

# Here's Miss New York in Her Bathing Suits of 1913

—Drawn by Eleanor Schorer



EVERY Bessie who loves the cool, green waves has racked her curly head to find a costume that will be pretty to see and comfy to swim and splash about in. The task is easy for the Bessie who loves to look at the water and to have folks look at her as she stays high and dry gazing the beach. She always wears something funny and sometimes even giddy, with broad white ruff and touches of lace, with buttons and an accordion pleated skirt, white stockings decorated with black high strings done criss-cross up

to the knee. Oh, she is very, very gay as she trips daintily along the white sand holding the latest style parasol above her head to shield her complexion from the sun and never touching a toe to the waters that caress the sand. But what an awful mess that wave would make of her if he ever did catch her! The fashions of 1913 afford a host of pretty bathing suits which are serviceable too and made in all colors. Black for the girl with a high collar; brown for the one who has dark hair

and skin, or else blue, which, after all, is the most universally becoming. Although checks of all kinds are so very popular this season that the waves are likely to give birth to many a Venus garbed in checks. And mighty chic they will be, I promise you. A thousand ways to make a cunning suit are presented and suggested by the makers of modes and fashions, and to me one of the prettiest is shown in Miss New York in the picture standing on the beach drying her hair. Many self-colored buttons and large buttonholes make

a stunning trimming on this suit, with its short cutaway peplum, high pointed bodice belt and straight skirt with a fold down the side front and the rounded corners at the bottom. For the girl who likes a touch of color this suit gives an admirable chance in its tiny collar and sleeve bands and smart little bow at the back. Those suits which are designed with vests are very pretty. There are as many variations of vests as there are grains of sand, so it is left entirely up to you, Bessie, which vest suits your

fancy. The girl sitting on a rope wears a suit whose only trimming is a vest with chic, smart lines, black collar and tiny fold at the bottom of the skirt, and a few buttons. Now, the girl on the extreme left has a very pretty costume, but she has been having so much fun tumbling about on the waves and it's so wet that one cannot see much of it. The Roman esak and cuffs are very youthful, and you could make the collar and tie of the same if you wished, and even the buttons, for that matter.

Buttons, buttons, they promise to be just as popular on bathing suits this summer as they have been on swims all last season and are this. But for the girl who loves the waves for their own sweet sake, who thinks more of a good time than of good looks, the very best kind of suit is a pair of sleek black tights and a simple black waist and skirt, with a big, white belt and collar. And as she stands poised ready to jump, she looks a heap prettier than the Bessie Bessies because there's a broad, mischievous smile on her face. She is having A HULAY GOOD TIME.

millinery of a few of the best known women: Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney wore a small coneshaped black hat with almost no trimming. Mrs. Sergeant Cram wore a dark blue hat trimmed with ostrich plumes. Miss Carol Harriman's red hat had trimmings of wheat. Mrs. C. C. Rumsey had a Panama hat with brown satin ribbon trimmings. Mrs. Goadby Loew wore a small black hat with two stiff leathers. Mrs. Ogden Mills's leghorn hat was wreathed with pink roses and wheat. Mrs. J. A. Burden's black hat was trimmed with cerise ribbon. Mrs. Arthur Iselin appeared in a white hat covered with blue tulle and flowers, her gown being of dark blue marquisette. The large black hat of Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock was trimmed with black bird-of-paradise feathers. So there you are!

## The Styles at Piping Rock, The Longchamps of America

HURRAH! for the New York revival of the sport of kings, which is also the sport of drummers! Annual and Longchamps, the great French racing grounds, have long served as convenient scenes for the display of moving pictures from the Parisian cotillions. This week New York society has made a combined Anteuil-Longchamps of Piping Rock, Long Island. The very latest sartorial word was spoken by the exquisitely gowned matrons and mistresses who straggled over the green turf and crowded the boxes at the happy gathering of the exclusive country clubs in Locust Valley. And it is a word of command. Piping Rock gowns, Piping Rock coats, Piping Rock hats are destined to be copied the coun-

try over. At this select breeding ground of Western fashions it was first to be noted that the women who attracted attention were all of unexceptionable social position and that they wore clothes befitting their dignified place in the world. There was no display of immodest "freak" gowns on mannikins hired for the purpose, as at the great Continental racing centres. The costumes, beautiful and costly in the highest degree, and with many touches of distinct novelty, were all such as any self-respecting American woman might wear. Both the young girls and their mothers showed a notable and refreshing absence of makeup. The color in their cheeks was obviously the result of the

cool spring breezes and the warm sun, coming in contact with fair, healthy skins glistening with paint or powder. These women looked as if they were well acquainted with golf links and tennis grounds, with early horseback rides and canoe excursions. "And they are," said an insider. "Society, the best and healthiest part of society, is in reaction against hothouse artificiality." However, if the back-to-nature movement is dispensing with the beauty doctor, it is still on excellent terms with the dressmaker. Piping Rock costumes, though discreet, were delightful, distracting and several other d's—including dear. Probably the "simple white gown," that frock which ever bewitched the masculine

eye and betrays the masculine pocket-book, was the general favorite. Mrs. Payne Whitney was white, literally, from top to toe, her dainty costume breaking into lace ruffles at the throat and where the elbow sleeves ended, while even her high-crowned ribbon-trimmed hat was snowy. Mrs. Paul Cravath wore a white coat-suit with a fine black stripe, the coat cut long and rather tight-fitting. It was severely plain, relieved only by straps and collar of black. Mrs. Warner, who sat beside Mrs. Cravath, displayed an exquisitely embroidered white lingerie frock, and Mrs. John Sanford's smiling face appeared above a white flannel costume and under a drooping white hat-brim.

If you wish to wear any color at all, wear two, according to Piping Rock—"and if you see it at Piping Rock it's correct." The two-tone suits, coat of one color and skirt of another, were extraordinarily well liked. One of these suits showed a remarkable combination. The cutaway coat was of plain dark cloth, with a white satin vest fastened with three ornamental buttons. The kimono sleeves of the plain material ended half way between the shoulder and elbow, and from this point to the wrist the sleeve was continued in a large and brightly plaided good. The skirt of this bizarre suit was of plain stuff to a point a few inches below the hips. The rest was of the

plaid, draped up over a slit at the left side. Between hips and knees were applied two deep folds of the plain material on the plaid, the latter showing between the folds. The hat worn with this costume was round and rather small, and trimmed with a band of Oriental silk. Almost all the skirts were slit, but something was worn underneath in ranged drapery almost concealed the opening. The effect was eminently decent and devoid of sensation. One could not but be impressed by the comparative smallness of the hats. Of course there were some of the "picture" variety, but the majority were anything but large. They weren't mushrooms, either, but struck a happy golden mean both horizontally and vertically. They were inclined to roundness and to following, in a general way, the shape of the head, sometimes turned up at one side or the other, sometimes drooping over the face. Just to show the remarkable variety in headgear, here's a description of the

futurist school. It was lined with deep blue, while the outer covering, of a lighter blue, was decorated with oddly shaped red and yellow figures. Also one young girl showed a cubist coquette, in which blue, red, green and white quarrelled merrily together. But stripes seem to be displacing the spotches and splashes. Mrs. R. T. Wilson's two-tone costume was an example of this. The corsage and the upper part of the skirt seemed made in one piece, and descended diagonally over an under-skirt of a different pattern which showed a conspicuous white stripe. The prophecy that accordion pleated frocks are on the calendar was proved true by the costume of Mrs. Ogden L. Mills. It followed the latest French lead in fine accordion pleats and was developed in pale blue and white, with a wide shawl.

Avid experts from fashion magazines and the Fifth Avenue shops, with their darting glances and furtive pencils, offered the final proof of the new style slogan—"If you see it at Piping Rock it's correct."



Mrs. Glas Mrs. R. T. Wilson Mrs. J. Sergeant Gram Mrs. John Sanford Mrs. Paul Cravath Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney Barbara Whitney  
Mrs. Sanford Mrs. Warner Flora Whitney © Underwood & Lothrop