

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

The New Bows and Sashes

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lacile" 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.

By Lady Duff-Gordon

LIKE the sky after a rain is the modish costume of the moment. The simile is suggested to me by the dark hues of the silks and crepes comprising the gowns of Spring, but more especially by the rainbow effect contributed by the sashes and large bows, without which no gown is chic.

The black silk street costume shown on this page is an illustration of a method which I have made popular. It has a short coat that ends just below the bust and is gathered softly there and finished with a button and loop of the same material. The sleeves are long and tight. At the back it is finished with an up-standing plating of the same black silk. Over this falls a soft, broad, full flounce-like collar in revers effect, of white mousseline de sole. The skirt is gathered closely about the body, but rendered loose about the feet for convenience in walking by that gathered-in-front, shawl-like effect, which gives the body the effect of having been carelessly swathed in the silk, a carelessness that is the triumph of art, a most expensive simplicity. Wound about the waist and far above the belt line is the note of color, the rainbow effect, given by a large, full sash of green silk.

The costume of white crepe shown in the next picture is cut low and open in front. The loosely fitted coat ends in a point in the back. The skirt, draped in long loose folds in front and gathered in fuller fold at the side, opens in front and at the front hem, showing a foundation of moire silk. The draped girdele of red silk is finished by short embroidered ends in Oriental design. The three-quarter length sleeves are cut away beneath the elbow, showing the large cuff of a white lace blouse. A hat, whose crown is of white crepe and whose brim and surrounding ribbon is of red silk, is the apex of this favorite creation of mine.



"The costume of white crepe has its color accent in the soft girdele of red silk. The short ends of the girdele are embroidered in Oriental design in dull colors."

A most daring innovation, successful rival in audacity of the skirt slit to the knee, is the pearl gray serge walking suit, with long, full skirted coat, reproduced on this page. The back seam, finished by stitching to the knees and outlined by a row of large pearl buttons, contains the sartorial joker. The buttonholed side of the skirt is disclosed back and securely fastened, disclosing the cherry-colored lining of the skirt. It discloses more, much more, for it makes no secret of the intimate garment of many founces of white net trimmed with broad bands of white satin reaching to the ankle and daintily transparent. This is the latest Parisian audacity.



"Wound around the waist and far above the belt line of this street costume is a sash of green silk, falling in a long loop below the right hip."

"A most daring innovation, successful rival to the skirt slit to the knee in front. This latest Parisian audacity I have named the Pierrette."

AN ENGAGEMENT FOR FUN---By Belvidere McMahon

Charlie Cator walked quickly along Oxford street. He was amused, but not a little annoyed. That very morning his mother had taken him aside and tearfully unburdened herself. She had, it appeared, been very greatly troubled at the number of marriages between peers and chorus girls, and in order that her son should not commit a like folly, she had implored and commanded him to fall in love with some nice girl and be safely married as quietly as possible.

Charlie laughed at his mother's fears, and assured her that he was quite safe; but his laughter had only increased her anxiety, and at last, to put an end to a somewhat painful though equally humorous scene, Charlie had promised to look round and let her know.

A motorbus crashed along, spurring mad with complete uncensured. Cator waited, carefully out of range, until the evil thing was past. He then crossed over and turned in the direction of Regent street. He had only been down from Oxford about three years, but he had not grown out of the habit of wearing his Bullingdon tie at least two days a week, and it was too absurd, he thought, to have to think about getting engaged and settling down just as he was beginning to taste the joys of life. But he came to the conclusion that his mother was far too precious to be worried on his account, and he determined to humor her as best he could.

So Cator, dodging the world and his wife with the inconspicuous dexterity of the born Londoner, continued on his way. Outside a famous shop he saw a large car, which by recog-

nized as belonging to the Woodroughs. He hurried toward it, seized with a brilliant idea. Looking in, he caught the eye of the only occupant and raised his hat.

Mary Woodrough smiled. "Good morning!" she said. "Isn't this disgusting weather? Come in and talk to me while mother does her shopping."

"Rather," said Cator. He opened the door and sat down beside her. "This is awfully lucky, as I've got a proposal to make to you."

Mary beamed. "That's ripping of you," she said, "but I had hoped that my first proposal would be at a dance with soft music and a new moon."

Cator laughed. "Well, it isn't exactly that," he said, "but something like it."

"Oh!" said Mary. "Well, tell me what it is."

Cator was silent for a moment. The chauffeur took out a green handkerchief, polished the left-hand lamp glass, and then blew his nose loudly.

"Well, this is the idea," said Cator. "I want to be engaged to you without any idea of our being married."

"Great Caesar's ghost!" gasped Mary.

"You see," said Cator, "I shall come into the title one day, though I hope not for ages yet; but, anyhow, I've got to think about getting married. I've had no experience in that sort of thing yet, and, before I become engaged to the right woman, I want to find out just what one does and how one does it."

"But, why do you come to me of all people?" asked Mary in amazement.

"Well," said Cator, "because you're

perfectly charming, dress well, put your hats on at the right angle, say your doo to the right thing at the right moment, and because, also, I think it will be useful to you."

Mary laughed and made a sarcastic bow. "Not at all," she said. "How will it be useful to me?"

"You don't get many opportunities of going about," said Cator, "so your chances of meeting some good chap and getting married are practically nil."

"Too true," sighed Mary.

"Well, I know heaps of decent men, and can introduce you when we go about together, and it's a hundred to one that you'll like one of them sufficiently to accept him. They are all good chaps, and are bound to fall in love with you. That's where you come in. You can correct my daily love-letters, which, of course, you need not answer."

"Thank Heaven!" put in Mary.

"And generally put me on to the various ropes, which is where I come in," finished Cator.

"It's a glorious idea," said Mary.

Cator lit a cigarette. "Now, as regards money," he said, "I'm afraid I shan't always be able to run to the Carlton, but what do you think of places like Giovanni's?"

"Topping!" said Mary.

"Right!" said Cator. "To return to the subject of love letters for a moment. You know there is no university course on the art of writing love letters, so if you will go through and correct my daily efforts—they have to be daily, don't they?"—Mary nodded—"I can mug them up and it'll be most useful to me. You don't mind?"

Mary laughed. "Oh, no—any little thing like that!"

"Thanks very much," said Cator. "Now, what about the question of kissing?"

"Well," said Mary, after a moment's

pause, "of course you'll have to kiss me and let me kiss you. All engaged people do, you know."

"All right," said Cator. "When does one do it?"

"Well," said Mary, thoughtfully, "Sundays are always very boring, and if I could look forward to a kiss at the end of them, it would help to pull me through. What do you think?"

"Splendid! On Sunday evenings, then."

"And perhaps," Mary continued, "when you've seen me home after a show, and have to drive back all alone, you might like one then?"

"Oh, rather," said Cator. "By Jove, you think of everything."

Mary laughed. "I want to do my share," she said.

Cator nodded. "Finally," he said, "and not the least important, is the question of ending the business. As soon as you meet the right man, or I meet the right girl"—

Mary broke in. "We tip each other the immediate wink, eh?"

"The chauffeur again pulled out the green handkerchief and trumpeted loudly. Cator looked up. The man caught his eye and jerked his thumb, with a significant raising of the eyebrows, toward the shop. Cator threw his cigarette out of the window. "I take it your mother's coming," he said. "Oughtn't we to celebrate our engagement by kissing now?"

"Bright notion," said Mary, holding up her lips.

Cator kissed them. "By Jove," he said, after a pause, "that was—great!"

"Shall I let mother know to-day?" asked Mary quickly, with a faint thumping of the heart.

"Yes," said Cator. "The thing is well started. Good morning, Mrs. Woodrough," he added, as she appeared at the door. "Permit me." He sprang out and handed her in.

Mary held out her hand. "Good-by, Charlie! I'll tell mother as we go."

"Thanks, very much—Mary, I'll

ring you up later about dining somewhere to-night." Cator shook hands and raised his hat. The motor leapt forward.

II.

Cator was standing in front of the wardrobe one morning, some two months later, absorbed in the choosing of a tie suitable to the near approach of Summer. The problem was not an easy one, and he rejected tie after tie before he at last found one to satisfy him. A tap came at the door just as he was about to put it round his neck. Cator was thinking of Mary, and it was almost mechanically that he called out "Come in!" The arrangement had succeeded most miraculously. His mother, now that he was safely tied, as she thought, to a perfectly delightful girl of whom she thoroughly approved, was blissfully happy. All her fears were at rest, and Charlie was able to congratulate himself on his great idea, not merely because of having pleased his mother, but also because he found the experience most delightful. Mary and he had been everywhere and done everything together—theatres, race-meetings, dinners and dances. He had, according to the bargain, introduced her to all his men friends and Mary, thoroughly enjoying herself, had carefully trained him in the things an engaged man ought to know. Charlie had not yet met the ideal girl, nor, apparently, had Mary shown any sign of being in love with anyone, and his careful choice in the matter of a tie was due to the fact that he was going racing with her that morning.

In answer to his "Come in," the man entered with a telegram. "Any answer, sir?" he asked.

Cator finished his tie, opened the telegram, and read it. He remained silent until the man, thinking himself forgotten, asked again if there were any answer. Cator started. "No," he said quietly. The man left the room, and Charlie read the wire again: "Have met the right man—Mary."

So this was the end, eh? Mary had found someone to her liking, after all. Cator forgot all about dressing and sat, thoughtful, on the side of his bed. There would be no more delightful dinners and dances, no more Sunday evenings, which he had come to find so pleasant. The thing was finished. He was by himself again, while Mary was going to become really engaged. How strange it would be! He got up and lit a cigarette. No; it wouldn't be strange—it would be frightful! Hang it! Mary was a ripper, absolutely top notch, and some blighter had stolen her heart. "It's impossible!" thought Cator. "I can't let her go! She's the ideal girl, and I, blind fool, didn't see it! Where's my hat?"

He rushed about the room, sprang into his coat, seized his hat, and was downstairs in five leaps and into the street. A taxi whirled him away, and in less than five minutes he was holding on to the electric bell outside Mary's house. He was shown into a room which he did not know, and paced violently up and down, waiting for her.

"Good morning, Charlie!" Mary had opened the door quietly and stood nervously inside the room.

Cator strode over to her. "Who is he?" he asked fiercely.

Mary crossed the room before answering, and stood at the window. "I met him some time ago," she said evasively.

"Where did you meet him?" Cator was trying hard to keep cool by doing his best to smash the back of a chair with his hands.

"I met him— But I don't see why I should answer all these ques-

tions." Mary turned and faced Cator. "Our bargain was that, as soon as either of us met the right person, we should let each other know, and as I've met him—Mary's eyes dropped from Cator's—"I had to tell you."

Cator turned away and swallowed. There was silence for a minute. Mary blew a kiss at his back. Cator's voice, when he faced Mary again, was quiet. "I'm most awfully sorry I—I threatened to drown him. Please forgive me! You've been awfully kind in keeping our bargain and I—I— Good-by!" He held out his hand.

"Can't you guess who he is?" asked Mary, softly.

"No; I was never good at—at guessing," said Cator. "As I shan't see you again, May I—will you—can't we end our arrangement as we began it that day in the motor?"

"Would it be fair to—to him?" asked Mary.

Cator picked up his hat and stick. "You're right," he said, "it would be caddish. Good-by."

They shook hands in silence. Mary watched him cross to the door. He hadn't guessed, and was really going. "Oh! Charlie!" she called softly.

Cator shut the door again and returned. "Yes?" he said.

"Don't you really know who it is?" Mary clasped her hands nervously, almost angrily, and turned her back on him.

"No," said Cator, "but I hope you'll be awfully happy."

Mary still kept her face away. "I met him in Regent street," she said, "just about two months ago."

Cator stared at her for a moment, unable to believe his ears. Then he dropped his hat and stick and swung her round. "Mary," he cried, "do you mean—me?"

"Yes," said Mary bravely.

Cator seized her in his arms, and the real engagement began as the other one had done that day in the motor.