

Autumn Styles from Paris



SIBERIAN GREY SQUIRREL



RUSSIAN SABLE



JEAL FINISHED CONEY COAT



EVENING GOWN



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A FORTNIGHT has passed since all Paris was gazing with wide-open eyes at the Grand Prix d'Automne. But Paris still discusses these fashions—lightly, with much laughter and ridicule—allowing them to share the interest of the hour with affairs in the Near East, the brilliant productions of Le bon roi Dagobert and the Emigre, and the latest canards, social or political. Meanwhile the Parisienne is quietly planning her autumn wardrobe with certain memories of Longchamps visualized in her brain. Indeed, some elegantes, who never for a moment lag behind the fashion, are already appearing in dresses of which the inspiration is not far to seek. For while they cleverly avoid all that was indiscreet in those too suggestive skirts and clinging draperies, they retain the idea which will influence all fashions this winter. And what is this idea? No Parisienne, whether grande dame or couturiere, hesitates to answer this question. Quickly and significantly comes the reply, "La Ligne." The leading idea is no longer Directoire, nor is it Oriental, nor again is it classic. In this dress we see the influence of one period, in that of another; but everywhere is the reign of "supreme." Any color may be worn, so that the line is never forgotten. Even the embroideries, gorgeous as they often are, beautiful as they always are, must be subservient to the main idea. No dress can depend upon color or rich decoration for its success.

Of course, this idea is not new. For many months we have seen it developing. Indeed, most of the so-called Directoire dresses which caused so much sensation in the spring were nothing more or less than its expression. But it was regarded with suspicion and as a thing not to be hastily adopted. This autumn, however, the great couturiers have employed all their imagination and artistic skill in producing dresses which, while following closely the lines of the figure, shall not go beyond the limits of good taste and a desirable convention. At the same time they have evolved an ideal figure, slim and supple, with long flowing lines, which are undeniably graceful. Every woman of fashion is conforming to this ideal so far as she is able; and her dressmaker's skill in cutting enables her to attain it with far greater ease, and far less artificiality, than to the uninitiated seems possible.

To carry out this idea, almost all afternoon dresses made for receptions, weddings, and other such smart occasions, are of soft clinging materials, satin cashmeres, fine supple cloths, bengalines, and crepes meteoires. These are seen in every color; but among the newer shades are vanilla, plum, blue, green, and brown, in the subtle tones which are never hard and glaring. The many rich embroideries and laces are often dyed to match the material exactly in color, and they are worked in silks much raised and padded, in soutaches, in gold deftly mixed with silks.

In some of the most charming dresses, the corsages consist of nothing but embroidery carried across the bust and over the shoulders, forming a square to be filled in by the transparent guimpe of tucked Malines net. The embroidery is repeated down the back of the sleeve, which is also of the transparent net, fitting the arm closely; and it has a place on many of the skirts but is always used with reserve. The skirt is carried up high above the waist-line of other days, and it either hangs straight to the feet or is moulded closely to the figure until half way between hip and knee. Here it imperceptibly begins to flow out in such a manner that, while preserving the straight silhouette so desirable at the moment, it enables the wearer to walk, which is also desirable. Moreover, it provides material for the train; and the train, it must be added, is a noticeable feature of all afternoon dresses, and is graceful except in those cases when it degenerates into a point.

A dress worn by a young and beautiful Parisienne of undoubted taste was of a dull gold crepe meteoire, cleverly arranged so that the superfluous material drawn from the front fell down the back in a long and pointed tunic. Raised embroideries of silk soutaches decorated the tiny bodice, and the guimpe and sleeves were of the same color, a square neck and a high collar of white Malines net giving

a becoming relief to the face. With this dress was worn a very large hat of drawn satin of the same color crowned with many plumes of ostrich feathers.

The tunic, indeed, plays a great part in many of the dresses; and it is seen in infinite variety. Now cut square, or round, or pointed, here drawn to one side, there short in front and long behind, again short at the back and to the hem of the skirt in front, now finished with heavy silk fringes or inserted with wide embroideries or lace, it is to be seen continually, and often strikes a very original note. In one case worthy of notice a width of the material is taken, the two ends brought to the front and crossed to form the tunic, which thus naturally falls in two points, while at the back the material hangs as it will, forming as it were a scarf across the back of the skirt and almost at its hem. Silk of the softest description was used for this dress, and the under-skirt fell in folds straight and clinging, recalling Botticelli's draperies, or those of the oft-quoted Tanagra figures. In other instances the tunic is merely suggested by an insertion of embroidery, or by a rich braiding in soutache, always worked by hand or transparent net or lace on the material itself.

Scarves, sashes, buttons, a touch of vivid color, introduced on the corsage, hanging embroideries, fringes, tassels, wide revers all play a part in the dresses worn by the fashionable women in Paris, and are noticeable features of the newest models designed by the famous couturiers. But la ligne is never forgotten, and where the sash is used it is carefully arranged to maintain the idea of the high waist, and is never tilted at the back after the manner reminiscent of Empire days.

Black is worn with success by some of the best-dressed women in Paris; but it is usually relieved by the white of the guimpe, and, below this, often by the vivid color of the embroidery. Black velvet in one or two striking dresses forms a contrast to the thin supple materials more generally used. And one very tall woman seen at a reception a few days ago looked extremely distinguished in a perfectly plain clinging skirt brought up high to meet a blouse of black Cluny lace mounted on white tulle. With it she wore a long coat of the velvet richly braided with black soutaches so arranged as to give the effect of a widely-cut arm-hole, the sleeves being left perfectly plain. In fact, it suggested the idea

regularity; and the long bias line cutting across the form from the left shoulder to the waist makes even a fairly stout figure look slighter by producing in one's mind a certain confusion between the actual outline of the figure and that of the gown. In some cases the line is followed by a border of satin blossoms, crushed closely together, and shading to a richer and darker tint than the gown.

Corn-Colored Satin and Brown Kingcups

For instance, on a gown of pale corn-colored charmeuse over an under-dress of what was, apparently, rare old Limerick lace, just tinted the color of a stained ivory carving—but which might as well have owed its antiquity to the mystic rites with coffee and newspaper which a clever maid knows how to carry out so successfully—a massed border of brown and gold shaded kingcups, in miniature, was carried all down the sweep of the gown, where it was swathed tightly round the form. A wide gold ribbon encircled the head like a wreath, placed just above the parting in front, and reaching almost to the nape of the neck behind, while a clump of brown kingcups appeared on each side. Beautiful old Renaissance brocades are used, as well as satin or Ottoman silks for the evening gowns—not stiff, like the Italian brocades, which were prepared to stand centuries of wear, and are as strong and resisting today as they were in the olden times—but as soft and supple as a petal, the gleams of gold or silver suggesting the threads of a cobweb gemmed with dewdrops and glistening in the sun.

White Brocade over Pink Tulle

In the great Paris ateliers there is variety enough, however, to suit even the women who have been inured to changes as rapid and sudden as sheet lightning, and the various methods employed by the different creators of modes are well worthy of description. A simple frock of rich white satin brocade, with a compact pattern repeated at wide intervals, was made in one piece with a square train. Where the satin was brought over the bust it formed a free horizontal fold, and was cut on the usual lines, being much higher on the right side than the left, where there was scarcely more than two inches of satin. This decided fall in the bodice was supplemented by an under-dress of pink tulle, in a rather deep shade, which formed a very low décolletage, while the same tulle was responsible for the plain, loose sleeves which fell nearly to the elbow.

Crepe-de-Chine and Gold Bugles

Gold-colored crepe-de-chine is almost a passion with the Frenchwoman nowadays, and a gown carried out in this shade and material was entirely typical of the trend of the moment. This was covered entirely in soutache embroidery, in the same tone, and was made in two pieces, a front and back, with the inlet panels of mousseline de soie visible at the sides. The front was cut into a point over the bust, and was fitted carefully to the figure, falling to the feet in a straight, unbroken line, while the back was treated in the same way, and formed a long train, square at the base, which suggested a manteau de cour of the richest description. To accentuate the beauty of this gown, there was an inch-wide border of embroidery in flashing gold bugles and paillettes, while across the hem of the tunic this band assumed the dimensions of half a foot in depth, and was repeated again on the soft little corsage of white mousseline de soie, where it had the effect of binding together the gold train and the front apron-like panel. The short, loose sleeve, which reached barely to the elbow, was of pure white mousseline de soie, edged with gold.

Cherry-Colored Satin and Black Lace

Cherry-colored satin and heavy Spanish lace is another alliance for evening wear, which carries one back into the days of the Second Empire, only to realise what a vast difference there is between the dress of that period and the present. One of the leading couturiers has evolved a wonderful gown of cherry-colored satin, with an over-dress falling nearly to the knees in front and almost to the hem of the gown behind, which is entirely composed of black Spanish lace. In the middle of the back, to give a little play to the tunic, the black lace is split open to show an insertion of black mousseline de soie, in the form of two long breadths, lightly tied together, while in front, where the lace tunic is extremely short, there occurs a band of creamy Venetian point, and below this a transparent band of black mousseline de soie, a bold touch of bright blue satin being introduced into the corsage.

Full Fur Crowns and Poplin Brims

Hats with great soft fur crowns, almost of the Corday description, and wide brims of old-fashioned poplin, have taken a very important place among the new models, and stand as direct rivals to the draped fur toque. The trimming of these hats is something of a problem, and, so far, the milliners have voted solid in favor of flowers, and a very smart model, with a full skunk crown and a brim of dark fig-leaf green stretched poplin, was simply piled on one side with a huge cluster of brown velvet Annunciation lilies, delicately shaded. Perhaps the most typical hat of the moment is a huge model with enormously wide satin brim encircled low down with a long fox skin, which is caught at some point with a large silver or gold water lily. The crowns of these hats are correspondingly low and flat, so that to any but a tall and stately woman a somewhat "flattened" effect is given which is hardly becoming. Quaint motoring bonnets of smooth fur have, besides, made their appearance, and with a coat of the same pelt to match, have an undeniably picturesque and piquant effect, with long veils of nylon in a shade to correspond, making a complete study in black, grey, or brown, even to the tint of the gloves or the

shoes. White hats have never been more discountenanced than they are at the present moment, but magpie effects, in the form of large black hats, lined with white and trimmed with a conjunction of black feathers and black and white lilies, make a very smart accompaniment to the plain black Directoire dresses, especially when a touch of pure white fur is added as an accompaniment.

An alliance which is always becoming alike to dark or fair women, and which is particularly successful in the realm of millinery, is that of rich purple and deep wine red. Hues in purple silk encircled with swathing of tulle to match, over under-veilings in wine red, have, as additional trimming, huge clumps of purple and red double dahlias, carried out cleverly in velvet and silk combined, while another scheme which is equally successful is that of a model of soft purple beaver in the huge "Covenantor" shape, trimmed with one immense wine-red plume caught with a purple moire buckle.

Stage of the Woods

The glow of the moon's low rim
Creeps up through the trees to the sky;
And the night is a deep, sweet hymn,
To the lone doe sauntering by.

A frail, lithe shape at the spring—
A quick, strange flash in the night!
A leap and a keen, hot sting,
And Death walks weird in the light.

—Ivan Swift, in Outlook.

Content At Home

I could not find the little maid Content,
So I rushed, and sought her far and wide;
But not where Pleasure each new fancy tried,
Heading the maze of reeling merriment,
Nor where, with restless eyes and bow half-bent,
Love in a brake of sweetbriar smiled and sighed,
Nor yet where Fame towered crowned and glorified,
Found I her face, nor wheresoe'er I went.

So homeward back I crawled like wounded bird,
When lo! Content sat spinning at my door;
And when I asked her where she was before—
"Here all the time," she said; "I never stirred;
Too eager in your search you passed me o'er,
And, though I called, you neither saw nor heard."

—Alfred Austin.

A Merry Race

A laughing band of little waves
Went gaily out to sea,
For Mother Ocean called to them,
"Come, children, come with me!"

They all put on their snow-white caps
And started on a run;
They tossed and tumbled in the race
And sparkled in the sun.

For six long hours they rippled on,
And never stopped to rest,
They gently rocked the many ships
On Mother Ocean's breast.

When all at once they started back,
And hurrying more and more,
They threw their caps of snowy foam
Upon the sandy shore.

—Rachel Geddes Smith.

To Paths Unknown

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling,
My feet be paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease.

Where flows for ever through heaven's green expanse
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
Fain would I learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—Whittier.

The Woes of a Peripatetic Statesman

Nor is this more than a beginning of the tabulated travel woes that have beset the most persevering man of the age. Half a thousand times, of water nights he has wakened in a hotel room heated by the aurora borealis, and has hunted for his overcoat in the dark and his bare feet to use it as a quilt. Seven hundred and sixty-two times he has looked at the roller towel in the hotel washroom and has surreptitiously dried his hands on his pocket-handkerchief. Four hundred and eighty-two times he has found, just before train time, that his laundry has not come back. Eighteen times, rescued by the fortune of war, the man lay on his sick bed, his sole sorrow was that he should miss this sight. With wonted sympathy his Majesty arranged to gratify the patient's longing by passing the cottons one day when out shooting. Accordingly the bed was drawn up to the window and the invalid was thus enabled to sit up and see the King, whom he saluted in all form. His Majesty raised his hat with a smile and waved his hand to the poor man and then passed on his way.

King and Invalid

During the visit of Edward VII. to the Earl of Shrewsbury at Ingestre Hall, near Stafford, in the late autumn of 1907, his Majesty learned that one of the workers on the estate had been prevented by illness from seeing the King. While the man lay on his sick bed, his sole sorrow was that he should miss this sight. With wonted sympathy his Majesty arranged to gratify the patient's longing by passing the cottons one day when out shooting. Accordingly the bed was drawn up to the window and the invalid was thus enabled to sit up and see the King, whom he saluted in all form. His Majesty raised his hat with a smile and waved his hand to the poor man and then passed on his way.

Still Running

Edwin, aged four, owned a picture-book in which a fierce-looking cow was running after a small boy. He looked at it a long time, then carefully closing the book he laid it away. A few days later he got the book again, and turned to the picture. Bringing his chubby fist down on the cow, he exclaimed in a tone of triumph, "She ain't caught him yet!"—The Delinquent.

Could Have Done Without It

Like most minister's families, they were not extensively blessed with this world's goods. She, however, was the youngest of ten children until her father explained to her of the baby sister who had come in the night.

"Well, me said, after due thought, 'I s'pose it's all right, papa, but there's more a thing we need worse."

In the Family

An instance of exclusiveness maintained under difficulties is reported from the ladies' cabin or liner. All were sick except one lady and a cat, which wandered uneasily about. The lady ventured to stroke the cat, remarking, "Poor pussy." The cat was inclined to respond, and elevated its tail in token of good will, when from a neighboring berth came in choking tones the words: "Excuse me, that is a private cat!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Demoethenes, who was practising oratory with pebbles in his mouth to cure himself of stammering, accidentally swallowed one. "If that had been b-b-buttered," he stammered, "I could have thought it was one of my w-w-wif's b-b-b-disculs."