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## The Newest Trousers Gowns



The "Tolstoy" Costume, Showing the Novelist's Blouse and the Near-Trouser Skirt.

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 ("Lucile").

IN the Spring the feminine fancy lightly turns to fashions bizarre. We have always a certain number of what I call freak fashions, and we indulge our love for the new and novel by adopting these in their turn. It is because of the newness of the Spring; the annual budding of the flowers, and the flowing of the sap in the trees and shrubs makes us long, like the earth, to cast aside our Winter trappings and to put on as many new things as our pocketbooks permit. And this is why I think that we women wear in these Spring months gowns and hats that we would not wear at any other season.

As I have told you many times, this season finds remarkably few freakish hats, but as though to compensate for this our gowns have many unusual features. And among these are the slit skirts and the near-trousers that some of the mondaines are wearing.

I am sending you this week two models that I think show the new ideas to their best advantage. The first one is the Tolstoy gown. The skirt, as you will see, fastens in the front. The two sides are brought together, the left over the right. The left side is faced with satin of a contrasting color. This arrangement gives the near-

trouser effect. The peasant blouse is what gives the name to the whole costume, for it is modelled on the lines of those worn by Tolstoy when he lived the simple life on his Russian estate. The peplum is attached to the skirt, as you can see in the second figure. The blouse is plain and tight and draws on over the head like a jersey. This whole costume is created in old blue chiffon broadcloth. The skirt facing is a bright green.

Worn with this is a charming little hat of butter color straw swathed with blue and green shot silk. The feather fancy outspreading at the back is the shade of the hat.

The second figure shows the bodice worn with the Tolstoy costume. It is a very charming little affair of blue chiffon over green chiffon, and worn over a lace slip. It is simple, but delightfully chic. And right here let me tell you that the day of the marquisette and voiles has passed for bodices, and we are back where we started from—the chiffon counter. Everything that can be made of chiffon must be. This is obligatory.

In the third picture I am showing you what I consider the most chic model of the Russian blouse that I have created. This



one is created in a delightful new shade of rose that Paris adores. It is a shade just between the old American beauty and the clear rose pink. It is the favorite shade this year of the Princess Louise, the only daughter of the Emperor of Germany, who is getting her trousseau this season—but very few things, alas, in Paris!

"The Newest Bodices Must Be of Chiffon and Worn Over White Lace."



The Draped Russian Blouse and the Latest Trouser Skirt.

Paris, April 25.

THE chic Parisienne is now giving a great deal of attention to the shoes and stockings she wears in the evening, at balls and "au Restaurant." Her newest craze is to have her evening shoes made with two long pieces of velvet studded with diamonds; these come from the back of the shoe, and are then bound round the ankle, Greek fashion, and finish half way up the leg with a diamond ornament.

A beautifully dressed Parisienne has the cloche of her flesh silk stockings embroidered with pearls; just a line of pearls up each side, with three little Empire leaves, made of pearls, finishing the cloche. From the centre of these hangs a small tassel, also made of pearls.

A well-known Russian princess, who is renowned for the beauty of her hands and jewels, is wearing a circle of diamonds on the three centre fingers of her right hand, and from each comes a tiny diamond chain. These are all brought together at the wrist with one large pearl surrounded with diamonds. The string of diamonds then encircles her wrist in the form of a bracelet.

This shade of rose was designed for her, and is just being put on the market here. I have created this charming costume in this shade, and am sorry that you cannot see it in color. The fabric is a lovely supple ratine. You must know that there are many different kinds of this popular fabric, each one very suitable for just such costumes as this.

The blouse has one side curved and draped in a very odd manner. The front opens to the girdle. And this girdle is made of a very ornate figured velvet.

The skirt is one of the fastened-over skirts. The back is seamless, and the fronts fasten over in the approved manner to give the trouser effect. The hat worn with this is a tiny close-fitting Milan straw trimmed with tiny tight rosebuds the shade of the gown.

## WHAT THE NEWLY WED SHOULD KNOW

MATRIMONY is a fine art. To criticize it properly one must see it at a distance, then one can find the small flaws that sometimes spoil the masterpiece.

Mrs. Isabelle Kellie, a writer and a business woman, who has been successful at many things, including matrimony, gives her ideas on this subject to the Newly Weds to-day.

"A happy marriage is made up of little sacrifices on both sides. When these sacrifices are appreciated by the other half they turn in to mutual pleasures."

"It takes a great deal of thought to make a fine art of matrimony. Few young married people are willing to study each other's needs and make allowances for each other. Married couples soon get into the habit of ordering each other about without saying 'please' and 'thank you.' A woman will do many little services for a man if he voices his wants politely and the same applies with equal truth to the other sex."

"Generally one finds when a marriage is not ideal that the couple are suffering from too much of each other's society. In the days when most people lived in houses surrounded by gardens the harassed hare or herring would flee in the arbor and indulge in the luxury of solitude. But there is no such thing as solitude in the modern flat. And every human being feels the need of being alone and absolutely quiet at times."

**Does Not Harp on Trouble.**

"The girl who has been in business before her marriage realizes that her husband is fagged out when he comes home from his day's work and, if she remembers her own experience, she knows that he can recuperate and get rested sooner if she will refrain from pouring out the trials and tribulations of the day in his ears or adding to his nervous state by a weepy sympathy. Many people are like animals when they are ill or very tired. They want to be left absolutely alone."

"Every person is entitled to a room or den where they can retire and commune with their own souls when they need to do so, without fear of hurting the feelings of the rest of the family. The small apartments where all privacy is impossible have had

their share in adding to modern 'Nerves.'

"As modern living conditions make it impossible for people to get the privacy that went with larger houses and more space, that sense of privacy must be recognized and respected and fostered and the odious familiarity that inevitably breeds contempt must be guarded against. One can do it if one is forewarned and I think that problem lies in the hands of the wife."

**Love Doesn't Bar Politeness.**

"Love should not be a bar to politeness and the fact that one is married is no good excuse for forgetting these small phrases that go with a request, such as 'Do you mind?' or 'Will you be kind enough?' which one would never omit to a stranger and which smooth the rough places wonderfully."

"There is such a thing as seeing too much of one another and I have known of many couples who seem to forget that a man needs the companionship of other men just as a woman craves that of other women."

"Once the honeymoon is over I think that a man should be allowed one night a week for his club or his friends, providing that the companions are of the right kind, of course. It is a good thing for him to see other men than those he meets in business."

"On the other hand I think later on when there are children and a woman has no nurse for them the father could arrange to take charge of them one evening a week and give the mother an absolute rest."

"An evening off, to go to the theatre or see her friends and family. Of course, a man says that she has the entire day to herself, but a woman with small children has not a minute day or night to call her own, unless some one else takes the charge of the children."

"There would be fewer bored, married couples if men and women cultivated a hobby. The hobby may be anything from suffrage to golf or yachting to suit the income and taste of the individual and husband and wife should not necessarily have the same hobby."

"A diversity of interests of this kind stimulates the mind and helps conversation when the inevitable time comes where husband and wife find that they have nothing new to talk about."

## Evening

This poem recently won a gold medal awarded by the London Poets' Club:

**B**YOND all poetry, sublimity of song.

Sweet eventide, when mellow shadows throng  
The valleys, and the slow, reluctant day,  
On purple sandals, gliding, steals away  
Into the gloaming, by the sleeping stream,  
A pensive spirit passing unto dreams.  
It is the hour when woods enchanted glow,  
And gentle winds with dying odors blow,  
From tree to tree faint pipes of evening call,  
The bat sweeps circling by the ivied wall,  
A lark drops fluttering to his lowly nest,  
And drowsily the ringdove croons of rest.  
The moan of kine has ceased, the drone of bees,  
But ever a little stream among the trees  
Speeds lightly on, and singeth as it goes,  
Songs that a child at evening might compose.

Now the sun's flight is finished in the west,  
Where far the great clouds veil his flaming crest,  
The shepherd pens his weary flock away,  
Safe folding laggard little ones that stray.

Bidding them browse awhile ere darkness steep  
All things that move, in deep, embrowned sleep,  
High uplands as at early morning shine,  
Sacred the light that glides the day's decline,  
As when the dawn with holy eyes appears  
And opening blossoms sparkle with her tears,  
For grass, foreboding day, which climbs the east,  
Calling the world to work, and fight, and feast,  
The cunning day, the fierce, insistent hours  
Of human strife with Nature's dreadful powers,  
The groaning of a being chained to earth,  
Although ablaze with vision from his birth,  
But, come, the evening calls us, let us go,  
We must not sorrow because earth hath woe,  
A passion lingers in this serene air,  
A passion void of triumph or despair,  
Empty of storm, and hushed to calm delight,  
We turn our eyes to greet the coming night,  
The stars are streaming up the boundless hills,  
The stars which smile at men's inconstant wills,  
And in an opal radiance, crescent-wise,  
The moon peers coldly from the limply skies.

**PAT'S REJOINDER.**

The case concerned a will and an Irishman was a witness.

"Was the deceased" asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Come, come, you don't know, and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"The fact is," said Pat dryly, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."

**SERVED HIM RIGHT.**

"I AM the unluckiest man alive!"

"What's the matter?"

"Why, I heard that Muriel was engaged, so I went round and proposed to her, so that she wouldn't think I had been trifling with her."

"And wasn't she engaged?"

"Yes; but she broke it off. She said my love was more sincere than the other fellow's."

**AT THE MONTH'S END.**

JONES—Short stories are all the go now.

ROBIE—Yes, I've noticed it; nearly every person I meet tells me how short he is.

**AS HE SAW IT.**

"Isn't my photograph good?" said a young wife to her husband.

"Well, my dear," replied he, "there's just a little too much repose about the mouth for it to be quite natural."