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The Fall Fashions



A Somewhat Eccentric Fall Model in Ratine of the New Absinthe Color Lined with Pale Mauve Panne.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's new Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York City.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

OF the latest Fall models I am sending you to-day two examples. One of them is a little eccentric and under no circumstances could be worn by any but the very youngest and slightest women.

It is a new variety of ratine in the new absinthe color. It is lined with pale mauve panne which shows as the wearer moves. There is a suspicion of ermine on the cuffs and collar. The trimmings are made of the ratine.

With this costume are worn gloves of the color of the ermine, while the shoes and stockings are of the same color as the dress.

The hat is pale mauve panne lined with black. On the right hand side is a little bunch of flowers made in orange, blue and various shades of deeper mauve silk.

The very newest variety of ostrich feather of a faded scarabe blue adorns the hat, and the beaded bag is in various shades of this same blue.

The costume is a charming one, but as I have indicated, too extreme for the average woman.

The other gown, made for Gaby Deslys, is suitable for anyone. It is made of lace. The underdress is of white lace which forms two ruffles at the bottom of the skirt. Over this there is a drapery of black Chantilly, slightly gathered about the waist and allowed to fall easily, ending in scallops just above the top white lace flounce. The blouse consists of a hand embroidered muslin fichu draped over the shoulders and held in the front and back beneath a cerise velvet girdle.

Every woman loves to hear about wedding garments, and so I—who love making them, too—am glad to be able to send you news this week of some dainty dresses for Lady Diana Manners, the beautiful bride-elect of the Marquis of Anglessey, whose marriage will provide a splendid, not to say sensational, finish to the season.

And it is in one of my prettiest gowns that the marchioness will start on her honeymoon journey and begin her new life. Imagine first a little slip of an underdress of fresh pink charmeuse on which

narrow strips of lace are laid flatly in applique form, and then edged with a tiny ruffling of Valenciennes while at the hem there comes a broad encircling transparency of lace on which circlets of gathered lace are set like so many blossoms and outlined and centred with pipings of pale pink satin. A peep of pale blue comes here and there, too, on both the filmy pink nimon of the corage and the charmeuse of the skirt, for blue means luck, for the bride, you know—and, as I think, for any woman at all times, and so it is that in practically every dress I make, there is, somewhere or other, a tiny touch of the lucky and lovely color which, of course, always looks its loveliest in conjunction and contrast with the palest of pinks, it being a favorite plan of mine, you know, to complete such a color scheme with stockings of fresh pink silk and shoes of pale blue satin.

Indeed, I hope that I have already so impressed this fact, and its fascination, upon you, that you have tried its effects for yourself with some "alluring" boucler gown, or delicate dance dress, and with the happiest possible results. Well, now, to go back to Lady Diana's "going away" dress. You must know that, over the lace-adorned charmeuse slip there comes a veiling of ivory-tinted net and lace, very deeply scalloped at the hem where it is all edged with a narrow binding of pure satin, and a ruffling of Val lace, the depth of these scallops, meaning, of course, that in between you see glimpses of all the inner daintiness of the transparent lace. A box pleating of lace encircles the skirt midway, all its soft fullness being followed by a narrow line of pink piped edged baby ribbon, while above this again there are three graduated folds of satin which all show beneath the short scalloped tunic of lace. The quaint little high waisted bolero corage, being of this same beautifully patterned and toned lace. And now, perhaps, you will realize that the dark-eyed, delicately featured and slim figured bride will be a vision of loveliness in this ethereal attire.

One of her trousseau dresses, my favorite, I think, is of delicate green charmeuse, with a fine ruffled sur-

face in which gloves of golden yellow are imprisoned, the first suggestion of color being eventually concentrated and realized in the little knot of satin which catches together the loops of the little lace tie. There is a deeply down-turned collar, too, of ivory-toned lawn as fine as a cobweb brodered with tiny sprays of flowers and edged with lace. This same dainty fabric being folded like a fichu on the corage and then forming a long, loosely hanging apron panel on the front of the skirt. And between the cross-over folds of the soft, mellow-toned lawn there shows the pure whiteness of a little chemisette of Val lace. This contrast—a striking as well as a subtle one—being repeated in the understeeves. And for the waistband I have used a soft, dark blue mousseline striped narrowly with white and further patterned with showers of wee, pink roses. The lilac colored satin opening over a single-breasted waistcoat of white pique, held in at the waist by a very deeply folded band of black satin. The skirt which completes the costume is of white Jap. silk and has a scarf of crepe de chine—(blue or black or green or purple to suit the mood and the millinery of the moment)—knotted beneath the "polo" collar. The buttons and links which serve for the fastening of the front and the sleeves being such pretty pearl things with a "ribbon and reed" bordering of silver, while they are stitched through the centre, too, with silver. A single button is also set on the point of the little breast-pocket which figures at the left side of the skirt and from which there should peep out the corner of a filmy mouchoir whose

coloring, or, at any rate, whose bordering should match the tie in tint. This is, I think, one of the best examples of the plain tailor suit, which is such an important item in every woman's—and each season's—outfit, and I have also made its duplicate for the bride (and for several other well-known society women this season) in natural shantung, with the same effective contrast of white pique and black satin, the crepe de chine ties selected for wear with the shirt being in this case of saxe and China blue shadings. I have seen a new hat, too, which I think must have been foreordained to complete this particular and pet costume of mine. It is in black beaver velvet and is that latest and rather large saler shape, which has a moderately high crown and a rather wide brim, whose slight upward roll at either side is accentuated by a larne made of the same felt, but with the soft plush-like surface worked in the reverse way. It is set well down on the head and at a slight tilt, too, which brings into most piquant position the three central and upstanding white quills which are fastened by a band and a prim little flat bow of white corded silk ribbon. The same shape looks well in bottle green felt, or again in a black Panama straw, the trimming always being of the pure white. But, on the whole, and though this straw is so beautifully light, I think I prefer the soft felt for the modelling of this particular and piquant

shape, so perhaps it is just as well that straws have been almost ousted already by the felts, which, ordinarily, we do not begin to wear till, say October. It is really rather quaint that Fashion should have chosen one of the hottest Summers on record for such a choice of headgear, and, furthermore, for a renewal of fur trimmings for the most gossamery of gowns. But the fact remains that she has so chosen and that we, her faithful followers, not to say slaves, are proving as unquestioningly obedient as usual.

The practically untrimmed hat is still a favorite of hers—and ours—too, its latest development being a soft shape of white felt, edged with a band of wool braid in some vivid color, such as purple, yellow, carot red or emerald green, a band of the same very open-meshed braid being drawn round the crown and tied in a jaunty little bow at one side. Or, then again, there will be just dropped down—with most carefully contrived carelessness—at one edge of a rather wide brim, a single long-stalked rose of brilliant crimson, or else a couple of temptingly ripe-looking cherries, while actually I have seen a single strawberry used in this way and looking so startlingly lovely and incongruous in its new and prominent position that one loathed to pick it off and deposit it comfortably on a plate! Really, that was just a little too freakish, don't you think?

My Secrets of Beauty.

By Mme. Lina Cavalieri, the Most Famous Living Beauty
No. 192—Our Bodies Our Servants

MME. CAVALIERI asserts to-day that our bodies are our servants and we can make of them whatever we wish. She recites her sparkling conversation with a Parisienne who had been plain, but became beautiful by exacting this same body obedience. The article is exceptionally valuable.

By Mme. Lina Cavalieri.

THIS morning a brilliant and beautiful Frenchwoman said to me: "Our bodies are our servants. We can do with them whatever we will, make of them whatever we wish."

"Whatever we wish," I echoed. "Do you quite believe that?"

"Quite," she responded with one of her smiles, slow, persuasive, illuminating, that always reminded me of a sunrise.

Then, suddenly, I remembered that she had not always been as she was now, and my thoughts, travelling swiftly back along the path of the years, recalled to me that there had been a time when I had thought her quite plain. Plain—"this radiant creature."

But it was true, and as delicately as I could I reminded her of the transformation, and asked her how it had been wrought.

"You must admit, my dear Yvonne," I said, with a smile of apology, "that you had not always the style you have now; that seems now to be natural."

"Style," she blew imaginary dust from the tips of her fingers. "Style is that. Natural style does not exist."

"But some persons look better than others, even 'though their clothes are the same," I persisted.

"Some persons have more distinction than others," she admitted. "But style, that is, chic, no. No, no. People are the same as to raw material. All persons are equally ugly when undressed. They are like the bare canvas on the easel, awaiting the painter's brush. We paint ourselves with our gowns, our hats, our gloves, our boots."

"Interesting," I mused.

"True," she insisted. "Consider the friends you see within an hour after rising. How do they look? Ugly? Yes. Old? Yes. Sleep is a mystery past solving. It is a form of death. In a sense we die every night and are resurrected in the morning. In that strange coma the muscles of our faces sink."

"You said we can make of our bodies anything we like."

"Ah, yes! And I have proven it. You would have an example? When you knew me first I was becoming stout. I had taken on that too great fullness about the middle of the body that is the defect in the figures of your American friends. My lines are now girlish, are they not?"

"Resolving to make my body obey me instead of my obeying my body, I began stooping many times every morning. Not content with the usual exercises of bending so that the tips of my fingers touched the floor, my knees unbent, I picked up every pin I saw in the house or on the street. I never passed a travelling from a bit of cloth lying on the floor without picking it up. If I dropped my paper-knife or a letter, or my gloves, I permitted no one else to pick it up. I did so myself. It was by bending from the waist many times a day that I got the muscles of the hips and abdomen again under control. I made my body obey me, with the results you have seen."

"Your hair!" I said. "I remember when it was not so glossy and vigorous as it is to-day."

"You are quite right. It looked dead as a brush heap in Winter. I determined to develop its life and gloss, and I began to give it care; in other words, to give it a chance. What does a doctor do when he wants his patient to live? He insists on his getting more air."

"While my hair was taking the air it was also taking ex-

ercise, for the weight of the hair pulling gently at the roots strengthened the roots of the hair and renewed the circulation in it as the callisthenics develop a puny arm.

"The poise of your head is better.



Mme. Lina Cavalieri.

It gives you the air of added height," I suggested.

"Catching a glimpse of myself while my head was lowered, I was shocked at the reflection. I knew my mirror was a true one. I looked older and sad and dull. Raising my chin, in a gesture of surprise, I was amazed to see the difference. At least five years seemed to vanish as by magic. Every day since then I have raised my chin and stretched my neck, repeating the exercise until I had warnings of a headache. This I have never failed to do four times a day since I received my warning."

"It shocks a woman to catch such a glimpse of herself. It is as though she met the woman she would be fifty years hence."

Beauty Questions Answered

B. S. writes: "I have lesions that cause me hours of agony. Please let me know through the paper what I can do to cure them."

The chief cause of bunions is wearing shoes that are too short or too narrow. This will cause the enlargement and widening of the joint of the great toe. First remove the cause by wearing shoes of reasonable size. Applying cloths that have been wrung out of hot water, relieves the irritation. Applications of the following will relieve both corns and bunions, though I do not claim anything will absolutely cure bunions. In the words of an authority they are, in their nature, more or less permanent.

Flexible collodion.....1 oz.
Salicylic acid.....1 dram

Paint the bunion with this mixture every other day, or, if you are suffering extremely, every day.

N. K.'s request is, "Kindly publish the way, if there is any, of removing a mole besides using the electric needle."

Caustics are said to have removed

moles, but as there is always a risk of injuring seriously the surrounding flesh and skin, I do not recommend them.

The means of application is thus described by an authority who differs from me.

If the mole is a raised one, standing out from the surface, obtain a small piece of lunar caustic and moisten it securely upon a quill. Moisten the mole with saliva and rub on the caustic, but be careful not to touch the healthy flesh. Repeat this regularly, say every night and morning. The mole will turn black and peel off. When the spot appears on a level with the flesh use a little healing ointment on it. If the mole has entirely disappeared continue to apply the salve. If not use the caustic again.

If the mole is flat applications with a toothpick or pointed match dipped into muriatic acid or glacial acetic acid are recommended by the same authority. I do not recommend them because they may leave scars uglier than the moles.