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MARRIAGE MARKET GOWNS

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.

money or in return for his love.

Few women will admit that they live but to get married, and few men will admit that they are influenced by the clothes a woman wears. There may be men who do not know or care what a woman wears, but I doubt it. They may not be able to tell whether her gown is made of satin or cloth, but they know if it is becoming, if it is smart and if it looks expensive. If, if it is smart and if it looks expensive.

My friend James Barrie is of the opinion that what every woman knows is that Eve was made out of Adam's funny-bone. But I do not agree with him. What every woman knows is that she has to keep one step ahead of the woman next door or around the corner in order to make herself noticed in the marriage market. It is this feeling pure and simple that has created in woman the desire for display. She knows that a man likes to feel that every other man he is seen with in public. At a dance a man enjoys the feeling that he is dancing with the best-dressed woman in the room.

These thoughts were rather forcibly brought to mind one day last week when I attended a garden party, which was nothing more nor less than a matrimonial grab bag under the auspices of a charming matron who has three

Chrysanthemum
Gown
of
White
Charmeuse,
With
Flame
Color
Coat.



Stunning
Afternoon Costume
of
White Charmeuse,
Combined
With Old Blue
Crepe,
Showing the New
Long Overskirt.
The Sleeves of the
Crepe
Are Very Novel.



By
Lady
Duff-Gordon



Charming Dancing Gown of Rose Brocade and Chiffon, Showing Latest Effect in Drapery.



"At Home" Costume in Shades of Rose, with Gold Embroidery.



Handsome Dinner Costume of Embroidered Black Chiffon Over White, with Girdle of Rose Satin.

worn as a corsage is a glowing crimson. In what surroundings is woman at her best? In the ballroom, at the dinner table or over the teacups? Who dare say? I had the tea hour in mind when I chose the delectable little rose and gold costume with its flesh-colored bodice and sleeves and its long, graceful lines.

There is dignity about the dinner costume of black chiffon over white that is most harmonious. A dinner gown should be dignified in fabric if not in design. This is so in both.

I nearly every costume I chose rose was used in some way, because rose is the color of allurements.

daughters to marry off. And she was surrounded by matrons who also had their daughters to settle in life. Each girl in question was dressed with the utmost care. And invariably it was the girl with the most striking costume who won the first attention from the male beings who thronged the "market."

From this party I went to an opening, where I met a very much fatigued mother. "Help me choose some gowns for my daughter," she said on meeting me. "Nothing too girlish, for she has really passed the 'jeune fille' age."

I am sending you this week the "Marriage Market" gowns I selected for this mother. They are, as you can see, somewhat extreme in style, but what would you? This daughter must keep ahead of the daughter of some other mother. The two afternoon costumes, while extreme, are not outre nor grotesque. The

Until a woman is married life is to her not only a battleground where she fights for her man, but a market place in which she displays her wares. The debutante, too young to grasp entirely the meaning of the wonderful "coming-out" wardrobe provided by her mother, nevertheless does her part nobly in making the most of her small talents. She knows that she has a part to play.

The older woman is more fully alive to the end she is striving for, and there is more art in her market display. The woman who has already disposed of her wares is naturally keen about keeping the buyer in subjection, and employs her art in never letting him realize how very little, after all, he is getting for his

MATING is the strongest instinct of feminine nature. No matter what enticing arguments the Feminists advance to strengthen their case, every woman brave enough to hold a mirror up to her soul knows that this instinct is the mainspring of her life. It guides her from her youth up. It lies dormant during childhood, but as girlhood advances it begins to "sit up and take notice," as you would say in America.

The most natural thing in the world, therefore, is the preening of feathers which the girl begins early in her teens. Whatever her social position may be, she wants to look pretty just for one reason in the world—to win a man's love or to keep it after it is won.