

# The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of  
Alice Bradley's Play  
By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"How long have you been willing to give in, Dan? What did you come out here for?" She paused, but he did not answer. "You came to force me out of this house. Don't tell me you didn't, because I know. And I know why you didn't do it. You came in here and suddenly you got a look at that girl and me! And it staggered you! For once, something swept you off your feet! You know then that I'd found it all out. You knew I knew everything. And now you've been thrown over by that girl. She's thrown you over! Between the two of us—you're caught. And that's the real reason that you're not standing here shaking your finger in my face and telling me to go out, to get out, to go."

Mary stopped for breath, and walked up and down the room before she proceeded with her bitter denunciation. "And the worst of it is that after the girl's gone you actually ask me to take her back—to take her back—just as they all do. It's another man come home to mother. Well, here's one woman that's not going to 'take her husband back!' No, sir! If you pushed me aside for ambition, I might think it over, but you've pushed me aside for that girl's twenty-seven years of prettiness," and she pointed an accusing finger at the door through which Katherine Strickland had gone hand-in-hand with her sweetheart.

"That's what you've done—for twenty-seven years of youth, for twenty-seven years of figure and eyes and freshness and all the rest of it. You put me aside for a younger woman—the very utterance almost lost Mary her courage, but she kept on. "You put me aside for a younger woman. Now, no matter what you do, you can't get me back!"

"Now, Mary," Slade begged, beginning to feel that he was losing every thing worth while. "I take off my ring," Mary continued, ignoring his interruption. "Now it's ended," she finished as she laid the ring on the table. Slade strode up to her in the manner which had kept her subdued all the 30 years of their married life. "You put that ring on again," he commanded. "It's yours! You put that ring on."

"No, sir! It's off for good." For the first time Mary's attitude was one of stubborn temper. She was enjoying complete mastery for the first time in her life. "Wild horses couldn't have got it off yesterday—I thought it was part of my nature! But now, now I'm going to ask you to go. I've got work to do. I'm closing the house. I'm closing it for good—forever."

Mary had said all she had to say. Now that her mind was made up, it was characteristic of her to turn to action. She started hurriedly and noisily to clear up the table, scraping the plates and piling them up ready to carry into the kitchen.

"For God's sake, Mary, don't!" protested Slade, too bewildered to know what to do or say. "Go along," urged Mary, as she put the sugar bowl in its place on the sideboard.

"Mary, if you persist in this, I'll go back and I'll smash that bone in your hand—I'll smash it to pieces. He threatened. "I'll sell it. I'll give it away—break it up! That's what made all this trouble! You know that! Trying to live up to that d—d house. You told me not to build it, and this is what I get for it!"

"Go back and smash it. You've smashed other things that hurt me worse."

"Mary, you're not going to turn me out of this house, where we've lived so long together!"

"You've turned yourself out. Go, now," Mary's wrath gathered force as she repeated her command.

"Ah, come now, Mary—" "You go," warned Mary, "before I say something I'll regret." She was scarcely hearing what Slade was saying now—her ears were full of the things he had said to her in her own home, and that night in Senator Strickland's library.

"Mary!" The one word was full of protest and a plea for forgiveness. "Go before I say it!" It was all Mary could do to speak quietly.

"Mary!" again the word spoke volumes. "No use," she replied, as she picked up a pile of dishes. "You pushed me aside for a younger woman, and now you go," and with both hands full of dishes she kicked the kitchen door open with an angry foot, and proceeded to busy herself at the sink.

"Mary! See here!" he called. There was no reply.

He walked absently to the sugar bowl selected a lump of sugar and started to eat it, brushing one hand

with the other, and then, still absent-minded, ignored the napkin within easy reach and wiped his fingers down the front of his coat. It was the old Dan Slade, a reversion to type.

Then he quietly picked up his hat and gloves and came back into the room. "Dan," she said as she stretched out her hand to him. "I can't hate you—I just can't. We're going to say good-by like two old friends." He took her hand eagerly and held it. After a moment he pulled it away and resumed picking up the dinner things. Slade looked at her longingly for a moment, then quietly opened the door and was gone.

CHAPTER XII.

New York was knee deep in a blizzard that had been raging all day. Sleet and snow swept and eddied in blustering gales at every street corner. Taxicabs and motors plowed their way along, their occupants bundled up to their eyes in wraps and furs. The few pedestrians breasting the bitter east wind felt the cold to their very marrow. With their shoulders hunched and their heads bent forward, they hurried along under the lee of the buildings, envying the fortunates who could afford the shelter of a cab.

One woman struggled bravely to keep her umbrella up until she came to the bright lights of a cheap restaurant, where, out of breath and covered with snow, she closed the unwieldy and inadequate protection and went in. In her long fur coat and her trim hat covered by a soft gray veil, she seemed out of place as she made her way to an empty table. All around her were shabby figures, chorus girls having some toast and cocoa after the show, a pair of red-faced chauffeurs, and all the other typical patrons of the griddle-cake restaurant.

Laying aside her wraps and putting her umbrella against the table, mindful of the numerous signs which betrayed the fact that the management was not responsible for lost articles, she ordered a cup of coffee and some crackers and milk.

"Talk about your western blizzards!" exclaimed one of the chauffeurs. "If this is a sample of your eastern weather I'll stick to my job with Governor Slade and you can keep your job with Governor Sulzer."

"Why didn't you go into the hall and listen to your boss talk?" asked his companion.

"Say, did you ever hear the same speech over and over? It's a great speech, but hearing it ever since we left home—the pause was significant."

"Do you go everywhere with your boss?"

"You bet," answered the other, "but this is the first time we've been East."

"Say, they call your old man the 'divorced' governor, don't they?" queried Sulzer's man.

"Yep. Slade's chauffeur lapped money like milk."

"Great note—a man runnin' for office and being divorced at the same time," came the comment. "But he got elected just the same. Governor Sulzer said he was doin' right when he put our car at his disposal."

"But you noticed my old man wanted me on the box, too?" chuckled the other. "When I'm not drivin' I'm along jest the same."

"What do you do?"

"Oh, answer questions mostly. He's a great responsibility—a governor is—I have to keep my eye on him."

"Why? Did they ever try to assassinate him?"

"Nope! Nearest they came to it was takin' him through Central park on your New York city pavements. But they did present him with a baby catamount in Carson City. I had to 'recuse' it."

"What did Mrs. Slade do?" Sulzer's man was patently more interested in the divorce than any other matter connected with Governor Slade. "Was she a high-stepper?"

"Naw, she was the disgusted reply. "Well, what'd he do then that they got divorced?"

"Say, are you looking for trouble? Where come from they don't criticize my old man. He runs things out there. I've had enough of this 'divorced' governor's business. I don't know whose fault it is. She wanted it and he didn't, and she got it! When a woman knows what she wants, and he banges his fist down on the table, 'she's going to get it! Now, shut up and have another cup of coffee.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE HARM FROM METEORS

Narrow Escape Have Been Recorded, but Deaths or Serious Injuries Have Been Few.

The area of the earth's surface occupied by towns and villages being comparatively small, the possibility of a shower of stones falling within a town is extremely minute; the likelihood of a living creature being struck, says Lazarus Fletcher in the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, is still remote.

The first Yorkshire stone—that of the World Cottage—struck the ground only ten yards from a laborer; the second, that of Middleboro, fell on the railroad only 40 yards away from some plate layers at work; a stone completely buried itself in the highway of Kaba; one fell between two cars on the road at Charonville, throwing the ground up to a height of six feet; the Touraine-la-Grosse meteorite broke the pavement and was broken itself.

The Krakenberg stone fell within a few paces of a little girl; the Angers stone fell close to a lady standing in her garden; the Connaught mass went through the roof of a cottage; at Macao, in Brazil, where there was a shower of stones, some oxen were killed.

At Nedogolla, in India, a man was so near that he was stunned by the shock; while at Mhow, also in India, a man was killed in 1837 by a stone which is a true meteorite and is represented by fragments in museum collections.

The Perambulating Showcase.

The newspaper is a huge shop window, carried about the town and delivered regularly into thousands of homes, to be examined at the leisure of the reader. This shop window is unlike the actual plate glass showcase only in one respect—it makes display of descriptions instead of articles.

You have often been impressed by the difference between the decorations of two window-trimmers, each of whom

employed the same materials for his work. The one drew your attention and held it by the grace and cleverness and art manifested in his display. The other realized so little of the possibilities of the materials placed at his disposal that unless some one called your attention to his mediocrities you would have gone on unconsciously of your existence.

An advertiser must know that he gets his results in accordance with the skill exercised in preparing his verbal displays. He must make people stop and pause. "His copy has to stand out."

He must not only make a show of things that are attractive to the eye, but an attractive to the people's needs as well.

The window-trimmer must not make the mistake of thinking that the showiest stocks are the most salable. The advertiser must not make the mistake of thinking that the showiest words are the most clinching.

Windows are too few in number to be used with indiscretion. The good merchant puts those goods back of his plate glass which nine people out of ten will want, once they have seen them.

The good advertiser tells about goods which nine readers out of ten will buy, if they can be convinced.

Newspaper space itself is only the window, just as the showcase is but a frame for merchandise pictures. A window on a crowded street, in the best neighborhood, where prosperous persons pass continually, is more desirable than one in a cheap, sparsely populated neighborhood. An advertisement in a newspaper with the most readers and the most prosperous ones, possesses a great advantage over the same copy in a medium circulating among persons who possess less means. It would be foolish for a shop to build its windows in an alleyway—and just as much so to put its advertising into newspapers which are distributed among "alley-dwellers."

The Difference Between Amusing and Convincing.

An advertiser must realize that there is a vast difference between amusing people and convincing them. It does not pay to be "smart" at the line rate of the average first-class newspaper. I suppose that I could draw the attention of everybody on the street by painting half of my face red and donning a suit of motley. I might have a sincere purpose in wishing to attract the crowd, but I would be deluding myself if I mistook the nature of their attention.

The new advertiser is especially prone to misjudge between amusing and convincing copy. A humorous picture may catch the eye of every reader, but it won't pay as well as an illustration of some piece of merchandise which will strike the eye of every buyer. Merchants secure varying results from the same advertising space. The publisher delivers to each the same quality of readers, but the advertiser who plants flippancy in the minds of the community won't attain the benefit that is secured by the merchant who imprints clinching arguments there.

Always remember that the advertising sections of newspapers are no different than farming lands. And it is as unpropitious to hold the publisher responsible for the outcome of unattractive copy as it would be unjust to blame the soil for bad seed and poor culture. Every advertiser gets exactly the same number of readers from a publisher and the same readers—after that it's up to him—the results fluctuate in accordance with the intelligence and the pulling power of the copy which is inserted.

Cotton Staple Cloth Material.

The world's production of raw silk increased little, if at all. Japan shows a considerable gain, which is offset by losses in other silk-raising countries. The world's wool clip is stationary or declining. The festive goat of angora persuasion is multiplying his offspring and his fleeces, but it will be many a day before mohair takes a leading position in the textile trade.

Meantime the population of the world is increasing, and the average individual uses more clothing than ever before.

## Points on Advertising

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

(Copyright.)

### The Tailor Who Paid Too Much.

I was buying a cigar last week when a man dropped into the shop and after making a purchase told the proprietor that he had started a clothes shop around the corner and quoted him prices, with the assurance of best garments and terms.

After he left the cigar man turned to me and said: "Enterprising fellow, that; he'll get along."

"But he won't," I replied, "and, furthermore, I'll wager you that he hasn't the sort of clothes shop that will enable him to do."

"What made you think that?" queried the man behind the counter.

"His theories are wrong," I explained, "he's relying upon word of mouth publicity to build up his business and he can't interview enough individuals to compete with a merchant, who has sense enough to say the same things he told you, to a thousand men, while he is telling it to one."

Besides, his method of advertising is too expensive. Suppose he sees a hundred persons every day. First of all, he is robbing his business of its necessary direction, and besides he is spending too much to reach every man he solicits.

"I don't quite follow you."

"Well, as the proprietor of a clothes shop his own time is so valuable that I am very conservative in my estimate when I put the cost of his soliciting at five cents a head."

"Now, if he were really able and clever he would discover that he can talk to thousands of people at a tenth of a cent per individual. There is not a newspaper in town the advertising rate of which is \$1.00 per thousand circulation, for a space big enough in which to display what he said to you."

"I never looked at it that way," said the cigar man.

It's only "the man who hasn't looked at it that way" who hesitates for an instant over the advisability and profitability of newspaper publicity.

Newspaper advertising is the cheapest channel of communication ever established by man. A thousand letters with one-cent stamps will easily cost fifteen dollars, and not one envelope in ten will be opened because the very postage is an invitation to the waste-basket.

If there were anything cheaper rest assured that the greatest merchants in America would not spend individual sums ranging up to half a million dollars a year and over, upon this form of attracting trade.

The Dollar That Can't Be Spent.

Every dollar spent in advertising is not only a seed dollar which produces a profit for the merchant, but is actually retained by him, even after he has paid it to the publisher.

Advertising creates a good will equal to the cost of the publicity.

Advertising really costs nothing. While it uses funds it does not use them up. It helps the founder of a business to grow rich and then keeps his business alive after his death.

It eliminates the personal equation. It perpetuates confidence in the store and makes it possible for a merchant to withdraw from business without leaving the profits of the business withdrawn from him. It changes a name to an institution—an institution which will survive its builder.

It is really an insurance policy which costs nothing—pays a premium each year instead of calling for one and renders it possible to change the entire personnel of a business without disturbing its prosperity.

Advertising renders the business stronger than the man—Independent of his presence. It permeates the minds of merchandising the track of which is left for others to follow.

A business which is not advertised must rely upon the personality of its proprietor, and personality in business is a decreasing factor. The public does not want to know the man who owns the store—it isn't interested in him, but in his goods. When an unadvertised business is sold it is only worth as much as its stock of goods and its fixtures. There is no good will to be paid for—it does not exist—it has not been created. The name over the door means nothing except to the limited stream of people from the immediate neighborhood, any of whom could tell you more about some store ten miles away which has regularly delivered its shop news to their homes.

It is as shortsighted for a man to build a business which dies with his death or ceases with his inaction, as it is unfair for him not to provide for the continuance of its income to his family.

Fierce Phrases.

"How did that argument you were having with your neighbor come out?"

"Tain't finished yet," replied Farmer Cortmossel. "But I'm gettin' the best of it."

"You were talking about international relations?"

"Yes. But I'm gradually workin' around to geometry. He doesn't know anything 'bout geometry."

"Do you?"

"No. But I found one o' my boys' school books, an' I reckon I can tick

up enough language out of it to hold the debate jes' about where I want it."

Sun and Moon Both Affect Sleep.

It is injurious to sleep with the moon shining on one's face, and far worse to sleep with the sun in the face. The reason is: Enough light-wave energy and also ultra-light-energy penetrates the closed eyelids to excite the retina, the optic nerves, the brain and beyond this the inconceivably mysterious entity, the totally unknown personality.

Perfectly Lovely Time.

"She is having a perfectly lovely time."

"How so?"

"She is engaged to one of twins. They both call on her and she can't tell them apart."

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## USES FOR THE SCREEN

VALUABLE BOTH AS ORNAMENT AND FOR SERVICE.

Probably at Its Best in the Bedroom—Suggestion Shown in the Drawing is Well Worth Taking Note Of.

While the screen is useful and appropriate in many rooms, I might say that in the bedroom it is at its best. Here there are so many uses to which it may be put, and its decorative value is in no way impaired, writes Ethel Davis Seal in the Washington Star.

I have in mind a bedroom of one of my acquaintances. The single French bed is of ivory, with cane insets. The bed springs are upholstered in white grounded bird-of-paradise cretonne, and the bed is further fitted out with a daytime bedspread of the cretonne, and a cover for the bolster roll. The floor is covered with an exquisite small figured blue-and-ivory Wilton rug, and the walls are papered in a pale robin's-eye blue. The ivory-colored furniture is upholstered in chintz—the case-seated wall chairs having tie-on chintz cushions. And the screen, which is placed just at the head of the bed, is one of those attractive "window" affairs, with panes of glass inset at the top. The wooden frame is enameled in ivory and lined with the bird-of-paradise cretonne. You can see that this screen fits admirably into the scheme of things. And it is a lovely thought to be protected against the evening draft or the morning light by anything so beautiful.

Such a screen may be seen in the drawing. It is shown in connection with a French stool. The wide middle panel is an especially pleasing feature. For a bedroom the lower panels could be filled with cretonne or some such material, while, if the screen were to be used in a room not quite so formal, such as a semi-reception room, the filler might be of very heavy upholsterer's silk ornamented with decorative basket designs in embroidery. For a boudoir, personal sitting room or semi-reception room, the screen should usually be more handsome, a damask, brocade or silk filler being quite appropriate.

Wonderful things can be done if you'll only take your courage in your

hands and forge right through. And in the homes of the only moderately well-to-do have I seen the most charmingly tasteful results. They depended not so much on their ability to spend money as on their innate love of beauty and their joy of contriving. They have not become mentally inert.

USE AND ABUSE OF CORSET

Tight Lacing Has Always Been Considered One of the Worst Foes of Feminine Beauty.

At the root of the ills to which feminine flesh is heir is incorrect corseting and tight lacing. These are by no means synonymous terms. One may be incorrectly yet loosely corseted, says Harriet Edwards Fayes, in Woman's World.

Today it is the exceptional woman who laces her corset so tightly that her figure assumes an unnatural contour. Ten years ago many women did. This improvement is to some degree to the credit of the wearers of corsets, but to a still greater degree it is to the credit of corset manufacturers and the mandates of fashion. Women who have just regard for their health and beauty realize that the normal waist measurement is an important adjunct thereto. This is proved by the fact that all ready-made garments are two inches larger around the waist than they were two years ago, which means that most women who used to wear a 22 corset now wear a 24, and so on through the different sizes.

Leading physicians all admit that women require support for the abdomen. Support is entirely different from suppression. If the abdomen is suppressed, a lot of trouble is brought on, the first sign of which is constipation. More depends upon the colon than most people are aware of, even

Changeable Sash.

The Sash can be arranged to tie at almost any point and still be a fashionable sash. One new street suit shows a sash that comes from the back and ties in a big, floppy bow in the middle of the front below the knees.

Satin Pansies.

Satin and velvet pansies in splendid purples and yellows, four times the natural size that grows in our gardens, are used on hats. They are also used in the front of the bodice just above the deep girdle.

Ladder Crepe a Novelty.

Ladder crepe is a novelty of the season and in the lighter shades is especially beautiful. It is of cotton and is woven in groups of three in bars, giving the ladder effect. One blouse of this material had a square shawl collar of black silk net, which was weighted at the corners with jet ornaments. The combination of the silk net with a cotton fabric is a very fashionable one.

Picture Hanging a Fine Art

Careful Study of the Possibilities Should Be Made Before Commencing Work.

Picture hanging may become a fine art, and, as in all artistic composition, the general must precede the particular. You must first have a comprehensive idea of your pictures and the groups into which they fall by reason of size, color and subject before you can plan their hanging. Nor must you hang any one picture on the wall until in a general way you have mentally hung them all.

If you have a long, narrow picture and a short, broad one that seem to belong together, place the long picture two or three inches beneath the other. This will give the impression conveyed by a column and its capital, of mass supported by slender strength. In a long, narrow wall space such an arrangement is particularly happy. In general, hang smaller pictures below larger.

Pictures should usually be on or shortly above the level of the eye, Cer-

tain pictures, however, can be elevated without detriment to their effectiveness. The Sistine Madonna, for instance, poised, as it were in the heavens, loses nothing by being raised well above the other pictures.

Your pictures are individuals. Each has been lovingly wrought with some one end in view. Put your own in the place of the artist; respect his aim; do justice to his achievement. If you succeed in this, your pictures, like intelligent, well-mannered guests, will become an integral part of your household, each contributing of its beauty, its strength or its character to the whole.

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some physicians. The direct results of restricting the action of the colon are weakness, insomnia and dyspepsia; the indirect results are too numerous to mention and would be superfluous, because the prevailing styles in corsets conform in a great degree to nature's demands.

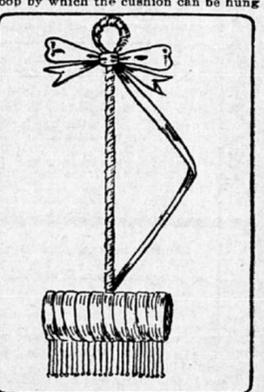
The wise physician raises his voice not against the use, but the abuse of the corset. A corset which supports the abdomen will never be condemned by those who are conversant with the structure of the human body, masculine or feminine.

## THIS PINCUSHION A NOVELTY

Really Ornamental, Though Made of Two of the Most Simple of Household Articles.

A very novel pincushion can be made from two very simple articles, that are to hand in every household; they are a cork and a metal meat skewer.

Take some narrow ribbon, any color preferred, and wrap it round and round the skewer; wrap the same kind of ribbon round the cork, and cover so that no cork is visible. Leave the sharp end of the skewer free, and stick it in the center of the cork. At the top end of the skewer make a pretty bow of ribbon, and from it form a loop by which the cushion can be hung



up; fasten the end to the end of the skewer where it attaches to the cork. Now stick pins at the end of the cork, and the effect is that of a small yard brush. This little contrivance makes a charming gift, and is a capital bazaar article, for it is a novelty and sells well. When for a bazaar, a quantity can be made, and different colors of ribbon be employed such as pale blue, pink, pale mauve, green and all delicate tints.

On each pincushion, different kinds of pins could be used, and a pretty device would be to have pins with glass heads the color of the ribbon used. These cushions should then be priced according to the kind of pin used. Those with ordinary pins, of course, would be marked cheaper than those with glass or pearl heads.

CARE OF FACE IN SUMMER

Problem for Athletic Girls Is How to Keep Skin White and Smooth During Hot Months.

The athletic girl has problems of her own to face just now, for she wishes to be not only athletic but beautiful as well, and it is rather hard to run the two together in summer. The summer girl plays golf or tennis all afternoon in the blazing sun and swims all morning, drying off afterward on the beach in the same sunshine. Then when evening comes around she puts on a low-necked, sleeveless gown and looks aguish at a dark-brown neck and arms, with the discoloration ending usually at the elbows and at the base of the throat, making the most vivid contrast with the pure white skin which lies beyond.

To keep the neck and arms white and smooth, especially in summer, requires a little time and attention. The proper care of them night and morning will keep them from tanning if the girl uses a little discretion. The sun baths after swimming are the worst, for it is the water drying on the skin which makes such a deep tan. If she will dress immediately on leaving the water, the summer girl will find that the rest of her exercise will not harm her skin, provided she cares for it properly night and morning.

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The Sash can be arranged to tie at almost any point and still be a fashionable