

FASHION LETTER.

Lady Modish on Stage Costumes.

Sartorially, the stage is certainly "coming on!"

Fancy a Modish having to consider seriously the clothes of four leading actresses in one week!

Such a statement would have bordered on an absurdity at one time, so little did stage clothes then appeal to or interest any of the Modish tribe.

It would seem, however, as though the old order of things were changing, and changing so rapidly that it is quite safe to prophesy that at no very distant day the American stage will share with the French stage the onerous role of Mentor on the great question of "what is to be worn?"

Share, did I say? Who can tell if it will stop at that?

"Sharing things" is not, I have noticed, a national characteristic.

When this enterprising country once grasps the gratifying fact that she can equal anything, equality promptly falls upon her, and she is consumed with the desire to be all or nothing. I have also noticed, incidentally, that as often as not it is—all.

But to return to the "leading ladies." It would be hard to find smarter frocks or frocks that exploit more successfully the latest modes of the women than those now being worn by Elsie de Wolfe, Mrs. Langtry, Hilda Spong and Margaret Anglin.

The frocks worn by Elsie de Wolfe and Mrs. Langtry were made in Paris, while the frocks of Hilda Spong and Margaret Anglin were made here. This gives everyone who is interested in the vital subject an unusual opportunity to judge of the gentle art of dress as it is understood in Paris and as it is in New York.

Hilda Spong's frocks I eulogized long ago. Last week I praised Mrs. Langtry's second act frock to the skies, which are no bluer.

It is a pity it is so very much better than the rest of her things!

Were her frocks and Miss Spong's frocks to enter into a competition for national honors, it is safe to say that in their entirety Miss Spong's frocks would be awarded the chiffon medal.

The competition between Elsie de Wolfe's French frocks and Margaret Anglin's American one would not be so easily decided.

Both Elsie de Wolfe and Margaret Anglin help their frocks tremendously by the to-the-manner-born way with which they wear them. This, curiously enough, Mrs. Langtry lacks, and also their admirable faculty of appearing unconscious of dress. Perhaps that

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was the effect Mrs. Langtry was trying to accomplish when she had that next-to-nothing bodice of hers built. Unluckily, the impression was not the same.

One must not frivol on serious subjects, though; and is anything in life—a woman's life—some woman's lives, I mean—more serious than dresses?

Miss De Wolfe's first dress is pink and chiffon and white panne velvet, flowered with pink roses.

The skirt is of the chiffon tucked bias. Around the bottom, just below the knees, panels of panne velvet are let in, and they are framed in Cluny lace, yellow in hue. This same lace borders the bottom of the skirt. The bodice has a ceinture of plain pink panne, and there is a bolero effect done in the lace and panne velvet. The sleeves are all of the panne velvet, with a deep transparent bit of lace at the wrist, falling so far over the hand as to leave only the fingers visible.

A choux of black lace, made brilliant with spangle, fastens the bolero.

A bit of white maline, soft and transparent, helped out with a string of pearls, serves for a collar, and is vastly more becoming than the stiff collars most women persist in wearing in the face of the edict of the smart Parisienne against them.

Miss De Wolfe's second dress is yellow lace applique on yellow net.

It is very nice, but hardly very new. This fault cannot be found with Miss De Wolfe's last dress, for it is a distinct departure, and if one can scarcely see one's self wearing it or the hood of black velvet for a stroll on a warm afternoon through a brilliantly sunlit garden, the ensemble is nevertheless particularly becoming and exceedingly fetching.

There is a velvet paletot—which I am told one must call a "house coat;" any-

way, it is in a sweet shade of blue. It hangs straight in easy folds to the knees in front and is bordered with sable; these front lines are especially good. In the back there are the same folds, but they are not so graceful, for they are girded at the waist in a way that creates bulk and destroys the graceful outline of the figure. This garment of sleeveless, and the figure is revealed through its being open on the sides, where it is held apart, though together, by frogs of blue silk cord.

The gown Miss De Wolfe wears under this—this—"house coat" is by far the prettiest of all.

It is white chiffon, with white chiffon tucks running the length of the bodice and skirt, and bordered about the feet with heavy yellow lace. The bodice has a ceinture of white satin buckled with a splash of brilliant, and the tucked chiffon blouses Belle-fashion above it. It is quite décollete, but the sleeves are long and loose, half of tucked chiffon, half of lace, held in at the wrists by a band of fur.

Miss Anglin's first dress is of white liberty gauze, tucked—everything seems to be tucked these days—but this tucking is fine and laid in clusters, and it, too, runs the length of the bodice and skirt; that is, almost the length of the skirt, for a little below the knee the tucking flares into a soft ruffle. The bodice of this frock is a coat-like affair of white silk, brocaded in morning glories of different shades of pink, from the darkest to the palest.

This coat has a belt of the same material, which holds it closely to the figure and promises to create a fashion for disposing of that ugly "standing-away-from-the-figure look" that coats with tails have always had.

The ruffle on the skirt has a border of morning glories applique.

Miss Anglin's second frock is a simple, dainty little thing of yellow chiffon, tucked again, but in rather a new way. A little bolero in fine black lace, fastened with two old paste buttons, is the only contrasting note.

In the last act Miss Anglin wears a dinner gown of a most unusual color.

It is blue chiffon—the darker blue of peacock feather.

It has peacock feathers, finely spangled, in the various shades of blue applique over it at wide intervals, and it is spangled all over with fine dark blue spangles.

The bodice is very soft and simple, and the décollete is outlined with the brilliantly spangled feathers.

There! I positively cannot write another word about anybody's clothes; but it must be evident to the most casual observer that our stage is growing more Modish every minute.—Town Topics.

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