



# For a Rainy Day

YOU may have the prettiest legs in six counties, but if your sheer stockings are mud-spotted and your thin shoes are rain-soaked, Mr. Ziegfeld will never hand you a contract. Herein a famous clothes expert tells you how to be smart—though all wet.

By ELIZABETH  
MACDONALD  
OSBORNE

PLANNING for a rainy day is no more popular literally than figuratively. At heart we are all optimists. There were 118 rainy days in New York City in 1925, which is, I am told, about the average, yet most of us are astonished whenever the rain descends and are inclined to take it as a personal grievance.

Some cities take their rainfall in doses and give in to what they call a rainy season. Others, such as Portland, Ore., cling to the legend of a rainy season, but carry an umbrella almost every day in the year.

No matter where you live, you should plan a suitable costume for rainy days.

The attitude of Englishwomen toward rainy weather is quite different from ours. In England it rains most of the time, so the Englishwoman has her fingers crossed when she dons her street outfit. The same woman who is meticulous about her house gowns will throw on a tweed suit of six or seven years' standing and a shapeless felt hat whose spirit died years before and stride out without a thought of apology. By common consent, they are not playing the game when in the street.

Here and there we find an American who makes the same approach to a rainy day, and I much prefer to look at these than at the Pollyannas who dress as though it were not raining.

Dolled-up women in fur coats—which smell to heaven when wet—and fancy light shoes stepping along disdainfully on the dirty wet asphalt look cheap. The girl in a \$10 rain coat is much better dressed, FOR THE KEYNOTE OF SMART DRESSING IS APPROPRIATENESS.

Business and professional women have to go out at certain times each day regardless of the weather signals. If any one part of their costume is perishable, they must take a taxi to save it. These fares can easily amount to \$2 in one day, and this use of a taxi is to my Scotch way of thinking inexcusably thoughtless and extravagant. Ten such savings would buy a nice bit of jewelry, or luggage or some accessory which would count for a great deal in your general appearance, and you have nothing to show for a taxi fare except a different spot under your feet.

## Drab Colors Are Best

TO BE correctly dressed for inclement weather requires a different set of rules from those which govern the outfit which expects fair skies and dry sidewalks; and this is one of the reasons why it is rare to find essentially smart rainy-day costumes even on that minority who have learned the trick of look-

ing smart in the conventional manner.

We may disagree as to just what we like to see on the street on a rainy day, but let's think it over.

Do you like to see a costume of rich fabric such as satin, silk or velvet which you know will be more or less spoiled by the deluge?

Do you like to see high-heeled, thin-soled slippers with light hose spattered up to the heels?

Probably we all agree on an answer to these, but this next question will divide us:

Do you admire a bright touch of color to brighten the dreariness of the dirty streets?

"Yes," some of you will say, but let me state the case for the other side. If a room is mussed up and dirty, can you make it attractive by adding a bright-colored vase? You must clean it first and then add the vase. If you are painting a picture and your water colors are muddy, is it remedied by adding one bright pigment? It makes the others look the muddier and you begin over again with fresh paint.

So nothing but equally drab colors are practical or appropriate on a dirty street.

A glimpse of a warm color underneath the coat or a fresh white vestee is another matter. These suggest warmth and gayety which can be reached eventually and that is even more attractive than that which is right at hand.

And that brings me to just what an ideal rainy-day costume is.

A figure gradually takes shape as it approaches. The feet show first. A well-cut pair of brown Oxfords are protected by brown sandals. Brown silk stockings heavier than the chiffon quality lead up to a brown and beige tweed coat, long and full with raglan sleeves, a regulation turn-over collar and coat lapels. Showing a little over the edge of the collar is a gay plaid scarf in reds and browns. A small felt hat, inconspicuous but becoming, frames a face which is genuinely enjoying the rain.

Here is no troubled brow figuring the

Plan an appropriate rainy-day costume just as attractive as you can make it



cost and possibility of having the coat pressed before tomorrow night. Here is no anger at ruining her new shoes. And as you pass you say to yourself, "That girl is getting a lot out of life."

Of course you can't enjoy anything if you have to worry about your clothes. All spontaneity is gone, and your horizon for the moment at least is limited to your wardrobe.

This girl might be making \$30 a week, yet she can look exactly as attractive on a rainy day as her older sister who makes three times as much. The coat which I describe can be bought for \$50 or less and is suitable for a general utility coat in rain or shine for numberless years. It is one of the few styles that can be depended on to last, and it is suitable for all seasons.

## Coats for Lowering Skies

BUT let me warn you. Don't think that because it is a knockabout coat its length is of no importance and the length of the sleeves do not matter.

Again, don't think you can wear this coat over a wet bathing suit and then back on city streets without being pressed. You must keep its lines—and the lines must be right—if you wish to look pleasing where you are running in competition with others.

If you are making \$60 a week, or having an allowance which enables you to dress well, then buy one of the new smart raincoats of rubberized crêpe de chine or cravenetted taffeta, which are chic and delightful to look upon. The crêpe de chine coats are made up in light shades with a silvery cast which tones them down suitably. A dull brownish pink coat of this type with a felt hat in the same shade makes a spring outfit which is charming. Sometimes these coats are lined with tweed or homespun to make them warmer, but for spring, summer and fall wear they are more practical without the lining.

Coats of washable leather, which are soft and supple, offer another smart choice to those who can afford them.

These coats for lowering skies are made any number of ways, but always with that (Continued on page 55)

Culver Service



The twigs crackled under his feet. A nondescript hound shadowed him

# The New Dynasty

*The new gods shoulder out the old  
and young love comes into its own*

By FLORENCE DORSEY WELCH

THE girl hurried along the red-sand road that turned off from the highway. It was late, and

her mother would question her. She had been dawdling dreamily in the twilight since she left Noel Sexton at the bridge, a joy of new self-consciousness tingling her. "You better not walk any farther with me," she had said. He had bent over her, his hazel eyes serious for the moment, and whispered, "You are beautiful, Linda, beautiful."

She was beautiful, it was spring—February in north Louisiana—the evening air was gentle on her face, the sky silver through the pine trunks. She laughed softly, lifting her dark head until the black lashes lay on the smooth whiteness of her cheeks.

At the gate of the lopping board fence Linda Darcut fumbled with the wire fastener. The gaunt, paintless house, sitting back in the unkempt yard, was almost impressive in the dusk. A light appeared in the window at the left of the porch. Linda ran up the path.

The family room was large, dingy, scantily furnished, bare of floor except for a meager strip of worn rag carpet. Blazing pine knots in the clay fireplace

and a red cloth on the dining table at the lower end of the room lent cheer. An old woman stooped in a broad chair near the front window, a prim, bisque-like figure. She left off fingering the hem of her apron to glance up as the girl entered with a little rush, closed the door and stood waiting against it. Satisfaction gathered in the wrinkled face.

"She's like 'em," her low, monotonous voice chanted. "Darcut clean through."

"That you, Lindy?" came in flat treble from the kitchen beyond. A dumpy woman bustled in. Her sleeves were rolled above pudgy elbows; the flabby, short-featured face still held an insipid prettiness. "Well?"

"I give Mr. Raynor the sweet cakes, and then—"

"What all did you talk about?"—expectantly.

"Then I come away." Linda's eyes

flared upward, bright blue between the black lashes.

"Didn't you set and talk none?"—sharp disappointment in the tone. "The cakes was just to— You visited a while, didn't you?"

"No. That house gives me a shiver. And him . . . He said he reckoned Asa'd ought to be gittin' married soon. He said it twice." She moved over to the fire.

"He did?" her mother brightened. "Well, there's no other real good fambly around here but ours. Wasn't Asa there?"

"He come in when I was leavin'. He's awful lean and dark."

"Lean and dark," the old woman droned. "That's how they always been. I've known the Raynors back in Tennessee, and my grampa was neighbors to 'em in Virginny. High folks, the Raynors."

"They've only got one nigger now, the same as us." Linda stripped them of importance.

The wire rattled on the gate. Deliberate steps grated on the path. "That's Jeffry," Sally heralded her husband. "Let's get the supper on."

Hannah Darcut watched the front door hungrily, her old eyes gloating over the bearded man who shuffled in. He tossed his mother a perfunctory glance of reverence and stood before the fire. He was a square, spare man, a little stooped, knees slightly bent. His arms hung in a sort of futile relaxation. Hannah sensed that he was disturbed about something, and took to fingering her apron again, holding her peace.

AT THE supper table the clink of metal on china gathered importance in the stillness. Jeffry seldom talked, but tonight there was a gravity in his silence that prompted even Sally to forego her customary whining. His daughter, though, smiled on unaware, some reverie bringing a faint flush to the creaminess of her cheeks.

"Oh, ho, I can recollect when we used to have venison and turkey and sweet