

HER SUMMER CLOTHES GET MORE AND MORE AMAZING

by Mrs. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Will American Women Come to the Flesh-Colored Tights, Under-Chiffons and Stockings Which Smart Parisiennes Are Now Wearing Beneath Seamy Drapery? Each Day Shows Dresses Clinging More Closely.



If an insufficiency of clothes makes for coolness, at least the nervous art in the dress line has the recommendation of being cool.

What other recommendation can be brought forward in speaking of the unspeakable draperies—there isn't enough of them to call them dresses—in which French women are arraying themselves just now I don't know. In contemplating them I am tempted to fall into the speech of the masses and exclaim, "Alas! it awful, Ma-bell!"

For it is most certainly "awful." If you met a sweet young thing floating on Broadway or along Fifth avenue, in New York, in a simple costume of several yards of gauze draped over nothing apparently but the "human form divine" you'd be apt to rub your eyes and wonder when you would wake up, wouldn't you? This is exactly, however, what you would see if you had the privilege of entrance to the homes of some of the French aristocracy, where the best society of Paris gathers.

For it is French women and a few ultra-smart Americans sojourning in the French capital who are exploiting this latest freak of clothes. Thank Heaven American women in their own country have so far retained a little more sense—and clothes!

During the winter season there were some of us who fondly hoped that the fault had been reached in the way of eccentric and bizarre effects in women's dress. But, bless our tricolored hearts, I suppose we must ever have a new toy with which to play! This time it takes the form of a scantiness of apparel almost unbelievable. No doubt next we shall be barricading ourselves in wire fencing and have returned to the days of the hoop skirt.

When the French nation won't stand for anything in the way of a sensation we must come to the conclusion that it is pretty ultra-ultra. But we hear of almost a riot taking place at Longchamps when the first of these sheath gowns made their appearance. worn by models sent by some of the great dressmaking establishments to exhibit the gowns. There is even a rumor that the policemen who escorted them hastily to their carriage was seen to bluish—and when a policeman blishes—well!

All winter from the moment when the tightly pulled-back Parisian skirt, with its astonishing wrinkles, was launched upon an unsuspecting public, gowns have been more and more closely moulded to the figure. We have had gowns of cloth, with heavily weighted hem, worn over silk tights with no intervening petticoats. We have had evening gowns of chiffon worn over a single sheet of supple satin. We have had astonishing coats, spreading widely in front to all the icy winds of winter, and amazing and daring arrangements of ruffles and scarfs. But with the frocks of summer we felt must come a change. And the change has come, but not exactly the one expected.

For instead of returning to the feminine and modest petticoat the ultra-fashionable dame has discarded even that which she had. She wears her gowns of filmy white over a single undergarment of flesh-colored

chiffon. The effect, as can be imagined, is somewhat startling.

Flesh-colored tights, flesh-colored under-chiffons, flesh-colored stockings, even flesh-colored silk jerseys to wear under lingerie waists abound in the wardrobe of the French woman of fashion just now. To suggest as nearly as permissible the costume of Mother Eve during her stay in the Garden of Eden seems to be the aim of the Paris elegants. Daps we as much?

Perhaps the most extreme example of this curious paucity of apparel is found in the costumes of Grecian effect. Thus a woman preparing for a ball will don a single garment of Liberty material, semi-transparent over tights of flesh-color. This under dress, is comparatively short, just touching the floor. Over this she will wind a scarf of gauze six yards long, which binds the figure tightly from bust to ankles, one long end trailing at the side or back, forming the train. Sometimes one arm and shoulder is left quite bare, the drapery crossing loosely over the other arm. Her hair will be done in a Grecian coiffure. On her feet, worn over stockings of flesh-colored silk, will be pointed shoes of this neat cloth of gold or silver encrusted with cabochon jewels. Other jewels are prohibited as taking from the classic simplicity of effect, although a golden fillet is sometimes worn in the hair. This type of gown is actually worn by women of extreme fashion in Paris.

A—Scarfs of Transparent Gauze Wound Tightly Around the Body. Which is Clad Only in Flesh-Colored Silk Combinations and a Chiffon Slip is the Latest Mode of Evening Dress in Smartest Paris.

B—Unique Coat of White Tussore with Laced Back and Sleeves, Worn Over a Dress of White Voile.

Among them Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant has lately appeared in this very classic drapery.

For wear over them are provided sumptuous cloaks, all enveloping, of splendid brocades, lined with gold or silver gauzes or coating chiffons—one wonders if these are not a precaution against being "run in" by the police, as they would certainly be did they appear in the public streets in such scanty attire.

All kinds of devices are being used to drag in long skirts around the knees. Strips of satin are sewed three times to the inside of the skirt, once in front, once at each side. Through these the feet are slipped, thus securely binding in the skirt hem at front and sides. Walking, sitting or standing the skirt must drag in around the feet.

Sometimes tapes are fastened inside the skirt, being tied tight, a scheme which makes locomotion somewhat difficult. In short skirts wide heading is used, sewed on the outside of the skirt below the knee. Through this a wide ribbon is threaded, pulled tight and tied with loops and long ends at side or back.

The crisp muslins of our grandmothers' days are indeed things of long ago. Now everything must cling—cling! Only the slimmest things are fashionable and the slimmest the better.

While these extreme fashions have not reached this side of the water yet—and may indeed never do so, for American women

C—The Fatma Sash Which Was One of the Sensations of the Winter, is Still Suggested on Some Evening Gowns.

D—Sheer Lingerie Dresses Are Worn with Only One—Sometimes Not Any—Underdress.

E—Draperies of Chiffon Result in This Startling Grecian Frailness.

The Language of Fans.

In Latin countries—Spain, South of France, Italy, South America and the West Indies—the fan is such an indispensable article of the feminine toilet that its graceful manipulation is a recognized supplement to its fair owner's conversation. Out of this language of fans certain meanings have been quite generally adopted by the coquettishly inclined, among them the following:

Opening and shutting—You are cruel.
Closing fan slowly—I wish to speak to you.
Open wide—Wait for me.
Dropping it—We will be friends.
Carrying in right hand in front of face—Follow me.
Carrying in left hand in front of face—I wish to make your acquaintance.

Drawing across forehead—You have changed.
Drawing across cheek—I love you.
Drawing through hand—I hate you.
Fanning slowly—I am married.
Fanning quickly—I am engaged.
Placing on left ear—I wish to get rid of you.
Placing on right ear—Have you forgotten me?
Twirling in right hand—I love another.
Twirling in left hand—We are watched.
Presenting shut—Do you love me?
Drawing across eyes—I am sorry.
Holding fan on right cheek—Yes.
Holding fan on left cheek—No.
Carrying in left hand—I have a message for you.
Swinging in right hand—Think of me.
Swinging in left hand—I will think of you.

have still some idea of the "fitness of things"—yet they are bound to have an inclining and cling. Taffeta silk as a lining material is on the shelf, for only the softest of satin is used—and that of the liberty then in vogue is used—softened variety. The boning of dresses is reduced to a minimum, and many frocks lately turned out could be almost pulled through the proverbial wedding ring, so soft and supple are they—certainly through the fashionable bracelet.

Which reminds me to tell you of the new bracelets now being worn by an exclusive few. They are woven of gold with wonderful skill, and are as pliable as ribbons. They are placed high up on the arm above the elbow, where they apparently tie in a bow knot with hanging ends. Sometimes these ends are ornamented with swails, either set into the gold ribbon or hanging from it in little fringe, each jewel in a separate thread of fine gold. The effect is charming and quite different from anything seen before in the jeweler's world.

America the Best Land for Women

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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KATE TRIMBLE WOOLSEY, an American woman by birth and breeding, but now living abroad, has written a book entitled "Republics vs. Women." In which she showers bouquets upon monarchies and pelts republics with a broadside of unpleasant facts and a volley of sarcasms.

Among the disagreeable truths in this volume of nearly 200 pages are the following:

We have in America six million white women forced to slave for a living. These women are not allowed to vote, and men are the possessors of such a privilege. Every effort made by women has been opposed by the Republic. It gives woman no voice.

In America no streets are named after women—no interoceanic steamers, no docks—as in many monarchies. No political offices are held by women in New York, where women pay millions in taxes annually.

No counties, States or mountain peaks are named for women.

The Presidential inaugural processions contain no women, as do the corteges of coronations.

No woman's name has ever been mentioned in any inaugural address since the beginning of the Government.

No woman, in recognition of her individual merit or services, has ever been entertained at the White House.

It is illegal, against its very National Constitution, for the American Government to tender thanks to a woman, however great her services may be.

No woman was ever granted a National or State funeral in the Republic!

Things for Men to Think About.

These and lesser crimes—such as the prerogative of addressing a proposal of marriage to a man, as one at the head of a monarchical aristocracy does—make interesting reading and meditation for American men.

The extremely laudatory tone of the book toward monarchies is slightly nauseating to the democratic taste; and, un-

fortunately for Mrs. Woolsey, the monarchies which took place at Kishineff render her flattering references to Russia in its treatment of women as ridiculous as untrue.

"There are no other women who are so free socially as those in the land of the Great White Bear," says Mrs. Woolsey, "and the Russian Government is doing more to advance the interests of our sex than the combined republics of the world."

"The number of women murdered in America is something appalling—eight thousand to one thousand in the same time in Russia. The Czar by a sweep of his pen struck off the chains of serfdom from millions of his subjects, while the Republic waited to be driven from its system of human slavery by fire and sword."

All this is very shallow, very bombastic, very untrue, for all Russia is still in shackles—even the Czar himself.

Facts Merit Consideration.

The recent events in Russia, familiar to us all, are serious enough to such assertions, which seriously mar the strength of Mrs. Woolsey's book.

But when she says, "This land of America, which has produced women of brains as lofty as its mountains and characters as broad as its seas, has not a public monument to any woman," she gives us facts worthy of consideration.

And when she makes the following assertion—"I defy you to show me a single right, liberty or privilege, either political, legal, civic or social, ever allowed woman by a republic that is not allowed by a monarchy"—she throws down the glove which some republican student ought to take up and answer with carefully prepared facts, if they are obtainable.

Personally, my belief is that, in spite of all the unpleasant testimony Mrs. Woolsey has accumulated against republics, it is from republics the great human race will develop and evolve.

Woman may not receive individual honors here, but, as a class, she is more honored and has more freedom and more opportunities than in any other spot on earth.

She is growing here as in no other land, and from her will yet come the great leader for whom the world waits.