

## Sheerest Black Lace Is Used In Unique and Fetching Ways

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



INTO the story of modern costume design the black magic of exquisitely sheer lace is writing a chapter of fascinating interest. The latest discovery about black lace is that instead of being "oldish" looking, as we were once led to believe, it really is as flattering to the debutante as it is to the woman who registers in the "live-begins-at-for" class.

Note how artfully handsome black lace is introduced in the fashions pictured. If you are invited to an important function you could not make a more suitable choice than a gown of shimmering, crisp yellow taffeta jacketed with a basque of fine black lace beautifully fashioned and daintily transparent, as shown in the illustration, to the left. A flattering lace jacket of this type is a grand possession, for you can wear it with various costumes. Being high necked and having three-quarter sleeves, it is not too formal for your "at home" receptions nor too informal for an important party elsewhere. The quaint use of wide black lace to border the yards and yards around hemline adds infinitely to the chic of this adorable gown.

With a dress so distinctive as this of course one will want a few superb jewels to flash forth fire and beauty. The ornament worn at the hairline in Hollywood style, is a new "headgem" worth noting, being a yellow diamond set in Spanish gold. It is suspended on a ribbon

concealed under the curls. Milady also wears two white diamond bracelets and a yellow diamond ring. Each season certain jewelry vogues stand out pre-eminently in the mode and the immediate style message is diamonds, a single fine jewelry unit rather than a bizarre showing of costume jewelry.

A most attractive use of black lace is that of a yoke that gives flattering transparency to an afternoon gown of sheer wool crepe or whatever the fabric of your dressy black frock. See the idea illustrated to the right in the group. Ladies, take notice if your clothes allowance is limited and you like to see here is a grand suggestion for fixing over a dress that calls for restyling. Give it a dainty lace yoke. The brimmed turban that tops this charming lace-yoked dress is one of a collection of lovely white hats that are high fashion. It is made of white silk jersey draped softly over the brow to give the appearance of a brim.

The quaint silhouette of the 1890s distinguishes the attractive dinner gown centered in the illustration. This stunning dress of black Rodier wool fits slimly to the figure, flaring only toward the floor where it ends in a lace flounce. A bustle illustration is achieved by a black velvet bow securing folds of the material. The sleeves are elbow-length with the fashionable "pushed-up" look. Lace forms a deep inset covering the back décolletage and forming also a cowl-back hood which brought up over the head has the appearance of a mantilla.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

### Ornate Detail



Black and yellow braid in a scroll patterning has been used in a bolero fashion on an afternoon dress of teal blue sheer wool as pictured at the top. A broad girde of self fabric forms the wide corselet. Her black hat has a blue snood at the back. A smart version of the separate blouse and skirt for informal evenings is shown below.

Embroidery and quilting on the white crepe blouse, the outline stitch done in gold thread is very effective. This two-piece is practical because either piece may be worn with another mate. This blouse would look well with a street length skirt for less formal occasion. Braiding, embroidery and other ornate surface work continues to flourish in the spring mode.

### Flower Jewelry Is Harbinger of Spring

If you want to feel the exuberance of spring tingle through your veins and if you want to cause others to feel just like that at sight of you, be one of the first to brighten your costume with an ensemble of enamel flower jewelry. One of the prettiest designs is a bib necklace made of yellow-centered white enamel daisies. And here's good news—you can get bracelet and chips to match. With the new pastel frock you are wearing under your coat, a necklace of pearl material blown up into featherweight colorful flowers will be delectable. These perfectly charming flower gadgets do wonders for black or navy frocks. And do these gaily colorful jewelry flowerets flatter! Well, just look in the mirror and see.

### Spring Fabric-Call For Twill Effects

"I will take so many yards of repp," that's the way our grandmamas used to say it when they were buying material for the new suit or dress and the prospects are we are going to be saying just that as the spring season comes on. Repp is one of the worsteds that is being heralded as ever so fashionable for the coming months.

In fact the trend is decidedly toward twill effects. There is every indication that navy will be competing with black. So look for a season of handsome suits, coats and street one-piece dresses fashioned of some one or other of the new twilled weaves.

### Amber Toned Frock Has Strong Appeal

A delicate sheer fabric and heavy silk jersey, both in a creamy amber tone, are combined in a romantic evening gown designed by Edith Head. The dress itself is made of sheer silk, cut with a swirling circular skirt and a bodice styled like a basque sweater. The bodice is embroidered in ropelike bands of gold threads and the whole creation is worn over a slip of matching silk jersey.

## The Honorable Uncle Lancy

By ETHEL HUESTON

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WNU Service

### THE STORY THUS FAR

Left orphans by a tragic automobile accident which claimed the lives of their mother and father, three sisters, Helen, Adele and "Limpy," are visited by their Aunt Olympia, politically minded wife of Senator Alencon Slophshire. She insists that the girls return with her to Washington, to make their home with them. In addition to loving the girls, Aunt Olympia knows they will be a terrific political asset. Senator Slophshire has as his political opponent one Brother Wilkie, a minister, whose political campaign is furthered by seven "unspeakable brats" who sit on the rostrum with him while he makes speeches. Aunt Olympia and the Senator, kind and loving, nevertheless know that their three nieces will mean votes for the Senator. Senator Slophshire, a pleasantly foggy individual who depends on the astuteness of his wife, prepares for their coming. Though Limpy, the youngest, is 16, and Helen, the oldest, is 21, the Senator buys them all the toys and gifts he can find, feeling that "children" should be occupied. When they first meet their "Uncle Lancy," as he is to be known, the girls take him to their united bosom. Soon Adele, most beautiful of the sisters, meets Len Hardesty, publicity man for Brother Wilkie. Though it is Len's job to help defeat the Senator, he promptly falls in love with Adele.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued

The Senator coughed deprecatingly. "She's joking, Adele. This is pre-election stuff. Before election day, she'll be telling me, with forceful, if inelegant, expletives, that if I ever run for anything again she'll divorce, and probably de-neck, me. This is before-the-campaign stuff."

"My very words," said Aunt Olympia complacently. "I forgot my quotes," admitted Uncle Lancy.

"What a cocky little fool I was, Brick," Helen wrote home to Iowa, "to think I could learn this racket in one year. Aunt Olympia's been in it right from the cradle—or at least from the marriage altar—and she says it's still so much haywire to her. It seems to be mostly luck and 'getting the breaks,' and of course, seizing Opportunity before the Opposition gets hold of it. Aunt Olympia says if she didn't watch every breath the Senator draws, he'd get himself impeached before breakfast. But I am learning a little, I think."

"There's one thing I've learned, and this is important. We've got to get over that provincial feeling that political opponents are social lepers, to be snubbed and ostracized and passed by on the other side. Aunt Olympia says it is a sign of superiority to hobnob with the Opposition—except at the polls, of course. She says it is only little fry who carry political animosities further than the Congressional Record. And I must say, she lives up to her philosophy. I've met quite a number of Republican wives and they are very nice to me and ask me to their meetings and teas, and Aunt Olympia encourages me to go. Sometimes she goes with me."

"Really, Brick, they are amazing, Uncle Lancy and she. Take Len Hardesty for instance. He is here half the time, mooning over Adele mostly, but always showing up at the dinner table and the cocktail tray."

And last week who should breeze in unexpectedly but Brother Wilkie, the Governor, running against Uncle Lancy. He 'phoned and Auntie asked him to dinner and he came. They were lovely to him and Aunt Olympia asked him to ask the blessing."

Aunt Olympia was far deeper in the campaign than either the girls or the Senator realized. She spent two hours every morning carefully conning the important dailies from home and making notes of things to be attended to; cards of congratulations from herself and the Senator to everyone having babies or getting married; condolences for illness and death; approval of the activities of clubs and church organizations, with pertinent suggestions and offering co-operation; and she painstakingly, with well-concealed bitterness, received every constituent who happened to be in Washington and telephoned or called.

By the first of April Olympia had completed plans for the campaign entourage; deciding on a motor trailer to insure the domesticity of the family, with beds, kitchen and cozy dinette.

"We won't have to eat there much," she assured the girls kindly. "Just enough to get good photos of how domestic and homey we are, with you girls tripping prettily around at your work. We'll have Hilda send us a crate of cooked food every day."

"Doesn't she campaign with us?" "Oh, no! Except in the Scandinavian districts, where she sits at the table with us. . . . Not in the rest of the state. The average voter thinks if a Senator can afford a maid he's getting too much money."

There would be a sound truck for the Senator's speeches and in addition to their own big car, a couple of secondhand Fords for the staff, visiting reporters, et al. She fretted a good deal over the sound truck, having ideas of her own on that important matter. It must have microphones both inside and on the driver's seat; on the driver's seat to show the Senator off in good weather and inside "for rain; the Senator catches cold if he gets wet."

After consulting and personally inspecting every make of trailer and sound truck on the market, she decided to buy—from some home dealer, of course—old, run-down, antiquated cars that could be rebuilt.

"The shabbier the better—on the outside," she explained to the girls. "To take some of the gravel off that 'Alencon' . . . New cars look royalistic . . . But don't worry. We'll have the best and most modern engines installed under the rusty hoods; like Uncle Joe Cannon, with

silk underwear under his homey homespun. We'll have them rebuilt from the tires up—on the inside. Fortunately, the works don't show."

Aunt Olympia knew her Congressional Record better than her "Alice in Wonderland." She went straight back to the campaign.

She sent up to Maysville, her home town and the state capital, for a motor dealer and had him come to Washington—at the Senator's expense—to get her ideas. She had drawn rough drafts of what she desired, both in trailer and trunk, but the expert did not comprehend them readily.

"Why, it's as simple as a—logarithm," she said irritably. "For the sound truck we want a second-hand, run-down delivery wagon, an enclosed one, of course. Put in the best works you can get hold of. Get a good sound man to wire it, with miles on the driver's seat as well as inside. Build cabinets of shelves and drawers along the inside to put papers and books in. And leave room for a good easy chair for the Senator, because his feet swell before the end of the cam-



The Senator coughed deprecatingly. "She's joking, my dear," he said.

paign. And put in long narrow windows on each side for ventilation. Isn't that simple enough?"

"What color you want this painted?" "I don't want it painted," she said exasperatedly. "No paint! I want rust and mud and scratches and dents, but no paint. If it's painted when you get it, you set fire to it or soak it in acid. Is that clear?"

The month of April she devoted pretty largely to planning the girls' campaign wardrobes. On these, she spared neither time, talent nor expense. She had the best dressmakers and designers in Washington at work. There were graceful, girlish dresses for afternoon and for dinner; here were sport clothes, bathing suits, riding costumes; there were fetching little costumes of finest gingham for their dainty housework about the trailer. Aunt Olympia persistently referred to these as their "cottons."

"Why cotton, Auntie?" demanded Limpy. "We don't raise cotton up there, do we?"

"No, darling," said Aunt Olympia, beaming approval for her acumen. "We don't raise cotton, but we have nineteen large cotton mills and they employ at least ten thousand constituents."

Although all their dresses were what Aunt Olympia called "vote-getters" to the last ribbon and the smallest button, she reserved her most passionate interest for what she called their "wind-up ensembles. The Senator winds up with a huge rally. That's the big night. You catch a lot of voters—floaters, they are—if you handle the wind-up right. Your wind-up costumes are to be chef d'oeuvres; absolutely chef d'oeuvres."

"It can't be the same as hors d'oeuvres," Limpy assured her sisters. "Not even Aunt Olympia would expect them to eat us."

"I wouldn't trust Len Hardesty," said Aunt Olympia. "Not if Adele looks as well as I expect . . . Let me see, that will be the first week of November. Fall dresses. Felt hats. Wide, sweeping black for Helen with little white doudags. Droopy white for Limpy with long black streamers."

"I suppose I'm to go bareheaded," said Adele.

"No, no, darling! Not quite. Teeny black and white something or other, with a bit of a veil and my only regret is that Len Hardesty won't be there to see it. He'd strangle the brats with his bare hands."

Helen did not follow the preliminary campaign activities as closely as her sisters. Studying the political racket kept her fairly busy. She read the Congressional Record conscientiously, if boredly. She spent hours visiting the Senator's committees and trying to make heads and tails of things which didn't make sense to an average intelligence like hers. She hung over the gallery of the House as if she had become a fixture there.

Aunt Olympia at last reached a stage of her preparations where she felt impelled to ask the Senator's advice.

"Del, how about a publicity man for our campaign?"

"Why, we're going to have Dave Cooper. He's the best we can get, since Len's tied up. I've already spoken to him about it. He's working on it now."

"Yes, of course, for you," she said significantly. "But how about the girls here?"

The Senator wisely said nothing, but the girls rose to it.

"For us!"

"We've had enough publicity to last us a lifetime!"

"Heavens, Auntie, do we rate a publicity man?"

"Oh, he'll only be an assistant to Dave Cooper, but we'll need someone to handle our end of it. Dave'll be pretty busy . . . We need someone more sentimental. For sob stuff. Heart interest. Human appeal. Let me see—um—ah! Del—what would you think of—well, what would you think of—say—someone like—Cecil Dodd?"

The Senator came to with a snap. "Cecil Dodd! . . . Cecil Dodd, my dear!" The Senator put on an extra pair of glasses to regard her more severely. "Why, Ollie, Cecil Dodd doesn't know the first thing about politics! He'd never get to first base. In fact, he'd never even get to bat. He's never been in a campaign in his life. Cecil Dodd—well, Cecil Dodd is what I call a sofa-sitter. But I've heard it expressed more forcibly and perhaps with more truth."

"Oh, he's not so dumb," Olympia rose to the argument. "He's check-full of human appeal; full of adjectives; why, he knows adjectives I've never even heard of! He's the loudest exponent of youth and beauty in Washington. Do you remember those articles he wrote when Sissy Graves was killed in an airplane accident? A dozen people were killed—and some of them important—but he wrote about Sissy with so much heart appeal that everybody forgot all about the rest of them and made it her exclusive fatality. I know it brought tears to my eyes."

"I don't go in for tears in a campaign," he said, more on the defensive than the girls had ever seen him. "There isn't going to be anything milksoak about this campaign. It's going to be muddy."

"He's a fine dancer; he rides horseback and plays tennis and golf and has taken prizes for swimming and diving. Del, try to forget your personal, political aspirations for once in your life, and think of these poor dear children! Don't you want them to have any amusement? Do you expect them to listen to you make speeches and shake hands for six months with no exercise, no fresh air and no—no young companionship?"

This put a different light on the matter. The Senator took off both pairs of glasses and set to wiping one. "That's so," he assented. "I didn't mean to be selfish, my dear. The children come first, of course. But I don't suppose we can get him. I don't think he could tear himself away from the sofas long enough."

"We can get him," said Olympia. "I've already spoken to him—just tentatively, you understand; asking why he didn't get into the political end of it and he said he wanted to but never got the breaks. We can get him." A happy smile rosied her face. "Wait till Len Hardesty hears this!"

Len Hardesty was not long hearing it. He dropped in on them the next night.

"Had to fly down," he said cheerfully. "Got to fly back, too. The Governor's going tightwad on me."

"I'm glad you came, Len," said Olympia heartily, almost fondly. "I want to ask your advice about something."

A guarded expression settled over his face. "Oh, you do eh? Then you're up to something I'm against. He braced himself to receive it. "All right. Let's have it. It's dead wrong and you know it."

Olympia laughed happily. "Oh, it's really nothing or I shouldn't be asking your advice. It's a mere detail. It's about a publicity man we do."

Len, who had thought he was prepared for anything, was genuinely surprised.

"Publicity man! Why, you dumb cluck, aren't you having Dave Coop-

er? If you're not, you'd better get him and get him quick. He's tops."

"Don't be silly, Len. Of course we're having him . . . For the Senator . . . But we've got to have an assistant. You see, there's going to be quite a cavalcade of us—what with the trailer and the tent and the sound truck and three cars. We don't want anybody to work day and night for us. We're not like some candidates, who expect a poor publicity man to live, move and have his being with seven brats and a trumpeting beldame."

"I smell a rat," said Len Hardesty. "You never gave me an assistant."

"But we're a much larger party this year, you silly dunce . . . No, definitely. I am for you laboring classes and I will not have poor old Dave imposed on and worked to death, not even for the Senator. But we'll expect his assistant chiefly to handle our end of it, mine and the girls', when the Senator and Dave are off on their flying junkets and we're cooped up in the trailer. We'll need someone rather young and fairly presentable, don't you think? So he can be a sort of companion to the girls when they're dancing and riding and swimming? And you know yourself, Len, that fairly presentable publicity men are hard to get. I don't know that I've ever seen one."

"I'm sorry I spent the money to fly down," he said grimly. "If I'm to pick out a man for you, seems to me you ought to pay the bill out of your expense account."

"Unfortunately we haven't a percentage club, like the Governor," she disclaimed quickly. "Besides, darling, I don't expect you to pick him out."

"That's what I was afraid of," he admitted gloomily. "Now let's get this straight, Ollie. You speak of your cavalcade of cars. What's it to be? A campaign for re-election, or a specially conducted young ladies' tour with a presentable escort?"

"The election comes first, of course. But after all, the Senator—Uncle Lancy—and I cannot overlook our responsibility to these poor dear children. We must provide for them as best we can, even in the exigencies of a campaign. Who would you suggest?"

"I wouldn't suggest anybody. I'd suggest putting the girls in jail till I get rid of the Governor. They don't need an escort. Dave Cooper can handle them. True, he's no Don Juan! He's forty and fat and married and chews tobacco. But he can give you all the publicity you need and more than you merit."

"I was thinking of someone like—well, how about Cecil Dodd?"

"Cecil Dodd! Lord, Ollie, if you upholster your trailer in purple duvety and silken cushions you'll elect the Governor!" Cecil Dodd! . . . Ollie, we've had our occasional differences but I've always admired you as a straight shooting, shoulder-to-shoulder old trooper . . . Cecil Dodd! . . . Do you want to shatter a young man's fondest illusions? . . . Cecil



"Do you want to shatter a young man's fondest illusions?"

Dodd! You're not taking him to play politics. You're taking him to gum up my works."

"He writes very beautiful and touching articles, Len Hardesty, and you can't deny it . . . But I admit I want him especially as a sort of companion—a sort of chaperon for the girls . . . When they do their playing . . . I can't keep my mind on them every minute and run this campaign at the same time."

"No! So you save your calloused conscience by giving them this—this silk pajamaed pariah as a watchdog . . . Well, if that's what you're up to, you count Adele out. She can't go. I put my foot down on that. You can sick him onto your innocent Helen and trusting little Limpy if you like—if that's your idea of Christian duty to young orphans—but I've got King's X on Adele and she can't go."

"Well, I'm glad you approve," said Olympia beamingly. "Have a drink, Len? Your seal of approval relieves me a lot. I wasn't quite sure about it in my own mind, but you've settled my doubts."

"Aw, Ollie, be a sport! Give a fellow a break, won't you? Remember what pals we've always been! Remember the life I'm going to lead with the brats and the trumpet yawning at me from every angle! (TO BE CONTINUED)

## Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

### The Questions

1. What American statesman was the grandson of a king?
2. Is the cantaloupe the same as a muskmellon?
3. What causes an oasis in a desert?
4. When was the first depression in the United States?
5. At what period of life does the brain grow fastest?
6. Who wrote the famous "Unfinished Symphony"—Bach, Schubert or Beethoven?
7. What is the capacity of the human stomach?

### The Answers

1. Charles Bonaparte, who was in Theodore Roosevelt's cabinet.
2. The cantaloupe is one variety of muskmellon.
3. Springs rising from subterranean streams generally cause oases.
4. The first so-called depression in the United States occurred in 1785 and lasted until 1789.
5. During the first five years of life.
6. Schubert.
7. Normally from four to five pints.

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