

THE LATEST FASHION FANCIES

The SOCIAL GUIDE



LINES ARE RADICALLY CHANGING

Some Hints on Wardrobe Belongings

The woman came into the shoe shop with determination in her attitude and fire in her eye, and, incidentally, a paper package in her hand. The shopman showed her to a chair and then she unfolded her tale of woe.

"Just look at those rubbers," she said, with an acrid accent; "and when you are through with them just look at those shoes." And here she thrust out her foot to display a high-laced boot split almost into ribbons across the ball of the foot.

The shopman unfolded the paper, gazed at the rubbers, looked wise and said nothing. He was waiting for the woman to continue.

"I paid 75 cents for the sandals and a dollar for the storm rubbers," she announced, "and they neither of them gave me a full week's wear. And you yourself

assured me that they were the very best and most lasting quality."

"What did you do to them to clean them?" softly inquired the shopman.

"Why, of course, I put shoe polish on them. Did you think I could go out with my rubbers all over mud stains. Of course, I put shoe polish on them, for I am awfully particular about my footwear, and polish my shoes every morning before I start out for market."

"Ah! I thought as much," was the rejoinder. "Just what it is I do not know, but there seems to be something antagonistic between rubbers and shoe polish. The polish—and it does not seem to matter what brand you use or what price you pay for it—does manage to rot the rubber clear out; and that's all there is to it. Very sorry, madam, but we cannot possibly make you a refund or give you a free exchange on those. It was not our fault that they did not wear."

"Umph! Well, suppose you look at those split shoes, then; and see what you can do about them. Yes, I'll admit I wore them out in the snow several times; and yes, I did dry them before the kitchen fire. Why, of course, they were all stiff and hard when I put them on again, and I can tell you they were anything but comfortable to wear for several days after."

"You'll pardon my saying so," interjected the shopman, "but you do not seem to know the very first thing about keeping your shoes in order. For one thing, trees are very cheap just now, and they are an economy. The next thing is that leather is a skin and so needs some oil occasionally to prevent it from drying all up, and then splitting and cracking. When your hands or face chap the first thing you put on is cold cream, which is an oily mixture; and you use it often enough to prevent your skin cracking. The same with shoes; they must have oil enough to keep the leather from cracking. You may remember that in old days our grandfathers used to grease their boots every Saturday night; and if their grandchildren did the same today shoes would last much longer, be more comfortable in wearing and shoe bills would be much less than they usually are."

Separate Sleeves and sleeves of contrasting materials are among the latest manifestations of the mode from abroad. Two materials almost invariably go to the making of all sorts of frocks, with the single exception of the plain tailor-made, and even here a sponson of velvet is relied upon to soften the masculine line and cut of the plainest. While plaids attracting such attention, one oftentimes sees plain materials, such as herietta, panama, landsdowne, cashmere and the like trimmed with the sheers and silklike of plaid mohair—somehow those melanges of color take on an added attractiveness in the mohair weaves—sleeves of the latter will serve to differentiate this season's gown from that of last year. Sleeves of velvet, too, appear on the evening gowns of gauze and satin; while sleeves of white tulle appear on all sorts of dress frocks, altogether regardless of the color or material that is used for the rest of the gown.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE FIRST EMPIRE MODE

Charming Toilettes for Social Occasions—Elaboration the Rule—The Corselet Skirt Cleverly Handled—Laces and Applied Embroideries Replace Handwork to Some Extent.

The old question as to whether women dress to win the approval and admiration of men, or of one another, was the topic of conversation at the club the other afternoon, and one gray-haired but still young-looking matron ended the discussion by declaring that women dressed to please themselves, and none other.

"Each woman is—or ought to be—a law unto herself, where her clothes are concerned," announced the young-looking woman, who made no secret of the fact that while she goes in for light blue dresses she is already a grandmother. "It is not one man in a million that has the faintest feeling for clothes, where his womankind are concerned. He is just as likely to admire a shirt-waist frock, if it happens to be his favorite color, rather than a ballroom gown that is really a dream of beauty, simply because he does not understand the difference."

Now, the other evening when we were going to a reception at his club, I wore that crystal beaded tulle—now know the one with little crystal beads dropping all over it. I know that in spite of my gray hair that white is my most becoming color, and pale blue next. Well, John, dear soul, wanted to know why I did not wear that pale blue thing I had on at dinner. It was no use to tell him that the pale blue was a tea-gown, and not at all suited to a public reception. I explained that it was all right for a family dinner, where we dined en famille, but that if we had even a single guest I could not have taken my place at the head of the table so gowned. But, just the same, he held out for that pale blue crepe de chine, and would not admit the charms of the dew-dropped tulle."

It is positively a fact, and not a theory, that there are no old ladies any more. Fashion, for one, has no cognizance of age, and the grandmothers of today are as keenly alive to their possibilities in the way of line and color as are their granddaughters—if these latter happen to have been presented and are "out" in society.

Quite a marked difference displays itself in the gowns that are intended for the daylight hours, and those that are to be donned after dark. There is a sweet simplicity about the former that cannot but commend itself to even the most fastidious. One point that cannot be too distinctly emphasized is that frocks of Empire persuasion are intended for the more formal occasions only, while those that follow classical lines—either in fact or merely in effect, are equally suitable for formal and informal occasions alike.

And speaking of Empire gowns, a whole-souled woman, who makes no secret that she has yearnings after the culture that she has not yet attained, threw a bomb at the tea-table the other day by inquiring earnestly:

"Won't some of you tell me what an 'Empire' gown is? The dressmaker talks of it, but she has not yet explained it. I don't think the faintest idea what it is all about. The dressmaker says that I can't wear it, as my figure is too stout, while the corsetiere declares that any well-constructed figure looks well in it, and that it only requires a graceful carriage to wear it to the best effect. Won't you tell me what it is?"

"Why, my dear, it is merely the affected fashion of pronouncing the word 'Empire' that some people who have a smattering of French think it smart to use. Those same folks would doubtless be in the sunniest boat with the English woman who bounced into the reception-rooms of a famous French artist in clothes.

"I want some 'Empire' gowns," she announced, breathlessly; "and I want them right away, quick."

"Does madame desire to see models of the modes of the first Empire, or those of the second Empire?" queried the amiable vendeuse.

"How should I know?" retorted the

British matron. "I read in the papers that 'Empire' frocks are fashionable, and I want to get them. That's all!"

"The dear soul did not seem to know there is a world of difference between the modes of the first Empire and those of the second, and that about three-quarters of a century elapsed between the launching and the vogue of the two modes. For my part, my dear, when I speak French I use French throughout, and when I speak English I never try to interject words of another language. And so I, as well as others, if I am speaking in English, give the English pronunciation to the word, and call it as it is spelled and pronounced by the best authorities."

That the princess gown is intended to lead the procession of fashion there is no gainsaying, even at this early date. Many and various are the devices that the dressmaker's designer has recourse to in order to produce that unbroken line which denotes this mode. In the pursuit of this the corselet skirt brought itself to the front once more. Now, this corselet skirt, or princess skirt, or whatever one chooses to call it—is one of those things that if it cannot be done well were better not done at all. It takes a master hand to cut, and an equal skill to fit, and it requires the most skillful boning of the body seams in order to get the required snug fit above, around and below the waist. The slightest slitch out of plumb, and there is a skewing of the seams and a blistering of the material as the result.

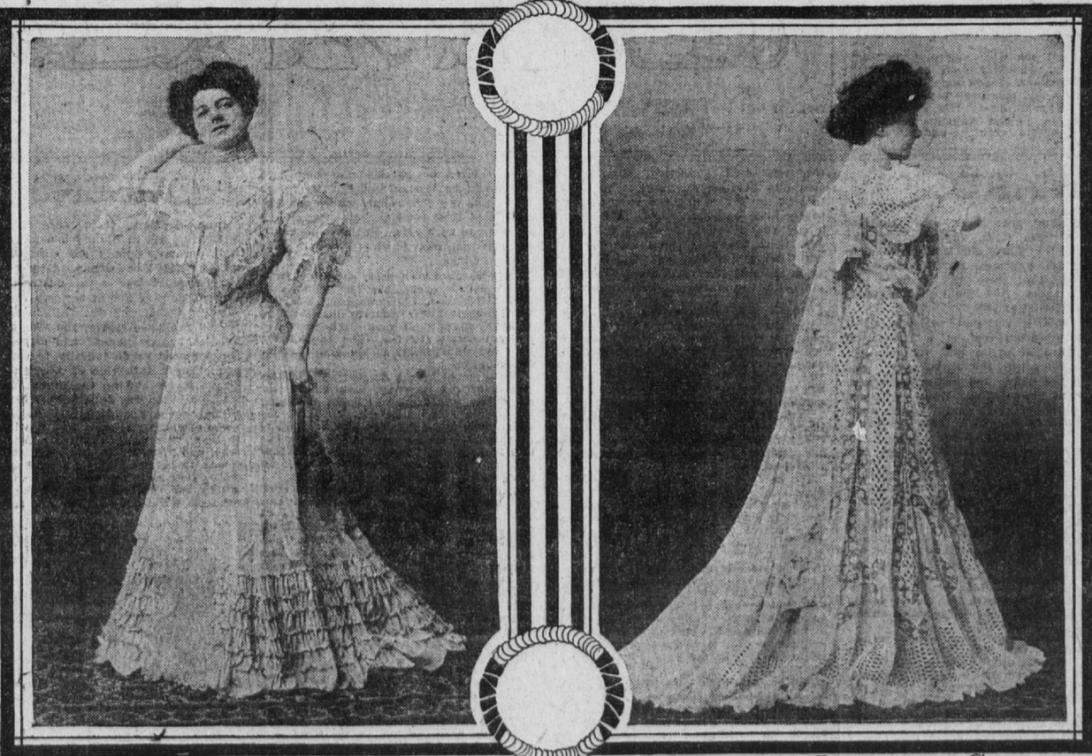
In the gowns that grace social occasions after dark there is simply no limit to the amount of elaboration or the labor expended in the attainment thereof. There is evident a growing liking for satins, either plain or veiled, with filmy and transparent gauzes. Chiffon cloths holds all of its place in fashionable esteem, and laces and applied embroideries are rapidly taking the place of the hand-wrought fantasies that have held sway for so long, in spite of their expensive origin. But so much more material is required by the latest fashion that the dressmaker has, in self-defense, to provide some sort of trimming that shall not cost her quite as much as hand embroideries always fetch.

While the vogue of the décolletage increases daily, many conservative souls there be that do not feel comfortable in a low-necked gown. Of these fashion takes cognizance by approving the transparent lace guimpes, which is oftentimes fully as revealing as is the open and unadorned décolletage. However, it may be good news to those that a "slightly open" Y throat is now supposed to be fully as formal as the high, approved and or-round décolletage, and that even for afternoon functions, provided that the shades are down and all the lights lit, the Y throat is fully as much approved as is the high transparent collar and chemise, without which even the morning frock of today is not supposed to be finished after a modish manner.

The short sleeve still reigns for all social occasions, and bracelets are supposed to be the inevitable accompaniment. Quant-look bands of black velvet, on which slides, clasps and old-fashioned brooches display themselves, are used for both neck and arms, while as for necklaces and bangles there is simply no end to the variety in which they display themselves.

The New Parasols reverse the accepted way of carrying those effective sunshades. The stick is extremely long, only as long as an alpenstock. The sunshade is perched on this halfway, and the ferule is at the end that the tipped ribs point to. In this way the sunshade hangs down when carried, and the top held in the hand, is most elaborately carved. That they will be conspicuous in the new fashions there is no denying, and they will doubtless be taken up enthusiastically by those to whom every novelty is welcome.

THE CORSELET COSTUME AT ITS BEST



CLEVERLY-DEvised PRINCESS EFFECT THE LATEST IN LINGERIE GOWNS

The Small Belongings of Dress and Dressing Minute Care and Exquisite Daintiness Demanded by the Current Mode—Questions in Coiffure—The Importance of Becoming Neck Dressings—Dainty Devices for Maintaining a Neat Appearance.

Once upon a time this scribe was traveling in Scotland, and stopped for service at a little church in the Highlands on a summer Sunday evening. The sermon was preached by an old clergyman, who spoke in a broad Scotch dialect, and took for his text, "But beware of the foxes, the little foxes!" A quaint subject for a sermon. And the good old divine laid stress upon "the little foxes" that attack one in daily life. He spoke of the little things, the multitudinous little things, and their relative insignificance; and then went on to point out their tremendous importance when considered in relation to the whole, to the sum total of life.

"'Tis the little things that count!" and it is the little things of dress that really make up the whole, the sum total of one's appearance.

The head of a large corporation had occasion to advertise for a stenographer. Applicant after applicant for the position was examined in the private office. Some were dismissed with a few words, and out of over 40 candidates but three were retained to undergo further test as to their fitness for the work.

The president said: "You noticed that there were some girls whom I asked if they could take dictation in some one or another foreign language. Well, it was not that I require such work, but merely that their appearance was against them, and I wanted to let them down easy. One girl had a skirt with a long train to it, quite unsuitable for a business office, although it might be all right for a theater party. Another had a lace waist, with a lot of fancy ribbon fixings, that looked like an afternoon tea table. Another showed gloves with her fingers sticking through for lack of mending; while another had her hair so beruffled and becurled that she looked more like a toy ferrier than a stenographer. You noticed, though it might be all right for a theater party, that the three I retained for examination had plain clothes, neat and tidy—although, perhaps, they might not be considered in the first flight of fashion up town, and the impression they gave me was that of successful business women. Their hair was well brushed, their collars fitted, their shirtwaists set well and their belts looked trim and right; and I just guessed that their work would be like their appearance—up to date, trim, crisp and businesslike throughout."

There is no one who should be more careful or pay more attention to her ap-

pearance than the business woman of today. Good taste in dress cannot assert itself just as conspicuously in business garb as in dinner gown or dressing frock. A well-fitted tailored shirtwaist of some durable material, either a linen or madras, if wash materials are liked; or one of mohair, colson poplin or a plain dark taffetas, if laundry bills are somewhat a consideration—preferably with a detachable collar, since the collar soils so much sooner than the waist. Some arrangement or device to hold the shirtwaist and skirt together is necessary to the trim and trig set around the waist that the present fashion demands; and a skirt well cut and short enough to clear the floor all around completes the costume. Where a touch of color is liked, a little butterfly bow and a ribbon belt to match will serve to relieve the severity of the garb, without in the least detracting from the suitably plain appearance of the design. For example, a very pretty dark blue mohair shirtwaist suit is furnished with sets of cravat and belt. Some are in plaid ribbons, some in pale-blue velvet ribbon, while a little made bow tie is matched in a belt of bias armure of a brilliant tone of scarlet, which well sets off the somber tints of

the dark blue and does not look in the least out of place, since the little touch of color is but a mere hint.

The safest and best device for preventing what one clever actress refers to as "a 10-minute intermission between her shirtwaist and skirt" is to sew a stout linen tape across the back of the shirtwaist and on this attach two round metal rings, worked over in buttonhole stitch with a heavy sewing cotton. The usual eyes will stretch out with the strain of wear and need renewal too frequently to be worth while. One can buy the rings already worked in some shops, and their small price makes it advisable to purchase such if time be of importance. These sew good-sized hooks on the skirt to match, and the threatened intermission will not occur. Since shirtwaist effects in the back are popular, set the worked rings on the waist a trifle above the natural waist line, and the weight of the skirt will serve to draw the waist down taut and snug under the belt.

It is to be noted that the best-gowned women—those who lead the fashions in their respective and particular sets—are no longer resorting to the marcel wave for a formal coiffure. This style has be-

come so overdone that it is rather a mark of distinction nowadays to dress one's hair after some other manner. It is comparatively easy to train the hair to assume a loon and rather loose wave merely by twisting it in a roll at night, having first dampened it slightly. The center parting and a low knot on the neck is being affected by many of the younger generation, but the elderly matron clings to the softly rolled pompadour and high coiffure.

So many girls will buy whatever is the latest fad in neckwear without in the least considering whether it be becoming or not. The fact that it is the newest thing is all that appeals to them. Those exceedingly smart embroidered French collars, stiff underneath, with a soft embroidered turnover top, are becoming but to a very few women, but they sell like hot cakes, nevertheless. The newest of them are so fashioned that they take a jeweled stud to retain them to the collar band, and then a chain-linked pair of little buttons to match the stud catch them through worked buttonholes on the soft outer side.

The use of the imported linen and lace buttons on articles that go regularly to the laundry is a point that makes for economy. Pearl buttons are worn all too often, and the fact that it is the newest thing is all that appeals to them. Those exceedingly smart embroidered French collars, stiff underneath, with a soft embroidered turnover top, are becoming but to a very few women, but they sell like hot cakes, nevertheless. The newest of them are so fashioned that they take a jeweled stud to retain them to the collar band, and then a chain-linked pair of little buttons to match the stud catch them through worked buttonholes on the soft outer side.

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