

For the Home Dressmaker

A FEW SIMPLE AND PRETTY GOWNS FOR THE GIRL GRADUATE



Here Are Some Pretty Models for Gowns to be Worn by the School Girl Who Gets Her Diploma Next Month.

FOR the girl graduate's gown simplicity is the one thing sought after.

Never has there been a season when so many pretty and easily made designs were shown for the graduate. Mull, handkerchief and Persian lawn, point d'esprit, dotted Swiss and more expensive materials, like crepe de chine, are being used. Of course the mull and lawn are always more appropriate.

Many of the bodices this year are cut out at the throat, in shallow squares, ovals or points, finished with dainty lace or embroidery. The sleeves, too, are apt to show this approach to evening prettiness, for they are frequently of elbow length.

The gowns, of course, are kept all white. Wide sashes of white lousine are much used, and the high girde of soft silk will also be worn with these dainty gowns.

The Modes Among London's Fashionables

From Our Special London Correspondent

LONDON, May 21.—You on the other side of the water set your own fashions—when you do not get them from Paris—but I am sure you are at least interested in what we are wearing. We talk, we think, we write ad nauseam of simplicity, but how few—how lamentably few—of us put the fine creed into practice. The fact is, it is so much easier to be busy in constructive devices. Until the creation is an fait accompli we cannot see outline, while it is given only to the very keenest perceptions to mentally perceive color schemes, and the success of simple evolutions depends in a large degree today on harmonies.

Thoughts, these, that came to me during a discussion on the potentialities of linen, which authorities say is to be the leading fabric of the summer season. Of course, as was only to be expected, the mediocre mind has ridden full tilt at the skirt and front panel cut in one, while the plated bolero threatens to become a very weariness to the eye under the appreciation of the same inspiring souls. So let us set our faces determinedly in a fresh direction and consider the potentialities of the linen coat, allied to a foulard or fancy cotton skirt, or a costume of the latter stuff complete if fancy so dictates.

In the very contrast of materials one gets an effect, and if, in addition to this, we are a trifle daring in color, then are we in a position to work to its utmost limits the law of simplicity. Just to make a case in point, we will assume that a woman is wearing a navy blue foulard, with small and not too vivid emerald green spots, intermingled with larger white spots, the coats being expressed in dark emerald-green linen. Or the whole scheme worked out in gradations of rose would be immensely effective, the monotony only broken by white spots, taking quite a deep shade for the linen. Then, how charming would be the popular fuchsia tones, working up from the pink shades in a foulard to a mauve linen coat.

But I would warn all who are disposed to follow these—may I say words of wisdom?—to match the linen to the other stuffs rather than the reverse, more especially if the latter chances to be foulard in any sort pertaining to roses, since, with no wish to be unduly critical, I am yet disposed to find the choice of foulards over here limited in the matter of true rose hues. Reds are completely understood and supplied, but the exceeding subtlety of the pure rose nuance appears to have escaped the consideration of even our largest establishments.

In linens this color obtains to a marked extent, as also in linen side. Though I have wandered somewhat from my story, which has really to do with the modest constructive merits of that double-breasted, bordered, double-breasted, linen costume, only in effect. The intelligently interested, moreover, will ask, and very rightly, how the smart set-off appearance at the edge is effected. Well, the linens of the hour are studiously inclined at the best, and if a facing carried round all the edges is previously dampened and ironed in a moist condition practically the same support is afforded as with tailor's canvas.

Another wrinkle I cannot resist incidentally imparting is the fancy for lining linens and canvas coats with soft floral patterned muslin, the particular quality of muslin employed being not very clear. And it is impossible to give any idea in a bare description of the immense assistance this touch offers an otherwise ordinary design. But to return to our model generally, and the shoulder capes in particular. Both these are modeled without a seam, though just at the top of the shoulder occurs a short dart, a little modish maneuvering that at once accounts for the smart, square look prevailing.

It is unusual to do more than just face up the edges of these additions, because linen is not the lightest fabric in existence, and one must exercise also certain discretion, else is the character of individuality of these creations lost. And that, I think, must complete the story of our first suggestion, having, perhaps, the final hint—that of a wide single width quality two and a half yards would amply suffice. Furthermore, it will be distinctly understood that I would not vary the thought by so much as an extra button, while the frivolities of lace are for once ruled completely out of order.

The bolero, however, is not to be permitted to have all its own way this year, and coming along in dangerous rivalry are basque coats, many whereof rest a large share of their graceful outline in smartly manipulated ribbon cinchures, varied by the more severe suede waist belts. But given the opportunity to consider the existence of our waist—which have been something of a lost tribe under the insistent auspices of the sack—there is a very wealth of choice.

Now, in a second idea, I keep strictly in view the possibilities of these decorative waist fittings, following the thought on with an open coat of simple character. By reason of their somewhat dangerous ubiquity I have kept clear of anything approaching large collars and pelerines, tending to the shoulders an emphatically flat appearance by the introduction of a broad, stitched strap, than which there is no more practical treatment of the waist.

At the waist there is a suggestion of a pouch every-where, the fulcrum set permanently into a narrow band, the other edge whereof receives the basque. This last it is wiser to arrange double throughout.



Interesting "Notes on American Women"

As Seen From a British Standpoint

IT is only when our English relatives write for their own papers that we get an accurate idea of what they think of us. These thoughts are sometimes interesting, sometimes amusing. An anonymous contributor in Black and White has just delivered himself, or herself, of these few "Notes on American Women."

The American woman, unquestionably, considers herself a queen, and as in this world people are for the most part taken at their own valuation, she is possibly well advised in doing so. American girls whom I have met, on being introduced to strangers adopt immediately a deliberately fascinating manner, and plunge into personal reminiscences and self-revelations with so simple an art and so ingenious a belief in the admiring sympathy of their audience, that the audience, in spite of itself, falls into the expected attitude of appreciation. American girls assume, almost invariably, that all the men that they know or meet are their admirers, and insensibly this seems to become more or less the case.

While an English girl assumes for an indefinite period in the acquaintance that the man that she meets are mere casual strangers, and hides a really modest diffident feeling as regards her own charms under a mask of reserve and shyness, the American girl steps in, and with an airy assumption of the all-conquering manner an effort, a certain amount of allegiance. For this sort of thing English girls are apt to be jealous of Americans. A fit of this nature I treat with consoling words. "Surely," I say, "you wouldn't care to be Miss Penelope R. Browne, sitting there and holding forth in that dictatorial manner through her nose, even though it is a pretty one!"

The self-consciousness of American women in these days is noticeable. Seldom have I met one—and I have met a good many—who has not been ready to analyze

the type "American woman" and to throw all the light of which she is capable on her psychological workings.

The practicality of the American girl is admirable, and her knowledge of the world astonishing. I think it may be said that most American girls of 18 could inform most Englishwomen of 30 on the workings of the under-currents and submerged forces in life, and with complete sang-froid and a sort of cynical philosophy they will deal with topics left very often untouched even in thought by the English lady. Yet we must in justice admire the plain-spokenness of American women. It is well to call a spade a spade, and to let the fresh air into unnecessarily mysterious corners.

The Americans seem to be unflinching materialists in their instincts. "Physical culture" is their passion and constant topic. A good deportment is for them a sort of asset more than an unconscious grace in life. This constant taking stock of themselves and their points, physical and mental, seems to have a subtly vulgarizing effect on their minds. I have met with singularly little "sweet simplicity of being," such as one often sees in English girls (not in the smart set) out of Mary Wilkins' books, and these deal mostly with a humble and secluded class in the American community.

But all must admire the result of this "physical culture." The erect carriage, the graceful waist line (perhaps the result of the straight-fronted corset) are, indeed, to be imitated by many of our stooping and bunched English girls. This carriage insidiously arrogates to its possessor a certain importance in her sphere. I was much amused by a Chicago girl I met in Munich. She was studying for the operatic stage. For the stage the art of deportment is certainly of primary importance. But this girl was inclined to assign if possible almost too much importance to it as an element that goes to make up what she called "a dominating personality." In her words she wrote, "I have often given a thought to the domestic facility of the blond and wondered if he has fair opportunities of indulging his taste for nature."

While all their culture and smartness there is often in American women, as in women of other nationalities, a strange limitation in point of humor. An American mother that I knew was constantly extolling the charms of her obviously plain, but unaccountably fascinating daughter. She kept me for long supplied with a sort of history of Julie's real or imaginary conquests. This culminated at one date in a letter I received from New York City, giving news of her forthcoming marriage. "Julie's choice," wrote the appreciative parent, "is in every way satisfactory. Mr. George W. Harrison is a blond, and kind of nature." This striking antithesis lingers in my recollection, and I have often given a thought to the domestic facility of the blond and wondered if he has fair opportunities of indulging his taste for nature.