

LACE DRESS STYLE

Paris Dressmakers Are Successful With Dyed Fabrics.

Dearest Greens, Deep Browns, Rust Red, Golden Yellows and Deep Blues Favored.

Apparently one need have no fear in buying a lace dress that will soon become old-fashioned as far as lace is concerned, at any rate states a Paris correspondent. This is extremely gratifying at this time, because new things have sprung up overnight like mushrooms to such an extent during the last few years that we are glad to have something to which we may pin our faith, if it is only a party dress.

Back of all this lace agitation is a well-known propaganda in behalf of the French industry, and this propaganda has been launched at a time when the market is almost bare of merchandise. It is, therefore, not to sell goods now, as there are few chances to be had, but it is to create a movement in favor of lace in order that when the new stocks are ready the world will be clamoring for them.

Among the most interesting features of the present fashions are the dyed lace dresses. Early last summer there was a revival of a strong revival of lace through the launching of many black and white lace dresses at the spring and summer race meets. Deauville in July and August also proclaimed the vogue of lace; but it was left for the Paris dressmaker to spring something new at the opening of her season. With lace on the crest of the wave these clever creators of novelty clothes brought out lovely dresses in dyed laces of the darkest greens, deep browns, rust reds, golden yellows and deep blues. So to be in keeping with this winter's fashions one must have a dyed lace dress, and while black and white laces are still very fashionable, the newest thing of course is the lace dyed in one of the new colors.

THE LEATHER WALKING COAT



For the cross-country tramp at this time of the year nothing is more suitable than a leather walking coat, colored with fur.

MODE IN SEASON'S SLEEVES

Coverings Are of Many Styles, but the Majority of Them Hang Free.

The arms follow the neck in the most fashionable gowns by being well covered with any kind of long sleeve that appeals to the fancy. The centurians pour out inspiration. There is no meanness of output in this art of dress.

At the opera, when one sits in a box, the sleeve may be as dominating as that worn by Giselda or the angels of Burne Jones. There are square sleeves of glorious lace run with threads of metal or left plain, that reach to the knees when the arm is outstretched.

There are others which sweep to the edge of the train, then return as by an afterthought to the wrist, where they are held by a jeweled bracelet. There is no disposition to hug the arm with sleeves. They hang free. If they are small they are opened down their length, on top, to show the skin. In the theater long, wide, conspicuous sleeves are a nuisance, so they give place to short ones. The bell-shaped Spanish shape is often made of lace, of tulle, of chiffon. If it cuts the arm half way between the elbow and wrist it is awkward and ugly. It should not extend more than three inches below the bend of the elbow.

Beaded and Embroidered. Beaded and embroidered tunics are seen over satin foundations.

RESCUE IN STORM

By EDWINA ROBATTO.

The sky was threatening, with its ominous masses of purplish black thunder clouds streaked every now and then with flashes of chain lightning. Though the storm was still at some distance from the quiet lake, everyone was scurrying in to the landing, for it gave promise of being a severe one.

The group of girls at the boathouse were casting frequent glances at the approaching darkness in the heavens.

Only one of them stood silently apart. She seemed to be gazing vacantly out over the expanse of water.

"Why, Alta?" cried Muriel Brown, a tiny blonde. "Surely you are not frightened by the storm!"

"Alta slowly shook her head. The girls whispered covertly to one another, for they knew that it was not the fright of the storm that troubled Alta.

"Eh! Alta Winston!" and Muriel in mock indignation. She seemed to be leader of the group. "Thinking of Mr. Hilton? You are a fine bachelor girl! I suppose it is quite natural to be so anxious for one's future brother-in-law, isn't it, girls?"

They joined in her merry peal of laughter. Strangely Alta did not participate in their fun. The storm was quite near now and one by one they sped thither from the boathouse to their camp. Only Muriel remained with Alta. She was troubled by the girl's seeming moodiness.

"I'm sorry," she began half apologetically, putting her arm around Alta's waist, "but I didn't mean to be rude. I never knew you to be so snippy with any fellow like this, and we do hate to lose you."

"Phase don't jest, Muriel," Alta interposed. "Why won't you girls take me seriously? You have often heard me speak of Harry. You know he is engaged to Helen. He has often teased me about our bachelor camp, and I invited him up while Helen was away on his vacation. Now he is out alone on that lake—her voice broke as a warning rumble announced the beginning of the storm. "He doesn't know about the drop at the mill up at the other end. After all, he is like a brother or and."

"You silly girl," interrupted Muriel, though her heart sunk inwardly. "He will be in any moment. Oh," she started at a fearful crash of thunder. "Come back from that door, Alta! It is dangerous to stand near it!"

"I have watched the lake since he went out. I made him promise not to go far, for some vague foreboding troubled me," she spoke as if to herself. "It is all my fault. It would kill Helen if anything should happen. There is only one thing for me to do, and she started for the landing. Muriel had only dimly grasped the meaning of her words.

"Alta Winston!" she cried, seizing her by the hands. "You won't go out on that lake in this storm. It is madness—it's worse it's death!"

Muriel's efforts to stop her were futile. With a quiet smile she thrust the little blonde from her and in trice was down on the landing and into her motor boat. Muriel gazed in disbelief and her face went as white as her sailor dress. She stepped to the head of the landing. As she did, a vivid flash of lightning lighted the whole of the darkening lake.

It did not take long for Muriel to spread the news, even though the storm was at its height but luckily both storm and peril proved to be not as great as had been threatened.

In less than three quarters of an hour the boathouse was thronged with people. Though the waters of the lake were still tossing wildly many were starting out after the brave girl when a cry went up that her motor boat had been heard.

In the meantime Muriel was surrounded by a heavy of anxious questioners.

"Just to think," she kept saying. "Her bravery was in vain for Harry Hilton had already put in at one of the other camps where they mistook him for one of their new members who is missing. He is right here now while poor Alta is probably drowned."

A loud cheer proved that she was mistaken about Alta's danger, for that young lady had already reached the landing. It was hard to distinguish her in the darkness, but as the lantern shone upon her its light disclosed a rather bedraggled but joyful Alta.

"I've got him!" she smiled weakly. "He was just drifting to the drop when he capsized. It was hard work, but—"

She stopped abruptly. There before her with the lantern stood Harry Hilton. Amazed, she watched him shift his light upon the unconscious form they were lifting from the boat. Then she turned quickly to hide her embarrassment, for his face was a strange one. He was the missing camper.

About 10 o'clock that night Muriel interrupted the rubber band of what is the "Bachelor Camp."

"Girls," she said, slamming the door by way of announcing the importance of her appearance. "The doctor said that Alta's camper needed a nurse, so she remained in the position. I guess we have lost her this time all right. Do you know, I am going to make an addition to the rules of the camp. No member can under any condition go fishing during a thunder-storm."

THE WINSOME TAM AND SCARF



A tam and scarf of angora is charming for winter weather, as the model here demonstrates.

BRIGHT DRESSES FOR WINTER

Gay and Pretty Costumes Add an Air of Cheerfulness on the Dull Days.

As the winter season advances, brighter and prettier are the dresses that are worn, which is as it should be. A pretty bright costume is cheering on a dull gray day. For instance, an attractive brown tulle dress, with a tucked vest of the same fabric, is made with an eon effect and a belt of bright-colored ribbon. A blue tulle dress has a waist which suggests a blouse, with seams piped in silk. It is slightly trimmed in at the waistline to adapt it to a girlish figure.

Red wool is used to outline the neck. The skirt has six bias bands, which are sewed around at the top, but each band is left loose at the lower edge, which adds grace to the skirt. This dress would be pretty made in navy blue satin.

Another blue silk dress is made with a round yoke of navy blue georgette crepe which extends as a band across each shoulder and down the tops of the sleeves. This georgette trimming is outlined along the edges with bright green silk machine stitching.

A dress which combines brown velvet and brown wool jersey has an accordion-pleated skirt of the latter worn with a hip-length jacket of brown velvet edged with wool cord in orange tones. The same wool cord edge forms buttonholes for wool buttons of orange color. This overblouse has set-in sleeves of the velvet.

A dress of blue velvet and satin is trimmed with touches of blue wool embroidery. Pockets on the skirt have thistles or corn flowers of blue-tinged wool used with green wool stitching.

In their effort to add further novelty to the lace idea the Paris dressmakers launched strange kinds of combinations. For instance, blue serge dresses are trimmed with blue lace, usually in an opposing shade of blue, as navy blue serge with royal blue lace. Dark green velvets are combined with green lace, rust-colored brocades with rust lace, and so on through numerous combinations the clever Paris maker varies the lace idea.

Net as well as lace dresses are made in simple chemise effects. Straightline dresses of white net embroidered in color and made over contrasting foundations are both youthful and attractive.

One of Cberul's big successes has been an orange lace dress. Madeleine et Madeleine have repeated many times a model made in dark bottle green lace, and Callot Souers could give their rust color laces the most fashionable offering of the season.

It is but natural that nets should follow in the wake of laces. They, too, are oftentimes bright colored. If, however, they are black they achieve the necessary brightness by embroideries which may be red or copper hued.

NEW NET AND LACE DRESSES

Embroidered in Color, Made Over Contrasting Foundations, Both Youthful and Attractive.

A New Headdress. This versatile floating panel has appeared on many evening costumes recently, and its decorative possibilities have won for it a cordial welcome says Vogue. A velvet costume presents the novel idea of attaching such a scarf to the headdress instead of to the gown, and the result is even more decorative. In this case one end of the scarf is wound about the head in a sort of turban which does not cover the crown of the head, but falls softly spreading, just to the top of the right shoulder. The other end floats free from the back of the head, extending in long slim folds much longer than the velvet train. These folds may be allowed to drop, may be held in the hand, or wound about the arm emphasizing its whiteness with their mist of brilliant color.

Decorations for Hats. Metal motifs, ostrich fur balls, and novelty pins all enter into the decorations featured on fur and fabric hats.

BEHIND FOOTLIGHTS

By KATHLEEN M. MOORE.

"How would you like to cuddle me? How would you like to call me baby? And hold me on your knee? I'd like someone to call me baby, for I'm as lonesome as can be."

Little did the vast audience that crowded the theater night after night to see and hear the winsome little star sing and dance so merrily before the footlights realize that the pretty smile and airy manner, only served to cover up the sad heart of the girl.

The musical comedy was booked for a six weeks' engagement, and at every performance Betty St. Clair won the hearts of more and more admirers. Many young men, yes, and old ones, too, took her little songs seriously, and sent her letters asking her to be their girl.

Sometimes Betty consented to go to dine with them, but never more than once with the same one, for that was as far as her interest went.

Betty's real name was Lorraine Wellington. She had been so happy in her little cottage with her husband of six months. She was so proud of him, and so jealous! It was this green-eyed monster that had caused the first quarrel. Betty had believed gossip rather than listen to reason and her husband. Thinking she was only an obstacle in the way of his happiness, she decided to steal away one night.

Betty knew that the stage would be the last place her folks would look for her.

The curtain would rise, shortly, for the final performance of the long engagement.

At the given time Betty skipped out on the stage.

The song seemed eternally long, but when at last it was over, she danced off the stage only to stagger blindly to her room. She was unable to respond to an encore, despite the fact the audience called again and again.

In her room Betty vowed she would not go before that house again. It was between the first and second acts and the little star lay on her couch—her maid bathing her fevered head. There came a rap and a note was slipped under her door.

When the maid handed it to her mistress she only pushed it aside impatiently.

"Throw it in my waste basket, Marie," she said. But as she thought better of it, she decided to give the note her attention, and she asked for it. When she had read it through she smiled and said:

"It just reads 'May I see you? I am in the lower right hand box. Not if I see. An Admirer.' This is so different from the letters I am accustomed to receiving, Marie, I am going to answer this one. Give this card to 'Billy,' and direct it to my admirer."

It seemed no time till there came a rap on the door and Marie admitted a tall young man in evening dress.

"I am the admirer," he bowed to Betty. She put out her hand to welcome him, but as her eyes met his a cry of glad surprise escaped her lips. "Dick!" she gasped.

He drew back and stared at her as one in a trance.

"Lorraine! My wife! and before she realized it she was being crushed in two eager arms. Betty nestled contentedly in her husband's arms as one who had found a long-sought haven. She was too glad to speak.

"I've sought far and wide for you and at last gave up the search as all in vain, and—" he broke the silence, but she interrupted with:

"Never mind, Dick, you can tell me all later. I'm too happy now for words, and she looked up into his face with such a bewitching smile that none could deny the fact.

"Madame! Madame! It is you one soon," Marie cried excitedly.

Apparently Betty had forgotten her illness for she sent Dick back to his seat in the audience with a busy kiss, then arranged herself for her final appearance. Her acting was even better than at other performances, and when she sang the song that had made her so popular the onlookers were entranced by her winsomeness.

They wondered why she catered to the right hand box more than any other place. The thoughts of him there spurred her on to do her best, and she was forced to appear time and time again to the applause. When the curtain at last rang on the final act it was a different little girl who prepared for home.

"Suppose, Dickie, my boy, I wasn't your wife, but just some little girl who had always been on the stage, would you have liked to call me 'baby' just the same?" Betty murmured as she nestled close in the big machine that was speeding them home.

"Now, you just forget that I flirted with you. You are my wife, and you know I would never have fallen in love with that little actress if she hadn't reminded me of my wife. When I discovered I had fallen in love with my own wife I also discovered that I did not know her as well as I thought I did. We're going to start our honeymoon all over and idle gossippers will never separate us again, eh? 'Satisfied' has been close squeezing her throatly.

THE SANDMAN STORY

BOLD BROWN SPIDER

WHEN Brown Spider first began to look after himself he was so conceited that everyone said in Spider Town that he would come to grief at an early age.

He spun webs in the most dangerous places, and no matter what happened to the web Brown Spider was sure to escape unharmed and begin another home in a more dangerous place.

"You will be killed some day," warned all the neighborhood spiders, for there were many spiders living in the attic where Brown Spider lived, but he only laughed at their warning and kept on with his reckless doings.

One day Puss came to the attic hunting for mice, and when she ran under a chair where Brown Spider sat in his web near the floor she took the web and Brown Spider, too, away on her back.

Everyone thought that was the end of him, but by and by he came running across the attic floor and began a new web under a low shelf by the window.

"I guess you were scared that time," said one spider from her safe home high in a corner.

"I guess I wasn't scared," boasted Brown Spider. "I just wanted a ride; that was all. I went part way downstairs on her back and then jumped off. It was great sport. Why don't you try it some day?"

It was no use; he would never own he was beaten or scared; but one day something happened that the old spiders felt sure he would have to own he did not plan and was really frightened.

Puss came into the attic and after hunting around she fell asleep right under the shelf where Brown Spider had a web. He let himself down and touched the tip of her nose and before she could open her eyes up he went to his web.

But after a while he grew careless. He touched her nose, and then instead of running home he swung back and forth in front of her face hanging to his thread.

Puss is very quick with her paw. She seldom misses anything she wishes to strike. She opened her eyes and looked at Brown Spider a second and then she lifted her paw and struck.

The next thing Brown Spider remembered he was on the top of a high old bureau.

He tried all of his legs and found they were safe and then he said, for he knew every spider in the attic was looking at him. "That is the finest way to travel, when you are in a hurry. I wanted to get up here and so I just dangled in front of Puss and get her to give me a lift."

No one said a word. They were too much surprised; but Brown Spider climbed over the edge of the bureau and made his web this time far above the floor by the window. He really had been frightened. "But I won't let those old fellows know it," he said. (Copyright.)



Take Care of the Hair in Youth and It Will Stay Good All Your Life.

whether one use of the soap is enough. I would massage the scalp dry if I could give the time to it, but as I cannot, I use a towel to wring out the superfluous moisture from the hair and then use the warm air fan. But I always massage the scalp after a shampoo and use the electric vibrator. This brings the fresh oils to the surface of the scalp.

If you are still sixteen, and small, I think it an excellent idea to wear the hat down. There are so many years when it must be worn up, and hanging down is healthier for it. (Copyright.)

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Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

HAIR DRESSER'S TIPS

SOMETIMES my hair dresser grows talkative, and then she tells me all sorts of interesting and useful things about the hair, things based on her wide and personal experience, things too valuable to be lost in the tiny room where she wields a brush and a vibrator and where she juggles tall bottles of sweet smelling oils.

"The average woman is too harsh with her hair," she said the other day. "Either she brushes it furiously, or she doesn't brush it at all; either she slicks over it when washing or she washes the life from it."

"Not all scalp can stand far soap, though it is a good soap. But it is harsh. I use coconut oil, because it is mild and cleansing and nourishing. It is a dandruff preventive, and it will not hurt the most sensitive scalp. I use it for all colors of hair, except cases where there is too much natural oil, and then I use a soap with the least bit of borax in its makeup. If for any reason I run short of coconut oil, I use olive oil or castile soap."

"I use a free lather first, rinse, and use a very light lather. I can tell from the feel of the hair, though"



HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lark. Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them.

"OFF OF."

THIS use of the phrase which heads this article leads often to errors that are seen to be ludicrous, when analyzed. For example, one will hear the question: "Where did you buy that steak?" The answer comes: "I got it off of the butcher around the corner." To get a steak "off of" the butcher might suit a cannibal very well, but the very idea would shock any one else. In proper usage, omit the "off," say: "I got it off (or from) the butcher around the corner."

There are cases of the misuse of the phrase "off of" that are not ludicrous, as in the instance already cited, but in which the "of" is not needed and instead of saying, "He jumped off of the car," say, "He jumped off the car." A man who expects to open a store says: "Will you buy something off of me?" He should say: "Will you buy something from me?"

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

TO FEBRUARY.

Folks don't like you, February. For your ways extraordinary, Pendulous 'twixt Joy and Sorrow lie today, and thaw tomorrow. But despite your manners wayward Since your days all lead us May, I shall still your praises sing As the Highway unto Spring. (Copyright.)