

Lovers think that his sweetheart is the guilty one—and the mother of an illegitimate child—and finally persuades him to marry herself.

"The Lie" is probably in for a long run in Chicago, where Miss Illington is a great favorite. Her company is very good and stage setting adequate.

It almost seems that Margaret Illington cannot get away from the thought of socks. They still play an important part in her life, according to the publicity promoter of her fame and fortune. You remember that a few years ago, when she decided to marry and leave the stage, she insisted that all she wanted to do for the remainder of her life was to darn her husband's socks.

Perhaps Mr. Bowles was easy on the silken covering he is supposed to wear on his feet, for very soon Illington, much to the delight of her friends, was apparently leaving the socks undarned, for she was back on the stage.

This season she has told the public at large (through her press agent) that she wears men's socks instead of women's stockings; first, because they are more comfortable, and secondly, because they cost just half as much.

Unfortunately the exigencies of "The Lie" do not allow the kind of dressing which might give an ocular demonstration of Margaret's new fad.

## HERE'S "THE GIRL WITH THE MUFF"—STYLES FASHION HAS SET FOR WINTER

Fashion is no longer satisfied with half a fox to keep its hand cozy—it demands the whole animal, fluffy tail, nose, ears and all.

It was one of those life-like little Reynards that Miss Pearl Germonde—she who trips so airily in Helsen Follies de Vogue at Chicago—wore when she posed the other day in this stunning set of furs designed by Mayer Miller, Chicago's exclusive furrier. The muff is a cross-fox; notice

## THE TELEPHONE GIRL

A thousand fools with their ill temper all shout their spite unto her ear, and bluster like a late December, bum talk that is not fit to hear, yet calmly all the while she reasons—her patience puts Job in the shade; her etiquette has no closed season, she's always "in" when calls are made.

She touches with her nimble fingers the switchboard and through leagues of space, the magic of that light touch lingers and links the voices of the race. Thus busy hausfraus do their buying, and lovers make a spooning date, and hubby does his cheerful lying and says he can't come home jill late, and progress keeps its wheels a-buzzing, and business marches to the front, and merrily the world keeps fussing and revels in its happy stunt.

Life's secrets come to her in numbers, but she turn down Dame Gossip flat; she pickles them like green cucumbers, and lets them soak beneath her hat. Her tongue—would she set it a-wagging—could do more damage than a fire; she'd provoke such a shameless nagging to cause a hornet's nest of ire.

So gratitude should be our slogan, when dealing with this priceless pearl; her confidence is worth the token—and here's to the telephone girl.—Bill Acker.

the cross on his shoulders, and the fox is all there, from the tip of his "brush" to the little black nose. As the interior of the animal muff is seen as often as the exterior its lining must be decorative. Gold-tinted satin thickly shirred lines this muff. A big bow of flowered yellow ribbon nestles beneath Mr. Fox's nose.

Just as popular as the "animal" muff is the football muff, and "pig-skin" was never rounder than the