

## BOYS AND GIRLS IN GALA ATTIRE

Charming essence, half doll, half fairy, pervades the new party things for juveniles. The girl's things especially have this quality, but the little boy suits for gala occasions are not far behind in classiness, velvet costumes with rich lace collars, and white cloth ones equally handsome now being their privilege.

All of this finery, the smart child's wardrobe is bound to include, for, beginning with Halloween, child parties are a marked feature of fashionable winter life. Then dancing is now a necessary part of juvenile education, and if there are few occasions for gala raiment there is always the afternoon dance or early evening affair. At these genteel functions, little lads and lasses are taught the first requirements of social life—politeness, grace, and the easy wearing of fine clothes. So, take them all in, the raiment is really a necessary influence, and especially for the sensitive child should the toilette be carefully considered.

No lot is too nice to be without a party-get-up, for at the birthday festival even the creeping baby has his ribbon shoulder knots, his gold brooch and chain and dainty kid boots. His dress is of lingerie materials, with much fine needlework, and if he is strong enough to endure it his fat neck and arms go bare.

At the age of three the smart child is already a personage, a long bolice frock with a frilled skirt that shows all of her bare knees, and that is held out at the back with enormously wide sailor collar, constituting one of her smart costumes. This has usually short puff sleeves, or else those in elbow length, with the little neck square, round, or else showing a high unlined gump. Fine lawn and lace, embroidered swiss and silks in children's forms are materials used, and sometimes the white wash frock has a frilled skirt with matching ribbons. As soon as the hair is long enough to be held out at the back with smaller bows at each side. And with all this a gold chain and locket, simple bangle or bracelets, elegant strap slippers and silk stockings. As to these last, the smallest girls wear socks, to which small ballet shoes give an more dainty and captivating air; for American houses are so warm that the child runs no danger from this delightful and fashionable nakedness.

Perhaps the prettiest girl age of all to dress is seven years. The spindling slimmest which comes at this time sets off the burst into maiden finery, and, when the toilette is French it may show a matchless elegance. Indeed, though all the other things are pretty, the French frock ranks first, for it almost invariably possesses the right degree of simplicity. Material is more sparingly used than with the domestic things, which sometimes seem a little too voluminous and are never too long nor too wide, and trimmings show that delicate restraint necessary for child dress.

A group of admirable designs shown by an importer of smart juvenile wear are pictured by the smaller of the week's drawings. These are for ages from three to seven, and all are excellent models for the sewing mother to copy.

The dress of the three-year-old who stands with her fat bare arms behind her back of pale pink muslin with a high yoke of thin French lace. The socks are white silk and the strap slippers pink kid, and a pink taffetas bow is worn in the hair. A very smart dress for a girl of five is of white liberty over pale blue silk. This is shown by the little figure at the right of the picture, whose such, which is of blue blue taffetas, ties at the front. Tucks silk embroidery and narrow frills trim this smart get-up, which is worn with blue kid shoes, blue silk stockings and a blue hair bow.

The two older figures display dresses for seven-year-olds, both being of white lingerie material with the embroidery and lace, and ribbon sashes and hair bows. The ribbons of the toilette at the right are in deep rose pink, the pink silk under slip and shoes and stockings matching. Cherry-red ribbon is worn with the second dress, which is over white, strap boots in the same brilliant color going with this.

By the same shop were shown some dresses so elegant that it was thought advisable not to show them in picture.

Still, as some mothers may be able to afford such splendour, and it is all bound to be worn, a word as to them, too. One toilette for a girl of no more than seven was entirely of white silk tulle with the skirt and low bodice wreathed with garlands of tiny pink rosebuds. A head wreath of the same flowers went with this. The second dress was of fine white net, and lace, over a slip of silver tissue, fragile silver embroideries running over the entire gown. And with this fairy, moon light loveliness, a coiffure ornament that would turn any grave-eyed child into an angel. This was a bandeau of white satin decked at the two sides with close knots of silver rosebuds. Altogether the little French toilette struck the last note of extravagant elegance, and for children of fortune they were without doubt possessions to be desired. But for wearing qualities, and pure good sense, a white lingerie frock or one of simple silk would be a far better investment.

After the seventh year, for some reason or other, girl party frocks become simpler, till at sixteen they have a more modesty. Neck and arms, too, are not so generously displayed by the older age, slight V cuts or Marguerite squares and three-quarter sleeves distinguishing most bodices. Up to nine the skirt is very short, but after that it be-

lieved the most beautiful handwork. Thin silks, such as mesaline, lousine and chiffon taffetas are much used for gala above frocks. Puffings of the same material, wide tucks and simple laces deck these frocks, which are thought prettier in white or single color. When all of white liberty, which takes especially well to heavy tucks, the party dress is as useful as handsome, for this cleans like the proverbial rag, and the material is very durable. For girls who require a gayer note, dresses of embroidered or dotted Swiss over color are very pretty, broad sashes and hair bows in the lining tint making these very festive. Narrow laces are also used to edge the frills, some of which may be gathered at the center, producing a charmingly fluffy effect.

But if only one party frock can be afforded there is nothing like silk, and mothers who know the value of the simple Summer patterns wisely lay in materials this time for Winter use. All little striped and spotted and figured silks with a white background are good choices, and since the material is already handsome economies may be made in the way of trimming.

A full skirt, fitted with tucks at the hips and with wider ones and a deep hem bordering it, is an excellent judicious model for these simple silks. The bodices may

As to the party petticoat, the wash thing is invariably required, but lawns and handkerchiefs must show before of lace and embroidery. Open work and plain lace stockings are also worn, many mothers who do not wish to inoculate too much vanity in their daughters preferring them to silk.

Charming details to look for when getting up the party costume are the wide Dresden sash ribbons, whose delicate colorings accord perfectly with white costumes; fine lawn handkerchiefs with narrow Valenciennes borders, and gauze fans made in the shape of flowers.

For the small boy from 4 to 6 who is to wear a velvet suit—black, red or dark blue—a pointed Vandyke collar in handsome lace would be in keeping. With white cloth and pique Russian suits for baby boy collars are of fine embroidery, and the lad who has come to the dignity of a Tuxedo evening suit, which is shown from ages from 12 up, may wear a white pique or silk waistcoat which is his papa's in miniature. For the younger boys the Tuxedo suits have knee trousers; after 14 they are long, patent leather pumps assuming then the exact grown-up stamp. The youth's party tie seems to be a mooted question, for it is as often black satin as of white lawn. Boys from 8 to 12 wear wide scarf ties of bias

## HIS SUDDEN CHANGE

(By Edith M. Doane.)

Osgood tore his mother's letter into bits and let the pieces drift idly through his fingers. He felt like a man rudely awakened from a dream of Paradise to face the sordidness of a dreary and uninteresting world.

"I met your great Cyrus Kavanagh last night at the Moore's," the letter ran, "and remembering how your interests are involved, I assure you I laid myself out to be charming. I found him just as cool and unapproachable as you had said, and indeed at first the thought of his millions and influence and what they mean to us raised awe in me. Just as I was beginning to despair, however, I unexpectedly hit upon an entering wedge. Underneath all that cold exterior, Tom, he is simply 'daddy' over that nice Mrs. Moore wanted you to meet. She has lived with him since her mother's death and he fairly idolizes her. It is your only chance, Tom. You have failed in every other attempt to reach him. Try to get at him through the nice Mrs. Moore. Make love to her! Blarney her! No, my boy, I'm not heartless; but it's just as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one, and your political career hangs in the balance. With Cyrus Kavanagh backing you you could do anything. Come home at once, Tom, and make love to her. I already see you in the governor's chair."

A faint breeze blew the curtains at the open window and stirred the hollyhocks outside until they shook heavy, dewy heads of protest. Across the road a brook tumbled noisily over the stones. With compressed lips and hands thrust deep in his trouser's pockets, Osgood stood and surveyed the situation deliberately.

His mother had not overestimated his need of Kavanagh's favor. A woman's suspicions were often better than a man's. There might be something in this idea of reaching him through his niece. Men had done worse things than flirting with a pretty girl to further their political careers. Of course he wouldn't go into it seriously. He didn't want to marry her—no, no, no, he wouldn't. But if he ever should marry—in the future—when fame and fortune were secured—he should want his wife to be like Molly. And then, with a sudden feeling of dismay, he realized that he would have to bid Molly goodbye.

He sat down at the table and drew out a sheet of paper.

"Dear Molly," he began. Then he rose and, pushing aside the paper, crossed to the window and surveyed the distant hills. He had not imagined it would be so difficult. Again he went back to the table and hurriedly finished the note. Then he rose and stood in the middle of the room thinking. He glanced at his watch. Again he turned to the table, picked up the note and tore it in half. After all it was better to say it he reflected, as he swung easily along the dusty country road.

He found her sitting upon the side of the hill, with her hands clasped about knees and a thoughtful expression on her lovely face. The sunlight filtering through the leaves, catching flickering shadows on her white neck and soft cheeks, and below her the little brook splashed and foamed noisily over the stones.

"Solitude. Is but a vain and doubtful good," chanted Osgood, by way of salutation. "I stopped at the farm, but Uncle John knew that you had gone somewhere where 'twas green and quiet. I think he suspects you of wanting to get away from people."

"What nonsense!" she smiled, and the pink in her cheeks grew deeper as he seated himself on the grass beside her. "My ways are a strange business."

Uncle John, the idea of really grand scenery in the kitchen fire."

He made some casual reply and then, discouraged, gazed moodily into space. Molly glanced at him furtively. His face seemed older and tired.

"I am wondering," he said, looking up to encounter her clear eyes, "how I am ever going to stand it back in New York!" She started perceptibly.

"In New York?" she repeated. "Will you go now?"

"Tomorrow."

"I suppose you will be happy to get back at your work," she said with a brave attempt at unconcern, but her lips quivered.

"Is that what you think?" he said earnestly. "No, I shall not be happy to get back. I have never been—I shall never be so happy as I have been up here—with you."

"Why need you go?" she whispered. "Molly! Do you want me to stay?" he asked suddenly, taking her hands in his.

"Yes," she returned faintly. "Is it because you care for me? Oh, Molly! If it is that! Do you care for me—as I do for you?"

He drew her close and lifted her flushed face. Then their lips met and he knew there was nothing for him in life without Molly—that all fame, all possible success would be empty without her.

"Your mother and uncle! Whatever will they say?" cried Molly, awaking from her happy dreams with a start.

"My mother will be delighted. How could she be anything else?" returned Osgood unhesitatingly. "He knew no regrets, no fears, only inexplicable happiness. 'As for your uncle—shall we go and tell him?'"

"Oh, Uncle John!" with a little amused laugh. "I wasn't thinking of him. I meant my other uncle—he has been so good to me always—surely you remember."

"I remember now. I had forgotten. Well, there is nothing for it but to break the blessed news to him as gently as possible. 'Who is he?'"

"His name is Cyrus Kavanagh," she said.



FRENCH PARTY FROCKS

gine to lengthen, only the slipper showing under sixteen-year-old skirts, and even younger ones if the girl is well grown for her age. From eight to ten the models are of frocks, too, change somewhat, long waisted bodices beginning to blouse a little and skirts taking often a smart gothic. The low-necked short sleeved dress which is worn with a gump, and shows a full quirt skirt, may be worn by girls of old-fashioned type up to fourteen. But generally this model is reserved for younger girls, and when the toilette is of silk with a lace border it may present a very splendid air. Delicate laines, veils in pale tints, especially with narrow velvet trimmings, and all the white wash textures show up well in this model. The white gump and underclothes are a relieving and elegant note with color, and upon these details is sometimes lav-

ished the most beautiful handwork. Thin silks, such as mesaline, lousine and chiffon taffetas are much used for gala above frocks. Puffings of the same material, wide tucks and simple laces deck these frocks, which are thought prettier in white or single color. When all of white liberty, which takes especially well to heavy tucks, the party dress is as useful as handsome, for this cleans like the proverbial rag, and the material is very durable. For girls who require a gayer note, dresses of embroidered or dotted Swiss over color are very pretty, broad sashes and hair bows in the lining tint making these very festive. Narrow laces are also used to edge the frills, some of which may be gathered at the center, producing a charmingly fluffy effect.

But, with all this talk of party dress, a word as to the party itself, for there are some new and entertaining wrinkles. Birthday parties are pink, blue or yellow, the candles of the cake and all the table decorations taking to this color. The souvenirs for the guests are also in the party color, and may take the form of buttonholes for the boys and fans for the girls. At Halloween parties, at which a Jack Horner pie is made by a huge paper pumpkin, the souvenirs are decorated with the idea of really grand scenery in the kitchen fire."

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