TALKIE

The sound stage was terribly hot. It had been exactly like a brick oven all day. Even Duffy Gordon, a di-rector who had sense of humor and believed in the gospel of pep, look-ed utterly fagged. As for Herman Walters., the perspiration poured down his lean, dark face and his an-gry eyes showed plainly that he wish-ed he had stayed in New York directing stage plays instead of having been lured to Hollywood by a fat sal-ary and the talkies. But he was nastily, hopelessly patient.

"No, no," he said, "you do not put the emphasis upon 'me.' Why should you? No one has questioned your right to ham and eggs. No one else wants your ham and eggs. The dramatic point is that you are forc-ing yourself to order ham and eggs just as though your whole life hadn't suddenly fallen to pieces. You say it just as you would say it, only more doggedly. If you know what I mean. 'Now get me some ham and aggs.' Like that It is room simple." mean. 'Now get me some ham and eggs.' Like that. It is very simple."

Judith James glared at him. "All right," she said bitterly. "I've been four hours now ordering ham and eggs and it seems to me I'm apt to starve to death before I get 'em."
"If you would do it as I tell you,"
suggested Herman Walters. "Like

Miss Cowl, for instance."
"I'm a patient woman," said Judith through her teeth, "but if you mention Jane Cowl or Ethel Barrymore or Katherine Cornell to me once more you'll never see your wife and babies again. Come on, Duffy; let's get on with it."

Duffy Gordon looked at the white faces of the camermen, shut up in their hot, sound-proof safes, so that the hum of the camera motors couldn't reach the microphone suspended above Judith's head. They nodded like marianettes.

"Quiet, everybody," said Duffy, with a rasp in his voice. A tense and breathless stillness fell. A stillness that somehow seem-

ed fraught with danger.
"All right, everybody?" said Duffy.
"All right," said the head electrician. From the different parts of the gray box in which they were all en-closed came eight repetitions of the words, ending with the distant "All right" of the door man, who had bolt-

ed the sound-proof door of the stage.
"Red light," said Duffy tensely.
The red lights flashed on. Duffy waved his arm one quick

gesture No familiar, stimulating sound of the camera grind answered him. No soft, helpful tune tinkled from musicians off stage. No encouraging sound of the director's voice mapping the scene as it went along.

Nothing but silence, until Judith's voice leaped startlingly into the void. "Now bring me some ham and eggs," she said doggedly and looked doggedly toward the ghostly cameras behind their plate-glass shields.

Herman Walters was beaming, but she saw Duffy take his nose between thumb and finger. Since he couldn't speak to tell her what was wrong, she could only finish the scene.
"What's the matter?" she demanded when he signaled "Cut."

'You forgot your face," said Duffy. "But the speech was perfect," said Herman Walters; "that is it, exactly," "That's fine, said Duffy; "but they got to look at her as well as hear her, haven't they? She forgot to look as if she had just lost the only man she ever loved. Well, let's do it again. Try to remember that the camera still takes pictures, Judy, my

"But do not forget the voice," said Walters severly. "Do exactly as you did. Remember—'Now give me some

ham and eggs'—like that."

Judy said nothing, being apparently beyond comment. Once more they went through it amid the deadly silence. This time both Duffy and Walters beamed.

The beam was interrupted by the low buzz of a small telephone behind the director. Looking up, they saw through the sheet of plate glass high up in the gray wall that the mixer was holding his telephone to his lips. His voice came through loud and dis-

"Sorry, folks," he said, "but one of the lights hummed a little and got into the mike. Ask Bert to see which one it was before you do it again." Judith James got up slowly and deliberately kicked over the table in front of her. Then she kicked over the chair behind her.

Then she said, very quietly, "I I don't care if they tear up my contract. I can go back to the glove counter and like it. I don't care "I'm certainl what happens, I'm going home. We Miss James," spent four hours getting a scene so "You're a girl it suits both you geniuses at the to meet. same time and then one of the lights the stage." horns in on me. I'll be here at nine "I've don horns in on me. I'll be here at nine o'clock tomorrow morning if you find ies," said Judy. "How do you like I'm still on the pay roll and we'll start this war again; but right now I'm through."

"I've done pretty well in the movies," said Judy. "How do you like it out here, Mr. Berger?"

"I guess I'm going to like it all right, even if it isn't New York. But

"Why, Judy," said Duffy Gordon. than half an hour to fix that light. and then-

"By that time," said Judith James, looking straight at him, "I shall be in my own little bed with an ice pack on my fevered brow and a high ball in my fevered hand. I am supposed to take a singing lesson tonight from Monsieur Garrault. I am supposed to spend an hour with that great stage star, Miss Helen O'Neal, learning my speeches for tomorrow. I'm not going to do either. I'm about to collapse. And if anybody even whispers talkies to me during the next twelve hours I shall give a great imitation of Ruth Snyder doing her stuff. I bid you all a very pleasant good af-

With which, for the first time in six years of motion-picture stardom, little Judith James walked off the

the little green garden and into her own dressing room, and there she put her head down on her arms and began

"Darn the talkies," said Judith James, and she didn't stop crying while she said it. "I say darn the talkies and I don't care if the whole talkies and I don't care if the whole Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and Will Hays and the bishop all hear me. Here I was a perfectly good star, with my pictures making money and my fan mail getting bigger every month. I've spent ten years—ever since I was sixteen—learning to be a good silent actress. Now I have to be Jeritza and Sarah

Anna, Judy's maid, interpolated a soothing, "Now, Miss Judy—
"I don't care," said Judy. "I say d-darn the talkies."

"Hey, hey, that's blasphemy, arson and high treason," said a voice in the doorway. Judith looked up, still crying. It

takes a very pretty girl to look pret-ty with real tears running down over a mask of sticky grease paint. Judith wasn't pretty enough for that. In fact, she wasn't exactly pretty at

any time.

She was—just Judy. But when you find a girl who is not very pretty and still is a motion-picture star making sing or not. I don't care. I've got money at the box office and getting a couple of numbers in my head that twenty-three thousand fan letters a month, she is an exceedingly dangerous woman. Obviously, she has brains and something more enticing and more durable than prettiness.

Judith James was all of that, besides being rated by the studio at large as a "peach of a kid." Every director on the lot swore by her and she was the pet of the publicity department.

The young man who stood in the doorway of her dressing room at that moment was, in fact, the head of the publicity department. His name was Ralph Forrest. "What's wrong, darling?" he ask-

a dark alley. I can't even talk to suit them and now I'm supposed to sing. Sing songs. If I can't talk, how can

I sing? "Of course you can sing," he said. "I've heard you. And very good,

"That," said Judy, "was just singing. This is—singing. What do I know about putting over a song? This time next month I'll probably be slinging hash for a living. Ralph-

But just then Ralph remembered that he had left a distinguished young man outside on the steps. from New York. He's going to write

"I know," said Judy, "but look at me. I'm not fit to meet my own shadow."

"Aw, Judy!" well," said Miss James, "what's the difference?" So Mr. Lou Berger, of New York, came in and was duly presented to Miss Judith James, of Hollywood.

Now New York had left its un
New York had left its un
Now New York had left its un
Now New York had left its un
Now New York had left its un
New York had left its un
Now New York had left its unmistakable stamp upon Lou Berger. In fact, you might say it had left a In fact, you might say it had left a devil the layer of stamps. The outer one was his game, all right.

"Do that again," said Judy. smooth and glossy and elegant, daz-zlingly bright like the lights-of Broad

crop of song writers. Under that was a layer that was really hard—a layer consisting most- I ly of fear of life and distrust of peo-That had originated during the lean days when he battled for success and missed it time after time on tough breaks and double crosses. But still deeper, so deep that it was impossible to see it or even imagine it, was the wistful, hungry, lonesome kid, with all the artistry and senti-

mentality of his race. that inner man—then. If she had—but she didn't. You can hardly blame her, for she looked upon a young man with wise eyes and a skeptical smile.

Hanson gets back I'll probably never see you. I promise I won't ask you to play any more."

"I don't mind playing," said Lou Berger, "but you're wrong. I'm not going to let you forget me, gagement, but it's not business. Lead the way, lady, I'm yours for tonight."

These sees you. I promise I won't ask you to play any more."

"I don't mind playing," said Lou Berger, "but you're wrong. I'm not going to let you forget me, gagement, but it's not business. Lead the way, lady, I'm yours for tonight."

"These sees you. I promise I won't ask you to play any more."

"I don't mind playing," said Lou Berger, "but you're wrong. I'm not going to let you forget me, gagement, but it's not business. Lead the way, lady, I'm yours for tonight." Judy James certainly didn't see

These song writers, anyway-Hollywood was overrun with them. Hol- a song," said Judy James. lywood was full of all sorts of things now. Stage actresses with throaty voices and stage actors with English accents, and foreign stage directors. Hollywood, it seemed to Judith led softly and Judy James James, was all gummed up with the notes, smiled to herself. won't ask for ham and eggs again things that had sprung out of the Seven golden evenings, driving today if I never eat another mouth- talkies. So she looked with cold straight into the burning sun as it

mous song writer.

they've piled up so much work for me iantly with all its beauties. "Why why, Judy! You never quit I don't expect to have much time to before in all your life. Come on, enjoy myself. Every company in kid. Leave that temperamental stuff Hollywood wants me to work for it were I kid. Leave that temperamental stuff Hollywood wants me to work for it were poison. But you—Judy, do to some of these foreign stars. and even turning out tunes the way you think you could ever love me? You're a regular. It won't ake more I do, I won't be able to keep up. I I never knew there was anybody

makes the picture."

'Maybe," said Judith James. "Myself, there are things I'd rather do

Judy, dear!"

To silence.

the radio.

Softly
rhythm in than look at three hundred feet of

does for humanity." "I'll tell you something," said Lou, almost bitterly, as though he yield"and believe me, I know what I'm ed up some long-guarded treasure.

talking about. There isn't any reason for looking ugly when you sing. "What about it?"

"Maybe some day—" said a soft talking about. There isn't any reason for looking ugly when you sing. It's all a matter of knowing how it's done. The way I sing a song, you would think I looked like some leading man, which"-for the first time she rather liked his smile—"I don't. The throb of his heart must have You got to know how to handle your lulled Lou Berger's sensitive ears so mother. Anyway, when I'm singing, that he did not hear the triumph

Judy opened her mouth to say ugly.

Into the silence the voice sang, a cessful merchant or business man haunting. From the glint in her eyes it was probably as well that she eyes it was probably as well that she was probably as well She walked off the set and across didn't. Judy was a sweet kid but said Mr. Stephen Stecker, president famous.

bally and otherwise.

Judith James had started pictures
with something like fifty per cent.
less looks and talent than most girls
less looks and talent than most girls
to write songs for Judy James."

"He won't work with Hanson?" who were still just leading women.

More than that, while she believed in getting all the fun she could while she could, Judy had her name in electric lights because she had brains leading the men—"

"He won't work with Hanson?"

Mr. Stecker seemed unable to credit so monstrous a thought. "But all the men—"

"He says she don't and used them, watched her step, worked hard and never missed a worked hard and never missed a inspire him. He says her feet are in my memory."

"Gosh, what a song!" said Duffy this particular moment that silence "Well, then, I guess fifty million Gordon. "What a melody!" vas—or might me—golden. So Mr. Berger proceeded uninterwas-

rupted:
"Voices, even, don't matter so Bernhard's golden voice, too. Or else in two months I'll be trying to live on my income."

much. I haven't got any voice. Say, I've heard people could hit all the high C's in the orchestra and all I'd do would be pat my hands together and say, "That's high C.' You know. Then along comes somebody that they just know how to sing a song and they've got a song to sing, and I get all choky and feel funny in my knees. That's all. It's just knowing

how and having feeling."

He looked full at Judy. There could be no question that she was now giving him her undivided attention.

"Take this piece of Ganna Hanson's," continued Mr. Berger. don't know the story and I don't know whether Ganna Hanson can hit me crossing that desert in New Mexico that are sure fire. One of them I call 'Desert Dawns.' When I get through teaching her how to sing them, there won't be anything to it. This is my game."
"I thought Miss Hanson was still

in Sweden," said Judy James.
"She is," said Ralph Forrest, from the doorway, "but she'll be back next week. Judy James turned around and

looked again into Lou Berger's dark, hard eyes.

"I wish I could hear you play that song, Mr. Berger," she said softly.

"I'd give anything to hear you sing 'Other Girls.' I—I've always loved

that song." "Talkies," said Judy. "Oh, Ralph, what am I going to do? Who invented these talkies, anyhow? I'd like five minutes alone with him in it and I'll play it for you. You haven't really heard 'Other Girls' unless you've heard me do it."

The office of Mr. Lou Berger registered the change that had come to motion pictures. There had been red velvet drapes and Italian mirrors in directors' offices for some time. But the mahogany grand piano was a new departure.

Judy James curled up in one corner of the davenport and dropped her chin on her bare arm. Her face had come alive and was glittering with "Can I bring Lou Berger in a min-ute?" he said. "He just got here of suitable flattery.

Judy has fallen for him."

Judy was glad when i

Lou Berger sat down on the piano the songs for Ganna Hanson's next one. He's a marvel. You know—he wrote "Other Girls' and "The Flower Song' and—"

bench and began to play.

more difficult than she had expect—ed. Lou had been so good to her. ed to pull at the keys and give them and he was sort of amusing to a little throb that reminded her of have around. the harp she used to hear in the con- She had stalled it off as long as vent at High Mass.

"Gee," she said, "that's a knockout."

Two hours later, Lou Berger said "You'll think I'm the original guy

way. A slightly bored but jovial "You'll think I'm the original guy superiority that went well with his that goes on whether you ask him reputation as the best of the latest to or not."

"I asked you," said Judy, getting up slowly. "I—it is late. I hope I haven't kept you."

"Nobody ever keeps me if I don't want to be kept," said Lou Berger. "When I got things to do, I go do "Just" 'em. You can't dally around these days."

"Why—why don't you come home with me to dinner?" said Judy James prettily. "I live out in the Malibu—that's our loveliest beach you know —and it's nice and cool. After—Miss left for New York.

Hanson gets back I'll probably nev-

"That wouldn't be a bad title for

"You got a bean on you, lady," said Lou Berger. "Just a minute till I jot that down." On the way to the beach he whistled softly and Judy James counting

eyes upon Mr. Lou Berger, the fa- settled lazily into the purple Pacific. Seven little dinners in the cool patio "I'm certainly glad to meet you, of Judy's Spanish bungalow, where Miss James," said Lou Berger, the waving candle flames touched "You're a girl I've always wanted to meet. You should have gone on to magic. Seven moonlight nights on the little beloomy above the white the little balcony above the white sands, with the silver sheet of the sea glimmering and whispering below them. Seven times Judy all smiles and dark eyes and soft words.

The Malibu supported Judy val-"You got me, Judy," said Lou Berger "I had an idea all women guess they realize now that the song like you. I-I thought I could write

When he had kissed her, she dropsomebody proving what the dentist ped her head on his shoulder.
does for humanity."

"I love you, Judy," said the man,

> voice against his coat sleeve. "Judy !" "-maybe some day I'll say sure,"

said Judy. the way I put over a song, you and shame that fought each other couldn't remember how I look." in Judy's voice and made it almost in Judy's voice and made it almost

the hot cement roadway and through she could take care of herself, verto young Harry Lutz, head of production. "These song writers." the little green garden and into her bally and otherwise.

Lutz shrugged. "He says he

"He says he hates Swedes," Mr. Lutz repeated. "He says she don't inspire him. He says her feet are

people must be wrong," said Mr. Stecker violently. "She inspires them to pay plenty of money into the box office. He's a fool."
"The truth is," said Hary Lutz,
"the's cucked about Judy. He's cucked "he's cuckoo about Judy. He's supposed to be pretty hard-boiled, but Judy took him into camp like he

was just back from six months' cation in Sing Sing. He says she inspires him. He says he's got some songs for her that will make all the other theme songs sound like hymns. He says he can't write 'em for any-

body but Judy. He says—"
"He says—he says!" shouted Mr.
Stecker. "Has he got a contract to
write for us or hasn't he? What of it, if Judy James hasn't got good songs? It doesn't matter. I don't think she'll make the grade in the talkies. But Hanson-she's our big bet. You tell him I said he was to work with Hanson.

"I already told him that," said tive ple Lutz. 'He won't do it. He says it's Judy?" only for pictures—his contract—and he'll go back to New York and write a new musical show. He says Judy James is the best bet in talking pictures. He says he can make her great. I think he'll go unless you let him do what he wants to."

Mr. Stecker sat in heavy silence. "These talkies," he said. "There wasn't enough trouble making pic-'These wasn't enough trouble making pic-tures without we had to wish all this on ourselves !"

"He says Judy James, with his songs and the way he can handle her, will be the sensation of talking pictures," quoted Mr. Lutz imperturbably.

Two months later, coming out of the projection room where they had just seen and heard the latest sound production starring Judith James, Mr. Stecker looked at Mr. Lutz and

spoke reverently. "Song writer or no song writer," you've heard me do it."

"If you'll let me get this hot makeup off," said Judy, "I'll be right over."

"In ever
thought she had it in her. That Desert Dawns." I liked that. Tell everybody to get busy on Judy James

erybody to get busy on Judy James—publicity, stories, everything. How are she and that song writer getting along? I heard they were engaged."

"The papers printed something," said Mr. Lutz, "but you can't tell in this business. They had me engaged last week and I been married seven years to the same woman. Personally, I don't think so. He can write songs, but it don't look to me like

Breaking the bad news had been more difficult than she had expect-

she could, but when he demanded an answer, there was just one course for her. She didn't love him. Or course she didn't love him. She "Yeh, that's a real number," said tried to salve her conscience with

could sing. The hard-boiled little in her own defense. "You let me devil could write songs. This was kiss you." Well, she wasn't going to worry but he had been fair game. A man

like that should know how to take care of himself. Anyway he'd soon forget all about her. Probably she was worrying about nothing.
Only—he had looked so hurt, sad and hurt, when she told him it was 'Just a summer flirtation, eh?"

He had said, too quietly.

Judy had laughed. But the laugh I guess I'm lonesome. I didn't know had died under Lou's blazing eyes.

It was all over, in spite of what Lou had said at the train. She had life I'd rather it'd be here than over gone down to see him off when he that darn radio."

lighted drawing room, Judith James was thinking of those last words. The Gordons were giving a dinner party. A number of important people in the picture industry were there, enjoying themselves. It was the hour after dinner, before people as the jack rabbit of the western as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the western the same species as the jack rabbit of the west settled down to bridge or went out prarie and plains and in fact is not into the playroom to see a picture

Judy watched them moving about, it wouldn't take her long to get rid of this guilty feeling and to stop missing him.

Then Duffy turned on the radio. There was a buzz and then the clipped voice of the announcer.
"This is the National Broadcasting Company, New York City, presenting its regular Tuesday-night the famous song writer, is going to sing you his latest number. This is the first time it has been presented anywhere. Stand by, everybody."

Judy stiffened. The room fell in-

Softly the piano rippled, all rhythm in the left hand, all melody in the right. The voice, throbbing and a little husky, drifted across three thousand miles and filled the room with plaintive sweetness.

"Outside your window the breezes are blowing, Out in your patio the flowers are growing,
The sky is as blue as ever,
The sun shine bright each day.

Doesn't it seem any different, dear, Since I went away? Judy-Judy-" The girl gasped. Her heart was beating so hard that it made her

Into the silence the voice sang, a

"Why can't I forget you, Judy? My heart won't let me, Judy. The flowers I know Are the flowers that grow In Memory. Each day is a heartache without

Each long night I dream about

you, And so, for me, All the sunshine must be

In my Memory." Ganna Hanson blew an insolent little ring of smoke. "The tune she is very pretty, eh?" she said, in her broken English. "The words seem

trivial." "I thought the words were great," said Bobby Gunton, who had been Judith James' leading man in her last picture. "Judy sure does inspire song writers."

"I think it's a beautiful tribute, lada" said. Judy," said Mrs. Gordon, and came to put an arm around the girl's

quivering shoulders. "How about a little bridge?" said Judy James. "I'm learning contract and I need practice." That was that

"Malibu Beach" didn't come out until two weeks later. By that time the whole world was singing, playing and whistling "Judy." It seemed to Judith James that she never moved without hearing that plaintive plea: "Why can't I forget you,

Forget? Well, she wasn't forgetting him.
Then they added "Malibu Beach." There was nothing plaintive about

that. It was a hot number. "Seven days, seven nights, On Malibu Beach."

The kind of music that sets your pulses throbbing. Dizzy, intoxicat-Judith James went on with her work. For the first time she was grateful for talkies. Otherwise the orchestra on the set would have been playing "Judy" and "Malibu Beach" all the time. But they ran in her blood without any orchestra

to play them. Then she got a wire. It said: "Tune in tonight at nine o'clock on KFK." No signature. "I certainly will not," said Judy

furiously. Tune in, indeed! She wandered restlessly about her pretty living room and glared at the silent radio. Vogue cautions against achieving to studied an effect. What in the world was he up to now? Another "Judy," probably. It was sheer persecution. But—he must love her an awful lot to keep the favourite.

writing such wonderful songs.

Maybe she had better find out about this. What was the use of trying to get away from it? She'd have to hear it sooner or later. All she had to do was to turn the little knob and she'd at least know.

She turned it. Sitting all alone where they had Judy was glad when it was over, so often sat together, she listened. New York was to call it the greatest song Lou Berger had ever written.

You can say Go away Every day But you'll always be my sweet heart. I'm just waiting for you to call So I can sing the greatest song of all-Here comes the bride.' But if you still say no Wherever I go

You'll always be-my sweethadn't been exactly on the level, Judy to herself. "Oh, why am I crying?" said but he had been fair game. crying?" Through the flutter and beat of

the orchestra that had taken up the tender melody, the telephone bell rang sharply.

Judy James went to answer it. "New York is calling you," the impersonal voice of Central. said

"Judy !"

"I'll be right over," said Lou Berger, "on the next mail plane." The orchestra was still playing, 'You'll always be—my sweetheart."
—Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

EASTERN JACK RABBIT

native to America but is a European hare which has been introduced into this country at various times and but her thoughts were wandering: has become established in certain She hadn't meant that. She hoped parts of New England and New York as well as Ontario and certain other places, according to the American grain. Add any kind of nutmeats Game Protective association news pour into greased square pans and service.

This large hare is a fine sporting animal and would have been introduced much more widely in America except for the fact that it is more or less destructive to crops and concert. We have a real treat for fruit trees and consequently is obyou this evening. Mr. Lou Berger, jectionable to agriculturists.

Where this hare is hunted its habits are found to be far different from the cottontail rabbit or the western native jack rabbit. It is large and agile and able to run long distances, to silence. Everyone turned toward behaving in many respects like the native red fox. When followed by dogs it takes to the open country and moves in wide circles, some times two or three miles across. It is reported to jump the astonishing distance of 30 feet. Unlike the snowshoe hare it doesn't inhabit the cedar swamps and doesn't hole up, but spends its time in the open country in depressions and clumps of grass depending, when detected, on speed or dodging ability for its

escape.

The flesh of this hare is very palatable and in Europe is highly priz-

The progressive and successful merchant or business man method. Try the Watchman.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Duily Thought.

Age is a quality of mind. If you have left your dreams behind, If hope is cold; If you no longer look ahead, If your ambitions' fires are dead,

Then you are old. But if from life you take the best, And if in life you keep the jest-If love you hold, matter how the years go by, No matter how the birthdays fly,

You are not old.

-Vogue reiterates the correctness of the leather-heeled shoes for walking and for wear with tailored clothes.

-The Quaker.

It can be stated that all heels on walking shoes are lower. Two to two and a fourth inches is the accepted height.

The popularity of the tailored Oxford continues, with four eyelets for winter, instead of the customary For daytime, slippers that match or harmonze with an ensemble are smarter than those that are in de-

cided contrast. With the prevalence of dark green ensembles, this year, the dark green shoe ranks next in importance to

Daytime colours, in order of importance: Black, chocolate-brown, blue-fox brown, navy-blue, dark green, and dark red.

In shoes of the semisports type, the brown calf or calf-and-suede combinations are smartest in dark chocolate-brown. Very new and right looking is the

combinaton of black suede and black patent leather for formal afternoon shoes. Black patent leather shoes piped with beige kid in a tone that blends with the stockings are very smart

this season. The reptilian leathers are still favourites, black lizard being particularly good for autumn and winter A popular fashion that trends the

upward path in chic is that of having the bag and shoe match in leather and in colour. In the matching of accessories_ however, such as the bag and shoe,

The evening slipper that may be dyed to match, harmonize, or con-But -he trast with the frock continues to be Crepe de Chine and satin share the first rank for evening, with

moire running a close second in fashion importance. In keeping with the formal aspect of the evening mode, there are more brocades seen this season than for-

Very lovely are the evening slipper with vamps of delicate Beauvis embroidery and fine seed-pearl The embroidered slipper, however, "You'll always be -my sweet- if not delictely worked, has a tendency to make the foot look larger.

This year, gold and silver kid con-tinue to be smartest as trimmings for crepe, satin, or moire evening suppers. It is interesting to note that the larger portion of the kid-and-fabric evening slipper is usually made of

The use of pearly kid in soft pas-tel tones, usually matching the coloured fabric of the slipper, is new and charming. Perugia is making a whole slip-

a fine tracery of gold that is very charming. -Bigger and more elaborate hats for winter are being announced by fall headlines. Wider brims, very

per of pastel antelope and kid with

long in the back and shirred to shallow crowns are predicted. New models show amazing diversity and irregularity, each one seeming to take on a different air from that of its neighbor. The off the face movement, however, will be the most popular method of femining flattery this winter and even hats with downward brims are shorter in front and the brim caught up or

folded back. One milliner is showing a darling black felt with shallow crown and very deep black brim. Orange vel. vet, crossing the front, passes through slits in the brim to flare at each side beneath the most becoming effect. Another shape which will be important this winter has the wide brim turned flat on the forehead and broadened at the sides.

Turkish Candy.—Cook together until it threads when dropped into cold water, two cupfuls granulated sugar, one-half cupful of hot water When it reaches the thread stage pour over the beaten whites of two eggs and beat until it commences to cut in squares when cool, or make into a loaf, and slice.

Take a good look at yourself You will need to know your virtue as well as your faults before you decide on your winter wardrobe The women are already ordering madly but wearing their new clothe rather cautiously. One sees man; of the snug, gripping evening gowns but few striking day ensem

The winner this Autumn for th street is certainly the black and white costume. I admit my satis faction in having predicted this las June from Paris. The tweed en sembles remain much the same bu their popularity has increased hundred times. Already in the coun try and for traveling they are the super-chic choice. Later when the really cold weather arrives they will be equally smart for town.

They are more colorful and th fabrics softer and more charming than last year, but the smartes women still wear short (not abbre viated) skirts and many of then still insist on an overblouse rathe than a tuck-in waist.

-Velvet has again risen to th top of the fashion world. Ever, well-dressed woman is adding velve to her Fall and Winter wardrobe.