

Party Gowns

One of the
New Hooped Effects
of Silver and White Brocade;
Black and Silver
Bodice
("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 styles for well-dressed women. Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that center of fashion.

Shaded Rose Tulle Dress with Fur
("Lucile" Model)



A Crinoline Party Dress in Four Shades
of Blue
("Lucile" Model)



Another "Hooped" Skirt of Flowered Taffeta
("Lucile" Model)
By Lady Duff-Gordon
"LUCILE"

SHAKESPEARE says "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Dame Fashion says a dress by any other means must stick out as much. It seems to me ridiculous this outcry that one hears on all sides against hoops—especially when one comes to consider that the only reason for their being tabooed is in the name. A taffeta dress with yards of horsehair wadding, and the goodness knows what ruffled into the side of it to give it the necessary stick-out effect, is worn by every other woman of to-day, but were it to be substituted by a light feather-bone frame they would immediately be cried off, because the same frame is called a hoop.

Of course every new fashion is to be ridiculed in the papers and on the stage, as is every other thing that is attractive and perhaps a little strange at first. Who will ever forget the caricatures and the amusing allusion on the vaudeville stage

against the enormous "Merry Widow" hats and the skin-tight "hobble skirts" of a few seasons ago? Crinoline of to-day must run the same gauntlet of her slender sister of yesterday, but to a dressmaker the really amusing part is the stout lady who would not wear the tight skirts because they showed how fat she was, and will not wear the full skirts because they make her look so fat. What is one to do for the poor creature if she will be fat?

Also let me add before describing my little selection of party gowns that another thing that amuses me intensely is the use of the word "vulgar" applied to dress. When one recalls our shy grandmother who swooned from shock regularly three times a day wearing a hooped skirt (mark the difference—hooped skirt, not hoops) and her bodice tight and pointed, with both her shoulders actually bare, and then think of the ladies to-day riding astride at a horse show, with their cigarettes and their cocktails, considering a frock called a hooped skirt as vulgar, and entirely overlooking the enchanting decorative value that it is to a gown itself, it is really amusing.

Let me describe to you some of the newest of these hooped effects. The lady with the half black and silver bodice has a skirt of silver and white brocade looped up on the sides with silver lace, giving a demi-pannier effect. It is attached to a frame on either hip, but does not come around front and back as many of the full skirts of to-day do. Her bodice is of black and silver brocade on one side, the other side of flesh satin, while her little "bertha" is of the same silver lace as we find on the skirt.

The little dark flowered taffeta is supported the same way, by a frame on the hips, which gives a slender line to the bodice of plain flesh satin, with a contour of three shades of green in contrast with the bottle green flowered taffeta skirt, with the tiny opening of lace in the front.

The lady with the fur on her sleeves has a shaded rose tulle dress over an all-round hoop made of silk wrought flowers. She has a half-in-half bodice of pale rose satin bordered with rich and fresh colored tulle sleeves caught above the elbows with the same fur.

My remaining crinoline is of taffeta in four shades of blue, made over another all-round hoop. It has a little silver lace bodice and apron, and is belted with blue, lavender and green, finished with a bouquet of "Lucile" flowers.

For the moment leave the crinolines.

Have you noticed how readily New York women have adopted the Russian boot? I think them most becoming as well as most comfortable, and in some cases a little more becoming when laced on the inside of the leg for about five inches, just to tighten the waist of the ankle to one's own shape. These boots I have seen in enormous varieties, and at the Ritz the other day a woman appeared wearing a green velvet coat bordered with chinchilla and a pair of green velvet boots topped with the same fur. It was enormously attractive, though of course I don't know as I should care to see the same boots walking along on the stone pavement. Still, when one steps from one's car straight indoors, they are certainly to be considered.

What Savages Think About Thunder, Tornadoes and Eclipses

By Prof. Karl J. Karlson, in Journal of Religious Psychology.

ECLIPSES had a terrifying effect upon the mind of primitive man, and caused many, to us, peculiar stories to be invented as an explanation of the dreadful phenomenon. Thus, the Chiquitas thought that the moon was hunted across the sky by a huge dog, caught and torn until the blood dyed its face red. In order to drive away the monster the people used to raise a frightful howl and lamentation and shoot across the sky.

The Caribs thought that Maboya, hater of all light, sought to devour the sun and the moon, and therefore danced and howled in concert all day or all night to drive him away. And the Peruvians imagined an evil spirit in form of a beast eating the moon, and therefore raised a frightful din and beat the dogs to join in the concert.

The same idea is also found on the South-Sea Islands, where the sun and moon are supposed to be swallowed by an offended deity, but who was induced by offerings to eject them again. In Sumatra the one eats the other, but the inhabitants are able to prevent it by a tremendous noise. In Hindu mythology two demons, Rahn and Ketu, devour the sun and the moon, respectively. These are also described in conformity with the phenomena—Rahn is black and Ketu is red, and the usual din is raised to drive them off. But as they are only heads, their prey slips out as soon as swallowed.

Another version of the myth says that Indra pursuing Rahn with his thunderbolt, rips open his abdomen so that the heavenly body gets out again. Ancient Mongols and Chinese make the same kind of clamor of rough music, gongs and bells to drive off the monster. And the Siamese said, in regard to the Europeans' ability to predict the time and extent of an eclipse, that they knew the monster's mealtimes and could tell how hungry he would be.

The Romans flung firebrands into the air, blew trumpets and clanged brazen pots and pans in order to save the moon, and when the soldiers made a mutiny against Tiberius their plans were frustrated by the moon, which suddenly languished in the sky. In vain did they try to rescue it, for clouds came up and hid it, and the mutineers saw that the gods had turned away from their plot.

But not only external influences or causes were considered as affecting an eclipse. Internal causes or changes in the sun or moon themselves were also believed to bring about this phenomenon. The Caribs thought that the moon was sick, hungry or dying. The Peruvians imagined the sun angry, and so hid her face in total darkness to bring the

world to an end. The Hurons fancied the moon sick and arranged a rather boisterous concert, in which men and dogs participated, in order to bring about its recovery.

The chances of day and night, Summer and Winter, Spring and Fall, light and darkness, heat and cold are very closely connected with the eclipse belief. The one is overcome by the other, only to return with renewed strength to conquer the oppressor and to free and gladden the heart of trembling humanity, once more asserting the power of light, truth, righteousness and life.

The winds that break the forest, shake the rocks and penetrate man have also caused much wonder and speculation. Aelius of old held the winds imprisoned in his dungeon cave and tuned his harp after them, and when the winds rustled among the leaves of the trees people heard Aelius play his harp. The Mani of New Zealand ride upon the winds and imprison them in their caves, but the west wind is too strong and too cunning, for he escapes, hides himself in his own cave and dies away.

In India the Maruts, the storm-gods, assume after their wont the form of newborn babes, and perform the mythical feats of the child of Hermes, tossing the clouds over the surging sea. Boreas, born of Astraea and Eos, causes the people to tremble with chills and hurry to their shelter. He chases the birds from their Summer haunts to other regions and ties in asbestine bonds the soil and the waters.

The Polynesian believed that the wind-gods lived near the great rock which serves as a foundation for the world. They held within themselves hurricanes, tempests and all destructive winds, and employed them to punish such persons as neglected their worship, wherefore in stormy weather large offerings and liberal presents were brought them by penitent devotees, who were either in danger themselves or had friends in danger. The four winds caused a great mythic development among the natives of America, in which they are personified as four brothers, or mythic ancestors, or divine parents of mankind.

The strong effect of thunder and lightning upon the mind of primitive man is seen in the myths all over the world. Rig-Veda sings Indra's glory and ascribes to him the "feats of the thunderbolt." He is also called Indra of the thunderbolt. He smote Ahi and poured forth water upon the earth. When he huris his thunderbolt men believe in the brilliant god and pay him homage. Twashtar made his glorious bolt, and the North American Indians had much to tell about the thunder-bird, as had the ancient Greeks of the

eagle of Zeus and the Scandinavians of the hammer of Thor.

The Assiniboins have seen this wondrous bird and the Dakotas could show his footprints, the thunder tracks, twenty miles apart, near the source of St. Peter's River. The Ahts of Vancouver talked about the mighty bird Tookook, dwelling far off in the sky, the flap of whose wings caused thunder and whose forked tongue is seen in the lightning. The Mandans heard in the thunder and saw in the lightning the flapping wings and flashing eyes of that awful bird which belongs to or even is Manitu, the Great Spirit. The Ahts say that there were originally four of these great birds, but Quawteah, the great deity, entered a whale on which they fed and enticed one after the other to swoop down, when he seized them and plunging into the sea, drowned them. The last of them was, however, too strong, so he spread his wings and flew to a distant height, where he still remains, though he sometimes visits the earth.

The Dakotas spoke of an old, large bird which begins the thunder and whose velocity is great. He is wise and kind and never does any harm. But the thunder is limited and carried on by smaller, young birds, which cause the rumbling noise and the duration of the peals. These are mischievous and will not listen to good counsel and therefore do some harm besides, but as a rule the Indians are not afraid of them.

This explanation of the thunder and lightning which is so prominent among the Indians, especially of North America, is found also in other places. Thunder and lightning may be the messenger of the god who lives far on high and so needs a messenger, or else the god itself, as in the Finnish poetry where he speaks through the clouds and shoots his fiery darts. When it is dark in his lofty abode he strikes fire and we hear the noise and call it thunder, and see the sparks and call them lightning. The Hindu Indra huris the thunderbolt with his bow, the rainbow, just as Uto in the Finnish saga and both smite their enemies with these arrows.

Closely connected with the thunder and lightning is the rainbow, as we might expect. It constitutes, as we have seen, the bow of Uto and Indra. The Israelites called it the bow of Jahwe, the Hindus the bow of Rama, and the Lapps the bow of Tiermas, the thunderer, who slays with it the sorcerers that hunt for men. Zeus stretched it down from heaven as a sign of war and tempest, or it was Iris, the messenger between gods and men, that came down. In Scandinavia it was a bridge for the gods to travel upon and in Germany the souls of the just go over it to paradise.