



Dressing the Stanlaws Girl

The Remarkable Evolution of a Pen-and-Ink Beauty Who Was Vitalized for the Movies

BY BARBARA CRAYDON.

A DANIEL has come into the court of fashion. His name is Penrhyn Stanlaws. He will add to the couturier's art the fine eye and soft appreciation of a sketch artist. The girl he has delighted the public with for years—those pretty damsel with the fluffy dresses and the wonderful coiffures—will live and breathe and walk among us and rub elbows with the humblest.

In a measure, he is making real the story of Pygmalion. Only, his Galatea will be any girl who wants to adopt the Stanlaws modes. One may judge how popular they will be by studying the pictures on this page. They combine the fullness of the Jack rose with the colors of the orchid. The negligee is as filmy and as transparent as the gossamer that catches the early morning dew.

"When I sat down and drew a girl I didn't feel that I had finished my inspiration, carried out my idea," the artist explained to a friend who inquired how he came to enter the fashion field. "I wanted to see her assume being, to laugh, to smile, to walk about and talk to me even as Galatea to Pygmalion."

"When I entered the movies recently to become a director, to instruct the actors and actresses how to move and dress to produce the most artistic effects, I found that there is a great need for artists in the dress-designing game. It wasn't the fault of the actress who didn't look pretty on the screen. In most cases it was her apparel. Many of the styles were fashioned by men who only had one thing on their horizon—the almighty dollar. The influence of economy had a great deal to do with the abbreviated styles. There is the error of underdressing the same as overdressing. I want to find the happy medium."

Gowns to Match the Figure.

Gowns should be designed for the figure. No woman should be compelled to sport that which nature has endowed her because of styles that are perfectly libellous. Fullness often is the most artistic expression in dress. Would one call the peacock unsightly or overladen? Plenty of the right kind of attire on a woman has the same effect as heavy foliage when it is the background for a beautiful flower."

Recent a spirit informed the world, through a medium, that ten years hence women will no longer follow the fashions, but will wear a uniform dress the same as the men. With due regard for the spirit we think that the eternal love of women for beautiful and dainty things makes the adoption of a uniform dress an utter impossibility and absurdity; "eternal," because as long as women are women, they will never consent to look like a lot of masculines. But as for the spirit's prophecy concerning the abandonment of the pursuit of fashion by women, that seems quite likely to happen. For that is just what Mr. Stanlaws is seeking to do—educate women to dress themselves and to know just what kind of clothes should be worn to properly enhance the figure.

Following Curve Lines of Beauty.

The advice of Artist Stanlaws is, "Be feminine in your dress," and that pretty, fluffy clothes, daintily arranged hair, and becoming shoes and stockings are all legitimate birthrights of a woman. It is said that women dress to attract men, to rival other women and to excite jealousy. Not so. It is just the desire for feminine fluffiness and frivolities.

Mr. Stanlaws is now in Los Angeles making beautiful wardrobes for the beauties in the neighborhood. The model for much of his designing has been Miss Wanda Hawley, a motion picture actress. He has designed a series of frocks and lingerie for her which embody his doctrines of femininity. The gown and negligee worn by Miss Hawley are very striking.

The gown is a creation of orchid net over a charmesse of the same hue, most charming to Miss Hawley's complexion. The skirt is very ample and is caught with sprays of arti-



1—Wanda Hawley, dressed as a Stanlaws girl in a gown gracefully commingling Flemish, colonial and modern tastes, designed by Artist Stanlaws himself. 2—Bebe Daniels looks like a modern Stanlaws creation in this gown, which the artist designed especially for her.

ficial flowers and is finished with a fluttered net ruffle edged with lace. The bodice is designed to reveal the soft curves of bosom and waistline. The sleeves are gracefully wired to

give a flare effect and reveal the contour of the arms. Pantalettes of net peek just below the border of the skirt, which is longer than the present requisites of fashion, and in ac-

cordance with the height of the model. The silk stockings and satin slippers match the gown in color. The square cut neck and the narrow waistline are essentials which bring

out the beautiful neck and form. To these seemingly minor points Mr. Stanlaws pays most attention. A tilting pancake hat and the dainty satin bag, in the same delicate tone, complete this beautiful costume. Miss Hawley appears to have stepped from the frame of a Marborough.

The negligee consists of blue georgette trousers with an overdress of orchid georgette, caught together with butterflies embroidered in beads of jet and the same color of the costume. It is in her boudoir that the lady loves most of all to be dainty.

The third illustration is that of Miss Bebe Daniels in a new spring evening gown. Mr. Stanlaws has chosen a sea green for her, as she is a vivid brunette. It has shoulder straps of orange to brighten it and a girde

caught by a bunch of orchids. The skirt is draped and the train lends dignity to her girlish form. The gown is sleeveless and the neck is cut square. Mr. Stanlaws knows that curved lines are lines of beauty and that a square-cut neck accentuates the curve of the wearer's neck and shoulders. He avoids the waistless silhouette because this does not reveal curves and contours.

Mr. Stanlaws is a true artist. Since the days of Greece artists have worshipped the charms of the human figure. They have all conceded it to be the highest aspiration. Mr. Stanlaws in choosing this delightful avocation is not deviating from his art work. It is the acme of inspiration to try to intensify that which is by nature beautiful.

GIRL, 14, PAINTS 161 PICTURES AND IS RECOGNIZED ARTIST

Pamela Bianco, Daughter of Italian Father and American Mother, Says She Dotes on Ice Cream, Has Never Gone to School.

A RECOGNIZED artist at 14, who has not been "spoiled" by teachers or art schools, who is hailed as a genius among painters, but who confesses that she dotes on ice cream, a frequent exhibitor of more of her works than she can remember, and who is still turning them out rapidly, such is Pamela Bianco, the remarkable daughter of an Italian father and an American mother, who was born and has lived most of her young life in England, but who is now in the United States.

Pamela started her artistic career at the age of seven, before she knew enough to sign her name to her work. At a recent exhibition in New York, her very first work was exhibited. It is naturally a rather crude affair, entitled "Babyland," but it shows promise, and from this picture on, all through the 161 paintings, drawings, and lithographs on the wall, she can

see the development of her unhampered art.

In appreciation of the amazing heights which this new star in the artistic firmament has reached, Gabriele d'Annunzio, John Galsworthy and Jo Davidson among others, have written autographed letters to her. D'Annunzio, in the midst of his Finme trouble, sent her a gift. Mr. Galsworthy pleaded with the child's parents not to spoil her. "She must go on discovering beauty in simple ways," he said. Jo Davidson called her a fellow-artist.

The young artist's mind, as revealed in these exhibits made between the ages of seven and 14 years, is concerned with visits to fairies; with Mrs. Jones, the cat; with guinea pigs, rabbits, onions, turnips, houses and dolls. You see, Miss Bianco is not a prodigy. She has developed her talent normally, spontaneously. "What study do she works only when she feels like you like best?" and so on. However,

it, perhaps as much as five hours a day. She never makes but one draft of a picture and "if it's no good," throws it into the waste basket. When Pamela was interviewed the other day she was not a bit ruffled but showed, by her responses, that she was still childishly unconcerned about her work and where it was leading her. She can afford to be an artist of whims. She only paints what she feels, when the mood strikes her, and has done so ever since she remembers.

The girl is short, square, and sturdy and cannot be called pretty, yet her eyes, which are blue with heavy black fringes, are beautiful, and in her whole face there is a look of power quite unusual for her years. Her straight, blond hair is twisted tightly about her head.

What should one discuss with Miss Bianco? In an interview with an artist, one talks, of course, about art. But not so with Pamela, for as a child, her school and her studies should interest her. But Pamela has never gone to school, no, not even to an ordinary elementary school, and has never had a lesson in drawing or painting.

So the youthful artist could not be asked "How do you like school?" "Is your teacher nice?" "What study do you like best?" and so on. However,

the talk proved interesting enough. She replied to the queries as if they were part of an interesting game.

"What is your favorite flower?" "A rose," she said. "And what is your favorite food?" "Oh, ice cream, I just love it." "What do you dream about?" "Fairies and angels." "Do you read much?" "Yes, a great deal at home. We have a library, and I spend much of my time in it. I read anything I wish."

Mr. Bianco, her father, who was present, added "What she says is quite true. All books are accessible to her. We keep none that she may not read."

He then explained that his every effort has been to keep the child free as much as possible from artificialities and routine education.

Woman Lawyer in Canada.

MOOSE JAW, Sask.—Miss Mary A. Rogers of this city has the distinction of being the first woman ever presented and admitted to the Saskatchewan bar. In congratulating Miss Rogers, his lordship, Chief Justice Brown, remarked that he was very pleased to welcome a woman to the profession and stated that he had always been favorably inclined to the admission of women to the bar.

MEMORIES OF OLD DAYS ON MISSISSIPPI PACKETS REVIVED

Resumption of Traffic Between Pittsburg and New Orleans Recalls Life on River Steamers in Past Century.

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 30.—Memories of old days on the Mississippi when stately packets plied in the passenger traffic are revived by the resumption of traffic between Pittsburg, Pa., and this city by way of the Ohio.

Barges have carried freight traffic on the great river for many years since the packets were driven out by the railroad competition. In the days of Mark Twain the Mississippi packets were celebrated for their "cats," their famous races, their pilots and even for their poker games.

It used to be no uncommon sight to see from 15 to 20 passenger vessels, from the palatial packet to the weatherbeaten tramp, leave the New Orleans landings daily for up-river points.

Coming of the railroads with quick service for perishable cargo, many lines almost paralleling the river between the most important landings,

caused river traffic to lose its prestige. Shippers began sending cotton and other non-perishable freight by rail, and the stops of the river packets were fewer and fewer as the years went on.

River Voyages Pleasurable.

Plantation landings rotted away, planters began to buy railroad tickets instead of steamer passage, and made their plans to spend the difference in time in New Orleans instead of on the boats. Planters moved to town, social life in the country began to wane—in short, country dwellers became farmers and plantations became farms. It was romantic to be a planter, but much more profitable to be a farmer. All of this directly affected passenger traffic.

A river voyage in the olden days was a pleasurable affair. If the boilers did not blow up or the vessel hit one of the shifting sand bars, mud jumps or hidden snags. A comfort-

able berth, wonderful meals, dancing at night, watermelon parties, well-stocked bars, stud and draw poker games for the patrons of that form of amusement, and last but not least, the antics of the negro roustabouts all combined to make things pleasant for the traveler.

Coffee in bed was the rule, then a breakfast of bacon, eggs, waffles, pancakes, started off the day. At noon there was fruit, fish, roast, vegetables, the ever-present coffee and whatever dessert the cook had in mind for the meal. The feast of the day came in the early evening with creole gumbo (if the cook happened to hail from New Orleans, as most of them did), fried fish, roast fowl, with baked or candied yams, beef or pork, fruit in abundance, dessert and "small black" coffee with brandy. It wasn't variety but quantity that made the steamer bill of fare famous.

Old Days Gone Forever.

In the heat of the afternoon, behind shielding mosquito bar, the passenger, if he so desired, could quaff mint juleps or sip corn whiskey cocktails, not to mention the old flat-bottomed toddies, made with sugar, water, pineapple and orange juice and, of course, whisky. The old-timers here, with scanty stocks of liquor and facing the coming years with visions of nut sundae, never tire of telling the younger generation of the old "hard-liquor" days of the river steamboats.

The card games were for big stakes. Veterans vouch for the truth of stories of a planter embarking in Mississippi worth "a plantation with 200 negroes," and disembarking at the Canal-street landing in New Orleans with only some bills of lading for something he no longer owned.

But those days are gone. If plans of those interested in river traffic bear fruit the modern steamers will eliminate gambling, carry well-drilled crews and furnish modern meals at modern prices.

In advertising sailings of vessels of the olden days the name of the first mate always was given. The first mates became known up and down the river either as good or bad by the manner in which they handled the roustabouts. A meek man did not last long as first mate.

Saturday was usually the sailing day for up-river packets from this port. There was great rivalry between boat owners and crews, and usually from one to a dozen boat races were pulled off as the vessels chugged up the river. It was then that boilers blew up with marked frequency.

Famous Races Recalled.

The most famous of these races was run by the Natchez and the Robert E. Lee, two of the largest of the river packets. So keen was the rivalry that early in the '70s it was planned to have them race from New Orleans to St. Louis. No passengers or freight were carried, and for weeks the coming race was the chief topic of conversation along the river. The Robert E. Lee was in command of Captain Cannon, while Captain Leathers was master of the Natchez. No stops were made except for fuel. The trip to St. Louis was made in just a few hours over three days, an unheard-of record then, with the Robert E. Lee the winner by a small margin.

Another famous race, between the White Rose of Memphis and the Grand Republic, ended in disaster. After racing upstream for hours in a "neck-and-neck" contest, the White Rose struck a snag and sank. Before the White Rose could clear a nearby bend her boilers exploded, killing a number of the crew.

After the war between the states steamboats had been perfected to a higher degree and river traffic became more important. While most of the boats used wood for fuel, getting it from well-established woodyards along the river, still they made good time, and business was flourishing.

Anchor Line Best Known.

While as a general rule the boats were operated independently by their owners, even as early as 1870 there were several lines operating many large passenger vessels. The largest and best known was the Anchor line, which operated between New Orleans and St. Louis, making regular schedules, while another line was operating between St. Louis and St. Paul. The City of New Orleans and the City of Baton Rouge were the largest and best known vessels of the Anchor line. The largest side-wheeler operated on the river was the Republic.

In addition to the Anchor line there were several smaller companies operating from New Orleans to Natchez, Vicksburg, Greenville and "The Bends." They usually carried a hundred or so passengers and large freight cargoes. They were mostly side-wheelers. From St. Louis one line operated as far north as Fort Benton, Mont.

Freight from up the river included flour, pork, beef, furniture, hay, cotton, rice and sugar. The largest cargo of cotton ever brought down was landed by the Henry Frank and consisted of 9900 bales. The cotton was not compressed and the record has stood.

Boats Known by Whistles.

All the old boats were built on the same general pattern—broad hulls, with large, square cabins and with wide guards, usually piled high with freight. They were almost always painted white and each was equipped with a whistle slightly different from the others. It was quite an accomplishment—or was so regarded by negroes at the various landings—to be able to distinguish the distant whistling and call the name of the boat.

Promoters now are figuring whether human nature has changed from the olden days; whether a person will be content to idle the time away on long trips which he could make in a fraction of the time by rail; whether they "have time" to take quiet pleasure.

Freight rates, interstate commerce commission hearings, uniform bills of lading and other prosaic commercial matters figure in the traffic side of the question. The passenger business is regarded as a gamble.