

HERE COMES THE BRIDE, HER MOTHER AND HER MAID OF HONOR, WITH ALL SORTS OF DAINY ACCESSORIES



trimming has two bands of pink satin ribbon passed around it underneath as a border, terminating in two long ends that drop over one shoulder.

Bits of Trousseau.
To add a bit of daintiness to the bride may choose a Medici collar and a Bernhardt ruche to add to her trousseau. The ruche may be of flame-colored tulle encircled with a moiré ribbon of the same color, dotted with tiny jeweled ornaments. It is worn with a decollete gown.

Turn-over wired to stand up as a background for a pretty neck. The blouse to which the collar belongs is of the finest Swiss embroidery, its narrow Bon and the cuffs outlined with tiny crocheted ball buttons. Then there are petticoats of chiffon with embroidered flounces, and sheerest batiste embroidered by hand. Lingerie of lace and chiffon, finest hosiery of spider-web design or inset with lace, and linen and batiste handkerchiefs with quaint colored borders or centers—all these are for the bride.

The Medici collar is in reality a



From Irene comes this rose-colored red taffeta coat dress for the maid of honor.

In "The Whirlwind" is this full lace veil with a coronet of orange blossoms; gray chiffon, lace and satin worn by Ida Darling in "Whispers," makes a gown for the bride's mother.

By CORA MOORE, New York's Fashion Authority.

When the poet wrote "What is so rare as a day in June?" he must have been thinking of a wedding day. Jane, brides and roses—they all go together.

And with a wedding goes the wedding gown with all its dainty accessories and gowns for the bride's mother and the maid of honor.

Bride's Veil and Bouquet.
Fortunate is the bride who has a lace veil among the family treasures, for lace figures again in weddings with all its old-time significance.

The lace is always arranged so that it falls well around the bride rather than in folds which would not show the beauty of the lace to its full advantage. This point is clearly brought out in the bridal gown shown in "The Whirlwind."

However, the bride chooses to wear a gown of lace or one that is heavily trimmed with lace, a tulle veil is elected as a better foil to the lace.

The fan-shaped arrangement with the coronet of orange blossoms, as in "The Whirlwind" costume, is effective, but the turban style with the orange blossoms has been much in

evidence lately at fashionable weddings.

As for the bridal bouquet, one bride recently carried an elongated bunch of calla lilies and Empress ferns with many yards of broad white satin ribbon loops.

Gray for Bride's Mother.

Soft gray satin, gray chiffon and lace dyed to match precisely make up a gown which Ida Darling wears in the Seiznick picture "Whispers," and no better suggestion for a mother's gown at a wedding could be offered.

Elbow length sleeves are of lace and then a cross-over jacket effect of the satin edged with cord encloses a little vest in front, and a V-shaped section in back, while over a skirt of the gray chiffon falls a redingote of the lace.

A huge gray feather fan completes the costume which is really most dignified and charming.

Maid of Honor.

Could a dressmaker's cleverness evolve a more intriguing frock for a maid of honor to wear at her dearest friend's wedding? It is worn in "rene," that play of beautiful

clothes, and it is of rose-colored taffeta.

As a matter of actual fact, it is a coat dress opening at the side-front over a lacy frock underneath, and for a church wedding what could be more interesting than to have the bridesmaids garbed in such fascinating taffeta coats as this at the wedding, removing them to disclose the lace frock at the reception. As a dress, however, it is quite as charming. The embroidery is done in silver and rose and the cuff and collar facings are of creamy satin. It is really a perfect love of a frock.

Cap of Duchesse Lace.

Crinkled silk crepe in the softest of rose pinks with lace rippling over the shoulders and down the sides makes up the alluring negligee which pretty Virginia O'Brien wears in "Buddies" just the Selywn Theatre and which is just the thing for a bride's trousseau.

It has a long, gracefully shaped vest inset its whole length, the vest caught with a smashing bow at the top.

Then there is the cap, such an exquisite thing of Duchesse lace and ribbon. It fits the head quite snugly without any frills and by way of

bling. She seemed like a dewy, breeze blown rosebud.

"You startled me, Roderick," she explained lightly, her flower face to his.

He did not kiss her. He held her hands tightly and looked over her head toward the dim windows.

"You never told me that you knew Hal Brayton," he said in a strained voice. It seemed to him that he waited ages for her answer; her hands grew cold in his grasp, and the chill seemed to creep up his arms and grip his heart.

"You never asked me." She gave the age-old answer of women in a small, weary voice.

"I heard—tonight—that you were engaged—before you met me. You are not marrying me from pity, dear?"

"And I I were?"

"You could not—I would not let you!" he said grimly.

She slowly released her hands from his grasp and stepped back until she leaned against a table. "And suppose I heard—that you only loved me because I was the shadow of an old love of yours—that you were making obligations to sentiment? Her voice wavered uncertainly.

"Well, and suppose I did?" he defied her.

"Ah!" Little guests of sobs shook her slim shoulder and a rain of tears sprinkled the rose of her cheeks. She drew off the engagement ring and forced it into his reluctant hand.

She brought out a lovers' knot of platinum and gold and put it on her third finger.

"Now," he said bitterly, "you are free." What was it Olive Wayne had said—"they are young and young things should be happy." He wondered if just being young was not happiness enough—and why middle age and old age should not share in the magic potion?

"Anne Rose," he said suddenly. "I love you—no matter how much—it will take the rest of my life to tell it; but if you love Hal Brayton I will

free you and—I will help you all I can."

The girl lifted questioning eyes. "I do not love Hal Brayton," she denied, "but there always has been—it was a sort of inherited love. I think—fostered by an old miniature that belonged to my mother and which contained your picture—I became a hero worshipper and measured all men by that standard—and that is why," her voice dropped deliciously and her trembling hands went out to him, "that is why it is so easy to love you—now!"

The telephone bell tinkled impatiently and stopped from sheer weariness. Mrs. Chaffee trailing her draperies into the room, paused a moment and then noiselessly disappeared. A maid came in to replenish the fire but scuttered away.

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hurry to get away from the beach. Jane, I was perfectly frantic, I think. I wanted to hide where Ives couldn't find me. And I'm not accustomed to such places, anyway. I just locked the door of the little room and crammed the key into my bag without thinking at all!"

"Maybe you'd better think a little now. What—WHAT are we going to do with it? The detectives will miss it—you may be sure. HOW are we going to get rid of it?"

"You—you hide it somewhere, Jane! I—I wouldn't know how!"

"You can't hide it anywhere!" I exclaimed. "It's worse than a razor blade to dispose of!"

"I guess I know!" This from Ann. "Once I had a book mother forbade me to read: I finished it, and then I tried to lose it. I couldn't. I left it on a street car and an obliging man got off and ran a block to return it to me. I crossed the river and tried to toss it over the bridge but I didn't dare, for fifty persons seemed to be watching me. Jane! couldn't we bury the key—tonight—in the Lorimer park?"

"And have all the servants wondering why we had gone out there in the dark? I should say we cannot. Having the thing around makes me feel like a criminal myself. But I'm not going to risk having it connected by any chance with the Lorimer name."

At this Ann whimpered: "I know you hate me! You've hated me from the first!"

"Stop your crying! Don't let your eyes get red!" I said, and without paying further attention to her words, I went on:

"Consider the situation sanely. If you drag the family name into a court-room, daddy will have another brain lesion—and die. Tell me the rest of your story! That is, as much as you wish me to know."

"I'm telling you the truth, Jane. Just as it happened. I ran away from Claude Ives this afternoon. I hated him and his flattering tongue, I hated myself, and I didn't wonder you and

Chry have always hated me. I saw myself as I thought you must see me. I kept telling myself that if I could get home without being found out, I'd never get trapped by a pillander—never again!"

"How did you leave the bath house?"

"At the regular exit, opposite where I went in. I left with a crowd of girls, I hurried up the hill from the beach with them, hoping Ives wouldn't notice me in the bunch. But he did! I couldn't help looking back from the platform half way up the bank. I saw Ives on the broad walk. He was looking straight at me. He was starting to motion to me, I thought, as if to let me know he was waiting. I saw him stagger—I heard the sound of a shot. I stood still and saw him turn half around. Then he went down."

"You poor child!" I murmured. "The whole world seemed awfully still after that single shot. I couldn't take my eyes from the figure stretched on the walk. Then people crowded around it and hid it from me. All the people on earth seemed to come from the water and from behind trees, and out of autos, and from under the umbrellas on the sand. I discovered that I was standing quite alone on the hillside. And I was afraid. Because I was the only person in the crowd who had an appointment with Ives, I was afraid. It seemed to me everybody knew I hadn't kept the appointment. They seemed to be saying that if I had Ives wouldn't have been killed!"

"This idea proved too much for Ann. She collapsed and I had to hunt up the smelling salts again."

A Compromise.
"Now, Willie, if you promise not to bellow like a calf while your tooth is being pulled, I'll give you a bicycle."

"It won't count, will it papa, if I roar like a lion?"—Boston Transcript.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Ann Rose.
By CLARISSA MACKIE.
(Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

CORTLAND watched the girl with adoring eyes. He had loved the mother of Anne Rose and she had denied him, but when he saw the lovely young daughter he knew that reparation would be made for his lonely life. He was very rich and the years had brought him prominence in the financial world and much social distinction. He was still handsome with fine eyes and slightly wavy hair; he was tall and straight and active as a boy. Anne Rose was only twenty and she was wondrously fair—and the poor protégée of a frivolous aunt.

"She's a dear, isn't she, Roddy?" bubbled Mrs. Chaffee, with a nod toward her niece. "Looks a lot like poor Nannie."

"She is Nannie," returned Cortland with drooping eyes. "Anne Rose is white as a sheet and her face is as pale as the lovely young daughter he knew that reparation would be made for his lonely life. He was very rich and the years had brought him prominence in the financial world and much social distinction. He was still handsome with fine eyes and slightly wavy hair; he was tall and straight and active as a boy. Anne Rose was only twenty and she was wondrously fair—and the poor protégée of a frivolous aunt."

"Poor old Roddy," smiled Mrs. Chaffee, patting his coat sleeve, then she added mischievously: "Why not little Anne Rose?"

"Why not?" he retorted lightly, but he thought made his pulses leap.

Weeks afterward he met Mrs. Wayne. He had known her of old, a selfish, scheming woman, but with a disarming manner that was very fetching. Cortland found himself beside her at a dinner party.

"I haven't seen you in years," she exclaimed; "do come into the library and give me a bit of advice."

"I am always at your service," he said courteously, but he was annoyed—he had wanted to go to Anne Rose as soon as he could get away. Anne Rose was wearing a blazing sapphire now.

"When they were alone, she dropped into a chair and appealed to him. "It's about my nephew Hal Brayton—he's as poor as a church mouse but the poor dear is frightfully in love with that charming little niece of Mrs. Chaffee's—Anne Rose Graye."

"The poor things have been in love for ages—and they cannot marry—Hal is wild. She is receiving much attention and he is afraid she might marry—for money. Girl's want so much nowadays. I have thought you might use your influence to get him a position."

"So that he may marry Miss Graye?"

"Yes. Young things like that have a right to happiness."

"Of course," he agreed drily. "I will do the best I can for Hal."

CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, N. E. A.)

"Here's the key of the bath house compartment."

Ann drew from her bag a huge iron key attached to a numbered tag. It was the same as the ordinary hotel combination of key and tag, made of a size which no one would willingly carry around.

"You take it, Jane. Ann dropped it onto a lovely pink satin sofa pillow where it looked shockingly out of place and conspicuous.

"Oh Ann! ANN! How could you bring that awful thing here!" I cried as I picked up another pillow and flung it on top of the key.

"I don't know!" Ann answered. "I was worried, I guess, and in such a

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WILBUR IS CERTAINLY THE LIBERAL GUY.)—BY ALLMAN.



His Mad One.
Judge—You say the prisoner struck you. Have you any witnesses to prove it?
Gandy (pointing to his discolored optic)—I have an eye-witness here, your honor.—Boston Transcript.

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