

# Pink Hair, Short Veils Features of Paris Fashions

## The Newest Transformations of the Hue of Ripe Strawberries and Cream and Worn in the Daytime—Beauty Veils of Heliotrope Tulle—Queen Mary's Visit to Paris Leads to Fresh Discussion About Decollete Evening Gowns



A CURIOUS EFFECT.

One of the new short veils and one of the new Directoire neck frills combined.

By CLAUDE CHERVÉ.

WITHIN the last week three important members of Parisian society have interviewed me on the subject of decollete evening dresses taken in conjunction with the Queen of England's state visit to Paris. Before this article appears in print that visit will have come to an end and Paris will have settled down to the ordinary gaieties of the summer season. But at the moment we are in a whirl of unwonted excitement.

Extensive and desperately costly floral schemes are being arranged for the decoration of the streets. It is whispered that the gala at the Opera will surpass in magnificence any gala ever before seen. As to the specially arranged race meeting at Auteuil, it is to be more wonderful, from a dress point of view, than the Grand Prix and The Dags rolled into one. Paris is going to put her best foot forward in order to do honor to King George and Queen Mary, and the very charming ladies who have consulted me wish to crown the festivities by making a sacrifice of ultra decollete evening dresses for the sake of the Queen.

The idea is rather a fine one, as Queen Mary's views on this subject are well known. At the same time I do not see that it is possible to bring about radical changes by violent means. I am quite sure that no woman who has the right to enter the Queen's presence in private capacity will dream of offending her eyes by appearing in an exaggeratedly decollete evening corset; or in a gown which is unduly transparent or slashed from knee to ankle. Good taste will prevent this, good taste backed up by the knowledge that the Queen, like most royal ladies, has an observant eye and a retentive memory.

No one who has the right of entry

into the royal presence will run the risk of seeming out of the movement. Would-be smart women in ordinary society think it the thing to pretend that they cannot dance a quadrille correctly, but the really smart women of royal circles know the figures of the dance perfectly because they have to know them. In the same way every woman who is really smart will adapt her evening gowns to royal taste and as for the others—they must just take chance. This I have said again and again this week and I am afraid I have not given satisfaction to certain charming ladies who are full of fine enthusiasm, but I realize that one must move slowly in such matters.

Very much has already been done, let us be thankful, slashed skirts are dead. Deliciously becoming lace or tulle draperies are now more often than not drawn over the shoulders in the evening. Transparent skirts are not worn by women of fine taste. Many of the new walking skirts are very short and clinging; that is certain; but then there is nothing objectionable about pretty feet in dainty shoes. Above all, let us be grateful and thankful when we realize that the natural waist line has captured the affections of the great dressmakers. Only the other day I heard Bechoff-David say with fervor, "Le ligne normale est étonnamment jeune, quand elle est adaptée avec art et simplicité." And this is the absolute truth. The fashions of the present year are as gracious as they are youthful, let us make the most of them.

I want to draw special attention to the curious effect obtained by the alliance of a Directoire neck frill and a very short face veil, as shown in the large head I have drawn this week. You may suppose that I have exaggerated both veil and frill in order to gain a special effect, but this is not so. These short veils are rapidly coming into fashion again; as for the Directoire

neck frills, they may already be said to be ubiquitous.

It is some years since short veils were fashionable, at least in Paris. Twenty years ago or so they were very generally worn, but since then the tendency has always been to add length and width to face veils. We have had bird cage models, in real black and white laces, and cloud models in spotted tulle and embroidered net. These and many others, but not the short wisp of fine lace drawn tightly across the upper part of the face, as shown in my sketch.

From the point of view of comfort these short veils are admirable. They can remain in place all through the 5 o'clock; they can be worn at a dance table or lunch, or even at an informal supper in an open air cafe. And besides this, the short veil is full of subtle charm. It half veils the eyes and leaves the mouth quite uncovered.

Another smart veil of the moment is one made of fine white tulle dotted with black chenille spots and tied in at the throat with a band of black velvet ribbon. The Parisiennes wear veils of this order in conjunction with the flat saucer hats which are now so popular and the ensemble is delightful. Real lace veils are again popular in fine black lace and also in the old yellow tint which one finds in real Valenciennes. Beauty veils in pale heliotrope tulle lined with flesh pink are very much worn by pretty women who go in for an effective make-up. These veils always look slightly artificial, and this is why they are associated in my mind with "maquillage."

A very famous Parisian beauty has declared that a pale heliotrope veil lined with flesh pink tulle is a certain beautifier, and to a certain extent this is true; but much depends upon the complexion and upon the color of the hair. With a skin which resembles cream and crushed strawberries such a veil could not fail to look enchanting, but quite another effect would be obtained if the same veil were worn over a complexion

of roses and lilies. I have always been of opinion that the best beauty veil of all is that made of very fine flesh pink tulle dotted all over with black chenille spots. This is comparatively inexpensive veil and wonderfully becoming.

It seems impossible and yet it is true that the beginning of this fad at Monte Carlo a few weeks ago. A very charming Parisian actress appeared at the Casino one afternoon in a black satin tailored suit, a Watteau hat in black crinoline straw and—pink hair. Every one, even at Monte Carlo, gasped. But the wearer of the pink transformation remained unmoved.

Little by little one came to see that the general effect was charming, if bizarre. Two days later there were several women in the Casino in the afternoon wearing pink hair. Now, here in Paris, the fashion has caught on; it promises to be the sensational fad of the summer season.

I wish I could adequately describe the exact color of this curious hair. It is very bright and shiny and the color is that of ripe strawberries lightly covered with cream. It is a pink in which there is a dash of violet; an extraordinary color for day wear and yet one which looks less eccentric than blue or green under the same conditions. This particular shade of hair can only be worn by women who possess complexions like the skin of a hothouse peach before it is quite ripe—a warm, clear, skin with a dash of faint carmine high up on the cheeks.

We may expect to see a wonderful show of jewels at the gala which is to be given at the opera for the King and Queen of England. The Parisiennes have always been exceedingly fastidious about their jewels; they are less conservative than their English sisters and far more daring. This year the sapphire is the chosen stone of the season.

The most intricate and wonderful ornaments are being made by artistic jewelers with sapphires, diamonds and seed pearls; ornaments accurately copied from antique ornaments of historic value; for example, a large comb which is to be used to support the hair at the back and which is almost as large as the comb worn by Andalusian beauties on festive days. One of these combs which specially pleased me had a framework of filigree silver with a large sun of sapphires set in the centre. Then there were diamond dewdrops set loose all across the top of the comb and an intricate pattern in seed pearls meandering in and out between the filigree branches. This splendid comb had been ordered by a Russian princess who is the happy possessor of a mass of blue-black hair and waxen skin. She intends to wear it at the gala in conjunction with a sheath robe covered with sapphire blue paillettes and lightly veiled with black Chantilly lace.

In the same atelier I saw a set of three flat combs set thickly with sapphires. One of these combs was much larger than the others and was to be worn across the front of the head rather low down on the forehead. The others were slightly curved and were to be worn at the back of the head just behind the ears, with little coils of hair surrounding them.

Chains of unset sapphires, each pair flanked by a baroque pearl, are the latest thing when expense has not to be considered. These chains are flung round the neck and allowed to fall low over the dress in front. Very long and important looking sapphire earrings are also fashionable; indeed large earrings are becoming more and more popular. In some cases they take the form of circles set with jewels; in others they are very long and narrow with tassel ends.

The owners of pearl chains and necklaces may console themselves with the knowledge that the milk white stones

are more fashionable than ever. Some of the leading Parisiennes pride themselves on wearing nothing but a string of pearls with elaborate evening gowns.

### NAMING HOMES.

ONE of the callings to which educated women may turn to help out their incomes is that of inventing names for country places, summer homes, bungalows, &c. The owners of race horses and show dogs frequently have great difficulty in finding satisfactory names for them, and something of the same embarrassment seems to seize the builders of country seats. It is by relieving the embarrassment that at least one young woman is earning substantial pin money.

Of course, the naming of one's home may seem the simplest matter. But there are many considerations to be thought of that complicate the problem. How will a name sound? Will it be easy and euphonious to pronounce? Will it look well at the top of one's stationery? Does it suit the style of architecture? Has any nearby estate a similar name?

So many such details have to be considered that some people who want the right name give up trying to discover it for themselves and place their little problem in this young woman's hands for solution.

"My work is most interesting," she said, in speaking of it recently. "It involves a good deal of reading, literary research and browsing in libraries, for when I submit a list of names to a patron for selection I must give a history of the names suggested. Especially is this what I aim to do with the names of places famous in history or literature."

While travelling in Europe this girl made it a point to familiarize herself with the names of famous estates, manor houses, chateaus, villas, &c. These she has been able to use advantageously in the naming of American places.

"Now, just to give you an idea of my work let me read a letter I had yesterday," said this young woman. And from a sheet of heavy, parchmentlike paper, richly incrustated with the writer's monogram, she read:

"Will you look up a name for our country place? We want something with one word, Scotch preferred. We don't care for 'Fairhome,' 'Woodlawn,' 'Glendale' or any of those fancy names. We really want something novel, dignified and appropriate. We have thought of all sorts of names, every member of the family has offered suggestions, but we cannot seem to agree. So, see what you can do for us."

"When I am interviewed regarding the naming of a place I ask all manner of questions," she went on. "Is it hilly or level? Near water or up on a bluff? Is the lawn terraced? What kind of trees, hedge or wall? All of these things enter prominently into the finding of a good name. The architecture of the house and the material of which it is built play a large part too. For a large pretentious home surrounded by a vast estate, I could not suggest a name that would do for a more modest structure."

"On the other hand the finding of a suitable name—if I cannot talk with the owner or see the place myself—frequently necessitates correspondence, often I ask for and receive photographs, which are more than helpful."

Sometimes the inspiration comes to combine part of the family name with some euphonious affix meaning home, meadow, hill, hollow and so on. Then again she will rearrange the names of the head of the house in the form of one agreeable and certainly original name for his country seat. And originality is what the majority of clients are after.

Where the family name happens to be characteristically French, German or English she frequently finds in the literature of these countries hints for appropriate names. Some of her most successful names have been culled from Scott, while Ireland's songs have furnished her with others.

In naming seaside cottages and mountain bungalows the main point, according to her is that the names should reflect strongly their surroundings, be informal and also homelike. Names for

places like these are often composed of two or three words strung together, yet to hit on combinations that will be expressive but not silly or trite or likely to pall requires almost as much thought as the coining of a more stately and formal title.

### WOMAN AT THE BALL GAME.

A SAGE has declared that it takes a man with the wisdom of Solomon, the strength of Samson, the heart of a lion and the patience of a camel to escort a young woman to a ball game and sit through the full number of innings explaining the rules under which the game is played and the various situations as they develop on the field before them.

When the sage voiced his sentiments the time apparently had not arrived when women and young girls were sufficiently interested in the great national game to attend exhibitions and study the fine points, as they do at present. It is apparent even to those who attend ball games infrequently that more women are becoming interested in baseball and are showing a disposition to learn as much about the game as their male friends. No matter which section of the grand stand you visit in an effort to obtain a choice seat you behold women there before you, and it is no longer a novelty to overhear young women conversing on baseball with all the facts at their disposal which they gleaned through their perusal of the box scores and other baseball "dope."

While no one can deny the rapid advances made by the gentle sex during the last decade, one fact stands out in bold relief, and that is that some one had to teach the game to these young women, and in the majority of cases their escorts were the persons who accomplished the task. Therefore, while many of the gentle sex already possess sufficient knowledge of the national game to attend exhibitions and really understand what they are looking at, there still remain vast numbers of fair maidens as yet uneducated in the rudiments of the game that Christy Mathewson, Hans Wagner and Ty Cobb made famous.

Although this condition of affairs is deplorable, it is indeed very gratifying to know that hundreds of budding citizens are sacrificing the best part of their lives to escort these unsophisticated young women to the Polo Grounds and teach them the fundamentals of the game. When they learn the fundamentals the rest is easy.

Appropos of the woman who cannot tell the difference between a ball or strike, the young man who essays to take her and teach her must possess all the requirements mentioned by the sage—and then some. Also he should receive a Carnegie medal for his labor and his name should be enrolled in the hall of fame.

To appreciate fully the difficulties which beset the young man who escorts to the Polo Grounds a maiden who does not possess the slightest idea of the principles of the game it is but necessary to obtain a seat in front or behind the pair and listen to the conversation that goes on between them.

In the first place she declares on seeing the players batting numerous baseballs around the field in batting practice that it must be difficult to keep your eyes on so many baseballs at the same time. She declares that watching so many baseballs flying around is just about as difficult as trying to watch the proceedings in a three ring circus. And of course everybody knows that that is a physical impossibility. "Yet," she says, "it wouldn't be so hard if all the

baseballs were white, but some of them are dirty and should be cleaned with gasoline, the same as white gloves are." Her courageous escort finds it difficult to make her understand that the batting is merely a preliminary to the game and the players are simply limbering up so they will be in condition when the game begins.

"Yes, that's all right," she declares emphatically, "but if they continue to exert themselves like that they will be all tired out when the game begins. Aren't they foolish?"

When the game begins she seems to be very much interested in watching the pitcher and catcher. Incidentally when the starting bell sounds she asks if the stands are freeport, because, as she explains, she just heard what she thought was a fire song and she did not wish to get caught in the stands in a fire with such a mob in them. She overlooked the important fact that the stands are constructed of concrete and cannot burn.

However, she was interested in the pitcher and catcher.

"It strikes me as awfully funny to see such a mixture of uniforms on the field," she declared. "For instance, the catchers on the team all have baseball uniforms, while the catcher, as you call him, has on a football uniform with a mask over his face, so they cannot kick him. I never supposed that baseball was such a rough game. It seems that all games are rough nowadays."

"What has he that pad around his chest for?" she asked. "For instance, the wind out of him when they tackle and throw him? Oh! that's a chest protector? Well, it hardly seems possible that such a big bulky man as he would catch cold a day like to-day. He must be frightfully susceptible."

"Oh, goodness! look at that thrower. Oh, you call him the pitcher? Excuse me. What is the trouble; has he suddenly gone insane? Never in my life have I noticed a man throw his arms around like that fellow. If he doesn't stop swindling his arm around in a circle he will snap off him."

"Why doesn't he throw the ball and be done with it? What is the sense of his trying to make the ball dizzy by turning it around his head that way? The ball is magnificent."

"Good heavens! never saw him throw that ball. Now, isn't that ridiculous! As long as he threw the ball at that catcher, why didn't that misguided person at the bat permit the catcher to get it without swinging that club at it and knocking it out in the field in that way? Some persons never seem to realize when they are batting in. That was an awfully small piece of work."

"What's he running for? Is the catcher going to chase him off the field for not permitting him to catch the ball, or is he chasing that young fellow away out there on the lawn who seems to be running off the field toward that house, which I believe you informed me was the clubhouse? I failed to notice that young fellow out there give that fellow with the club any provocation for chasing him in that way. Some men have to bully other persons because they are larger and stronger."

"Who's that officious looking person out there in the field? Now he's running after the man in uniform who just threw down the club he hit the ball with, is he a policeman? I hope there isn't any trouble here to-day. I imagined that those ball game were all peaceful, but on consideration I do remember my brother telling me that sometimes the spectators and players get infuriated at the referee and kill him. Is that so? Oh, beg your pardon, the umpire."

"Well, that certainly was a despicable piece of work. Did you see what happened? That fellow who threw down the club was running toward that fellow out there in the middle of the field when somebody out on the lawn threw the ball to another man on the dirt part of the field near the pillow. The young fellow who had been running tripped and fell with his hand stretched forward. Then the fellow with the ball made a dive at him and struck him violently on the back with the hard ball. It must have hurt."

"Now he's walking on the field. I don't blame him for quitting. I'd do the same myself if they struck me."

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