

Fashions "For VAMPS Only"

Fascinating New Creations from Hats to Shoes Designed to Make the Modern "Heart-Breakers" More Charming Than Ever.



Every Shoe Needs A Vamp Just As Every Vamp Needs Shoes. These Are of Oriental Cloth And Are Called "Flirt" Shoes.

BY BARBARA CRAYDON.

IT is only logical, after all, that clothing has at last been designed for the sole use of "vamps." The most surprising thing about it is that some thought wasn't given this particular kind of apparel long ago. The debutante has many designs from which to choose, the bride even more and the widow is permitted all the range of the designer's fancy as long as she sticks to a sober hue. But the "vamp" has nothing that she can call her own. In fact, it has been charged that that is just what makes her what she is. But, as she has apparently made her debut and is here to stay, it is only right and proper that apparel right and proper should be fashioned for her.

The "vamp" always had a place in human affairs. Even before Cleopatra the role was an old one. The Queen of Sheba showed vampish traits toward Solomon. If not, why did she send him such tantalizing gifts? Only the word vamp had not then been coined. Sometimes they called them sirens. When the master of the castle remained out all night, and, mayhap, all year, his deserted lady would blame it all on a shapely little sprite which dwelt in the pool of a fountain or amid the slippery crags of a treacherous reef.

"Vamp" is a 20th century word. More, it is a movie word. It was coined for such as Theda Bara. Also, its coinage has had a psychological effect. It has soothed injured feelings and applied a balm to outraged nerves, not unlike the effect of soothing syrup on baby when it's teething. It used to be that "the other woman" caused heartache and sorrow and even more serious complications of sanguinary nature. But since that word "vamp" became a colloquialism the victim of the triangle, having riveted her alimony, laughingly explains to her friend that so-and-so "vamped away" her husband. And the deserted husbands are evincing a like tendency to look lightly upon the flirtations of their wives. Witness the case of A. M. Bootford, New York actor, who not only gave his wife to his friend, Raoul Fleischmann, but actually stood best man at their wedding.

Posed especially for this page were the new fashions for "vamps" only. The most striking of the photographs, most will probably agree, is the translucent tea gown. From the waist down this is the most daring garment that, perhaps, has ever been fashioned. The picture shows how diaphanous it is, plainly revealing the wearer's stockings even beyond the point where most stockings end. It seems to have been modeled with the idea of exaggerating certain features of it through contrast. Compare its transparency with the fur trimming about the neck. The great flowers decorating the waist and sleeves add to its charm.

The new "vamp" hat is large and dashing, plumed, the angle at which its brim shades the face giving it a look that could not be anything but flirtatious. Yet it is strikingly beautiful and adds dignity to its compelling appearance.

Even "vamp" gloves have been designed, long, open-work lace creations which, after all, are nothing but the kind that grandma used to wear. However, as we said before, there were vamps in grandma's time. Who knows but what this very style of glove played its part in the wrecking of some happy home years and years ago?

Cleopatra the First Vamp. As if red lips and a saucy smile are the most effective of the "vamp's" heavy guns and alone are able to achieve desired conquest, comes Dame Fashion with the harem veil, reversed. Instead of showing the eyes and part of the nose, as the harem veil does, this veil displays just the lower part of the face, nose, lips and chin.

There is a touch of the apparel of Cleopatra, that arch "vamp," in the coiffure for the modern heart-breaker. The hair is coiled about the head in heavy, serpentine twists and just below it, encircling the forehead, is a diadem of brilliantia matching the sparkle in the eyes.

"Flirt" shoes of oriental cloth, beautifully decorated, complete the togetherness of the present-day "vamp." Thus she has shoes and dress and gloves and hat and veil and coiffure. So, fully equipped, she is ready to



The Translucent Tea Gown.

sally forth, to do what damage she can to hearts and homes.

But there are all sorts of vampish embellishments which have not been included on this page, improvisations of clever feminine minds intent on beating a rival or melting an adamant heart. Hand-painted spots is one of the novelties, but more effective from the vamping standpoint is the style now in effect in Vienna, Austria, where women wear the portraits of the man they are vamping on their slippers. They insert his photograph just above the toes and it is held by the cross straps.

Going further, we come to the knee watch, worn just below the knee, one of the most popular timepieces ever adopted. Every time the fair wearer consults it a huge throng of men become curious as to the time and crowd about to see if their judgment of what o'clock it is may be verified by the accurate chronometer of the pretty girl.

In Paris a one-piece knitted overall is all the rage, quite diaphanous, one might safely venture. But it is about the most comfortable article of apparel probably ever designed and more than vamps are interested in its success. Hundreds advocate that it be made universal style.

The telexama, differing from the pajama in costliness and the time of its appearance, is also solidly endorsed in Parisian high society. Ladies there entertain in such habitment and make a hit.

The "vamps" are going to every extreme to make their garb effective. According to one authority they are shaving their ankles so that there may not be anything unsightly about the gossamer stockings that are now so popular.

The question of the new styles for "vamps" has met with some warm criticism by guardians of morals. One critic is Mrs. Adele B. Tupper, professor in the Boston university school of secretarial science. She is success indignant over the "vamp" attire of some of the young girls of that city. She says:

"Girls of Boston are as glibly, if not more so, as the girls of any other community in the country when it comes to bad taste in clothes. Go down to State street or Summer street on any other business locality at the lunch hour and see the forest of legs and the landscape of bare chests. Men may like to look at such displays, but they don't want their business hours haunted by them. They aren't getting any dividends on anatomy unlimited."

"It is the extreme style that offends. I believe in silk stockings, if a girl can afford them, and in good clothes always, even at the sacrifice of some other necessity. But good clothes are never extreme clothes. I even believe in rouge for pale women if it is used discreetly and artistically—which doesn't mean gobs of sticky red covered with a tawny snow powder."

"They could reform the clothes and



The Harem Veil, Reversed, Is One of The Newest Accessories of the Vamp.

the complexion of their girl employees over night if they took united action. I predict they will do just that before this season is over, unless the law of selection operates naturally to crowd out the extreme dressers. "Women want to be the equals of men in business, but they never can be until they dress the part," she continued. "They don't have to dress mannishly; on the contrary, they should retain womanliness, but they must dress sensibly."

"The current style in skirts and

This Is The Vamp Coiffure The Hair Is Coiled About The Head Above A Broad Band of Brilliantia.

Jazz Is The Name Applied To The Newest Thing In Gloves These Are Really Lace Mittens Like Grandmother Used To Wear.

It is downright inartistic. Not one girl in ten has the kind of feet and legs that look well in the extremes

of display. Not one in a hundred has the constitution to wear such flimsy things in winter. The display they

NORTHLAND WINTERS AND SNOWSHOES LURE GIRL OF SUNNY SOUTH FROM GEORGIA TOWN

Winter Sports on Canadian Frontier Prove Wonderful Diversion, While in Camp Dan Cupid Shoots One of His Mystic Arrows to Add Heart Romance to Play.

BY BEULAH RECTOR.

FOUR TELEGRAMS demanded answers.

One offered a position in the middle west. A second asked consideration of similar work in Georgia. A third invited to a desert town in Arizona. A fourth set forth the opportunity in a northern city near the Canadian border.

That June morning a trunk had, also, to be unpacked, and while I reassembled its contents I could at the same time review the advantages and disadvantages of those four positions. Kneeling on the floor I lifted out skirts, hats, coat hangers, hooks and then came something hard and unrecognizable in its wrapping of outting flannel. It was one of those articles forgotten with the long-ago day of packing and I regarded it curiously. But removing the cloth revealed a pair of stout skating shoes with shining skates attached. What days—and nights—they brought back! Yet, probably never in that level, mid-western town, less likely in steamy, languid Georgia, certainly not in the gritty, sand-whirling city of the southwest would I ever sit on the edge of a frozen pond by sunlight or starlight, plunge my feet into those cold shoes, lace them in impatience to be on the ice, and then skim forward with the hard, sharp keel beneath.

Were not the skates but a symbol of what was dear and familiar? Did they not speak of icy winters, of that exhilarated, trees that were colored royally in autumn and wore stately mantles of white three months of the year?

Cornelia stood in the doorway. To her a telegram is important, to be neither lightly received nor leisurely answered. "I should think," began Cornelia, "that those people would want to know your answer. Have you decided yet?"

"Yes, I have," rising and shaking out my skirt. "I am going to Northcote, and when winter vacation comes I shall go over the river into Canada for the winter sports."

At that moment, in the imagination, was destiny determined. Autumn passed; hazy days, crisp, energetic mornings, markets overflowed with fruits of royal color, pale corn stacks showed when we drove into the country, grape vineyards rattled with dry leaves. There came a few scanty falls of snow—but no ice. Clearly, it would be necessary to step across the river into the woods if there were to be outdoor sports.

And then one day I was on my way. A winter day, serene, dependable! No worry about thawing, no speculation as to whether the ice will hold until night. Cold? Yes, but cold in

a forthright, honorable fashion that does not leave you shivering and shrinking, and as you settle into a steady gait the blood dances through the veins.

We are to tramp to Stone's place and the captain has taken the precaution to telephone our coming to the housekeeper that she may turn the golden hours over our arrival into juicy roast beef, steaming plum pudding.

The wind cuts across the open places and stings our faces. We turn our backs to the blast and welcome the shelter of a wooded island. Here a cedar leans over the lake's rim with a little length of smooth, clear ice under the protecting branches. A balsam sends us a whiff of its tonic. A hemlock has been nibbled by porcupines and there is a scattering of green beneath.

We leave the lake to cross through the woods. Every weed negligently passed by in summer, but ambitious in spite of it all, now has its reward and stands above the snow with its turf of white. Queen Anne's lace holds a fluff like a cotton plant, and the stumps left by the choppers wear beautifully rounded domes. In and out under low-hung evergreens are the tracks of hares. They have held high carnival here of nights. A field mouse has dragged his thread-like tail. Under a fallen tree there issues a sudden sound of alarm and a great bird startles from the ground and flies to a pine, where we fail to locate him.

The evergreen forest comes to an abrupt end, and at an unexpected opening through green portieres we look out upon another lake spreading away pure white, as yet untrodden, wild. Standing there in the forest doorway looking through the break in the hemlocks you have something of the elation that came to Balboa at the Pacific, and something of the same that forbade his men to speak as they stood on that peak in Darien.

We cross a frozen beaver dam, climb a tough little hill and are in the midst of brushy woods. Suddenly there is a shout from Charlie Davis, who has tried to cross a brook, not too well roofed over, and has sunk to his knees in cold water. He puffs up to the party a little later, his moccasins stiff and uncomfortable, and would like to know just where "we are going." And then, to the spiritual satisfaction of the man with wet feet, he discovers that our guide is carrying his compass and steel gun in the same hand! This leadership is denounced as unreliable and Charlie moves off in his own direction.

A house springs into sight just before we leave the mainland. The

make is merely cheap and vulgar.

"The fault is not with the movies or with the mothers," Mrs. Tupper added, "but with the well-to-do women who set the examples in styles. Clothes high up the social and financial scale are immodest enough, especially in the matter of evening dress, but when those styles have descended a little way they become more so," she thinks.

"Most girls are thoroughly good girls," Mrs. Tupper said, "but, consciously or unconsciously, they are guilty of sex appeal. It hurts them, in the lack of respect felt for them by men who normally would be friendly and courteous."

Out at Zion, Ill., "vamp" costumes with low necks have become so popular, or should we say flagrant, that censors, armed with shawls, are going about covering up the offensive attire. As one newspaper dispatch reported it:

"Two censors, armed with a dozen woolen shawls, were appointed by Wilbur Glenn Voliva, overseer of Zion, to enforce an order against the wearing of low-neck dresses in the Zion tabernacle."

"The censors, Mrs. W. H. Clendinning,

wife of the mayor, and Mrs. T. C. Fihl, are to place a shawl around any woman who violates the order, conduct her from the tabernacle and surrender her to a waiting policeman."

"A sign has been posted across the front of the tabernacle warning Zion women against wearing dresses with out collars, skirts more than three inches above the ankle, open-work stockings, 'X-ray' sleeves or transparent blouses."

It isn't many weeks since a determined effort was made to establish an official deadline beyond which the so-called "vamp fashions" were not to recede. Needless to say it failed. Howard Figg, assistant to the United States attorney-general at Washington, D. C., was appealed to by representatives of the National Garment Retailers' association, who asked him for a ruling to indicate the proper length, or abbreviation, of women's skirts. Mr. Figg very properly declined to indicate whether or not the department of the United States attorney-general had any opinion in the matter. Expressing his own private, personal opinion, he declared that skirts should "at least come below the waist."

barn doors are open and before the weathered gray are shaggy horses harnessed to a sled well stacked with hay, which is to be drawn across the ice—in miles, the first sight of life. Under an arching bridge where the snow has not lain is black, mysterious ice. The moon comes up a shallow gold cradle. Behind the trees is sunset's red and on the snow before us a flush of pink. The distant islands became amethyst. There is the hush of sundown.

The days pass. We have now snowshoed 100 miles in the last two weeks, but tonight is the first time my muscles have made objections. "What can you do for knots like walnuts above your shoetops?" I appeal to the captain.

"Go skating, I guess," he answers, holding his pipe bowl in one hand. "After 16 miles over the snow? Are you joking?" But I say it to myself. One's attitude changes, too, after dinner. After all the captain may know.

One last skate about the snow pile in the center of our rink, and, Murphy at the fore, we face again the single lamplight in all the miles of white country.

"The captain seemed very anxious that we go skating tonight," I venture. "He reminded me of it several times."

"Maybe he wanted the room," suggests the tall man.

I recall the light playing on Margaret MacDuff's hair and the captain's long glances.

"How stupid of me. Of course," I truly the knots above my shoetops have proved a fourfold advantage. And now they are gone.

GUNS ARE MAN'S HOBBY

(Continued from Page 1.)

President Abraham Lincoln. The little pistol made by Colonel Derringer is a 41-caliber cap and ball affair. It can be ascertained but 1500 were ever marketed. A tiny little affair with wicked possibilities is "My Friend," a seven-shot combination revolver and "knuckle duster" with enclosed chambers. This little defender for the person can be turned into a wicked aid for the natural hand in striking a disabling blow if it is not necessary to fire a shot. Bronze was a favored metal for the

pioneer makers of pistols and some splendid examples of this period have been found. One Japanese bronze pistol with an enthralling history but recently came to Whitney from his son who visited the land of the Mikado, and another bronze novelty is a French arm of several decades ago with a cannon muzzle. A beautifully engraved Belgian bronze pistol is one of the prize pieces, for this gun is of perfect balance and exceedingly well sighted for the period in which it was manufactured, and fired its cartridges by means of a pin, a novelty in those days. The smallest gun in the local collection is a baby .22 caliber revolver with folding trigger and the largest pistol is a Merwin and Hulbert army pocket pistol made in 1875 and using .44 caliber rifle ammunition. Reminders of pirate days, when plenty of rum was in the casks and the victims of the daredevil crew were forced to walk the plank before their ship was scuttled, are aroused by gazing at a navy boarding pistol, of a type that was once issued to the United States sailors in the days when all jolly tars wore their hair in pig tails and had rings in their noses if they wanted to have any style at all. Another of the novelties is a very late model of a French automatic target pistol in which a number of unique ideas have been embodied, especially in the matter of balance. Balance has always been one of the main objections to the automatic when it came to a matter of delicate and accurate shooting and the main factor in favor of the automatic has always been its rapidity of fire, even if uncontrolled to a certain extent.

The Whitney collection is a fascinating one to view and is one of the most complete of its kind in the country today. "The guns are not worth much in themselves but their real value lies in the completeness of the collection and the types," was the way in which the owner put it as he fingered his pet, a .22 caliber pocket automatic. "I love guns and have to see them abused, but above all I like to see a man who knows how to handle a gun. If this little hobby of mine will help to arouse some interest in firearms and their use and the necessity for our having a reserve of marksmen in the country I shall be well satisfied."

There is a chance that Mr. Whitney will make it possible for the public to view his treasures at a public exhibition. In addition to this collection there are quite a number of firearms now in the museum cases in the corridors of the city hall.

Radium Changes Precious Stones.

Popular Mechanics.

It is possible to change the color of precious and semi-precious stones by exposing them to the action of radium. A Frenchman who has devoted himself to this study has obtained remarkable results. He bought sapphires of different kinds and put them in a box with a small quantity of radium. At the end of a month the transformations were as follows: White sapphires had become yellow; blue, green; violet, blue; wine-colored stones, red and dark blue, violet.