

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1907

THE ONE WOMAN WHO SETS THE WORLD'S FASHIONS



Cavalier
Hat Popular-
ized by Sorel



Original
of the Cavalier
Hat

Cecile Sorel's Ideas Followed by the Smart Dressers of the World

BEHOLD Her Majesty, the Queen of the fashionable world!

Her sway is wider than any of earth's sovereigns; it surpasses that of King Edward, who reigns over 396,968,000 subjects; that of Emperor Wilhelm, who rules more than 60,000,000; or that of the Czar of the Russias, who dominates 143,000,000.

For, in the realm of King Edward, of Kaiser Wilhelm, and the other countries of Europe, throughout the United States, Canada, and a large part of South America, this woman wields her scepter. Her rule is acknowledged in Africa, Asia and the islands of the sea, wherever civilized womanhood inspects the fashion plates.

She sets the world's fashions. Before her throne Paris bows—and when Paris bows, the world of well-dressed women takes notice. Wars may agitate nations, but the paramount questions are those in-

olved in the dictates of fashion.

Paris worships Mlle. Cecile Sorel—Sorel, the great actress, the "second Bernhardt," as she is called. Women pay full tribute to the rare artistic mind, whose creations dazzle, amaze and eclipse the world-famous modistes of the great capital. Sorel is pre-eminently the artist of dress. Parisian modistes throw up their hands in dismay—for who can compare with her in originality, daring and far-sightedness?

How does she do it? Her dresses are simple, entirely lacking the bizarre. What, then, is the indefinable charm, the freshness, the secret harmony in these creations? Paris puzzles itself. But Sorel is a genius. As artists paint pictures she conceives dresses. As poets dream beautiful thoughts she fashions poems of cloth and color.

And most of her inspiration is gathered from famous paintings hanging in the splendid art galleries of the old world.

"WHAT a curious hat! How wonderful! How chic!"

The American woman threw up her hands in delight and, rushing forward, grasped a little apprentice girl by the arm, eagerly seizing a hat she was carrying.

It was one of the swell millinery establishments of Paris.

"Oh, isn't it charming!" She held the hat away from her—so, the way women have.

"It's rather plain, I must confess," she said, with womanlike analysis, after a closer examination. True, the hat was rather plain. It was a somewhat squat, uncertain shape turban, made of dark bottle green satin. The only trimming was an aigrette on the side.

"But there's something about it"—the woman paused with a puzzled look on her face. "I don't know—it's so unusual, so charming, so wonder-

ful. It's unlike anything I've seen for so long. Oh, I must have one, of black silk, just like this. It'll create a sensation."

"But," apologized the vendeuse meekly, "it is impossible, impossible. No, no, no!"

"Why?" The American woman was plainly surprised.

"Mlle. Sorel," said the woman, with awe.

"Ah!" and the American woman understood. Her face fell with disappointment.

For she, before getting such a hat, would have to wait perhaps several months—and then



The High Collar, Popular now,
Worn by the Actress last Winter

—then all Paris would be wearing them.

The next day she was driving along the Bois. The air was soft and golden. Numerous carriages passed. She was nodding to the right and left to acquaintances. Suddenly she started, for she saw the bottle-green turban opposite her. And never, as she afterward declared to friends, had she seen a hat fit so marvelously upon a woman.

But it was no longer the flat, squat thing that she had admired in the shop. Crushed against the wearer's gold-bronze tresses, the hat sat upon her head like some gorgeous green flower, its petals fitting the soft bunches of hair as if it had grown there.

Mademoiselle Sorel! So this was the woman wonder of Paris, the most artistically dressed woman in the world. No wonder the American gazed at her breathlessly. She had heard of her, of course. Who had not? With the wonder of one first gazing upon the famed actress, the American woman scrutinized her eagerly.

"Her dress is perfect, ideal, faultless!" she murmured to her companion. "No one dressed thus has ever been seen in New York. The garment seems to be moulded upon her. The shading is matchless. The scheme is a marvel!"

And it was. All mademoiselle's schemes of gowning are marvelous. To the person who catches a first glimpse of the celebrated actress the apparition is little short of startling.

"She is a vision," the observer—if a man—is apt to murmur. "The dress merely frames the beautiful picture. Few women could make up so well."

That may be—however, they try. And Mademoiselle Sorel smiles at the compliment.

Sitting back in her victoria upon this occasion she was, in fact, a picture of art and harmonious coloring. Lolling on her cushions with the ease of a woman of culture and grace, her face seemed to hold the warmth and color of the face of Cleopatra, with the half-pensive sweetness of Marie Antoinette; there was, too, the chiseled classic outline one might imagine on the face of Troy's Helen.

Hers is a wonderful face, proud in its way, yet softened by the wistfulness that lurks in her large dark eyes. Most expressive are those eyes. As they look at one they seem almost to sleep. Yet at times they flash with the interior light of life and passion. The brows are dark and delicately arched.

Her lips are as red as a full-blown rose. Her hair—is it Titian, or rather a burnished brown? Her form is perfectly moulded, and her dresses fit like gloves.

Yet they say that Sorel's chief charm is her voice. At the Comedie Francaise she thrills the audience. There's a wonderful tremor in her voice. Critics say it is like nothing so much as the tremor of leaves before a storm. It is a warm, a tropical, musical voice. It coos and trembles and vibrates like the strings of an æolian harp played by the winds.

So great has been her success as an actress that she is heralded as the successor to Sarah Bernhardt. Perhaps in wearing this radiant creature nature, by a freakish whim of good humor, gave her the genius for dress; two virtues

(CONTINUED ON INSIDE PAGE, THIS SECTION.)

Mlle Cecile
Sorel in a
Costume
She
Created
Last
Winter

