



What Well Dressed Women Will Wear

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WOMEN ATTEND GARDEN DINNERS IN BATHING SUIT FROCKS

Elaborate Beach Wraps and Bath Turbans Go With Sensational Costume That Ranks First Among Many Curious Fashions in Vogue in Paris—Americans Find Prices No Less Startling Than Styles in France

PARIS, Sept. 4. **EVERYTHING** is gossiped about in Paris except clothes. This is a reversal of all former conditions. In August the commercial buyers who are here from America find it necessary to discuss the apparel that women buy, as they were here to select hundreds of gowns from the thousands offered each week. They have to arrange to have these copied in America, to purchase the available amount of material in this country for that copying, and to see to such tiresome details as shipments and passage home; and the last effort is the straw to the camel's back.

This was their business. Whenever they can get away from it they discuss prices of food, apparel, taxis, sightseeing motor cars, lodgings, laundry, and even little cakes.

Nothing is too great or too small to

\$100 at Worth's if you buy it at the end of July when few women want new clothes and you buy a model that has been copied since February. There are many American women who do not care. They like a big name in the gown. But if they go on this principle they cannot get a model that has a chance to serve as fashionable during the coming season.

It is difficult to find any standard of prices in Paris this summer, especially in clothes. Each house has its own price list and these prices are altered to suit the customer. Nothing is cheap. It can't be under existing conditions. Velvet, for instance, of a certain weave has been raised three times its pre-war price. Satin is \$10 instead of \$5 a yard.

Labor is as full of unrest here as in America, and no one will work for the salary that existed before 1914. The new salaries must be taken into account, therefore, by those who make up this summer's list of prices, and the result is bewildering to the American who was familiar with Paris in the years that preceded the war.

Naturally the French think that all the Americans are millionaires; they thought so in other days, but the strength, resources, equipment, and methods of spending money shown by our army has utterly driven any idea out of the French head that a poor person exists on our continent. They charge according to this belief. They

clation in France must be taken into account in all the new prices. One American dollar goes further than it ever did. Before the war it brought 5 francs. At the present moment it brings over 7.

The French do not realize that this high cost of everything will retard the American tourists. They know the Americans are rich, but they do not realize the drain on their purses by war measures and tremendous taxes. To sum it up, Americans come to Paris because it was cheap and delightful. To-day it has the drawbacks due to war and it is no longer cheap.

Butter and Sugar Not Served.

Americans who are here do not find it difficult to get what they want, but they must have the money to buy it. Take butter, and also sugar. Neither of these is furnished with a meal except in rare cases. The Ritz and similar hotels do not serve sugar. Butter is served at most of the hotels with coffee in the morning, but it is only a small lump camouflaged into six little circles which are mostly open spaces. All six vanish at the touch of a knife. If one desires butter the waiter can buy it, a quarter of a pound at a time, but it must be kept by the person who buys it. That is the reason for the numerous little crockets that are standing, full of water, in the windows of the American visitors.

It is difficult to buy sugar. There have been no sugar cards for over six weeks. The Americans have brought over boxes of sugar in their trunks and those of us who are selfish and ungenerous are still having it with coffee and tea. Those dearly beloved crescent shaped rolls that always came up so piping hot, in the middle of a napkin, with one's early morning coffee have disappeared from the hotel tray. They, also, can be bought, as can the little cakes and tarts of pre-war days. These tarts, however, are like the ice cream and candy and jams; they are made with saccharine and the Americans won't eat them.

There are fashions that can be talked about, too, in these garden and dance groups. Despite the rain and cold weather Paris and its American visitors have dined and taken tea in the open. It is not possible to jump into a taxi and go out of Paris for a meal in the same casual way of pre-war days, but enough cars have been found to satisfy a number of Americans, to judge by the crowds that go to Pre-Catelan. There the women wear white and light colored frocks; and at the Ritz they do not hesitate to wear mauve taffeta, rose pink net and white crepe de chine. One French woman was taking tea in the garden the other day in a chemise frock of silver chain mail. It glittered in the sun in a fascinating manner. Had she been sufficiently slender she might have posed as a skirted Jeanne d'Arc. It was a curious type of gown to wear in a city garden on a summer afternoon, but the French wear curious clothes this season; and they wear things that accentuate their curves, which to-day are plentiful.

I think the most wonderful costume I have seen in Paris was worn in a garden near St. Germain-en-Laye. Motoring out there when the Austrians were conferring on the final clauses of the peace treaty, a garden was found where dinner is served that seems to be something of a mystery even to those who go often to the woodland places for meals.

It's a wonderful country all about St. Germain, with the huge old chateau dominating the scene and the added interest which the Austrian delegates give it. It is no longer possible to take one's dinner, so we found at the delightful Pavilion of Henri IV, because the Austrians are quartered

per tones, and her small head with its great waves of chestnut colored hair was bound in a gold and black turban. On her bare feet were Greek sandals of black satin. Could anything go further than this in the way of a dinner costume? She was probably pleasing herself by an extraordinary bit of freakishness, but she was so sensational that it was difficult for an American to eat for watching her.

SCHOOL CLOTHES.

IN spite of the high cost of laundry work it is still most economical for you to dress your little children in wash things as much as possible, even in winter. And you will find that if you start the school year off with a good supply of plain cotton frocks or suits you will be able later on to get along with the minimum of woollen things. So great is the demand for cotton things for school children these days that the merchants have been having, or are to have, an autumn gingham week, when they would make a point of selling at reasonable prices good quality gingham that are especially adapted to making school children's apparel.

You yourself may prefer to wear summer underthings all winter long and increase the warmth providing quantities of your clothes by wearing heavier frocks, but it is by far the better plan to dress your children in warm underclothes in winter and continue washable frocks as long as possible. There is always poor economy in putting anything on your children that cannot be tubbed, for of course it is just as grimy, even though it may not show it.

The question of coats and outer wraps for school children is one that is sure to bring consternation and discouragement to the mother this year. For prices are really, if possible, more advanced than those for adults' clothing. The utmost conservatism is really necessary and in order to achieve this it is sometimes advisable and possible to use coats of the older children for the younger ones by having them ripped apart, cleaned and then made over inside out. If there is good woollen material in the coat it is well worth saving.

Another way to make the winter



Costumes seen at a dinner party in a garden near St. Germain-en-Laye. The most wonderful costume was worn by the figure on the left, a bathing suit frock of black satin. Cut off at the knee, bare legs and black satin sandals. A turban of gold and black binds her hair. Her neck, arms and legs are dyed a bright copper. The next figure wears a cap of tulle embroidered with gold threads and a brocaded wrap with large fur collar. In the distance is a wrap of beige cloth with large satin collar. A fringed skirt shows beneath.



A Frenchwoman was taking tea in the Ritz Garden the other day and wore a chemise frock of silver chain mail which glittered in the sun in a most fascinating manner.



Caps of satin, velvet and tulle embroidered with metallic thread make the gorgeous note in the costume.

discuss when it comes to prices. The subject has become an obsession. Wherever one sees three people foregathered they are comparing expenditures. No one boasts about how cheap an article is, but how expensive it is. Every one revises the schedule of prices in Paris, forgetting that they are practically the same as exist in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. But one always expects to get anything in Paris at half the price of New York, and now that the prices of Paris are on a par with those of the great American cities there is bitter disappointment among Americans, who raise an outcry against the fact.

There is no doubt that the mass of tourists who expected to come to Paris this summer would have been sorely disillusioned had the Government permitted them passports. They could not have afforded much of a stay in France unless they brought a huge letter of credit or filled their pockets with bank notes. The vast array of working people in America who have looked forward to a summer in France as their chief ambition and who have known something of the prices such summers cost before the war would have gone bankrupt here in three weeks if they had arranged their proposed expenditures on the old schedules.

will tell you in a frank manner that they regret the low prices to Americans in other days; that it took the appearance of our 2,000,000 men and our thousands of welfare workers to convince them they had charged us one-third what we deserved. Now we pay for it. From a just point of view they are right.

The effect that this change will have on America is greatly diminished tourist travel. Millionaires will come here and those who are sufficiently well to do to afford an expensive vacation, but it is wise for the great class of people who have a small income in America to know that Paris is to great a luxury for them until conditions change. The school teacher who saved \$500 for a summer in Europe and saw the worth while places won't get far beyond her landing port these days on that amount. The passenger rate on the steamers is double and sometimes triple what it was, and one must not only pay an unusually large price for a berth, but one has to permit three other people to share the cabin. These are not the luxuries of peace as we once knew peace.

The chocolate candy and tins of hard candy the American army have in such prodigality are the envy of the French. Two pieces of chocolate will win a smile from the hardest hearted coachman who refuses to take you in the direction you wish to go.

That's the trouble with taxis over here; there are plenty of them, it seems, and the little one-horse fiacres also, but no driver has any desire to go where you are going. As the doughboy puts it: "If you try to get a taxi the chauffeur tells you his tire is tired." Whatever hour of the day you want a horse conveyance the coachman tells you his horse has to eat, and often, when he consents to take you, you have to pay his fare to where you want to go and then back to some place he wants to go. Such are the conditions of life in Paris. There's no use trying to learn anything from the French regarding cheaper methods, for they are as bewildered and confused and bitter about prices as the visitors. Their frequent taunt to the employers is: "We'll go to Belgium, where living is cheap."

Another interesting industrial discussion that arises wherever French and Americans talk together is prohibition in the United States. Not that the French care whether the American is permitted to get drunk on his whiskey, or stay sober, but he is bitterly disappointed over the stoppage of imported wine. France had hoped to recoup much of her war loss from her vineyards, and America was a large purchaser of champagne, claret and Dubonnet. Now that she can no longer sell these wines to America, she knows that her loss will be greater. When it is argued that the rest of Europe is for prohibition, that England and Holland are big consumers of

there, so we turned the motor toward a bridge, at the far end of which, so we were told by a French officer, there was a garden where dinner was served. And such a garden as it was! Bosky, sweet smelling, crowded with great trees, and silent. Little kiosks were placed on mounds under especially large trees, and here in the long twilight that lasts until 10 o'clock dinner is served.

The young woman who wore the amazing costume, or rather lack of costume, sat in one of the shaded of these kiosks. She walked over from a house near by, and here is her costume described without exaggeration: A bathing suit, cut in one piece, of black satin without a touch of ornament. It was cut off at the knee, in a low half circle at the neck and the sleeves were three inches long and loose from the shoulder. All the rest of her, legs, neck, arms and face, was painted or dyed a bright copper. Her skin looked as though it were made of soft copper that had been polished to its greatest brilliancy. Her face was slightly made up in order to give color to the cop-

held close to the figure with the hand. Really when you see one of these costumes you look for the beach. It gives you a topsy-turvy mental condition when you find that the woman continues to sit in a garden, and that she is about to eat her dinner.

She wasn't the only woman who wore a bathing suit at the table. This form of garment might be considered the chief midsummer costume of Paris. All the young women and far too many of the middle aged ones have taken up this midsummer madness in dressing to a degree that causes one to stop and wonder if it is not a phase of hysteria. There are no bloomers with this costume, nor knickerbockers visible, but the gown is actually cut on the model of a bathing suit with a colored string girdle of satin or silk jersey tied around the waist. There is no attempt at ornament. That would detract from their beach appearance.

So popular is this frock that the milliners have introduced a bathing cap of satin, or velvet, to go with it. It is just the shape of the colored rubber caps that are plentifully displayed in the department shops during American summers.

I have seen a shop window with these caps hanging on stands, without shape or form, their cost from \$40 up. They are of tulle superbly embroidered with metallic threads and colored crystals. They make the gorgeous note in the costume. Conservative women, however, choose the bathing cap of dark blue, gray or black satin to match the costume. They pull it down over the hair just as one puts on a bathing cap, twisting and pulling the shapeless crown in and out, up and down, at any angle they wish.

And the costume does not end with the cap and gown. There are double faced peignoirs to go over the frock, the very kind worn on the beaches at Deauville, Trouville and Etretat. They are of satin or rough cloth and are

coats less expensive is to make them yourself. They are not extremely difficult if you have a good paper pattern and then take them to the local tailor to be pressed after you have made them. Chinchilla is an ideal fabric for the little boy's or girl's coat and this may be bought in splendid quality for three and a half or four dollars a yard. This seems like

an enormous price, but when you see how little is needed to make a coat, and compare that with the amount that you would have to pay for a coat, you will see that you will realize something worth while on your own labor. However, one would hardly attempt to make a garment of this sort unless a fairly successful home dress-maker.

The Gown You Get for \$100.

It is unfair to say that Paris is the most expensive place in the world; but it is fair to say that money goes here at about the same rate it goes in New York. One can find food in small New York restaurants for a less price than one can find it at the same type of restaurant here, and one can buy gowns at smart New York houses for less than the well known houses ask here for a new model.

True, you can get a gown for say

the woman on a small income who comes here for sightseeing will not be able to accomplish one sector of the battlefield on the amount of money that would have given her a month in Paris in other days. The small hotels in the centres of interest charge large prices for everything and the motor cars which are necessary for trips to the front are luxuries beyond the ambition of the average person.

In Belgium, as in England, the prices are much lower than in France. A meal in Southampton, for example, which costs 4 shillings will cost 12 francs in Paris. Of course the depre-

gated his new purchase and become convinced that he had a new and very valuable variety of rose, which he named the American Beauty. He sold his find for \$5,000, the most wonderful result of the investment of \$1,000. To follow his luck a little further, Mr. Field invested his early earned \$5,000 in lands near Washington, which in a little less than three years were sold for \$50,000. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

Fortune From a Rose

HERE is an interesting story about the origin of that most beautiful of flowers, the American Beauty rose. The late Hon. George Bancroft, besides being a historian and scholar, was one of the first amateur rose growers in America. Every year he imported cuttings from the leading flower growers of Europe. The King of Prussia—when old Kaiser William was King—allowed the American historian to have a slip of whatever he might fancy in the royal conservatories. Mr. Bancroft's gardener used to cultivate some of his roses in an old house away out on F, or perhaps it was G street, above Twenty-second street, in the West End of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Grant had a florist named Field in charge of the White House conservatory. He was a rose grower of rare merit and skill in his artistic work.

One day he happened into the old building where Mr. Bancroft's gardener potted his plants and budded his roses. Over in a corner he observed a rose of a variety utterly unknown to him and of wonderful size and perfection in form and color. "Where did this come from?" he carelessly inquired of his rose growing confere.

"Oh, it is an offshoot from some cutting we imported from Germany," the man replied. It was evident to Mr. Field that the other did not in the least comprehend the value of the new plant. After some talk Mr. Field bought the cuttings he had seen for \$5. A year thereafter, when he had propa-

gated his new purchase and become convinced that he had a new and very valuable variety of rose, which he named the American Beauty. He sold his find for \$5,000, the most wonderful result of the investment of \$1,000. To follow his luck a little further, Mr. Field invested his early earned \$5,000 in lands near Washington, which in a little less than three years were sold for \$50,000. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

AT THE TELEPHONE.

"LIFE has few disturbing things for me," says a constitutionally tranquil man, "but there is one thing that I will admit does irritate me a little and that is the speech I sometimes hear over the telephone from somebody who has called me and found he had the wrong number."

"When the bell rings and I take up the receiver I hear that voice from the other end saying:

"Is this number so-and-so?" and I answer politely:

"No, this is number three-and-so" to hear him say then, quick and gruff: "Ring off! Wrong number!"

"Really he has put me to an inconvenience; slight to be sure, but an inconvenience, and yet he treats me as if I had put him out."

"It is very pleasant after that to have somebody who had called up and found it not the number wanted, saying politely: 'It is the wrong number. I am sorry to have disturbed you; but still I can't help feeling irritated a little by the man who says gruffly: "Ring off! Wrong number" as if I were the offending party."