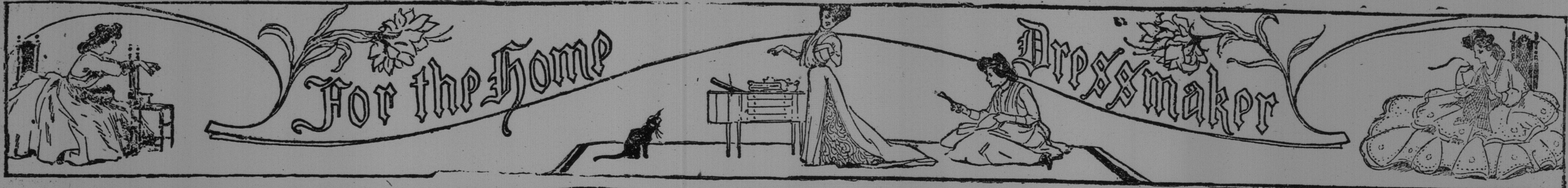


THE ST. JOHN STAR



FASHIONABLE GOODS FOR AFTERNOON DRESSES

BROADCLOTH heads the list of fabrics this fall as it did last winter for the dressier sort of suits—those you wear to afternoon receptions and teas, and for any thing else that calls itself a daytime affair. Plenty of the whole costumes, which Paris has decreed for this winter, are made of it; more of them, though, of marquisette—that wonderful stuff that is like a grenadine etherized. Marquisette, by the way, came in last spring, but so late that it practically missed the season, and so starts off this fall like something brand new.

All the treatments possible to grenadine, and, on the other hand, to chiffon (over which Paris has waxed so enthusiastic as to raise serious doubts in the minds of other nations as to her sanity in dress), are possible with marquisette, and a few others which are practically impossible with any other material.

Voile-chiffon—or chiffon-voile, for they're alike in spite of pretended differences—is another material that promises well for this winter. It has just a little more body than has chiffon, both, and comparatively the beautiful drapings and lines in which it falls, last winter. It is another of the all-silk dress stuffs which take on a curious, shimmering effect, unlike silk in that it seems to hold the

light instead of reflecting it in the slightest degree. The open mesh which stamps it as voile half blurs the color, but makes it only the more mysteriously beautiful.

Hani-embroidered robes—almost magnificent in the lavish way embroidery is applied—are of broadcloth, or of eolienne, or of the softest of mesaline, with lace, dyed to tone in exquisitely with the foundation let into the design. Eolienne, by the way, holds its own this fall, every grade of it, from the expensive cotton stuff that makes up interesting little gowns at nominal cost, to the all-silk varda, with many a stop in between at all-wool and silk-and-wool varieties.

A new stuff, somewhat like poplin, but as much lighter than poplin as chiffon is than silk, comes by the name of camise. But the list of new names and new stuffs is formidable. Several characteristics mark them all, though: an adaptability that is like chiffon—is derived from chiffon, in fact, and a softening of color everywhere.

Not that the good, rich shades are abolished—far from it. These are the days when garnet and wine and dahlia shades are brought mightily to the fore, each in new shades. Wine, for instance, may mean anything from the deep, soft red note that has gone by that name for years and years to a beautiful pur-

plish tint, dignified by the title of "Bordeaux."

And the dahlia shades are even more varied and more elusive. In fact, the color range of those three alone is almost kaleidoscopic in its many changes.

But gray—the silvery shade known as "argent" on through the whole shadow-world of shades to the deep, strong street colors—is more interesting than ever, and as popular as it was last spring, when, for a little while, it looked as though nothing else would be worn.

Of course, such stuffs as marquisette, and voile-chiffon, and the rest of 'em, must be made up over silk—almost everything is insistent in its demands for silk. And silk linings add one more shimmering touch of enchantment to them.

Lace Keeps Its Popularity

LACE shows no decline in popularity, in spite of the dire prophecies of failure made by certain depressing mortals. And the old rule of imitations affecting the popularity of the real has been proved as false in its way as never has anything been so imitated and travestied as has Irish lace. Yet it holds its own, and promises this winter to be even more extravagantly used than it was last year.



THE "SCOTCH CRAZE" HOLDS SWAY OVER PARIS FASHIONS

PARIS, Sept. 30. THIS is the season dear to the heart of the great Paris designer—days that find Paris transformed by travelers to an American city, and when good, wholesome American English comes as natural to the ear in a promenade on the boulevards as it would on Broadway.

It is many years now since the tailor and hatter first began to share windows devoted to costumes for the French hunting season with styles appropriate for an autumn voyage; so many years, indeed, that the hunting costume is now frequently relegated to a very small corner. And mounting the steps to those "chic" counteries of the Rue de la Paix, who would scorn the publicity of a shop window, one finds the salons crowded with Americans, for whom these winter models have been prepared so much in advance of their season.

Last news of all, the Scotch craze. Hats, turbans for women and caps for boys and girls; raincoats of Scotch check; separate kilts of Scotch plaid; and, finally, the Highlander's entire costume—not for the little boy, as we have grown accustomed to seeing it in London, but for grown women—young women, let us hope, and always very slender ones, for the jaunty charm would easily become ridiculous with any but the freshest type of face and figure.

When properly worn, it is best described by that beloved Parisian word which in plain English is ravishing. Not only can this be asserted upon the proof of a pretty mannequin tripping across an Empire salon, but by a more substantial test, for the very legitimate chance of which a slim little brown-haired girl blessed Jupiter Pluvius with all her big American heart.

It was a cool, rainy night, and every eye in the Cafe de Paris was turned to regard a very delightful

TOQUES AND TURBANS FOR MORNING WEAR

TOQUES and turbans and well-fitting small hats that, with all their smallness, are a far cry from the tiny, tip-tilted things that took us so long to get used to, are all in high favor for morning wear. And certain adaptations of the sailor—chiefly when trimmed with the tartan plaids that have taken the world of fashion by storm—make mighty trifles to a smart walking-suit.

Mushroom shapes are in, but will probably only last a short while, although the drooping brim they introduced has found its way to many another radically different "creation."

Instead of the trimming at the back of the hat, forcing it up at an absurd angle, there is very little tilt permitted at all, the trimming, which still remains well-massed at the back under the brim, being brought down over the hair in a way as becoming to the average

Plumes are as good as ever they were—and better even than that, if that be possible, but they are almost invariably the uncurled kind. Buckles share in the trimming honors of every sort of hat, from the smartest of little hats to the large, hats—almost picture-types, in that very difference of size from walking-hats. One stunning little hat was a simple black felt sailor, simply "made," by the way wide plaid ribbon was drawn through a great jet buckle, crushed round the crown, and tied in a great, swathing bow low on the hair.

The wonderful dahlia and wine shades, which have come back into favor in dress-stuffs, and a dozen new reds to boot, find their prettiest expression in hats, trimmed with plumes and roses—perhaps kept to a simple tone, or to a succession of shades that deepens from the coolest imaginable shade to rich,



warm tones. They are not only worn to match a costume of like color, but as often in the strongest sort of contrast.

And fruits trim some of the prettiest hats, one bunch matching the felt, another the velvet, softening and harmonizing the contrast without ridding it of its definiteness.

Contrasts.