

The Call's Magazine and Fiction Page

TWO STUNNING STYLES

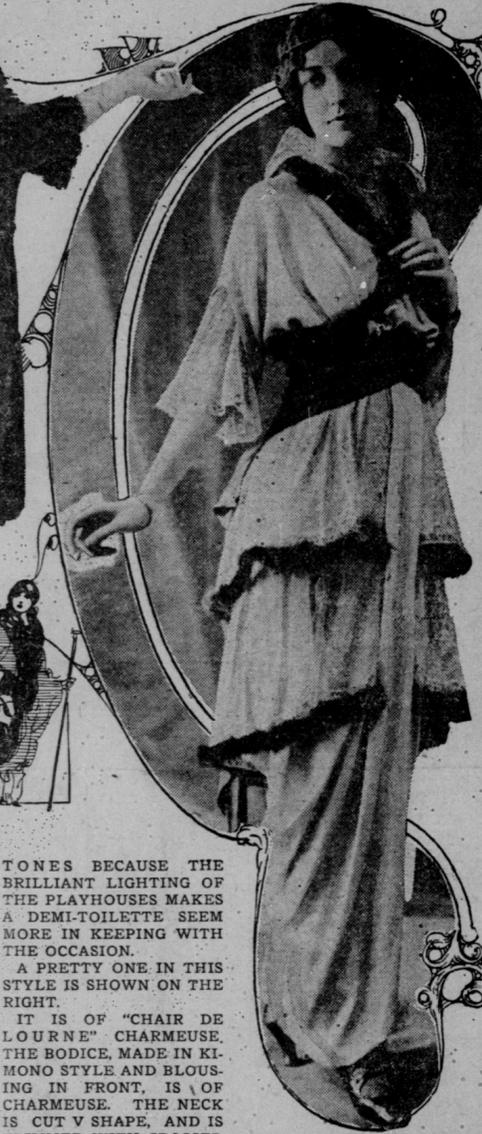
FULLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE



AND CAUGHT UP AT THE COLLAR. THE BROAD KIMONO SLEEVES ARE OUTLINED BY A BAND OF SKUNK FUR, AS IS ALSO THE SMALL DE MEDICIS COLLAR WHICH HAS AN ADDITIONAL FINISHING TOUCH IN A LINING OF YELLOW SWEDISH SATIN. A BOW EFFECT, MADE BY CATCHING UP THE DRAPEY, FASTENS THE WRAP AT THE CHEST.

THE LATEST EDICT OF FASHION IS THAT MATINEE FROCKS MUST PREFERABLY BE IN PALE

THE DE MEDICIS COLLAR IS OF OCREE LACE, AND IS BONED TO MAKE IT STAND UP, WITH TWO POINTS IN FRONT. THE SLEEVES, CUT ALSO IN V-SHAPE TO CORRESPOND WITH THE NECK, SHOW A FLOUNCE OF THE SAME OCREE LACE THAT HIDES THE ELBOWS. A WIDE DRAPED BELT OF AUBERGRICE SATIN, CROSSED IN THE MIDDLE FRONT, ENCLOSES THE HIPS, CATCHING UP IN FRONT A DEEP FOLD OF THE SKIRT, GIVING A CHARMING AND HEIGHTENED EFFECT TO THE WEARER. TWO GATHERED FLOUNCES OF LACE EDGED BY A BAND OF SKUNK GIVE THE DESIRED TUNIC EFFECT.



MOIRE. ONCE SO FASHIONABLE, HAS AGAIN BECOME THE VOGUE AND WHEN USED IN BOTH DRESS AND WRAP THE EFFECT IS ONE OF THE MOST PLEASING OF ALL OF THIS FALL'S FANCIES. THIS FROCK ON THE LEFT IS MADE OF THE EXTREMELY FASHIONABLE "ROUILLE" MOIRE, PARTLY COVERED BY A TUNIC OF NET OF THE SAME TONE, EMBROIDERED AND FINISHED BY A BAND OF YELLOW SWEDISH VELVET. OVER IT IS WORN THE PRETTY AND ORIGINAL DRAPED "VETEMENT," FINISHED AT THE BACK BY A LONG POINTED TRAIN, FOLDED

TONES BECAUSE THE BRILLIANT LIGHTING OF THE PLAYHOUSES MAKES A DEMI-TOILETTE SEEM MORE IN KEEPING WITH THE OCCASION. A PRETTY ONE IN THIS STYLE IS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT. IT IS OF "CHAIR DE LOURNE" CHARMEUSE, THE BODICE, MADE IN KIMONO STYLE AND BLOUSING IN FRONT, IS OF CHARMEUSE. THE NECK IS CUT V SHAPE, AND IS TRIMMED WITH CROSSED BANDS OF SKUNK, GIVING THE BECOMING BOLERO EFFECT. IT IS FASTENED IN THE MIDDLE BY A HUGE PASSEMENTERIE ORNAMENT.

Front. A fold of charmeuse falls at the back.—Olivette.

A DEEP EATER

Senator Frawley said in Albany of a corruptionist: "He went in too deep. He was like the boy."

"Motoring one summer day in the country, I saw a boy who was going through a strange performance. He hopped up and down on his left foot, while he held in his right ear a large stone on which he tapped—tap, tap, tap—with a smaller one.

"My boy," I said, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Water in me ear," the boy replied, as he continued his hopping and tapping.

"My own boyhood came back to me. I remembered doing just such things myself.

"Aha," I said. "I remember now. I, too, my boy, have hopped and tapped like that when I've been swimming and got water in my ear."

"I ain't been swimming," said the boy.

"But how on earth, then?" I began.

"Been eatin' watermelon," he interrupted, calmly.

HELPING HIM OUT

Conversation hung fire badly. There were several matters which the young man wished to discuss—one in particular—but somehow he could not muster the necessary courage, and the silence became really painful.

"I was speaking with your father last night," he said at last, somewhat incoherently.

"Oh, were you?" answered the sweet young thing, lowering her eyes. "Er—what were you—er—talking about?"

"About the likelihood of war in Mexico. Your father said if there was fighting he hoped it would soon be over."

The sweet young thing smiled.

"Yes," she remarked; "I know he's very much opposed to long engagements."

EVERYBODY'S COOK BOOK



TO PICKLE A HUSBAND BY DOROTHY DIX

A DISH much in favor in many households is pickled husband, which may be served at any meal, although the majority of wives seem to relish it as a tidbit late at night, just before going to sleep.

Almost any kind of a husband may be pickled by a wife who is a real industrious trouble hunter and conscientious about doing her full duty about bossing her family and looking carefully after its ways.

The best husbands to pickle, however, are the good natured, easy going sort (genus rounder), although there is a small, meek variety (genus henpecked) that have a very fine flavor also, and are much easier to pickle.

To prepare this delicious condiment to married life first select your husband. Pay especial attention to this, for some husbands can't be pickled at all, and when you try to pickle them they run all over the place and make an awful mess. Therefore be very careful on this point, for to the great majority of women the domestic menu would be flat and tasteless except for the unflinching supply of pickled husband they always keep in the cupboard.

Select then, if it be possible, a nice, fat, juicy, thin skinned husband who is fond of gayety and has many friends. If he thinks he knows how to play poker, so much the better. Smell his breath, and if it has an odor that resembles an old pipe and a glass of stale beer you may be sure that you have secured a luscious specimen for pickling.

If you can not get this kind of a husband, almost any sort of a busy, hard working husband of the species Americanis Boobis will do, but pains must be taken to avoid husbands with square jaws and pale blue eyes, especially if these features are accompanied by red hair, as this species defy the most heartfelt efforts of any wife to pickle them.

Having secured your husband, take him home and begin the pickling process by first salting him down in order to melt down any backbone he may happen to have, and to flake him into a perfect mush of acquiescence. It has been proven by millions of housewives, who have tried it, that nothing so completely takes the stamina and fight out of a man as tears.

So begin with the process of disintegration on your husband by weeping over him. Turn the domestic hydrant on him morning, noon and night. Weep over him because you can't have this, and you can't have that. Weep when the soup is salty; weep when your new dress doesn't fit; weep when no coles home ten minutes late to dinner; weep when his mother comes to see you; weep when he won't take you to the theater; burst into perfect floods of tears if he dares to criticize anything you do or say, or that your mother does or says. Keep the water spout going continuously until the whole atmosphere of your home is so damp and foggy and sticky that it will give anybody rheumatism of the heart and sciatica of the disposition.

Persist in the salt water treatment until you perceive that your husband is getting waterlogged, so that he is afraid to make a move lest he should inadvertently step on some of your precious little feelings, and so precipitate another downpour. You can also perceive when he is becoming sufficiently gelatinous to pickle by sticking the pitchfork into him now and then. If he answers back he needs another barrel of tears poured over him, but if he returns no back talk he is in fit condition to proceed with the further processes of pickling.

Then prick him all over with a sharp tongue. Make the gasches as deep as you can by saying all the things that will cut him to the quick to hear. Some women hold that the best way to do this is by taunting a man with his failures, and telling him how much better some other man provides for his family than he does, and how Mr. Jones' wife has a limousine and diamonds, while they have to ride on the streetcar and use safety pins for ornaments.

Other women contend that the best way to lash a husband with a tongue is to hold forth upon his weaknesses, and to rip him up the back and slash him crossways about the time he came home after he had made a night with the boys, or the poker game in which he lost \$50, or the old friend he lent some money to who never repaid him.

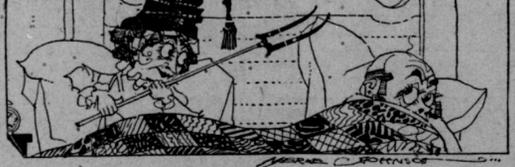
Undoubtedly both of these plans are excellent, but the great majority of wives content themselves with more technical tongue pricks, technically known as nagging, about the ten thousand little things of everyday life, and this is probably the best method of all, because it is so thorough and does not leave a single particle of the cuticle of the husband that has not been scathed.

Having reduced the husband to a pulp by soaking him in brine, and having thoroughly pricked him with a sharp tongue, now sause him in a mixture made as follows:

Take five gallons of the vinegar of temper, the more acid the better; quart of the gall of jealousy, a half pound of the paprika of spite, two ounces of the seeds of doubt, and spice it up to taste with suspicion, insinuations and recriminations; throw in enough selfishness to cover it all, a dark bluish green, and stew the husband in this brew for some 20 or 30 years, at the end of which time he will be found to be as sour as any wife could wish.

Pickled husband is strictly a family dish, though occasionally it is served up for company. Its chief use, however, is as a nightcap for women. Many wives are addicted to it that they could not go to sleep unless they had partaken of a large slice of it just before they go to bed.

If these directions for making pickled husband are not sufficiently explicit, brighten up your eyes by observing the methods of almost any married woman of their acquaintance.



Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

WIFE, Pa sed to Ma, I have got a rare treat for you & little Bobbie. I doant know about these rare treats of yures, sed Ma. I havent forgotten that county fair that you took us to, the time you tried to drink up all the hard cider in the grounds.

This is going to be different, sed Pa. This is going to be a good old German picnic, the kind that we used to go to when you & I was yung boys & gurls together. Pa sed. Let us go & think of them happy days that is gone beyond recall, sed Pa.

I will go if little Bobbie & you want to go, sed Ma, but I never had a very good time at a German picnic. There is always a band & there is always beer, but as I don't like brass music or lager I cant see where the fun will cum in. But I will go.

So we all went to the German picnic. It was at a little place called Odenburg & there was a lot of peupul picknicking.

Ah, sed Pa, here is my old friend Fritz Schultz. Cums rit here, Fritz. Wife, sed Pa, allow me to present my old friend Fritz Schultz.

How do you do, Mister Schultz? sed Ma.

Mister Schultz was awful fat. He must have weighed 300 pounds.

I do all rite, he sed, aber tonight I am sad. This afternoon it rained a little, and the picnic almost spoiled.

The wether is luvly now, tho, sed Ma. I am sure we are going to enjoy the evening.

Always when it rains then I am sad, sed Mister Schultz. I know it is going to rain tomorrow, alretty, and den it will be sad again, Ma, says brother August made himself hanged last September, he sed to Ma & Pa. It was raining just like this afternoon it rained. August was such a cholly fellow. Even after we found him in der barn we saw a smile on his face. Almost could I cry now to think of August.

Think of July insted & laff, sed Ma. Life is too short to feel sad and pass away, Ma sed. Is this yure littel son? Yes, it is littel August, said Fritz Schultz. I named him after my brother which is ded, alretty. He can play with yure littel fellow if you want him to.

Pa gav me a dime & I took August over to buy him a drink of lemonade. He was a funny looking littel German boy; he wud look rite at me & I doant think he was thinking about anything at all.

Oh, bought him sum lemonade, but he didnt like it very good. He sed to me Sooner wud I have beer. Not with me, I sed to him, I am off the stuff. That is what I used to hear Pa say.

I tried to talk to August about the boys that he knew & about his school & about baseball, but he didnt even know who Maitty was. He sed thay he had a cow named Maitty. He never even herd of Mister McGraw. All he sed was Maybe it will rain tomorrow, alretty, and make me sad.

Why do you get sad wen it rains? I sed.

I had a unkel, his nam was the same as mine, sed August. He made himself hanged.

Then I took August back to his Pa & coaxed Pa to take us hoam from the picnic. Yes, do, sed Ma, you wud think it was a lot of Gloomos out for a time.

THE FAMILY CUPBOARD

Adapted from Owen Davis' Broadway Success. A Dramatic Story of High Society Life in New York.



Dick bids his mother goodby.

You Can Begin This Great Story Today by Reading This First

Charles Nelson, a wealthy New Yorker, on coming home on a certain afternoon, discovers his son, Kenneth, drunk, and in the scene that follows, Kenneth accuses his father of maintaining another establishment. Nelson admits the truth of the charge. His wife, a society leader, hears the discussion, and it develops that the estrangement in the family has come through the woman's indifference to her husband. Their daughter, Alice, sides with the father, and Kenneth takes his mother's part. Mrs. Harding, a mutual friend, tries to patch the trouble, and contrives that the Nelsons shall meet at the Alpine hotel, where Kitty and her chauffeur, Jim Garrity, were established.

It was all perfectly proper. At least it all looked perfectly proper to Ken. And it was living!

There were long sunshiny days of luncheons and rides and teas and merry-making with pretty Kitty by his side.

There were delicious evenings of wine and song—and woman. Those evenings meant Kitty in his arms! To the whirling music of the cabarets they danced. East—with the mad whirl of the dervish, or slow—with languorous suggestion of the Nautch girls; they circled in the dance. About them heavy perfume, rich colors, exotic music and magnetic women. All around gleam and glow

"So you take me to luncheon and wear little white rosebuds to show Ken what a devil ye are wid the ladies."

Ken looked at the rosebud uneasily. Somehow he wished Kitty wouldn't. "It's pink—at the heart," said he, stupidly thinking aloud.

"Prove it," cried Kitty.

And Mary's rosebud perished because Kitty Claire must see its blushing pink heart!

Surely, and with conscious power, Kitty was tightening her hold on Kenneth. She was fostering his infatuation. She was speeding the triumphant day of power—the day when Charles Nelson's son should love the woman his father had cast aside.

It seemed natural enough to Ken, when all other ties were cut, to take rooms in the downtown apartment hotel, where Kitty and her chauffeur, Jim Garrity, were established.

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Now Read On

(NOVELIZED BY) *At Waterbury*

(From Owen Davis' play now being presented at the Playhouse by William A. Brady. Copyrighted, 1913, by International News Service.)

Continued from Yesterday

SOME GIRL

Ken was relieved. The farewell was not to be a tragic affair after all. No scene. Men hate scenes. He felt grateful to Mary. She was some girl, by Jove!

"Tea roses are like Mary. I'll wear one in my buttonhole—that is, if Mary will put it in there for me," said Ken, gently.

"Of course," said Mary, a little breathlessly. "And all day long we can be thinking we left a bit of our own thoughtfulness with you, Ken."

"But I hate to leave you, Ken. Do come," urged his mother.

"Shall I, Mary?"

"Oh, Ken, if you would!"

Ken Nelson's good angel stood at his elbow for a second, and then fate sent a little cabaret tune filtering through his mind. Some one on the station platform was serenading a girl on the train. Ken remembered Kitty. He was to meet her at the Kaiserbecker at 1. "Oh, I'd come," he laughed easily. "Clothes and toothbrushes and clean linen can be purchased on the train no doubt! It really wouldn't matter about my lack of trunk. I'd come—but I have a luncheon date."

But when Ken kissed his mother goodby he had to jog his memory to the tune of "You're sober, this time, my boy," for Mary's cheeks were soft and warmly glowing pink, while the slim little hand she gave him in farewell was cool and white.

The train fled away to the Southlands, and Ken sped to Forty-second street. But a little fragrant memory of Mary Burk lingered in his heart—and in his buttonhole was the tiny tea rose her fingers had fastened there.

Over the lunch table and above the rim of a glass of champagne Kitty's eyes gleamed a challenge.



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