

SPLENDOR AND BEAUTY IN THE FASHIONS OF PARIS

PARIS, Jan. 2.—Many and idle, high and low, rich and poor, here in Paris are all talking about the Steinhilber case. Personally I avoid newspaper horrors as conducive to bad dreams and the destruction of one's optimistic views on human nature, but in this instance, whether one reads the papers or not, it is impossible to possess one's soul in innocent ignorance. On the *Matin* every paragraph is hidden behind a journal reviewing this tragedy. In vain do we halt the humble omnibus because the driver is reading the latest edition of the *Matin*. In restaurants the air is heavy with theories concerning the celebrated case, and in every drawing room from that of Mme. la Marquise to that of the most modest of petite bourgeoisie the conversation turns solely upon the one enthralling subject.

Only yesterday I met at a house of a friend the wife of a prominent man in the automobile world, and she attained a dizzy height of popularity because she had met Mme. Steinhilber in the past. She described her as small and dark, with a snaky kind of figure and a soft voice. Her many airs and graces impressed honest women unpleasantly. Her husband, said this informant, had the air of a frightened dog when in her presence. Probably he knew all too well the nature of the woman, and charm she never so wisely he could not forget it. The whole thing is a story fit for the pen of Edgar Allan Poe—mysterious and gruesome—and unhappily it has brought pain and sorrow to two women who are not only innocent of anything to do with it, but who have by their useful unselfish lives made themselves beloved by all classes in France. I refer, of course, to Mme. Faure and Mme. Paure Goyan in having the name of their husband and father brought up in connection with anything so unpleasant.

A Question of Period.

There is an amusing question put by M. Franc Nohain, the well known humorist, to the readers of a popular magazine, "At what period would you have liked to live?" Many replies, I believe, have been sent in, but only those of celebrities have been recorded. The first among these, M. Rodin, the famous sculptor, says that he wished he had been a contemporary of Pericles, the period of ancient Greek sculpture. M. Rochefort's desire was to have been born before man made his appearance on earth. "I might," he said, "have had some trouble with the mastodons, but I would have no contemporaries." M. d'Annunzio prefers the middle ages, for he would have written miscellany, illustrated by Fra Angelico. Mlle. Yvette Guilbert expresses no opinion. No matter at what period, she would have left "out of it." I reckon the lady herself knows best what she means. M. Rosny, the author, is a

philosopher. He prefers the present to the past, and the future to the present. I really should talk about fashion, but I will tell you of some practical jokes I heard recently about the late M. Sardon. Poor Sardon was constantly the victim of the funny man. Although very rich, the dramatist was inclined to be very miserly. When ever he produced a successful play, notices were sent to the press that M. Sardon had just handed a check of

to such or such a charity, and after a few days the box was discovered. But Sardon did not quite relish that kind of joke. To talk of fun, the pets of the winter are particularly luxurious, and everything conceivable that the furriers can do to make us feel comfortable is being done. Each week seems to bring with it a new fancy. The number of women one meets about wearing superb pointed fox sets is merely one of the many

wonders of the moment, and here at the Villa Luminere every woman in any social evidence at all boasts a sealskin coat down to her heels. This, the way, is a wise provision in view of the scanty amount of under-clothing now worn by the elegant. "Mid nothings on" beneath, it becomes an imperative need to don furry apparel exteriorly, and one does not doubt that this calm acceptance of the sealskin coat will have an important bearing on the continuance of skin tight costumes, which also reminds me that the designer of combination suits is a kind of skin. At present I am not exactly clear whether this is some whittled down leather substance, or an ingenious woven fabric, but I am inclined to the former belief, as these suits are said to work marvels with exuberant hips, reducing them to the now requisite proportionate slimmness, while the gown is built on a bodice lining that is to all intents and purposes the corset.

Perhaps those who have some respect for hygiene will be interested in knowing that the skin disposes of the inevitable perspiration set up by this tight undergarment, whether woven or some natural product, as the surface is altogether too close to admit of anything passing through. Well, we have yet to learn the secret. Meanwhile we have visions of increasing slimmness, not always proportionate slimmness, however, when the form is large and the skirt is long and tight.

How to Wear the Big Fur Toque.

To come back to furs, the Parisienne wears her big, unwieldy fur toque with a chicness not achieved by other women except, perhaps, the Americans. But it's an art, the adjusting of this queer piece of millinery. It is absolutely necessary to arrive at just the right position for the toque. It must not look as if it were about to descend and smother its wearer, but neither, and this "neither" is very important, must it look perched up. My personal taste is against the use of long haired fur toques. Still, Dame Fashion advises differently. Skunk is very fashionable used in this connection, and so is fox. Probably, though, the ideal skin is sable, and side by side with sable we might place ermine. Rather fascinating toques, and comparatively inexpensive, are those which show a rounded crown of white marabou and a border of ermine, with a couple of elegant, one white and the other brown, jutting out at one side. A toque of this kind is only suitable for afternoon wear, but with a tailor made visiting dress of not brown cloth it would be most effective.

A really delightful set—stole, muff and toques—can be made of marabou in the natural shade, with bands of tucked mirror velvet arranged alternately with bands of feathers. In arranging marabou in this way the muff and stole should be of generous proportions, and a number of tails may



EVENING FROCK OF WHITE SATIN.

be used with good effect. The crown of the toque should be covered with the same velvet as that used for the tucked bands. For the woman who cannot afford costly sets of fur, this marabou is a real boon, and even for those to whom money seems to be of little consequence a picturesque set of marabou is a thing of value. Bands of tucked chiffon or mousseline may be employed instead of the velvet, but the set then becomes suitable only for wear upon occasions of ceremony—for weddings, concerts and the theater.

It seems to me to be unfortunate that Parisian milliners some of them at least, should have turned their attention on unscrupulous ostrich feathers. No one can really defend these indecent things. At their very best they are untidy in appearance, and in a cheap quality the incurable ostrich feather is a thing which surely draws tears from the angels. And yet many stunning hats show these horrible feathers stuck up at one side and waving deliberately over the crown. A snazzy or two ago the Parisiennes en masse accepted the incurable feather, but the fad did not last very long. It is rather surprising to see it revived so quickly, and we only hope that its life will be short and unsuccessful.

On the important subject of veils I must give you a tip. Exceedingly becoming is the veil of finest and brown tulle dotted all over with tiny black pin spots. This dainty piece of face covering is rather expensive, and I have not yet seen it sold in any but very smart millinery establishments, but it is exquisitely flattering to the complexion. The fringe of the veil must be in the true nut brown shade and the pin spots very light and close together. I have seen a veil of the same genre in navy blue tulle with black pin spots, but this would not be so generally becoming. At the same time it would lend great charm to a toque of navy blue velvet with a border of Persian wave. For wear with dressy light hats veils of pale blue tulle look delightfully festive, and the same may be said of pale rose pink tulle dotted over with black chenille pin spots.

Parisians are particularly fond of veils of fine net not, but these to be effective should be worn by the right woman with the right hat. A skirt net veil may easily destroy the purity of the complexion. And, apropos of the complexion, it is quite the smart thing to apply a patch beauty spot to accentuate a charming mouth or to draw attention to a particularly fine pair of eyes. In fact, they are disposed to quote the words of a worthy apostle, "where they are most needed."

It compensates to watch these little effects in the gay capital. There is nothing in the fashions here, from the elaborate gown to the simplest bit of lace, which does not seem to adorn. It is a season of display.

CATHERINE TALBOT.

Simplicity In Dress Is Woman's Winning Card; Triumph of the Pretty Foot In Dainty Boot

I WOULD like to speak on the subject of "tacky" dressing. It is usually the woman of small means who falls in this way, while she who can afford all the cosmetics, lace and fancy trappings in the world dresses in the simplest manner possible.

"Oh, but simplicity of that sort is expensive," I hear some one exclaim. "Is it?" Well, let us see.

I have two friends. One, Mrs. A., has a couple of new dresses a year. These are made at the best shop. The material is excellent in quality and the style conservative. The other woman, Mrs. B., has half a dozen or more flimsy frocks made in the styles usually affected by cheap dressmakers

and ready made shops. Her dresses, it is true, come to less than Mrs. A. pays for her two, but what is the result? Mrs. A. can wear her gowns for two or three years, often longer, because the cut and fit are irreproachable and the materials well chosen. Mrs. B. is perpetually ripping and making over her things, and as the flimsy materials can't stand that sort of treatment she looks shabby all the time.

Mrs. A.'s gowns are very plain. There are no cheap net gimpes to break and soil, no rashes or tulle jabots that grow mussed and have to be replaced. She depends entirely on the good cut and good fit of the dress to give her style.

My friends, if you haven't much money give up all idea of having dress accessories. Shun the ribbon and the fancy belt counters as you would the plague—no cloth top shoes for you; no chiffon veils, no cheap satin jumpers, no lace berthas. These things all cost a lot of money, and they make a woman look like a fancy pincushion. All odds and ends and little bows that stick out all over her, meaning nothing.

When you have a dress made try to see how much trimming you can take off, instead of how much you can add.

It is the cheap dressmaker who costs the most in the end. She wants a lot of lace and ribbon to cover the ill-fitting seams that she makes. If you take my advice you will go to a more expensive modiste. Whose method of fitting is absolutely correct and who takes pride in revealing lines rather than in concealing them.

Do you realize that the average woman notices a woman's shoes quicker than any other thing about her, except perhaps her finger nails? Recently a book was written about a husband with a "sloppy" wife. She is always attractively, even shabbily, dressed down to the waist line, but her skirts hang indifferently, and her feet are always incased in shabby, down-trodden shoes, which curl at the tips and wrinkle because she never puts trees in her boots, but leaves them sprawling wherever she takes them off.

As the man is extremely well groomed and progressive, this slight affects him very disagreeably.

Won by Dainty Boots.

One day he notices in a shop a girl who has mounted on a step ladder to reach down a box. Her plain dress is beautifully brushed. It hangs perfectly even, with no rashes or ragged places, and below this away a white little pair of shoes beautifully kept and free from wrinkles.

The man falls in love with the bottom of that skirt and those immaculate shoes right then and there.

Can you blame him very much? By the way, speaking of shoes, call-girls of the lighter weight have superseded even patent leather.

There is nothing smarter than a pair of these dainty boots, hand sewed and heavily stitched. The vamp should be rather short and the heel high, with a pronounced arch.

For dresses wear black suede is the thing. It does not last very long, but it gives the foot a dainty appearance when worn with gowns of thin silk or chiffon cloth.

For evenings, when a low necked gown is worn, fifth avenue shoemakers are selling high boots of satin to match the dress.

White cravenette boots are another novelty. They are stunning when worn with white cloth costumes and can be cleaned far more easily than suede.

The doom of the slipper and of the pump has rounded.

Advertisement soliciting is a form of earning a living that appeals to many women because of the large returns (when you do get 'em). Of course you must have natural gifts to succeed at this. It's a case of neither being to old nor too shy. And also you must be convinced that the medium of advertising your offer is a good one for the prospective buyer of space. If you are not convinced yourself you never can persuade others, no matter how hard you try.

You should never ask people who sell frivolous things to advertise in a serious magazine, nor the other way around. A sense of the fitness of things is one of the most useful assets in this business.

Soliciting advertisements for theater programs is even better than doing it for magazines. From soliciting ads. to writing them is only one other step, and this field offers great opportunities to the woman who is original.

Chance For the Domestic Woman.

It seems to me there is a great demand for genuine humor in children's verses, but we don't get it.

Ye gods and little fishes, the output this year was even more doleful than usual!

The hardest thing to draw is a baby or a small child, and the hardest thing to write is nonsense verse, not for grownups, but for the kiddies.

Why doesn't some bright woman who makes a hit with her own children tell them stories try her hand at this? If she will just write down the simple tales in the same language that she tells them, other children are sure to be interested also. The shorter

the better.

Here is a chance for the woman of a purely domestic type. She is the one who can write the best verses and stories for the tiny tots if she will. It takes the mother heart to understand the child.

Unfortunately, alas, with that poor sense of the fitness of things which keeps your sex where it is, as a rule it is the domestic woman who tries

to write purple love poems, while the dried up old maid who never had a home perpetuates awful humor for the nursery.

Ladies, wake up!

There is no excuse for poor taste. Good judgment in dress or in interior decoration is something which can be cultivated very easily.

We should not allow ourselves to care for flashy colors for overornamentation or for furniture that is tortured into a jumble of different periods.

If you are not well informed on the subject, go to any public library and you will find books that will help you.

House Furnishing a Curative.

Good taste in furnishing a house can be dulled and distorted by association with poor taste, just as an ear for good music may be lost by hearing all the time cheap and catchy melodies.

Not only that, but if you surround yourself all the time with loud colors—red, yellow, orange, bright pink, etc.—you produce a marked effect on your character. It coarsens you in a way, by making you less sensitive to the more delicate shades, and doctors agree that it is very bad for the nerves and disposition. Some even go so far as to say that certain phases of breakdown can be cured by placing the patients in different colored rooms.

It is a mistake to suppose, as so many people do, that good furnishing is expensive.

Some of the most attractive apartments I have ever been in have been fitted up in drab and plain stained wood furniture to match the different wall papers.

Green is a particularly good color for people of small means. Pine tables and chairs may be stained the most attractive mossy tones. Green rugs are not, as a rule, expensive, and bits of old brass and copper, picked up here and there, harmonize with a room of this description beautifully. Next to a green room a brown one, relieved with touches of red, is most attractive.

It should have a lamp with a hanging fringe of red beads, red leather or tapestry cushions and a red carpet. If possible the woodwork and metal should be stained a shade of mink brown to correspond with the furniture.

Pictures Denote Character.

Before I close, I want to say a word about pictures.

Better none at all than the atrocious ones so often seen in the homes of people who should know better—for instance, old colored photographs save those of mountain scenery and forest

lands touched up most delicately and artistically; all animal pictures like lions behind real bars, dogs in highly ornamented gilt frames and horses in so called sporting frames with horse shoes, riding crops, etc. in relief; all sickly sentimental subjects and mandarin childish ones—in a word, the "popular" kind of "art" faulty in line and crude in coloring. We can neither afford to let our own nor our children's taste deteriorate by continually looking at that sort of caricature.

Better a few plain prints or illustrations cut from first class magazines. Failing that, let us have the

plain wall paper. At least that will not offend us if it is well chosen.

Hate Clyde

New York.

STYLES IN EVENING SLEEVES.

The small tight sleeves of evening gowns often have a sort of angel drapery to take away from the unpleasantness of the plain sleeve.



MISS BLANCHE DELRICHS, A POPULAR DEBUTANTE OF THE SEASON.

Miss Blanche Delrichs, one of the season's debutantes, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles May Delrichs of New York. She is the niece of Mrs. Joseph A. Havemeyer, Jr., and a sister of Mrs. Peter D. Martin of San Francisco. Miss Delrichs has been a member of the metropolitan dances and other dances for "girls not out" for several seasons and is frequently referred to as one of the most attractive "birds" in the fashionable set.

WHAT MODISH WILL WEAR.

Waistcoats are a great addition to the cloth costumes this winter. To wear with the elaborate reception gown the embroidered or brocaded ones are most effective, while for the summer street gown the hairy ribbed silk and satin, or "vesting," as it is called, is smarter. Single and double

breasted styles are equally fashionable, although it must be admitted that there are more of the double than the single breasted made up.

Almost without exception the long coats are considered the smartest, in spite of their being among the latest modish a few shorter ones to be

noticed. The long three-quarter is for the moment the most popular and will be for some little time to come, as it is the simplest practical in winter.

Smart simplicity should be the keynote of all garments a well bred woman wears to a business office. This style may seem monotonous, but as there should be the same fitness in a girl's working clothes as there is in

her theater robes she should not rebel at the necessary plainness of the former. It would be quite as appropriate for a man to wear his dress suit in the office as for a girl to dress in lingerie, etc. for work in town and late evenings and short sleeves are bad taste. They are associated with the light or leisure side of life into which business does not enter. High heel

shoes for business are in bad taste, while jewelry, well, no girl with fastidious refinement would dream of wearing such ornaments during the working day.

Almost banished in our front aspect is the worst costume arrangement, the aid from Paris. The hair is emphatically parted on the left and brushed softly and flatly over to the

right. In back it is dressed low and flat, with a curl or two on the back. This mode has already made its appearance in Philadelphia some time ago. To a certain type of face the left part is becoming, but it might be suggested that it is not the ordinary face.

For evening a new "width" trim dress skirt has seven plaits on either side of

the wide center plait, these narrow box plaits in the middle of four knife plaits. Each pair of the latter lies toward the body plait.

Before spring comes we may be having curves and hips. There is a growing tendency for longer waists, and the very recent models for spring, receive tell us, will not be fashioned empty.



MRS. PHILANDER C. KNOX, WIFE OF THE NEXT SECRETARY OF STATE.

Mrs. Philander C. Knox, the wife of the next secretary of state—Mr. Knox having accepted the tender from President Woodrow Wilson—is the gracious mistress of four homes. The official residence will be the mansion built in Washington by George W. Childs. The family residences is in Pittsburgh. The farm home, which is the favorite with Mr. and Mrs. Knox, is at Valley Forge. The summer home is at Beverly Farms. Mrs. Knox's father was the late Andrew Smith of Allegheny, Pa. She is the mother of three sons and one daughter. The latter is Mrs. James Robert Trimble of Pittsburgh.