

**BOUFFANT FROCKS OF TAFFETA;
SHAWLS AND SCARFS FOR EVENING**

MY, OH my! But won't the photographers and portrait artists be kept busy this season? For where is the maiden fair who owns a dress of taffeta as quaint and lovely as the one in this picture, who will not be wanting to have her "picture taken," to "have and to hold" long after tickle fashion turns its attention to some new favorite?

It is a mild rattle of taffeta and a flutter of maline that gowns in dancing its way through this midwinter social whirl. A more picturesque feeling of taffeta than that of bouffant skirts with their semicircular borders has not entered into the mode's program for

flashed along the path of fashion this season! Especially is this true of evening accessories. Not even may the queen of Sheba have been arrayed in more lavish splendor than is the society woman of today in her box at the opera, or at banquet or ball.

As exponents of regal elegance, the new metal cloth or brocade shawls have no peer—for the shawl for evening wear, you must know, has "arrived." Nothing more rarely beautiful has past or present beheld in the way of an evening wrap. To all appearances at least, they are worth their weight in gold. Indeed they are actually made of gold or silver



QUAINT AND LOVELY DRESS OF TAFFETA

many a decade—that is, taffeta for the debutante and her younger sister, with velvet for the robes de style of their elders. Such ravishing colors as are to be had in the new taffetas! Peach, flesh, Nile, orchid, azure blue, silver, maize, white or changeable in opalescent tints, any of these for the choosing!

Just to fill the cup of beauty full to overflowing, an airy-fairy border of maline finishes the bottom of the yards-and-yards-around taffeta skirt. Most often there is just a wide band of transparency, such as adds fascination to this adorable gown in the picture. Not always is the hemline conventionally bordered. A variation in maline hemline is registered in some pretty bridesmaid's frocks designed

cloth or brocade. Note the handsome shawl to the left in the picture. Its center is of multi-colored metal brocade, and it is bordered with gleaming silver tissue for the sides, with squares of cloth of gold at each corner, the entire joined by faggetted hemstitching. Of course, one can make such a shawl at home, that is if one is willing to pay dollars and dollars per yard for the material.

Paris metallic imports include many shawl versions. Some show silver or gold grounds patterned with flowers in brilliant multi-colors. These are bordered in doubled georgette of the dominant coloring in the flowers, and cornered with metal cloth squares.

One could continue indefinitely to tell of the glories of these evening



SHAWLS AND SCARFS ARE POPULAR

for a fashionable wedding to take place during the holidays. There are three of peach color and three of hyacinth blue, all made exactly alike. Quaintly long are the skirts sloping longer to the back. The hemlines are cut in deep scallops, with several tiers of hemstitched maline scalloping to the depth of a quarter of a yard or more.

There's another very special item of beauty which the mode is featuring in connection with the bouffant taffeta skirt and that is a basket of wee flowers appliqued just as this picture shows. This cunning idea has caught the fancy of the stylist, not to mention the young enthusiasts who are to wear these shimmering silken frocks. Ever so many party dresses this season are guaranteed with dower-basket motifs.

Such gorgeoussness as is being

shawls; there are the Italian hand-painted shawls, the Spanish all-over embroidered types, both deeply fringed—but what of the new maline scarfs? They are too adorably lovely to lightly pass by.

It is "all the rage" to swath one's decollete shoulders and throat in maline with long, fluttering scarf ends. Fresh is by far the preferred color, but even so there is many a vivid green and gray flame or coral shade or hyacinth blue scarf of maline now to harmonize or contrast the frock. Sometimes the maline has a spangled border as is pictured in the figure to the right. For a maline scarf to wrap around the shoulders as in the picture, buy two yards. It requires a half-yard more to encircle the throat bringing the long ends to the front.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY
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**HE SAW
THE BAITED
TRAP**

By TREMONT FLAGG

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"I GUESS we'll let the boy see what poverty's like," said close-fisted old Simon Granger to his wife.

Maria Granger agreed. She was a typical product of Newburgh, a manufacturing town of two hundred thousand souls, as one might say. The Grangers, by virtue of Simon's four million dollars, acquired in the packing business, stood at the head of the aristocracy, although the Barry-Smiths ran them close, old Jim Smith, or Jim Barry-Smith, as his wife came to be known, owning some three millions acquired in the paper game.

When Tom Granger announced his decision to become an author there was consternation. In the end his father gave him the choice between entering the packing business and earning his own living.

"He'll soon come to his senses, ma," he told his wife.

There was consternation also in the Barry-Smith household. Maud Barry-Smith was considered as good as engaged to Tom. The union would establish the two families at the top of the Newburgh social register. Maud, a heartless, shallow society girl up-braided Tom sternly.

"Don't be a fool, Tom!" she said. "Are you going to throw away all those millions? If you must write, do it at home, in your spare time."

Tom felt cut to the quick at the girl's defection. He, too, had grown up in the idea that some day he was to do what had been drilled into him ever since he could remember—marry Maud. However, he could not give up the plan, the great plan for the great novel.

So he left the parental household with about twenty dollars in his pocket, ostensibly bound for New York. However, he knew that he could live unknown in a less secluded part of Newburgh, and he had no intention of seeking his fortune in the metropolis. He went to a cheap boarding house not two miles from his home, and disappeared from the ken of his old associates.

"When you're ready to enter the packing business my home's open to you," his father had said.

The first three weeks Tom spent writing senselessly. Then he awakened to the fact that his money was gone. His landlady, a kind-hearted woman named Elkins, took him to task.

"Writing may earn money," she said doubtfully. "But a young man wants to get a job. A steady job. Now, why don't you speak to Mr. Rogers on the fourth floor. He was saying only yesterday that there's going to be a vacancy in his insurance office for a couple of men."

Tom obeyed, because he had obeyed most of his life, and the upshot was that he found himself engaged at fifteen dollars a week on the clerical staff. And there his life began.

To come home on Saturday nights, with fifteen dollars of actual earnings, with seven over when his board was paid gave him a sense of strange and delightful independence. He had a good stock of clothes; he had no worries. And night after night he worked steadily at his book. He was depicting Newburgh, because it was all he had known, except for his years at college, which had left only a hazy impression. And because it was so simple the book was really great.

At home his worldly mother worried a little about him, and his father dismissed him from his mind, and Maud Barry-Smith made up her mind that she must get married that year, whether Tom returned or not.

Tom's eyes were opened to the meaning of American life. He lived and worked in an old-fashioned part of the city, not far from the roaring arteries of traffic, yet secluded as if it were a century ago. And the people whom he met, honest young working fellows and quiet families, were as different as possible from those of the old life, which seemed so far away. And if ever he had felt a tenderness for Maud Barry-Smith it was forgotten as soon as he set eyes on his landlady's daughter, Elsa.

Elsa was a girl of twenty, and studying stenography to help support her mother. Tom was amazed at the limitations of her knowledge. After a while it dawned on him that her limitations were precisely in those things of which he had never taken any account.

She was quite ignorant of flashy restaurant life and hotels, of New York gayeties and automobiles. But how happy they were when they went together to the theater, on Saturday nights, occupying seats at the thought of which Maud or any other of her set would have turned up their aristocratic noses! And the occasional Sunday afternoon together, upon the meadows, after church!

The young man was drifting into a very serious love affair when an amazing thing happened. He had finished the book and sent it to a publisher, who had accepted it, much to his surprise, though he knew nothing of the difficulties of first books. But, two months later, he found himself famous.

All the papers were full of the young author who had been satisfied to stay at home and write of the local town. His photograph was in every Sunday

issue. He was interviewed. More satisfactory, he received a check, in first payment, for seven thousand dollars.

Very soon his mother descended in triumph upon him and baled him forth with kisses and reproaches. Tom, who lived in a vague world (as always), in which the central figure was Elsa, had a misty vision of a tear-stained face, and a memory of his promises to return.

"He'll never return," said practical Mrs. Elkins. "He's the best ever, but—what's the use? I know human nature, Elsa. So dry your eyes and don't be a little goose!"

At home Tom's father descended to invite him to resume his life with the family. The neighbors, who thought a good deal of a man who could make good in the writing business, resolved to forget the scandal of his departure. Maud Barry-Smith released a tentative millionaire from her clutches.

"I knew you'd make good, Tommy," she said, and looked meaningfully at him.

Tom was too much absorbed in the plans for his second novel to read that light in her eyes. But everybody took the engagement for granted. They began to discuss the date of the wedding.

Tom had a constant vision of Elsa's tear-stained face. But, unpractical as ever, he only meant to return as soon as he had done his duty toward his family. Meanwhile his book absorbed him. Then one day the storm burst.

"When are you going to ask Maud to be your wife?" his mother asked fondly. "You see, we don't want to hurry you, Tom, but people are beginning to talk, and—"

Tom felt a devil of craft enter his heart. All at once he saw the baited trap that awaited him.

"Oh, yes, mother," he answered vaguely.

When she had gone he stole downstairs. Like a thief he left the house, gained the street, and took a street car. Half an hour later he stood, with desperate intent, before the overjoyed Mrs. Elkins. And Elsa, entering, saw them there.

Tom heard her step, he turned and grasped her in his arms.

"Tom!" she protested.

"I came to ask you to marry me at once!" cried Tom. "At once, Elsa, dear."

"But you two aren't engaged!" exclaimed Mrs. Elkins, scandalized.

"Now see here!" Tom burst out. "I guess we all got on together pretty well when I lived here, didn't we? Well—I want Elsa. And I'm determined to have her. And those people the other side of Newburgh have got a plan for me to marry somebody else. I didn't see it, because I never see things. But it seems that it's all fixed, cut and dried, and—and it's up to you two to help me out."

"Mr. Granger, you're perfectly absurd!" exclaimed the mother.

Tom turned to Elsa, who, oddly enough, was still half in and half out of his embrace.

"I know I'm a fool. I can't understand life. I can only write about it," said Tom. "I wish I knew how to ask you properly, but—Elsa, dear, won't you overlook my stupidity and tell me that you'll marry me? Yes, and take care of me. I want to marry you before they find I'm here and yank me away."

"Tom, do you love me?" the girl demanded, looking him very straight in the face.

"I never loved anyone if I don't," said Tom.

"Then—yes, dear," said Elsa. "Because I love you with all my heart."

"Then I'll take charge," said Mrs. Elkins. "I believe you two were just made for each other, and you want somebody to look after you, Tom, you dear, foolish boy, because—"

And she burst into tears at the thought of the happiness in store for the young pair, and their love, which was to carry them through the uncharted seas of marriage.

When, three hours later, Tom and Elsa found themselves husband and wife, and emerged into the late summer sunshine from the little church, photographers came hurrying up with cameras. Their path was blocked—that magic path to the station and the honeymoon land.

"Look!" gasped Mrs. Elkins, staring at a newspaper which somebody held before her.

Under the caption "Author's Runaway Marriage" she saw the photographs of the bride and groom.

Then, through the crowd, scattering it, came an automobile, and Tom's parents hurried themselves to the ground.

"Stop the marriage if it isn't too late!" exclaimed the father.

"It is too late," said Mrs. Elkins, planting herself squarely in front of him.

"Hurrah!" yelled a street urchin, capering before them.

"You hear that, Simon?" asked Tom's mother, with cold rage. "Our son has disgraced our name again, and irreparably. I wash my hands of him forever more."

"Madam," asked Mrs. Elkins, "pray may I ask, have you ever done anything else?"

But neither the anger nor the silence reached Tom's ears. For already, with Elsa, he was traveling the flowery meads of honeymoon land, which reaches, if one can find the way, to the slopes of paradise.

Banish Worry!

Worry is evidence of an ill-controlled brain; it is merely a stupid waste of time in unpleasantness. If men and women practiced mental callisthenics, as they do physical callisthenics, they would purge their brains of this foolishness.—Arnold Bennett

**Daddy's Evening
Fairy Tale**
By Mary Graham Bonner

MORE BLIZZARD

"But I'm really too warm," John said. He was as firm as Trotty about not taking the extra wrap after they had upset in the sleigh because of the blizzard. Certainly the party for which they were headed was in the far distance. The boys and girls would wonder what had happened.

They stamped about a little then—just to warm their feet before they got back into the sleigh, was what they said, though both knew that the other was afraid of frozen feet—not because of the after pain, but because of the inconvenience frozen feet might be.

They got back into the sleigh then, covered themselves over with the rug which was heavy with snow right after shaking it out. Then slowly, they made their way back, hopefully to the main road.

Daniel was doing all he could now to help. He seemed to be trying to



They Stamped About a Little.

peer through the snowy darkness to make sure of the path.

"Not cold, are you?" John asked.

"Not a bit," Trotty answered. "Are you?"

"Warm as toast," John answered.

Pretty cold toast, Trotty thought to herself, but there was nothing in John's voice to detect anything but comfort. He was too plucky to want to appear plucky. She had, it was true, gloried in having him admire her presence of mind.

She thought of suggesting that they put on their other shoes—which were for the party—but realized that they would get so cold in changing them.

They would have to take off their gloves, and the air was too cold for that. It made Trotty shiver just to think of it. So they drove along. At last they came to the road. They could just make it out in the blinding snow.

"Here's where I made the wrong turn before," John said.

Daniel acted as though he felt relieved to be back on the road again. He went along with a sureness as though he was well aware that the difficulties were over. It would be hard now, but the dangers of that terrible place in the center of the woods were past. He had felt trapped there without means of escape. And the more trapped he felt, the more he had reared and stood up to try to push aside the trap.

Yes, Daniel certainly felt relieved now.

On and on for miles until they saw a light in the first house down the road.

"Do you think we'd better stop, John?" Trotty asked. She had wanted to go ahead before, and John had been wiser than she. She, like Daniel, did not want to make a second mistake.

"No," said Trotty. "I don't believe so. I was late because mother was out and I had to do quite a lot. The children won't remember that we left so shortly before the storm came on. But the others would worry if we didn't turn up—unless they might think we hadn't started. But they were certain we were coming."

"Yes," John said, "even if we had turned back at first we would have worried them, I'm afraid."

So they passed the house with the light in it, feeling as though they were pushing aside warmth and comfort when it was theirs for the asking. But neither of them said a word about it. Only, just a little after they had passed the house, Trotty turned her head slightly to see if she could still make out the light through the snow.

John turned and looked at her.

"Trotty, you're a brick," he said. And once more she glowed with happiness at the praise.

"We'll stop for a bit at the next house," he said a little later. "That's only about three miles down. It will do us all good. Daniel can get dried down, and have his supper and we can have some toast and tea—maybe they'll have jam and a bit of finnan haddie."

But just before this part of the journey was almost over the wind started in once more with a new zest and vim. Wildly, wildly, once more it blew. Up swirled the snow, meeting the falling snow and dancing with it in a frenzy all its own. Was the blizzard really over?

The Kitchen Cabinet

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For great and low there's but one test:
"Tis that each man shall do his best.
Who works with all the strength he can
Shall never die in debt to man."
—Edgar Guest.

SANDWICHES IN SEASON

Sandwiches are always in season, but during the cold winter days the more substantial and filling ones are liked.



Beefsteak Sandwiches.—Have round steak cut one-half inch thick. Trim off fat and cut into uniform pieces. Pound with the edge of a saucer until the meat is almost in shreds (but not separated), first on one side and then on the other. Pan-broil the steaks in a hissing hot pan with some of the fat. Season well with salt, pepper and butter and lay on thin slices of white bread well buttered. Serve at once with hot coffee.

Tongue, Ham and Mustard Sandwiches.—Finely chop cold boiled ham, tongue and mustard pickle, a cupful each of the meat and one-third of a cupful of pickles. Mix well and add salad dressing to moisten. Spread on buttered rye bread.

Nut Bread and Cream Sandwiches.—To one cream cheese add very thick cream and work until of the consistency to spread. Season with salt, cayenne and paprika. Add one-third of a cupful of seeded layer raisins chopped. Spread thinly sliced nut bread with creamed butter. Spread half the slices with a generous layer of the cheese and cover with another slice. Serve with a raisin on top of each triangle.

Chicken, Ham and Olive Sandwiches.—Finely chop the breast of cold cooked chicken. There should be one cupful. Finely chop cold boiled ham, leaving some of the fat in it. There should be a cupful of the ham. Chop large green olives, using one-half cupful. Mix together thoroughly and moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Use as a filling on buttered white bread sandwiches.

American Chop Suey.—Take a cupful or two of leftover beefsteak or a combination of cooked pork and steak, add it to a saucepan with two or three tablespoonfuls of oil and a chopped onion, cook until the onion is yellow, then add two cupfuls of diced celery and one small green pepper minced fine. Cover with water and simmer for an hour. Serve with hot seasoned rice as a border with chop suey sauce, two to three tablespoonfuls poured over all.

Bread and Butter Sandwiches.—Cut fresh white bread as thin as possible, spread generously with maitre d'hotel butter, press together in pairs and cut into narrow strips. Serve with the meat or fish salads.

Seasonable Dishes.
A nice dish for a supper or luncheon that will be enjoyed by all, is:

Creamed Salmon.—Remove the bones from a can of salmon and spread on a platter. Prepare a rich cream sauce, using one-half cupful each of cream and milk, thicken with one tablespoonful of flour, season with salt to taste. When well cooked pour over the salmon. Rice three medium-sized potatoes and cover the cream. Sprinkle with salt and paprika and small pieces of butter. Place in the oven in a dripping pan with a little water and heat until hot, or brown the potatoes on the oven grate.

Whole-Wheat Bread.—Take two cupfuls of scalded milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and one compressed yeast cake softened in one-half cupful of tepid water. Mix and add six cupfuls of whole-wheat flour. Pour the scalded milk on the butter, sugar and salt; when lukewarm add the softened yeast cake and the flour. Knead lightly for five minutes. Let rise until double its bulk, shape into loaves, let rise again and bake.

Potato Muffins.—Take three small potatoes, boiled and mashed, one cupful of warm milk, one-fourth compressed yeast cake, two eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of lard, one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of sugar. Set at 11 o'clock and at 4 in the afternoon roll out the dough and cut with a small biscuit cutter. Set to rise and when light bake. Mix up and knead when the sponge is set, adding flour enough to handle.

Herring Salad.—Take two good-sized herring cut into little dice, add three diced apples, three boiled potatoes, three small onions chopped, one pound of lean boiled beef, cut into small pieces. Add pepper, salt and vinegar to taste.

Peanut Butter Fudge.—Take two and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-third of a cupful of corn syrup, one-half cupful of milk and one-half cupful of peanut butter. Boil to the soft ball stage and set away to cool. Stir until creamy, drop by spoonfuls on a buttered sheet.

Nellie Maxwell