



New
Simplicity
Dresses
By Lady
Duff-Gordon

PHOTOS BY BURKE ATWELL, CHI.

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.

By Lady Duff-Gordon
("LUCILE")

FOR your approval to-day I submit two gowns which show what charming results can be attained by wedding simplicity and good taste.

One is of a flesh-tinted lace in different widths, with inlets of cream-colored val laces helping to enrich the general effect. Two ruchings of a pinker ribbon in different widths are also placed in circular lines around the skirt, which is worn over a small hoop, and an underskirt of pink.

The girdle is of a mauvish shade and the same pink, while the bodice in laces matches the skirt, the sleeves being long and transparent. A little bouquet of lavender, pink and blue flowers gives the final touch to an entirely "Lucile" gown.

Her little cap is a large feature in the making up of this beautiful gown. It is mediaeval in shape, being drawn close across the forehead much in the same way nuns wear their kerchiefs, with a double frill at the back and two long ends of blue ribbon tied behind a little puff of curls.

The small picture shows a little more elaborate dress, both in color and in material. It is of lemon-colored satin, banded with silver lace, with a heavy silver lace apron. Again, this is worn over a pink underskirt, this time the hoop being of silver. The little coat is of lemon-colored satin lined with peach mesaline, and has a collar and border of chinchilla.



A More Elaborate "Lucile" Gown of Lemon-Colored Satin, with Bands of Silver Lace and a Heavy Silver Lace Apron

A Typical "Lucile" Gown

It is of Flesh-Tinted Lace in Different Widths, with Inlets of Cream-Colored Val Laces Helping to Enrich the General Effect. The Little Cap is Mediaeval in Shape, and is Drawn Close Across the Forehead in Much the Same Way That Nuns Wear Their Kerchiefs. At the Back is a Double Frill, with Two Long Ends of Blue Ribbon Tied Behind a Little Puff of Curls.

The Mystery of Sir Walter Raleigh's
Famous "Lost Colony" Solved At Last

THE mystery of Sir Walter Raleigh's celebrated "lost colony" has been solved at last. It has been solved by following the most curious trail known to history.

It is now known exactly what fate befell the English people, 117 in number, who, after being landed on Roanoke Island in the year 1585, disappeared—wiped out, it has been hitherto supposed, by starvation or by hostile savages.

This belief has held for three and a half centuries, and it is not surprising that interest in the matter has not died out even at the present day, inasmuch as the colony in question established the first English settlement on the shores of North America—almost forty years before the landing of that other famous colony at Jamestown.

As a matter of fact, a great majority of them survived. But Roanoke Island—the place originally chosen as a site for the settlement—was a desolate spot, unsuitable for agriculture, and, owing to circumstances presently to be made clear, the colonists moved away.

Whither did they go? And what became of them? If they did not perish, how and why should they disappear from view, resolving themselves into an historical puzzle which it took 350 years to clear up?

The answer is that they went inland, to the place where they now reside. For, be it understood, the so-called "lost colony" survives even to this day. That is to say, its direct descendants, numbering at the present time over 4,000 souls, are prosperously established in the mountains of North Carolina.

There, in the remoter fastnesses of the Blue Ridge, in Robeson County, they dwell, isolated and proud. Refusing to associate with either the whites or negroes of that region, they are recognized by the State Government of North Carolina as a race separate and distinct, having even a public school exclusively their own and a separate school fund.

How strange it seems to learn that within not more than a day's journey from the roar and hurry of New York City there are people among whom the old Saxon crossbow is still in daily use—a weapon of the very same model that was employed by the soldiers of the ill-fated King Harold at the Battle of Hastings! With this instrument the Croatanians are so skilful that they can split a grain of corn at a distance of thirty feet. They have also flintlock muskets of an ancient pattern, but they prefer the crossbow to these relatively modern weapons because, as they say, it "brings down the game silently."

There are, however, old documents in the historical archives of North Carolina which give satisfactory proof of the correctness of their claims. Among

the stories which unwritten history has handed down among them is one that relates to Little White Fawn, as she was called by the Indians—the first white child born in America, whose proper English name was Virginia Dare.

In the light of the traditions of these people, and of supplementary testimony given by the ancient documents in question, it is possible with reasonable accuracy to reconstruct the history of the "lost colony," which, taking it up from its beginning in the days of "good Queen Bess," was as follows:

Queen Elizabeth was persuaded by Sir Walter Raleigh to grant him a formal patent under which he was authorized to "discover, find out and view such remote, heathen, and barbarous lands and territories as were not actually possessed by any Christian prince" in the New World. Acting under this permission, he sent out an expedition which landed on Roanoke Island 100 men and seventeen women—the man appointed to be their Governor being John White.

A few months later, the colonists, though suffering from no lack of food, found themselves gravely in need of supplies of other kinds, and John White, at their earnest request, went to England to get them. In the meantime war had broken out between England and Spain. John White's services were needed for fighting purposes, and he was unable to return until three years later—that is to say, in 1591.

What happened on his return is narrated in his own logbook. He says: "We let fall our grapnel, very neere the shore, and afterward with many familiar English tunes and songs; but there was no answer."

Next day White and his men went ashore on Roanoke Island, but could find not a soul. The houses of the settlement were gone, although the stout stockade which had been erected for defense against possible attack remained. There was no sign of a cross—which, it had been previously agreed, should be carved in a conspicuous place in case trouble came to the colony. One very large tree, however, had been deprived of its bark, and on it, five feet from the ground, "in fair capital letters," was the word "Croatan"—referring to the name of a place on the mainland.

Next day a big storm came up, and the expedition was nearly shipwrecked. Lacking a safe harbor, and being convinced that the colonists were safe, White (although his own daughter was among them) sailed away to look for Spanish prizes, with the intention of returning to Roanoke Island in the Spring. He never came back.

One of the traditions of the Croatanians of to-day relates to the journey their ancestors made over "the great trail" to the place where they now live.

This trail is now called the "Lowery Road," after a famous leader of their who built it. The best roads in North Carolina at present are in the territory of these descendants of old-time Saxons, who are continually working on them, the labor being volunteered.

They tell also of stone forts and stone dwellings of two stories which were built by their forefathers. Not far from the town of Fayetteville, N. C., are the ruins of a building of considerable size, known to the Croatanians as the Stone House, and which in all likelihood was constructed originally to serve for storing food supplies, and incidentally to do duty as a fort in case of necessity. This is said to have been erected by Indians under the direction of the original colonists. It was in a good state of preservation as late as the year 1825.

In Manteo (the only settlement on Roanoke Island at the present day) is a modest inn, in the front yard of which there is a considerable mound of cobblestones. These are said to have been part of the ballast of Raleigh's ships. The latter, finding it difficult to get up the inlets of the island and its vicinity, by reason of the shallowness of the water, were obliged to throw out some of their ballast, which was recovered a few years ago from the surf at Ballast Point. The cobbles are covered with barnacles and oyster shells, and, inasmuch as no such stones are to be found anywhere on the island of near it, the tradition in regard to their origin seems not unlikely to be correct.

The Croatanians to-day are fine-looking people, tall and straight. Their clothing is of homespun. Nearly all of what they require they produce for themselves, buying few things besides coffee, sugar, salt and cloth for garments for occasional holiday wear. Their exclusive schoolhouse was built by themselves. Some of their dwellings are as much as two centuries old.

The latter are distinguished from those of the "poor whites" by obvious cleanliness and marks of thrift. Their outhouses are neatly painted, the fences in good repair, the beehives well filled, the stables clean and orderly. Their corn-cribs are bursting with grain; the cider-presses are operated in apple time by comely lassies in sun-bonnets. The wells are of the old-fashioned kind, with "sweepers."

Every Croatan has his own kitchen garden and a little tobacco patch—even as did the Indians of Roanoke Island, 300 years ago, from whom Sir Walter Raleigh obtained the seeds of tobacco, grains from ripe maize, and potatoes. These three necessities of life, indeed, have gone from Roanoke Island all the way around the world—even during the period in which Raleigh's "lost" colonists have maintained their mysterious seclusion in the fastnesses of the North Carolina mountains.