

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

Solving the Problem of Transforming an Old Serge Dress into a New One-Piece Frock.

This morning I was up early and spent the day with Joe Wentworth. I had promised, ages ago, to help her make a one-piece serge dress like the one I made for Cicely.

Joe's middle name is "system," so she had everything in readiness. By 10 o'clock we were sewing away as if our lives depended upon it.

Half of the serge we used for the frock was old, and half was new. Joe's dark blue frock of last season was a hopeless-looking affair, so she didn't wear it much. One day she ripped it apart, wadded the material and pressed it while it was quite damp. It came out like new. She bought more serge to match, then asked me to help make the dress over.

Several weeks ago I sent Cicely a one-piece frock for school wear. Joe raved about it, so we decided to make hers on the same order.

Using the new serge I cut a front panel that extends from the shoulders to the hem, widening out at the bottom. The frock fastens down the back, so to complete the bodice, two underarm sections and two for the back were needed.

I fitted a bodice lining of white silk rather snugly to Joe's figure and built the serge bodice on it.

Joe loves wide skirts. I cut this one so that it would have quite a flare about the hem and gathers enough at the waistline to make it graceful and smart. This meant that all but the front seams were sewed.

When the sections were machine-stitched together and the skirt fitted across the back and sides I applied the front panel. Joe had outlined the sides of the panel with a single row of black silk braid an inch in width, and had cut a V-shaped piece from the top to make a becoming neck line.

Then I turned the frock over to Joe to work on while I made the sleeves. I cut them long and rather tight with cuffs that flare over the hands. Joe's hands are too long and bony to be beautiful, and such a sleeve hides their defects. I finished them about the same with eight rows of silk braid, narrower than that used on the panel, and six bullet buttons covered with the braid.

Then I made a belt to extend across the back and sides of the frock, stitching at the edges. Joe sewed six rows of braid across the front of the panel—in horizontal lines—just above the waistline. This trimming was decidedly effective, so I repeated it in nine rows at the sides of the skirt.

After the sleeves were stitched in at the armholes I slipped the frock on Joe and turned up a deep hem. She blind-stitched it in place—I never saw a machine-stitched hem—and sewed a row of skirt braid about the edge to keep the serge from wearing.

Joe sewed a row of bullet buttons, matching the one on the sleeves, down the back of the frock, while I made a detachable sailor collar of white broadcloth, which can be laundered when it soiled.

The frock was all finished but the sewing of the neck line when I left for home.

In the meantime the "Editor Man" had arrived, unannounced. He blind-stitched it in place—I never saw a machine-stitched hem—and sewed a row of skirt braid about the edge to keep the serge from wearing.

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FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE SHOCKS

When You Politely Hold Open the Door for the Next Person and Find That She Regards You as a Public Convenience.

Imagine, if you can, what the poor bride and groom undergo in that narrow, darkened box as the camel moves slowly along in its erratic way, bobbing and pitching like a derelict in a stormy sea. Add to this the "bubbling" noise of the camels, and now and then throw in for good measure the shrill trills of the ladies of the party—presumably a sound indicating great rejoicing! Rather an eerie experience for a wedding journey, but Egyptian lovers don't mind.

HOW ST. VALENTINE'S DAY WAS NAMED

St. Valentine's Day received its name from a priest who befriended the martyrs in the persecutions of Claudius II, and was in consequence beaten with clubs and finally beheaded on Feb. 14, 270. In time Pope Julius built a church in his honor in Rome, which gave its name to the nearby gate, "Porta St. Valentini," and now known as "Porta del Popolo."

It happened that the 15th of February

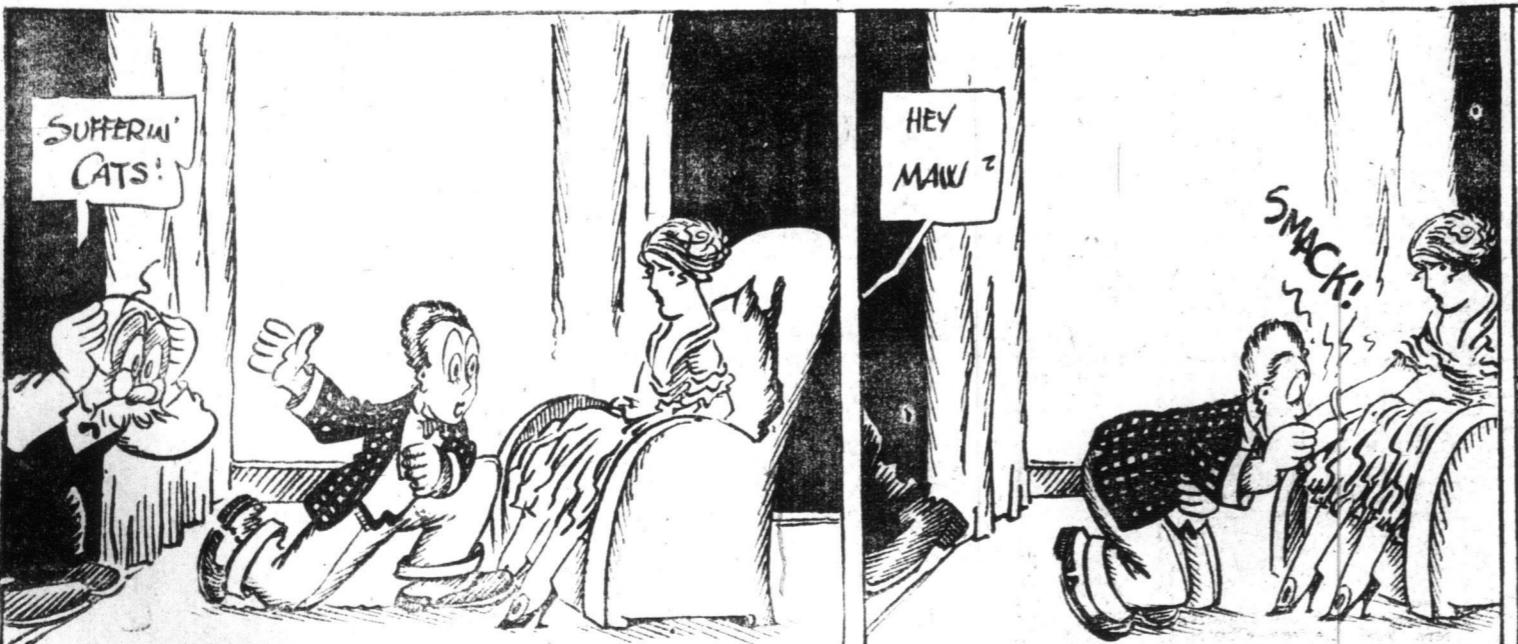
BEAUTY DOCTOR TELLS SECRET

Detroit Beauty Doctor Gives Simple Recipe to Darken Gray Hair and Promote Its Growth.

Miss Alice Whitney, a well-known beauty doctor of Detroit, Mich., recently gave out the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken gray hair, promote its growth and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlax Compound and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of the hair, and relieve itching and dandruff."

Polly and Her Pals

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Ashur Would Be a Great Comedian as "Hamlet"

I TOLD YOU THAT MOVIE PITCHER "HAM" WAS NINETY-NINE PERCENT "MERVE" HES POPPUSIN TO POLLY!

POPPUSIN! MERCY SAKES!

SORRY TO IMPOSE ON YOUR GOOD NATURE, POLLY BUT I PROMISED THE DIRECTOR I HAVE THAT "LOVE SCENE" DOWN FINE FOR TOMORROW MORNING!

GLAD TO DO IT, PHILIP! THATS THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A MOVIE REHEARSAL!



THE FORMAN MYSTERY

By GEORGE HUGHES.

(Continued from yesterday.)

"You didn't stay long enough to see what was the matter with your mistress, I suppose?"

"No, sir, I was terrified. I saw the blood on the carpet, and the sight of it sent me nearly crazy. I felt that I would faint before I got out of the room."

"You are sure that you picked nothing up while in the room?" persisted Warrenner.

"No, sir," Nora's reply was emphatic and convincing.

"Funny!" he murmured, and lapsed into silence. Slowly he stroked his chin. His eyes were apparently staring on the wall-paper, but his brain was busily engaged in seeking for elucidation in the enshrouding darkness.

Abruptly, he enquired:

"Where is Mrs. Forman?"

"She is away for a few days visiting friends."

"And Miss Forman, the elder?"

"What business is that of yours?"

III.

Startled, Warrenner swung around at the interruption. He was amazed at what he saw. Framed in the back doorway was the tall figure of a woman garbed in black, her dark hair surmounted by a hat the white plume of which almost brushed the top of the casement. Her pose was regal, her manner imperious. Her face had the pallor of the white boa which encircled her neck, her lips were compressed tightly, and her large, dark eyes were eloquent in their studied contempt.

"A statue of ice!" Warrenner caught himself murmuring. And even his admiration at her physical splendor was subordinated to a curious feeling of regret at her iciness.

Suddenly, however, he remembered himself. His eyes dropped, embarrassment seized him, and he mentally castigated himself for being so unmanly as to stare at her. Evidently she noticed his change of manner, for she remarked scathingly:

"Now that you have come to your senses, Sir Boor, perhaps you will explain your presence in this house at this time of the night! Or, better still—before Warrenner could speak—"

"You Nora, may be able to furnish an explanation for this unseemly intrusion and why this person is with you in this house at this hour?"

Miss Forman's tone was chill and condemnatory, and Warrenner instantly seized her. Her emphasis on "this person" alluding to himself, made him so angry that he wanted to swear. But he curbed his inclination by a supreme effort of self-control, and replied:

"Miss Rafferty will do nothing of the sort!" His words were hot and biting.

"My presence in this house is perfectly legitimate. You shall listen," as Miss Forman, with a curl of her lip, turned aside, an act indicative of her intention to ignore his explanation. She turned back at his declaration, and he related his story quickly, religiously keeping to the bare details.

"My sister—Ethel—dead!" broke from Miss Forman, as Warrenner uttered the fatal words. She stood before him, rigid, on her face the frozen look which suggests the inanimation of death. Her eyes were cold as the Arctic snows, her lips a pencil-line on a mask of white.

Her unattractive attitude both vexed and perplexed Warrenner. Standing there, she appeared to him more like a statue of ice than ever. Whether her apparent lack of emotion was due to shock attendant upon the dreadful news she had received, or whether it was just pure callousness, he did not know. But all the same, he found himself muttering, "She has no heart, no heart at all!"

Presently, however, animation returned, and without either a word to or a look at Warrenner or the servant, she strode across the hall and halted momentarily at the door of the room in which on a night of her sister lay.

Warrenner watched her silently. She stood with her back to him, staring into the room, his eyes caught a glimpse of the hem of her dress. It was plentifully bedaubed with mud. Her shoes, too, held their share of the cloying substance.

Her entrance thus the back door gave an adequate explanation for her muddled condition, but for the life of him he could not understand why she had elected to tramp thru the mud to the house of the man whom the front of the house was cleaner and nearer.

Miss Forman was absent in the room for less than five minutes. As she re-entered the hall Warrenner was astonished to see that her face had lost none of its pallor, and bore no signs of grief, as one would expect to observe on the countenance of one who had so recently gazed upon the dead face of a loved one. But there was a different look in her eyes. Where before they had been cold, now they held a hint of menace in their depths, but toward whom the menace was directed Warrenner had not the slightest idea.

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Lifebuy Soap is always on guard against dirt and disease. In the home, at your work, for hands and face, for shampoo and bath it will be found always on the watch against germ and microbe. Withal, the rich, creamy Lifebuy lather makes it a real pleasure to use this "super soap."

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