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LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE'S *latest novel,* *in which a very modern girl* *starts down a very old road* *They call it Love*

THE two young people who sedately threaded that after-dinner flux in the foyer of the Biltmore had the luck to find, toward the inner end of the Forty-third Street corridor, a divan without a tenant. On this they settled in silence and with other evidences of shyness too. The boy—he looked a rather settled three-and-twenty—held a stiffish spine for one so well made, proved a disposition to look through and round people instead of at them, and couldn't rest without frequent reference to a very new gold strap watch. The girl, while taking an easier interest in all the goings on, ever and again would visibly remind herself that it were seemlier perhaps to be more self-contained.

A dark maid and pretty in a way that called old miniatures to mind, she wore a pinkly frivolous "party dress," a wrap trimmed with unassertive fur, no hat on a brown unshingled head and no jewelry whatever. Pallor like a clear dusk peculiarly suited the lean cast of her brother's face with its taut mouth and eyes well recessed. On both the stamp of caste was so boldly printed that few Americans would have wondered to hear a soft singing voice name the boy "Beau," which was short for Beauregard.

What it actually said was: "What's the matteh, Beau? Something fea'fully impo'tant on fo' to-night?"—but this was hardly the crude trick that the types make it out.

THE brogue had rather more body that answered: "That's all right, Fay, but I don't just see any use in my waiting."

"What's your hurry?" For this fond teasing Beau had only his public dotting on his birthday present to blame. "What's this heavy date you haven't told me about?"

"Never you mind about my dates, young woman. I've got better things to do than roost here owling a slough of strangers. You'll be all right till your Mrs. Neale turns up . . . won't you?"

The mischief passed from Fay's countenance. "Don't be silly," she said, half indulgent, half indignant. "My goodness! As if I wasn't old enough to be trusted out alone after dark. . . ."

"Not got up like that, you aren't. I declare if you weren't my sister I'd just naturally strike up a flirtation with you myself."

"Go 'long with you!" Fay dimpled on him, all the same. "Though I don't know if it's wise: after all, Beau, you're only a raw country lad in a great strange city."

"Just for that I've got a good mind to stick and meet this mysterious Mrs. Neale of yours—"

"And keep one of your sweethearts waiting? Beau! How could you?"

"—and tell her Mother said be sure and not keep you out later than eleven."

The consideration that her brother was quite capable of making this threat good reduced Fay to the ambiguous defiance of "You just do!"

"Oh, all right—if you're afraid to let me meet your fine friends—"

"Only because you'd fall in love with Hattie Neale—you do with every pretty woman—and she's married."

"Well, seeing you're so set on getting rid of me. . . ." Still Beau hung on a scruple and had to fall back on his faithful timepiece. "Half past already. . . . Sure you don't mind, Fay?"

She was, demurely, quite sure. Nevertheless she recalled him in an anxious key and, when Beau bent an ear, solicitous, contributed to it a thrilling whisper—"Don't forget to show her your watch!"—and sank back to stifle a giggle as young dignity took him off in a stalk.

But almost immediately Fay was taken with a sobering small pang of clan jealousy. Suppose there really was some woman waiting in the cloudy offing of these new fortunes. . . .

That Lascelles men were fatal was as fixed an article of family faith as that Lascelles women were chaste.

Then a wave of self-consciousness washed out imaginary cares: One of two passers-by tweaked his companion's sleeve to call attention to the lonely shape of charm on the long divan. Fay sat breathless till they moved on with bantering comment which caused her cheeks to fly their best color and left the girl rueful of the readiness that had humored Beau's impatience.

"Miss Lascelles?" At that nasal



*What a silly little fool
she had made of herself*

Table
of
contents
page 48

squeal, which cut the rumor of music and voices as an acid cuts oil, Fay's heart gave a heavy thump. Through the throngs a stunted shape nosed, its livery of a page boy at odds with the mask of a learned rat, hard lips releasing at intervals that confounding call: "Miss Lascelles?"

Dread of making herself conspicuous caused a half-lifted hand to hesitate and fall. The page, however, was alert: "Miss Lascelles? Wanted on the telephone. . . ."

The girl got up, fumbling uncertainly in her vanity bag. Was it the thing to tip for being paged? And would a dime be scorned? Blind instinct more than wit held her in the wake of heels that led to one of the public booths, where untuned North American accents cloyed her hearing with synthetic honey:

"Fay dear? I've been simply hours trying to get you. Such a horrid accident: Frank Conover—I could murder the little beast!—spilled a cocktail down the front of my gown. But it won't take me five minutes to change, and then we'll come right along. Phil Weston shown up yet?"

"I don't know, Hattie, I've never—"

"How hopeless of me! Anyway, Phil ought to be there any minute now, and I told him to look out for you if he got there first, so don't hesitate to bulge right up and speak to him. He's tall and the best-dressed thing you ever dreamed of and homely, sort of, and always wears a gardenia: you simply can't help recognizing him. Bye-bye, Baby—I'll hurry the mostest I can—bye-ee!"

THE divan from which she had been haled was still unclaimed and Fay sat down to wonder whether the sketch of herself furnished Mr. Philip Weston had been equally free-handed. Whether or no, it was a demonstrated fact already that a girl alone couldn't be on the alert for the best-dressed thing (male) she had ever dreamed of without learning that every native of trousers in the neighborhood was eying her more or less on the bias.

Then, too, sitting with lashes down-cast proved a trifle irksome, while in the parade of assorted feet on the strip of carpet which she was religiously studying brown boots with buttoned cloth tops soon made themselves a feature too prominently recurrent. And when, presently, these sauntered to the other end of the divan, on which their wearer perched, slewing sidewise to hold her in a stare, Fay sickly perceived that nothing but open flight could avert a difficult scene. Even now the boots were hitching toward her, speciously suave accents were intoning a time-hallowed formula, "Pardon me, but haven't we—"

Fay jumped up. So did the tenant of the brown boots, with a spate of blandishments. At the same time panicky eyes were gladdened by sight of a gentleman at hand whose interested expression seemed gratefully empty of impudence—and who, more to Fay's purpose, had both an agreeably unpretty countenance and a gardenia to grace a dress coat which, like everything else he wore, somehow contrived to seem just right in a way all its own: beyond one whit of possible doubt, Hattie Neale's Mr. Weston. . . .

"Oh!" Fay cried to him in a flutter—"were you looking for me?"

"Everywhere." To a smile at once quizzical and friendly the man added a proper bow. "I was beginning to be afraid I'd never find you."

"I'm so glad you did!"

"Believe me, so am I. Wherever have you been hiding from me all this while?"

"I've been right here," the girl protested, but in a falter as foreboding

visited her mind like the shadow of a cloud sweeping a fair landscape. For either this Mr. Weston didn't understand, Hattie Neale's instructions having left him a measure unprepared, or. . . .

"Mrs. Neale just telephoned," Fay babbled on in passionate denial of that misgiving—"she's been delayed—and said I was to look out for you. She ought to be here, any minute now."

"I hope she won't," the gentleman with the gardenia confessed. "This is such a happy end to all my waiting, I could do for the present without the intervention of any third person, however singular."

HE WAS laughing at her—but only with his voice—and laughing not so much at as with her, as though he counted on her sharing his relish of a rare titbit of adventure.

"Oh," the girl gasped—"then you're not—"

"Oh, yes, I am really! This is me."

"You're not Mr. Weston—!"

"But I can't help that. Neither can you. And who are we to question the will of God?"

"Oh"—Fay moaned—"dear!"

That might have been a signal the heavens were only waiting for to open and spill their store of calamity; on its echo Mrs. Neale befell.

Plausibly fair, not too plump, and still of years as lightly problematic as the whereabouts of her husband; arrayed as always in the damned good taste of a fashion editor with a high body polish added, and, as always out of office hours, casting in effect a brace of vaguely masculine shadows: Hattie Neale claimed her young friend with shrill empressment.

"Fay darling! Have I kept you waiting a dreffel long time? Can you ever forgive me? I mean, Conny here"—the lesser of the shadows, the most of whose effect was that of a tame smile caged in horn goggles—"because it's all his fault. Though Phil Weston's almost



The young man made her a gay bow and went his way; not unaware, perhaps, that the girl he left behind him was ready to weep with shame

Illustrated by
T. D. SKIDMORE



as much to blame: he promised he'd be here on the dot, and we only just met him coming in."

"Nobody," the taller satellite put in—he sported another gardenia with the cast-iron gravity of a graduate wag—"nobody who knows Mrs. Neale ever discounts a date she makes by less than an hour."

"DO SHUT up, Phil!" The lady turned a tepid shoulder to that cynic. "I was so fussed about you, baby, though I wouldn't have been if I'd dreamed you had brought your brother." She enveloped the attentive gentleman in a glow of great kindness. "Of course this is the good-looking brother I've heard so much about?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Neale, I . . ."

"No such luck, Mrs. Neale." The unknown was deft to pick up his cue. "Mine's by far the happier lot: Fay and I aren't even distant relations."

"Priceless!" Hattie crowed. "Johnny-on-the-spot with the old subtle stuff, aren't you? Fay, you imp! If you don't tell me this instant—"

"Beau had an engagement, and so—" But to confess the stark truth would be too awful, while to gloss it passed an inept tongue. "I mean . . ."

"Somebody had to pinch hit for Beau," the stranger again adroitly carried on. "So here I am, by your leave, Mrs. Neale, a makeshift but well-meaning. I hope you won't despise me on that account."

"Oh, don't worry! Just you try to get away and see what happens. But what I want to know is: Who the dickens are you?"

"My name is Jerrold"—that, at all events, was the way Fay's ears heard

it through roarings of confusion—"and my sponsors in baptism wished me on the world, rather unfeelingly, I've always thought, Joel—"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Neale clapped hands to her pretty ears. "I can't bear it! I'll have to call you Jerry."

"Please."

"And now that's settled, we really must rush along. Oh! I'm most forgot: Fay—Miss Lascelles—these grinning donkeys are Frank Conover and Phil Weston. And Mr. Jerrold. . ."

The grinning donkeys dutifully scraped to Fay and pressed their hands on Mr. Jerrold. And the girl, in one last gasp of consternation, perceived that it was the cold-blooded purpose of this engaging impostor to attach himself to their party, knowing too well that Fay herself wouldn't know how, even if she could find the courage, to disown him. In witness to which there was a smile in cool, blue-gray, understanding eyes that clearly said: "Oh, come now! You know this is a lark. Don't tell on me and spoil the fun."

SHE thought her quandary appalling, and all at once became aware of being sprayed, from a little distance, with strident cajolery.

"Fay darling! I simply insist on your lending me your man for a while—I want to find out if I really like him. And you can have Conny and Phil, baby, and get acquainted."

"Well?" Mr. Jerrold knitted an apprehensive pucker into his brows that was most flattering. "Are you going to be cross with me, Fay Lascelles?"

"Oh," the girl heard herself lightly laugh—"you're hopeless!"

He took that with a light-hearted

bow, and went to join Hattie Neale, leaving Fay rather vain of that desperate, gay gesture of hers. It was the first time she had ever dared be pert with a man of experience, and she considered her maiden try had come off rather well. Even though he was an unknown quantity. . .

MUSIC met them at the very threshold, a tango sung by muted strings, to one at Fay's romantic age heady as gusts of tropic perfume wafted on the wings of rhythm. A manservant matter-of-fact enough was there as well, however, to sort the guests by sexes, herd the males into a coatroom off the foyer, and shoo the females up a short but steep and twisty staircase. This led to the perch of the band, a balcony that looked out over a studio of imposing spaces, paneled to its beams in old carved oak, so shrewdly lighted that no lamps were visible to account for the dull golden dusk that bathed it, and furnished with a miscellany of lovely things which subtlest taste had made congenial.

A dressing-room opened off this balcony, and the mirror which Fay presently consulted there showed a starry-eyed young thing with cheeks whose glow asked no enhancement. Well pleased, she hummed snatches of that insinuating, lawless melody, sketched to it a delicate pas seul, and conceived that she was happy, that this was truly the atmosphere she had been born to and had gone wearying for un-

awares all her young life long.

The room was in fact a small bed-chamber whose luxurious appointment ran even to a dressing table decked with toilet pieces in tortoise-shell and gold. If that seemed odd, the studio might quite well, of course, be a married man's. On the other hand, those framed French prints that spotted the walls were—well!

Hattie Neale, poring on her own vivid image, spared a peer into the mirror for the girl behind her and slyly prolonged it.

"Men are comic beasts, aren't they, darling? You wouldn't think they'd smear their rooms up with such pictures nowadays, would you, when we women are getting to be so liberal about the way we dress for them?"

"I don't know. . . ." It would never do, of course, to measure New York ways by backwoods standards. "Whose studio is this, Hattie?"

"Paul Manquist's. He does all our covers, you know. Mr. Reseda always borrows it to throw his parties in. He made such a wreck of it last year, though, Manquist swore he'd never let him have it again. But Manny Reseda and Manquist are thick as a couple of thieves, always together, raising the devil, when Manny comes on from Chicago."

"Why did he wreck it?" Fay puzzled. "Oh! It got pretty wild before it broke up. At least," Hattie thought fit to amend, "that's what I heard. I saw how things were going and eased out like an honest woman about 2 A. M."

"I should think so. Will it last that late to-night, do you suppose?"

"Parties like this don't begin to mellow much before morning, Innocence,

But don't you worry: I promise you'll get away safely before the animals begin to break out of their cages."

"I'm not worrying," amour propre naturally protested. "I should think it would be interesting, in a way. I only wondered. . . ."

"Besides," Hattie pursued, pouting for lipstick uses, "I'm not so sure you aren't perfectly able to take care of yourself, young woman. I begin to suspect you're as deep as the next one."

"Deep"—Hattie?

"Why didn't you ever tell me you were so thick with Don Gerould?"

"Don—!" A quick ear caught the distinction between plain "Jerrold" and, as Hattie Neale pronounced it, with an intriguing accent, "Gerould;" Fay curbed her tongue on the brink of a bad slip. "I don't think you ever asked me. Besides, we aren't what you call 'thick.' Why?"

"Well! Any girl that travels with Don Gerould's pretty apt to know her way about. And I do think you might have put me wise when he said his name was Joel."

"Well, isn't it?"

"Of course it is, baby: Joel Donald Gerould. But nobody that knows New York ever dreams of calling him anything but Don Gerould, and I only let him get as far as Joel—ghastly name! There"—Hattie sat back to rejoin her lipstick—"now any man that kisses me to-night will have to manage three licks at least before he can truthfully say he's touched my person. Come along, darling."

FAY tried to smother a small gasp, but Hattie pounced on that betrayal, pinched her cheek, and went out laughing. And Fay, on the point of following, had to fall back and make way for another guest who was drifting in to leave her wraps, a girl no older but slightly taller than herself and rather sturdily formed though in every aspect graceful. This first impression struck Fay not speechless only but almost witless, she thought the face beneath the red gold hair so incomparably lovely. But then Fay had always been given to prostrations of dumb worship in the presence of beauty, and all her tribute to its present manifestation began and ended in one gusty "Oh!"

"Something the matter?" the fair girl paused, smiling, to inquire.

"Oh, no!" Fay stammered—"I mean, I'm sorry—"

"Whatever for?"

"I couldn't help staring—I wasn't expecting you—and you're so beautiful."

"Am I? Anyhow, I think it's sweet of you to tell me."

This was a contralto of such low register its rich inflections just missed being throaty, and Fay had a nice ear for voices. "I felt so shaky, sort of," it went on rather diffidently to confess as the other girl let a wrap of brownish ermine fall—"I mean, about coming here to-night. You see, I don't know a soul in this town, only Mr. Reseda. And to have the very first person I meet say such nice things—well, I feel a whole lot more comfortable already, thank you!"

"I don't know anybody either," Fay chimed in haste—"not even Mr. Reseda, to speak to—only Hattie Neale, who brought me. So—it's a sort of bond, isn't it? We can be friends, I mean, because we're such strangers. . . ."

"I hope so."

"That's Hattie now, calling me. I'm Fay Lascelles. What's your name?"

"Lona," said the blond girl with a shade of hesitation—"Lona Schell."

"Then—I must run—we'll see each other later downstairs."

Hattie, already halfway down the winding staircase when Fay appeared, led from its (Continued on page 45)

What Fur? By ROSE FELD



"And so we bought a rabbit skin to wrap our Greta Garbo in"

Metro Goldwyn

IF YOU saw a woman wearing a chinchilla coat and a smart sports hat stepping out of a gay roadster, would you stop, look and listen because there was something wrong with the picture?

Probably not, if you are one of the hundred million and more who are uninitiated in what, for want of a better term, may be called "fur etiquette." Yet, according to Captain Thierry Mallet, president of Revillon Frères of New York, the Tiffany of the fur world, this woman is as guilty of a breach of good taste as her husband would be if he were caught going to the opera in tweed knickers, swallowtails, and a silk hat. For there are daytime furs and evening furs, and it is the wise woman who knows which is which.

"There are definite rules for the guidance of those who wear furs," says Captain Mallet. "The woman of means and good taste will never wear ermine and chinchilla in the daytime. Both of these are evening furs and nothing else."

"Nor is this entirely a matter of rule without foundation in reason. Chinchilla and ermine are rare furs and exceedingly costly. To expose them to the sunshine and the rain is criminal, for it hurts them. Like filmy silks and beautiful velvets and satins, they are among the luxuries of life and should be kept for occasions where they will show up best and receive the least wear."

"Other furs there are that can with no offense to good taste be worn both afternoons and evenings. These are mink, Russian sable, Hudson Bay sable, and Kolinsky. These may be worn in the daytime with a hat; in the evening without a hat and all the accouterments of evening wear. All other furs are daytime furs."

"Laying down rules of any sort is a disagreeable job at best. When I make statements about what is right for evening and what is right for daytime, I am thinking, of course, of the women who have the means to buy and wear the proper furs for the proper occasions."

"This doesn't mean that I should think it bad taste for a woman to go to a dance in a squirrel coat. She probably can afford but one coat, and squirrel is the fur she has chosen. Neither my feelings nor any person's feelings can be hurt by

How to care for furs

1. Sunlight bleaches fur.
2. Rain and snow clot the hair and moisture rots the leather.
3. Never put a fur wrap in a hot place. Never hang it near a radiator to dry.
4. Have your furs hung in cold storage for the summer. Don't pack them away in camphor.
5. Furs should be hung when not in use, in winter as well as summer.

that. But I will say, quite frankly, that good taste is outraged by the woman of means who will go shopping in a \$30,000 chinchilla coat, swinging over her arm a chain bag which cuts into the precious fur. There is no excuse for her. She might with as much propriety go shopping in an evening gown."

Smart—and American

CAPTAIN MALLET'S criticism, it is seen, is directed entirely against the woman of great wealth who makes a vulgar display of it. For the average American woman he has great respect. In spite of the fact that he is a Frenchman, he thinks that nowhere in the world are women so well dressed as in America. And that holds for their fur apparel as well as for their other clothes. They are interested in the fashions of Paris, it is true, but they do not slavishly follow them. Rather they adapt them to their own style and personality.

"Fashions in fur," he says, "find their inspiration in the same place as fashions in clothes. Paris. Two or three times a year we send over a representative to Paris who makes a study of wraps shown by the better known cou-

turières, and brings back with him several cloth models.

"The mode, the spirit, the line in the Paris cloth model inspires the making of American fur models. We do one of three things. We copy completely, we make changes to adapt the model to American taste, or we create new models bearing in mind the modish cut and line. If Paris, for example, says coats and wraps shall be thirteen inches from the ground, we do not sell anything that is six inches from the ground, for the outline, the silhouette, would be bad."

"There is much, however, that the individual furrier can do in making a wrap smart. Copying or adapting a dressmaker's model is not sufficient. He must have something in his own being which lends grace, charm and distinction to the work he creates. The artist can create a thing of beauty; the man who is merely a copyist can be trusted to do a serviceable job and nothing else."

"We have a saying in French which is always a good motto to follow: *Il y a beaucoup à prendre et beaucoup à laisser*. Literally translated, it means, 'There is much to take and much to leave.'

"The furrier of taste knows what to take and what to leave. And that is true also of the well-dressed woman. She knows what to take from the Paris fashion and what to eliminate. More and more as time goes on I find that the American woman is showing independence and individuality in taste. You can no longer impress her by the mere fact that a wrap is an exact copy of a French dressmaker's model. She wants the Paris tone but the American personality."

"What makes one fur fashionable and another not?" Captain Mallet was asked.

"Several things. Black fur may be popular for several seasons, and then women will switch around to brown. I suppose it is because they want to show that they can afford a new wrap."

"Furriers too have something to do with the creation of popularity of any one fur. A special kind of fur may be neglected for several seasons, and there is a glut on the market. To keep the fur going it is sold at a comparatively low price: many people buy it; more want to buy it: the snowball is started. The demand for it is created, and its price goes up."

"At the present time, however, this

tendency is not as great as in the past. Every fur is in demand, for the simple reason that every girl and woman you meet has one kind of fur coat or another. The nation's prosperity has done it, of course. What used to be a luxury in the past is to-day a necessity. A stenographer without a fur coat is rare indeed."

"Women of means and of sense do not, however, go in for the new furs or the popular furs. They stick to the fur and the color they like best. They will discard a fur because they think it makes them look stout or old, but not for other reasons."

It is not in fashions or cut of line that the American (Continued on page 42)



Baffin Land miss with priceless white fox



\$30,000 worth of chinchilla photographed under armed guard