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"Sensation" and "Simplicity" Gowns

The Two Extremes of This Season's Gowns--And the Vogue of the Graceful Scarf.

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 new Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion. Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at No. 17 West Thirty-sixth street, New York.

A Charming "Lucile" Dress of Old Rose Ratine and Marquise, the Sacque Having a Black Satin Lapel.

A Lovely Effect of the Scarf Bordered with Fur on One Side, Doing Duty as Evening Wrap Over a Dainty Silk Slip.

Another Lovely "Lucile" Creation of White Satin with Pearl and Passementerie Trimming.



A Striking Fall Costume of Brown and Black Striped Zibeline, with Collar of Fox Skin and Huge Revere of White Satin and Black Velvet Crocade. "Lucile" Model.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

FASHION this season, as all the signs point out more and more plainly, indulges in two extremes. In gowns the vogue is as much for the simple as for the sensational. For the present the "golden mean," often so highly recommended, is disregarded.

A typical "Lucile" costume for the Fall is here shown. It consists of a gown of old rose ratine and marquise and a little coat of the former fabric, whose straight cut still contrives to show all the pretty curves of shoulders and bust. Its simple, tapering lapel of black satin sets off equally well the vivid coloring of the cloth and the softness of the "dead" mauve velvet, which is arranged as a combined collar and tie, its ends introducing the further contrast of tawny orange embroidered in Indian red.

The skirt has a plain panel back and wrap-over front, and some few inches below the waist the ratine gives place to marquise and takes a merely secondary position as curved hip-bands and shoulder straps on the flatter fabric, whose sleeve draperies are continued into something of fichu form at the back.

Another simpler but I think equally charming creation is inspired by those earliest among buds of lilac whose delicate mauve is faintly flushed with pink, while just a touch or two of real rose here is introduced by drawing out tiny peddle-like loops of satin and the massed pearl broderies on corsage and sleeves and then again by introducing a central fold of satin into the silken waist band.

And all this, you must know, has, for background, the most delicately elusive blue charmeuse whose pearl-edged folds open at the left side over a petticoat of flesh-pink nixon and lace and then button at the back, and in the front are bordered in countless strings of pearls.

An entire foxskin—the beautiful soft black Alaska variety—is laid about the neck and shoulders of the very original coat of brown zibeline, narrowly striped with black, it being further distinguished, too, by a huge single revere of white satin, brocaded with a boldly raised device in black velvet. A big scroll formed of entwined cordings and pipings of the zibeline and black velvet and studded with sundry little velvet

buttons fastens it far over at the left side; and directly in line with this novel ornament come two others, which catch the wrap-over tunic together above an underskirt, whose slight fullness is held in closely about the ankles by a bordering of the velvet.

Another photograph shows one of the many—in fact, almost endless—possibilities of the scarf which this season is of such increased length and loveliness that it is quite qualified to do duty as an evening wrap, or, again, to transform the simplest satin or silk slips into an exquisite tea or dinner gown.

A bordering of fur to the one side makes an effective foil for the misty transparency of the black chiffon, and, equally, for the hand-embroidery—many-colored as Joseph's famous coat—which is so closely wrought on the filmy fabric of its background as to lend it the texture and the shimmering richness of silk.

Reverting to "simplicity," if you want your dishabille to be of the daintiest and most alluring (as such unceremonious attire should always be, else it is fatally apt to degenerate into slackness and untidiness) make note of a little slip of an underdress of flesh pink charmeuse, which is, on the corsage, cut quite low as in an evening gown, so that only an elusive transparency of still more faintly pink nixon veils the shoulders and forms the short kimono sleeves, its soft folds being held in under the bust by raised trails of roses, formed of folded and shaded pink ribbon, with just a tender green leaf here and there and, finally, in the centre, an outspread bow applique in pale turquoise-tinted ribbon.

These flower-trails follow and accentuate all the pretty curves of the figure—though for the marking of the actual waistband, a little lower down, I have tried a wide threading of pearl-pink ribbon beneath an insertion of lace—while then again on the skirt front, other festoons and circlets of roses, with a central blue bow, are brodered on the filmy pink nixon and its panel appliques of lace.

Another peep of blue comes from the ribbon threading and bow above the lace edging of the charmeuse underdress, from which there peep out silken stockings and satin shoes as faintly pink and perfectly plain and close-fitting as a second skin. And over all, to make even

this delicate pink still more faintly suggestive by stealing some of its flush of color, there is a loose and transparent kimono coat of white nixon and lace with two ornaments of satin cordings, tasselled with silk

for the finishing, if not the actual fastening of the front. Add a little lace cap, on which other tiny pink roses are wreathed—and until you have tried it you can not imagine how piquant one of these demure little caps can be—and you have, complete, what is ad-

mitted to be a very pretty picture. And now, as to the "Sensation" evening gown. I have modelled it in flesh-pink charmeuse and nixon, only where the clinging skirt opens at one side have I introduced some touches of lace and broderies of crystal and paste, using, too, a crescent of tiny

shaded silken flowers and leaves to hold together the opening folds of the charmeuse, so that the upper part being quite plain and at the decolette merging almost looks, at a little distance, as if the slim, lovely body were only lightly veiled by the tunic draperies of pale emerald nixon. And countless other lines of light and diamonds radiate outward and upward from this central splendor, the long, narrow train, which is arranged to fall at one side, and is there outlined with silver lace, studded with diamonds, its slight fullness being eventually drawn into a band of massed diamonds, and further weighted by two big tassels of diamonds and crystals.

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR SHADOW'S PICTURE TAKEN?



Mlle. Robinne, the Charming French Actress, Photographed with Her Shadow.

It Is the Very Newest Thing in Paris---and They Tell Your Fortune by It, Too.

Paris, Nov. 6.

"HOW do you do, and how's your shadow?" is the latest form of friendly greeting among up-to-date Parisians.

It is the first time outside of Oriental countries that a person's shadow has cut much of a figure in social relations, and the present Paris fad is not so much for your shadow itself as for photographs of it. To be really in the swim your photograph must contain your shadow also. Accordingly, everybody is asking everybody else: "Have you had your shadow photograph taken?"

The idea has been seized by leading artists of the camera and ingeniously developed with results highly interesting to their sitters and profitable to themselves; for, unlike your self, your shadow may take a hundred different and grotesque shapes, according to the perspective in which it is cast and caught.

These possibilities of shadow photography appear to have first occurred to the celebrated actor, Sacha Guitry, who is an insatiable searcher for novelty of an interesting or amusing kind. When Guitry circulated among his friends photographs of himself in different poses, each pose being accompanied by its shadow—sometimes diminutive and again enormously exaggerated—from that moment Paris had a new reason for continuing to exist.

The almost endless forms in which the siter's shadow may be projected, and caught by the camera, has caused Guitry to make such photographs of a given person the basis of a system of fortune telling that is more startling in its results than are the best efforts of those who foresee the future by means of playing cards.



A Favorite "Shadow Photograph" of Anne Perry, of the Paris Stage.