

For Every Woman According to Her Needs



Shirring at the Waist Gives a Princess Effect

THE term lounging-robe really covers a multitude of styles, from the original type—a plain Mother Hubbard—through the ingenious lace and crepe de chine, embellished with a wealth of hand embroidery.

There's one woman—a very occasional type, indeed—who has an elaborate robe for her "big" house—ready for her guests. And such robes as she indulges in are "dreams," indeed.

Heavy crepe de chine (there's a wide difference between heavy and "slimy" crepe de chine), in exquisite pale shades, is embroidered all over, Japanese fashion, with heavy, flat silk flowers, kept the exact shade of the robe itself, instead of its being characteristic, because of the jumble of French and Japanese ideas, it's the loveliest creation imaginable, and makes you long immediately for some slight indisposition—just enough for an excuse to pose picturesquely in it.

Real Japanese robes are there, too,

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

For the rest, there's a pale, iridescent heap of exquisite robes and sacques; lingerie styles, with the waist shirred or tucked into the long, graceful lines of princess styles; there are sheer swisses, with lace, or amilies set in in odd, beautiful ways; there are trills, with ribbons pulled through box-pleats, and some of delicate French stuffs, airy and beautiful, that are almost submerged under the billows of fine lace that continually form and break over them.

She is the rare exception, of course. There aren't many of us who can afford to indulge our whims in such luxurious forms, even for our single selves, but every woman has to have at least one of some sort or other, and she owes it to herself to have as pretty a one as possible,

Short Dressing Sacques Are in Favor

The Outraging of Shoe Proprieties

IT'S high time some one came forward with a wild denunciation of the white-shoe habit. Not that white shoes aren't one of the prettiest of styles that has come out in many a long year, but it's the promiscuous wearing of them that demands censure.

Go into town shopping. As you walk down a busy street you see girls in dull-blue gingham shirt-waist suits, in colored linen coat suits, with the plainest of walking hats, the whole of the plain little costume spoiled by a pair of white shoes. Spotted—because white shoes belong to white dresses, and white and delicately colored dresses.

What characterlessness! The whole woman is an exquisite observance of debility. Unless every part of her costume is perfect with every other part, she has made radical mistakes. Wearing the wrong shoes has been so frequent a happening that even otherwise well-dressed women seem to have become accustomed to fit to the point of doing it themselves.

With white clothes of every descrip-

tion—from the plainest of shirt-waist suits to the fluffiest of all evening gowns—white shoes are far preferable to any other sort. But there their usefulness—which includes correctness—ends.

Tan shoes belong to the sort of clothes which could all be included under the head of morning dress. They are distinctly informal, and so are out of place with the simplest of summer evening dresses.

One would think this self-evident, but look around a little and see how many girls are outraging shoe proprieties.

With shirt-waist suits and colored linen suits, with the whole family of short-skirted dresses, there's nothing quite so all-around satisfactory as tan. Even in the wrong place, there's nothing more absurd.

As a matter of fact, most of this summer's shoes resolve themselves as belonging to one or the other of the two classes—the tan class or the white. Patent leather is the one brilliant exception which can be worn, with almost equal propriety, any hour in the day.

PLAYS FOR SUMMER RESORTS

IT'S mighty seldom that a lot of girls staying at the same summer resort, with nothing in particular to do, don't get up some sort of an entertainment by way of letting off extra steam.

Usually, it's a play, for there isn't a girl living who doesn't like to play a part, and who doesn't dream dreams and see visions of herself in some gorgeous indefinite future, but always as the star of a famous company.

It is better in choosing your play to have it entirely for girls, or at most, with only one or two men in it, for most of them are in business, and very few of them like to waste vacation-time in the constant rehearsals that are needed.

One-act plays are best—there's no troublesome attempting to set scenes; not it is convenient. When you've arranged your "properties," the responsibility of the scene can be instantly dismissed from your mind.

Costume plays are the easiest to give—the very dressing-up lending a sort of moral courage to the greatest amateur of all. And costumes can be flung together in a couple of hours, with plenty of pins to fasten refractory folds and drapings at the last moment.

The greatest mistake most amateurs make in providing costumes is in doing the work too carefully, and so spoiling the effect. That gown is only for one wearing. "Tacking" carefully will last as well as sewing, and an effect is much more easily got by using as few stitches as possible.

Every woman knows how the style of a hat can be marred by the too careful sewing of the trimming—the very trimming on strong cords, or a life-size wig full of individually. Costumes belong to that class, and only the effect should be thought of.

Plenty of plays come—one-act plays—just for girls, with a dozen or so of amusing situations in each play waiting to be worked up into something piquant and interesting.

There is, one where the whole interest centres on the curing of a woman who has suddenly come into a fortune and imagines herself ill. It is full of absurd prescriptions, with a spiritualist who obligingly goes into a trance, and ends by shaking the invalid vigorously and bringing her to her senses.

There's another—another with a suddenly-made-rich heroine—with a thespian in gummy black draperies as one of the picturesque characters, and for another prominent character an Irish girl—"as green as her own shamrocks"—who is coaxed by the daughter of the house into pretending to be a French maid.

There's one for just two girls, one a little invalid, the other her elater, a girl very much in love, ready to play her lover a little while, and very penitent when she finds she's played almost too 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.

Written for amateurs have been very accommodating, writing plays with any number of characters from one to a dozen, and usually accomplishing the difficult task of making them all stars. Occasionally a play is written which obligingly revolves around the only one of the lords of creation permitted to take a part in it. And there's rarely any trouble getting one man to rehearse when he's constantly made the centre of attraction!

"Character sketches" are clever if done even fairly well; they're really very little more than monologues, delivered with action and scenery.

In getting up a play, select some one as stage manager, but let it be some one with plenty of 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 prompt at every rehearsal, and, as far as it is possible, to make a rigid rule, no one should be allowed to carry her lines with her, even at the first rehearsal.

The going on with the book in her hand at almost all the rehearsals, and then suddenly being deprived of it at the last one or two, is responsible for a good many serious "company" who are stage managers, to see that they don't all huddle together in one part of your improvised stage and so spoil the "balance."

OLD-FASHIONED NECKLACES AND ANTIQUE JEWELS ARE NOW THE FAD



Beads of Roman Gold **Topazes for a November Girl** **Pearls and Old Silver** **Rhinestones Set in Gummy Cases** **A New Use for Old Corals**

THAT elbow sleeves are responsible for the present vogue of bracelets is pretty well known, but what brought necklaces and jewelry into vogue is not so generally understood. 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 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 which is smooth and white, but just faintly shows those two little "knobs." In the lattice-work, where the fine chains intersect, there are sea-birchstones 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 few stones, and those graduated, the largest being directly in front.

As to the odd 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, too—with corrugated sides and as dull as Venetian glass, are strung on strong cords, or a life-size wig and character to the gown they are worn with.

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

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 wear with white dresses and black patent leather pumps. The violet sets were from the palest of turquoise through every shade, opaque or clear, to dark rich sapphires, blue, and violet—streaky strings of every shade of amethysts, and green beads—jade and its imitations, and every other imaginable sort of green bead; and—but there's no describing the plus of almost barbaric ornaments that pass as necklaces.