not a bit, her eyes flashing in a fury of interest.

He could feel the relaxed sag of her body as she settled his earlier statement; the spring, like a rolling wire, which the succeeding exclamation gave to it.

"Reba hasn't got this—"

"How should she?" He was a little rest. He did not want to speak of Reba. Then unconsciously he did want to speak of her; proceeded to do so.

"You know, Jean," he began gingerly. "I don't prefer such a life. I don't like meeting Reba—she's always been such a sport as far as I am concerned."

"But how else could we have done it?" Jean objected. "And she wouldn't have been at all a sport as far as I'm concerned. You know as well as I what her platoon is. You must have heard it otherwise than I have. She's always said that that was one thing she would never do—leave her husband a divorce. A woman came between her and him, after they were married. She's said it scores of times. Why you? There was a discussion why her work at home—her husband—Reba said then that any woman who cut into her life—"

"I know," Mast agreed. "I know," he added. In his intense assurance his eyes were not again. He looked his face than Jean. Fortunately the moment passed him. The car swung under the lee of one of the great rocks through which the road seems at intervals to run.

There loomed again, from the rock rim dropped their body of shadow into the darkness. Mast drew Jean to him for a moment. When they emerged into the white track, the darkness had faded. He was ready for again.

Just moved impulsively back into the darkness and that her face made. "What will everybody say, I wonder?" she murmured, smiling. "It's really hard to think. It will be such a surprise to them all. They probably won't know at first what to say, themselves."

"You must be prepared for unpleasantness," Mast said. "Reba has many friends, especially among women. She's a square, woman like her."

"Yes, they do. I've always envied her that. I'm too close to minimize the necessity of glancing women. But somehow I never can take the people. And then, finally, Clay, there's always been such a crowd of women."

Mast took her hand as soft as a roll of velvet—which extended full to him under the car. "Yes," he said solemnly. "I can understand that. Mrs. Montefiore women like you. You're enough for all rules."

PERHAPS that was what Jean had to think of herself. Her eyes, growing bright with some considerable emotion, faced through the mist of tulle. They were clear for a moment while the car caught up with the driver, moved to way through velvet, beam-shouldered clouds, into shadow, but faded light.

"I don't really believe that anybody suspects Clay," Jean remarked after a thoughtful interval in which apparently she had considered much evidence. "There has never anything happened to indicate that—not a thing."

"I felt that until this evening," Mast rejoined. "But to-night when I told you that everything was settled and made the arrangement about starting you, I glanced up and down and caught Mrs. James looking at us. Her expression changed noticeably but I put it before it changed. These uncontrolled responses of people's faces reveal so much. And Mrs. James's look seemed to me—was suspicious—guilty."

"Where was she?" Jean asked softly. "I remember a group drinking at the other end of the dining-room. Shortly came up to you and asked me to go to dinner. I should have said there was nobody else in the room."

"Oh, I don't mean that. I mean the first time I spoke to you about going away—in the dining-room."

"But, anything, you didn't speak to me in the dining-room. It was in the dining-room. I remember perfectly."

"Yes, I know—I did speak to you in the dining-room. But I mean the first time. In the dining-room."

"Clay, I simply don't know what you are talking about. You spoke to me only once. I'm sure. That was in the dining-room. You helped me to something to eat and then you said something like this. 'Tonight—Tuesday—on our own—our London—our London—our London.' I remember you repeated her name."

(Continued on page 93)

Clayton Mast's very name is scheduled to make its first appearance in the March Harper's Bazar. He is the author of such successes as "The Riddle of M.M." and "Scandal."



DODGE BROTHERS SEDAN

Many women who could well afford more expensive closed cars prefer the Sedan for their personal use.

They find it easy to drive, easy to park, economical to run, and comparable in the beauty and richness of its appointments with cars much higher in price.

The upholstery is done in genuine mohar velvet of a singularly rich and beautiful pattern. The seats are roomy and luxurious. The hardware and minor fittings reflect thoughtfulness and rare good taste.

Steel disc wheels (with cord tires) screen the under part of the car and harmonize in a most effective way with the new grace and smartness which Dodge Brothers have recently brought to the lines of the body.

The price is \$1440 F. o. b. Detroit





Warner's WRAP-AROUND

Invisible Corseting

Obtained only by the
WRAP-AROUND

IT produces flat, smooth backs, close-fitting thighs, and assures success for the new type closely draped gowns. No lacing annoyances and no incorrect fittings.

The Wrap-around Invisible Corset is produced by closing the back of the corset and inserting firm sections of surgical rubber, which will expand to the requirements of fitting and will contract closely to the figure when adjusted.

The Wrap-around Invisible Corset is made in all sizes and in all types, from the slender figure to the heavy, full figures.

Price of style shown is \$4.00.

Other models, \$1.50 ap.

A BAZAR especially designed to wear with this type of Wrap-around. It extends well down below the waist-line and stays down securely over the lap of the Wrap-around. Price: \$2.00 to \$3.00.



HIS CAREER

Irwin's Career

(Continued from page 93)

"You're here three times because I immediately thought of that horrid mix-up last summer about Kate and West Hamilton. Then Murry came up and we danced. I did not."

Marry interrupted. "Listen, Jess, he commanded sternly. "Think carefully. You know you do forget things. He is a possible you did not love? Don't you remember, in the drawing-room early in the evening just after we came from dinner. I said the same thing. 'It's all settled. We said after to-morrow. Go to the theatre—'"

In her turn, Jess interrupted. "No, my dear. You had no chance to say anything for me in the drawing-room. For when I saw that we were sitting in next each other, I put up in a few minutes and went out and telephoned."

"Then in the name of God to whom did I say it? There was somebody there. I heard the murmur of her gown. Think hard! Who took your place, Jess?"

"I don't think I did." Concentration half-closed her eyes; stopped her lips tight. Apparently memory was lighting its way through a vista of shifting scenes, amorphous sounds, changing groups. Suddenly some recollection supplied her with the missing data. She traced steadily until she found the exact day of her eyes, as though to lock away any pain that came with its revelation.

"Beha," she murmured softly.

Marry stared stupidly at her. "As I went out the door back of us, Beha came in. She took my seat. As I turned to go up the stairs, I remember dropping the glass of light on the green of her gown. She must have been the woman later known because she came back when I came back—when the music started."

Marry still stared stupidly. "Beha?" she murmured. After a pause "I told her," she added.

Her companion suddenly began to tremble. "Oh—you say the best doesn't tell me any more. Can she prove or be proven? What shall we do?"

Marry paid no attention. With listless brows, his under gaze sliding along with the ceiling rods, he saw, not his way back through the memories of the evening. "I danced the first dance with her," he said. "And again and again I don't remember anybody else about her until she came late next day, but set on the bed beside me. I had a feeling that she was trying to say something—I tried to help her to go."

With a moan like a hawk, he threw the rug off, lifted the big black bag in his hands. Opening it, he rummaged feverishly through the cloudy wedged contents.

"What are you looking for?" Jess demanded in amazement.

"A letter," he answered heavily. His lips were compressed. Lines had jumped into a surprising prominence on his forehead.

HE PRESSED the bottom at his right and reached the top with a sigh. It showed as the facets of a long glass bottle holding artificial crystals of an astonishing artistry on the floor, heavy scattered writing material piled down on a pile of gold-spread hair by hanging from another on the chair, a book stuck in his bag. There later, he searched helplessly toward this way and that.

With a little "ah!" of protest against the light, Jess pulled her collar tight about her head and she was first-hand beyond recognition.

"What letter?" she demanded.

"The letter Beha put in here."

"The letter Beha?" Jess murmured.

"It means that of course she pushed my bag in order to get a letter—Ah, here it is!" He had withdrawn from the confusion he had made, hearing a big square envelope. It was not sealed or addressed. Mary pulled the letter out, opened it. Over her head papers scratched Beha's hair, dizzily also laid. Mary leaned forward the light, found the beginning, read aloud:

"By the time you read this, you may have found out that you told me by accident the place for your engagement with Jess. I am going to bring this letter to your room and put it in your bag. I thought I could talk with you about it but I can't. I am writing quickly in order to say everything I have to say. I can't stop to think how I am expressing myself. So I want to tell you the first thing that I will give you your choice the picture and reader say. You know Mrs. I have always with you have heard me say it yourself hundreds of times—that the one thing I would never do was to help the woman who came between me and my happiness. That it would be war in the back between her and me. That has always been my theory and I have always believed it.

But the more of the things we say, especially when we are young, it doesn't hold water in the light of experience. I find that I'm not thinking as all of the time and of the matter. I have nothing whatever to say about that. But I am thinking and did think all the evening of your engagement matter. This engagement will have you, Jess. Say what you will, it will have you—terribly. And I'm proud of your success. Perhaps I am proud of a thing you, but in the beginning I believed to make it. I don't help now but only because I did then, though, and it is the most precious thing in life to me. I cannot have in love in mind in fact, to have it interrupted ever. I cannot let you spoil the work of your hands. Jess, don't tell anything to-morrow. I promise you that within a month—but as soon as show as I can for things appear, know when I mean—know and business affairs—I'll have for whatever happens."

"It will give me my divorce matter. Please let me do this. I have a feeling that you may never get the chance to do this and then and then, and then, and all the big things we planned together when we were first married if this story follows you. Please let me do this, Jess."

Marry pressed after he stopped his wife's story. It seemed to her that it felt like a stone into an incendiary well and long after the voice had ceased, he could still hear it dropping to the bottom. He reached just then and passed out the light of the suddenly shining, miniature picture of Jess, the room with a kind of silhouette out of her beautiful table-top. The movement behind a pair of picture; but this time, it showed something of the scene, showing Mrs. right, returned the lockman, the moonlight out of the door.

Beha, she changed everything. Mary said after a while. "There's nothing to be after about now. We can talk our time. It's much shorter of mine, this way. I'll see you home to-night, Jess. And I'll cancel the dinner-renewal to-morrow." He cringed a long exclamation. It was apparent that a world of anxiety dropped off his spirit with the risk. "It's as much better this way." "You mean, Jess said—and some of the mother would go with me of her own choice. Jess said no more."

"I'll give you. Why should we? I'll be the first to see that you get it."

"But—but—" She moved a little away from him. "It's so strange. I've always decided myself to go away. I've signed my words. I don't regret myself all at all."

"I know what you mean." He laughed shortly. "I confess I find it difficult myself. But it's infinitely better this way." He looked down at the letter, started to read it again, changed his mind. He reached it in his hand. Then as though again changing his mind, he inserted it out and showed it into his pocket. His movements were slow and his limited brows did not smooth themselves out.

"The—The—" Jess uttered, suddenly she held into tears. "I don't want to work," she sobbed.

MARRY sat next about her. His eyes seemed suddenly to refuse to look. But he continued to hold her, though heavily.

"Yes, I know," he said in a manner becoming and curiously slack-lipped for a man of his former distinction. "I don't like to think of doing. I don't want it. But you realize, Jess, that we have no other choice now. We must work."

"I don't want to work," Jess protested. "Don't let's wait." Suddenly with one of her simple movements, she was in his arms. Her hands were on his forehead, her lips on his. "Don't waste me with, honey," she begged him. "Don't make me. I want to go now."

Marry put her gently back among her eyes. "We can't wait. We can't go. Don't you see? My own?"

"Oh, yes, we can! What difference does it make? Everybody will know that it was a cleverly made affair. They'll say the same things about it anyway. Oh, honey, let's talk on the subject. Let's—please?"

"Jess, my dear, let's talk like a sensible pair of people. I love you. I don't have to tell you that. I've proved it. I love you so much that I was willing to sacrifice my career for you. But I didn't do that. Beha, Jess. My work is very precious to me. You don't know how I've fought... struggled..."

(Continued on page 95)

HIS CAREER

Inez Haynes Irwin's Story

(Continued from page 92)

low Reba fought and struggled with me . . . how do . . . I was willing to give that up, to give anything up for you, but I didn't prefer to do it. Now, just by being patient and waiting a little while, I don't have to do it. It makes such a difference, this bit. Reba's certainly a gentleman. She won't let me give it up."

But Jean only clung the closer to him, "Give it up, for just a little while," she begged. "Just a week, little while! For my sake, Clay. It only brings us together sooner. Do, my dear, I beg you. I want to get away from it all."

"My beloved!" and now all the tenderness in Mary's heart surged into his voice. "I want to be thinking only of myself. I put it that way because I thought you must feel—but I'm really thinking of you first—of you first. I want to be sure you—must agree you—it's a man's duty to save you that somebody. You have no idea what it will be like."

"Oh, yes, I have. And I don't mind. I don't mind it at all. I've been in the papers before. You ought to have seen the stories. I mean the time I appeared in The Mailman. And when I danced for the war-chests, I don't mind what the newspapers say. Shamed, haven't I don't?"

Mary smiled. She was anxious in thinking that he did not know these things. In the early stages of his love, he had expressed himself by looking up, in newspaper files, the accounts of these vivid social occasions. He could not quite believe now the half-said dancing matters. Some of the photographs that she himself had sent him he had burned up.

"You have no idea what will appear about you now, Jean," he said steadily. "You think you know, but you haven't. When the society waddles get started—I wouldn't put you through it for anything on earth as long as it can be avoided."

SHE drew away from him with that combination of peevish emotion and mischievous expressions which he knew professed a quarrel. His heart sank a little. Instinctively he put his hand into his pocket. He closed over Reba's letter there. He hid holding it.

"I want to sleep," Jean declared patently.

He was alone.

Jean turned to her corner, faced Mrs. The lips were parted, but her teeth gripped between them.

"I want to tell the girls to-morrow," she declared with a definite submission. "My sleep are all made."

Mary still kept silence.

"Do you hear?" she demanded, raising her voice a little. "I want to tell."

Mary made a warning gesture in the direction of his chamber. "You, dear, I understand your disposition. But don't make it harder for me. We can't tell now. Able from being a wicked thing for me to do to you, and an unwise thing for me to do for myself. It would be a ridiculous thing for both of us."

Jean bit her lips. The make-up had work of leaving the little purple lines at the corners, when like unobscured patches at the corners. "Why can't we go?" she burst out impetuously. "None of these reasons count for me."

"First of all, Jean," he explained with a quiet gravitas. "I want to give you everything a man can give the woman he loves. I want to give you an assured position—money, if you like it. But above all, the respect and admiration of a big circle of friends. If we go through a stormy divorce, we'll get that almost automatically. I know none although God forgive me, I don't entirely realize before—what a woman Reba is. She's a lady and she's a gentleman. Perhaps that's what a real woman is. She'll stand by us. Our world will be forced to take the attitude towards our divorce that we desire right towards it. An adjustment will make things much harder. In any case, I think you and I would ultimately triumph, but it would be longer if we went away together. Whatever I have of ability, supplemented by some beauty and charm—real and not—be discarded and although he called "social instinct" suddenly he realized that social instinct was something both completely belated—be bound to leave this business. But after the adjustment there'd be an uncomfortable period of uncertainty. Some we expected to stand by, wouldn't. Others that we were not sure of, would. However, it would mean social disapproval of all kinds. I hate the thought of it. I am especially grateful to Reba for helping us to avoid it. Then, when you come to the immediate newspaper matter—"

She looked the rag of her hat. "Is it I of whom you particularly are thinking when you speak of immediate newspaper matter?"

Mary dropped to wrap her feet again. "Oh, never! It's you I'm thinking of always."

That liquid blue filled her eyes. "Then Jean? I don't mind it at all. I like it!"

"I love it! I love it! I love it! It thrills me. I never live so intensely as when everybody is talking about me."

"Jean? Jean?" Mary exclaimed. "Think what you're saying. Don't—It's horrible! Reba's, it isn't true."

"It is true. I'm done to care with you. There are women who like notoriety, and I happen to be one of them. I tell you that the morning after the war-chests when my pictures appeared in the papers, I never felt so excited in my life. When I went into the hotel dining room for dinner, everybody was watching me out. For two or three days I could see people talking each other about me. The waiters often told them who I was without waiting for them to inquire. One is supposed to hate it, I know. But people don't really hate it. They love it. And I'm admitting that I love it! I love it! Let's sleep, honey."

NOW she was all softness again, her great eyes had opened to a smile that the moon light at last found their depths. "Give Jean a little, little history," she begged. Her sensitive voice made beautiful the night sound. "You'll give her a diamond bracelet if she asked for it."

But Mary did not smile. "There's the other question, Jean," he reminded her in tones that sounded sharply concerned to his own ear. "My work, if we say here, I can do the more that the Devereuxes are going to Hollywood. They've bought a wonderful city and they've got plenty of money. They've promised me a free hand. I think it would interest you to see how I work. We've never had a chance. Our moments together have been so few that we've always been taken up with each other. But I'll show you the plans from time to time and you could sit over them with me and watch them grow. It's thrilling—really, it is, Jean."

At last, Reba always said—Oh, I can't tell you, now that everything has been made ready for us, how my mind likes to take up its work again.

As though that thought Mary were put out by some accident at his gas, it repeated. Her eyes became metallic again. "No, no," she stammered. "I wouldn't interest me. It's not my work. I want you to take me away. I want to sleep. I want all the details that belong to my big handsome man upstairs. You don't know how glorious it will be. All the passengers—as soon as they get the wireless that we're on the boat—waiting for us to come up on deck. And we disembarking them most of the time." The eyes which winked—became limpid again. "To suppose once in a while covered with him and the most enchanting talk—you should see the collection of walls I've made for this very purpose. And one night to come down in the smoking room I've got. To see them in groups, all eyes and whistles, pressing not to inhale us but watching every move we make. And then whenever we go the story will follow us—we'll always be a sensation, the center of attraction. Oh, it will be fun—you'll enjoy it too, Clay, give a while."

Mary did not speak. Her excitement was settling from every angle and corner of her. She glanced at the watch. She noticed the watch, took out the make-up tools, rubbed the lotion, increased the frail beauties of her lips.

"Won't you give it to me?" she begged again in her tone of wretched hope.

Mary answered quickly enough but calmly. "No." He was pale. He released his hold on Reba's letter, fumbled for a cigarette. But once she smokes started to crawl from his lips, he put his hand in his pocket, found the letter again.

"Then I won't— You can't— Listen! I've set my heart on going on that boat. If you won't take me on it, you needn't wait for any old divorce. You're an awful fool if you don't go, though—I'm not accustomed to waiting. I'll be in love with another man in six months—if you let me wait. Take your choice. Now or never!"

BUT now, though Mary was listening to her, he was not looking at her. He was staring out the window, the way and that, as though searching for something definite. He did not answer.

"Did you hear me?" she asked, a walled hardness in her tone. "Now or never?"

"Yes, I heard you, Jean," he answered quietly.

Then she said, "Oh! Take your choice." And now the answer was no longer called. "You don't have more than a minute to choose with me. I have never before paid one of you for my compromise."

Mary reached for the smoking-table again to it. Almost instantly, the cat curved to the side, the glass. But in hand, he opened the door again.

(Continued on page 97)



Stop sore throat before it starts

SORE throat often leads to more serious ills. You know that. Better be on the safe side during these influenza days and don't let it get even a slight start on you. There's an easy, pleasant way.

Simply use Listerine systematically as a gargle and mouth-wash. Several times a day is a wise precaution. It will put you on the safe side.

Besides, then, you'll be sure your breath is right—sweet, fresh and clean. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) can't embarrass you when you use Listerine regularly.

For half a century people have trusted this excellent antiseptic; you will always find it uniform, dependable and safe.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.



THE LAST TIME

Robert Dickens' Novel

(Continued from page 80)

He passed by the river not far from the bridge and looked over the water. It was very dark and very calm, almost black, calm like his life now that January was out of it. During his married life he had known little terrible moments, but often found himself and peace. Now that he had them he was acutely desolate.

"I must be a different beast," he thought. "I suppose I wish to eat my cake, and have it, and give it away."

A great bridge came by stretching in the middle of the river with the light, which was going out. He looked at it and saw two lights of men upon it, and a sort of motion and sound of things to be seen of them close to him. For the moment he felt sick of his life, and that there was a far more interesting and attractive than his. "We get on that bank and then jump down the great river, away from the city with all its troubles and hindrances, away to about thirty, to a distant life, to an untried life. Wouldn't that change a man?"

The bridge now did on the river. It had several small figures, bridge. The first of them the water seemed to quiver. It was coming from London bridge.

Yes, he wanted those men who seemed to and then on it, busy with mysterious tasks. He turned, crossed the road and went into his house.

"If I weren't dead by business, I'd get away and travel for a year," he said to himself.

In the hall he looked for a letter. Since he had returned to London he had begun to expect a letter. But there was none. Perhaps after all, the woman of the palace stage would never write to him. She had asked for his address. But that might have been merely a whim.

He began to think it was merely a whim when a month had gone by and he had not had a word from her. The hard winter, with its haze and its indefinite darkness and oppression, got London well into its grip, and Mrs. Armitage made no sign. And if her husband wanted to expect any word from her. She had fled from him at Durdley, and he would probably never see her again. He would certainly never see her again. The lines crossed by dissatisfaction deepened in his face. Often, thinking of her, he said to himself: "A good luck!" What was the good of it all? Life was a stagnant thing.

On the day when he had passed from January his life had been divided into two parts as if by a dark sword. The part had been intense, vibrant, full of hope and of desire, turbulent sometimes, sometimes calm, always pulsing with vitality, with love, with sympathy with tears. The other part, well, it was very little more. And Strickland knew that he found it very dull. When he entered his club too often he saw London something like a heavy shadow. The nature of society was becoming more and more. When his work was not within narrow style and favorites. And when he put the key in the door of his house he did it without expectation. Indeed, often he thought, as the door yielded to his touch, "What an earth am I going to do in here!" He had had his share of Strickland, and the without never it not merely dull. Very soon it becomes hollow.

IT WAS becoming almost hollow to Strickland, when one evening towards the end of January, on coming home from the City, he found a large envelope lying on his hall table. He took it up. He didn't know the handwriting, which was firm and clear. The front of the envelope by small letters was printed "Clarissa's Hand."

An intuition no doubt. He opened it and read:

(To be concluded in the February issue)

Clarissa's Hand, Thursday.

Dear Mr. Strickland:
I met you last autumn starting to Durdley. Do you remember? I am in London for a few days and should like, if possible, to see you. Can you suggest an hour, if you have any free time? Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
Clarissa Armitage.

Clarissa's Hand, Thursday.

Dear Mr. Strickland:
As you kindly ask me, I will come to see you on tomorrow. My regards,
Yours sincerely,
Clarissa Armitage.

Clarissa's Hand, Thursday.

Dear Mr. Strickland:
As you kindly ask me, I will come to see you on tomorrow. My regards,
Yours sincerely,
Clarissa Armitage.

ON THE morning when Strickland had a talk with his mother, Mrs. Fry, before he went to the City, he came back earlier than usual with a quarrelled woman who he had brought over to his house. Mrs. Fry was nearly well-dressed and very clean, and looked Strickland to arrange the flowers and to distribute them about the room. A bag was hanging on the tea table was ready. The sofa cushions were "plumped" and the books and cards drawn, a few books put on the table to make the room look fresh. Some wax candles were lit.

"Looks all right, Mrs. Fry, doesn't it?" said Strickland.

"Very nice, indeed, sir," said Mrs. Fry.

"What the lady—Mrs. Armitage is her name—hasn't she told you to bring her up all night? And I am not at home if anyone else calls."

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Fry departed and Strickland went to attend to the day.

He felt strangely expectant, even a little nervous. The smell of the flowers was strong in the room and reminded him suddenly of Durdley.

He did not see Mrs. Armitage, it was January who was coming back! How different the house would seem in a day, in an hour even. Although he loved alone Strickland had never so captured the husband's feeling. One moment, that was surely deepened in a man for ever. A husband might probably allow did not complete. A married man—Strickland judged the matter from his own experience—expected from his wife felt something like that. And a woman separated from her husband?

But Strickland was sure that he would never know how moment felt about such things.

A bell sounded thickly below. He took his hands out of his pockets and looked towards the door.

HIS CAREER

Inez Haynes Irwin's Story

(Continued from page 21)

"What are you doing?" Jean demanded sharply.

"I'm sending you in town in case of that, Jean. This is a matter. I can get a car to take me back."

"Back?" she repeated. "Back to what?"

"Back," he answered simply.

"Oh no, Clay. . . . Clay, come . . . talk with me on Thursday."

Mary shook his head. His voice was low but very sweet. "It isn't the question, Jean."

Don't bother about that when you come to think it over. It was Roba's letter. I guess I'd have gone back anyway. Good night and good-by, my dear. We surely made a terrible mistake. Jean never in.

She did not speak. For apparently words would not come. With a surprised expression she watched the tall figure make its way into the garage. It was as though she expected it to turn. It did not turn, however. After a while she took up the speaking tube.

In modern days the best of the man had a right to take any present girl whom he favored. Roba's daring idea—especially when applied to modern conditions. But Adele Export St. John has handled it skillfully in her story of the matter in next month's Harper's Bazar.