

Snap Shot Fashions from Paris

Lady Duff-Gordon Describes Newest Out-of-Door Costumes

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 Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.



Figured Silk of Bright Blue Made This New Hooplike Skirt. One of the Most Noticeable at the Recent Races.



Stunning Costumes of White Tulle and Black Velvet, Showing the Reign of the Ruffle on the Paris Boulevards.

By Lady Duff-Gordon.

There is no better place in all Paris to observe the trend of fashion than on the great race courses. For this reason I am sending you this week several snapshots taken at Longchamps. On every important racing day new and marvelous costumes are displayed by the mannikins and actresses of Paris. Many of the gowns they wear are impossible from a utility viewpoint, but they are interesting just the same.

In this group of pictures you will notice that the ruffle and flounce are much in evidence, and that black velvet is rapidly coming into favor for the separate jacket or haque, and they help point the way to the winter fashions. For there is now no doubt about our fashion fate—for the next few months, at any rate. It is all settled, and schemed out, and all that we have to do is to accept and adapt ourselves to the situation—and the new silhouette.

For there is only a memory—a lingering, somewhat regretful memory—left of the long, clinging, graceful lines of last year's draperies and dresses, and everything now is assertive and bouffante, at least from the hips to the knees, the underskirts, however, being as narrow and tight as ever, possibly even a little more so, though in some cases, to give the closeness of effect which fashion demands and also the possibility of movement, which is a further and important necessity, these underskirts will be made of the knife-pleated crepe mousseline or silk, which, of course, compresses a special amount of fulness into the smallest possible space.

As regards the arrangement of the overdraperies, they will sometimes be drawn upward in front, while at others they will be bunched up, bustle fashion, at the back in such a way that the skirt is thereby made several inches shorter than in the front, and is practically uplifted quite ten or twelve inches from the ground.

And whether the resulting hiatus is discreetly filled in with a more or less transparent founcing or veiling of chiffon or lace or is left daringly open is a matter for personal choice. Fashion accords her gracious permission for both schemes; but, of course, such permission should only be taken advantage of by the more youthful and slender women, whose curves are above criticism and who can afford to invariably indulge in immaculate silk hostery and the most suitable as well as smart shoes. Otherwise such a display would only be disastrous to their own appearance and displeasing to the unwilling beholders.

Indeed, it is essentially—and only—the dainty, piquant, petite type of woman who is suited by this particular style of skirt drapery, or, for the matter of that, by its equivalent in the way of headgear—and that is, of course, the top-titled shepherdess hat.



This Eccentric Collar-Yoke and Odd Lace Jacket Attracted Much Attention at the Races.



The Newest Flounces as Seen on the Rue de la Paix. Charming Costume of Black Lace and Taffeta, and Petticoat Parasoil of Black Velvet and Taffeta.



White Charmeuse Double Draped Costume, Showing the Newest Jacket Sleeve and Long Waist. Hat of Black Lace and White Aligrette.

Why We Don't All Die of Consumption

By Sir William Osler

Professor of Medicine, Oxford University
(In a Paper Read Before the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption.)

HAD I an instrument that would never be invented, a radium microscope, so that I could look into the chest or abdomen of every one present, the probability is that in 99 per cent of you there would be found somewhere a small focus or area of tuberculosis. So widespread is the bacillus that practically all human beings, by the time they reach adult life, harbor the germ of the disease. Why do we not all die? Because we are human beings, and not guinea pigs or rabbits. We have obtained a certain measure of immunity against tuberculosis.

With this group the problem is to give such health of tissue to every unit, child and adult, in the kingdom that the parasites of this disease are dealt with as surely and safely as does the oak with the parasites which vainly strive to baiten on its bark. When children shall enjoy the heritage of health to which they are entitled, when workers have a living wage, when the house becomes the home, when the nation spends in food what is now spent in drink, instead of hundreds of thousands there will be millions in this group with practically continued immunity against the ravages of tuberculosis. We do not have to wait for the millennium. To those who can see, the fields are already white to harvest. Think what a generation has done and trust the faith and energy of the public to continue the work. The final eradication of

a disease such as this is a problem of eugenics as well as of medicine—a problem of the soil as much as of the seed.

In no way can you so mark the lintels of your doors that the angel of the White Plague will pass with certainty. Think of the toll of 1914! Already 20,000 to 30,000 have gone, and on an equal number the fell sergent will call before the end of the year.

Despair would fill our hearts were we not cheered by the splendid record of public health work which has in fifty years cut in half this appalling mortality. No part of the domiciliary treatment of the disease is so important as the care of these chronic incurable cases. To provide for the segregation of an increasing number in institutions is an urgent need and an addition to the law by which, when necessary, segregation can be enforced. Safe care of these cases in the homes of the poor is well-nigh impossible, and it rivals the housing problem in importance.

After all, it is a wonderful campaign in which we are engaged. We have tracked the enemy, and know his every stronghold, and we know his three allies—poverty, bad housing and drink. Though his ravages have been reduced, he remains the most powerful among man's innumerable enemies. Before us is a long, slow hundred years' war—and even longer—in which co-ordination and enterprise will win out just as surely as they have done in typhus and typhoid fever. Meanwhile, who dare say the struggle naught, swiftest when month by month and year by year thousands are saved who would have otherwise perished in a miserable, lingering and untimely death?



Study in Black and White at Longchamps. The Sword Hat and Military Cape Form a Striking Combination.

