

## 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 debutantes as it is to the woman who registers in the "live-begins-at-fourth" 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, bearing a yellow diamond set in Spanish gold. It is suspended on a ribbon.

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### Ornate Detail



### 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 clips to match. With the new pastel frocks 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 flowers 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 grandmas 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 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 rope-like bands of gold threads and the whole creation is worn over a slip of matching silk jersey.

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 girdle of self fabric forms the wide corset. 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.

## 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 "Limpie," are visited by their Aunt Olympia, politically minded wife of Senator Alencon Delaporte 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 opinion a minister, a minister who has a campaign 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 Limpie, the youngest, is 16, and Helen, the oldest, is 21, the Senator buys them all the dress and gifts he can find, feeling that they should be pampered. When they first meet them, "Uncle Lancy," as he is to be known, the girls take him to their united home. 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 divorce, 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—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 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 campaign."

"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 gotten to bat. He's never been in a campaign in his life. Cecil Dodd . . . 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 a chockfull 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 think 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 milksoop 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 rested 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 for the campaign. You know those publicity gangsters better than we do."

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

"Publicity man! Why, he's got the brats with him!"

"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."

"I'm not a much larger party this year, you silly darling . . . 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 velvet 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

Dodd?"

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"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 a 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 pajama 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't stick him onto your innocent Helen and trusting little Limpie 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 yapping at me from every angle!"

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