

## The Correct Figure for Summer

Tent Lines or Peg Lines, You Can Take Your Choice, Says Lady Duff-Gordon, But Whichever You Pick, Be Sure to Have Your Shoes and Stockings in Harmony

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.

what daring contrast to the Titian about and above the ankle, in a way her hair, which was drawn smoothly and closely away from the ears, a little "whisker curl" being, however, permitted to stray onto each cheek.

Set at the most acute angle on the head was this little capote, so you can imagine, perhaps, that its effect was distinctly—well, jaunty, to say the least of it.

Then, at the other extreme, came a pair of very high lace-up boots of the glaze patent, which is almost as supple, though not nearly so well wearing, as suede, this laced fastening meaning, of course, that the folds, rucked slightly, glove-fashion,

which threatened a short life, though a smart one, for those particular bottines.

For every woman is sadly aware of the cracking propensities of patent leather, even when smoothly stretched over toe-cap or golesh. The initial effect was, however, sufficiently striking to make one regardless of the inevitable consequences, and cost, so there will probably be some to imitate as well as many to admire.

The neckwear, in its turn, was worthily novel, for, first, a very broad banding of black velvet ribbon was fastened closely about the throat,



### By Lady Duff-Gordon

JUST a little advice on the new Summer figure. Really you can take your choice. On one side you have the big skirts, with the charming "waterfalls"—"the tent" line, as they are called—and on the other you have the peg line, which is a considerably more, close-fitting costume.

The photographs on this page show some rather charming examples of the fuller skirts.

It would seem that there is really going to be something in the nature of a fight—or, rather, perhaps, a rebellion—in the Kingdom of Dress; and that, for once, every one will not, immediately and obediently, join in the usual cry of "The Queen"—of one Fashion—"is dead!" "Long live the Queen"—of another!

The fact of the matter is, that the average woman is afraid of the new full skirt and is going to, literally and metaphorically, cling to its scantier, straighter predecessor for just as long as she can be sure of the companionship and support of a goodly number of fellow rebels.

For, of course, the said full skirt must be very full indeed if it is to be at all smart, and, what is more, too, it must be distinctly and even daringly short.

And think what this entails in the way of immaculate footwear and ankles—more particularly, indeed, ankles! while, also, the new skirt to be completely successful demands a certain length and slenderness of limb from its wearers.

Wherefore, as only one woman in, say every hundred, has been so kindly treated by both Nature and Fortune as to be able to comply with all the conditions, the reason for the aforementioned rebellion is sufficiently obvious.

Eventually, however, any and all opposition will undoubtedly be quelled, and every one will give in to the inevitable, with results more or less tragical, or comical, or successful, according to their skill or good taste in modifying the new style and skirt, or adapting themselves and their figures to the altered circumstances and contours.

So far comparatively few women are wearing the full skirt in London, and of those few the majority are Americans or Parisiennes! One of the former made quite a sensation at the Carlton the other day, a letter tells me, by a belated entry between two closely packed rows of tea drinkers and talkers, who, with one accord, stopped one, or other, or both of these occupations to silently stare at the newcomer, who was not one whit embarrassed by all this attention. For, you see, she was proudly and serenely aware that, from top to toe, her costume was quite perfect.

And such a knowledge raises a woman above self-consciousness—and criticism.

Well, starting at the top—there was a quaint, small, close fitting toque—almost, it might have been called a cap of black satin, bordered with any number of closely clustered full-blown roses whose pink and pure and purple shadings provided a some-

Three of the Newest Summer Dresses by Lady Duff-Gordon, Which Show the Fuller Lines of the New Figure. Each is Charmingly Quaint. The Centre Photograph Shows One of the New "Lucile" Coats. All Have More Than a Hint of the Gracious Old Victorian Days.