

What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



The Ever-Welcome Taffeta Suit.

The perennial and ever-welcome taffeta coat is with us again and summer would hardly be complete without it. It reappears in handsome, warm brown tones, in several fine shades of blue and in black. In spite of lack of color in the last, it achieves real distinction, when a pongee collar, and facings of pongee on the cuffs, are added to smart style in design. It is in this development that it is pictured here.

A very handsome model among new arrivals is made of warm brown taffeta banded three times with wide, brown velvet ribbon between collar and hem. The silk is shirred into the bands, the sleeves are full and a very wide cape, bordered with velvet, adds a final gracious touch to a beautiful garment. One does not have to look twice to see the advantages of this design. In the right shade of blue it would be

equally chic and practical. But it is important to remember that the choice of color means success or failure in a taffeta coat.

There are several points of interest in the coat pictured. The flare of the sleeves at the wrist where they are faced with pongee and the turned-back pointed cuffs are novel and graceful. Square pockets at each side extended into a strap and finished with a button, are new and ingenious. The belt is wide at the back and split into two narrow bands at the front which are extended into sash ends in a style that appears on many of the new spring suits and coats. The taffeta coat, like the serge dress, comes back each year, with the return of spring, because its merit entitles it to a permanent place in the wardrobe. And there are taffeta coats—and taffeta coats—for all sorts of people.



Pretty Neckwear for Spring.

If ever there was a plain frock or suit that could not be helped out by the addition of pretty neckwear, it was a marvel and its like is not often met with just now. Collars, jabots and collar and cuff sets are playing an important role in the spring wardrobe, and designers of neckwear are casting about for ideas that will give variety to their products.

During the past month the frilly jabot has grown into prominence by long leaps. They are made of net and lace and of wide net-top laces, and of crepe. Most of them are attached to high-crushed collars of like material, but occasionally the jabot is collarless and is fastened to the dress or blouse with a long bar pin. But the jabot with high collar is worn with blouses and waists that are open at the throat and fall to meet the collar at the back.

narrow hemstitched hems. Fine and dainty edgings of lace whipped out by the addition of pretty neckwear, it was a marvel and its like is not often met with just now. Collars, jabots and collar and cuff sets are playing an important role in the spring wardrobe, and designers of neckwear are casting about for ideas that will give variety to their products.

Among the new jabots, edgings of Renaissance lace set on to fine net in the jabot, and high collars of the lace, are most effective. Veils with this lace make beautiful neckwear, serving for the jabot set on to collars of net.

Julia Bottomeley

New Embroidery.
Monastery embroidery is the name given to a new darning with yarn. The material used for this embroidery is usually an open-meshed cloth in a natural tan linen color. A four-fold yarn gives excellent results and rich colorings should be used. The stitches should be all run in the same direction of the weave, but they should all be run in the same direction.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER.

BIRTHDAY GOBLIN.

"A little girl named Polly," said Daddy, "could hardly wait for her birthday to come. She had been thinking about it for a long time, and at last there was only one more night and the birthday would actually be here.

"It was bedtime and Polly was ready for bed. But she did not feel sleepy. At least she told herself she did not feel at all sleepy.

"I'm going to stay awake for ages," she said to herself, "and try to guess what Mother and Daddy are going to give me, and what we'll have to eat at the party. I do hope it will be ice cream. I am a little afraid it won't be, though, because when I asked Mother about it, she said that perhaps it would be nice to have a change. Nothing is so nice as ice cream for a birthday party."

"That's true," said a voice.

"Who are you?" asked Polly.

"I'm the birthday Goblin," said the voice.

"Let me see you," said Polly. And a little Goblin hopped up on the end of the bed and sat with his legs either side of the brass rod at the foot of the bed.

"Now who do you suppose I am?" asked the Goblin.

"I've no idea," said Polly.

"I'm the birthday Goblin. That is, I am one of the birthday Goblins, for there are a good many of us needed for our work. There are such lots of birthdays," and the Goblin tossed his head and laughed.

"I don't think there are so many birthdays," said Polly. "I only have one each year."

"Ha, ha, ha," said the Goblin. "That's all that most folks have. In fact, I don't know anyone who has



"Ha, Ha, Ha," Said the Goblin.

more than one birthday a year. A birthday wouldn't be half the fun if it is, if we had a great, great many of them."

"I can't imagine having too many birthdays," said Polly.

"That's because you love them so—and you love them because they're a treat—because they only come once a year. But you don't see how we can be kept busy when folks only have one birthday a year?"

"I can't understand it at all," said Polly.

"Well, just think of all your friends and their birthdays. And then think of all the other places all over the world and of all the other children who have a birthday every single year. Now, can't you imagine we are kept busy, and that there have to be a good many of us?"

"Oh, yes, now I see," said Polly.

"But what do you do?"

"To begin with," said the Goblin, "we always have a word about the birthday supper."

"Oh, do tell me," said Polly, "if I'm to have ice cream for my party tomorrow."

"Yes," said the Goblin, and Polly laughed with glee. "You see," said the Goblin, "your mother thought perhaps it would be nice to have a change, and that is what I have to do. I have to tell mothers that ice cream is the thing for the birthday—that it is better than any change. It's more important that I should always be around to whisper that to them, and to tell them not to forget that the joy of seeing candles on a cake is never any the less because we partly guess that it's coming. They don't know I'm around, but I whisper ever so softly these things to them."

"How wonderful you are," said Polly.

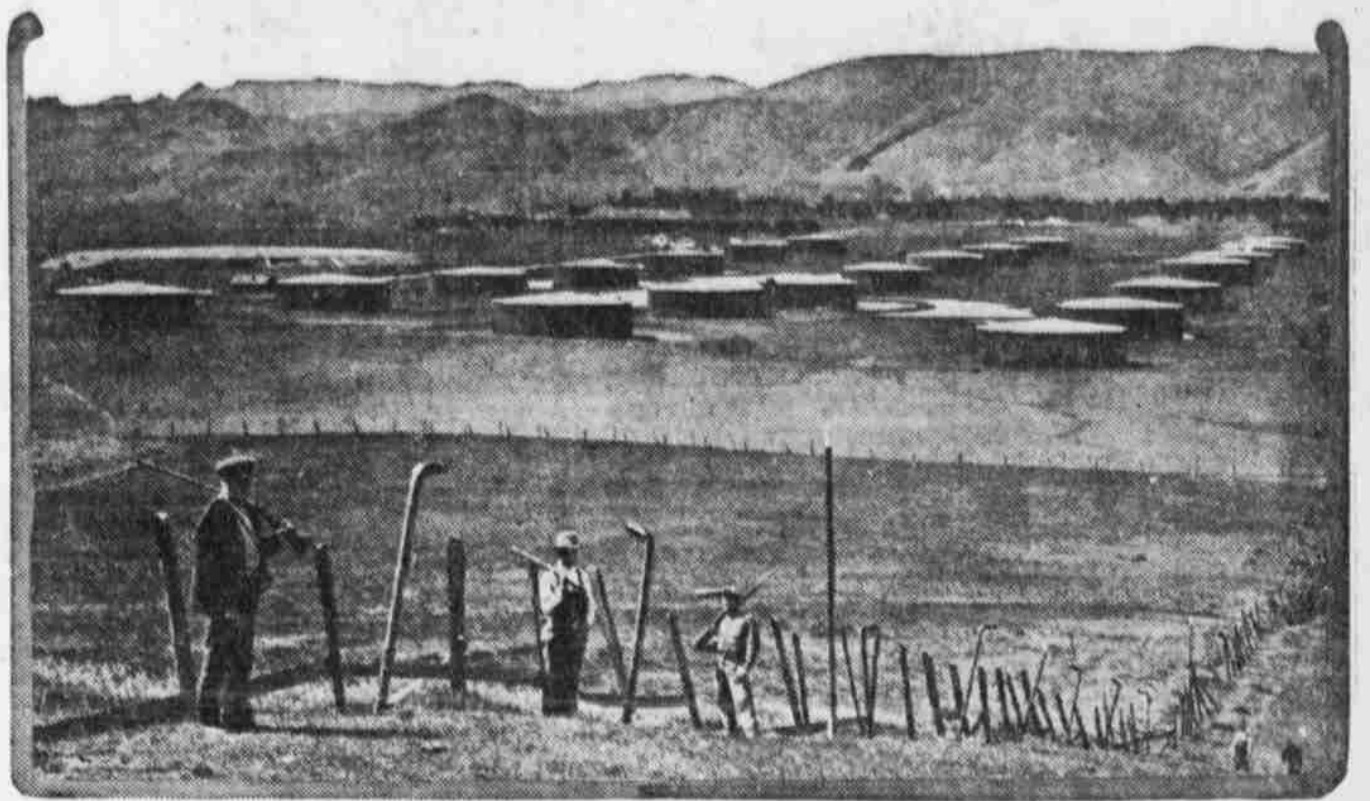
"And," continued the Goblin, "I tell them not to forget the good, old-fashioned way of putting a ring, a thimble and a button in the cake. I have to see about the presents, too. For how well I know what the Girls and Boys like as presents! That's our business, you know."

"I'm really to have ice cream tomorrow?" repeated Polly delightedly.

"Yes," said the Goblin, "and so are all the other little Boys and Girls all over the world who are having birthday parties tomorrow! The Goblins are all around tonight. Most of them aren't stopping to chat. I got through very quickly, you see, and so I thought I'd have a little talk. Your mother took my suggestions so quickly. I didn't have to coax her at all. But your birthday is here and the sun has been up some time. Good-by, happy birthday!" And as Polly opened her eyes, her mother was by her bed, whispering that always wonderful birthday wish of:

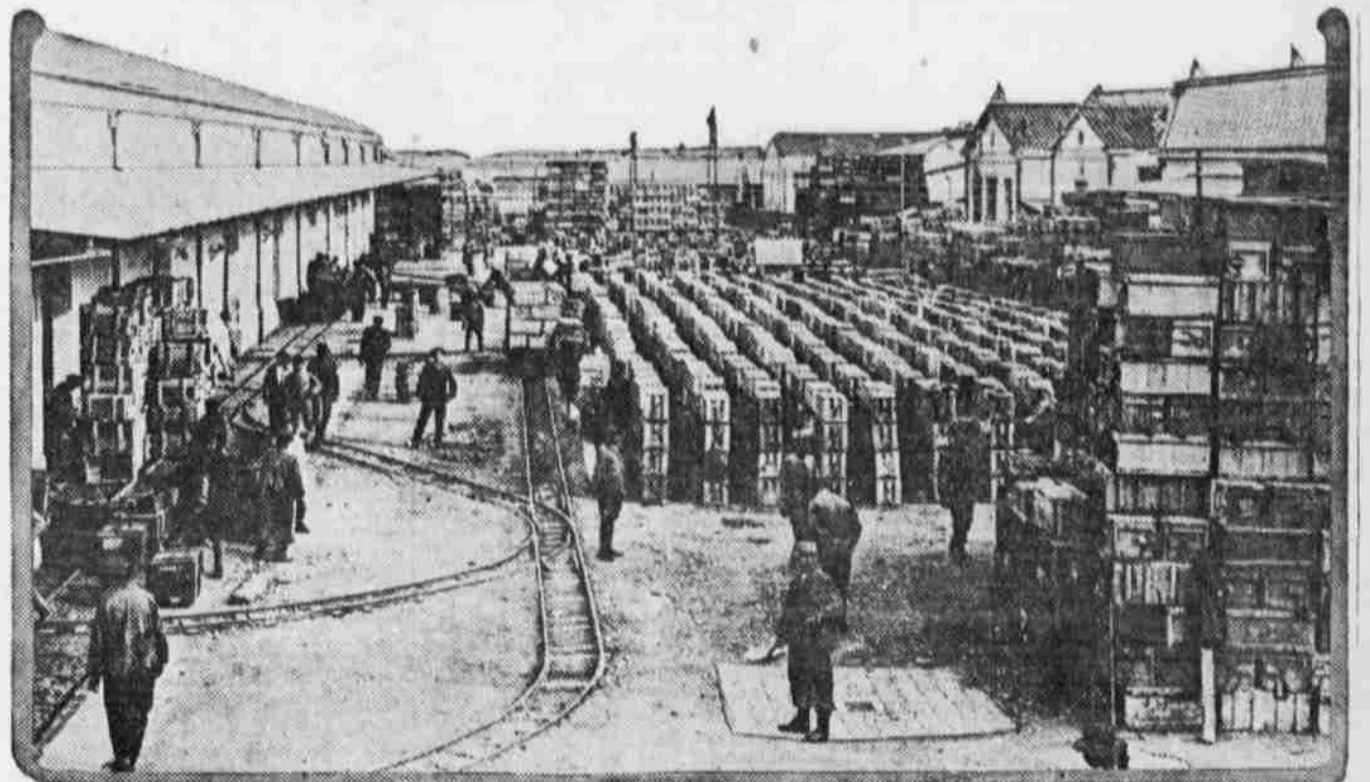
"Many happy returns of the day!"

ATTACK ON HUGE OIL TANKS FRUSTRATED



What is believed to have been an attempt to destroy the 7,000,000 barrel tank "farm" of the Producers' Transportation company at San Luis Obispo was frustrated by the guards, who exchanged many shots with the attackers. The fight took place at night just outside the nine-foot fence that is being constructed about the plant.

AMMUNITION ARSENAL IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE



Cases full of cartridges stacked up in the yard of a big arsenal in the south of France. They are brought from the arsenal to the yard by means of a narrow-gauge railway, and when word is received are transferred to large box cars, which roll away to the scene of operations.

WASHINGTON POLICE DISPERSE PACIFISTS



The pacifist demonstration, planned for the capitol steps at the assembling of congress, was a fizzle. As soon as a considerable crowd gathered the police scattered them. This picture was taken from the east front of the capitol.

SHOWER FLOWERS ON GRAVE OF DEAD FLYER



A. L. Allen, one of the eleven airmen who dropped flowers on the grave of Tex Millman, who was buried in St. Bridget cemetery, Westbury, L. I.

VIA WIRELESS



A New York policeman signaling from the top of the municipal building. The signal department of the metropolitan police force has been highly trained in this work.

Heroic Strength.

This city's newest statue, "The Genius of Telegraphy," a 16-ton, 30-foot-high figure of a man of heroic strength, grasping with one hand the lightning of heaven and with the other heavy coils of wire, was recently swung into place atop the new Western Union building in Dey street. A woman, Evelyn Beatrice Longman, was the sculptor.—New York Telegram.