



Short-sleeved, high-neck dress of brick-red duvetyne trimmed with fox. Over the narrow double underskirt hangs a very full tunic edged with a deep band of fox. A single fox scarf is worn at the neck over the high collar of duvetyne. Also a blue serge dress embroidered in royal blue.

VELVETS, LACES, RIBBONS, FURS

Dress Materials in Joyous Mingling for Milady's Dinner and Dance Gowns.

PLAIED FAN-SHAPED PANELS

Side Decoration Much in Favor; Low Waistline Bodice is Featured; Pretty Trimmings in Gold and Silver.

This winter we shall dine and dance in velvets, laces, ribbons and furs mingled luxuriously, according to a leading fashion writer. It was natural to suppose that women would tire of lace dresses, as so many of them were worn during the summer, but the fervor for lace continues unabated. The loveliest things imaginable have been created in combinations of velvet and lace dyed to match the color of the velvet. In these, gray, brown and green are favored, while black lace frequently is used in combination with white velvet embroidered in black.

Many beautiful lace and velvet models are being made up for afternoon wear, as well as for the evening. Ever so many of these show the plaited fan-shaped panels at the sides and the low waistline bodice. Long, tight-fitting sleeves and straight, shallow necklines are features of the lace dresses for afternoon wear. Models of this character are greatly admired and, judging from the number ordered by well-dressed women, bid fair to become one of the successes of the season.

An interesting frock is developed in a soft shade of taupe velvet, with lace of the same hue. The sleeves and neckline referred to above are used. It has the apron tunic which, while not new this season, is receiving considerable attention. It is being handled in a much more interesting way than it was last summer. Frequently it is of lace or, if of the material from which the dress is made, it carries interesting embroidery, which sometimes is of wool with a deep wool fringe edging the tunic.

Apron Tunic of Satin.
One of the most popular models showing the apron tunic is of black satin. The sleeveless bodice is long and straight, reaching to the hipline. At this point an apron tunic of jet paillettes is attached. It falls straight to the edge of the skirt. As so many of the black frocks this year must have a touch of white, just as those of white are accentuated with black, a ladder-like pattern of rhinestones is placed on the bodice just above the point where the apron tunic joins it. The rhinestones appear again in a narrow band placed about two inches from the bottom of the tunic.

On an evening frock of silver-gray chiffon velvet with a full silver lace overdraped a band of chinchilla fur outlines the high neckline of the lace overdress in the front and, crossing the shoulders, follows the line of the dress in the back. There is also

a band of chinchilla on the narrow foundation skirt about six inches from the bottom. The girdle is of turquoise blue and emerald green brocade.

A pronounced feature in evening gowns is the draped princess movement. Dresses of this character usually are cut in one straight piece from shoulder to hem. The drapery appears across the front of the figure at a medium low waistline, and as the folds are rather tightly drawn into the side seams this gives a pronounced stomach line. Long trains falling from the low waistline, at the back or one side, are likewise features of these draped princess dresses. The décolletage is medium low and of a square cut. Handsome metal brocades, dark browns and black, brocaded in gold or silver, are the materials used.

Wide Sash at Low Waistline.
Again the same draped effect is obtained by means of a wide sash of the material tied at a low waistline, the ends falling straight at the left side. This season sashes are not tied in large, perky bows, but instead of the long ends are tied only once and allowed to fall straight, thus accentuating the long, slim figure line. Broad girdles of metal brocade often finish at the left side with a large disklike ornament of gold or silver. All sashes and girdles, regardless of their mode of fastening, are placed at a low waistline and are tightly drawn across the stomach.

Street dresses and the more elaborate afternoon frocks frequently have the low waistline effect achieved through the cut of the long straight bodice, which in many instances is circular across the front and back, the sides being a little shorter. From these circular cut ends hang wide, straight panels, and from the sides fall open fan-shaped panels of a contrasting material, usually lace, embroidered net, embroidered gold cloth or an applique embroidery of the material. This latter may be of serge or broadcloth, two materials much used for street wear, in black and navy blue.

Some of the exclusive dressmaking houses are showing considerable fullness in skirts. This width frequently is achieved by means of plaited fan-shaped panels that are let in at the sides at a low waistline. The skirt may be cut either with front and back panels, like those mentioned, or in one piece, the left side of the skirt being much raised in draped effect. At this point falls a plaited fan-shaped panel of a sheer material.

Ribbons Used in Gay Profusion.
Little dancing dresses of tulle or lace may have full, short skirts, tight bodices of 1830 style, and sometimes short puff sleeves. Often bright-colored ostrich of contrasting color is used as a trimming on the skirts. Or, if preferred, garlands of gayly colored flowers may be substituted for the ostrich.

Ribbons are used on dresses in every conceivable way. They make stiff loop panels which lie flat against the skirt or fall in loose streamers from the waistline to the hem and huge ribbon sashes that float away into long side trains. Póiret has a novel way of giving a bright touch of color to his models by adding narrow bands of velvet ribbon to an otherwise somber garment. He employs this method even on street suits.

Two Wills and One Way

By A. W. PEACH

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Frances Barron looked with annoyance at her lawyer. "So you could not induce him to sell the cottage? Well, I'll try!"

She turned the big roadster down toward the lake shore where the brown cottage nestled. She was not used to having her will opposed. The only and beloved daughter of the rich mining magnate, she had found wills of men easily bent to her wishes. Now she had bought the fine estate high on the slope to the lake, only to find constantly in her view the squat cottage.

Stopping her car at the gate, she went lightly up the walk to the porch. Stretched comfortably out in a battered steamer chair was a tall figure; it rose slowly, with evident surprise, as she stepped on the porch, and developed into a young man of about her own age, light-haired, lean and strong of face and blue-eyed.

She read in his eyes the admiration that the eyes of men usually awarded

he had said about the mines might be true; her father had given her all his love; but she knew how cold and stern and harsh he had been at heart. She wondered if she had better visit the mines.

Robert Seward—Yes, she remembered hearing the name mentioned with anger by her father. Seward's words haunted her until she exclaimed, "I wish I were a princess, I would have his head chopped off!"

She could not get the clean, strong face from her mind; and the upshot was she sent him an invitation to a garden party; and she mischievously planned to make herself as beautiful in his eyes as she could. To her wonder, he refused the invitation.

She sent him a brief note which said: "You haven't the courage to come!"

He came. She planned her revenge well, but he carried himself among her friends with an ease and assurance that astonished her. Some of the older men greeted him with respect, they evidently knew or knew of him. Like a naughty child, she longed to humiliate him in some way; so she teased him with her beauty.

At last, as they stood apart among the moonlit aisles of the fragrant garden, he turned upon her; bitterness and pain were in his voice. "I don't wonder that men will wreck the lives of others to possess a woman like you. You are beautiful beyond dreaming." Then, with searing words, he said quietly: "You have played with me this evening—tortured me, if you wish to know. I thought I was civilized, but there's just one way to make you see. You feel safe in your power of name and wealth, but—"

Then, very calmly, but with a strength that seemed to hold her helpless, he caught her, held her and kissed her, then said: "You're a naughty girl. Now be good!"

The days that followed were strange ones. From hot anger at him her mood changed. The warm memory of his kiss lingered, the quiet charm of his manner lingered, the sure assurance of his attitude became more pronounced in her thought. Last of all, the old wildness and tenderness in his last words haunted her.

The days were restless. In search of peace, she made with effort shy attempts to see him. But he had gone. Then she stole away to the mines and returned, horrified, to summon the grizzled general manager and tell him what was wanted done, no matter what the cost was. She saw him eagerly agree to do what she wanted. Then came a note two weeks later signed, "Seward." "Good for you, Princess! I have heard the good news! I kneel to you!"

She crushed the note in her hands and trembled. "I don't want to love him! I hate him—yes, I do!" Then his wistful words and the memory of his kiss came flaring back: "You're a naughty girl! Now be good!" And she wept just as she remembered.

From one of her father's friends came information about him that drew him still closer to her. Trained as an industrial engineer, he was giving his life to the betterment of working conditions for the men who do the heavy work of the world.

When he returned to the brown cottage she sent for him, but he did not come. And then one evening she went quietly down. She found him standing where he could see the sunset over his beloved mountains. He started when he saw her and came hurriedly to greet her.

She stopped close to him. "Why didn't you come to see me?" she asked. He looked at her silently for many moments and then said, with an effort that showed what the words cost him: "Because of all things in this world I want you—your lovely, willful, courageous girl! What a princess you would have made long ago—and are now!"

She held herself in hand just long enough to say: "If I am—a princess now—please—a word no princess would have used, of course—'take me now!'"

COVERED BY TREE'S GROWTH

Telegraph Bracket, Long Entombed in California Tree, Unhurt by Its Strange Imprisonment.

Thirty-six years ago a telegraph bracket and insulator was nailed to a Douglas fir tree near Arcata, Cal., writes Donald Bruce in the American Forestry Magazine. A few years later a falling branch badly damaged it, and the wire which it had been supporting was removed. The tree was growing thickly, adding every summer to its diameter a new layer of woody material, and this growth gradually pushed out around the bracket on all sides, leaving it buried in the tree trunk.

At the end of twenty-six years the tip of the glass insulator finally disappeared from sight, and the only trace of it that could still be seen was a scarcely noticeable lump which looked like nothing more than a healed-over branch stub. A few weeks ago the tree was felled and the wood manufactured into barrel staves. The screech of the saw, which happened to graze the edge of the glass, called attention to this unusual "fossil."

On splitting open the stove bolt the whole story became clear in all its details. The clearly defined tree form of the rapidly growing tree form an unimpeachable historical record. The wood of the insulator bracket is still in good condition, and the oak of which it was made has received an unintentional preservative treatment, being thoroughly impregnated with the resin of the surrounding fir. The interesting specimen can now be seen in the wood collection of the forestry division at the University of California.

ANCIENT AND MODERN LIGHT

Users of Electricity Today Read With a Smile of the "Link Boy" of Old England.

A couple of centuries ago permanent street lights in the large cities of the world were almost unknown. In old England "link boys" carrying torches, were hired by gentlemen to light the way for them when they went out in the evening in London. When lamp-posts were placed in the city streets the link boys' occupation was gone. (With progress of time lanterns lighted by candles or by oil were succeeded by gas or by electric lights. Every city of the civilized world normally has its principal streets lighted at night, and the link boy today is as superfluous as the sedan chair.)

In a similar way the famous caves of the world, such as the Mammoth cave of Kentucky and Luray cavern in Virginia were formerly lighted by candles carried by guides who conducted travelers. But today practically all these subterranean places that are visited by sightseers are equipped with electric lights, and instead of carrying a bag of candles the guide merely turns on or off a series of electric switches as he conducts a party through the cave.

Railroad tunnels were formerly unlighted, excepting the lights in the trains that passed through them, but today tunnels, as well as stations, are lighted by electricity.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

SHOW NAMED FOR A VALLEY

Quite a Few of Those Who Use the Word "Vaudeville" Are Ignorant of Its Origin.

The Fairest lady turned to her escort at the variety show the other night during the intermission and asked him where the word "vaudeville" came from anyway.

"Movies" is simple, she said. Any one can trace the origin of the word coined by Young America and now generally used. The British "cinema" applied to cinematograph pictures is also easily traced.

It wasn't until next day that the escort, who had pretended not to hear the Fairest lady's question about vaudeville, got a chance to look it up. Then he found that the word came from the French "Val de Vire"—a valley in Normandy where originated many humorous and satirical drinking songs that became popular all over France—known by the name of the place of their origin. Eventually the word became corrupted to "vaudeville" and was applied to a certain kind of popular song. Its application was limited to such songs until the end of the Eighteenth century, when it began to refer also to an entertainment that included singing and dialogue as well as dancing and variety acting.

Failure is the Final Test.
Real winners in life never show the white feather. They are like the drummer boy in our Civil war, who, when his regiment was being mowed down still kept pushing ahead, beating an advance. When ordered to beat a retreat, the boy replied "that he had never learned how—he had only been taught to beat an advance."

The finest type of manhood is never overwhelmed or entirely dismayed no matter what comes. If a man of this kind loses property, if his ambition is thwarted and his plans demolished his spirit remains undaunted, his courage, his resistance and his self-confidence are undiminished, and he can start again. Many a man has been made by his failures, because he used them as a stepping stone for his advance.

Failure is the final test of persistence and an iron will; it either crushes a life or solidifies it.—Orison Swett Marden in the New Success Magazine.

Quaint New England Expressions.

There are many quaint expressions peculiar to New England, some of which are heard only in Rhode Island or in places where their use has been perpetuated by former residents of this locality.

"Won't you take off your things?" is a common invitation to the caller in this state, though in some parts of the country it would be unusual. When a housewife changes her abode, she moves her "things," and when going on a journey, she packs her "things" in a grip.

In the south county it frequently rains "pitchforks" and sometimes "cats and dogs." The most intensive expressions of the native, however, are that it is "raining like all Sam Hill" or like "all possessed."—Boston Globe.

A Regular Stunt.

Ferguson—I've just been reading that the aviators today can do anything a bird can do. Yes, sir, they've got the thing down so fine that there isn't a bird alive that has anything on them.

Fitzgerald—Zats? Well, when you see an aviator fast asleep hanging onto a branch of a tree with one foot, then I'll come and take a look.—American Legion Weekly.

Time's Whirligig.

Old Horse—Remember how the automobiles, when they came into prominence, laughed at us for "poking along?"

Boggy—Yep, but then was happy days.

Old Horse—Now it's a case of the airplane laughing at the automobile.

SOME SWEETS

Best Plan.
"Did you call the fire?"
"Yes, after I had hammered the nail."

A Summer Girl.
"I seem to have known you before."
"Possibly we were engaged last summer."

The Reason.
"Do they still use the time-honored shell game?"
"Yes, they find it attracts the nuts."

The Fitting Way.
"How do the Irish meet the black and-tans?"
"I guess it is with dogged determination."

Minimum.
Diogenes appeared with his tub.
"A modern flat of no rooms and bath," he cried.

Opposing Inclinations.
"That man has horse sense."
"Perhaps that is why he is after the grass widow."

Paradoxical Result.
"Did Sue succeed in her caramel-making?"
"Yes, and yet she made a sweet mess of it."

Fitted Description.
Knicker-Jones wants everything cut and dried.
Bocker—Raisins!

Imagination Staggered.
"Why did they separate?"
"Nobody knows."
"How dreadful!"

Exactly.
"They say Butts has a dry wit."
"I daresay; there is no spirit in it."
—Baltimore American.

The Well.
The Old Oaken Bucket—If this place was drained and stocked, it would make a fine cellar.

The Idea.
"Can you get me a new rubber coat in addition to the rest?"
"I would I could stretch a point for it."

The Last Straw.
"I wish now," said the lecturer, "to tax your memory." A wall in the audience: "Has it come to that?"

Otherwise O. K.
Edith—"Aigy comes of a good family, doesn't he?"
Maud—"Yes, he's the only thing I know against it."

A Damaging Fall.
"So Hill is broke, is he. How did that happen?"
"A rich friend dropped him."

Then the Row Started.
Mrs. Scrapp—My foot is asleep again.
Scrapp—It's funny that it is never your tongue.—Boston Transcript.

Must Move Swiftly.
"Riches have wings."
"They've got to nowadays to get anywhere near the coast of living."

Nature and the Motor Fiend.
"What's that humming sound?"
"That's a bumble bee."
"He's got a mighty good engine."

Paradoxical Requiting.
"Why did you turn your late guest out?"
"Because he took me in."
"That was a rare feat."
"Sure, and it was also well done."
—Baltimore American.

Matter of Geography.
A Minnesota man who had been introduced to a fellow citizen by his congressman, asked the latter with reference to his acquaintance:
"Is he rich?"

"Well," replied the congressman, "that depends on geography. Out here we consider him very rich; he's worth about a million dollars. If he lived in New Jersey, I suppose he would be considered fairly well to do; while if he lived in New York folks would be dropping dollars in his hat."
—Boston Transcript.

Don't Seem to Mind.
"Did you hear about that railroad flagman who resigned because people were no longer friendly?"
"Yes. Traffic policemen seem to be made of sterner stuff."
"Why so?"
"You would think they'd resign for the same reason, but they never do."
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Undoubtedly.
Mr. Spiffkins observed that the quiet boy at the foot of the class had not yet had an opportunity to display his knowledge of the Bible. So the teacher gave him this one:
"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?"
"Dead," said the quiet boy.

The Inquisitive Mind.
"When this man arrives," said the earnest orator, "we may expect times with all our wishes granted."
"Who's he talking about, father?" asked the boy who is large for his age.
"The candidate, or Santa Claus."
—Boston Transcript.

Explained.
"What do you call this beer?"
"I'm undecided between Myle's Grandfather's and Yard Pump."
—Judge.



Where He Could See the Sunset.