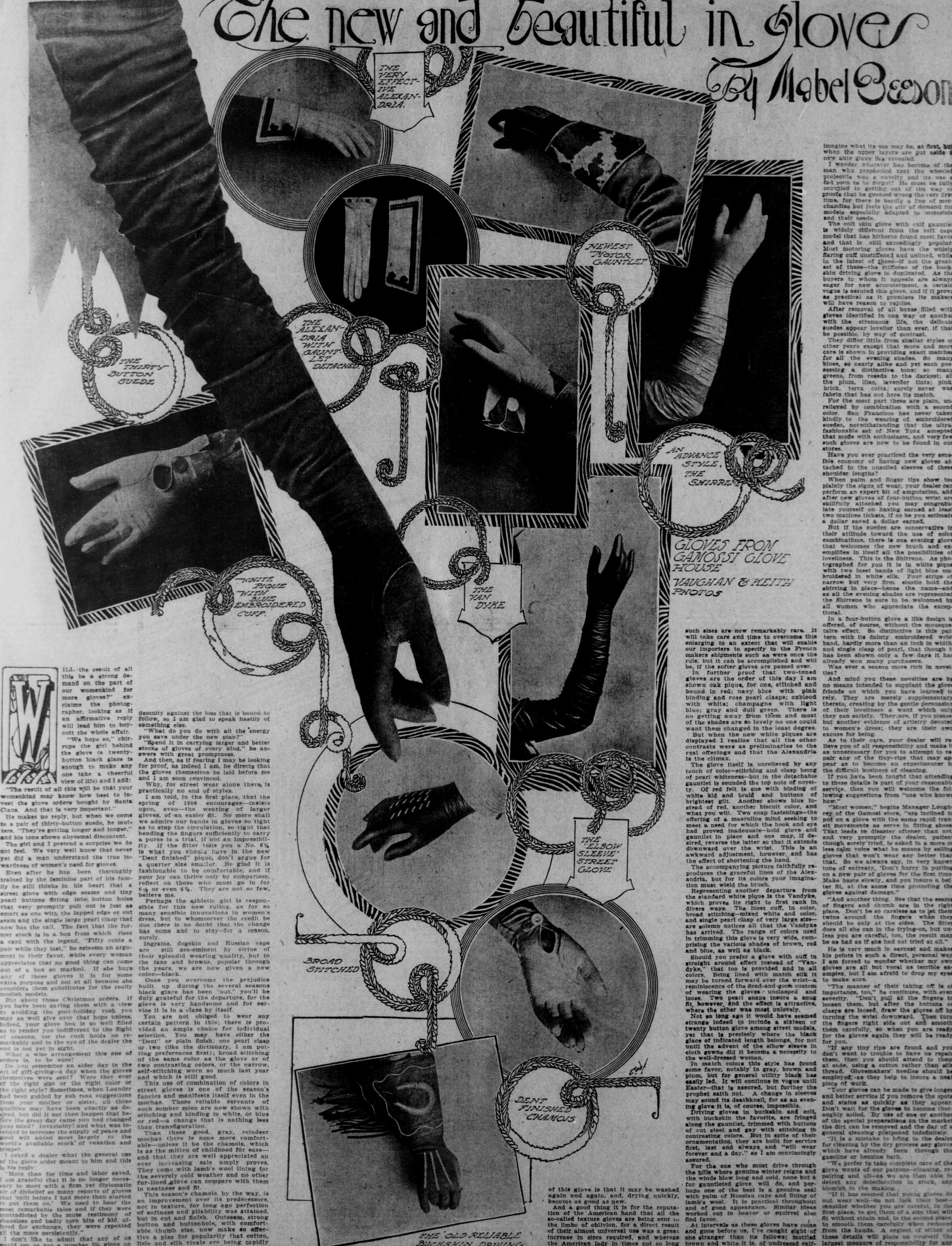


The new and beautiful in gloves

By Mabel Eason



Imagine what its use may be, at first, but when the upper layers are put aside a new auto glove has revealed.

"Wonder whatever has become of the man who prophesied that the wheeled projectile was a novelty and its use fast soon to be forgot? He must be fully occupied in getting out of the way of profits that he guessed wrong the very first time for there is now a line of merchandise but feels the air of demand for models especially adapted to motorists and their needs.

The colt skin glove with calf gauntlet is widely different from the soft cape model that has hitherto found most favor and that is still exceedingly popular. Most motoring gloves have the widely flaring cuff unstiffened and unlined, while in the latest of these—if not the greatest of these—the stiffness of the buckskin driving glove is duplicated. As the buyers to whom it appeals are always eager for new accoutrements, a certain vogue is assured this glove, and if it prove as practical as it promises its makers will have reason to rejoice.

After removal of all boxes filled with gloves identified in one way or another with the strenuous life, the delicate sueded appear lovelier than ever. If that be possible, by way of contrast may appear. They differ little from similar styles of other years except that more and more care is shown in providing exact matches for all the evening shades. So many blue, so many white and yet each possessing a distinctive tone; so many greens, from rosetta to the darkest; all the plum, lilac, lavender tints; pink, brick, terra cotta; surely never was fabric that has not here its match.

For the most part these are plain, unrelieved by combination with a second color. San Francisco has never taken kindly to the wearing of embroidered suedes, notwithstanding that the ultra-fashionable set of New York accepted that mode with enthusiasm, and very few such gloves are now to be found in our stores.

Have you ever practiced the very sensible economy of having new gloves attached to the unrolled sleeves of these shoulder lengths?

When palm and finger tips show too plainly the signs of wear, your dealer can perform an expert bit of amputation, and after a few gloves of four-button wrist are skillfully attached you may congratulate yourself on having earned at least two matinee tickets, if so be you estimate a dollar saved a dollar earned.

But if the suedes are conservative in their attitude toward the use of color combinations, there is one evening glove that welcomes the new touch and exemplifies in itself all the possibilities of loveliness. This is the Shirrene. As photographed for you it is in white pique with two inset bands of light blue embroidered in white silk. Four strips of narrow but very firm elastic hold the Shirrene in place—beneath the wrist and as the evening shades are represented the Shirrene is sure to be welcomed by all women who appreciate the exceptional.

In a four-button glove a like design is offered, of course, without the mousquetaire effect. So distinctive is this pattern with its dainty embroidered wrist band, hardly more than an inch in width, and single clasp of pearl, that though it has been shown only a few days it has already won many purchasers.

Was ever a season more rich in novelties? And mind you these novelties are by no means intended to supplant the glove friendly on which you have learned to rely. They are merely supplementary thereto, creating by the gentle persuasion of their loveliness a want which only they can satisfy. They are, if you please, but another evidence of artistry devoted to women's dress; they are their own excuse for being.

As to their care, your dealer will relieve you of all responsibility and make it as unnecessary for you to attempt to repair any of the tiny-rips that may appear as to become an experimenter in the difficult business of cleaning.

If you have been taught that attending to these details is part of your reasonable service, then you will welcome the following suggestions from "one who knows how."

"Most women," begins Manager Loughrey of the Gamossi store, "are inclined to put on a glove with the same rapid transit movement as several in flaring shoes. That leads to disaster oftener than not, and very promptly the dealer, patient though sorely tried, is asked in a more or less calm voice what he means by selling gloves that won't wear any better than that. So we always say, in very known tone of entreaty, 'Don't hurry in putting on a new pair of gloves for the first time. Make haste slowly, and you insure a better fit, at the same time protecting the glove against damage.'"

"And another thing. See that the seams of fingers and thumb are in the right place. Don't be so careless as to let them twine around the fingers when they should be only at the sides. The dealer does all she can in the trying-on, but unless you are careful, too, the result may be as bad as if she had not tried at all."

He is very much in earnest and makes his points in such a direct, personal way I am forced to wonder whether my own gloves are as good as a terrible example, but I am afraid to drop my eyes to make sure.

"The manner of their taking off is of importance, too," he continues, with even severity. "Don't pull at the fingers to loosen them, but after the buttons or clasps are loosed, draw the gloves off by turning the wrist downward. Then turn the fingers right side out and smooth them carefully, so when you are ready for the gloves again they will be ready for you."

"If any tiny rips are found and you don't want to trouble to have us repair them, then you should attend to them at once, using a cotton rather than silk thread. Glove-stitching needles should be employed, as they help to insure a neat piece of work.

"Your gloves can be made to give longer and better service if you remove the spots and stains as quickly as they appear. Don't wait for the gloves to become thoroughly soiled. By use of one or another of the special preparations on the market the dirt can be removed and the day of a general cleaning postponed indefinitely.

"It is a mistake to bring to the dealer for cleaning by the dry process any gloves which have already been through the gasoline or benzine bath.

"We prefer to take complete care of the glove wants of our patrons—cleaning, repairing and all—as we are then able to detect any deterioration in stock, any blemish in the making, any

blemish that young gloves do not wear well—do not look their best—consider whether you are careful, it will first place, to get them of a size that fits to smooth them carefully when removed from the hands. A neglect of either of these details will place on yourself the largest measure of responsibility for any glove trials you may experience."

GLOVES FROM GAMOSSY GLOVE HOUSE VAUGHAN & KEITH PHOTOS

such sizes are now remarkably rare. It will take care and time to overcome this enlarging to an extent that will enable our importers to specify to the French makers shipments such as were once the rule, but it can be accomplished and will be, if the softer gloves are passed over.

In further proof that two-toned gloves are the order of this day I am shown oak pique, for one, stitched and bound in red; navy blue with pink binding and rose pearl clasps; oxblood with white; champagne with light blue; gray and dull green. There is no getting away from them and most of the shades are so lovely no one could want them changed in the least degree.

But when the new white piques are displayed I realize that all the other contrasts were as preliminaries to the real offerings and that the Alexandria is the climax. This is an offering of color-stitching and clasp being of pearl whiteness—but in the detachable gauntlet is sounded the top note of novelty. Of red felt is one with binding of white kid and braid and buttons of brightest gilt. Another shows blue instead of red, another biscuit color, and what you will. Two snap fastenings—the offering of a masculine mind seeking to meet a need for which the hook and eye had proved inadequate—hold glove and gauntlet in place and one may, if desired, reverse the latter so that it extends downward over the wrist. This is an awkward adjustment, however, and has the effect of shortening the hand.

The accompanying picture faithfully reproduces the graceful lines of the Alexandria, but for its colors your imagination must wield the brush. This is an offering of color-stitching and clasp being of pearl whiteness—but in the detachable gauntlet is sounded the top note of novelty. Of red felt is one with binding of white kid and braid and buttons of brightest gilt. Another shows blue instead of red, another biscuit color, and what you will. Two snap fastenings—the offering of a masculine mind seeking to meet a need for which the hook and eye had proved inadequate—hold glove and gauntlet in place and one may, if desired, reverse the latter so that it extends downward over the wrist. This is an awkward adjustment, however, and has the effect of shortening the hand.

Representing another departure from the standard white pique is the Vandyke, which proves its right to first rank in divers ways. The inset cuff, in color, broad stitching—mixed white and color, and single pearl clasp of very large size—are solemn notices all that the Vandyke has arrived. The range of colors used in trimming this glove is very wide, comprising the various shades of brown, red and blue, as well as black.

Should you prefer a glove with cuff in straight around effect instead of "Vandyke," that too is provided and in all colors. Being lined with match silk it may be turned forward over the wrist—a reminiscence of the dead-and-gone custom of wearing the gloves unclasped and loose. Two pearl snaps insure a snug fit, however, and the effect is attractive, where the other was most unlovely.

Not so long ago it would have seemed strange indeed to include a sixteen or twenty button glove among street models, yet that is precisely where the black pieces of indicated length belongs, for not until the advent of the elbow sleeve in cloth gowns did it become a necessity to the well-dressed woman.

In match colors this style has found some favor, notably in gray, brown and plum, but for general utility black has easily led. It will continue in vogue until Easter—that is assured, but further the prophet saith not. A change in sleeves may sound its deathknell, for as an evening glove it is, of course, impossible.

Driving gloves in buckskin and colt, with buckskin the favorite, are fringed along the gauntlet, trimmed with buttons of cut steel and gay with stitching in contrasting colors. But in spite of their ornamentation, they are built for service first, last and always, and "will wear forever and a day," as I am convincingly assured.

For the one who must drive through the hills where genuine winter reigns and the winds blow long and cold, none but a fur gauntleted glove will do, and perhaps one of the best is a genuine seal with palm of Russian cape and lining of lamb's wool. It is practical throughout and of good appearance. Similar ideas worked out in beaver or squirrel also find favor.

At intervals as these gloves have come and gone before us, I've caught sight of one stranger than its fellows; mottled brown and white it is, of unpressed calf skin, hair and all preserved. I cannot of this glove is that it may be washed again and again, and drying quickly, become as good as new.

And a good thing it is for the reputation of the American hand that all the so-called texture gloves are being sent to the limbo of oblivion, for a direct result of their almost universal use was a great increase in sizes required, and whereas the American lady in times not so long ago used many a number 5½, or even a

ILL.—The result of all this be a strong demand on the part of our womenkind for more gloves?" exclaims the photographer, looking as if an affirmative reply will lead him to boycott the whole affair.

"We hope so," chirrup the girl behind the glove (a twenty-button black glove is enough to make any one take a cheerful view of life) and I add: "The girl and I pretend we do not feel. We very well know that never yet did a man understand the true inwardness of women's need for gloves.

Even after he has been thoroughly trained by the feminine part of his family he still thinks in his heart that a street glove with edge seams and tiny pearl buttons fitting into button holes that very promptly pull out is just as smart as one with the lapped edge or out seam and the single large pearl clasp that now has the call. The fact that the former stock is in a box from which rises a card with the legend, "Fifty cents a pair while they last," he esteems an argument in their favor, while every woman appreciates that no good thing can come out of a box so marked. If she buys any of these gloves it is for some extra purpose and not at all because she considers them substitutes for the really modish models.

But about those Christmas orders. If you have been saving them with a view to avoiding the post-holiday rush you may as well give over that hope unless, indeed, your glove box is so well filled as to render you indifferent to the flight of seasons, for the rush holds on remarkably and to the eye of the dealer the end is not yet in sight.

What a wise arrangement this one of orders is, to be sure! Do you remember an elder day in the art of gift-giving—a day when the gloves themselves were sent? Were they ever of the right size or the right color or the right style? Sometimes, when Leander had been guided by sub rosa suggestions from your mother or sister, all three qualities may have been exactly as desired, but did it not then happen that before the great day came you had changed your mind? Invariably! and what was intended to increase the supply of gloves that "split before I had more than started to put them on." We used to hear the most remarkable tales and if they were contradicted by the mute testimony of shapeless and badly torn bits of kid, offered for exchange, they were repeated all the more persistently.

I don't like to admit that any of us would try to put a number 5½ glove on a number 6 hand and then demand indemnity against the loss that is bound to follow, so I am glad to speak hastily of something else.

"What do you do with all the 'energy you save under the new plan?" "Spend it in carrying larger and better stocks of gloves of every kind," he answers with great promptness.

And then, as if fearing I may be looking for proof, as indeed I am, he directs that the gloves themselves be laid before me and I am soon convinced.

Why, for street wear alone there is practically no end of styles.

I am told, in the first place, that the spring of 1906 encourages—insists upon, even—the wearing of larger gloves, of an easier fit. No more shall we admire our hands in gloves so tight as to stop the circulation, so tight that bending the fingers sufficiently to carry a purse is a trial, if not an impossibility. If the fitter tells you a No. 6½ is what you should have in the new "dent finished" pique, don't argue for a quarter size smaller. Be glad it is fashionable to be comfortable, and if your joy can thrive only by comparison, reflect on those who must go in for 6½ or even 6¾. They are not so few, believe me.

Perhaps the athletic girl is responsible for this new ruling, as for so many sensible innovations in women's dress, but to whomsoever the credit be due there is no doubt that the change has come and to stay—for a season, surely.

Ingrains, dogskin and Russian cape are still pre-eminent by virtue of their splendid wearing quality, but to the tans and browns, popular through the years, we are now given a new color—black.

Once you overcome the prejudice built up during the several seasons black glaze has been "out," you'll be duly grateful for the departure, for the glove is very handsome and for service it is in a class by itself.

You are not obliged to wear any certain pattern in this; there is provided an ample choice for individual selection. You may have either the "dent" or plain finish; one pearl clasp or two (like the dictionary, I am putting preferences first); broad stitching of the same color as the glove or of two contrasting colors, or the narrow, self-stitching worn so much last year and which is still good.

This use of combination of colors in street gloves is one of the season's fancies and manifests itself even in the mochas. Those reliable servants of such somber mien are now shown with stitching and binding in white, or blue or red—a change that is nothing less than transfiguration.

Than these good, gray, reindeer mochas there is none more comfortable—unless it be the chamouis, which is as the mitten of childhood for ease—and that they are well appreciated an ever increasing sale amply proves. They come with lamb's wool lining for the severely cold weather and no other fur-lined glove can compare with them in neatness and fit.

This season's chamouis, by the way, is an improvement over its predecessors, not in texture, for long ago perfection of softness and pliability was attained, but in cut and finish. Outseam, strong button and buttonhole, with comfortable thumb size, now make so effective a plea for popularity that cotton, lisle and silk rivals are being rapidly supplanted. Not the least of the merits

of this glove is that it may be washed again and again, and drying quickly, become as good as new.

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