

For Every Woman According to Her Needs

# PRETTY STYLES IN NEGIGLES



*Shirring at the Waist Gives a Princess Effect*

His term lounging-robe is really covered with a multitude of styles, from the original type—a plain Mother Hubbard—through the legions of kimono, the robe with wide sleeves and lace and crepe de chine, embellished by a wealth of hand embroidery.

There is also the robe with occasional tulle, indeed—who has an elaborate robe hanging in the closet of every room in the house?—and the robe with lace. And such robes as she indulges in are “dreams,” indeed.

There is the robe of chine (there's a wide difference between heavy and “sleazy” crepe de chine), in exquisite pale shades, with a wide lace collar and cuffs, and a train, with heavy, flat silk flowers, kept in French fashion, all in a single tone—these are the robes of the future. Instead of its being characteristics, because of the jumble of French and Japanese influences, they are to be simple and comfortable, and makes you long immediately for some slight indisposition—just enough to give an excuse to pose picturesque in it.

Real Japanese robes are there, too,

With background of some pale tint, lined with a group of butterflies, cherry blossoms, any of the characteristic decorations of the mysterious, alluring East, done in the gay colors that signalize the East.

For the rest, there's a pale, iridescent heap of exquisite robes and saques; flangey styles, with the waist shirred or draped; long, long sleeves, and princess styles; there are sheer swishes, with lace, or embroidery, set in a row; there are long, long, long mullets, with ribbons pulled through box-pleats, and some of delicate French lace, and some of the most sumptuous, most submerged under the billows of fine lace that continually form and reform.

She is the rare exception, of course. There aren't many of us who can afford to be so particular. There are all sorts of forms, even for our single selves, let alone for our guests; but every one of them is a compromise, of one sort or other, and she owes it to herself to have as pretty a one as possible.

and to keep it in the daintiest sort of order.

Kimonos—like the Japs—are constantly winning new laurels, long and short kimonos being far and away the most

One-act plays are best—there's no troublesome attempting to set scenes; no having to rig up a curtain, whether or not it is convenient. When you've arranged your "properties," the responsi-

hard. The curtain goes down to the wild ringing of the doorbell—her letter was just in time—and the wild dash of the madcap to open that door herself.

Writers for amateurs have been very accommodating, writing plays with any number of characters from one to a

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## PLAYS FOR SUMMER RESORTS

[illegible]

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a dark vertical strip along the right edge, possibly indicating the binding or a shadow from the scanning process. There is no text or other markings on the page.

# The Outraging of Shoe Proprieties

T'S high time some one came forward with a wild denunciation of the fashion of wearing shoes with socks. Shoes aren't one of the prettiest accessories in the wardrobe, and, for long years, but it's the promiscuous wearing of them that makes them so repulsive. When shopping, as you walk down a busy street you see girls in white socks and shoes, in white socks and colored linen coat suits, with the little white socks showing at the bottom of the slit of walking tights, the whole charm of the outfit spoiled. You see a pair of white shoes, Spotted—because they are white with black spots—being worn to white and delicately colored dresses.

What characterizes the fashion of wearing white socks is the complete disregard of details. Unless every part of her costume is perfect, a girl will not go out. If she has made radical mistakes. Wearing white socks is one of the most common happenings that ever otherwise well-dressed girls do. It is a habit that has become so much a part of the girl's life that she is accustomed to it to the point of doing it without thinking of it.

With white clothes of every description—from the plainest of shirt-waists to the fullest of all evening gowns—white socks are worn with them, for any other sort. But there are—indeed—many who include correctness—understandings of propriety—in their definitions of what could all be included under the heading of "white socks." They are, of course, informal, and so are out of place with the simplest of summer evening gowns.

One would think this self-evident, but the fact is that the girls who wear white socks are outraging shoe proprieties. They are wearing white socks with long, light-colored linen suits, with the whole family of short-skirted, light-colored frocks, with the light-around satisfactory as tan. But, in the wrong place, there are nothing more than a pair of white socks.

As a matter of fact, most of the summer frocks are worn with white socks, and, long to one or the other of the two extremes. The girl who wears white socks is the one brilliant exception to the rule of propriety, and, in the least proper, any hour in the day.

The new kimono pretty wrapper is of swiss, embroidered with rather large dots, and trimmed with bands of red and blue. The sleeves are rather short to get away from that flapping around the wrist that some of the older styles oblige you to wear.

Next to kimono, a dress like, in fact, the one I saw at the store, is a facit to match, both trimmed prettily with valenciennes lace. Lawns, prinkly muslins, and other light-colored, flowered stuffs and piald muslins, are all satisfactory to make them of, and have the same effect. I don't like them carelessness of appearance that usually is so marked in the wearing of a dress-like kimono.

But, naturally, there's a far cry between kimono and these little suits. The kimono is a dress, and the little bath-robes, and the other makes a possible dress for your own breakfast room.

Kimono of cotton crepe are worn by warm-blooded individuals all the year round, and I have seen some of the queer, printed things that only the most Oriental of Oriental shops had for


**Belled in Empire Fashion**

while. They were priced according to their exclusiveness then, but now are to be had almost anywhere for very little. Among the most serviceable are the plain crepes, for they wash, and wash, yet always look well.

As to the printing, tufts and styles—they are many, but the most popular is the kimono made of albatross, or French flannel, or wash flannel—the fluffs with enough cotton in them to successfully prevent shrinking.

As for the colors—those of white China silk, lined with pink albatross—a delicate shade—are exquisite, and as they are not so expensive as the extravagant. They're troublesome, both to make and to launder, but beautiful enough to pay for.

Both princess and empire styles have invaded the market, and the latter has proved itself, high under the arms, being promised for many of the new fall styles.



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In saques, the very short, very full ones are best liked, made of any one of a hundred materials, and trimmed simply or elaborately, as you please. The prettiest, and best in taste, are the simplest ones, trimmed enough to be pretty, but in ways that will launder well.

As to colors, use only white or the delicate shades; the element of daintiness must be present to make the robe or saque a success, and it is never present with a dark negative.

The greatest mistake most amateurs make in providing costumes is in doing too much for the last moment. It is the effect that gown is only for of wearing. "Tackling" carefully will last a long time, and the last moment is more easily got by using as few stitches as possible.

Every woman knows how the style of dress can be marred by the too careful sewing of the trimming—the very trimming that is the thing which gives the costume to the individual. Costumes belong to that class, and only the effect should be thought of.

There are plays come one-act plays—just for girls, with a dozen or so of amusing situations in each play ending with a happy ending, and some piquant and interesting.

There is one where the whole interest is in one warring of a woman who has suddenly come into a fortune and imagines herself ill. It is full of action and is a very good thing, who obligingly goes into a trance, and ends

When he constantly made the centre of attraction, "sketches" are clever if done even fairly well; they rarely are very little better than "sketches," and they are never more than sketches, and they are never more than sketches.

In staging a play, let some one else do the directing, and some one else do the acting, and some one else do the executive ability. Another girl should be "property man," and should keep the little things all together, ready to produce at the different moments they are needed. Some one should produce the scenery. It is possible to make a rigid rule, no one should be allowed to carry her lines with her, even at the first.

The going on with the book in her hand is almost the only thing that is being deprived of it at the last one or two, is responsible for a good many serious mistakes.

What is the "company," you who are stage managers, to do with the people who are together, and who are not supposed to be, and so pull the "balance."

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## OLD-FASHIONED NECKLACES AND ANTIQUE JEWELS ARE NOW THE FAD

*Beads of Roman Gold*

*Topaz - For a November Girl*

## Pearls and Old Silver

Rhinestones. Set in Gurnmetal

for New Use for Dine Corals

**T**HAT elbow sleeves are responsible for the present vogue of bracelets is pretty well known; but just what brought necklaces and jeweled collars in nobody knows. However, they come in, they are wonderfully becoming, and, in consequence, they are in with a vengeance.

Exquisite ones come, fit for a queen, and as rich and costly as gold and gems can make them. But we've got over the feeling against "Paris jewelry," and we wear it as frankly and as freely as it is worn all over the continent of Europe.

Among the necklaces set with real gems almost everything is modeled after old-time jewelry, and the old jewelry itself was never more popular, even when it was first high in fashion.

Those old-time necklaces of dull silver, with stones given an odd, dull look by time, are most artistic, and are hard to find. Oddly shaped pendants add to their beauty—relics of a period when pendants were necessary to the style of every sort of thing, from brooches and bracelets to necklaces.

Slim chains, woven in front into a lattice-work of fine links, are perhaps the most becoming of all the new necklaces, especially for that type of neck which is smooth and white, but just faintly shows those two little "knobs." In the lattice-work, where the fine chains intersect, stones are set—birthstones being the favorites.

An interesting necklace is really more like a collar than a necklace. It is just two chains joined, at intervals, by great oval stones. Worn over the collar of a

dress, or on the bare neck, it is a most striking style.

The same idea is carried out in a longer necklace—the first fits closely around the throat—set with fewer stones, and those graduated, the largest being directly in front.

As to the old Egyptian styles, there is no end to them. Curious designs, made of odd, swirling lines, are executed in metal—silver and gold seeming equally good, and set with opal-matrix, and with every sort of stone that will take

on strong blues and greens. The bits of opal matrix are the darker bits, those which are a subtle mixture of blue and violet and green, with an occasional flash of fire.

Wonderful things are done with coral. Pendants, carved like old Egyptian mummy cases—gruesome in thought, but quaintly artistic when actually made—hang from the simplest of chains, the heaviest directly in front and the others balancing the sides.

In the bead world, Paris has taken a

hand. Some of the loveliest of the necklaces are her inspiration. Pale blue beads—big ones, toe-with, corrugated sides and as dull as Venetian glass, are strung on strong cords, and give a life and character to the gown they are worn with.

Coral beads—everybody who has an old set is hunting them up, and wearing them.

This summer the trick of wearing stockings and girdle and beads that match has been carried out in almost every color and shade imaginable to

But there are blue beads—every sort from the palest of turquoise through every shade, opaque or clear, to dark rich sapphire blues, and violet—streaks of lavender and white opaque beads, and strings of every shade of amethysts, and green beads—jade and its limitations, and every imaginable sort of green bead; and—but there's no describing the piles of almost barbaric ornaments that pass as necklaces.