

The Call's Magazine and Fiction Pages

A Fashionable Winter Cloak

Fully Described by Olivette.

All that was demanded of the summer evening wrap was grace and color. The evening coat of summer must be a fleecy cloud.

The winter winds demand a more useful garment—but with genuine warmth and utility beauty may well be combined.

Behold here a wonderful velvet garment that sounds a new note in the remarkable way it is sleeved.

Violet velvet, gold lace and skunk fur, with its own natural black and white markings, are combined for richness, elegance and usefulness.



A careful perusal of Olivette's description of this attractive coat will make it easy to copy. The style is one of the latest, and the picture especially sent here from Paris for this page.

A wide yoke of the lace appears below the fur collar. It is finished by a ruche "bonne femme" of little folded box pleatings. From this top emplacement to the heels the velvet falls in long classic lines. It folds back a bit in front and ends in a long round train at the back. The enormous sleeves are draped to the line of the yoke and fall in long "angel" points, terminating in a great tassel.

"Let Me Teach You the Tango!"

This invitation is extended by Donald Brian, the famous dancer of "Merry Widow" fame, to all readers of this magazine page. Mr. Brian has written a series of intensely interesting articles on his new dance, "The Futurist Twist," which is bound to become the rage this winter. These articles will be accompanied by lifelike photographs taken especially for the series.

The First Article Appears Tomorrow

Their Married Life

The Present Helen Brought Mrs. Stevens From Paris Suddenly Appears Very Meagre.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

"Oh, that's lovely! How fine the work is!" enthused Mrs. Stevens, as she shook out the hand-embroidered, lace-trimmed, be-ribboned petticoat.

"Yes, I am sorry I didn't get two like that," admitted Helen. "But I got a nightgown with that same bow-knot embroidery," taking from the drawer another lacy garment.

"Isn't that dear? I do love a nightgown trimmed around the bottom, but you hardly ever see them. You didn't get that for 10 francs?"

"No; that was more. I've forgotten just what, but it was nearer 20."

"That's \$4, isn't it?" mused Mrs. Stevens. "Well, you couldn't get a nightgown like that here for \$4."

"Yes, I think you could, and it would be better made. See how carelessly that lace is set in. Some of the things I've had washed are almost coming to pieces."

"Well, anything you don't want I'll be only too glad to take. And you must let me have these combinations," nodding to a couple of garments she had laid aside. "You just said you were sorry you'd bought them."

"We'll see," laughed Helen, evasively, for even though she was disappointed in some of the things she had got in Paris, she shrank from the idea of selling them.

"Oh, what's that? You didn't show me that. Oh, how DAINTY! Do slip it on."

It was a lace tea gown of sheet French muslin, dotted with sprigs of tiny pink rosebuds. Helen slipped it on over her dress and fastened the pale pink satin girdle at the side.

"That's the softest, daintiest thing! It just suits you! If you don't mind I'd love to know what you paid for that."

"I think this was only 60 francs—\$12. I just happened to see it in the window of a little shop near the Bon Marche."

"Why didn't you get me one?" reproachfully. "You know I said before you called it saw anything particularly cheap and attractive!"

"Emmy! Emmy!" called Mr. Stevens from the front room where he was talking to Warren.

"Yes, dear, in just a minute."

"Oh, before we go in I want to give you this," and Helen took out a small parcel wrapped in tissue paper. "It's just a little souvenir."

"Now you shouldn't have done that," began Mrs. Stevens.

Helen thought she saw a look of disappointment cross her face when she found it was only a dressmaker scarf, but her thanks were most effusive.

"I hope it will fit your dresser."

"Oh, I'm sure it will! And it's just what I needed!"

That was what Mrs. Stevens always said when anything was given her, but Helen still had the feeling that she had expected something more.

"And I got you a pair of gloves, too," impulsively. "Six and a half—that's your size, isn't it?"

"Now, really, you shouldn't," protested Mrs. Stevens, as Helen took out a pair of long white kid gloves that she had not thought of giving her until just this moment. She had bought them for Warren's Aunt Fannie. But that scarf was not enough—she had to give Mrs. Stevens something else!

"Oh, what beautiful soft kid!"

"Helen, what was the name of that place we went to—just beyond the Dead Rat?" called Warren. "That frisky place?"

"Cafe Royal, wasn't it?" she called back.

And when she and Mrs. Stevens finally went into the front room Warren was giving a glowing account of their night at the Cafe Royal.

"But we left just when things were getting lively," regretfully. "Helen here got cold feet, and wouldn't stay."

"Why, dear, we stayed until after 2—and it couldn't have been much livelier."

"Oh, DO tell us about it! Was it one of those really wicked places?"

"Well, you wouldn't call it a Sunday school entertainment," grinned Warren. "They certainly whooped it up. Friskiest place we struck."

"Henry, do take that address. If we should go in the spring—"

"I've got the address all right. Curtis has put me on to a lot of places. But we'll go slow on these restaurants where they've no price on the menu."

"Well, I don't know," mused Warren. "We didn't find them so high. Prices were pretty stiff—but no worse than they look like here."

"Oh, I thought some of the prices were awful," demurred Helen. "And you never did tell me what that dinner in the Bois cost. Tell me now!"

"I've forgotten," shrugged Warren, "but it wasn't so bad. About the only place where they really tried to cook

Beauty

The Charm of a Musical Voice and How to Attain It.

have harsh, high pitched voices. There is no necessity at all for this, because a soft, low pitched voice is the most attractive thing in the world and can be acquired with very little trouble. To find out the trouble with your voice read a few stanzas of poetry out loud. You will very soon discover

individuality will begin to assert itself. "I hope I have helped you to understand to some extent what my voice means to me, and what a voice should mean to every one," continued the loveliest voice I had ever heard. "I like my voice best of anything about me



By MAUDE MILLER.

Do you know that there is something within the reach of every girl that will make her positively alluring? This may be a rather bold statement of facts, but it is true, nevertheless. And it is no difficult, prosy task, either, that one can undertake for an experiment, and that will turn out to be something entirely different in the result. It is something that is pleasant to do, actually interesting.

The hat was there at 6 o'clock all right. That old lady was too shrewd not to nail the twenty-five."

"Oh, do let's see it," pleaded Mrs. Stevens.

"Yes, trot it out, Helen. Let's see what she asked \$80 for!"

"It's only a simple street hat," apologized Helen, "but I wanted it because it matched my blue traveling suit."

"Well, she DID have a nerve to ask \$80 for that!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens when Helen returned with the hat.

"Why, DEAR!" expostulated Mrs. Stevens.

"Oh, Mrs. Curtis knows what I mean," apologetically. "If a man pays \$80 for a hat he expects something that will make a big noise—lots of droopy plumes and things—that look like money."

"That shows how little men know about it," said Mrs. Stevens derisively. "Nobody's wearing willow plumes any more. It's the little, smart, almost untrimmed hats that you pay for this year."

"And they wear them smashed down over one eye and look like the devil," commented Warren.

"Oh, while I think of it," Mrs. Stevens' face lit up with interest. "Were they wearing those ruffles around the hips in Paris?"

"Sort of bustle-in-front arrangement," supplemented Mr. Stevens.

"Not as extreme as you see them in the papers," laughed Helen. "But where was it we saw that white satin? Were they wearing those ruffles that stood out like they were wired? At Maxim's, wasn't it, dear?"

"Search me," shrugged Warren. "I was looking at the women themselves."

"And, oh, did you see any trains in front?" asked Mrs. Stevens.

"Yes, at the Polka-Bergere, one of the show girls had—"

"Oh, I remember that," interrupted Warren. "Looked like she had her dress on hindside before."

But the discussion of the Paris fashions was soon left to Helen and Mrs. Stevens, while Mr. Stevens and Warren drifted on to a Sulzer and Tammany argument.

It was after eleven before Mrs. Stevens made the move to go.

"Stayed pretty late, didn't they?" Warren glanced at his watch as they came back from the elevator. "Now let's get to bed. I'm tired."

But Helen had still to straighten up her room, which was strewn with the Paris purchases she had taken out to show Mrs. Stevens. As she put them away she kept trying to think what she could give Aunt Fannie—now that she had given away her gloves.

If there was only something she had bought for herself that would do! But Aunt Fannie was so old maidish, she never wore anything frilly. Then she looked over the other presents for her family, for they had not been out to see his people yet. If there was only some way she could change them around—so she would not have to buy anything for Aunt Fannie.

"What in the Sam Hill are you doing now?" demanded Warren, appearing at the door in his bathrobe. "Not even started to undress?"

"Oh, I won't be long, dear," hastily. "I was just looking over these things, trying to find something to give Aunt Fannie."

"Thought you got her something?"

"Yes, I did—a pair of long gloves, but I—I gave them to Mrs. Stevens. Somehow, when I went to give her that dresser scarf—it didn't seem enough! Now I'll have to get Aunt Fannie something here."

"Well, you are a chump? Haven't you got those presents straight yet? If you paw over them much longer, they'll be worn out. Spent most of your time in Paris buying them, and you've been sorting 'em over ever since. Now, chuck it—and come to bed."

Miss Desmond in two poses.

what is wrong, and then it is a simple matter to correct the fault. It is possible that you may have to pitch your voice lower. This requires practice. A simple tone exercise, running up and down the keys of a piano at the same time, helps a great deal, and remember to draw up your tones as you do your long breaths when you take breathing exercises.

"Breathing exercises are splendid; take long, deep breaths—20 or 30 of them at a time—and speak your sentences slowly, with a short wait between each word. This will give you confidence and a fuller volume in a very short time.

The next thing in importance is pronunciation. As Hamlet says to the players, pronounce your words 'trippingly on the tongue.' This requires no special practice, simply the mending of a slovenly habit. It is just as unattractive to be slovenly with one's speech as it is to be slovenly in appearance.

GOOD FUN

"Then when you have mastered these two great principles, you can begin to shade your voice. This is fun, for the best way to shade is to read poetry or some good, stirring prose. Cry out with the wall of the forest primeval, or the accents wild and dissonant of the deep voiced neighboring ocean." Or play the passionate lover in "Come into the garden, Maudie." Soon you will have a definite, characteristic voice of your own, for your

and I'm sure every one else does." I doubted this very much, for Miss Desmond is lovely enough without the added attraction of her voice. But who could have so lovely a thing as a charming voice within one's reach and not try for it? Particularly when it has been styled by one who knows, the most wonderful possession in the world.

A New Principle in Complexion Treatment

(From Society World.)

Most creams are injurious when used habitually. They clog the pores and eventually form a permanent, soggy, stifling film which interferes with eliminative action, and makes the skin sickly and pasty. There is an application—mercolized wax—which acts upon an entirely different principle. While perfectly harmless, it has the peculiar property of removing by absorption the dead and half-dead particles of sebum, as well as unhealthy matter in the pores. Thus it takes away from instead of adding to the complexion, differing in this respect from cosmetics. The result is a perfectly natural and healthy young complexion. Mercolized wax, procurable at any drug store (one ounce is sufficient), is applied at night like cold cream and washed off in the morning.

The correct principle in the treatment of wrinkles is to tighten the skin, which naturally irons out the lines. A face bath, remarkably effective in this direction, may be made by dissolving 1 oz. powdered axolite in ½ pint witch hazel.—Advertisement.

WHAT DYSPEPTICS SHOULD EAT

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

"Indigestion and practically all forms of stomach trouble are, nine times out of ten, due to acidity; therefore, instead of eating food that is even possible, avoid eating food that is acid in its nature, or which by chemical action in the stomach develops acidity. Unfortunately, such a rule eliminates most foods which are pleasant to the taste as well as those which are rich in blood, flesh and nerve building properties. This is the reason why dyspeptics and stomach sufferers are usually so thin, emaciated and lacking in that vital energy which can only come from a well fed body. For the benefit of those sufferers who have been bolded by the advice of their diet all at once, sweet or fatty food, and are trying to keep up a miserable existence on artificial products, I would suggest that you should try a meal of any food or foods which you may like, in moderate amount, talking immediately afterward a teaspoonful of bisulphated magnesia in a little hot or cold water. This will neutralize any acid which may be present, or which may be formed, and instead of the usual feeling of uneasiness and fullness, you will find that your food agrees with you perfectly. Bisulphated magnesia is doubtless the best food corrective and anti-acid known. It is not a medicine, and has no direct action on the stomach; but by neutralizing the acidity of the food contents, and thus removing the source of the acid irritation which inflames the delicate stomach lining, it does more than could possibly be done by any drug or medicine. As a physician I believe in the use of medicine whenever necessary, but I must admit that I can not see the sense of dosing an inflamed and irritated stomach with drugs instead of getting rid of the acid—the cause of all the trouble. Get a little bisulphated magnesia from your druggist, eat what you want at your next meal, take some of the bisulphated magnesia directed above, and see if I'm not right."

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

HE IS NOT TOO OLD
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am 18, and am keeping company with a gentleman who is almost 30. He is very serious and does not want me to go out with any other boys. He has told me he loves me and often asks me if I care for him. Is he too old for me and do you think I ought to give up all my younger friends for him, as he is out of town most of the time? GRAY EYES.

He is not a day too old for you, and there are many reasons why he is desirable.

He is serious. Remember, my dear, that these young boys are not.

The giving up of the boy friends to whom he objects will prove no sacrifice if you love him. Unless you love him, you wrong him and yourself by considering him a moment.

DON'T TRY

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am 17. I met a man at a dance about two months ago. He cared very much for me. I have kept company with him a while, and now he leaves me and goes with another girl. How could I get him to go with me again?
LILLIAN S.

The first evidence a girl gives that she is trying to force a man's attentions, the less inclined he is to give them. Just show him you don't care. That's the way.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am 18 and in love with a girl of 17. A friend of mine is also in love with the same girl. She is very pretty, and when dressed in her favorite color (red), she is very attractive.

Her gentleman friend is working in York Harbor, Maine, and I would like to know if it would be proper to try and win her in his absence.
E. M. D.

It would be proper without doubt. It is always proper for a man to make love to the girl he loves, if she is

Daysey Mayme and Her Folks

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

No one on earth but a mother can carry three suit cases, a baby and a basket, and manage six children and a dog trailing at her heels, and get to her destination without losing one of them.

A man would lose half the children and all his temper.

There alighted from a train one morning a woman carrying a baby on one arm; in her hands she held three suit cases and a basket, and there came trailing behind her six children with open mouths and wide eyes, and the last one dragged a dog.

The look of apprehension on the faces of the hundreds behind the gates, plainly telling a fear that they might draw the party of eight and a dog. Lifted when the woman approached a policeman and made inquiries for Lysander John Appleton. The officer didn't know, but he was plainly pleased to find out. He returned in a few moments, gave her the most minute directions how to reach No. 17 Buncomb place, and assisted her to a car, even giving the conductor instructions.

The conductor had a car full, and many passengers he let out too soon.

free to hear, and he is free to declare.

But are you, at 18, in position to marry this girl when you have won her?

PERHAPS YOU NEED A RIVAL
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
We have been keeping company for the last two and a half years, and love each other immensely. Lately she has been going with other young men and coming back and telling me she enjoys them very much. She tells me in a way that makes me feel very bad. She still says she loves me and only goes out to please her girl friend.

P. A. H. J.

If you have been monopolizing her for two and a half years, and are not engaged, you need a rival. I am

and others he carried blocks beyond their destinations, but he was so solicitous about the woman, seven children and a dog that he stopped the car in the middle of the street, and personally helped the woman, seven children and the dog off the car and across the street to the front door.

In which kind act he was assisted by all the passengers. Their kindness did not cease to the strangers there waited until some one answered the door bell to make sure for themselves that the Appletons were at home.

So do you wonder why every one is so solicitous? Because every one is just human enough to enjoy a joke like a woman, seven children and a dog, when the joke is on some other man.

Had the stranger been a man looking for Lysander John Appleton that he might will him \$7,000,000, no one would have known where Lysander John lived, and the conductor would have denied there is a Buncomb place.

Moral: There are always those who will drop their own interests to help push another man's bad luck along.

only sorry that you haven't three or four of them. Put an engagement ring on her finger and you will have a right to object.

YOU ARE TOO YOUNG
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am 17 and in love with a young man four years my senior. He was away for a week and wrote me every day. I met him the night after he came home, and he acted so cool it almost broke my heart.

G. H.

He is a man of moods, and such a man makes life unhappy for every woman he attracts. You must not try to win him back. You are too young to know your own heart, and he is too changeable to make you happy if you were.