



The Call's Magazine and Fiction Page



A Charming Dinner Dress and a Brocaded Wrap

FULLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE.

THE extremely becoming wrap of brocaded velvet shown on the right is made in kimono style, with big broad sleeves. A wide band of Ardoise satin makes the skirt.

The wrap is rounded both in the front and back with a short drawn up drapery effect. A broad square collar of natural sable completes it. The wrap is fastened at the left like the popular sport coats worn so much this past season.



THE accompanying picture on the left shows a dinner dress that has a fetching and effective simplicity not often attained in garments made for such formal occasions. Two very popular textures are used in making it: "Crane" taffeta and silk muslin.

The bodice is a small bloused effect of taffeta with short sleeves finished by a band of taffeta. The yoke is made of a band of Nattier velvet. A ribbon of "Crane" taffeta is disposed in ruching at the belt, giving a most effective finishing touch. A Louis XV bow of Nattier velvet is draped in the middle front, and is finished by one end holding up a small basket of Rocco flowers. The other end is draped over the hip and falls at the back, holding up a wide band of silver lace. Under the lace hangs "Crane" silk muslin, giving the fashionable pannier effect. The skirt is tightened at the bottom by a narrow ribbon of "Crane" faille trimmed with Rocco flowers.

Daysey Mayme and Her Folks

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

LET this Simple Little Tale be a warning to every man who has any financial transactions with his wife further than the weekly payment to her of the household allowance for butter, cigarettes and cheese.

He will learn that any man who is in debt to his wife will not be half done paying when he has paid the debt threefold. Not, Gentle Reader

(the gentleness of readers being indisputable and wholly irrelevant to this tale), that women are dishonest. They are the souls of honesty, but their method of bookkeeping is on a sliding scale. Just when a man thinks he has paid a debt he owes his wife, he finds he has slid back to the opening account.

Some 20 years ago, when the Ly-

sander John Appletons lived on a farm, the stork, which in the country is a practical sort of bird, brought to the Appleton farm a wobbly legged calf.

Lysander John gave it to his wife, there being nothing in this world quite so easy to give away as a wobbly-legged calf that looks as if it won't live over night.

The calf lived to be a nice big steer, and such is the injustice meted out to every male in the animal kingdom, that he was not granted the fate of the heifer, which is to reach mature years in honor and pride, but was ignominiously carted off by a butcher. And on his way he passed crate after crate filled with roasted, not a hen among them.

But this is not an anti-suffrage argument.

The calf sold for \$20. "I will let you have the money as you need it," said the unsophisticated Lysander John.

The next Spring his wife bought a \$50 parlor set, "with my calf money," she told her husband.

Then there came a piano, and when the neighbors complained she added a cornet; then there came new china dinner sets, carpets, etc., every year unfolding new purchases for the home, and all bought "with my calf money."

"I want \$50," she told him recently, "for Christmas money. Now don't say you haven't got it. It's my calf money, and belongs to me."

Lysander John has tried to show her that he has so far paid her \$3,000 for the calf, but figures will lie, and she proves it.

"I sold the calf for \$20 30 years ago," he argues, "and have paid you for it every month since. Now how in the world do you figure that I owe you any more calf money?"

And her sole reply is to turn to the back page in the family bible, where is written, "June, 1883, Lysander John Appleton, debtor to his wife, for one calf, \$20."

And what answer can a man make to a sliding scale like that?

Would Wed a Widower

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am 28 years old and am keeping company with a man three years my senior. I love him, and he has often told me of his love for me and asked me to marry him. My friends tell me I should not do this, as he is a widower. Do you think this would make any difference? I. A. A.

NOW, my dear girl, who's going to marry this man—you or your friends? If you should take your friends' advice and refuse to marry him just because they think this or they think that—do you suppose for one moment that any of these friends will take the same sort of care of you as this man wants to do?

It's very easy for "friends" to sit back in the corner and tell you who are out in the world, trying to make the best of your own life, what you ought and what you ought not to do, but I have always noticed that those same friends are never at home when you get into trouble by following their advice.

Refuse this man, just on account of what these people, who probably don't care a button for you, say or even think? Not if you are a girl of any common sense at all.

What do they know about the man, anyway?

Is he good?—Is he faithful?—Does he love you? Can they answer any of these questions? If they can't, what business have they to say anything about it one way or the other?

Friends are all right when they stay friends, but they don't always stay friends—remember that.

If any of these people who are so ready and willing with their advice know anything tangible against this man, they will tell you what they know, if they are real friends to you. They won't whisper or hint about it—they'll come right out and tell you just what it is they know, and if it is anything really against the man—that alters the case completely.

It is all right to listen when the person who is speaking to you has really something to say and the courage and good sense to say it. And listen, little sister—this is just about as good a time as any for you to get it into your head that your life is your own—you have to live it yourself and no friend in the world can live it for you.

You'll have to learn to make up your own mind about what you want to do and why you want to do it. Don't be silly and feather headed about things—don't be stubborn and obstinate—but have your own mind and your own heart and follow what that mind and heart tells you to do. You know what's right well enough and what is sensible—you need no horde of advising friends to tell you that.

If you love this man and he loves you—if he's a square, honest man of principle and character—marry him if all the friends you have in the world shake their heads over the wedding cards.

He's going to be your husband—not theirs.

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 trouble, and contrives that the Nelsons shall meet at the Alpine apartments, where Nelson has gone from his home. In the lobby of this apartment house Mrs. Nelson accidentally meets Kitty May, the girl who had won her husband's affection. After his wife leaves, Nelson has a talk with the girl. He tells her they must "quit." The girl declares she will have revenge. She takes it by having the son, Kenneth, fall in love with her. He moves to an apartment house in which she has lodgings. There settle upon the boy as leeches, Jim, Kitty's father, whom Kenneth believes to be only her chauffeur, and Dick le Roy, Kitty's former dancing partner in vaudeville. When Kenneth proposes marriage Kitty frankly tells him of her experience with a man she does not name. Kenneth insists that she tell who it was.

Ken started toward her—in his eyes love reviving—and the man's desire to protect—to fight for the woman he loves.

"I don't blame you at all—no decent man could!"

Who can tell what that moment might have meant in the life of Kitty May? But just then Fate knocked at the door. The girl and the boy faced each other for one tense, breathless moment. On its own heights, Love can banish all sordidness—money, hatred, wrongdoing are all forgotten—on the heights. But the air of the height is too fine—mortals can not breathe there for long. Kitty shrugged her shoulders. Fate had offered her a love, a devotion, of which she was not worthy—and now the game was interrupted.

"Come in!" called Kenneth. The door opened and his sister,

Snap Shots

Even if you believe in signs, do you pin your faith in any of the hundred possible interpretations of them?

Blessed is the woman who does not repeat her emphatic statements so strongly when she is trying to help the world that she generates friction instead of progress!

By Robert Loveman. The sun, departing, kissed the summer sky. Then bent an instant o'er her breast. She lifts to him a timid, tear stained eye. And lo! her blushes crimson all the west.

BARR BARRS SLOVENS

Captain Barr of the Carmania, who distinguished himself in the Volturo rescue work, is a strict but just disciplinarian.

Of Captain Barr, who insists on spotless neatness always, they tell a story in shipping circles. A very dirty young diver, it appears, who was in a hotel smoking room about the dangers of his calling.

"Yes," said the young man, as he re-lighted the stub of his cigar—"yes, you sailors, Captain Barr, think you lead a dangerous life; but I, let me tell you, I carry my life in my hands."

"Oh, I see," said Captain Barr, "and that's why you never wash them, eh? for fear you'll drown yourself."

REAL ENJOYMENT

George C. Boldt, the well known hotelier, said of Thanksgiving in New York:

"There's nothing like the old fashioned Thanksgiving—turkey and cranberry sauce, celery and sweet potatoes, mince pie and pumpkin pie, and, perhaps, a bit of skating or sleighing afterwards to aid the digestion."

"I remember a little boy at a Thanksgiving dinner in Philadelphia who enjoyed himself frightfully. It's a wonder he didn't burst."

"Another piece of mince pie, George? Just a small piece?"

"No, ma'am," said George, reluctantly. "I could chew it, but I couldn't swallow it."

THE FAMILY CUPBOARD

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KEN LOOKED QUICKLY FROM HIS SISTER TO THE GIRL HE LOVED. IT WAS TIME FOR THEM TO MEET. "THIS IS"—HE BEGAN A BIT UNCERTAINLY. TOM STEPPED QUICKLY IN FRONT OF ALICE, SEEMING TO BLOT HER FROM THE ROOM, AND INTERRUPTED WITH AN EASY ASSUMPTION OF HASTE AND CASUAL

STOPPING TO LEAVE A MESSAGE. "EXCUSE ME, KENNETH, ALICE HAS WORRIED BECAUSE YOU WOULDN'T COME TO SEE HER. SHE WANTS YOU TO COME TO MY MOTHER'S HOUSE TONIGHT AND HAVE A GOOD TALK. WE CAN'T WAIT NOW, OLD MAN. COME, ALICE. WE WILL SEE YOU TONIGHT. COME!"

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 trouble, and contrives that the Nelsons shall meet at the Alpine apartments, where Nelson has gone from his home. In the lobby of this apartment house Mrs. Nelson accidentally meets Kitty May, the girl who had won her husband's affection. After his wife leaves, Nelson has a talk with the girl. He tells her they must "quit." The girl declares she will have revenge. She takes it by having the son, Kenneth, fall in love with her. He moves to an apartment house in which she has lodgings. There settle upon the boy as leeches, Jim, Kitty's father, whom Kenneth believes to be only her chauffeur, and Dick le Roy, Kitty's former dancing partner in vaudeville. When Kenneth proposes marriage Kitty frankly tells him of her experience with a man she does not name. Kenneth insists that she tell who it was.

Now Read On

(NOVELIZED BY) *Ed Waterbury*

(From Owen Davis' play now being presented at the Playhouse by William A. Brady. Copyright, 1915, by International News Service.)

Continued from Yesterday

Perhaps Kitty would have told him the truth then. Perhaps if she had it might have all been very different. But the telephone rang—and Kitty's hour passed. The telephone rang—and Kitty May remembered again her debt to the house of Nelson!

"Answer it," said the girl.

"Hello!" cried the boy into the lit-

tle instrument that was to play such a big part in his life.

"Hello! No! No! Not at home. No! I won't see any one."

"It was my sister," he told Kitty quite unemotionally.

"I wonder what she'd think of me?" said Kitty May. It hurt—this wondering what people would think—when for so long she had laughed at the world and whatever it chose to think.

"This man—the one you told me of. Who is he?"

"Not now! I don't want to talk about him!"

"I'll find out! He's going to pay—for what he's done—to your life—and mine," stammered the boy in desperate frenzy.

Kitty spoke with weary indifference.

"Yes, but what good is it going to do after all?"

She wondered what good anything did. Revenge—love—the desire to get even—the memories of the past—it was all a hopeless circle. Kitty had the imagination to plan events—but she had not the penetration to foresee how individuals would act in the situations she brought about. In a far corner of her consciousness a thought was struggling to life. Had she hopelessly mismanaged her life after all? She was so tired of playing her weary game.

The boy was still railing against the weary round of fate. She wondered why she did not get more enjoyment out of hurrying Charles Nelson's son.

"You were a child! Working for a miserable living! This beast came—and HE'S GOT TO PAY! You didn't understand. You didn't understand! Poor, little, underpaid, 16 year old child—how could you understand?" Kitty repeated allowed after him, parrot fashion.

"No—I couldn't understand."

Ken looked quickly from his sister to the girl he loved. It was time for them to meet. "This is"—he began a bit uncertainly.

Tom stepped quickly in front of Alice, seeming to blot her from the room, and interrupted with an easy assumption of haste and casual stopping to leave a message.

"Excuse me, Kenneth, Alice has worried because you wouldn't come to see her. She wants you to come to my mother's house tonight and have a good talk. We can't wait now, old man. Come, Alice. We will see you tonight. Come!"

Alice, with Tom Harding looming big and protective at her side, stood on the threshold.

"I came up, anyway, Kenneth, dear. I had to see you."

The sister spoke with loyal love and patience for this dear boy-man brother who was a year older than she—and so sadly younger.

Suddenly her eyes fell on Kitty. Almost of their own volition her lips stopped forming syllables. Tom came quickly to her side.

Ken looked quickly from his sister to the girl he loved. It was time for them to meet.

"This is"—he began a bit uncertainly.

There was unmistakable authority in his tone. Alice walked quietly to the door as Tom opened it and stood aside with the air of a cavalier.

"You will come? Promise, Kenneth?"

A little flicker of belligerency came into Kenneth's eyes and echoed in the firm tone of his voice. There was a swagger of bravado in his manner. He had a vague feeling that Alice and Tom were high handedly "putting it all over" him. He forgot for the moment all that had gone before. He spoke with an ease he could scarcely be expected to feel.

"I didn't ask you here, you know. In fact, I sent down word that I wasn't at home. But you chose to come. Well, here you are, and you don't have to run away like this! Alice! I want you to meet this lady! She—"

Throwing the door wide open, Tom came a step toward Ken. He spoke with a crisp directness: "Sorry—we haven't time." Alice stood in the doorway, grieved

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