

"WHY NOT!" Says Gaby.

Very Odd Satirical Suggestions for "Future Fashions" Which Will "Satisfy the Gradually-Prepared-for Display of Graces" Woman Hasn't "the Courage to Bring to Its Logical Conclusion."



Gaby's Future Fashion for the Tea Gown. "A perfectly logical development of the X-ray skirt and the even more enormous head-dress."

By GABY DESLYS.

Paris, September 12.
LOOK about at the fashions. I see the X-ray gowns becoming even more X, the X-ray shoes that show the little toes, the slit gowns that reveal les jambes, and I ask why? I study the trend carefully, and at last I come to a conclusion. It is—Why not?

I decide to design some future fashions, the logical outcome of the fashions that are. I conceive that the fashions that are, have their inception in the great new awakening and the old cowardice of women. And I say I will wake them up more, and I will relieve them of their cowardice.

If a woman desires to wear the slit gown, why not do away entirely with that uptidy subterfuge and part the gown as well. Voilà! At once I invent this charming walking dress you see. I say, if my sisters desire to wear the diaphanous dresses for teas, boudoirs and tangoes, why not develop this diaphanousness. And, Voilà! I invent again. I invent much, all future fashions, which I hope to enhearten my sisters to wear. You will observe that each is, in a manner, of the current mode—just a little less of some things, a little more of others. But at once—the fashions of the future.

Pour montrez les jambes—if they are beautiful from the knee down, why should they continue to be so carefully concealed? Why not show them—pourquoi pas? I, Gaby, ask the question—Why not? Thus it is settled. For is it not seen everywhere in the big cities of Europe and America that the great dressmakers are agreeable? Have they not provided the slit at the bottom of the skirt? And is not that slit steadily growing more complaisant, stretching itself more and more in the direction of the knee, and becoming constantly bolder in its display of innocent charms which for so long were wasted on insensible lingerie?

Vraiment, il faut que nous fassions voir les jambes. All of us who have the presentable kind find it necessary, to be in the fashion, to let them be seen. That is the direction of fashion's strong current. Why should one try to swim against it? We have them. We are not ashamed of them—enfin, we know that no human eye can rest upon them without experiencing sensations of aesthetic pleasure. Therefore, why should we be cruel?

It cannot be charged that we thrust them suddenly upon the vision of an unprepared world—as the Spartan ladies did at the command of Lycurgus. No. We led up to the grand moment of unselfishness by imperceptible degrees. First we discarded the crinolines—which left the fact of their existence more than doubtful. By narrowing the skirt we permitted them to become suspected—thus avoiding the shock of absolute discovery. For more than a generation we waited for the suspicion to become familiar. Thus it was that when I, Gaby, and Mile. Dorgere, and the lamented Lantelme, and others of our courageous and humane circle, demonstrated with the hobbie and the barem skirts, with the result that very shortly all the feminine world followed our example, quite easily and without disaster, the suspicion became a certainty. Yes, without question, women, no less than men, had legs.

If you reflect you will perceive how true it is that for ten years at the least montrez les jambes has been autocratic fashion's most rigorously enforced command. As the outermost draperies embraced more and more closely, from beneath the clinging gown underskirts and petticoats and other impediments to a revelation of nature's outlines disappeared. Only the folds of the narrowing outer skirt remained to render vague the graceful curves of the silk-clad leg.

The grand moment of complete revelation was approaching—but not too fast—mais non! It is not only the drama that rejoices in its possession of the element of revelation, of suspense. The dressmaker's art shares that inestimable advantage. There was suspense and grace—in the molding of corsets, as faithfully as a coat of thin plaster, to the curves of the hips. Over this the thin fabric of the gown clung without a wrinkle.

Now you will understand the purpose of those bunched overskirt effects and short, wide coats reaching hardly below the hips and worn with the closest clinging gowns—pour glorifier les jambes, that was the secret; at the expense of some grace about the waist, to add



Gaby's New bathing Suit. "The tendency in bathing suits is certainly more and more toward display, and less toward use," she says. "Why not work this out to its logical limit?"



Gaby's Suggested Street Future Fashions for Walking Suits, Showing the Exaggerations of the Waistcoats for Women, the Mannish Coats and Big Hats.

emphasis to—in fact, to glorify what the narrow, clinging gown so charmingly suggested, namely, the legs.

In the smart set of Paris, or London, or New York, where will you note a house gown, a tea gown, any evening gown, that is a la mode, which leaves remaining any possibility of shock?

So let us proceed to the supreme moment without further hesitance. Suggestion has, as you Americans say, gone the limit; the estimable dramatic element of suspense has been squeezed to the last drop. If they are beautiful, montrez les jambes—show the legs. Why not?

Why should we be so coy with that little slit at the hem of the skirt? Courage, mes amis, le diable est mort!

Therefore, I, Gaby, aided by the truthful camera, appear before you here in no less than five distinct variations of that supreme moment which we have been so gradually and humanely approaching. Voilà! Feel shocked—I defy you!

In the bare-armed effect, with filmy harem trousers widely cut out in front nearly to the knees, the skirt, you will observe, is retained, but at the smallest possible expense to the main object in view. Note how, although it really ends at the hips in a rigid hoop, which accentuates the tapering curves downward to the ankles, there are festoons of braid and bits of fringe depending two or three inches apart, which overcome somewhat the general effect of scantiness.



"And if you like fringe, why not wear lots of it?"

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Gaby's Conception of the Logical Slit Skirt "It has all the allurements of the present mode," she says, "and if the practical part of the fashion is to make locomotion easier why not make it perfectly easy?"

Perhaps I am not quite courageous in this example. But it may be understood that the slit in each trouser leg is to be made longer and broader as its usefulness fades. There are really only two objects gained by these revelations—altruism and usefulness. The slit trouser, of course, has not the latter excuse, for trousers are easy to walk in already without being slit.

The other examples approach the logical conclusion both in the way of grace and use.

Upon the street freedom of movement for les jambes becomes more and more necessary, while there are more and more automobiles to be escaped at crossings.

"Cre nom des pieds!" How can one jump at the screech of the "honk" when the legs are bandaged by unnecessary draperies?

Come, are we not permitted to save our lives? Because there is an ancient tradition that we have no legs, must we permit them to be mangled by rubber tires, and, maybe, removed in sorrowful truth by a doctor in the hospital.

Is it not true that the chauffeurs also are human? Have not they also the aesthetic sense? When they discover the allurements of les jambes exposées, will they not be inclined to break their own necks rather than

to risk the disfigurement of such charms? So I have been quite candid in my suggestions. At present possibly you may accept them with diffidence. But with familiarity their logic will satisfy you, until— Ah, oui—of a certainty there must be progress in allurement. Eh bien—when what I show you here has ceased to satisfy all your desire for that which is beautiful in nature, silken-clad, it is not beyond the possibilities that I, Gaby, defender of both allurement and utility, may once more rise to the occasion!

"Metronome" Cure for Neurasthenia By a Hospital Nurse

THE brain and body of the neurasthenic are always working at "express train" rate. You may put your patient to bed, keep the relatives away, rob life of every petty worry, feed, guard, doctor, drug with all the vivifying tonics ever brewed, but you will never do an atom of good until you make that marvellous complicated bit of psychic machinery—the mind—work with rhythm; until you make your patient realize he or she must slacken the thoughts as he or she is slackening the muscles.

The easiest illustration of this lack of rhythm, which I have noticed in each case of neurasthenia I have nursed, is to put a

perfectly working clock on an uneven shelf. The pendulum will swing for a time, but the regular "tick-tock" will be replaced by a sound like "tick-a-tock-tick." The clock may continue working for a time, but as an unreliable timekeeper, and it will soon stop. The neurasthenic suffers in the same way. The systematic "tick-tock" of the mind's machinery is changed to "tick-a-tock-tick." Learn how to restore the methodical movement and you have solved the problem. I would set a metronome by the bedside of the neurasthenic. I would pull up the weight to the tiptop of the baton, and I would try to teach my patient to regulate his thought by that steady, slow, monotonous "tick-tock."

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