

# You can make this \$35 dress for only \$9.84



By Elizabeth Biddle

Illustration by Alice Seipp

**W**OULDNT you like to have the beautiful crepe satin dress shown on the right?

Can't you just picture yourself wearing it to a party, an informal dance, or when visitors call of an evening? How proud you would be—how happy! It would seem almost like a dream come true.

No—no! Don't say "you can't afford it." For this time—you can! There is an easy, fascinating way for you to have not only this dress, but many others just as pretty, for one-third or one-fourth of what you have been accustomed to paying.

Take this single dress as an example. It would cost at least \$35 in the shops. Yet you can make it yourself for only \$9.84. Here is the exact cost of the materials:—

3 yards of brown crepe satin at \$2.25.....	\$6.75
1 yard of brown georgette crepe.....	1.50
Beads, thread and fasteners.....	.94
1 yard spider silk lining.....	.65
Total.....	\$9.84

Oh, I know you are going to say you never could do it. But that is only because you do not know about the simply wonderful method of teaching dressmaking and millinery developed by the Woman's Institute. It is different from any other method you have ever seen or heard of. No matter how little experience you may have had, even though you know nothing at all about sewing, you can quickly learn to make blouses, dresses, skirts, suits, coats, lingerie, hats, children's clothes—everything you desire for yourself, your family and others.

Not only that, but in a few short months you can acquire so thorough a knowledge of dressmaking and millinery that if you have ever dreamed of taking up either of these dignified, well-paying professions as a business, or of having a cozy little exclusive shop of your own, the way will be easy. Many students of the Woman's Institute earn \$20, \$25, \$30, and even \$40 a week!

And the delightful part of it all is that you do not have to sacrifice a minute from your household or social duties or give up your present occupation in order to learn. By the Woman's Institute method, you learn right in the comfort and quiet of your own home and you apply your newly acquired skill immediately to your everyday sewing needs.

It certainly is a wonderful new and easy method and you ought to know about it. Best of all, there is not the slightest doubt about your ability to learn. More than 150,000 women and girls in city, town and country, in all circumstances and of all ages, have proved by the garments they have made and the dollars they have saved the success of the Institute's methods.

## Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet "Dressmaking Made Easy"

**I**T tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses, and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats, and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

Use the coupon below or write a letter or post card to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 6-L, Scranton, Penna. A copy of this handsome booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

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Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

- ☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery  
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....  
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



## WITHOUT THE LAW

(Continued from page 39)

"Isn't he going the wrong way? The Chateau is straight ahead!" he laughed.

"Dear Miss Simplicity!" he laughed. "You forget to-morrow is election day, and I am naturally suspicious by nature. Even with your promise I must ask—'How if our friend the Commissioner should happen to be commissioned to tip off your husband's agents, and they should follow and disturb our little party?' No—there is a little place I know where we will be undisturbed—but it lies the other way!"

Gwenyth Price leaned back in the corner, as though his very presence were a contamination. He realized that he had been a little previous in playing his hand so strongly, but a singular exultation dominated him—an anticipatory sense of triumph and power.

Lights gleamed in the blackness of a rather lonely countryside.

"Here we are," said Jerry McGinnis.

He helped her out. She went mechanically, hardly noticing that the headwaiter who showed them to a private room, seemed not only cringing obsequious but had something of the air of a frightened rabbit.

"Will you step in here, please, a moment?" The man held aside a drapery that covered the entrance to a small apartment which a brass sign proclaimed to be the "Ladies' Reception Room."

"Isn't our room and the meal ready, Gaspard?" asked Jerry, frowning. "I phoned long enough in advance!" Nevertheless, he stepped within, taking Gwenyth Price's arm in a possessive way. He started to make further protest at a delay little to his liking, but stopped short.

THE room was not brightly lighted, but its dim illumination was aided by a flickering fire in the hearth. Two figures sat, facing the fire, very cosily, very comfortably. At first, in the half light, one might take them for two old men, white haired; but closer inspection revealed them as two cherubic persons of opposite sexes!

"Confound it!" whispered Jerry in the girl's ear, and not yet understanding. "Let's get out of here. We're interrupting a family fireside!"

But Gwenyth Price disengaged herself from his grasp, and ran forward, with a little cry of "Mr. Courtenay!"

The cherub rose and greeted her with courtly grace; and, turning, acknowledged Jerry's presence.

"My wife," said Lawyer Courtenay, smiling happily. "Mrs. Price, and Mr. McGinnis, Jr. You don't mind, do you, if we join you at dinner? In fact we've gone to some pains to get here!" He raised his voice. "Gaspard!"

The headwaiter appeared. "You may conduct us to the table, now. I am sure we shall enjoy whatever you have for us! May I offer you my arm, Mrs. Price? Perhaps Mr. McGinnis will escort my wife!"

Jerry, stupefied, did so, but with very bad grace. At the entrance to the private dining-room, however, he slipped back, to vent his wrath on Gaspard; to demand explanations.

"But, m'sieu!" stammered the man. "How should I know? Someone this afternoon telephoned to say: 'You have not forgotten the arrangements for Mr. McGinnis for to-night?' I think, m'sieu that it is at your order, and reply: 'Assuredly, all is ready!' How should I know? And then, besides—"

Jerry interrupted, cursing. He said, presently, in self-communion: "Clever little old devil—I'll bet he phoned the places he knows I have my hand on, until he struck it right!" He grinned, in spite of all his chagrin some element of humor came to him. Well, there was nothing for it but to see it through now, making a bold face of it. To-morrow, the "Clarion" would give him part re-venge at least.

And then, with a fuller realization of

his shattered plans, his amorous intrigue, came snarling wrath. Why did not Gaspard warn him even when they entered; why bow so submissively to old Courtenay? He turned, cursing the little Frenchman, but another figure stood in the place of the headwaiter.

"Easy, son!" said the elder McGinnis. "Just a minute before we go any further with this little comedy! You dirty, low-down skunk! You blackguard, you! So this is what I gave to the world in the guise of a man! I've stood for a lot from you, but when it comes to playing tricks with an innocent, trustful young woman, I'm through! Did you really intend to give her that picture? Oh, I know about it—Courtenay sized it all up pretty well, and came direct to me, like a man! He knew I'd not stand for that. We determined to give you enough rope—but not too much! Tell me, son, and tell me straight—which did you mean to do: fool this girl or betray your father's interests by giving up the cut—eh? Answer me that, sir?"

Eyes met eyes; the son's shifted before the old man's steely glance. McGinnis, Sr., turned away.

"Go," said the elder McGinnis, at last. "Get out of my sight! I could forgive you for betraying me—but this girl—No, stay—give me that picture first and the cut! Is that the lot now?"

"Yes, sir!" Jerry's eyes were sullen. "Now get out—quick!"

The elder McGinnis, the fateful "Campaign ammunition" in his shaking hand, watched his son go; listened to his final footfalls; heard the honking of the motor as it pulled from the curb. Then his heavy head shook once, he sighed, and, straightening himself, he went within the room to join the cherub and his party.

DANIEL P. had somehow kept the conversation in channels that savored of ordinary dinner-table talk. He induced Gwenyth to try the rich cream-of-celery soup set before her. They would not wait, he said, for the others. But his eye roved from time to time to the doorway, in which, presently, the heavy figure of the elder McGinnis was framed. The little lawyer rose, said courteously: "You will join us now, Mr. McGinnis!"

"Thank you, Mr. Courtenay, but I fear I must decline that pleasure. To-morrow, you see—" he smiled a little—"is the day of days. And I may be just in time for the end of the meeting I deserted to come here. Our friend Price will by this time be handing our cajoleries to his west-enders; I fear my last words of admonition must go largely by default!"

The cherub's eyes twinkled. "Mr. McGinnis," he said, "when you proved willing to sacrifice this much to save a nasty situation for your rival's wife, I felt it was only fair you both should share alike. I phoned Mr. Price that his wife had fallen into a nasty trap, and that he would be well advised to get to this place as quickly as he could! That was just over an hour ago. He was just about to go to his meeting. I thought it only fair to you, Mr. McGinnis!"

The politician shrugged his shoulders. "It seems," he said, drily, "that I have come and he hasn't! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Price, I didn't mean to hurt you! Let me go before my hasty tongue betrays a campaign spirit again! But, first, will you accept from the father, a slight atonement for the faults of the son?"

He smiled at her, that famous smile that won him more votes than honeyed words could do.

"These are the only proofs, I believe, Mrs. Price. May I suggest that you destroy them?"

He was gone before she could even thank him.

THEY sat, after that, in comparative silence, eating but little. Gwenyth could hardly touch a thing, for all that the cuisine was excellent.