

# MISS MABEL K. HOPKINS ADDS

# HER LATEST PARISIAN GOWN



MISS MABEL HOPKINS IN LATEST PARISIAN HAT. PHOTOS BY ALISKY



BLACK TAFFETA FOR STREET



EVENING COAT



DINNER DRESS



BERNHARDT OPERA CLOAK



STREET DRESS BY VIOLETTE



BLUE FOULARD THEATER GOWN



EVENING DRESS BY WORTH



WE who take our Paris fashions, diluted by long distance, only once in a while have the good fortune to find some of them brought to our very door by one who has been there and knows.

Miss Mabel Hopkins, a San Francisco girl through and through, had the good fortune to visit Paris during its gay season. She likewise visited its shops, its modistes, its milliners. It is our good fortune to be privileged to see pictures of her in several of the costumes which she brought home. They are the costumes of next season. With them she has returned to her old home and is dazzling San Francisco society with the glittering array.

Those who look upon dress as a fine art will find it worth while to study the wardrobe which Miss Hopkins' rare taste has chosen.

THERE are two stunning street suits in the outfit, to say nothing of a lot more that most of us stay-at-homes would consider quite splendid enough for a San Francisco matinee, but that Miss Hopkins relegates to her wardrobe of any-old-things.

Both of these are of black. Somber? Far from it. The Parisian modiste, tailor and milliner, artistic to their finger tips, know well enough that there is nothing so gay as strong color against a black background. Gold, scarlet, turquoise, all gain in vividness tenfold with a black relief.

And these particular gowns in question are as dashing as Paris skill knew how to make them. They are that exquisite combination of daring and modesty that only Parisian finesse can produce. They would attract attention because of their chic, and perhaps because—well, you know it makes much difference who wears a gown, and it's no use pretending that everybody could wear Miss Hopkins' costumes in the same way that she can. Her height, her carriage, above all the unfettered lines of her figure, are as splendidly American as her wardrobe is French and the combination is good to look upon.

Both of the street suits are trimmed with gold, the fad of this gay century-opening year. Both are masterpieces of Violette's. The cloth one is made with a jacket in simple Eton form. This jacket has a deep roll-over collar edged with a heavy fall of Venetian lace. Criss-crosses of gold braid follow the outline of the jacket and long darting lines of the gold start up from the hem and down from the belt of the skirt. A scalloped panel of black velvet is revealed where the skirt opens in front.

The hat that goes with this suit is as gorgeous as a bold designer could make it. It started out in life to be a tam-o'-shanter, and still goes by that name, though it has been bent and crushed into indescribable form. It maintains, however, the conventional tilt-up on the left and down on the right. It is of red and pink velvet—a combination which our milliners, prudes in art that they are, would never think of risking.

An odd boa which is worn with this costume is of mink and gold brown chiffon that matches and blends with the shade of the fur. Grunwaldt is responsible for its design.

The black taffeta street gown is cut in blouse shape and is as simple, as elegantly simple as the former. Waist and sleeves are tucked all over and short tucks draw the skirt to a perfect fit over the hips. Bands of black cloth finish skirt, lapels and flaring collar, and fine lines of gold braid follow some of these.

The hat is by Core; a huge black velvet affair bordered by a drooping ostrich plume, its trimming under the brim

ripped in the teeth of a long gold buckle. And, by the way, it is worth while noting that the black ostrich boa is not out of fashion. Miss Hopkins has an immense one that she is fond of wearing with this particular hat. For the many women to whom the black boa is more becoming than the faddish gray it will be a relief to learn that the report that Paris recognized none but the latter was a fabrication of some dealer.

In wearing a theater dress of blue foulard Miss Hopkins flies in the face of tradition and disapproves the theory that a brunette cannot wear the delicate shades of blue. Her warm dark coloring is set off to perfection by the pale, cold shade.

The foulard is not covered with sprawly branches, such as we have come to consider part and parcel of the foulard silk. Instead it is dotted with the simplest little polka dots, no more elaborate a design than any ordinary summer lawn might display.

Skirt and sleeves are pleated lengthwise. The skirt pleats are let fly just below the knees to give the flirt at the hem that every skirt still must have. This gown, by the way, like all the others, touches the ground in front and swings out to only a moderate train length behind.

The sleeve is a model for the dressy sleeve of the year. Its pleats, in groups of threes, reach from shoulder to elbow, there to be loosened into a short ruffle. Below this are three fascinating little puffs of net that come to the hand. Some

net is used in the yoke, which is bordered with Irish lace. A blue spangled bow in the hair finishes the costume.

Jaquin produced the dinner gown of the illustration. It is of the palest gray crepe-de-chine trimmed with tucks, gray chiffon

gown anything like this one; there never will be another.

The dress is of white chiffon from top to bottom—fragile, gleaming, white chiffon, that might be a garnering of cobwebs from summer grass for all the undisturbed could guess. Down it from breast to hem stream long pink ribbons caught here and there in irregular fashion by big spreading blossoms all woven of the finest real lace. At a glance it somehow suggests all the idle, frail, lovely things of a June day—the clouds and breezes and blossoms. The maker can so mass and arrange details as to produce these effects and cause the eye to lose the wearying details of stitch, piping and button.

The outline of the gown is conventional. It is not remarkably low cut; its train is moderate, its waist long and pointed in front. A little puff of chiffon and ribbon forms the sleeve.

Miss Hopkins adds to the beauty of this costume by the string of real pearls which came from Tiffany's. It is worn close against her throat. An aigrette ornamented with pearls is worn in her dark hair.

Of cloaks she made a study, and the outcome was two at least such as San Francisco has not yet seen the like. The one, an evening coat of black lady's cloth, is a loose-fitting garment reaching below the knees. It has a high, flaring collar and wide, gathered lapels covered with a heavy white lace. Yoke and flaring cuffs are outlined with gold braid. Long streamers of pleated white chiffon fall from the throat.

This outfit does not rightly belong in the Paris category, for the coat was made by Haas of Berlin and the hat that goes with it was purchased in Brussels, where the lace of which it is built was made by craftsmen famed the world over. Its brim is bordered with mink, and high on the left side is heaped a mass of deep purple violets.

The piece de resistance of the wardrobe is the Bernhardt opera cloak which Falon made. Many are the Aiglon cloaks displayed in every shop, and those of you who have now seen the Eagle in the cloaks he is accustomed to wear know the most of these for base and spurious imitations. This, then, you will recognize at a glance is the real thing. Leaving only one arm free, it folds over the other shoulder, hanging in long draped lines below the knees. It is worn opened broadly at the throat. It is of rose-colored cloth, the collar faced with white, the lapels and cuffs stitched with the inevitable gold.

De Saubin constructed the marvelous hat for this cloak. It is as light as a feather, made of the lightest wire frame, covered with white net. A smart black velvet bow fills the space underneath the brim and around its crown is twined a wreath of pink velvet poppies that defy nature to emulate.

and black velvet. The chiffon is fluted and ruffled with itself, and it fluffs out around the feet in a gray cloud mass. The tucks are the tiniest that deft fingers can make. They appear on waist, sleeves and at the hips. The Parisian artist believes that there is no way so sure to achieve a perfect fit over the hips. Narrow black velvet ribbon bands circle the collar. The same ribbon is knotted into a bow at the bust and gathered into a belt.

The hat for this gown is a soft white felt trimmed with knotted black velvet and a single long white plume. No color—all black, white and gray from head to foot, save for the faint color relief of the dress' pink lining, that gives a slight rosy tinge to the gray and peeps now and then when the skirt flirts about.

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The skin is much like the system in general; if it is in good condition it will repel the assaults of disease, but if neglected it becomes less resistant and soon offers a favorable soil for the growth of noxious germs.

Every farmer knows that it is easier to keep a field clean by constant care than to clear it after it has once been overgrown with weeds. It is the same with the skin. It is easier to keep the skin in health, and to arrest a commencing disease than to cure a disease once it has become firmly established.

If it were generally understood that the presence of a few pimples constitutes a true skin disease, which, if neglected, will

probably grow worse, fewer persons would suffer from the disfigurement of acne.

Some persons have naturally clear skins while others appear to have a special predisposition to blackheads and pimples. The fortunate ones must see to it that they do not mar what nature has given them by an unhygienic mode of life; but the others need not despair, for their tendency to eruptions may often be overcome by scrupulous care both of the body and of the skin itself, after the manner above indicated, and in such other ways as the physician may direct.—Youth's Companion.

## EXCELLENT ADVICE ON CARE OF THE SKIN.

AMONG the most common diseases of the skin are acne and eczema, one of which is known to be, and the other probably is, the result of the presence of a microbe on or in the skin. This microbe is a vegetable growth, although a very minute one, and, like other noxious weeds, when once it has been planted and has begun to grow it is often extremely difficult to dislodge it.

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