

# The Craze for Capes

Lady Duff-Gordon Describes the Prevailing Rage for Wraps.



Frakish Capes Seen on the Boulevards.

By Lady Duff-Gordon.

WHEN capes made their appearance the fashion writers were frankly amazed. They predicted that these figure disguises would never, no never be accepted by the mondaines who have so long "displayed their wares" to public gaze. But the creators of fashion realized that some change must be made, and made boldly. Therefore the cape, instead of being put forth, or at least developed gradually, sprang forth full armed, and the ladies of fashion went down before the onslaught.

Capes of a dash that show the cavalier influence, capes that fall back from the shoulders, capes that are held in place by cross straps—in fact, in all manner of capes appeared over night, and now every mondaine has at least one in her wardrobe. There are capes for the lean and lanky, the short and dumpy, the tall and broad. The old-time cape completely hid the figure. The cape of to-day actually displays the female form divine even more than the tight-fitting gowns. Odd? But true. Later I shall send you photographs of the many varieties. This week I am sending just one, the full-length Longchamps cape, which made its appearance at the races. It is ankle length and more than moderately full. And that it is made of the dark



The "Longchamps" Costume of Gun Metal Serge, Showing the Newest Three-Quarter Length Coat and Flap Girdle. ("Lucile" Model).

blue silk serge of which the gown is made needs not to be said. This is imperative. Gown and cape must match. Just as a contrast and just to show you that I really prefer the usual tailored costume, I send a picture of a costume I designed for a June bride. Frankly I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that this "Lucile" tailleur is far more to be desired than the cape costume. It is more youthful, more chic and it is more appropriate for all kinds of wear than the cape. The hat which can boast of a real brim, and not just a mere and brief apology for the original and genuine article is once more a pleasant possibility. And that its return will be enthusiastically welcomed is, of course, a foregone conclusion. So far these latest and larger hats are of the sailor variety, and while nothing in the way of a bandeau is introduced, they are put on the head in such a way that they acquire a distinct and most attractively jaunty one-sided tilt. The vast majority of them are made in white tulle, the brims being lined with either black or palest pink charmeuse or crepe de chine, these softer fabrics having been found so much kinder to the complexion than the more and taffetas, which were once used. Black velvet is, of course, "taboo" during the summer months, in view of its dust-collecting propensities. As to trimming, flowers, fruit, wings or buds can be chosen with an equal certainty of being in the fashion. But if you want to be the observed of all observers you will by some means or the other acquire a white straw hat whose broad

brim is inwardly lined with black satin and outwardly adorned with a bird, which is perched on one foot, the other being rather pathetically upheld, while in its beak it bears the light burden of a sprig of rose-red berries. Its own coloring is blue—an intense, exquisite blue—and it is all shimmering instead of soft, as you might have expected it to be, the whole plumage being thickly covered with metallic blue paint. And really this fashionable unattractiveness just saves the situation, and prevents the poor bird from being too painful an object lesson on feminine vanity, and some might even say cruelty. Another novelty is the poisoning on two tall ears of corn of two wee Java sparrows, the whole trimming as well as the straw being of purest white and only the faintest flush of color being introduced by the brim lining of delicate pink crepe de chine. But if you don't want to carry about little—or large—dead birds on your head and your new hat (and that "bluebird" you must know was of the size of a thrush) you can make your headgear a cool delight to the eyes on the hottest of the dog days by having a double row of leaves encircling the crown of a white straw hat, one being of purest white and the other of freshest green, while in between comes a dividing and decorative trail of gardenia buds—a number of the dainty delicately white and green things, and never a full-blown flower among them all. Add a brim lining of black satin and you have the ideal Summer hat complete.



The New Riviera Cape of Dark Blue Silk Serge, with Walking Gown to Match.

## His Frightful Afternoon

THE first thing that flashed into Van Ripper's startled mind was the appalling hope that Camelia would never find out about it. If there is one thing above another that a man hates it is having his wife's cruel judgment justified. Camelia had looked so dubious about leaving him that afternoon that he still writhed under the memory. "I certainly am not going," she had said, "and leave you here alone if you're so cock that you have to come home and go to bed you need attention!" Van Ripper had insisted on her keeping her engagement. "A good sleep will fix my headache," he had insisted. "I'll be all right." "Something will happen," she had persisted. "I know I ought to stay!" "I guess you can trust me not to get into mischief!" Van Ripper had said with great sarcasm that was totally lost in her reminder that he always did when left to his own devices. And now he had done this! The bedroom window looked out on the gently sloping roof of the side porch below. Van Ripper always had wanted to rig up a sleeping apartment on it, but his wife had refused her consent. She said that he would certainly roll off during the night. It was a beautifully easy porch for a burglar to climb and Camelia had had the window fitted with the sort of patent catch that prevented its being raised from the outside at all. HE THINGS UP. Freedom from espionage had led Van Ripper on this peaceful afternoon to climb through the window to the sleeping porch it really would make. He was in respectable gray pajamas and the people next door were away, anyhow. As he climbed out he accidentally whacked the window sash and the affair, oiled and balanced to a nicety, slid down and shut with a determined little bang. Therefore Van Ripper was out on a porch roof in pajamas in broad daylight with a locked window behind him. This was when he hoped Camelia would never know! Van Ripper weighs close to 250 and after one look at the porch pillars, which at that moment resembled toothpicks, he decided not to climb down after all. Anyhow he would be no better off, because the cork was out and he could not get in through the door. He began to get nervous. He was certain that anybody within one mile could tell they were pajamas. "Hey!" he called as some one went whistling down the walk by the house. The whistle ceased and gazing up delightedly was the surprised and interested face of the worst small boy in the block.

## THE GENERAL'S DIAMONDS---By Bradley St. Dennis

MR. JAMES PARLBY, sole representative of the firm of Strickland & Yates, the eminent jewelers, accounted himself a fortunate man. He had an exceedingly snug business, he had money of his own, and he rejoiced in the possession of a wife of whom he was exceedingly proud. He lived in the suburbs, and in his spare time he took the greatest possible interest in his garden. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Parlby was not quite so satisfied as her husband fondly imagined. In her secret heart she rather looked down upon James. It was very nice and soothing to feel that she was one of the best dressed women in Streatham, and to feel that her jewels were at once the envy and admiration of her friends. There was also satisfaction in the feeling that nobody in that select circle knew who Mr. Parlby was—or, at least, so Mrs. Parlby deluded herself. She always spoke of James vaguely in connection with the Bank of England. For some years Mrs. Parlby had been in the habit of wearing certain gems which did not, as a matter of fact, form any part of her own collection. She did call from time to time at the Bond street establishment, where it gave her pleasure to examine certain magnificent gems in James's office. If there was anything to which she took a special fancy she was allowed to wear it for a few days. There was a safe in the suburban house, and this safe was the property of Mrs. Parlby. There were times when it was decidedly worth looting. For instance, after the Tennis Club dance. There was just one fly in the ointment of Mrs. Parlby's pleasure, and that consisted of Mrs. Mosenstein. More than once lately she had glimpsed Mrs. Parlby by the splendor of her jewels. Something had to be done as regarded the Tennis Club dance. And fortunately just at that moment Mr. Parlby could oblige. The obligation took the form of a splendid single-stone diamond necklace which, to quote Parlby, "stood him in to the tune of a cool 4,000 pounds." Ethel could have that for

the night of the Tennis Club dance, but no longer, as Miss Cora Trerelgar, of the Frivolity chorus, was nibbling at it. "Let me keep it till Monday," Mrs. Parlby pleaded. "I do want to wear it on Saturday to the opera. Tell that dancing creature that a duchess has the necklace on approval. She'll be all the more eager to get it then." Mr. Parlby yielded, as usual. He did not go to the Tennis Club dance himself, but he heard all about the extinguishing of Mrs. Mosenstein afterward. Mosenstein was no friend of his, and the recital amused him. He was proud to see his wife with the stones about her neck. None of his aristocratic customers could have looked better. Certainly Ethel would cut a pretty figure at Covent Garden two nights later. From one or two rumors that he had heard, he did not imagine that Mrs. Mosenstein was likely to contest the leadership of the district much longer. Mr. Parlby went off to business on the Friday morning feeling at peace with all mankind. Business was good, he was feeling exceedingly well and his party had just won a seat at an important by-election. He passed rather a busy morning, and subsequently lunched generously at the City Carlton Club. About 3 o'clock a clerk summoned him from the office. "A gentleman wishes to see you, sir," he said. "General Goodrick." The name was vaguely familiar to Parlby. For a moment he could not connect it with anything. The solution flashed on him presently. General Goodrick had lately distinguished himself in connection with one of those little frontier "affairs," which generally terminate in the expansion of the British Empire. The General had been wounded and was on his way home to recruit. "Pleased to see you, sir," Parlby murmured. "An honor to my establishment. Glad to see you are so much better, sir. I expected—"

to-morrow. Mayor and Corporation, address and all that. I hate the whole confounded business myself. At Gibraltar my friend Lord Windlesham suggested I should come back on his steamer, and I jumped at the chance. Saves all sorts of infernal fuss, don't you know. I'll get my business with the War Office settled, and I'll be down at my place in Dorsetshire before the newspaper fellows know I've landed. A little discretion on your part, Mr. Parlby." "You may absolutely rely upon my discretion, sir," he said. "I'll not mention to any one that you are in London. Is it anything private?" "Well, it is, Mr. Parlby," General Goodrick said. "You know where I've been; you know the kind of place where the trouble was. Hardly worth the trouble of fighting for. If it had not been for the minerals I don't suppose we should have gone any further. But, unless I am greatly mistaken, there are diamonds yonder. That is why I came to see you. Hadn't we better talk the matter over in your office?" Mr. Parlby could only be too delighted. In the privacy of the office, General Goodrick produced a handful of rough-looking stones which he handed to Parlby. "Now, I am a mere child in these matters," he said. "These may or may not be diamonds. If not, then there is an end to the matter—if so, why, you can judge for yourself. I haven't done badly by the Empire. The whole thing is a secret yet, but those first in the field are going to make big fortunes." "No question about it, sir," he said. "These are really good stones I would give you a check for 500 pounds for these at the moment and chance it. It is just possible that you have other specimens even better." "Well, as a matter of fact, I have," the General smiled. "I've got half a dozen stones so big that I was ashamed to bring 'em. I was afraid that you might laugh at me. They are at my wife's flat in Kensington, and she's got the key. If I've got anybody to know that I am in London, I'm supposed to come by the Furious, that reaches Southampton But this was not precisely what Parlby required. He was not in the least anxious to let remunerative business slip through his fingers like this. It was the kind of deal that would end up by calling at some other kindred establishment in Bond Street. "Couldn't you possibly send for the stones, sir?" he suggested softly. "Well, I might. I've got a car outside—hired for the week. I'll get the man to take a little note to my wife. Give me a sheet of paper." Without waiting for any response, General Goodrick sat down and helped himself to a sheet of paper from Parlby's case. He slipped his maimed right hand out of the sling and took the pen awkwardly between his bandaged fingers. As he did so, his features quivered with pain and a spot or two of blood stained the white gauze. "I am afraid I can't manage it," he muttered. "Doctor told me that I should have to be careful. Seems as if he were right." Parlby looked solicitously at the red stains on the bandages. "Could I be of assistance, sir?" he suggested. "Well, perhaps you might. Just a line to say that the chauffeur is to have the stones out of the safe at once. Very urgent. Sign it 'Jimmy'." That will do. I'll wait here till the chauffeur comes back." There was no address on the envelope; in fact, there was no time for that, as a tall, military-looking man strolled into the office and addressed the General by name. "Lucky to find you," he said. "They can't go at once, Goodrick. This set are"—A muttered conversation followed, in which Parlby caught the names of several great men in the world of politics. The jeweler discreetly slipped away with the note. The chauffeur would know exactly what to do with it. The General departed presently with his friend, saying that he would return in the course of an hour. By 6 o'clock he had not put in an appearance. He had either been detained or he had changed his mind. Still, he would have to come again, seeing that he had left a good 4500