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## The Rainbow Wraps of Next Fall.



Rainbow Wrap of Silver and Blue Brocade, with the New Short Sleeves.

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").

I AM going to tell you a secret that really should not be a secret at all. You have always taken it for granted, have you not, that fashions are practically born on the spur of the moment? This is the popular idea, and yet how very ridiculous it is! It is, of course, true that the shape of a ribbon bow, the twist of a drapery, may be born thus, but fashion itself is developed many months ahead of its introduction to the public.

For instance, six months ago and more the fabrics to be used this Spring were decided on—also how could the manufacturers know what to make? Fashion is no haphazard creature of the moment. The hat-makers know many months in advance what shapes will be used the following Spring, Summer or Winter.

Last August the milliners of Paris and New York were almost giving their hats away. They did not want any left over for this Spring, for they knew far in advance that the crowns would be decidedly different this year, and you see they are.

And so, because of the fact that we must form our fashions so far in advance, I am

able this week to show you some wraps that will be used next Fall. Rainbow wraps I call them, and indeed they represent all colors of the rainbow.

In the first picture I am showing you what I consider one of the most satisfactory of these wraps. It is not so gorgeous in its treatment as some of the others, but depends on the sumptuousness of the fabric for its great beauty, and can be worn on occasions when these others would not be practicable. The fabric is a dull blue brocade satin, the raised flowers having the effect of hand embroidery done in silver threads. The short sleeves are very broad, and are edged with a band of dull blue velvet. The plain collar is also of the velvet. The cord and long tassels are of silver. The whole wrap is lined with a shrimp-pink satin that harmonizes delightfully with the brocade.

The second picture displays a draped wrap that is charmingly simple in outline, but gorgeous in color and material. The colors are heliotrope and gold. The heliotrope velvet shades into a deeper orchid shade. The figures are outlined with gold thread. There is a wonderful deep circle of orchid and gold

Lady Duff-Gordon's Up-to-the-Minute Cable from Paris.

Paris, March 20.  
The sleeveless jacket will be a feature of the Spring costumes. Created in plain soft crepes or in the flowered taffetas, it will be worn with the lingerie gowns of the Summer.  
Highly colored fabrics will be used for everything but toilette costumes.  
Fascinators will be larger, flatter in shape, and will have extremely long handles.  
Waistcoats of brilliant satin will be used to brighten the ultra smart blue serge that promises to be the Easter uniform.



1813

1913

embroidery, and the cuffs are also of this embroidery. The collar and sleeves are banded with ermine. This is a model that will find favor next Fall, I am sure. The circle is one of the novel touches that will be found on the greater number of the most chic wraps.

The wrap in the third picture is still very different from the others shown. It is created in a lovely rose satin, lined with satin crepe of the same shade. The deep band of exquisite lavender satin starts as a girde on the left side and ends several inches lower down on the right side. This band is decorated with raised fleur de lys of velvet. The collar is of the same banding. The heavily corded effect around the neck and the cuffs is new and very effective.

Thus I have given you an idea of the wraps that will be worn in the Autumn, and when you are planning your Summer wardrobe you may be influenced by these hints.

I must call your attention to the new fabrics that will mark the post-Easter season, but before going into that subject I want you to notice the two quaint little sketches I have had my designer send with this letter. In these sketches you will see how the fashions of to-day are really modelled on those of a hundred years ago. The detail is different, of course—we would never be so stupid

as to copy a style faithfully—but the influence of the charming girl of 1813 is plainly seen in the equally charming girl of 1913.

I really think that I am in love with all the new materials. And as each one arrives I find room for it in my heart—and in my ideas—whether it is a whipcord dedicated to the creation of more or less simple tailor suits or a gold-wrought nylon, which suggests something quite lovely in the way of an evening gown.

But still if I must proclaim one as first favorite it shall be, I think, the crepe charmeuse, which is really quite a new material altogether, and which, as its name will suggest to you, can offer you some of the best qualities of two already well known and liked materials. And as thus combined the result is really quite perfect and delightful, and nothing could be more ideally suited to the all-prevailing and graceful draperies than this wonderfully soft and supple fabric, the very slight "ribbed" effect in its silky surface giving a new and beautiful "bloom" to the many gorgeous new shadings, which have been added to the list of colors.

It is available, too, in both plain and patterned varieties, and sometimes again the device stands out still more boldly and beautifully through being wrought in shimmering satin.

Lady Duff-Gordon Describes the Gorgeous Wraps Decided Upon for Fashion When the Summer—Not Yet Here—Is Over.



The Novel Fleur de Lys Wrap.

### The Chinese Christmas

"MASTER and model of ten thousand centuries" is the inscription you read on the front of Confucius' temple, for his name indeed means master.

He was born into this world twenty-five hundred years ago in the village of Kion-lao, which means "the round hill." This village is part of the province of Chang-long, which adjoins Peking.

His parents having been childless for many years and desiring a son, they offered a sacrifice. On the mountain Ngn-Kion they placed a whole cooked chicken. At the side of this, on a tripod, they placed an incense burner, filled with burning aromatic sandal wood.

Now, shortly after this there appeared in the hamlet of Kion-lao an animal called kt-ling. It was a kind of unicorn, but covered with scales like a fish. It carried a book in which was announced the coming birth of Confucius, the Reformer of the World. It was a wonderful miracle. And when he was born spirits were heard singing in the air and on his breast were written these words: "This is He who has come to regenerate the world."

This was the event the anniversary of which is celebrated annually on the fourth of December. It is the great official festival of the State, which is celebrated with great and solemn splendor; savants and civil officials adore Confucius as if he were a God, for Confucius is considered divine by the emperors, the sons of heaven, who hold the power to delfy.

Thirty days previous the preparations begin. First the front of the temple is covered with red silk, for red is the color of the festival, while the interior is hung with unnumerable ribbons on which are printed eulogies of the deified, and from all the ceilings are suspended lanterns of all kinds of shapes, covered with silk.

When the great day approaches, a cow, a sheep, and a pig are slaughtered, their bowels taken out and on the evening before the festival they are placed on a trestle in front of the altar.

Before that, eight young people have practiced chanting Confucius' hymn and twenty-four others have rehearsed the sacred dance to be performed in front of the altar on the tablet on which are written the titles granted Confucius by the sons of heaven. Below this tablet are his manes who accept honors and sacrifices.

Melodious and sweet sounds of eight flutes accompany this chant and make a profound impression. Two enormous and richly ornamented torches burn on the altar and fill the air with aromatic fragrance. Tears are falling from the eyes of all those present.

Then there is the dance. Twenty-four young people perform it in the courtyard in front of the altar, in couples, dressed like warriors from Confucius' time.

Lining up in front of the altar they prostrate themselves three times, accompanied by the sound of bamboo flutes which play incessantly.

This is the end of this part of the ceremony and the day ends with a feast in the side halls of the temple at which are served the meats offered to Confucius' manes.

The next day comes the solemn procession and performance. The theatre is built at the end of the court of honor, opposite the altar.

The procession walks through the streets of the village. In front ride a score of horsemen armed with lances, as they were at the time of Confucius. Then a crowd afoot, carrying banners covered with inscriptions, multi-colored lanterns on long sticks, red silk parasols, signs of Confucius' high dignity in the government of Lou, which at his time was a vassal state.

### Her Gold Watch

MRS. ELLA stood on a little wooden bridge crossing a brook one Sunday afternoon in the beginning of May. She had been married but two months, and was smiling happily. Suddenly she screamed:

"Oh, Victor," she cried. "How awful! I have lost my watch. Look, here is the broken chain. I heard something drop into the water and saw it disappear just there." She pointed at a spot on the surface of the water.

"I feel so unhappy, dear," she went on a moment later. "Remember the watch was your first present to me after our engagement!"

Victor shrugged his shoulders. "I don't see how you could have been so careless," he said, "but it can't be helped now, so we had better start for home."

"Why, Victor! You don't mean to say that I must go home without my watch! I know the exact spot where it lies. You must try to get it up."

"You surely don't expect me to dive into that icy water! It is only the beginning of May. I will never do such a thing."

"Please, Victor," she begged. "I am sure you will do that much for your own little wife. Remember, we have been married only two months."

"All the more reason why you should not want me to commit suicide by contracting pneumonia or consumption. Besides, I don't know the first thing about swimming."

She burst into tears. "Oh, Victor, how mean you are to refuse the first thing I have asked of you since we were married!"

He looked at her a little while, then a determined expression stole over his face and he said: "I will do it."

He began to undress, but just as he had taken off his shirt, a motor car full of people drove in sight. His wife screamed.

"For God's sake, Victor, jump in, there are a lot of ladies in the car." There was no choice. He slipped into the cold water and hid himself under the bridge. Ella breathed easier, when suddenly she heard him cry out and saw him drift away and go down. She screamed for help, and one of the men in the motor car rescued him. He was wrapped in warm blankets and rapidly driven home.

Poor Ella was inconsolable. Victor was taken with a violent chill and she decided to send for a doctor.

Half an hour passed, but no doctor came. She wrung her hands in despair.

"How do you know?" he chattered. "There is no clock in here."

She pointed to her dressing table. "Of course, I know," she replied. "My watch is over there." Then she suddenly remembered what had happened. "Oh, Victor, I thought—"

Victor's eyes flashed and the veins on his forehead stood out. He tore off the bedclothes, jumped out of bed, the watch and smashed it against the floor.

### THOUGHT READING.

A YOUNG man and his wife, accompanied by their two children, a boy and a girl, entered a car and sat down on one of the side seats. The little girl was a beauty, while the boy, with his strongly marked features and freckled skin, was quite the opposite. Directly across the aisle sat two ladies, evidently a mother and daughter. The younger of the two looked critically at the children, afterwards scrutinizing the parents. Then she turned to the elder lady, smiled, and made a whispered remark. The young man, who had been watching her, leaned forward.

"Madam," he said, "you are quite right. The girl fortunately looks like her mother, and the boy looks like me." That he had guessed accurately what was passing in her mind her look of confusion left no doubt.