

FROCKS FOR GIRLS

Heavy Linen or Cotton Used for Spring and Summer.

Georgette and Net Dresses Sharing Honors With Other Materials for Party Wear.

The sketch shows a sensible dress for a little girl of six years. It may be of wool fabric or of velveteen embroidered in wool or chenille, or of heavy linen or cotton material for spring or summer. The dress buttons in the back and a belt of black velvet ribbon is slipped through openings arranged for the purpose, and tied in a bow in the back. The little pouched pockets are finished at the edge, as are sleeves, collar and jacket with a long buttonhole stitch done in the flous used for the embroidered motifs.

Yellow heavy linen is used by some of the designers in developing smart tailored spring or summer dresses for little girls. One frock shown is of burnt orange linen embroidered in heavy black wool and finished with a patent leather belt.

The three-piece tub frock is featured for girls of six to ten years. One of these recently brought out has a plain linen skirt laid in wide box plaits, a blouse of white and colored dotted handkerchief linen with a little square cut detachable coat of the plain material.

This season velveteen and wool jersey cloth hold the center of the stage in serviceable materials chosen for dresses for little girls, the staple serge being compelled, to some extent, to take a back seat. Angora and heavy wool embroideries are popular trimming touches both on velveteen and jersey cloth frocks. This very sturdy material is so effective and charming when shown in the pastel shades that frocks of it are quite good enough for dressy occasions.

A particularly smart and popular type of school dress this season com-

RICH CREATION FOR SUMMER



This is a charming afternoon frock of peach georgette, embroidered with crystal beads. Simplicity in design and trimming do not detract from the beauty of this winsome American fashion.

NECKLINE BOWS AND RIBBONS

Fashion Has Become Pronounced and Adds to the Attractiveness of Many Gowns.

Have you noticed how many smart frocks and blouses have tiny ribbon bows, of silver or velvet, at the back of the neck? This is new style, one of those notions taken up now and then by exclusive dressmakers, and not—so to speak—put on the market in ready-to-wear costume until the fashion has become pronounced. A new tunic blouse of rose and silver ribbon binding around the neck and a tiny bow of the ribbon is set at the back, long streamers falling to the waist. An ecru crepe de chine frock with plaited frill around the square neck opening and elbow sleeve, has gay little bows of narrow black velvet ribbon. And a dinner gown of black chiffon over black and white satin, has silver ribbon around the neck (with a bow at the back) and much silver hemstitching on the bodice.

Cire Satin Popular. Cire satin is quite as popular in hats as it is in dresses. Because it has so many qualities that will contribute toward its success we may be sure of its continued use in spring and summer millinery. Its slight stiffness gives it an advantage over ordinary satin as a material from which to make an entire hat. Then its glazed surface makes it successful as a dust shedding material. It will be used in dark color only, the preference being given to brown, navy blue and black.



Simple Frock for Six-Year-Old.

lines a middy blouse of black velveteen with a plaited skirt of Scotch plaid.

For party wear, georgette and net dresses are sharing honors with those made of fine cotton voile or of organdie in white or pastel shades. Self fabric in contrasting color, used as piping, is much used as a trimming for the organdie frock.

Cottons for Dainty Frocks

New French and American Fabrics Ready and Tremendous Vogue Is Predicted.

Cottons have been designed by textile experts for the coming season, and the patterns are so chic, so novel, and they make the humbler textiles so much valuable through the medium of their new beauty, that a tremendous vogue is predicted for them.

In the meantime the question arises, Who will make them up? If they are "new" the great French designers will be interested. But will such houses care to make up models that are less costly than the ones made of the sumptuous silken textiles? It is believed that new Paris designers will take care of this—those who are content with smaller earnings than the fees demanded and received by established houses like the Callots, Worth, Cheritt, Paquin and a dozen others whose names are known well by rich American women.

In any case, whether Paris sends us cotton frocks to copy or not, American cotton dresses are admittedly lovely, and it is certain that we shall be safe in buying generously of the fascinating cottons that are to be imported, and also the beautiful fabrics that our own American cotton houses produce—patterns that are made here and now.

Summertime, with cotton fabrics in many tints and weights, and trimmed in all kinds of laces and handwork, ought to offer charming alternatives for girls who enjoy planning and ac-

SKIRT LENGTH IS TOPIC OF SEASON

Paris Creator of Fashions Still Adheres to One "Just Below the Knees."

STYLE WAR SHOWS NO LULL

American Designers Favor Longer Garment While French Fashion Dictators Insist Upon Excessively Abbreviated Type.

There's a new war on! Hostilities are being waged between the moderately short skirt advocated by American designers and the excessively abbreviated frocks insisted upon by the French couturiers, writes a prominent creator of fashions.

The short skirt reaching barely below the knees made its appearance in Paris last year and many stories came across to us concerning the display of diked hosiery observed at the leading French hotels where the fashionable Parisiennes gather for luncheon, tea and evening parties. This fashion of displaying French calves with a frankness that outfranked even the French was not confined to bizarre extremists, but was adopted by the upper classes, the descendants of the old regime, who still constitute the aristocracy of France that dwells in the neighborhood of St. Germain.

When the races at Auteuil and Long Champs corroborated the evidence that the short skirt was an established fact, American designers hesitated and waited to hear the death knell of this fashion vibrate across the Atlantic. Instead of dying young, it continued to grow in favor.

The short skirt on this side of the ocean, which came into prominence several years ago, when a certain theatrical manager dressed his far famed beauty chorus in the short-long skirts reaching eight or ten inches from the floor, had been carried to such vulgar excess by any women lacking both in artistic taste and good breeding, that an attempt to feature the long graceful afternoon gown was made with a large measure of success.

Last season I made my street and afternoon gowns quite long. This year I concede nothing to the French fashion and continue to advocate the long or moderately long skirt. Few women have sufficiently well-shaped legs and ankles to display them in this manner. That is the aesthetic argument against the short skirt. Into the moral question I enter not. The American woman



Charming Evening Gown of Brocade in Geranium Pink and Gold.

things that are moderately striking where the eye grows accustomed to clothes that are startling and "near freakish," may look quite absurd on the main street of a less cosmopolitan city than New York.

A variety of gowns show the grace of the moderately long skirt. They are offered as an argument against the adoption of the exaggerated skirt by the woman who values the effect of the "tout ensemble" as opposed to the unthinking woman who wants to be in style at any price, even unto sacrificing the grace of her figure. Many figures appear quite charming in the longer lines which would be displayed to a disadvantage in an excessively short skirt.

The gown of black crepe meteor gives slenderness and grace to the full-figured woman and is also becoming to the slender build. The skirt is draped in beautiful lines that cross in front and produce the effect of a bias tunic in the back. The kimono blouse is cut with short sleeves and the opening in the front is filled in with a surplice of silver lace and flesh chiffon that shows a delightful smack of color in "blinds" or folds of red, violet and hazy blue tulle. The girle of black charmeuse displays a new sash treatment that appears to be a continuation of the lines of the skirt drapery. These sash ends emerge from the side front and are carried toward the back, where they are thrown one over the other below the waistline.

Worn with a broad black velvet hat trimmed with graceful sweeps of black paradise, this gown is an expression of grace and gives to almost any woman a distinguished silhouette. Would you choose a skirt a few inches below your knees in preference to the long lines of this model?

The evening gown of geranium and silver brocade casts another vote for the long skirt. This gown is apparently unsupported over the shoulders except by the unusual straps, apparently oblivious of their object in life. In reality two straps of flesh-colored satin follow the lines of the brocade straps and are attached to the back of the gown on either side of the center back.

A gown of gray charmeuse satin combined with gray chiffon falls in Greek-like lines which in the perfection of their drapery cry out against the short skirt. The front of this gown is interesting and shows a closing flatter to the figure. It runs crosswise and fastens down one side where it continues into the bias of the skirt drapery. The one-piece effect of this gown is broken by the belt that defines the waistline on one side and disappears under the bound button-hole so as to leave the side closing in one continuous line. Gray chiffon folds are an interesting trimming on this gown.

In another evening gown that argues for the long skirt jade-green chiffon pleads eloquently and is aided by its unusual trimming, pendants of small jade-green beads strung on a thread.

DANIEL WADE AS CUPID

By LATIMER J. WILSON

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The great interior court of Electric Square resounded with the unharmonious music of typewriters. When their "click-clicking" ceased to pour from the hundreds of windows at noon and at five o'clock, the numerous elevators filled to overflowing and crowds of girls and men swarmed out of the massive doors of the skyscraper. Streams of humanity they flowed down from the lofty heights to swell the already flooded current of downtown Broadway.

It was barely one hour before the opening of the noon tide flood gate. The anteroom office boy, that individual in uniform and buttons who demands your name and your business, had grown restless. During a lull in business he poked his head into the room of No. 22, where Miss Maybelle Kinney performed the duties of stenographer. In years she was less than twenty-two, while the office boy, heralded merely as Dan, though his name was Daniel Howard Wade, tipped the scale of years at fifteen.

"Zzz-z-t!" he significantly sounded to a kind of tongue whistle. "Has Mapes asked you to lunch with him today?"

"Get out of here and mind your own business!" commanded the girl threateningly.

"I'll bet you're going to lunch with him. Gee! Won't you look fine when you're Mrs. Mapes! You'll get along without a looking glass every time Mapes takes off his lid. Why, May! You can curl your hair and paint your lips in the reflection from his shiny top whenever his hat's off! Ouch!" he screamed in a whisper when the handle of her paper knife rapped his knuckles. Steps were heard approaching the door from the adjoining office, and the boy quickly ducked back into his own room.

The door opened and a tall, slender young man, somewhat older than Maybelle, came in with a handful of letters. He was not at all bad looking, but the top of his head, the very top—was shockingly bare.

"Here, Miss Maybelle, you can look after some of these—" Mr. Mapes was about to say more when he suddenly discovered that he had left something important in his office. Just as the door closed behind him, Maybelle was summoned to another office by the little call button indicator at her desk. As she started out of the door Daniel poked his head into the room.

"Ta-ta! You're going to lunch with Mapes, I'll bet!" he whispered loudly. The girl reddened and scowled at him. When she came back into her room, about half an hour later, she brought more letters and found upon her desk the one Mapes had gone back to bring. There was also a little note from him, asking her to lunch today. He said he would come by for her at noon.

Maybelle could think of no plausible excuse for not going to lunch with her fellow employee of the office staff. She had not thought enough of him personally even to dislike him until young Wade began to tease her. Then she could see nothing but Mr. Mapes' depleted summit every time she sat opposite him at the crowded table of the restaurant. His fiery gaze of affection was futile in its attempt to melt the icy unconcern of her manner.

He was hopelessly in love, though she had not imagined it until Wade pointed the direction of the wind. Now Mapes' attention irritated her and she wanted some polite excuse for refusing him. She walked over and looked out at the maze of windows in the wall opposite.

In her dust-dry garden of business routine the girl longed for a breath of youth and companionship, but Mapes fell short of the mark. She decided that whatever happened she wouldn't go another time with him to a picture theater or a restaurant.

Absently her gaze fell upon a window directly opposite her own, but on the floor below. A young man stood in plain view, looking straight at her and smiling. In his eyes at that moment she thought she read the romance of moonlight, springtime, youth and adventure. There was no mistake. He was looking all of those things right at her.

His hair was roached back in the most genteel style. His brows were arched exquisitely above his dark eyes, which now sparkled with merriment. He was surely smiling at her, and she looked away abashed at first; then back at him with an answering but inquisitive expression. She saw him reach across his desk for a sheet of letter paper, upon which he printed in large, clear letters with a pen:

"EAST DOOR AT NOON."

She had never seen him before, but from that moment he was a new and intense interest in the routine of Electric Square. Maybelle decided that she might as well trust her noon hour with him as with Mapes, and he was so much better looking than the latter. So she nodded "Yes," and adjusted her pearl-bead necklace while she smiled and blushed.

Just then the door opened and Mr. Mapes came in.

"Miss Maybelle—you read my note, I suppose. Well, here I've come for you. Will you let me have the pleasure?" He seemed to take it for granted

ed that she would go out with him.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Mapes. I have other plans for my noon hour today, and cannot accept your invitation," was her businesslike refusal. He was plainly surprised, and with the instinct of jealous natures at once suspected the cause.

"I'm sorry, Miss Maybelle," was all he said.

Following her a few minutes later he saw her hurrying toward the eastern doorway of the great building, where she met and timidly shook hands with a young man. Mapes lost trace of them in the swift current of the crowd.

"Don't you think we ought to be introduced?" Maybelle asked her escort.

"Why, I hadn't thought of that. We already know each other's names. I'm Romeo—so—you're Juliet, don't you know?" he laughed.

She did not exactly understand, but persisted in her own way.

"I mean," she said seriously, "it isn't right for me to be walking with you when we don't even know each other."

"Do you mean to say you don't know who I am?" he laughed. "I found out your name a week ago, Miss Maybelle Kinney. Well, anyway, I'm Tom Wendell, alias Romeo, and right here's where I feed every day at 12:15. Will you step in?"

It was one of those restaurants where an orchestra played dreamy melodies and harmonies that suggested moonlight, springtime, love and romance. In the eyes of the young man she saw these things reflected.

So this was the beginning. Mapes never had another chance at the noon hour. The girl and Tom were always together then, and often they met after closing hours and on holidays.

One day Tom dropped in at her office, where he was clandestinely admitted by Daniel.

"How do you like this one?" asked Tom when they were alone. He slipped a delicate little band of ornamented platinum set ablaze with a pure blue-white diamond upon her finger. It flashed in a thousand hues the brilliant glory of the sunlight slanting through the magic window where he had first seen her.

The door behind them stealthily opened and the round face of Daniel beamed at the lovers.

"Say!" comically whispered young Wade as they wheeled around at him. "Here's where you kids ride on the band wagon! Sis told me to take up a bunch from the office and bring them down for a lark next Saturday night. You know Sis!" he addressed Maybelle understandingly.

"Certainly! did she tell you to invite me?" she asked.

"Yes, she did! She said to tell you to bring along your sign man."

"My what?" cried the girl.

"This guy here that answered my ad," commented Daniel complacently. "The ad, I mean, that I put on a card in your window when you were out."

"What does the crazy kid mean?" Maybelle asked Tom. The young man seemed to see a new light breaking in the eastern part of his memory.

"Why, he means, I guess, the printed sign in your window which first attracted my attention there and made me dream of you nights."

"Explain!" demanded the girl.

"Read it yourself," blatted Daniel, taking from his pocket a worn but neatly-folded sheet of paper. Maybelle was astounded to see printed in large letters:

"HELLO, ROMEO! WHEN AND WHERE CAN WE MEET?"

"Of course I knew you didn't do it," Tom lied to the girl. "But I'm glad somebody started things our way."

GEORGE ELIOT ON PEDESTAL

Great Novelist May Be Said to Have Been Victim of Her "Fool Friends."

The gay world, which forgets everything, has forgotten what a solemn, what a portentous thing was the contemporary fame of George Eliot, Edmund Gosse writes in the London Mercury. It was supported by the serious thinkers of the day, by the people who despised mere novels but regarded her writings as contributions to philosophical literature.

On the solitary occasion when I sat in company with Herbert Spencer on the committee of the London Library he expressed a strong objection to the purchase of fiction and wished that for the London Library no novels should be bought, "except, of course, those of George Eliot."

When she lived critics compared her with Goethe, but to the disadvantage of the sage of Weimar. People who started controversies about "evolutionism"—a favorite Victorian pastime—bowed low at the mention of her name, and her own sound good sense alone prevented her from being made the object of a sort of priggish idolatry. A bigwig of that day remarked that "in problems of life and thought which baffled Shakespeare her touch was unfailing." For Lord Acton at her death "the sun had gone out," and that exceedingly dogmatic historian observed, ex-cathedra, that no writer had "ever lived who had anything like her power of manifold but disinterested and impartial sympathy. If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture, if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, George Eliot might have had a rival."

It is very dangerous to write like that. A reaction is sure to follow, and in the case of the novelist so modest and strenuous herself but so ridiculously overpraised by her friends it came with remarkable celerity.