



THIS is a woman's era—let individuality be unconfined," declared the Paris designers, putting their heads together over the spring openings. The fate of the tailored suit, that indispensable member of woman's wardrobe of ante-bellum days, hung in the balance. Rumors of its downfall from its exalted state of early spring-time supremacy fell like an icy blast down the back of the premeditated war-time wardrobe plans of the average woman with an eye for comfort and smartness.

The slim, straight, tight, one-piece frock and the three-quarter length, buttonless, sometimes-slip-over-top coat will be the "O. C." of the Fashion unit, couturiers predicted and the powers that be in the manufacturing and dressmaking realms backed their endorsement of the Wool-will-win-the-war theory by limiting three yards of fifty-four inch material to top coat construction.

But in a war for democracy there are many odd turns, with here and there a pleasant surprise. So with the stimulus of imposed limitations upon the wise little designer, the tailored suit, requiring not less than 2½ to 4 yards of material was wafted in upon the first breeze of spring.

So it's a case of "pays your money and takes your choice," but follow the straight and narrow way from collar to hem. Paris advises, and then places quantities of diversified designs at our disposal, including those of Oriental suasion, favored by Paquin and Premet Louis XV. and then Beer follows a fifty-fifty basis and leaves the choosing to us.

The Eton jacket, interrupted in its downward course by a perky white vest of pique stealing out from beneath the curved or straight front, represented the advance guard of the spring-time fashions, followed by skirts bringing all their fulness before them—if there's any to be brought, but one mustn't expect too much when one yard to one and one half yards in width is all the law allows. But restrict the new skirt too much, and it is bound to show some opposition, such as wilfully hiking itself up two or three inches in the middle front and letting the back go hang—a little longer.

So much for the woman built after Venus on anatomical lines or the theory of parallels. The designers, impartial in their bestowals, sent along some tailored semi-fitted coat-suits which hang all their hopes of smartness upon a narrow belt, a single pocket, a mere button or even a tassel. The more insignificant the fastening the better, and many belts have a way of swathing the figure this season, giving a fitted in effect to the frock or coat and growing out from one side of the bodice trail off in saucy sash fashion.

Serge, gabardine and homespun in navy blue, sand and cinnamon brown are particularly popular predictions for suitings. But to be strictly in accord with the spirit of the times, one must be covert-cloth-clad. Untrimmed and unadorned, save for buttons of brown bone, leather or brass, the military influence might be given the preference in cut and style.

The top coat, quite a matter of importance to the practical woman at all seasons, and particularly indispensable for Canada's windy March, walked off with high honors. They follow an uninterrupted line of least resistance from their narrow shoulders (yes, narrow shoulders apply to all coats) down their invisibly buttoned front to their slightly flared hems. Sometimes yokes intervene and belts go fore and aft, just by way of change—for one must have variety.

IF there is wool without, there is bound to be cotton or silk within; likewise, if the color without is light, the lining must be dark by way of pleasing contrast.

Bulloz, struck by the novelty of the idea, immediately set a good example by combining geranium red velours with navy blue surrah as lining, and then placed his good name above it, to seal the bargain. Surrah, in all shades, ponce, cotton crepe or heavy habutai make very practical serviceable and inexpensive linings, stamped with just the right touch of vogue.

Soft velours, in brilliant colors, homespuns, tweeds, cheviots, flannel, broadcloth, taffeta or satin make the new top coats just what they are, "chic." Collars have a big say in the general tout ensemble, and one often sees a top coat start off bravely with a shawl collar of angora. Frock of jersey have been known to blossom out with collars of wool lace, an old time fashion revived from the days of Betsy Ross, or thereabouts. A bit of angora or wool, be it ever so humble, will be an added attraction on everything from georgette crepe blouses to satin dresses.

Collars reach the very height of one's ideals of organdie, bound in narrow bias bands of satin, couched in worsted or sprinkled with china beads. Suit collars may be high or small and draped.

Since wool conserving and clothes economizing is recognizably being done in the best of families, the idea has been seized like a new novel in every sphere of life, and the closer one adheres to the new rules successfully, the nearer one comes to being fashionably patriotic.

Our dictators of fashion cut their patterns accordingly and furnished us with the ever popular style of material combinations, bringing remnants into the hey-day of their glory to do their bit for womankind, and miraculously one appropriate design after another sprang up from the firmament of fashion. The new bit of

break in the line are holding their own again in combinations of satin, georgette crepe, cotton crepe, taffeta, foulard or felt, with straw.

The polk bonnet, like a posy from an old fashioned garden, comes back to us with memories of the long ago. But beware! She is destined for only a chosen few and those who resemble not the belles of 1860 in alluring wiles and quaint smiles, befriend her not.

If we skimp our suits of wool, there is a little excuse for falling to the temptation of using it on our hats. Rosettes or flowers of the same in various brilliant colors placed around the crown of a small mushroom shaped purple lizere are most effective.

These inexpensive, attractive effects are easily accomplished by the home milliner, who will have ample opportunity to show her skill on summer hats of organdie, muslin, dotted Swiss, linen or tissue, in shades of rose, yellow, beige and green.

When skimping one's self means greater provision for the Tommies, doughboys and poilus in or out of the fields of Flanders, woman will resort to all sorts of subterfuges, accept her lot with joy and sleep content in the knowledge that her loss of wool is some one else's gain.

The usual quota of sports clothes will accompany the late spring and early summer days. Suits will lean towards the Norfolk lines, with here and there a deviation in pocketed belt or lack of pockets, for with the modern knitting bag or catch-all, built on trunk proportions, hands find little time for hiding elsewhere. Then, too, if all extra accessories on men's clothes are taboo, surely woman must have a finger in the pie of patriotism—and what's a pocket more or less?

Homespuns, cheviots, tweeds and flannel in all shades of tan, brown, navy or Copenhagen blues, olive green, cold grey or Joffre, lend themselves well to sport suit lines as though to the manner made. Dresses of white wool jersey, couched, collared and cuffed in colored worsted to be worn later on the tennis court would send any score jumping to the "love" game.

Wherever woman is, there is the knitting-bag also. Yesterday a good-looking knitting-bag was a possession—to-day it is merely a requirement of the costume. For morning, noon and night are bags varying for the hour in fabric and color. When the day begins and the knitting-bag is taken from its peg, one will find that it nearly always accords with the sports hat which its fair owner has donned. Of chintz, silk, or perhaps from straw, it may be fashioned, but there it is on

hand to dangle through the morning in all its brilliancy. Now and then jealousy surges through the shirred soul of a haughty bag—a sock is being knitted and, instead of reposing in its gracious folds, is stuffed into the pocket of a sports coat. However, such calamities occur but seldom, so the knitting-bag has no fear of democracy usurping her autocratic sway over fair femininity.

SILKS and springtime go hand in hand—the one is here and the other is fast approaching. To have a frock on hand to welcome spring's coming is the wish of every woman, but what silk to select is the question. There is Roshanara crepe for the tailored dress, and Ondule for the one of greater extravagance, both materials by their heaviness lending themselves admirably to tailored lines. When the days grow warmer, pongees will say "how do you do" again. While of the same family, they are characteristic in only new ways with the silk with which we are already acquainted. For example, there is Ruff-A-Nuff that is a cousin many times removed, while Amphora is more closely related. Pussy Willow once more magnetizes with its texture and attractiveness of print, and this season has gone so far as to be printed in dress patterns.

THE note of patriotism sounds in every channel. When prices are a little too high, material scarce, Canadian women have learned to shrug their shoulders, with their French sisters "across the pond" and remark: *C'est la guerre*. And if *la guerre* has done nothing else, it has inspired a measure of thrift, of economy in the matter of clothes as well as other necessities.

It rests with Canadian women to use their ingenuity in exercising this economy to make the best possible use of the least possible materials.

The April issue of *Everywoman's World* will contain a page of "First Lessons In Knitting" for the benefit of the younger set who are but starting in to do their bit.

Fashion Artiste Will Tell You How To "Make-Over"

Write Miss Helen Cornelius,
care of *Everywoman's World*, and
she will solve your clothes problems.

Woman has taken a stand;
no longer will she be dictated to,
especially in matters as personal
as dress. Hard pressed with
mighty worldly problems, where
economy plays a large part,
a little advice now and then from
those willing to help her solve her
feminine problems is not averse in
an age of stress and labor.

APPRECIATING this and the value of economy to every Canadian woman as a patriotic duty, be she plutocrat or plebe, *Everywoman's World* stands ready to give a helping hand. If your last year's frock has possibilities of regeneration after slight renovation; if the small remnant of brocade, velvet, silk, etc., seems to be a white elephant on your hands; if your last summer's evening frocks, so becoming and so much admired, need a refreshing touch; if your straw hat of several summers looks almost hopeless, but retains just a spark of life, to be rekindled by just the right touch—write to us and we will advise you through our columns how, when and where to apply the right remedy.

Many such enquiries have come to us lately from our subscribers, leading us to believe that perhaps many more desire the information, but do not know it is available. Hence the inauguration of this department.

georgette crepe combined with last year's crepe de chine dress offers innumerable possibilities.

In the lighter weight fabrics, etamine, another old friend, was recalled to the field for this duty, and a happy alliance with taffeta, satin or heavy habutai it made, when forming one of those long tunics so popular at present.

Combinations of georgette crepe and homespun in shades of tan and brown are modish to say the least, and tan checked tweed placed in relief against a background of brown wool might be used for the first spring street dress.

Satins in sombre shades of midnight blue, tete de negre or bordeaux will play a big part in a woman's life for the next three or four months, from the crown of her first spring chapeau to the hem of her one-piece redingote. One-piece dresses are still "it" in serge, satin, foulard, jersey or the new silk gingham. Usually austere in their slimness, they bear the marks of the militaire spirit of the times, with buttons of silver, gold and steel and braids to correspond. High collars and tight sleeves tend to accentuate the lines of dignity, but a feminizing influence manages to assert itself by introducing a soft collar of satin or georgette crepe.

Foulards and habutai are two excellent, inexpensive materials for pretty soft and cool spring dresses, and combined with soutache braid or a touch of Chinese or Indian embroidery, the simplest of frocks can be made "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

THE latter half of the first draft call for spring hats is sounding, and recruits of lizere, Milan hemp, and tagel are flocking in to the colors of red, blue (nattier and navy), tete de negre, plum, tan and olive drab. Hats in spring-time are much like ourselves; one never knows what one will do next. Hence the unexpected turn of a brim into reverse or its sudden rise to absurd heights in the back.

The Turkish influence which adapts itself well to the usage of swirled maline and straw as substitute for costlier feathers, is still popular. The mushroom and straight sailor with here (but not there) a slight bend or

