

Hoosier Gowns to Show Up Paris!



Mrs. C. H. ANTHONY.
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What Mrs. Anthony, of Muncie, Ind., Considers Proper Wardrobe List for One Year:

Two hundred pairs of silk stockings	\$ 400
Fifty pairs of gloves at \$3.50 a pair	175
Fifty pairs of shoes at \$15 a pair	750
Six pairs of diamond shoes	7,500
One pair ruby shoes	400
Three pairs of rhinestone-heeled shoes	450
Twenty-four silk petticoats at \$10 each	240
Seventy-five lace petticoats	1,875
Fifteen fans at \$15 each	225
Thirty afternoon gowns at \$240 each	7,200
One black velvet gown, 1 1/2 yards round	240
2,000 yards of ribbons, average price 50 cents	1,000
Twenty-five evening gowns at \$400 each	10,000
Six beaded bags at \$50 each	300
Fifteen negligees and kimonos	975
Four permanent sets of furs	7,000
Twenty tailored gowns at \$125 each	2,500
Forty hats at \$125 each	5,000
Lingerie	2,000
Other lingerie, not tabulated	2,000
Total	\$49,930

Mrs. CHARLES H. ANTHONY'S contribution to the gaiety of life this summer has been to take a baggage car load of clothes made in Muncie, Ind., to Paris to show up French dressmakers.

Once, only once remember, the silly season got by without Mrs. Anthony adding to its gaiety. She was away or sick or dead or something or it never would have happened. She returned, or got well or was raised from the dead or something after it was all over. Then she put a silly season of her own on.

She packed her trunks and went to New York. When she got to New York she unpacked her trunks and went to a ball and at that ball she wore shoes that shocked New York silly. The shoes had high heels and the high heels were encrusted with diamonds as thick as they could be set. Society was shocked as it had never been shocked before by a woman out of the woolly West. The papers gave Mrs. Anthony reams of publicity. The Socialists and I. W. W.'s got up in the public squares and shouted about "the diamond heels that were crushing the life out of the proletariat."

Mrs. Anthony got all she wanted out of her diamond heels. The sensation was over as quickly as it had arisen. Mrs. Anthony rested on her laurels. She waited for the silly season of 1914 to come around. It came and Mrs. Anthony came with it, primed with sensations to the muzzle.

Again she went to New York. This time she took with her a baggage car full of trunks and when she had gathered the New York reporters about her she told them the trunks were filled with gowns made by her Muncie, Ind., dressmaker with which she expected or rather hoped to shock Europe. She wore a few in New York—just few enough to whet New York's appetite for more. And if the rest of the gowns are as violent in color and design as the samples she showed there is no question that Europe will be shocked, though not perhaps in the way that Mrs. Anthony would wish.

Muncie is in the list of "other towns" and that is all the distinction it gets.

Has Mrs. Anthony a patriotic desire to remedy this and is her civic pride so strong that it breaks her heart to see her own little town of Muncie unknown to the world? Perhaps. At any rate the fact remains that Muncie is getting all sorts of advertising, notoriety or fame, for better or worse, out of Mrs. Anthony. For nine months in the year Mrs. Anthony remains in Muncie and the world neither hears nor cares about her or it. Along about the tenth month Mrs. Anthony hobs up. She comes just at a time when the public is restless over the sane, serious and sensible, and is only too eager to have a moment's laugh over the sensational, the absurd and the frivolous. Hence Mrs. Anthony triumphs.

Her baggage car full of trunks stocked with Muncie-made clothes for Paris wear arrived in New York just at the psychological moment. It was a triumph for Mrs. Anthony. She had planned her arrival out to the second and was right on the crest of the silly season war. In her trunks Mrs. Anthony has costumes de luxe, hats, gowns, slippers, jewels and frills, the like of which in loudness of color and craziness of design have seldom been seen on land or sea. She has a gown for every day and one for every dinner on the steamer, besides evening gowns, afternoon gowns, walking suits, motor outfits, and train suits. She has satin and silk slippers to match every gown and dozens of pairs of delicately tinted kid slippers and the newest models in patent leathers. She has a hat for every gown and no two are similar in any way.

Before sailing to shock Mr. Polret and others with her Muncie-made gowns, Mrs. Anthony left behind her in the cars of reporters some memorable words.

"I love to attract attention by my clothes," she beamed. "I love to have persons turn around and look at me and know that I am Mrs. Anthony and that my clothes are made in Muncie. The gown I shall wear on ship is a black and white striped taffeta, with an American beauty satin coat. My hat is black with a feather around it and in the front there is an old fashioned rose. I dote on wearing a rose this way. And I almost forgot. Don't forget



this: I will carry a most coquettish little parasol, only ten inches wide, which is of American beauty satin and tilts over so you can see persons you want to see.

"No, indeed. I shall not wear any of my prize dresses aboard ship. They are going to be saved for Europe and my travels. But there will be plenty of ship gowns, traveling gowns.

"What gown of all my wardrobe do I prefer? Why, I prefer one of lavender satin with a long tunic of every shade from lavender to red. The jacket also is of lavender, lined with brilliant green, and on the black hat are blue feathers. Oh, if you could see that costume you would be fond of it, too.

"What sort of shoes go with it? Why, brown shoes. They exactly fit the color scheme. You know I have forty pairs of shoes—boots, I call them. All are made by my Muncie bootmaker. They are perfect, all of them, and I shall wear them all through Europe."

On one occasion recently Mrs. Anthony wore a startling gown that was described thus: Over a black and white striped taffeta dress the woman with the diamond heels wore a scarlet coat, matching a hat equally brilliant. Beneath the scarlet hunting coat the bodice was a cloud of filmy, illusive, mysterious, pink tinted lace that made it hard to distinguish where fabric ended and flesh began. The diamond heels were Mrs. Anthony's biggest sensation, but recently she blossomed out with a diamond bracelet that covered half her forearm, with great gems, in fleur-de-lis shape, and then extended down over the hand to a marquise ring chain of diamonds, varying in size from one to three carats. And there have been gowns, hats and headpieces that have made the populace sit up and take notice. Anything that is not at least a minute ahead of the very latest thing is to Mrs. Anthony so ancient that Cleopatra would have discarded it. Now it is a lorgnette, and it is some lorgnette that she has. Not that Mrs. Anthony needs a lorgnette, you know. Her eyes are just as bright and her complexion just as fresh and her figure just as trim as it ever was. Mrs. Anthony herself describes the lorgnette as a "nice little thing," but admits that it attracts a good deal of attention when she lifts it on its diamond and platinum chain and gazes through it at the world. It's rather a wonder that the sparkle of the gems doesn't quite dazzle the wearer. The handle is solid platinum and on it are three diamonds of a size to confound a rajah. The chain of platinum is set at intervals—very short intervals—with large stones. The hand work alone upon the lorgnette cost a small fortune.

"I do not agree with certain society leaders and well-dressed women who call me extravagance personified," says the Muncie Sunburst. "Those women who find fault with me because I love beautiful dresses probably believe in the principle that money is not made for circulation. Did they ever consider that by spending my own money for handsome gowns and nice footwear, laces and other finery, I am giving employment to many people who are in need of employment? The more money I spend the better for them."

"I am proud of the fact that every one of my creations has been designed and made in America. My fair critics should call those women extravagant and unpatriotic who spend thousands abroad every year for their gowns instead of giving our own modistes, tailors and dressmakers the work which they so richly deserve. Our American-made creations can successfully compete with the best models of Europe, and if I am spending a sum of money which, to certain people, seems extravagant, I spend it among my own countrymen, which is probably more than they do."

"I lose patience with American women who go abroad for their clothes. My modiste visits foreign shops each year and not only copies chic, new things there, but adds many original touches of her own. My new armet of diamonds was made by an American jeweler. One of my evening gowns of delicate tinted gold cloth, embroidered in coral and turquoise, is the work of a clever artistic Indiana girl."

"I love to feel when wearing my pretty gowns that my buying them has given happiness to some American woman, who, less fortunate than myself, must work for their living. I insist that a fair price be paid for my things. I do not want any bargains in clothes that must be paid for by the sweatshop laborers and weary tears of my sisters who toil."

Mrs. Anthony does not agree with the Federation of Women's Clubs which recently so sternly denounced feminine fashions.