



Frakish Capes Seen on the Boulevards.

By Lady Duff-Gordon.

WHEN capes made their appearance the fashion writers were frankly amazed. They predicted that these figure disguises would never, no never be accepted by the mondaines who have so long "displayed their wares" to public gaze. But the creators of fashion realized that some change must be made, and made boldly. Therefore the cape, instead of being put forth, or at least developed gradually, sprang forth full armed, and the ladies of fashion went down before the onslaught.

back from the shoulders, capes that are held in place by cross straps—in fact, all manner of crosses appeared over night, and now every modaine has at least one in her wardrobe.

There are capes for the lean and lanky, the short and dumpy, the tall and broad. The old-time cape completely hid the figure. The cape of to-day actually displays the female form divine even more than the tight-fitting gown. Odd? But true.

Later I shall send you photographs of the many varieties. This week I am sending just one, the full-length Longchamps cape, which made its appearance at the races. It is ankle length and more than moderately full. And that it is made of the dark

The Craze for Capes

Lady Duff-Gordon Describes the Prevailing Rage for Wraps.



The "Longchamps" Costume of Gun Metal Serge. Showing the Newest Three-Quarter Length Coat and Flap Girdle. ("Lucile", Model.)

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women. Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

blue silk serge of which the gown is made needs not to be said.

This is imperative. Gown and cape must match.

Just as a contrast and just to show you that I really prefer the usual tailored costume, I send a picture of a costume I designed for a June bride. Frankly I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that this "Lucile" tailor is far more to be desired than the cape costume. It is more youthful, more chic and it is more appropriate for all kinds of wear than the cape.

The hat which can boast of a real brim, and not just a mere and brief apology for the original and genuine article is once more a pleasant possibility. And that its return will be enthusiastically welcomed is, of course, a foregone conclusion.

So far these latest and larger hats are of the sailor variety, and while nothing in the way of a bandeau is introduced, they are put on the head in such a way that they acquire a distinct and most attractively jaunty one-sided tilt. The vast majority of them are made in white tulle, the brims being lined with either black or palest pink charmeuse or crepe de chine, these softer fabrics having been found so much kinder to the complexion than the moire and taffetas, which were once used. Black velvet is, of course, "taboo" during the Summer months, in view of its dust-collecting propensities.

As to trimming, flowers, fruit, wings or buds can be chosen with an equal certainty of being in the fashion. But if you want to be the observed of all observers you will by some means or the other acquire a white straw hat whose broad

brim is inwardly lined with black satin and outwardly adorned with a bird, which is perched on one foot, the other being rather pathetically upheld, while in its beak it bears the light burden of a sprig of rose-red berries.

Its own coloring is blue—an intense, exquisite blue—and it is all shimmering instead of soft, as you might have expected it to be, the whole plumage being thickly covered with metallic blue paint.

And really this fashionable unnaturalness just saves the situation, and prevents the poor bird from being too painful an object lesson on feminine vanity, and some might even say cruelty.

Another novelty is the poisoning on two tall ears of corn of two wee Java sparrows, the whole trimming as well as the straw being of purest white and only the faintest flush of color being introduced by the brim lining of delicate pink crepe de chine.

But if you don't want to carry about little—or large—dead birds on your head and your new hat (and that "bluebird" you must know was of the size of a thrush) you can make your headgear a cool delight to the eyes on the hottest of the dog days by having a double row of leaves encircling the crown of a white straw hat, one being of purest white and the other of freshest green, while in between comes a dividing and decorative trail of gardenia buds—any number of the dainty delicately white and green things, and never a full-blown flower among them all.



The New Riviera Cape of Dark Blue Silk Serge, with Walking Gown to Match.

His Frightful Afternoon

THE first thing that flashed into Van Ripper's startled mind was the appalling hope that Camella would never find out about it. If there is one thing above another that a man hates it is having his wife's cruel judgment justified. Camella had looked so dubious about leaving him that afternoon that he still writhed under the memory. "I certainly am not going," she had said, "and leave you here alone! If you're so sick that you have to come home and go to bed you need attention!"

Van Ripper had insisted on her keeping her engagement. "A good sleep will fix my headache," he had insisted. "I'll be all right."

"Something will happen," she had persisted. "I know I ought to stay!"

"I guess you can trust me not to get into mischief!" Van Ripper had said with great sarcasm that was totally lost in her reminder that he always did when left to his own devices. And now he had done this!

The bedroom window looked out on the gently sloping roof of the side porch below. Van Ripper always had wanted to rig up a sleeping apartment on it, but his wife had refused her consent. She said that he would certainly roll off during the night. It was a beautifully easy porch for a burglar to climb and Camella had had the window fitted with the sort of patent catch that prevented its being raised from the outside at all.

HE TRIES IT.

Freedom from espionage had led Van Ripper on this peaceful afternoon to climb through the window to the porch roof, just to see what kind of sleeping porch it really would make. He was in respectable gray pajamas and the people next door were away, anyhow. As he climbed out he accidentally whacked the window sash with a noisy, wild down and shut with a determined little bang.

Therefore Van Ripper was out on a porch roof in pajamas in broad daylight with a locked window behind him. This was when he hoped Camella would never know!

Two hours later, when Mrs. Van Ripper returned she unlocked the door on his feeble call. In silence she listened to the details in her forced to give her. In silence she turned away and Van Ripper miserably slunk along back of her, vaguely thankful that she had not said, "I told you so!"

Something seemed the matter with Camella. Her shoulders were shaking. Then she fell over against the stair rail and he saw that she was laughing convulsively.

"You know," she told him finally, "that the bedroom window wasn't locked at all, wasn't it? You hated that patent fastener so that I had it taken off last week."

"Whee, fellows!" he yelled to the front street. "Come on! See the fat man on the roof! He's going to dance!"

"I'm going to lick you when I get my hands on you!" promised Van Ripper in cold anger.

"Yah-h-h!" responded six small boys who had seated themselves in a semicircle on the grass as though prepared to see it out.

"I'll give you a quarter if you'll run around to the carpenter shop and have them bring a ladder," wheedled Van Ripper, who had remembered a basement window.

"Make it a dollar!"

"I'll lick all of you," Van Ripper assured them in deep wrath. He was getting acutely conscious of his bare feet in bedroom slippers. Then the grocery boy appeared and promised to get help. The ladder arrived and with it five more boys and two men from a plumbing shop.

"That ladder's no good," said one plumber. "He'll smash it sure."

They took it away and brought back another that seemed built for the safe passage of a baby elephant. Before this mob the fat man's cook and a policeman accompanied the ladder. The side yard was filled with a vastly entertained crowd which was constantly recruited from the front street. Before this mob Van Ripper painfully, clutchingly made his descent. The crowning insult was when he heard some one ask whether it was for moving picture film.

"He's a bum actor," decided one critic. "Ain't he fat?"

THE GENERAL'S DIAMONDS---By Bradley St. Dennis

MR. JAMES PARLBY, sole representative of the firm of Strickland & Yates, the eminent jewelers, accounted himself a fortunate man. He had an exceedingly snug business, he had money of his own, and he rejoiced in the possession of a wife of whom he was exceedingly proud. He lived in the suburbs, and in his spare time he took the greatest possible interest in his garden.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Parlby was not quite so satisfied as her husband fondly imagined. In her secret heart she rather looked down upon James. It was very nice and soothing to feel that she was one of the best dressed women in the Streatham, and to feel that her jewels were at once the envy and admiration of her friends. There was also satisfaction in the feeling that nobody in that select circle knew who Mr. Parlby was—or, at least, so Mrs. Parlby deluded herself. She always spoke of James vaguely in connection with the Bank of England.

For some years Mrs. Parlby had been in the habit of wearing certain gems which did not, as a matter of fact, form any part of her own collection. She did call from time to time at the Bond street establishment, where it gave her pleasure to examine certain magnificent gems in James's office. If there was anything to which she took a special fancy she was allowed to wear it for a few days. There was a safe in the suburban house, and this safe was the property of Mrs. Parlby. There were times when it was decidedly worth looting. For instance, after the Tennis Club dance.

There was just one fly in the ointment of Mrs. Parlby's pleasure, and that consisted of Mrs. Mosenstein. More than once lately she had eclipsed Mrs. Parlby by the splendor of her jewels. Something had to be done as regards the Tennis Club dance. And fortunately just at that moment Mr. Parlby could oblige. The obligation took the form of a splendid single-stone diamond necklace which, to quote Parlby, "stood him in to the tune of a cool 4,000 pounds." Ethel could have that for Purloins, that reaches Southampton.

Mr. Parlby yielded, as usual. He did not go to the Tennis Club dance himself, but he heard all about the extinguishing of Mrs. Mosenstein afterward. Mosenstein was no friend of his, and the recital amused him. He was proud to see his wife with the stones about her neck. None of his aristocratic customers could have looked better. Certainly Ethel would cut a pretty figure at Covent Garden two nights later. From one of the rumors that he had heard, he did not imagine that Mrs. Mosenstein was likely to contest the leadership of the district much longer.

Mr. Parlby went off to business on the Friday morning feeling at peace with all mankind. Business was good, he was feeling exceedingly well and his party had just taken a seat at an important by-election. He passed rather a busy morning, and subsequently lunched generously at the City Carlton Club. About 3 o'clock a clerk summoned him from the office.

"A gentleman wishes to see you, sir," he said. "General Goodrick."

The name was vaguely familiar to Parlby. For a moment he could not connect it with anything. The solution flashed on him presently. General Goodrick had lately distinguished himself in connection with one of those little frontier "affaires," which generally terminate in the expansion of the British Empire. The General had been wounded and was on his way home to recruit.

"Pleased to see you, sir," Parlby murmured. "An honor to my establishment. Glad to see you are so much better, sir. I expected—"

"Oh, that's all right," the General cut him short. "Fact is, I don't want anybody to know that I am in London. I'm supposed to come by the Purloins, that reaches Southampton. But this was not precisely what

Parlby required. He was not in the worth of his property behind the stones, sir?" he suggested softly.

"Well, I might. I've got a car outside—hired for the week. I'll get the man to take a little note to my wife. Give me a sheet of paper."

Without waiting for any response, General Goodrick sat down and helped himself to a sheet of paper from Parlby's case. He slipped his maimed right hand out of the sleeve and took the pen awkwardly between his bandaged fingers. As he did so, his features quivered with pain and a spot or two of blood stained the white gauze.

"I am afraid I can't manage it," he muttered. "Doctor told me that I should have to be careful. Seems as if he were right."

Parlby looked solicitously at the red stains on the bandage.

"Could I be of assistance, sir?" he suggested.

"Well, perhaps you might. Just a line to say that the chauffeur is to have the stones out of the safe at once. Very urgent. Sign it 'Jimmy.' That will do. I'll wait here till the chauffeur comes back."

There was no address on the envelope; in fact, there was no time for that, as a tall, military-looking man strolled into the office and addressed the General by name.

"Lucky to find you," he said. "This set are"—A muttered conversation followed, in which Parlby caught the names of several great men in the world of politics. The jeweler discreetly slipped away with the note. The chauffeur would know exactly what to do with it. The General departed presently with his friend, saying that he would return in the course of an hour.

By 6 o'clock he had not put in an appearance. He had either been detained or he had changed his mind. Still, he would have to come again, seeing that he had left a good 4500