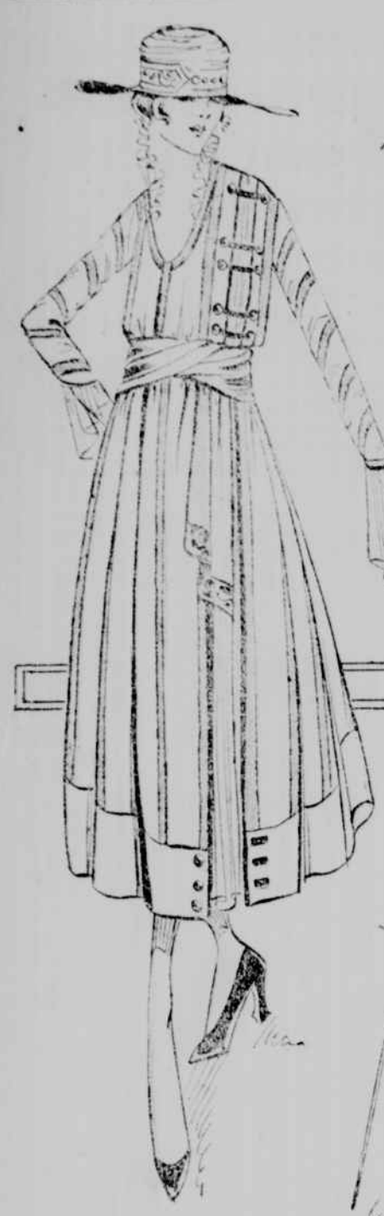
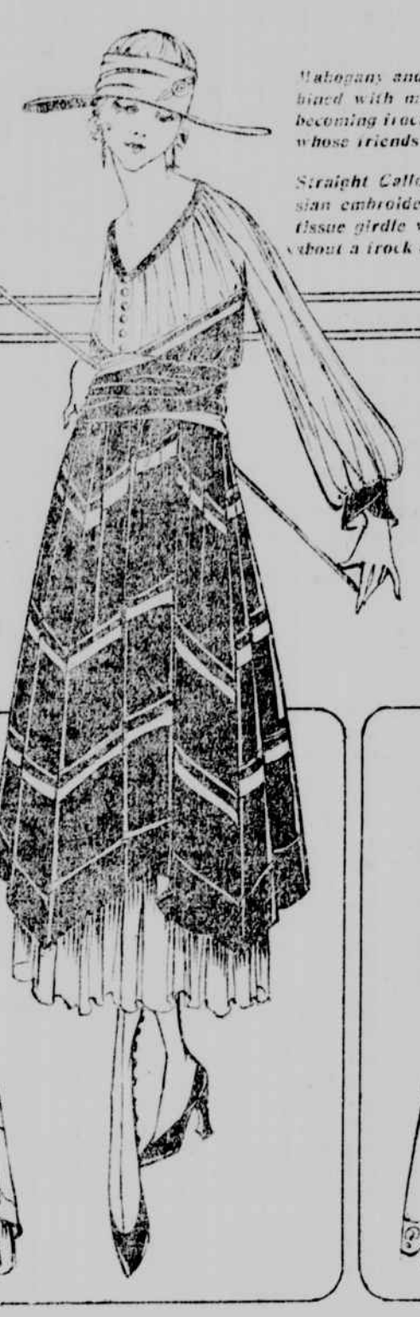
THE HOME DRESSMAKER INTERPRETS SPRING

While the Poet Writes the Annual Tender Lyric and the Artist Soaks His Brush in April Greens, the Woman of Ingenuity Is Oiling the Sewing Machine and Stitching Into Completion Her Artistic Contribution to the Season's Effusions



Striped taffeta is quite sufficient unto itself. For all the trimming this frock possesses is a soft satin girdle, silver frogs and buttons and a bit of frill about neck and wrists.

A gray embroidered crepe voile, with half-sleeves, underskirt and criss-cross bands of gray taffeta about shoulders and hips; is corded at the neck and piped with burnt orange.



Mahogany and green striped taffeta, combined with mahogany Georgette made a becoming frock for a boarding school girl, whose friends found it irresistible.

Straight Callot neck, the bands of Persian embroidery and the silk and silver tissue girdle were the interesting things about a frock of midnight blue Georgette.

Yards and yards of blue velvet ribbon were necessary; but they, with just a few yards of blue and white striped voile, and even fewer of blue-gray pleated tulle, made the dress.

Table of Costs

1		2		3		4		5	
Striped taffeta, 6 yds. at $1.75	$10.50	Voile, 6 yds. at $1.95	$11.70	Taffeta, 4 yds. at $1.75	$7.00	Georgette crepe, 6 yds. at 1.79	$10.74	Voile, 6 yds. at $1.75	$10.50
Buttons and frogs	1.10	Taffeta, 6 yds. at $1.50	9.00	Georgette, 4 yds. at $1.75	7.00	Banding, 6 yds. at $2.79	16.74	Velvet ribbon, 25 yds. at 49 cents	12.25
Satin, 3 yds. at $1 a yd.	3.00	Orange satin, 1 yd. at $1	1.00	Ribbon Velvet, ½ yd.	.25	Satin, 1 yd. at 99 cents	.99	Tulle, 4 yds at 25 cents	1.00
	$14.60		$21.70	Buttons, ½ doz. at $1.10	.55	Silver tissue, 1-3 yd. at $5.25	1.75		$23.75
				Satin for underslip, 4 yds. at $1	4.00		$30.22		
					$18.80				

The above costs do not include findings.

Here Are Supplied Designs and Prices—Nothing Else Required but the Making

By SARAH ADDINGTON.

"AFTERNOON dresses have I none," commented Nanette, frowning over an invitation to a coming out tea. "Does anybody have afternoon gowns?"

"Don't be silly, Nanette."

"Does anybody?" insisted that young woman, raising her voice. "Then where do they get 'em? I can't afford the simple little hand-embroidered chiffons that cost two weeks' salary. Who can, anyway?"

Nanette tested the engraving on the invitation with a meditative forefinger, took off her eyeglasses, polished them carefully, returned them to her classic nose, and then burst out from the depths of reflection:

"Ha! I'll make a dress! What, I can't! What about 'Home Dressmaking Made Easy'? Papers are full of them. You buy so many yards of this, so many inches of that, put 'em together and there's your dress."

I sniffed. Nanette stiffened and stared at me witheringly.

"I'm determined to see that baby of a Geraldine Watson make her little curtsey to the four or five dozen men that will immediately grovel at her feet. She's the loveliest young blossom of a girl I ever saw, and, besides, I'm her old maid godmother." (Nanette is twenty-six.) "I'm going to make me a—an embroidered chiffon!"

It was four minutes later that Nanette had her new spring bonnet on her head, her purse in her hand and her scholarly mind bent on chiffons. It was four days later that she appeared in a smart new gown with the latest thing in sleeves, cross pieces in front, a sash in back and all the other mysterious devices that make up the composite costume. I had expected a gunny sack, and here it was, a Gown.

Nanette strutted shamelessly.

"Is it not a vision?" she asked modestly. "Can you remember that I once wore dowdy blue serge and goloshes? Am I not a lady? Will I not rival even the dear little 'deb' herself?"

Of course, Nanette was overdoing it, but really, the gown was a success.

"You see," she explained glibly enough without waiting for interested inquiry, "I found that embroidered chiffon is really pretty expensive, and the salesman—nice old motherly thing he was, too—told me chiffon was hard to work with if I was not skilled. So I got this embroidered crepe voile, rather summerish for February, it seems to me, but if I'm going in for society I suppose I'm expected to wear summerish things in February. I got gray because I'm the old maid godmother, but there were lovely pink and blue and lavender ones. It was $1.95 a yard and six yards was stacks. I'm so glad I'm thin. If I were big as Peggy Martin I'd have needed seven."

Then as she preened and paraded Nanette related further details about her dress; the skirt was simply gathered full onto a slip of gray taffeta which extended below the hem; the bodice was merely a fulled little affair; the sleeves had undersleeves of the taffeta, and the wonderful "criss-crosses" had been an inspiration of the last moment.

"My dear," confessed Nanette, "the dress looked like nothing at all; reminded me of my pinafore days until I slashed some taffeta into strips, hung it from the shoulder and, not knowing what to do with the ends, tied them at the back. It likewise looked like second mourning until I put the burnt orange satin pipings on the criss-crosses and at the cuffs. I made it orange, of course, because the embroidery is largely that color."

"How did you get that lovely little unadorned neck effect?" I was constrained to ask, enviously. "I'm sure I would have spoiled it with a crinkly frill or a row of shiny buttons."

"Why," Nanette stopped a moment, "I just didn't know how to do anything else but stop. I corded it, you see. But, my dear, a lady who wears eyeglasses refrains from frills, as far as that is concerned."

"And how much did you say it cost?"

Nanette tabulated.

"Voile, six yards at $1.95, $11.70; taffeta, six yards at $1.50, $9; orange satin, one yard at $1, $1; total, $21.70. A nice dress of nice materials, and a cinch to make," she added. "Also, the same dress could be produced a few dollars cheaper by getting a less elaborate voile and a cheaper taffeta."

From the day of the appearance of that dress Nanette became a fashion expert. Lucile Patterson was going to Bermuda and wanted a few clothes; Nanette planned and made her a striped voile that everybody raved over. Margaret Byrd spent a week at Nanette's apartment and they made two dresses for Margaret's trousseau that were the prettiest of her entire wardrobe; Peggy Martin bought some taffeta and they made a dress for Peggy's little sister at boarding school that all Vivian's bosom friends borrowed the first week, wearing it to a fringe.

Lucile's dress, for instance: It was made of blue and white striped imported voile with a drawn work striped design in it as well, and trimmed with bands of blue velvet and ruchings of gray-blue tulle. That was all, but Lucile knew what she was doing when she bought that exquisite material which was sheer and soft as silk and much daintier. The cost was $23.75—six yards of voile at $1.75, $10.50; twenty-five yards of velvet ribbon at 49 cents, $12.25; four yards of narrow pleating tulle, at 25 cents a yard, $1. We were all horrified at the extravagant use of the velvet ribbon, but Lucile does not mind how much things cost, and scorned our suggestion of strips of taffeta.

"It would be good enough for me, though," said Nanette, who seemed to think that she personally was responsible for everything concerning the dress, even the bills.

Margaret's dresses were made the next week. There was one of midnight blue Georgette crepe, with bands of Persian embroidery and a silk and silver tissue girdle, with a cording around the hips, a straight Callot neck and flaring cuffs. Margaret paid $1.79 a yard for the Georgette, and had six yards; the banding was $2.79, six yards needed, and the girdle was 99 cents for the necessary yard of satin and $1.75 for the one-third yard of silver tissue; total, $28.98. She already had a blue silk slip which she was using for two dresses.

Her other frock was a dark black and brown striped taffeta, with silver frogs and buttons, and a soft black satin girdle.

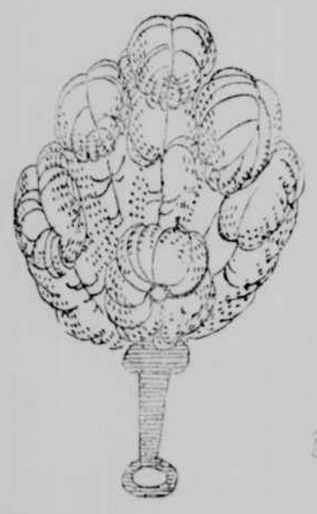
Young Vivian Martin, Peggy's sister, is the perkiest looking infant I ever saw, and her dress looked just like her. It was a gay mahogany and green striped taffeta, with the full skirt in four points hung over Georgette crepe of the mahogany color. Black velvet and silver buttons were used for finishing. Peggy gasped over the bill, the taffeta at $1.75 a yard, the Georgette, $1.75, and Peggy only a poor struggling domestic science teacher—but Vivian loved it, and all her friends at boarding school had a wonderful time wearing it. Somebody told her it looked like a Premet frock, too, and she never got over that, of course.

"I call it a good assortment of afternoon frocks, Mme. Nanette," said Peggy, when we had them spread out in Nanette's little living room.

Nanette considered them, then turned to me twinkling.

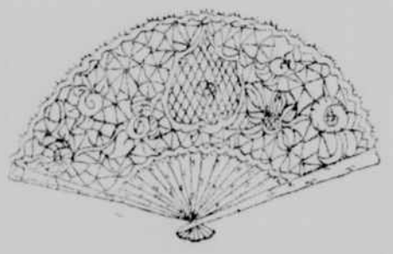
"Any complaints on 'Home Dressmaking Made Easy?'" she jibed gently.

To Have and to Hold—the Fashionable Feather Fan



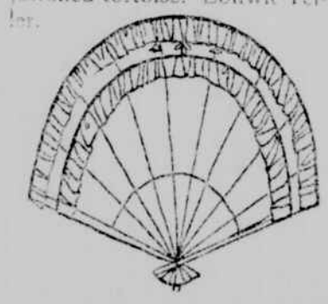
The dropping lavender plumes of the fan to the left have an atmosphere equalled only by the gray crystal handle aglint with rhinestones. Bonwit Teller.

Duchesse and rose point lace command nothing less elegant and expensive than a handle of mother-of-pearl inlaid with gold. Wanamaker.

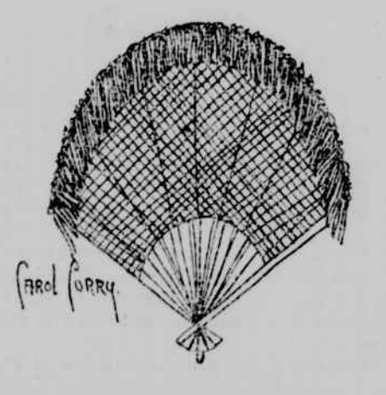


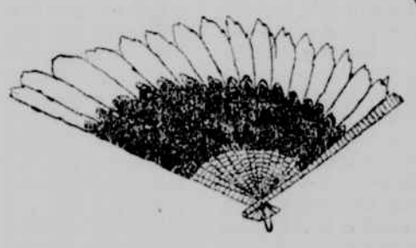
Below is a demure little fan of white net, ruffled, but given a bit of dash by use of black ribbon, small brilliants and amber frame. Wanamaker.

For the theatre, to fan the feeble action of the play, perhaps, this affair of uncurled ostrich and jewelled tortoise. Bonwit Teller.



Black net, amber sticks, purple ostrich feathers and pink roses, all these in one little fan, to be waved gracefully in the opera box. Altman.



You can't get away from black and white, and here it is, below, in a fan made of quills, species of bird unknown, and set in amber. Altman.

The dowager must have her fan, too, aristocratic, curled black ostrich feathers, for example. Wanamaker.