

COATS THAT MATCH

Many Needed in the Modish Woman's Wardrobe.

FILMY WRAPS OF CHIFFON

A Dress Triumph of the Season for Evening Wear.

Short Coats of Silk in Endless Variety in Paris—French Women in Oriental Garb—The Season's Velling Mania in the Domain of Wraps—Shoulder Capes Popular—An Air of Simplicity Given by Consummate Art to the Smartest of French Frocks—The Kimono Sleeve Ubiquitous—Plaited Frills.

Wraps of all kinds are fascinating this season. The separate coat, as women once knew it scarcely exists; but if the general utility coat, appropriate for wear with many frocks and upon many occasions, has disappeared, at least its substitutes are attractive enough to make people lament its passing only from considerations of economy.

Where once a single coat might serve the well-dressed woman now needs at least half a dozen, and the chances are that instead of a modest half dozen she has a dozen or a score. Each frock intended for outdoor wear calls for its own coat or wrap, and even the sheer summer



CHIFFON AND JET.

muslin, the elaborate afternoon frocks—the lovely evening frocks are likely to be sent forth with coat or wrap accessories if they are by authoritative makers.

The long, all-covering coats of silk, tweed, serge, &c., designed primarily for motor wear but often used for trotting purposes, are almost the only offerings in the genuine separate street coat. Tailors make up coat and skirt models which are worn with blouses to match, or frock and coat model for ordinary street wear. There are quantities of silk coats, satin, taffeta, moiré, corded silk, crêpe, messaline, &c., but they are made en suite with frocks and are seldom adaptable to other costumes.

In Paris these silk coats, often of vivid blue, are almost invariably very short and prone to piquant, old-fashioned lines. Even the Eton is once more in evidence, and along with it come quaint little banquet affairs, loose, frilly short jackets, Russian coats with belts and with peplum reaching only to the hip line, picturesque Directorate models with big soft revers, shoulder capes, &c., funny little dolmanlike wraps which have capes over the shoulders and scarves draped from crossing surplice fashion.

There is no end to these short coats and wraps and such is more chic than the last, though you need time to accustom yourself to their abbreviation. Whether they are so generally becoming as the longer coats and cloaks is a question of taste. Certainly they consort better with the short skirt which



CHIFFON AND SILK.

is predominant in Paris, but the long flowing lines are kinder to the average figure.

Probably it is a consciousness of this fact which makes American women loath to give up the long trailing skirts and long clinging coats, and it is certainly true that the very short coat has so far been but little seen here. One of the famous New York dressmakers, an artist in the realm of clothes, complained in a current magazine that American women of the fashionable class are too conservative, too Etony to hold back, and that they adopt a radical change in the mode only when that change has been succeeded by another and the new fashion is no longer new. She is right in her accusation.

Importers bring over the newest things, but they usually have to modify them



A CLOAK OF BLACK NINON VOILE, TRIMMED WITH GRAY SILK, ONE OF AMBER CHIFFON WITH A BAND OF EMBROIDERY, AND A THIRD OF EMBROIDERED BLACK CHIFFON.

before selling them, and understanding this they usually order the original model modified to suit American taste before the copy is sent over to them, and so American women are behind the Parisians in the matter of fads. Indeed it is doubtful whether very modish American women as a class ever go to Parisian lengths, early or late, though a certain type of American women revels in extremes and takes up whatever she

about like mousmes, how the skirts suggest Turkish trousers, how the waist is left unconfined and the line about the ankles narrowed. Several famous beauties have left off corsets altogether and their slender figures are gracefully unconfined—and defined.

It all sounds a trifle appalling, but luckily we know that this is only one phase of the Parisian modes and that the great designers are turning out a host of models devoid of spectacular features, conservative enough for hesitating American women, though unmistakably of the new season. There are short coats which are not bizarre and there



CHIFFON AND FOULARD.

understands to be the latest thing in Paris, regardless of the fact that she is lending herself to caricature.

Perhaps women should rejoice rather than lament over this touch of conservatism. You hear of such mad extremes of dress in that city by the Seine! One French critic writes gaily of the curious scenes at the races, scenes caused by the futile efforts of smartly dressed women to climb the steps of the tribune in their frocks tied in around the ankles or absurdly narrow around the hem.

"Impossible to do it in many cases!" he exclaims. "Madame must stand down among the crowd, over whose heads she cannot see. She adores the races, but she is a martyr to the mode."

Another French student of the modes raves enthusiastically of the Oriental character of the season's modes. "Our Parisians are altogether of the East," he says rapturously, and then he proceeds to tell how the belles Parisiennes toddle

ever, the cloak is of one tone, the color contrast being left to the frock worn under it. Sheer black or white is often exquisite when a colored frock glows softly through its veiling folds, and the same is true of some of the neutral tones such as the popular pinkish beige, sand color and the grays.

One of the loveliest cloaks Drocoll has turned out, and Drocoll has had what the French call *un succès fou* this season, is

of sand color chiffon over white chiffon. The long graceful lines of the drapery are masterly and the fulness is sought in at the bottom by a wonderful embroidery in gold and white, the same embroidery being used for a yoke and to edge the long draped openings which do for sleeves.



JET BEADS AND WHITE SATIN.

are skirts of many kinds and of all degrees of fulness, though all hang limp and straight.

Long coats and cloaks for carriage and evening wear are lovelier than ever before, and the triumph of the season is the filmy cloak of chiffon, net or lace, usually without lining other than another tone of chiffon.

To tell the tale of these cloaks a poet's pen is needed—or a French fashion chronicler's pen. Your true Frenchman does not mind adjectives and exclamations and metaphors when he writes of a thing so important as dress.

The season's velling mania is reflected in these diaphanous summer cloaks, and here as in the chic frocks exquisite color harmonies are obtained through superposing one sheer layer upon another of contrasting tone. Sometimes, how-

group shows the possibilities of the black cloak in embroidered chiffon. A less adaptable but beautiful model was in black chiffon over chiffon in a queer but lovely shade of red, bordered in wide bands of black tulle delicately embroidered in gold. The red glowed more clearly through the tulle than through the chiffon and the shading was most effective.

Fine white tulle most artistically draped but trimmed only by a border of white liberty and some choix of the liberty catching the folds of the drapery made a cloak of chic simplicity which would be altogether charming over summer lingerie frocks and flowered muslins.

There are exquisite, filmy frocks entirely in gray—the soft, delicate, creamy grays—with embroidery weighing down the cloudy folds and perhaps a touch of fine wearing lace about the throat, in sleeves.



CHANGABLE CHIFFON.

One importer is showing four beautiful models of this type and, among their companions, usually dashed with vivid coloring, the misty gray creations have a peculiar refinement and distinction.

Yet on the whole this is a season of more assertive color, color usually veiled but audaciously vivid. The Persian or cachemire designs and colorings have an enormous success, particularly in the gowns and chiffrons, and are lavishly used under veillings of one tone for trimming and for blouses.

The blouse of cachemire, chiffon or other thin stuff, cut all in one and made with the utmost simplicity, is considered extremely chic for wear with plain tailored costumes of serge, &c., and the Parisians like it particularly in connection with their white serges. Cream or white frills usually finish the collarless neck and the sleeves.

The plaited frills are being so woefully overdone that it seems their vogue cannot last long and yet they are very charming and used on even the smartest models. The narrow bottom, tied in skirt is another mode which surely will not be of long duration. Already the knowing foresee its decline, and plaited and full skirts are certainly on the increase, though not violently self-assertive as yet.

One of the most attractive little froulards frocks seen was of sage blue and white in a cube design, and both blouse and short skirt were box plaited all around in two inch box plaits. Not a sign of trimming, beyond plaited frills of fine white lace bordered narrowly with plain blue, which finished the collarless neck and turned back upon the elbow sleeves. Perfectly out and hung, this little model had a pronounced modishness in spite of its simplicity and conservatism.

In the same shop was a delightful model of light blue chiffon flowered in soft pink and veiled by a tulle or "sarras" of dark blue chiffon bordered by narrow bands of black liberty, girdled in black liberty and trimmed down the left front with black satin buttons and loops.



BLUE LINEN.

Much is done with the gold and amber tones in these chiffon cloaks, and black chiffon over gold chiffon is a favorite motive, gold and black embroideries usually furnishing the trimming.

Sometimes a plain chiffon is laid over a flowered chiffon, and there are beautiful models in shaded chiffon, unlined and finished with bordering marabout. Generous models of this type but in plain one tone chiffon and of simply draped lines are offered for about \$25 or \$30, and in beautiful and becoming coloring are exceedingly modish and effective if not so original as the more costly models.

In the soft satins, crêpes, &c., there are numerous beautiful cloaks more or less like the transparent models in line and affording more warmth, though lack-

ing the mysterious, cloudy charm of the thin cloaks! Some of the rich supple brocades are used for superb cloaks and there are plain satins and crêpes marvelously embroidered, but other models depend upon line rather than ornamentation, and these when truly successful are veritable works of art.

One peculiarly lovely model was in a very supple satin finished silken stuff which was probably a crêpe of some kind. It was in a most delicious, soft opalescent tone and it was lined with a deep toned smoky gray chiffon over whose surface was scattered a design of primroses in several opalescent tints. The fronts fell back in soft draped revers to show this chiffon facing.

All sorts of odd little shoulder wraps draped in chiffon, lace, satin, &c., are being exploited by the French designers, but usually en suite with frocks. Oddly enough, Directorate modes, supposed to have vanished with the snows of yester year, are reemerging themselves not only in millinery but in coat and frock details. Directorate coats with revers, shoulder capes and waist line shortened in the back if not all around are numerous in Paris, and the short waisted frock, has never been really out of fashion for evening and house wear.

For that matter, as has been said many times before, this season's modes are so elastic that there is no need to conform to any set laws of line. Delicious things are being done with ruffles and frills and quillings and shous. You may have a full skirt if you will, and, though straight hanging, it need not be very narrow at the foot nor held in at the ankles. You may be Fragonard or Romney, Oriental or Magyar or Cosack, 1830 or 1910.

All that is demanded is that whatever you do shall be done well. The very smartest of the French frocks have an air of simplicity, though the simplicity of line is often the result of consummate art and is offset by subtlety of material and color associations.

Such a little frock as the model in changeable gauze which is pictured in one of the small cuts is a case in point. Nothing could be more demure, yet the changeable sheer stuff over soft silk of a third tone curiously yet perfectly harmonizing, and a scarf drapery of yet another shade speaks more loudly of an artist's skill than does many a very ornate model, and the simple blouse and skirt with their little frills of the gauze would be extraordinarily awkward if bungled.

The kimono sleeve—we call it that for want of a better name for the sleeve cut in one with the bodice—is ubiquitous. Nine out of ten of the Paris models have it; and consequently, despite the variety in the modes there is too a certain monotony. Often the blouse is of the simplest sort, plain over chest, shoulders and arms, very slightly full into a waist band or girde, trimmed only around the neck and sleeves and relieved by thin guipure and undersleeves. There, as is so often the case, the blouse is of chiffon or other sheer stuff; there is almost always flat trimming upon the foundation, showing vaguely through the veiling, or a scarf drapery of vivid color under the chiffon.

Sometimes there is not even this veiled trimming and the model achieves distinction in the simplest fashion, as in the case of a green chiffon illustrated here. Anything more simple than both blouse and skirt of this model it would be hard to imagine, but the frock had decided cosiness, thanks to the lovely color and material and the perfection of cut. A fine jet bead embroidery down the entire front and around the sleeves supplied the only note of trimming.

Equal simplicity of line is frequently relieved by a use of striped or figured foundation under the simple chiffon veiling, or perhaps a striped chiffon or gauze is used over plain silk of contrasting color. A gray and white striped gauze over the most delicious of shrimp pink was a charming example of such treatment, the usual deep band of silk at the skirt bottom being of gray, as were the bordering bands on the surplice bodice fronts and kimono sleeves.

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A Great Banana Country. From the Bulletin of American Republics. The growing of bananas for export is the great basic industry of Honduras. The enormous increase in recent years in the consumption of bananas and the fortunes made by successful growers make this a subject of wide interest. The export of this fruit from Central America has tripled during the last ten years and constitutes about 80 per cent. of all the bananas imported into the United States.

The banana in Honduras grows wild in practically all parts of the country up to an elevation of 3,000 feet or more, but the industry of cultivating this fruit for export is confined to the rich, hot lands along the north coast and not extending further inland as any point that fifty or seventy-five miles. Puerto Cortes, Tela and Trujillo are the shipping points.

SEARCHING FOR DIAMONDS.

Hardships Endured by Prospectors in Deserts of West Africa.

Nineteen days by the Deutsche Ost-Afrika Linie from Southampton bring one to that land of Monte Cristo where the diamonds in all truth can be gathered in handfuls, viz., German Southwest Africa.

Its history is one more of our legends, of a land that was developed by British pluck and British endurance, of native requests for protection, and of the calm weighing of the pros and cons by Downing street, assisted by the then Ministry at the Cape (of which the present Prime Minister, Mr. Merriman, was a member), and the decision, writes a correspondent of the London Standard, that it was not worth it and that the responsibility could not be undertaken.

Instead, a wretched strip of land, thirty-five miles by twelve, round the port or harbor of Walfish Bay was taken, and the rest left for him who wished. Walfish Bay—a collection of tin shanties—even the magistrate's house is a disgrace, which to-day costs the Cape Government £5,000 per annum, and until a few years ago nearly £10,000—is composed of about six officials and 200 Hottentots.

To-day, did Damaraland belong to Great Britain, at Lüderitz Bay there would be a population as large as Capetown; and throughout the northern portion there would be thousands of prospectors seeking the minerals that hardly need finding, for within the first forty-four miles of the coast the whole primary earth's surface is disclosed.

The first diamonds were spoken of years ago, but intercourse with the country was difficult, the hardships were great and the further objection of its being a German colony kept matters back until eighteen months ago, when some of the Cape "bovvs" who were working on the railway from Lüderitz Bay to Keetmanshoop brought in some of the sand with clear colored stones among it and said: "Baas! Diamonds!"

Places were looked for and found, and pickle bottles full of diamonds were brought into Lüderitz Bay from about a radius of ten miles, and shopkeepers were asked to give some cash or goods for them. Michaelief was still there and no one ventured. Even after the claims had been pegged off (one claim being then one kilometer—two-thirds of a mile—radius) and the Government license paid, viz., 50 shillings, these claims were offered in Lüderitz Bay and Swakopmund for 70 shillings or 80 shillings and refused.

At last news was received and specimens of these stones were sent by someone from Capetown, who at once understood the value, quickly got together a number of fields, and— presto—a diamond company which has paid this last year 25 per cent. on a capital of £100,000 without any efficient machinery or any of the conveniences which now can be had, and mainly with pick, shovel and sieve.

Now it is a large industry, and miles and miles of fields have been proved to contain diamonds. All land from the Orange River up to the twenty-sixth degree was afterward closed by the Government to prospectors and reserved by the Colonial Gesellschaft Company, a kind of chartered company of German Southwest Africa.

As soon as the south was closed to them the prospectors went North first to Spencer Bay, which had been previously little or no value, then to Conception Bay, Oyster Cliffs and Franciscus Bay, and last of all to Hollams Bay, all of which places have fields where diamonds have been found, and the question is now of the quantity and size of the stones.

That there are diamonds is more than proved, as some thousands of stones have been registered, but eight, ten, twelve—stones to the carat, sometimes as few as six to the carat, are of little value, and it is very doubtful if these fields will ever pay to work. There are great difficulties of water, and landing is sometimes not possible for fourteen days at Conception Bay.

The death roll during the prospecting period will never be known, as no record could possibly be kept. People streamed into Lüderitz Bay from the Cape, from all parts, and as soon as they could get a few things together they struck off into that terrible waste.

Some prospectors at a place between Oyster Cliffs and Franciscus Bay (these are names only) found two bodies, one in a good state of preservation, with the hair on the head and flesh still on the bones but the clothes rotted away. The second body, which was not covered by the sand, which is ever shifting, was not so well preserved. They were, and several others were found, marked O. I. V., 1798—old Dutch East India Company money, the relics of some calamity, of some shipwrecked crew on these inhospitable shores.

One of the small steamers employed to run up and down the coast, landing stores and water for expeditions at various depots, when it can, saw three men on the beach at a place many miles from nowhere. They were, and the good old skipper, thinking they needed a lift, put a boat off for them, but they would not leave the shore; they were still seeking the little stones which would mean so much to them.

They said they knew they were only 100 miles from Spencer Bay, where there was a depot, and they could do it. Boots gone, clothes in rags, a little water in bottles and four biscuits between them to do the journey on. Whether they ever reached the depot on one will ever know.

Very now and again a riderless camel or horse arrives at Walfish Bay or one of the southern depots, which tells its own tale—some one left to die of thirst or hunger in the ever shifting, waterless sand dunes. Although the worst is past, still people even now take their lives in their hands. In many places the only road is along the beach, which can be passed only at low tide; with the ever shifting sand dunes to climb, which is impossible, as they rise in such places like a cliff over the sea, and the treacherous tide rushing in on the other side, a little delay or an accident and all is finished.

Motor Apparel Shop

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