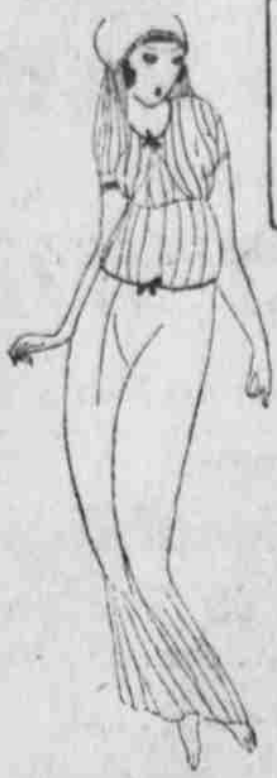


The New Spring Fashions

By Lady Duff-Gordon.



Tailored Costume of the Newest Light Weight Striped Worsted.



short, full tunic, this plainness is very apparent. There are a few flowers on the bodice, but the whole costume is of a rare and dignified simplicity. In the white gown, the tunics are in reality long, straight affairs of net. The narrow bandings are of pale pink satin. There is a girlish charm about

styles for well-dressed women. Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

A New Dignified Costume of Pale Green Charmeuse, with Short, Full Tunic.



Charming Girlish White Gown of Net, with Bandings of Pale Pink Satin.



THE masculine tendency is a dominant note in the earliest Spring fashions. Stiff hats, close-fitting sleeves, with the normal armhole and linen collars, are features of the Spring styles that are compelling attention from all the smart women. This masculine tendency is, of course, only apparent in the daytime clothes. The evening costume, on the contrary, is literally super-feminine—that is, what there is left of the bodice!

Never before in the history of modern society has woman left off so much of her clothing, and that which is left is slit, "hitched up" or of a cobwebby transparency that is very beautiful and very alluring, but it does take one's breath away.

A few months ago, when we were combining fur and chiffon on evening gowns, this extreme transparency was not so overpowering as it is at present. The fur had a violent birth and is dying as violently. The ultra smart woman will wear a bit of fur on her street clothes, but not on her afternoon or evening costumes. The death knell of fur was sounded when the awful imitation bands were sold as cheaply as ten cents a yard and when nightgowns of fur-trimmed chiffon appeared in the shops.

In the pictures of the two little evening costumes I am sending you this week you will observe the absence of fur and the almost total elimination of any trimming on the tunics. Pick it better than any other finish for the short tunics.

In the pale green charmeuse, with its

this model which appeals to the debutante.

The Spring tailor-mades will be built on severe lines. Instead of the "drossy" tailleurs, miladi will wear a gown of one of the new fabrics.

The little tailored costume of which I am sending you a picture is built of one of the newest light weight striped worsteds. The severity of the skirt is softened by anything aside from the slit at the back.

Saving Souls as a Lightning Change Artist.



As Mrs. Howard. "Oh, my poor children, my poor Dan! No food in the house."

THE Rev. Austin T. Kempton, pastor of the Broadway Baptist Church in Cambridge, Mass., watched his congregation dwindle in five years from 800 to 200. About the time he began to wonder why it was, he attended a performance of a society-problem play at one of the Boston theatres. The playhouse was crowded. The Rev. Mr. Kempton, returning, noticed other crowds going into the moving picture houses. A light dawned upon him. He studied up on character acting, cast a few dramatic ideas together, and a few Sundays ago, instead of preaching, appeared behind the place where his pulpit used to stand as a ministerial actor. He took all the parts of his little drama himself.

He has done the same thing every Sunday, and now there is standing room only at the services. "Like all Protestant ministers," said Dr. Kempton, explaining why he turned his pulpit into a vaudeville stage and himself into a quick-change artist, "I realized that something was wrong with our Church. I knew scores of workmen and not a few business men who refused to attend not only services in my church, but in the other Protestant churches. I think that those men were honest in their belief that the ministers and Church in general were out of touch with the people and were not doing all they might toward aiding men

who were in need of friends. The average minister does much toward the relief of his neighbors, but has difficulty in proving it.

"I have followed the drama for years, and have noted with much interest how a strong and dramatic situation in a play stirred the audience. Every one in the audience seemed to appreciate the strong situations and I am sure profited by them.

"If the stage with all its glaring defects can be of such service to the people that they are elevated and inspired to do more noble deeds, then why should the church refuse to incorporate the drama in its many activities? I decided to take the step.

"I impersonate all the characters, and have but few stage properties. In fact, I have followed almost the line of many noted play producers and make everything in the drama sermon as simple as possible. I have met with success, and intend to continue with the work. Hundreds of men have come to me and expressed a willingness to help me and have assured me that they would aid me in every effort that I make toward helping mankind.

"One of my best and strongest drama sermons portrays conditions in the so-called cheap tenement district, where hunger and want wreck so many lives. 'At the Top of the Tenement' is the title I have given it. I impersonate four characters—Dan Howard, who has been driven to desperation because he cannot get food for his family; his wife, Annie, who

The Rev. Dr. Kempton, of Cambridge, Explains Why He Has Turned His Pulpit Into a Stage Whereon He Alone Acts Every Character of His Original "Drama-Sermons"

shares his burdens with the nobility of her splendid fortitude; baby Howard, and the Rev. Frank Warren, a clergyman of the newer school of humanity.

"My idea of the drama sermon is to drive home the argument to every person in my district that I am alive to present-day conditions. I have written all my drama sermons, and, although I make every attempt to keep them within the realm of the Church and religion, I do not permit that element to injure the dramatic effect. My real purpose is to demonstrate that I am in sympathy with the friendless and needy, and to prove through my impersonations that I know how to solve their problems, and that I am ever ready to extend a helping hand. A hungry man wants something to eat before he is ready to embrace the dogma of any Church. Until you prove to him that you, as the pastor of a church, stand ready to aid him your efforts toward making him a member of your congregation are wasted. "Every one of my drama sermons drives home a strong moral lesson."

The little drama, "The Top of the Tenement," of which Dr. Kempton speaks, follows. The notes show just how he does it.

SCENE—Living room at Howard home. TIME—Christmas Eve.

A couple of mean chairs, a table with empty dishes and five little stockings hanging from a board which represents the fireplace mantel.

(Dr. Kempton throws off shawl around his shoulders, sits with head on table and weeps. He has now assumed the character of Mrs. Anne Howard.)

MRS. HOWARD—Christmas Eve and not even food for the children. Oh, that the world should be so cruel!

(Dr. Kempton throws off shawl, runs over to door and enters, this time in the character of Dan Howard. Goes over to chair recently vacated by him as wife, lifts imaginary wife on shoulder.)

DAN HOWARD—I have tramped the streets of this great city for five long weeks. I can't find work, but worst of all, Annie, I can't find a

friend. I am about discouraged with this world.

(Resuming rapidly shawl and character of Mrs. Howard and sinking into chair.)

MRS. HOWARD—Dan, the minister was here to-day.

(Throws off shawl and stands up.)

DAN—So the minister was here, was he? I don't want any of those kid-glove, pink-checked, long-coated fellows prowling about this house. If he calls again, Annie, put him out.

(Dropping into chair, assuming shawl, wringing hands.)

MRS. HOWARD—But, Dan, dear, he is not that kind of a man. He looked like a business man. He was kind, and said he would help us. Really, Dan, he was like a good friend.

(Dr. Kempton throws off shawl, runs rapidly to door and enters, this time as the Rev. Frank Warren. He extends his hand to Dan, rapidly resumes the character of Dan and refuses to accept the hand.)

DAN HOWARD—Look here, Parson Warren, I don't want you coming around here and telling me what to do. I am hungry. It's bread I want and none of your religion.

(Turning around and assuming the character of Warren.)

DR. WARREN—Howard, I am here to help you. I am going to be your friend. I am going to supply you with food and then work, and all you want of it, too.

(In character of Warren he goes out at the door. He returns



As Dr. Ross (After the Operation) "White is dead—but Brock is alive. Yes, the sin is death!"

rapidly and takes the character of Howard; turns to one of the children, who presumably has been awakened by the loud conversation.)

HOWARD—Go to bed, baby. It's cold. Santa Claus won't come. He is sick.

(In infantile tones.)

BABY HOWARD—Is he out of work like you, Daddy?

(Back to Howard again.)

HOWARD—Well, Annie, this is Christmas Eve, and the baby has gone to bed with the other tots. No food, no fire, nothing for the babies, nothing for you. My God, this is awful!

(Runs out and gets basket; runs in again, this time as Dr. Warren. Basket filled with food. Assumes character of Howard.)

DAN HOWARD—Parson, I didn't know you were this kind of a friend. If you give my babies a good Christmas you can say anything to me. If



As Dan Howard. "I love you Annie. Were it not for my love I would kill myself."

religion makes a man like you, then give me religion and give it to me now, Parson. I was ready to-night to kill my wife, my babies and then myself. I am happy now and want to live, and I am a Christian from this day on.

Good Practice.

There he stood, in the thickest of battle where bullets hailed and swords and bayonets clashed, he calmly held his own at the head of his small band.

Again and again the enemy charged furiously, but he met them firmly, dodging their bullets with agile ease and warding off their sword and bayonet thrusts with a skill that spoke of great experience in close conflict.

At last the enemy fled, dismayed. The fight was won and the bridge saved.

Then the soldiers whispered among themselves, wondering who their new leader was. Such coolness, skill and daring they had never before witnessed.

"Whence came this modern Horatius?" asked they.

Then one, more bold than the rest, addressed him:

"Sir, we marvel at your reckless disregard for life and limb, your coolness and bravery. Tell us what noble inspiration or memory of heroic deed moved you in the fierce combat against such fearful odds?"

"Sir," he replied, simply, as a proud smile lit up his countenance and he drew his form up imperiously, "I once rode a bicycle down Broadway."

He Never Erred Again.

"Now, look for the Colonel, because he's coming to inspect the post," said the sergeant, as he marched off, leaving O'Brien doing his first outpost duty.

Very full of his own importance and responsibility, O'Brien took his stand.

After an hour the sergeant returned.

"Colonel been yet?" he asked. Receiving an answer in the negative, the sergeant went away and returned an hour later with the same inquiry.

At last the Colonel did appear; and O'Brien, in his relief at seeing some one after his long vigil, forgot all about his instructions.

"Do you know who I am?" sternly asked the superior officer, noting that the private had omitted to salute.

"Shure, an' I don't at all!" answered the grinning recruit. "I am the Colonel!"

"Begorra, you'll catch it, then!" remarked Erin's son. "The sergeant's been askin' twice for ye already!"

His Last Good Deed.

Just one week had elapsed since Tom had landed in America. Returning to his rooms rather late one night, he came upon a man sitting on a doorstep evidently joyfully oblivious to the cares of this world.

"Been dining?" asked Tom. "Yes."

"D'you live here? Want to go inside?" "Yes."

Seeing no wife or light about, Tom helped the fellow upstairs, and pushed him into the first door-way that he came to.

As he groped his way out of the house, he came upon another figure, evidently in a limper state than the one he had just helped.

"You been dining, too?" he queried. "Yes," came the feeble reply.

The good natured fellow thought he could not do more than assist this woe-begone traveler upstairs also. As he reached the street for the second time he saw a man evidently in a worse state than either of the former couple he had met. As he approached, however, the man fled to a passing policeman.

"Officer," he gasped, "I demand protection from this man. He's carried me upstairs, twice and thrown me down the elevator shaft!"

Advising the Prophet.

He entered the meteorological office and said, in his jerky way:

"This 'ere's where you give out weather predictions, ain't it?"

The clerk nodded.

"Well," continued the old man, "I thought as how I would come up and give you some useful tips."

"Yes," said the clerk, politely.

"I've watched very carefully, an' I find that ye ain't always right."

"No," he sometimes make mistakes."

"Course you do. We all do sometimes. Now, I was thinkin' as how a line that used to be on the action handbills down in our county might do just rate on your weather predictions and save you a lot of explanations."

"What was the line?"

"Wind an' weather permissit."

He went down without waiting to say good-bye.