



Women Will Wear

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SPAIN'S ART, PERVADING CLOTHES, INSPIRES NEW SILHOUETTE

The Skirt With the Farthingale, the Wide Hem, the Tight Bodice, the Puffed Sleeve Are All Here in Modern Gowns Reflecting Ancient Styles

ONCE upon a time Spain led the world in the art of women's apparel. Then France took the leadership out of her hands, won her spurs through distinct superiority, sent her achievements out into the furthest spaces, and the world, not ungrateful, but forgetful, forgot Spain.

The glory and the wealth of artistic workmanship, coloration, line and curve that Spain had created and put upon a willing world went back to the dusty shelves, together with Cervantes and the Armada.

But the art of Spain was not dead. It merely slept. To-day it has been awakened by the war. Even France, when the foundations of her country rocked and she kept her head above water only through her belief in the art of woman's apparel, turned to her ancient enemy, Spain, for inspiration.

From Spain's Coruscations—Then there came about a curious tumbling out of wonderful things from the cornucopia that is Spain. She produced the great novelist of the war, Ibanez, with his "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which caustic critics say is the least com-

mendable book he has written, easily became the dominant figure in modern literature.

San Sebastian, that marvellous bit of color on the coast of Spain, washed up by the sea against the mountains, became the playground of a fashionable set. And the painters of Spain became names on the lips of those who had never before heard of Goya or Zuloaga.

Women began to dimly perceive that the apparel of Spain, the fashions for women and men which once governed the civilized world, were coming forward into this tumultuous hour. Into the turbulence and turmoil of a seething universe the farthingale, the mantilla, the fan, the laced slipper, the deep ruffle, the velvet jacket were creeping forward, ever forward, into positions of power.

Spanish Influence in America.

Three years ago, before America entered the war, three of the great Paris houses that control, in a large measure, the fashions for Europe, went, or sent, to Spain for their inspiration for the seasonal output.

America got the result. She did not accept it. She did not like the way that Callot and Lanvin and Poiret expressed themselves in the ornamental and seductive clothes of Spain. But America wasn't ready for the



Spanish evening frock of yellow taffeta and tulle embroidered at round décolletage and over the hoops of the farthingale with massed rows of brilliant embroidered roses, with butterflies here and there. The fan is of black lace embroidered in brilliants. There is an embroidered butterfly on each sleeve. At the right is a picture of a black taffeta frock showing Spanish inspiration. It has the outstanding hoop at the hips, the long tight bodice, and immense puffed sleeves of white lace.

Spanish influence. She had to be trained to accept it. It was the right idea at the wrong time. All that the present generation remembered about the country was the Spanish-American War and a jumbled set of fragmentary ideas about Cuba, yellow fever, the Maine, the Philippines and typhoid epidemics in camps. This was the sole mental connection between the mass of Americans and the land of the Pyrenees.

This was certainly not a good foundation upon which to build a passionate ardor for things Spanish.

This season America is prepared for the soft, seductive influences that float over the ocean to us from Castile, via Paris.

Do you realize that hundreds of people, after reading Ibanez, are turning to Washington Irving again?

Would you expect one amazing soprano like Barrientos and one master of tango music like the author of the "Land of Joy" to bring an entire flood of Spanish music, dancing and costumery into the minds of thousands of Americans?

Yet such is the case. There was even a good attempt at a Spanish theatre in New York this winter.

So by this time, as you very well see, the American mind is ready for the advance of Spanish costumery for women.

These odds and ends of Spanish infiltration have been strengthened and coordinated by the increasing number of students of the Spanish language all over the American Continent.

The Pan-American Union has fostered this study. John Bargett has always felt that ignorance of the Spanish language by the American people is a sad deficiency in our education, as we must necessarily deal more and more, commercially and socially, with the stupendous continent that was separated from us by a small canal.

Everywhere that one goes in the commercial world one hears ardent conversation on the subject of the upbuilding of close industrial relations between the Americas; and for this purpose there should be a widespread and fluent knowledge of Spanish.

Wide Range of Inspiration. The Paris artists were canny when they went to Spain for inspiration. They knew the wealth of material that lay so plentiful in that land, a wealth of material that has barely been scratched.

For two centuries the world has

gone on its own way, led by Paris, and Paris has not dipped into the treasures of her neighbor.

She has drawn from the Orient, the ancient empire of Byzantium, the Russian Ballet, the American Indian, the Incas of Peru, the China of Confucius; and now she turns to Spain, to the Alhambra, the balconies of Seville, the cafes of Madrid, the canvases of Goya, the court of Philip IV, and Carmen.

The Franco-Spanish Skirt.

It was not a mere accident that the house of Callot founded her new skirt on the costume of Camargo, the Spanish dancer. It was the full skirt of Spain, of a country with an irresistibly artistic past, that Callot was offering to the world.

Queen Elizabeth wore the Spanish skirt, and we of this hour will wear it in a new interpretation.

Callot, like the American designers,

has exploited her genuine Spanish skirt through the medium of a lovely dancer, and Florence Walton is no completely Spanish in appearance that no better vehicle could have been chosen to bring attention to Spanish costumery.

The practical change from the slim to the full contour, from the narrow to the wide skirt, is of the utmost significance to the public, and it dominates all other acceptances of Spanish fashion.

The majority may not know, and may care less, about the inspiration for the fashion that made all their clothes unfashionable in the twinkling of an eye. They may only realize that they must seek new fields of dress, discard the skirt that cannot be altered, accept the rounded curve from waist to ankle, and throw aside the mermaid's tail, which was the shaping of their former skirts.

To the dressmakers this change is of practical and commercial importance also, but to the artists in dress it is one of the minor phases of that wide endeavor to follow Spanish fashions as they have been built up through centuries of great effort on the part of those who have contributed to Spain's beauty.

How It Was Launched.

The Spanish skirt, as it is incorporated by France, did not burst upon us like a bomb.

We first had the full skirt with the tight hem. That was the compromise. That was the beginning of the end of the narrow skirt.

There were hundreds of women who accepted this modification of the sheath as a pleasant surprise of the spring. They did not see anything sinister in it. They knew, and the reporters insisted upon it, that the slim skirt they possessed could be retained by serving as a foundation for a balloon tunic that was placed above it.

This is as far as the American designers went in the adoption of the new garment. But the public went further. It permitted an extremely hobbled hem to govern the skirt from knee to ankle.

Then, while our backs were turned, France lifted the hobbled hem and went in for the genuine Spanish skirt. America did likewise in every house that had a weather eye turned eastward over the Atlantic.

The dancers and the actresses were the first to wear the skirt with the hoops, the brilliant trimming over the hoops, and the slightly converging skirt dripping below like a mosquito net, as one critic put it.

Surely the mosquito net was sufficiently Spanish!

Another Spanish fashion is the use of the national head covering as a veil for June brides.

Rare old lace is used, if it is inherited or can be bought; otherwise, tulle edged with lace is substituted. It is posed over a high, Spanish comb at the crown of the head and drops down and outward in the genuine fashion.

Mantilla for Bridal Veil.

Last January, in the fashionable Southern resorts, one saw the beginning of this fashion in the usage of immense Spanish combs by smart women in the evening.

Some were genuine, others were American imitations; but all were

Bride's Veil Is a Mantilla of Lace and Tulle Draped Over Spanish Comb—Coiffure of Puffs, Banded With Roses, Arrives From Seville

fashioned after those worn for centuries by the Spanish women.

They will not be confined to the exclusive this summer. They are threatened with unpleasant popularity; and as they are not suitable to many types of American faces the artists will probably wish they had never been introduced into this country.

The mantilla idea for the bridal veil, however, is an artistic perception that should be encouraged. It provides a change, and brides have been looking for something out of the ordinary for the last twenty-five years.

Lanvin's Spanish Rose.

Lanvin of Paris long ago used a large, thick rose as the sign and symbol of her workmanship on a frock, for she always leaned toward the Spanish, and it was she who first introduced the farthingale skirt that was not accepted.

To-day she and her colleagues have adopted the embroidered rose as the first form of ornamentation. They have taken the design, the coloration, and the workmanship from magnificent Spanish shawls. You know that it is one of the minor phases of that wide endeavor to follow Spanish fashions as they have been built up through centuries of great effort on the part of those who have contributed to Spain's beauty.

There is a yellow taffeta frock made for a woman who has Spanish features. It is embroidered over the out-

because it is mounted on the farthingale and at the round neck line of the bodice.

The Spanish shawl has been a dead possession of artists in dress when ever it was possible for them to procure the genuine article, but to-day fashionable women are wearing a modified Spanish shawl, which is a cape of black velvet embroidered in the brilliant, massed roses and finished with long silk fringe.

This has been introduced in a Spanish play, topped by an immense hat of black lace, with a rose which falls from beneath the brim and gives the effect of being tucked into the hair behind the ear.

The milliners have instantly caught up this idea for the public, and this hat is one of the exclusive offerings of the season.

The cape shawl is considered much smarter than any other kind of cape by those women who wish to do the unusual.

Other Signs of Spain.

If you see tight, boned bodices with immense puffed sleeves, as worn by some of the exclusives, you will know that this idea is also Spanish. These sleeves of cream lace, with collar to match, have been incorporated in a new black taffeta frock which has a hoop around the hip line. We think of the whole costume as Elizabethan, but it is really Seville.

One woman's coiffure worn at a



Spanish coiffure worn at dinner party. The hair is arranged in thick puffs across the back of the head, divided by rows of tiny pink roses. The black lace shawl drops over a low white satin gown.

When Sleeves Grow Short

WELL and good if you have comely elbows. But for the woman with arms that are too thin or too round or too brawny or too downy or not white enough this new vogue from Paris of wearing sleeves that terminate somewhere midway between the shoulder and the elbow is not quite as welcome as it might be. And it does not always happen that the girl with the ankles who have made the recent fashion for abbreviated skirts a pleasure to her and her beholders will have arms that will make these much abbreviated sleeves a pleasure.

This fashion is not one that could have originated in America, though America has been doing rather more style originating of late than we ever thought was possible. A good many authorities on the subject of dress have predicted that the abbreviated sleeves would never be entirely popular—nor nearly so widely worn as it is in Paris. To be sure, American women have gone sleeveless in the evening—that is, the American women who don décolleté at all in the evening—but evening lights are far kinder to defects of modelling than the lights of day, and the abbreviated sleeve, of course, is worn at all hours by the Parisian. Moreover, she wears it with sleeves that terminate at the wrist; she removes the gloves when she takes off her wrap.

Now one explanation has been given for the fact that this sleeve has already reached the high-water mark of popularity in Paris and will probably

be worn only by the few in this country. One suggestion is that the French woman has rather better arms. Surely they are usually more shapely either than the American or English woman's arms. Furthermore, in some ways the French woman does not care so much for details as the American. If her arms were not so white or smooth as she might wish, if the effect was good and in the mode the French woman would not be downhearted, whereas the American woman would not feel herself well dressed if the arms revealed beneath these shorter sleeves were not fairly good looking.

No doubt some women will take to drastic gymnastic exercises in the vain belief that muscles neglected for a lifetime can be built up in a few weeks. Others no doubt will have resort to skin foods, so-called, but to what end? Has not Dr. Wiley assured us that there is no such direct way of feeding our flesh?

The sad thing about it is that the woman who might best afford to reveal the curves or lack of curves of her arms is the very woman who will be least tempted to do so. The very best way to produce comely elbows is in that complex and complicated occupation known as housework. The woman who "does her own work," the woman who makes beds and kneads bread, washes windows, rubs clothes up and down on the rub board and beats, pudding batter with a wooden spoon, does just the right sort of exercise to keep her arms in good proportions.

But this very exercise keeps her from troubling herself over much about the fine points of fashion.

For two centuries the world has

AND STILL IT SOARS

It is still going up—up, up, up. And when it started up two years or more ago we thought that by this time it would be coming down again: For the conditions that made the price of shoes advance seemed for the most part to be war conditions and we seemed to think that as soon as peace was in sight the price would start down again. In some things this did happen. Bread went down a little almost at once but other things are still on the increase and the conditions that make the price high have only increased since the war ended. The fact that such large numbers of men are going out of uniform into "civies" and are therefore buying shoes makes a large demand on the things of which shoes are fashioned. Hides cannot be produced and tanned over night, nor are the regions where leather was to be had as yet opened to commerce. And the prediction is made that the price for shoes next autumn will be even greater than it is now. But we will take it without protest probably, for we have changed our ideas about the proper price to pay for shoes and it won't be so difficult to change it a little more.

Meantime we will cherish our old shoes as we never did before. A new sort of business has sprung up. It isn't

cobbling, or even mending or repairing shoes—it is building shoes over. In some of the larger cities places where that sort of work is done have been opened, and shoes that you take there are actually so made over that they are equal to a long period of wear and they look almost as well as they did to begin with. The price is high, but there is economy in having shoes that were good to begin with repaired in that way.

Once we might have inferred that if shoes became dearer we would be more shabbily shod. But we must know by this time that that is just what doesn't happen. As an actual fact American cookery very much improved after the war began. Good ingredients were harder to get and were more expensive. The result was that we turned our attention more seriously to the subject of food preparation and we fared better as a result. So when shoes were cheap and we did not have to take very good care of them we were not so well shod as we are now that we realize that it is necessary economy to have shoes re-laced as soon as they wear down so that the shoe will not lose its shape, and when we know that shoes that we tread last longer than shoes that are not, and shoes that are carefully polished and cleaned will keep far better trim for a far longer period.



Short Spanish cape of black velvet, worn in a Spanish play and copied for artistic women. It is heavily embroidered in bright Spanish flowers and edged with long silk fringe. The hat is of black lace, with a rose dropping from beneath the brim to rest on the hair.

standing hoop, below the hips, and at the round décolletage of the tight, slim bodice, with massed rows of these roses, near which hover brilliantly colored butterflies.

This idea was brought out last winter in a black velvet gown copied from the Spanish, in which there were massed roses around the slim skirt between knees and hips and across the bodice, under the arms.

To-day the ornamentation follows that line, but it looks more Spanish

dinner party was copied from a Spanish portrait and had already been introduced on the stage in a Spanish play.

The hair was rolled low at the back of the head, in puffs caught with tiny pink roses that formed bandeaus across the crown and the back of the head from ear to ear.

This coiffure was worn with a black lace shawl slipped over a low, white satin gown which had a bunch of pink roses caught at the waist.

IF WE WEAR WHITE

EVERY woman can wear white. To some women it is more becoming than to others, to be sure. But there is something about the immaculately white frock, the white suit or the white coat or hat that is so wondrously attractive, that the white get-up is a joy even when worn by the woman who might possibly appear more robust or more youthful or more distinguished or more something else in some other color scheme. Every woman ought to wear white some time just for the joyous effect it has on those with whom she comes in contact.

But now white has suddenly become amazingly fashionable. It was not one of those fashions that was predicted very generally, but suddenly at the spring resorts where women of wealth usually contrive to set the fashions that the rest of the world shall follow during later warm months, these women began wearing white and then more white

Not only white frocks and white hats were ordered from dressmakers and milliners, but there were hurry orders for white coats and wraps, white woolen suits, and white everything else.

Now wearing white is not easy, especially for the woman who dresses of a moderate allowance. But there is this much about it: even the woman who is free to send her white things to the cleaners after every wearing and who has ten frocks to the average woman's one, and who has a maid whose only duty is to aid her in matters of dress—even this woman does not always wear white as it should be worn and there are other women not so blessed by fate who wear white irreproachably. It is all a matter of daintiness, is it not? You know the woman who can go through the entire day in the city in a white suit and look as fresh at the end of the day as at the outset; and then there are other women who seem doomed to be greasied by soft coal or wagoi bronzed the first thing.