

Rainbow Faces and Painted Furs!



Fur Dyed to Match Gowns and Faces Painted to Match Modes and Furs, Skirts with Holes Instead of Slits, and Puff-Ball Hats Are Among the Latest Paris Fads.



Puff-Ball Plume of Bright Green, the Only Decoration on a Black Velvet Plaque.

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

By Lady Duff-Gordon.

A STATE of hysteria holds sway in the Paris fashion world. I can recall no other season when colors were so rampant and the desire to appear freakish was so dominant in the female breast. The *Bois de la Paix*, the tea rooms of the smart hotels, the drawing rooms in the exclusive *Faubourg St. Germain* run rivers of color, just as in the days of the *Commune* the streets of Paris ran rivers of blood.

There are some color effects worn in daylight in the streets that actually attract more attention than those of the *salons* of the night world, and yet in a way we in Paris are becoming satiated with brilliancy of color with freakishness of design. We feel—rather I would say that we have felt—that there was nothing left to startle us, that our senses were too jaded to be tempted with any new fad or fancy.

But this was before the day of the rainbow faces and painted furs. The chic Parisienne who wishes to-day to make a sensation on the boulevards and at the hotels paints her face in various colors. She paints nowadays to express a mood, to make a contrast with the color note in her costume; but always she paints to attract attention.

The saddest moment of a Parisienne's career is when she realizes that the street gamins and the boulevardiers no longer turn their heads to watch her go by. That moment proves to her that she has lost her power to compel attention. The rage for rainbow faces is, however, just at its height, and mischief who drives in the *Champs Elysees* or takes a timid constitutional along the *Bois* no longer dreads the lack of enthusiasm of the street gamins. There are days when her face is a peculiar shade of green, a green that verges on the purple under her eyes; other days when purple is the color note and the line under the eyes a vivid pomegranate, matching her lips.

Of blue faces and of deep orange faces there are many. The ears are always hidden under loops of hair, but the face and even the neck reflect the lady's mood.

When the ghastly white face, with eyes looking like burned holes in a blanket, and the vermilion lips gave way to pale shades of yellow, "Vertily," I said: "Paris will go no further." But, you see, it has.

And to keep in tune with the rainbow faces *miladi's* hair is dyed whatever shade pleases her mood and fancy. One day she will wear a rich mahogany color; the next day it



The Lady of the Painted Fur. Fox Dyed a Sage Green. Tops a Broad Stole of Pink Ermine. The Bandeau Ornamenting the Head is of Dull Beaten Gold.



"Behold the most up-to-the-second Lady of the Boulevards, the exponent of the extremes of fashion. With nonchalance she wears the loop-hole skirt, the rainbow face, the puff-ball hat and painted furs. And to fit the picture even her greyhound painted in color that match her gown, wears a ruff of jewelled roses round his neck."

Fox Dyed Purple to Match the Purple Broadcloth Costume. Hat with Extension Upturned Brim and Stiff Plume of Purple.

painting fox the most delightful shades of blue and green. We are dyeing fur wraps a lovely royal purple. In fact, there is nothing we dare not attempt. I have seen a delightful pink chiffon evening gown trimmed with bands of pink ermine. This fur, by the way, being fat, is more susceptible to paint than to dye. It is a liquid water

may be blue or callot pink. How does she do this?

Easily enough. The chic Parisienne has a dozen different wigs, or transformations, made, each one dyed a different color. She therefore can gratify any whim that seizes her.

But there are other freakish fancies that mark this very peculiar phase through which we are passing. I blame them all unreservedly on the recent furore for the cubist effects, which has so transformed the spirit of Paris. It was the cubists and their fellows who introduced the green faces to Paris, and foolish, but ever dear, delightful Paris said if such things are artistic on canvas, why not in flesh and blood?

Among these other odd fancies are the painted furs, the nose ring, the ankle watch, the jewelled beauty spot, the gilt-edged eyelashes, landscape veils, to say nothing of the strange, weirdly shaped and decorated hats, and the funny little hair bustles which we wear in front instead of in the back.

The rage for painted furs is, I think, a purely logical sequence to the craze for other unnatural dyed and painted fabrics. And why should we not dye or paint our furs to match our hair, our hats, our eyes? Furs are always dyed, anyway. Why, instead of dyeing fox brown, should we not dye or paint it purple, green or blue?

This is perfectly logical. Therefore for months we have been experimenting, and at last we have achieved the supposedly impossible. We are dyeing or

paint, of course, and is applied with a wide brush in even, firm strokes.

The landscape veils are curious, but not unpleasant when worn with the harmonious costume. And what are these veils? Just squares of chiffon on which are painted charming bits of scenery from the gardens at Versailles, bits of sea pictures or just simple flower gardens—all painted in their natural colors on a soft gray, white or green background. These veils, as a rule, hang free from the brim of the hat. The effect is unusual, but, after all, has a certain attraction. Why should we not wear a pretty picture across our faces rather than the hideous and unbecoming splotchy veils of the so recent past? It is all in the point of view.

Gilt-edged eyelashes are another weird attempt to put Dame Nature hopelessly to shame. The lashes are first heavily blackened as on the stage. Then the extreme tips are touched up with liquid gold. The effect is really bewitching when the work is skilfully done.

The puff-ball plume is the latest decoration for the wide, oddly brimmed hats. This plume is so high that the *limousines* are being made with holes in their roofs through which, on a clear day, the plumes stick upward.

In fact, with the high decorations and upstanding brims the tops of all vehicles will have to be curved upward.

The jewelled beauty spots are fascinating. They are attached with the usual court plaster beauty spot, and are both decorative and effective.

