

WHAT WELL DRESSED WOMEN WILL WEAR

BY *Anne Rittenhouse*

THE NEW COTTON FABRICS IMITATE THE WINTER ONES

Voile With a Jacquard Design Will Be the Novelty for Spring and Ratine Will Again Be Popular in Various Weaves—Cheruit Shows Oriental Sashes—These Will Be Drawn Over the Hips and Tied at the Sides—Worth Insists Upon Angel Sleeves.

(BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE.)

We have rather a good method in America of going slowly on new fabrics until the public gives a verdict and then multiplying the product. This has been the case with ratine and with rough weaves of all kinds. Paris began using volours de laine, chambré cloth and various ratines two years ago last August, but they were imported in small lengths to this country and made no headway during the first winter season.

In the spring cotton ratines were brought out in quantities and the public received them with sufficient enthusiasm to make them pay; this last August, when the French again showed the same fabrics as those of the year before, Americans took them up and flooded the markets from New York to Texas with them. They were variously called. Those who would them gathered them under the general name of ratine and chinchilla, but all the Paris weaves were here.

It looks as though they would remain in fashion until next January. If one judges by what the manufacturers say and not by what Paris will decide next August. No matter what Paris does decide the fabric will probably share the same fate as the ratine and volours de laine of two years ago, by being ignored over here.

Whatever we are wearing now is of small importance in the way of news, but it has its bearing on what is to come, for the new spring fabrics will be modeled after the present ones. Cotton ratine will be reinstated, and it is probable that it will be as popular as white linen and more serviceable, in that it does not crush. It will come in the different shades of blue, also in white, in violet, in brown and black. Some of the latter are very smart, especially when worn with fine white blouses, with a touch of black at the neck and a black and white hat.

There will also be silk ratines, crepe de chine, a new kind of voile and a cotton chambré, which it is claimed will give much the appearance of the chambré satin, which has served us well for several years.

This new voile will be quite attractive, for it is covered with a Jacquard weave which has been revived after ten years' absence from the loom. Everything has the Jacquard design this winter. It was probably brought out first on marseilles, and women liked it so much that it has

been introduced into silk and cotton fabrics for spring and summer. There is one silk which has it in which are woven nine different colors, and the result is not as fantastic as one might think.

There are also cotton voiles with deep agaric borders in colors or plain, which will be used as an edge to tunics and for the hem of the skirt, and also for that deep Oriental sash which Cheruit introduced six months after the panama. As for crepe de chine, plain, striped, with a Persian pattern or a Jacquard design, there will evidently be no end of it. We may become as wearied of it as we now are of taupe, which remains lovely, but has lost by familiarity.

When one shop could display seventy-two tones of it in one day, it was too much for even an artistic color, and since then the fastidious woman has grown shy of it. Paris, however, has not, and it is probable that the same thing will happen now as has happened before, in that a color or a garment will have a second and stronger life. Seal brown is its rival as far as the French houses are concerned, and the American women are recognizing its beauty as the season progresses.

Satin dinner gowns in deep seal brown are considered unusual and artistic, especially when they are touched up with that queer prismatic orange or dull Chinese blue. One of the best frocks worn in this deep brown has a draped skirt over a narrow slashed underskirt which is faced with the blue and partly turned back in the shape of envelope flaps. The bodice is half of shirred tulle in the same tone of brown and extends into a high Medici collar at back and drops into a deep V in front. Inside the brown tulle, against the neck line, is softly drawn a fold of flesh tulle mingled with a ribbon of Chinese blue velvet which twists itself into a lover's knot at the bust. The long sleeves are of shirred tulle and are finished at the wrist with a frill of tea lace and a knot of blue velvet ribbon.

There is a new tone of pink that also combines with the fashionable seal brown as well as Chinese blue and orange, but it takes a certain combination of skin and hair to wear it. It is called Nell rose. The name came about in an interesting way. Remembering the popularity of Alice blue, one of the important manufacturers sent some shades of pink to Miss Eleanor Wilson, the daughter of the president-elect, asking her to make a choice among

them. She chose this tone of rose and the manufacturers immediately called it Nell rose; the shops offer it as the novelty in color.

All the talk that drifts to and fro concerning new colors and fabrics is not as important or interesting to the woman who buys clothes as is the gossip about cut and style. The people in the trade of clothes know what a tremendous part fabric plays and they also recognize that it is almost the only medium of exclusiveness in costumes.

There has also ceased to be any striking individuality about one gown or coat or hat or suit because all the buyers from America see all the French models at the same time and make a disastrously uniform selection. These are copied by the thousands over here and a woman who pays \$60 for a gown at her dressmaker's on Tuesday will see its exact copy for \$29.29 in a shop window on Wednesday. It is in the material, and in this only that a woman can hope to be exclusive in her choice of clothes.

America neither makes nor imports large quantities of the French fabrics at the time when they are new and desirable, and so the woman who wears a cutaway suit of marseilles in October knows that she will meet a hundred like suits in cut but probably not two in that fabric. The exclusive importers of materials bank heavily on this fact and allow the dressmakers who have a rich clientele an experimental handling of short lengths of remarkable fabric that cannot be gotten in this country. It is also for this reason that a woman pays more for the fabric she uses than for any novelty in style. She has learned this expensive lesson at a large cost and the importers have taught it to her.

But are there so few novelties in style, you ask. The answer is that there are novelties than the average woman cares to keep up with, but the present wholesale method of copying a new cut that is shown in Paris destroys a novelty as soon as it is out. The mills evidently in America cannot work as rapidly as the tailors and dressmakers do, because they do not supply novel material until a year after its birth. Possibly there is some secrecy between the manufacturers of the two countries and we are not able to buy their ideas, or possibly they do not choose to sell their products to America in the wholesale way that the Paris dressmakers do.

Now what about the styles? What do those in the watch towers foretell? There is nothing newer than the heralde have already shouted, such as short coats, pleated skirts, accordion pleating in all manner of garments, Russian blouses with the same wrist to stand out like honey skirts and again the long sleeve. Cutaway coats are safe for another season, although the straight box coat made of marseilles or broadened crepe de chine is coming back into fashion with the immense fur collar and cuffs. At a distance it looks surprisingly like a wadded satin dressing room sack.

Such coats are worn over skirts of velvet or velours de laine, and it is said they will be worn over knitted ones that are quite plain and narrow.

Paul Poirot is showing such a suit made of Parma violet velvet and cloth. The straight jacket is lavishly edged with fur and the short skirt is excessively slim and its knife pleating stretched into severe folds. With this is carried an immense muff of seal brown velvet edged with fur and heavily embroidered in a Jacquard design in colored floss. The hat matches the muff.

Cheruit, who has been introducing quite a number of novelties in the last few years, whether because she chooses to depart from the elegant conservatism which has been past or because of her partnership with a famous German designer, has brought out the Oriental sash in a most attractive way. She used it last August, but the public did not care for it. The Americans avoided it and only the smart Russian and French women took it up.

The first gown she showed which had

this sash, was imitative of a Turkish costume. The skirt was gathered at the hips and bagged over a slim, narrow foundation from knees to ankles, and there was a wide cash over the hips and a bolero blouse with long tight sleeves. The turban of beaver to match, with its embroidered front completed the decidedly Eastern costume.

She is now using this hip sash on evening gowns of broad silk and is introducing it on one piece frocks with charming effect. Sometimes the sash remains in the color of the gown, which is the taste one would expect from Cheruit, yet her imitators have seen in it their chance for a color combination and they make it in brilliant tones. Premet, for instance, whose color sense is amazing,

has introduced the sash in gorgeous Oriental silks which seem to be cut from a Mandarin's robe.

There is no doubt that this sash in many forms will play a large role in the early spring costume. It will be used in the original form, which is quite becoming over the slender hip, natural or otherwise, of the fashionably shaped woman. Worn in this way it touches the waist line at the top, passes across the hips from right to left, and is knotted at the left side of the back with the free ends heavily weighted with bands of fur or velvet brocade. Beer is using it as a straightaway drape, which holds the waist in quite lightly, extends for four inches above it; one end passes under the girdle and falls in a fringe half way to the knees.

Even some of the new top coats that have been worn at the races in Paris show a form of this sash in a five inch band that goes straight across the front and ends with buttons beyond the under-arm seam; and, by the way, this same coat introduces a combination of cape and angel sleeve that might be called an exaggerated dolman for want of a better term.

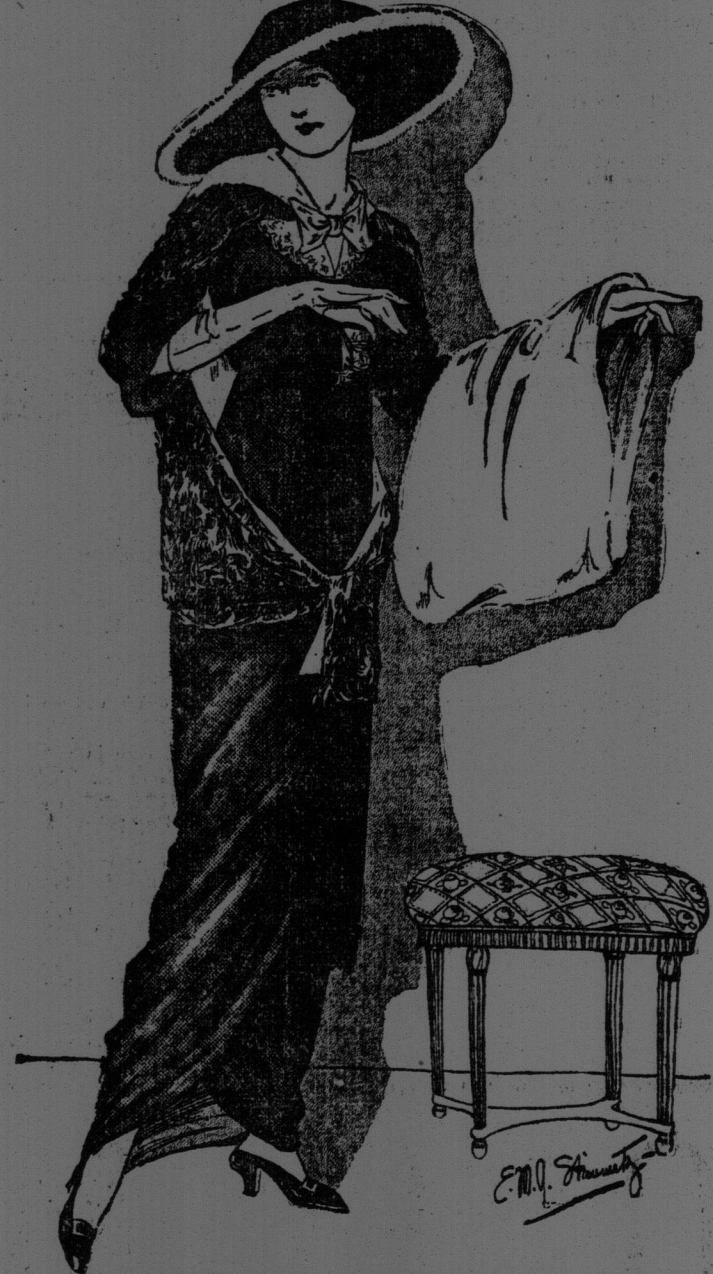
The cape effect is at the back, extending over the shoulders, and is shaped in long loose panels over the arm to the hem. These protect the arms, which come through slits in the side seams. There is a great deal of style to this garment, especially when it is made in brown with an orange lining, with one sleeve thrown

back, army fashion, over the left shoulder.

Worth is still showing angel sleeves, and Calot uses them in many of her effective dinner gowns. One dressmaker says they are all very well if they don't get in the soup, and one of Worth's methods of preventing this, although his artistic head would never entertain the thought, is to fasten the edge of the sleeve to a 36-inch bracelet worn at the wrist. This is done with a white satin gown, which is plainly made except for three splendid old lace flounces draped around the skirt. The bodice is a mere wrap of tulle and lace, and the wing sleeve, made of the two fabrics, is held to the arm by the new bar bracelet, made of small brilliant set in platinum.



THE RETURN OF LACE IS MOST EMPHATIC IN HOUSE GOWNS. THE SKETCH SHOWS A GOWN, AT RIGHT, MADE OF LACE FLOUNCES OVER A WHITE ACCORDION PLEATED CHIFFON SKIRT. THE WRAP SHOWN AT THE LEFT IS OF ROSE PINK MATELASSÉ WITH COLLAR AND CUFFS OF SKUNK.

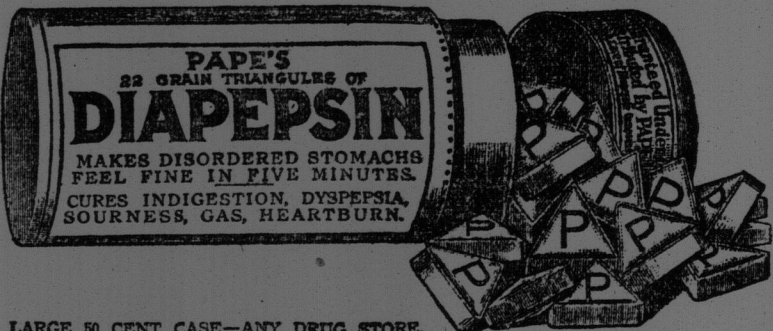


QUAINT SHAPES IN FURS ARE TO BE EXPECTED WHEN PELTRY IS AS LAVISHLY USED AS NOW. HERE IS A MANTLE OF PERSIAN LAMB AND PRMINE, THE LATTER MADE INTO A SHORT COLLAR.

GOT INDIGESTION? STOMACH UPSET? BELCHING UP GAS OR SOUR FOOD?

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable you mustn't injure it with drastic drugs.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; it's harmless; it's certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. It's millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.



LARGE 50 CENT CASE—ANY DRUG STORE.

My Friends' Husbands

(London Daily Mail.)

I suppose every woman who has been married knows that the ideal husband does not exist, any more than does the ideal wife. But sometimes one is tempted to be a little envious over the charm—in public, that is—of the men one's women friends have married.

My own husband does approach very close to my ideal of what a life-partner should be—when we are alone. He has all the home virtues but very few of the social sort.

When I am particularly anxious for him to shine in someone else's house he is quite certain to be at his very worst. He is dour, shy, silent, even—sometimes fancy—slightly inattentive in his attitude towards me.

Alone, in our own house, he is all that the most exacting wife could require. He talks well and fluently, he listens with interest to what I have got to say; he fetches and carries for me, delights in providing me with small comforts, shows me the best of what is in his heart. We are as close as well as lovers.

But not a single other human being ever allowed to see this. When a third person is present we become as distant in our manner to each other as the merest acquaintances. I am sure we must have earned the reputation, by this time, of a couple who have made a distinctly unsuccessful marriage.

The most charming man I know is the husband of a very close friend of mine. They have been married for two years, and for the first twelve months I resisted the temptation to tell the wife of my admiration for her life-partner. I wanted her to know that I thought her the luckiest of women, but it seemed a little tactless to do so too soon.

I contented myself with asking the couple to dinner as often as possible and watching, with real pleasure, the husband's devotion to his bride. Although

he was obviously the centre of all his thoughts, he was not too engrossed with her to talk to his friends, and he was interested in anyone whom she happened to be interested in or who had had some connection with her past. (My own husband seemed to regard everyone I knew before my marriage with instinctive suspicion and dislike.)

The inevitable long, confidential, feminine talk came at last, however, and with it disillusionment. My friend (I will call her Mrs. R.) told me that her life was being made miserable by her husband's uncontrollable jealousy.

His Fussy Attentions. She also complained that his fussy attentiveness was getting on her nerves. She was naturally an active woman, but since her marriage she had been unable to undertake the smallest exertion apart from him without sending him into a state of chafed and utterly unequalled anxiety. She alluded to my husband's calm and indifferent manner as a thing to be carefully detested. So much for the first of my illusions!

Mr. and Mrs. G. are another couple about whom I have found my first impressions rather false of the mark. The attitude towards each other is apparently that of a married school boy and school girl. They are continually "nagging" one another, and their usual form of address is: "Hullo, old woman!" or "Hullo, old man!"

It all looks and sounds affectionate enough, though it is apt to be a little noisy. The two always enter a room together, arm in arm; if they leave it again separately it is with a resounding splash on the shoulder or a shout of "See you later, old chap!" by way of farewell. Instead of the chivalrous manner I admire in the husband of Mrs. R., this husband affects to treat his wife as he would treat

a younger brother. I admired that too until I heard the other side of it.

The Boy and Girl Pose

Mr. G.—his wife has lately confessed to me—is not quite so up-to-date in his matrimonial aspect as he would have people suppose. He is really the pampered "mother's boy" who invariably becomes a domestic autocrat and is dependent on his wife for all the small cooing to which a too-devoted mamma and a large family of sisters have accustomed him.

His wife's time is largely spent in airing his linen and darning his socks and devising dinners which shall be varied enough to please him and yet avoid the household and one articles of diet which he declares he cannot take for fear of indigestion. I suppose he himself is thoroughly ashamed of his dependence, and covers it by a great display of "equality" in his relations in public with his wife.

Why his wife consents to respond to his boy-and-girl friendship pose I do not quite know. I suppose it is a matter of pride with her.

I know several examples of a third type of charming man; the man who is charming at all times except when he is alone with his wife.

He is the polished conversationalist, the man of the world who is an unqualified success at dinner parties, and who will talk brilliantly on any subject you like to name except the one on which the average male is most fluent. He will not talk about himself.

For a little while this is quite pleasant. One yields to the subtle flattery implied in his polite interest in one's own affairs and opinions. And then one begins to want to hear a little about him. But no amount of careful probing elicits any information of a personal sort. He will state a few theories vaguely, diffidently, but when one presses him for some definite expression of likes or dislikes, or venture, concrete or spiritual, of his own, he emphatically disclaims the possession of any individuality worthy of one's attention even for five minutes.

That is where he ceases to be charming, because he implies a want of trust in his fellow-conversationalist. And does this sort of man adopt the same attitude of modest self-effacement with his own wife? According to two or three wives of my acquaintance who have reason to know him well he does not.

Apparently there is no husband so complete an egotist in his own home as the one who will not talk about himself outside of it. His wife's affairs are ignored. She is not supposed to have any views at all; she is merely a listener, while her companion pours out his thoughts about himself day after day, year after year. He can listen when he wants to. He listens to the talk of other women. Have I not just said that he has frequently, at dinner parties, listened to me?

Am I not better off, after all, with my honest rough-diamond than these friends of mine who have married men with more charm? Besides, my husband does possess charm, only he will not allow other people to discover the fact. Perhaps some day I shall find a means of taking him un-awares and coaxing it out of him, even in the presence of an audience. M. M.

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UGH! HOW CHILDREN HATE CASTOR OIL

To Clean the Little One's Stomach Liver and Waste-clogged Bowel. Give Gentle "Syrup of Figs"

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the physic that mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Ten days of harsh physic is over. We don't force the liver and 30 feet of bowels now we coax them. We have no dreaded after-effects. Mothers who cling to the old for of physic simply don't realize what it does. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their little stomachs and tender bowels are injured by them.

If your child is fretful, peevish, his sick, stomach sour, breath festerish as its little system full of cold, has diarrhoea, sore throat, stomach-ache; doesn't eat, rest well—remember—look at the tongue it coated, give a teaspoonful of Syrup of Figs, then don't worry, because your child will have a well, smiling child in a few hours.

Syrup of Figs being composed entirely of licorice, figs, senna and aromatic stimulants cannot be harmful. It sweetens the stomach, makes the liver active and thorough cleanses the little one's waste-clogged bowels. In a few hours all sour bile, undigested fermenting food and constipated matter gently move on and out of system without gripping or nausea.

Directions for children of all ages, for grownups, plainly printed on the box.

By all means get the genuine. Ask your druggist for the full name "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna" prepared by the G. F. Figs Syrup Co. Accept nothing else.

A FAVORABLE SHOWING. The Canadian Bankruptcy Liquidators 1912 were the smallest since 1906.