

# PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR THE GLAD NEW YEAR

PARIS, Dec. 12. Of course all Paris that can possibly crowd in will be at the early solemn high mass at Notre Dame as usual this coming New Year's morning. And a glorious service it is, an uplift for the soul. The entire month of January, beginning with the first day of the year, is a strenuous time for the Parisian, a time of great social activity, for it is absolutely obligatory that each and every member of a family shall pay a formal visit to the grandparents, sisters, cousins and aunts of his or her particular line. Presents, too, are on this first day of the incoming year exchanged among the grownups, the children having received theirs at Noel. Good resolutions even the stranger within the gates is supposed to make, and perhaps the most self-sacrificing renunciation for femininity is going to be the resolve not to indulge in any more fascinating winter frocks. And, apropos of clothes, a great change has come over the spirit of dress since last New Year's day. Then we were content to regard as new fashions that differed little from their predecessors. Now we have executed a complete volte face and have reached back a hundred years or more to the somewhat alarming, yet wholly delightful, modes of the directoire, which we have adopted almost in their entirety. It remains to be seen whether we will prove more faithful to them than did the fickle belles of the end of the eighteenth century, who soon abandoned them for the classic lines of the empire. We on our part have reversed this order; we have passed through the empire vogues first and so have arrived finally at their starting point. As to what will follow, who can tell?

## Changes in Styles Since Last Year.

Since last New Year's our skirts have narrowed to infinitesimal width, our waists have mounted higher and increased in size, our sleeves closely define the arms and shoulders, our hats have descended lower and lower over our foreheads and ears, and our collars have raised themselves to what Dominio Sampson called "prodigious" heights. Such is the bald outline of the fashionable silhouette.

The cutaway coat, though much longer in its skirts, and the short trotteur skirts are still with us for utility's sake, but every other modish detail has altered almost beyond recognition. Every other corsage, for example, shows the inevitable guimpe and the square Byzantine empiement with wearying monotony, and the evening frocks are creations that depend on masterly draping for smart effects.

So insistent is the capricious goddess of fashion in suppressing any exuberance in our outlines that it seems as if there would be little left to remind us of the feminine form divine. Hips, bust and shoulders are all submitted to the attenuating process, while the waist best achieves the desired effect by being conspicuous for



its absence. Yet we find the latest silhouette charming because it is the latest, and the newest fashion is always our ideal of beauty, while the discarded mode, dipping down below the horizon to take its place among the "have beens" is voted ugly and condemned.

The line of beauty, as we all know, is no longer curved; the straight one from the shoulders downward is the coveted one, and embroideries, braiding and trimmings are all arranged in square designs to carry out the conventional effect. Frills are no more synonymous with frocks, and it is evident in all this studied straining after simplicity, which to be successful means expensive workmanship and a master hand to carry it through, the ideal is to get away from the common herd, to secure the distinction by attention to line.

Evening wraps form an interesting study. They are either built on the lines of the old Roman toga, falling in sumptuous folds and loose ends, one of which can be thrown over the shoulder for extra warmth just as the Roman did in the brave days of old, or they are fashioned like a priestly vestment, with straight back and narrow fronts and enriched with embroidery that outlines their ecclesiastical prototype. The close fitting redingote belted in satin is one of the newest of the new outside wraps.

The tailored costume at its latest is expressed in coarse serge, and the coat is practically covered with braiding and the short skirt so narrow that it is slit up the side for a few inches to give greater ease in walking. The smartest suit I have seen recently of a tailored type had a redingote suggesting a soutane or cassock, absolutely plain and tight fitting, molding the body from shoulders to feet with only one or two rows of buttons down the front for ornament and a deep leather belt worn very high waisted. Such simplicity requires for its complete success a perfect figure and a

perfect cut. The large fur turban and the immense muff are the proper finish to such a tailored costume. The marabout turban has already fallen a victim to popularity. It put in an appearance here, there and everywhere and is now avoided by the exclusive elegants. The large hat is adorable in its sweeping curves and, robust of its high crown, which in the summer made it a monstrosity, it no longer looks ridiculous when seen with a moderately large brim. It is at its best trimmed with long uncurled ostrich plumes or a skillful drapery of satin or velvet, though, as I am forced to record what is absolutely newest, I must mention the bands of fur which envelop the crown and sometimes form the entire hat and make of it not so much a thing of beauty as a weariness to the flesh with its weight and heat.

## The New Diversion.

Now, what do you think is the latest amusement, or, as the French say, "nouveau jeu"? It is to find out what was worn a century ago, exactly date for date a hundred years back. What was generally the fashion is of course easy to decide, every woman knows, but to describe accurately and in detail a toilet of that distant past is not so simple. It must not be a style of yesterday or even of tomorrow. It requires study, research and erudition. A carelessly copied or fancifully imagined toilet would ruin your reputation for elegance. What you have must be authentic. This trick of authentic dressing is amusing, but grows tiresome if carried too far. It is, however, the newest fad, and we may notice its effects everywhere. I do most sincerely hope this craze will soon yield to another craze less learned and, let me speak my mind, less boring. For instance, you meet a friend who is in the "swim," while you yourself are not exactly there—you are ignorant of the new trick, the nouveau jeu, in fact—and the following dialogue takes place: "Good morning, dear. How are you?" "Your Tallien is lovely." "Glad you think so."

"I do, indeed."

"You know, darling, of course, what made most sensation on Nov. 10, 1808?" "Really, you don't say so! No!"

"On Nov. 10, 1808, there were few redingotes in velvet because they spoiled the effect of the cashmeres, which were so much in vogue then. The redingote was just a trifle shorter than the white petticoat showing beneath it. The hats were yellow, yellow tresses or capotes. What I have seen also is a pistachio colored hat and a 'sort of small corset'—corset is the word used—worn over the dress, not unlike the masculine spencer and which slips off like a shawl."

"Well, I am not a 'small corset,' but I will slip off all the same. Goodby, dear."

And off you slip, wondering whether your friend is in her right senses or not. And there lies the beauty of this nouveau jeu. It is perhaps witty; it is certainly startling.

CATHERINE TALBOT.

## The Merry Heart In Woman "Goes All the Day;" The Road That Leads to Life's Beauty Spots

WITH the advent of cold weather the large hat disappears and the jaunty fur turban takes its place. This is the smartest thing now being worn.

It is made of white fox, lynx or mink. The white turbans are trimmed with gold rosettes and stiff gold quills. They are very becoming because the shape is made rather high, more on the order of a military hat.

Nearly every woman in this town is wearing a black lynx set. It is a furore. If I were a black cat I would run for my life, because I don't believe for one moment in the supply of black lynx can equal the demand. Anyway, it is all very pretty, whatever it is. The muffs are also of the fur order, lined with shirred silk, decorated with the head and paws. The stoles are wide, on the collar order, made also with heads and tails. When these are worn over colored tailor made suits with a big black hat the effect is stunning.

A new neckpiece has been invented. It is called "the devil." It is made of black satin, lined with red silk. In form it is very odd, eight gores ending in points; top and bottom flare out to fit the neck and shoulders. This is long enough to form a shallow yoke effect and high enough to reach the tip of the chin. The whole effect is very smart.

Coarse net much on the order of that used for window curtains is all the rage. It is used for waists, guimpes and even whole dresses. The last are trimmed with bands of net, embroidered heavily with floss or soutache.

Irish lace, both the real and the imitation, is dyed in a variety of shades, gray being the most popular. I have seen a dress of gray Irish lace most beautifully combined with cloth panels, hand embroidered. These were drawn straight into a short waisted effect of the gray lace draped to one side with a big buckle. The hat which went with this was of velvet, covered with gray plumes, and the coat of lace and cloth had a collar and cuffs of chinchilla. Of course the boots worn with such a dainty toilet were of gray suede.

In evening dresses the sleeves almost disappear. They take the form of mere caps, often transparent ones, and fashion demands that the gloves worn with them should be of suede or exactly the same shade. They should be the longest length drawn up as tightly as possible and held in place by means of an elastic band sewed into the upper edge of the glove in such a manner

that it is invisible. The shirred silk elastic with the fancy bow is no longer in good taste.

## The Spick and Span Style.

Tailor makes show the influence of the empire styles in a marked degree. There is no waist line to the coats, which fall absolutely straight and fit without a ripple across the hips and back. The skirts are very scanty, and where they are not extended above the waist line, a wide belt of the same color is worn with them.

The new petticoats are in many cases made with jersey tops to give smooth fitting hips, and when this is not the case they are made of soft silk and gored most carefully so that they button down the back.

If a woman is naturally untidy in her dress, she should wear the simplest costumes possible. A tailor made is easiest to keep spick and span. The waist can be laundered and cleaned, while the straight lines of the coat are not easy to rumple. A fancy dress on the other hand, is a constant pitfall to the untidy girl who is not "particular." Guimpes have a way of rising up in the back and looking most untidy. Braid and trimmings get ripped, and jabots and sash ends badly adjusted are enough to ruin a Paquin creation.

If your clothes are too much for you, Mlle. Careless, wear simple ones, but, oh, be spick and span, with every button sewed on and every hem even.

## The Merry Heart Goes All the Day.

The woman who philosophizes in this world is struck by many things.

For instance: This world is divided into two classes, those who are alive and those who are not. They ought to be separated from each other by a great partition, but unfortunately this does not exist.

The quick and the dead are allowed to mingle, even to marry, ye gods! And why is this? Oh, it's a wise dispensation of Mother Nature. She doesn't care how we feel about things. She moves us around like puppets so we'll benefit the whole world and turn a deaf ear to our own discomfort. Can you see what would become of this world if it were otherwise? Half of us would be drawing life's dividends twenty years ahead of time, and the rest would curl up into drab nothingness like dead leaves.

If you are really alive and life is a great and beautiful thing to you, be grateful for it. There are so many people who go stumbling through this world and find it dreary because they

keep their eyes fixed on the ground. If you have a canary singing in your heart and your brain is clear and eager, be thankful you have more than riches. You are alive in every sense of the word—divinely and beautifully alive.

Little straws show which way the wind blows. The woman who begins things without finishing them need never hope for success. Examine yourself, madame. How about that dress in china painting? You never finished? How about those shirt waist

patterns still lying in that upper drawer? One day you are full of ambition. You talk as if the world was already yours. The next you are lying on the davenport nibbling bonbons and reading a silly novel. Do you think that is the

way to win out in life? Consider it. If you want to be bright, go with bright people, don't waste your time with a lot of conventionally stupid persons. If you are quiet in your tastes and want to stay so, why try to keep up with a noisy, fashionable crowd that tries you to death? "Tell me who you go with and I will tell you what you are," is one of the few true proverbs that have been written. "Tell me how you do things and I will tell you what you can do," is also a truism.

It is by these ordinary things of life that you can size a person up and make very few mistakes in doing it.

## Common Sense Religion.

There is a new religion nowadays which may be combined with any creed you may happen to practice, and that is the religion of common sense—common sense in food, common sense in self control, common sense in dealing with the world, common sense in dealing with your own self.

Any number of bright men and women are writing and teaching these things.

They are trying to show us that this world is a happy place when once we understand it and fashion our lives in a sensible way according to our individual needs. It is not a "vale of

Nibbling bonbons and reading novels."



tears," as old fashioned preachers would have us believe. It is a strenuous, healthy, bustling place where each person has a certain work to do, and if that work is carried out as was intended the reward is happiness.

## Degrees of Plainness.

And now I am serious. I believe in this world, where things were meant to be beautiful, we were intended to keep bright and shining the "talent" of personal comeliness. Why were we made pretty otherwise? And a great number of us were made attractive in outward sign of good health, of a wise and temperate life, a well balanced mind, a judicious use of the other talents God gave us. I am not writing marvels of pretty faces, for in these days a pretty face is not a very important thing after all. How much more beauty lies in a hundred and one directions! I have a knack of admiring plain people so much and enjoying the doing of it, but I admit it depends upon the right kind of plainness.

So cheer up, you who read this. The world is a pretty good place after all.

If you are at present doing something you were not intended to do, if you are struggling with some mode of life or work utterly distasteful, of course you are not happy. You can't be. But find out what you are most adapted for and do that thing whether it is making a home, taking care of a family or shaping a career. You'll soon discover that life is anything but a desolate spot or an antechamber to the other world where one simply moans and waits. On the contrary, it is filled with beauty and with interest.

Hate Clyde

New York.

PRETTY TRIMMINGS. Italian cut work, used in large, bold patterns, marks the graceful outlines of many very handsome jacket suits. In style the cut work shows irregular lines and block work set in medallion shapes and odd designs.

Another trimming on sheer dresses is furnished in nun's tucks. This is very pretty for a trimming on a thin afternoon dress. Just as neat and much more noticeable is the new arrangement of color upon linen calling gowns.

On one white dress was a front panel effect made entirely of blue flots. Three bands encircled the skirt, also embroidered with flots, and the narrow yoke outlines and slit sleeves also showed the same pattern in miniature.

## THE NEW LINEN COLLAR.

The change that has come about in fastening blouses in the front instead of the back has been almost imperceptible, but the change in collars has been made overnight.

Isn't it the irony of fate that no corner does fashion arrange it that women can have comfort in a blouse that fastens in front fashion also arranges it to twist the collar around and fasten it at the back?

The comfortable turnover linen collar now meets at the back, fastens in the ordinary way, except that its edges must be brought together with hooks and eyes or bar pins. There is no opening in front, and a large bow or jabot or other kind of ornament is put at the front.

## BABY BONNETS.

Time was when only all white was allowed for the baby's bonnet. Now the youngster can wear a blue or pink bow even at the age of two months.

Rosettes are often used instead of bows, and these are over each ear. The strings remain all white, very soft and without starch. They are made of mull and edge with a bit of fine lace.



GREETING THE NEW YEAR WITH SMILES.

## BRIEF VANITIES.

Never, even if you are caught in a pelting rainstorm or blizzard of snow, come in and place your feet near a fire to dry. They will soon lose their lustre if subjected to this treatment. Each hair of fur is like the hair of the head—a tiny tube filled with the smallest imaginable bit of oil. The heat will dry this out and cause the fur to look dull. Wet furs need only to be shaken

and hung in a dry place for awhile. The only treatment needed to keep furs in good condition while in use is frequent shaking, with a light caning on the wrong side. Beat the fur with a cane to free the pelt from dust and make the fur fluffy, but not hard enough to injure the silk lining.

Scratching of the back takes so little time and is so easy to do that there

is no excuse for any one to complain that she was "in a hurry." A turn on the heel, a twist of the mirror, the deed is done, and milady may saunter forth conscious that from every view she is neat and clean cut.

There is a plume that is making a furore, and that is the peacock feather, once ruled out of court by the superstitious, but now very evidently regarded no more as a baneful possession. The more slender the quill and

the smaller the eye of the peacock plume the better it is liked. White ones are at present very uncommon and therefore much admired.

One of the anachronisms of the winter season just opening is the chiffon coat. The chiffon is literally incriminated with braid and is cut in the simplest lines that can adapt themselves to a human figure. It is usually made in the color of the costume, but occasionally takes a contrasting tone—a bright

color with dun toned toilets, white or black with bright ones. The gauze coat, happily, is not for wintry blasts, but serves to give an outdoor effect to indoor gowns for public places, such as the restaurant, theater, etc. Over it is worn the street coat, usually of fur.

The girl who cannot afford to wear light colored satin or kid slippers in the evening and who does not want to wear heavy half shoes has taken up

the gray suede pumps. These are exceedingly pretty and go with all manner of gowns. They have a thick enough sole to protect the foot when the wearer must walk to a place of entertainment. Many of them have three cornered or square toes with a gray or silver buckle at base.

It is a popular belief that furs are becoming to every woman, but there never was a greater fallacy, for certain skins will suit only certain individuals. Yet, as a rule, when buying furs the richness of the pelt or the style is alone considered, whether the skin is becoming being a secondary feature, if even thought of.