

## The Newest Coats and Wraps



A Three-Piece Cloak of Gray Faille Silk, with Sleeves and Hood Bound with Chinchilla.  
("Lucile" Model)

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 style for well-dressed women.  
Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

By Lady Duff-Gordon  
("LUCILE")

WHILE attending the exposition given at the Ritz the other week by a society formed of French models especially sent to America I was greatly impressed by the charm and newness of the coats and wraps, the fulness and form given in every coat and the decorative value shown by the many uses to which they are put. The full skirts of to-day, of course, demand fuller coats to go with them. The dresses, however, did not impress me nearly so much. I was surprised to find the waist line bundy looking. Large hips and full skirts must of necessity call for small and long waist line in contrast.

I have in my collection this year, for this very reason, quite a number of three-piece gowns, which differ from the coat and skirt three-piece of a season ago. In fact, with these are mantle cloaks or wraps, with a complete afternoon gown underneath, instead of the usual little shopping three-piece. These garments are for use in the afternoon for calls, restaurants, winter weddings.

There is one which I have in mind at the moment called "The Mild Surprise." It is a tight-fitting velvet coat, with very wide flare skirt. The underdress is of lace, with the exception of a border at the hem of the skirt, which shows beneath the coat. The mild surprise is that when the outer garment is removed, instead of finding the customary garment underneath one has a most delightful gown for restaurant or dance. It is worn with a velvet hat and transparent lace rim to match the lace of the garment.

Another of these three-piece cloaks I give a picture of. It is of gray faille silk, the coat of which is wool, with big



A Durable Coat of Sand-Colored Duvetyne

sleeves and a hood, all of which are bound on both sides with a band of chinchilla fur. It has a double collar, one of fur, the other of faille, and is tied in front by a succession of black and silver gray bows. A little muff matches the fur and the dress, and is lined with lemon yellow.

A more durable coat is shown in the smaller picture. It is of sand-colored duvetyne, with enormous box pleat, which begins under the arm and continues to the back of the skirt. The collar and



Of Green Ratine, Trimmed with Fox, Kid Lined

cuffs are enormous, and are made of white skunk. The third coat is made of green ratine, with oxidized buttons, trimmed with fox, and lined throughout with kid. It is pieced together in a design not unlike the crazy quilts of our grandmothers, but in two colors only—namely, gray and black.

## What Has Become of Belgium's Historic "Ghosts"?

A remarkable article has appeared in the Occult Review in which Elliott O'Donnell, famous in England for his adventures in psychical research, raises some interesting questions about the fate of Belgium's historic "ghosts." Many of the chateau and other buildings which housed these phantoms have been destroyed by German shells. What has become of their ghostly occupants?

Mr. O'Donnell does not answer the question, but goes on to tell some of the more remarkable "phenomena."

Belgium for its size, writes Mr. O'Donnell, can testify to having seen more homicides—more deeds of cruelty and rapine—than any other country in Europe, and on that account it can point to many more hauntings.

Prior to the war I was engaged in collecting accounts of ghostly happenings on the Continent, and have now selected a few of these that have come from Belgium. As Bruges appears to be the most haunted town in Belgium, I will refer to it first.

The moment one leaves the clean, well-lighted thoroughfares of the new part of Bruges, and enters the cobbler-paved, narrow precincts of the older portion, there is a something in the atmosphere, in the hush and solitude, that whispers in the ears of even the least imaginative among us. "All is not of the material, of the physical HERE."

Some years ago Mrs. Vertue, a friend of mine, whilst on a lengthy annual visit to the Continent, decided to spend a few days in the town, and arriving there about the second week in September—the time of year, when spontaneous psychic phenomena are, in all probability, of most frequent occurrence—put up at a small hotel, not far from Van Schellen's celebrated old Dutch cafe. What happened during her stay there can best, perhaps, be related in her own words.

"I felt," so she remarked in her first letter to me, written on September 11, but not apparently posted till the 13th, "that there was something queer about the place the moment I crossed the threshold. One may, of course, attribute the sensation solely to the antiquity of the place—to the low ceilings, with their huge, ponderous cross-beams.

"It became less noticeable, however, after I had been in the house for awhile, and I soon forgot all about it in the interest generated by the novelty of my surroundings. My bedroom overlooked the street. It was a long, low, rectangular room with dormer windows, the walls were draped with imitation tapestry of a very startling design, the bed was a huge four-poster. I never was afraid of being alone at night, and in spite of the strangeness of the room, I got into bed quite unconcernedly and fully prepared to sleep soundly until the morning.

"I awoke with a start to hear a cuckoo clock in the house strike one. The room was full of moonlight, and every object as clearly discernible as if it had been day. A feeling of intense exhilaration seizing me, I got up, and going to the window, threw it wide open and leaned out. My eyes immediately encountered the gaze of some one peering up at me from immediately beneath the window sill. The face I looked into was long, narrow and swarthy. It had a pointed beard and a long moustache, very much bewaxed at the ends. The eyes were dark, and as they met mine they smiled sardonically. I have never seen such an evil smile. I drew in my head sharply, and when I looked again the man had disappeared. I got back into bed, but I could not sleep, and on seeing the proprietress of the hotel in the morning, I mentioned the incident to her, adding that I hoped there were plenty of police about.

"You need have no alarm, madam," she said; "the man

you saw is quite harmless—merely a poor, half-witted fellow who occasionally wanders abroad at night."

"She said this in the presence of one or two other guests, and I caught them exchanging glances.

"That night I again got out of bed, and on going to the window saw the same figure. This time I endeavored to take a snapshot of it, but it disappeared the moment I got the camera fixed on it, and I obtained no result.

"The following night I went to supper with some friends at the Hotel St. Antoine, and did not leave till close on one o'clock. A Mr. Kirkwood saw me home, and whilst we were walking along, I told him of my experience on the preceding nights.

"It's about now that the queer man appears," I observed, and my heart gave one or two thumps when, on turning a corner, we arrived within sight of the hotel. The moonlight was just as much in evidence as on the former occasions, but there was no sign of any figure. Mr. Kirkwood escorted me up to the door and was saying good-night when a hand suddenly gripped hold of my shoulder so sharply that I gave a little cry of pain.

"Whatever's the matter?" Mr. Kirkwood ejaculated, "hope you're not ill!"

"Who's that behind me?" I demanded.

"Behind you?" Mr. Kirkwood repeated, in astonishment. "Why, no one! What do you mean?"

"Nothing," I said faintly. "Only—just for a moment fancied some one caught hold of me." I then bade him good-night and entered the hotel.

"In the morning I looked at my shoulder. There was a bruise, such a mark as would have been caused by fingers. I left the hotel at noon that day and put up at a boarding house in the new part of the town. On my telling one of the visitors where I had been staying, she exclaimed:

"Did you see the ghost?"

"The ghost?" I cried, pretending to laugh. "Don't tell me the place is haunted."

"Why, didn't you know?" she said. "At the time of the Spanish occupation of the town, one of the Spanish inquisitors lived in the house, and had dungeons excavated, where he condemned countless poor wretches to hideous tortures. Some of these dungeons are still in existence, and are used as cellars for the storage of anthracite, wood and other articles. They are generally reputed to be badly haunted—haunted by many phenomena, but chiefly by the phantom of a very sinister-looking man supposed by some to be the Grand Inquisitor himself. This apparition is usually encountered on the steps leading to the cellars, but has been seen standing in the doorway of the house, and several people who have stayed at the hotel declare they have felt him grip them by the shoulders, just as his material counterpart might have gripped the unfortunate."

"Flemish Protestants three hundred and twenty years ago, when he arrested them and hissed in their ears. 'The Holy Mother has need of you.'"

"And these stories are really current?" I observed.

"Yes," she said, "they are known to every one in the town, nor have I heard them merely from strangers, for several of my friends have stayed at the hotel and have experienced one or other of the manifestations."

"Another case of haunting in Belgium comes from the trenches at Mons. Two wounded soldiers assured me that during the battle they kept seeing the figure of an old woman in a queer poke bonnet and bright blue skirt, who repeatedly got in their line of fire.

"At first we thought she was a Belgian farm woman," they said. "But when she continued to move about under a constant hail of bullets, some of which must have hit her, we realized she was nothing human. We commented on her presence, and a sergeant who overheard us exclaimed, 'So you see her, too, boys? It's my old mother, who died twelve years ago, in her eighty-second year. I believe she's come for me.' And he spoke the truth," my informants added, "for directly he had finished speaking a shrapnel burst almost on the top of us, and literally blew him to pieces. We lay wounded there for some hours, but the old woman did not appear again."