

NATURAL, DROOPING OUTLINE THE FASHIONABLE SILHOUETTE IN PARIS

Greek Lines Revived, Although Not Adapted to the Figures of Modern Women—Black and White and Lace Gowns in Favor



THE NEW WAIST LINE.

Race costume of currant red silk, the coat finely braided. Novel waistcoat of black and white striped taffetas.

By CLAUDE CHERYS.

THE silhouette of the season—included I might say of the year, for it is certainly going to remain unchanged for many months—is causing dismay in certain circles in Paris, and this is not a matter for surprise. Women are not always logical, neither are they addicted to studying the changing fashions from an individual point of view. In several of my recent

articles I have laid stress on the growing necessity of individualism in the world of dress and once or twice I have tried to point out the most important reasons for this necessity. I have endeavored to show that the tendency of to-day is to make woman's dress an individual thing, that the day of uniforms—feminine uniforms, that is to say—is gliding away, that the unseen powers who rule the world of dress have had their eyes opened to the fact that no two women are alike in form or in feature. Now the silhouette of the present year, which may well be described as the natural outline, has forced women to stop and consider; hence the dismay to which I have just referred.

Within the space of a few short months the corset, as the word used to be understood, has undergone a radical change. First of all came the introduction of the tricot corset, which was carefully though slightly boned. Every one admitted it was admirable. Then the fashion makers went a step further and brought out the centure of heavy white silk, which moulded the bust and hips but was hardly boned at all. Certain women declared it ideal. But that was not the end. Last month or six weeks women have been introduced to the broad centure of elastic, which is absolutely gullible of whalebone; which permits the form to droop gracefully, for drooping is the latest fad in the world of fashion. And the wide centure of fine elastic has brought women face to face with the obvious fact that their bodies have not been trained to support themselves.

We are far removed from the days of Petronius Arbitrator and the beautiful women of Nero's household. We are far from the days when the Milo Venus was imagined and given shape. We are very far from the days when physical beauty—beauty of form I mean—was a sort of religion, when grown women were able to run about in unconfined garments with the ease of children, when bare feet were things of aesthetic beauty, when bare arms were exercised daily for the special purpose of adding strength to their muscles and beauty to their outlines.

It is not that women of to-day do not take exercise; many of them carry violent exercises to excess. It is simply that the aim of life, feminine life, is changed. In the old Greek and Roman days physical beauty was considered the thing of importance; beauty of limbs as well as beauty of face. Nowadays the important thing is usefulness. It is a fact that the average mother will approve of physical exercise for her boys and girls on the ground that it will make them better able to work at something! The old Greek idea of regarding physical exercises as akin to religion because they created physical beauty has died out.

But to return to the practical consideration of the latest silhouette.

As I have said, the smart thing just now is the drooping droop, the collapse of the whole figure which is the result of mental fatigue but which is in reality the result of a carefully thought out mannerism introduced for the purpose of advertisement by a famous Parisian actress. This charming woman is possessed of what the novelists call a willow form. She is tall, exceedingly slender, extraordinarily graceful on the artistic lines laid down by disciples of Puvion de Chavannes.

She started the fad for drooping figures of an exaggeratedly natural order and the fashion has spread with the rapidity of a prairie fire.

On all sides we find "natural" figures. On all sides we find the peculiar droop which indicates a boneless centure. And on all sides we find feminine silhouettes which call aloud for the pen of the cynical caricaturist. This is inimitable, since women have allowed themselves to accept a fashion for which they were not physically prepared.

In both my full length sketches of this week I have indicated the newest silhouette at its best. In the sketch which I have called "The new vague waist line" you will find the natural figure in perfection—such a figure as might have belonged to a Greek woman of old, with ultra-modern garments lightly draped over it. In the drawing I have indicated one of the sensational novelties of the season—the vague waistcoat which seems to have no waist line at all—a garment which, in detail, very much resembles the loose smock blouses worn by children. As you will realize from a study of my drawing, such a waistcoat as this is smartness itself when worn by just the right woman, and the very reverse when adopted by a woman inclined to plumpness even in a slight degree.

The gown shown in my sketch had a genuine success at the Grand Steeple, the race meeting which has quite taken the wind from the sails of the famous Grand Prix. The skirt, which was made in a two tier style, was short enough to show the smart little shoes, but it was not at all tight. It was composed of current red charmeuse and the beautifully cut coat, of the same material, was exquisitely braided in black and dull silver. The waistcoat, which was certainly the "clou" of the costume, was made of black and white striped taffetas.

The peculiar thing about this waistcoat was that it showed all round, even at the back, under the coat. It was in reality exactly what I have said, a glorified smock blouse. The hat worn with this costume was admirably suitable. It was close fitting and the crown was shaped like a cone. The hat itself was made of Tagai straw in a dull shade of mole gray and the brim was draped with folds of ivory and pearl gray gauze, while an enormously high black mousseline stood erect in front.

In my second full length drawing I have given a beautiful race dress worn at Auteuil by Mlle. Yturbe. In this figure you have a suggestion of the fashionable droop. The figure is permitted to assume a slightly tired aspect; the hips and abdomen are thrown into prominence. So far as one could observe nothing in the shape of a corset was worn.

Here you have, as I have indicated, an ideal specimen of the "natural" figure of to-day. I do not need to emphasize the fact that such an outline is only possible in exceptional cases, unless ridicule has ceased to be a burlesque. The lovely gown, admirably suitable for a young girl who has already been introduced into society, or for a young married woman of slender proportions. The whole costume, with the exception of the sash, is made of pearl gray tussor. The clinging skirt is very finely braided with silk soutache; the corsage is quite plain. The wide sash, which is loosely knotted at the back,

low down, is composed of charmeuse in a subtle shade of heliotrope. At the waist there is a large soft rose in a vivid shade of laque de garance.

The hat shown in this sketch is one of the newest shapes. The small shape is covered tightly with black satin and then there are immense frills of black tulle which stand up round the crown, but do not hide it. The long uncurled feathers are shaded from pale gray to black, with an artistic touch of heliotrope on the extreme tips.

It is a remarkable fact that many of the best race gowns of the year, in London, as in Paris, have been carried out chiefly in black and white materials. In one of my recent articles I explained very fully the reason of this revival. It indicates a revolt, and a necessary one, against the frightful color schemes which have been exhibited under such titles as "Bulgarian tints" and "Tres Ballet Russe." Needless to say these color schemes have had no real connection with the Russian ballet, neither have they had any real connection with Bulgarian, but they have simply been nightmares, but such oppressive nightmares that they have brought about a sudden revulsion of feeling.

At the beginning of the year the Parisiennes were loudly declaring that they had had more than enough of black and white. Now they are eagerly gawping themselves in pure white, in black, or, and this is the real fad of the hour, in a mixture of black and white. I went over to England for the Ascot cup day and I was surprised to find that just the same feeling in favor of black and white reigned there. All the most notable of the English beauties were wearing dainty gowns of white lace, black lace or of black and white materials cleverly combined.

In passing I must not fail to record once again that this is essentially a lace year. Wide lace finesses are getting more and more fashionable. They will be in high favor for casino wear when the seaside season opens. These lace dresses, arranged in three or four tiers, are exceedingly becoming; more than that they are full of artistic charm. Painters through all the ages have raved about supple draperies of lace or fragile gauze. Gainsborough, Romney, Reynolds, Natter, Lancret, all the famous men who have depicted feminine beauty, have clung to the lace scarf which lends fresh beauty to white shoulders, or the lace mantle which reveals the charms it seems to conceal.

Lace of all kinds is in demand just now, but for afternoon gowns chintilly is easily the favorite. A black chintilly gown worn with a large picture hat and with a scarf of pastel tinted chiffon is a thing of very delicate beauty. Parisian women are rapidly coming to see that in such a toilette they are seen to the greatest advantage.

And side by side with lace we have finely embroidered tulle and hand painted gauze, the latter material having been brought to special perfection this summer. Some of the most beautiful and costly hand painted gowns show exquisite designs of pale roses arranged irregularly on skirt and corsage. These roses are veiled in the most fragile tulle, while the hand painted gauze is mounted over some special color which will give specially artistic effects. The whole scheme of color is carefully thought out and everything is drawn from it that can be drawn.



THE DROOPING OUTLINE.

Charming costume for a young girl in pale gray tussor, the skirt covered with fine braiding in the same shade. Loose sash of heliotrope charmeuse.

With Nora on Her Paper Vacations—Holiday in Southern Germany on \$250

It has an especially fine German collection. "After Antwerp and Vienna, Munich is the best place to study Rubens. The pictures here show his versatility, for they range from the 'Lion Hunt' to his stupendous 'Last Judgment' and 'Perdition of Lost Souls.' The action in those pictures is marvellous. Van Dyck, Rubens' greatest pupil, is well represented here; Rembrandt, too, by the 'Descent from the Cross' and other pictures. Holbein, Roger Van der Weyden, Memling and a host of others are all here at their best.

"Then there are a number of smaller galleries which you must not fail to visit. Schrack's, a modern gallery with some very good Boccioni and Lenbachs, and some charming pictures, many of them scenes from fairy tales, by a man named Schwind, of whom I confess I had never heard; Lenbach's own house and studio, too.

"Do we see anything but pictures in Munich?" I queried. "Yes, indeed. Why, outdoor Munich is delightful. It's one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. It has such wide, clean streets, so many trees and open spaces, that at times I almost think it is more beautiful than Paris, of which it reminds one.

"One can take delightful walks about the city, in the English Gardens and out in the suburbs; and there are drives or train excursions to the Lake of Starnberg, to Nymphenberg, and to Grosshesselohe, which is the starting point of a number of pleasant rambles. "It is a very, very gay city. They say the café life is fascinating, but of course unescorted women can scarcely see anything of that. But there are delightful little shops where one may indulge in tea, or rather 'kaffee.' If one is to be truly German, and where the most wonderful little cakes may be had. "It will take more time than we shall have to exhaust all the interesting things in Munich. There's the most fascinating industrial collection at the Deutscher Museum; there are exhibits of all kinds of inventions, modern and ancient; bridges, locks, waterwheels, coal mines, electric lighting, locomotives, engines of every description, clocks, astronomical instruments, everything you can think of. Even the feminine mind is captivated and instructed. The best part of it is that one is allowed to push and pull buttons and levers, so as to get the model in motion for oneself.

"The National Museum is overwhelming; it contains so many interesting things; costumes of famous monarchs and soldiers, medieval carvings, a collection of musical instruments, a torture chamber—we don't see it all, our brains would reel at the attempt! But I shall allow you to miss the collection of creches on the third floor. "Have you planned out the trip?" I

asked. "Munich seems to be in the centre of the map; where does one land?"

"Well, it can be reached from almost any seaport on the Continent with almost equal facility: Hamburg, Bremen, Genoa, Havre, Antwerp, Rotterdam; there would be only a dollar or two difference in the railway fares." Nora rattled among the papers on her desk. "I made out this itinerary. You'd better follow on the map."

"We'll sail to Antwerp and spend two or three days there. It's very quiet, with its old fashioned high gabled houses and busy streets and markets. Antwerp is Rubens' city, you know, his home, and three of his greatest pictures are in the cathedral and his tomb is in one of the other churches, that of St. Jacques. From Antwerp we go to Cologne, where, of course, our chief interest is the cathedral, though there is plenty more to be enjoyed. Cologne to Munich is too long a journey for one day, I think, and sleeping cars in Europe are out of the question, they are so expensive, so we'll break the journey at Heidelberg, travelling part way by the Rhine. Then when we leave Munich—

"Oh, but Heidelberg, what do we see there, and how long do we stay?" I interrupted. "After seeing Mansfield in 'Old Heidelberg' the name has always thrilled me!" "I thought of staying two days," said Nora, "though it's worth a longer visit. It is so picturesque. The famous university was founded in 1386, and the old castle is one of the most romantic and beautiful ruins in all romantic Germany. After Munich we'll go to Nuremberg; I'd vote for a week there, it's such a story book town; every cobblestone has a tale to tell."

"Tell me some of them, so I'll want to go there," I said, curling up a little more contentedly in my arm chair. "I hardly know where to begin, there are so many. For example, in the old Church of St. Lawrence the most exquisite work of art is the receptacle for the Host, a tower 65 feet high, in the form of a shepherd's crook. It is of 'Cuen stone' with elaborately carved scenes from the life of Christ upon it. It rests upon the shoulders of three kneeling figures, Adam, Eve and his two assistants, who spent seven years (1493-1500) in carving it."

"I remember when we were there the people in the market seemed fully as interested in the event as the tourists; all activities were suspended until the Electors had done their duty, although every day since the year 1509, just opposite the Frauenkirche is the Schöne Brunnen, a beautiful fountain adorned with heroes who range from Charlemagne and Cesar to Moses and David. In the iron railing of this fountain is a movable iron ring, ingeniously wrought; no one knows just how it was put into place. The turning of

this ring is supposed to be a sign that one wishes to return to Nuremberg, so we climbed up and turned it vigorously.

"Another fountain is adorned with a gooseman holding a goose under each arm. The thrifty Nurembergers who raised geese, wishing to have a monopoly of the trade, forbade any other dealer to drive a goose into the town. The price of geese rose and the dealers got along very nicely until to their wrath they discovered an outsider had got into the town and was underselling them. They showed him the statute, but he pleaded that he had not violated it, as he had merely driven his geese to the gate of the city and then had carried them in, two by two, under his arms.

"But I could talk all night about Nuremberg. You must stay at an old hotel within the walls to get the true atmosphere of the town. There is a modern city outside the walls. The ancient fortifications are still about the town, though, of course, the ramparts have been opened in places for traffic, and the moat, which is still there, is bridged at intervals. The towers are towers on the walls (to stand for the days of the year), four of the towers are larger than the rest and square (the seasons), and originally there were twelve openings (the months), and seven bridges over the moat (the days of the week).

"The houses are mostly Gothic with high gabled roofs. There are the queerest little windows in the roofs; they look like eyes with drooping eyebrows. We found that for fear the water of the river would rise and flood the cellars the fuel is stored in the tops of the houses, and each line of windows represents the bin of one of the families tenanted by a different family.

"There are also some fine Renaissance houses built by great merchants whose trade routes ran from Venice to Holland through Nuremberg. The Castle, which is owned by the Emperor now, is a quaint little place not at all gorgeous but quite simple and homelike. I should think the Emperor would like to visit it occasionally and rest from too much grandeur. In the courtyard of the Castle, which is well up on the hill, is the famous torture chamber, and containing the dreadful iron maiden and a collection of other scarcely less terrible instruments of torture.

"Albrecht Durer's house must be visited, and Herr Saechs's, but it would take all day to attempt to enumerate all the places you must see! "We'll also have to go out to Rothenberg, which they say is even quieter than Nuremberg. From Nuremberg we'll travel to Bremen, from which we'll take ship for home. I've never been there, so we'll discover it together. My only knowledge is from Grimm's 'Tales'—you remember the Bremen town musi-

cians?—but I believe it has many picturesque and interesting features."

"Now the account," I said. "I haven't worked it out completely," said Nora, "as I'm not sure how many days we should give to the different places. If we had thirty-five days ashore I should give three weeks to Munich and divide the other two weeks up as we chose after reaching Germany. Ten marks a day with railway fares extra should be ample, so our expenses

would be like this," and Nora presented the following estimate:	
Steamer passage and return.....	\$115.00
Tips.....	15.00
Chairs.....	2.00
Railway fares:	
Antwerp to Munich via Cologne and Heidelberg.....	11.00
Munich to Bremen via Nuremberg.....	15.00
Thirty-five days board at \$2.50.....	87.50
Extras.....	14.00
Total.....	\$250.00



Going to the opera in Munich.

"YOU know," I said, "you haven't taken me to southern Germany yet, and Louise told me that she thought Munich the best place in Germany for opera."

"Perhaps she's right," acknowledged Nora. "I know I heard the most wonderful opera there that I ever expect to hear—'The Flying Dutchman.' Such an opera!" Nora gave an ecstatic sigh. "The music of it! Wagner caught all the wild, free sweep of the sea.

"The Muencheners give splendid music festivals nearly every summer. This year there will be a Richard Wagner and Mozart festival from July 30 to September 16. German opera sung by Germans to a German audience is something worth going a long way to hear! How I should like to go and hear the 'Siegfried' and 'Tristan and Isolde,' the 'Master-

singers and 'Lohengrin,' and all the others, and above all 'The Flying Dutchman' again!"

"Then the pictures in Munich! There are so many galleries that it's very fortunate for our pocketbooks that there are a great many free days. To begin with, there are the old and new Pinakoteks—"

"What a name!" I interrupted. "What does it mean?"

Nora laughed. "It does sound odd, doesn't it? It's from the Greek and means 'Repository of Pictures.' The new one contains a very fine, wholly modern collection, and the old Pinakotek contains one of the great collections of the world. While it has some famous Italian pictures—Raphael, Lippo Lippi, Tintoretto, Veronese, Titian, Perugino, Palma Vecchio, are all well represented, and Velasquez and Murillo are here to give the Spanish school—"

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