

Medieval Tendency in Spring Fashions.

By "JANE" the Fashionable New York Dressmaker.

"JANE"
FASHION BY
MICHAEL
(S. G. R. O.)

advanced for the majority of women, and knowing that there are hundreds of women who wish to dress well and even handsomely who have not the taste of inclination for extremes. Now that the Spring models are being shown and everything savors so strongly of this long past time, I need no longer hesitate to advocate the lines which predominate.

Personally, I have long been fascinated with the middle ages, and diligent searching in the old costume books has been a source of great delight. Comfort seems to have been the keynote of the dress of the ladies of the thirteenth century, but comfort from their point of view may have been rather far removed from the twentieth century idea. And I have been led to wonder if some over-zealous person would soon launch the gorget, or wimple—I am not sure which is correct—but it means the drapery which swathed throat and head crossing under the chin and pinned up to the hair by large ornamental pins. They wore rats, too, in their hair, only they didn't call them that, I suppose, but pads over which the hair was rolled, to give a firm foundation on which to pin the drapery. This wimple was bound to the hair by a fillet.

Then there was the tall cornucopia shaped head dress from the end of which floated a long veil, sometimes covering the entire figure, very picturesque, and recalling fairy princesses, but wouldn't it be uncomfortable in a taxi!

I was much amused to hear that the wife of one of the early French Kings inaugurated the gumpie, when most women showed bare necks, because her chest was flat and her neck skinny.

Perhaps it would be wiser not to remind the fashion exploiters in search of novelties of those long oversleeves which swept to the bottom of the gown, for every woman who has tried to manipulate a tea table in flowing sleeves knows

how disastrous it is to one's best china. In all these feverish changes how one does admire the men, with their steadfast adherence to their never-varying clothes, and have you ever realized that the Japanese and Chinese have not varied their style for centuries?

The fashion of the thirteenth century a fashionable effect which I have lately seen indicated in a walking suit, although the old name was not given, that of the "dressed costume," where all the edges were cut out in little squares or leaf-shaped pieces which must have fluttered gaily in the breeze.

However, there is one thing to be thankful for—their skirts were not so tight around the bottom, and our skirts are showing a corresponding tendency to widen, consequently they are becoming much more graceful. In a recent French fashion paper a writer, who must have been a man, gave vent, with apologies to the fashion writer, to a wall for the lost allurements of the petticoat, and the lack of coquetry in the lady of the maillet, or knickerbocker, when she took off her dress skirt. It is impossible for anyone to predict with certainty, but I feel perfectly sure that women will return to the simpler point of view in regard to clothes and wear what is most becoming. If the close-fitting skirt is her last effect she will stick to it, and if she feels that the fuller pleated or scantily gathered skirt is kinder to her figure, she may feel equally assured of being in fashion.

French model gowns are invariably long in the skirt, but one must remember that driving in Paris is much more common and much less expensive than in America.

Now, that sleeves are so frequently made of the material of the gown, the sleeveless coat is one of the Spring novelties, and very attractive they are, too. Coats and skirts are not nearly so often seen as the one-piece dress and coat. One can see why these dresses are called ca-socks, for they frequently resemble a priest's gown, with their severe unfitted look, buttoned well up to the chin. Only a priest would be scandalized at the daring little bits of embroidery and fancy braiding. A number of these one-piece gowns have a straight band of trimming across the back of the skirt about ten inches below the waist line, from which fall narrow, scant pleats. One of my latest Paris sketches has this effect, the band stopping abruptly at the hips. The same band crosses the shoulders from the middle of the back, turning squarely at the bust line to continue down each

graphs shown to-day are interesting in this connection.

I have been favored with a glimpse of some of the early straw hat models and sketches of three of the most novel ones are shown on this page to-day (E, F, and G).

In spite of the prophesied revolt against the extremely large hat, advance hints for summer hats show that, with the advent of warm days, fashionable women will return to large hats heavily trimmed with flowers, although small flower toques will be very popular.

Artificial fruits are very plentiful, luscious looking bunches of grapes, currants, and even gooseberries. Flowers were never more lovely, dull faded roses and brilliant colored ones, ragged natural looking violets with foliage, and prim set bunches of the flower alone. Hyacinths and tiny tea roses, very natural looking, and bunches of small button roses vie with hydrangeas and wistaria blooms in shaded violet.

All sorts of shapes are seen, the newest being the Marie Louise, the Cabriolet, the flower pot and the Henry VIII. Black, as usual, holds the palm for popularity, and black jet trimming is in high favor. One model hat in finely fluted black tulle is ornamented with little strands of black pearls terminated with a jet lozenge. Around the crown is a quadruple string of large black pearls.

JANE.

(A)-(AA)—Merovingian model in dull sage green by Margaine La Croix.



A

AA

ALTHOUGH we have been led by comparatively easy stages from the Empire gown with its girld ascending toward the shoulder blades in the back, to the Directoire with its waist line crowding the bust, it is in spite of the many indications of medieval tendencies, something of a shock to find ourselves suddenly overwhelmed, and as it were whirled back through the centuries, to come up breathless and wondering, face to face with faithful reproductions of thirteenth century robes with their uncompromising severity, revealing every line of our too seldom faultless figures, with never a frill or a frou-frou to beguile and mislead. Surely women can now be released from the stigma of vanity, for no style could be more trying to the greater number or more becoming to the favored few.

All the Winter my letters and sketches from Paris have been leaning in this direction, but I have had some hesitation in launching these ideas, thinking they were a little too extreme and



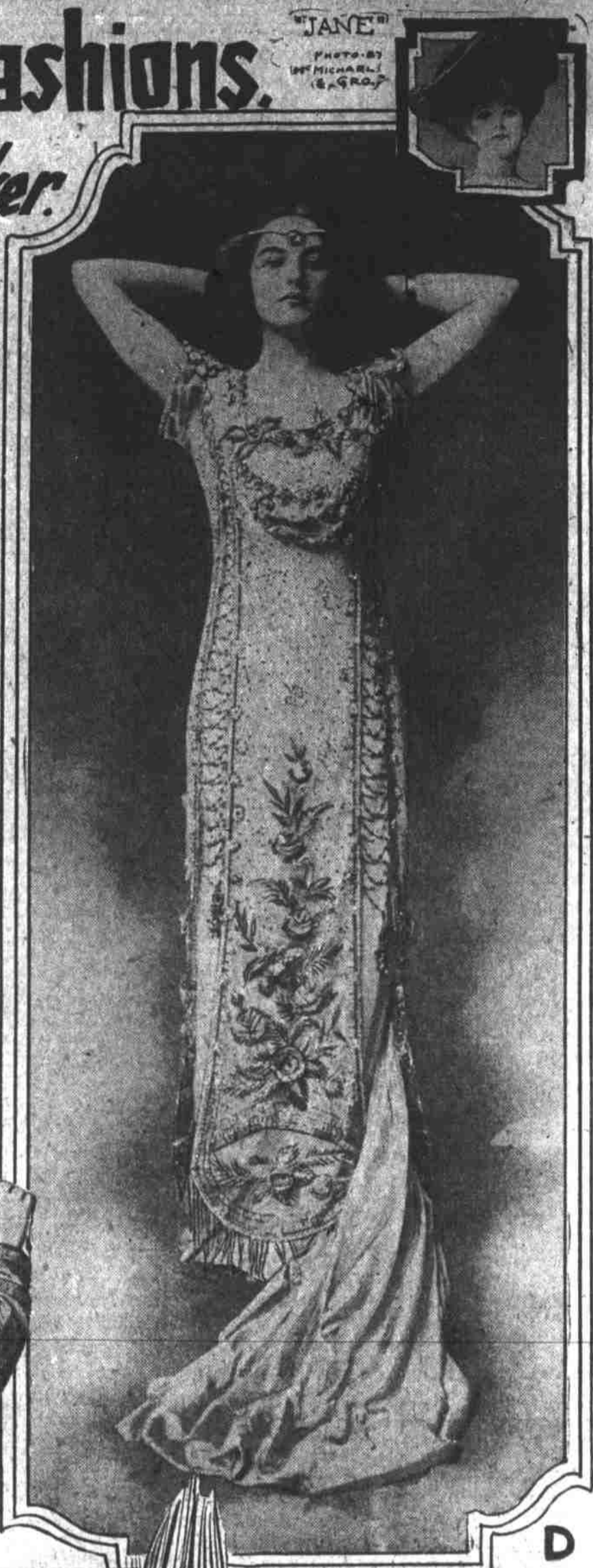
B



F



C



D



E



G

Do Men Regard the Domestic Woman as 'A Woman to Avoid?'

By DOROTHY DIX

MR. COSMO HAMILTON, a brilliant English playwright and dramatist, had written an amusing article which was reproduced in this paper the other day, in which he declares that the name of the domestic woman is anathema, and warns all of his fellow men who wish to enjoy their lives in peace to flee from her.

He tells of the miseries of the poor henpecked man who has to wipe his feet on the mat before he enters his own door. He depicts the sufferings of the husband whose wife is always after him with a dustpan and a broom; who may not smoke in the parlor for fear of injuring the curtains; who dare not lie down upon a couch lest he muss the sofa cushions, and whose whole comfort is sacrificed by his wife on the altar of cleanliness and neatness.

Therefore, argues Mr. Hamilton, if you would be happy although married, give the double cross to the dear, demure domestic girl.

These bold and iconoclastic statements, but they are worthy of profound consideration because they fall from the lips of a man who represents at least one viewpoint of his sex, and he raises the query:

Do men really dislike domesticity in a woman? Is the domestic woman, after all, not the pearl of great price as a wife that we have been led to suppose, but a tiresome lily that makes her husband's life a burden by her petty exactions?

In a word, is the domestic maiden the one to avoid when a man goes to pick out a wife?

Leaves Girls Up in the Air.

These words will fall with the dull, cold third of despair upon the ears of the marriageable young women of to-day, because they offer another proof of how difficult it is for a woman to really find out what a man likes in a wife, and what qualities a girl should cultivate as a first bid to the altar.

For years and years domesticity has been held up as the goal toward which

a maiden who wanted to marry should struggle. Men have celebrated the virtues of the woman who knew how to keep a clean house and cook a good dinner, and old bachelors have even taken refuge behind the bulwarks of domesticity, and declared that the reason that men didn't marry was because the girls of to-day were taught everything except how to make a home.

All of this has sunk deep into the feminine breast, wherefore women have taken up the cult of domesticity. Cooking has been established in the public schools as a necessary part of the curriculum, and there is no girl left, except a fore-ordained spinster, who can't do things with a chafing dish.

It's All Love's Labor Wasted.

And now it appears that this is love's labor wasted; that men are bored by domesticity; and one of their number has come boldly out and asserts that the domestic woman is a woman to avoid.

It is certainly discouraging to women, for it shows that they are as far off as ever from having solved the problem of what a man really likes in a woman.

Of course women have always had an inkling of the fact that before marriage domesticity was not the lodestar it was popularly represented to be.

Any observer could see that little Fluffy Buffles, who didn't know how to boil water or sew on a button, and Corelli and keeping her hands in a nice, squeaky condition, had ten men flocking around her; while industrious Jane, who had taken the prize at the Housekeepers' Fair for the best bread and cake, and was mother's helper, was left to pursue her tasks alone in the kitchen without being interfered with by any beau at all.

It has also been a matter of common knowledge that the girl who had best fitted herself to make a good wife generally never got a chance to be any kind of a wife at all.

But these have been supposed to be the vagaries of a young man's fancy, and it has not disturbed our faith that the ideal wife must be as domestic as the cookbook, for a man's ante-nuptial and post-nuptial demands of a woman are as different as poetry and prose, as a snuff and roast-beef and potatoes.

It, to learn from so distinguished an authority that domesticity after marriage is as little alluring to men as in the days of courtship.

Nor is confirmation of Mr. Hamilton's theory wanting. Only a few days ago I heard a most intelligent and successful man speak with disgust of the sacred subject of the clean hearth and the well-spread table.

"Pooh!" he exclaimed. "With a good hotel on every corner of the street, and an excellent restaurant in the middle of the block, what does it matter whether a woman knows how to cook or no?"

"There are plenty of places for a man to get all he can eat. What he wants in a wife is companionship—somebody that will be cheerful and entertaining and charm him into forgetting all the worries and cares and disagreeable people he has fought with all day."

"Undoubtedly, however, the majority of men do not take this ultra liberal view of matrimony. Most men marry to get a home, and a home that is not a trapezoid on the word is a place that is kept neat and clean and orderly, and is presided over by a woman who is a good cook and knows how to set a good table.

But It Really Isn't All True.

Say what you will, domesticity is the little tin god that sits up aloft over the home; for love very soon flies out of the window of the establishment where everything is high-dye-pigdy, and where a tired man comes home at night to unswept rooms and unmade beds, and to a dinner that would give dyspepsia to an ostrich.

Could he choked to death on tough beefsteak and watery potatoes many a time, and there's no grounds for divorce so common as the grounds in the coffee pot.

In spite of this, it is true that domesticity, per se, does not attract men. They like the results, but they loathe the process. They demand that the household machinery shall run without a hitch, but they also desire not to see the oiler at work, lubricating the bearings.

side of the front to the button of the skirt.

Among the many beautiful gowns at the opera, my feeling for color was much gratified by a confection in blue and pink. The satin under-dress was of a lovely shade of pink, which was nearly covered with a tunic of rather deep blue net. This tunic was in turn covered with a second tunic, heavily embroidered in gold and held at the waist line with a beautiful band of gold embroidery.

Although there were many handsome gowns at the Automobile Show, generally covered with evening wraps. The most perfect color scheme was a little mahogany-colored pique at one of the exhibits who wore a gorgeous orange-colored uniform, which toned in agreeably with his rolling eyes and glistening teeth.

In Paris, the play "Le Roi Dagobert," with its wonderful costumes, seems to have given a decided impetus to the medieval trend, and the photo-

graphed band, which is over a lining of copper color, follows the long waisted line, below which the skirt falls in narrow side pleats. The side view of this gown shows where the band of trimming stops on the hips, while the back is laid in pleats which extend nearly to the neck.

(B)—A Redfern gown in medieval mode, which has the close fitting upper part covered entirely with brown and gold embroidery simulating a coat of mail. The neck is filled with chiffon guimpe, while, falling plainly below the girde of dull gold beads and jewels, is a skirt of bronze satin.

(C)—The priestly influence is shown in this tailored suit of gray chiffon mohair, with its long straight effect. The embroidered bands are done in self-toned crewel stitch.

(D)—Superb evening gown designed by Margaine La Croix, worn by the Queen in Le Roi Dagobert, the French play. Over a straight gown of peach silk are five panels of net, studded with iridescent beads and paillettes. Each panel is furnished with a fringe

brim, which is cut up in the back the same as in front, is of black rough straw, joined to the crown by large cut jet cabochons at intervals all the way around. A fine large aigret of green rises straight up at one side of the front.

(F)—This model is made of a soft taupe color in rough straw, the brim decidedly Napoleonic in shape, coming well down over the ears on each side and flaring up away from the hair front and back. On the right side spreads a magnificent group of taupe colored tips. Two long streamers of black satin are sewn, without any softening loops whatever, on the edge of the brim in the back, whence they are tied around the neck.

(G)—This severe little hat of rose colored hemp is simply trimmed in two shades of rose, the lighter shades in flat loops from left to right in front, and the darker shade coming in the same flat loops across the back and ends at the left side. This shape is very flat and narrow from back to square broad top. The crown is of front, the sides being distinctly bright green hemp straw, and the pointed

of the same beads, and strands of beads lace the panels together. Festoons of shaded pink roses are across the bust and pink chiffon sleeves.

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Tight Lacing Not to Blame for Appendicitis.

AMONG the various long standing indictments against corsets and tight lacing has been that they are the cause of appendicitis. This indictment was "quashed" the other day by Dr. John B. Murphy in a lecture before the Chicago Medical Society. "Whatever causes appendicitis nobody knows," said Dr. Murphy, "but it certainly has nothing to do with corsets because it is four times as common among men as among the corset-wearing sex."

"Some people charge it up to rheumatism, others to measles. There are persons who believe that overfed people get it, others that underfed people are most liable to have the trouble, but no surgeon has ever discovered its real cause."

"But we do know appendicitis in all of its nature and in the destruction that it produces. It is more common in Summer than in Winter. It is something that we cannot run away from, because it is found in all quarters of the globe. There are of the body. Sometimes nature protects life by causing a discharge into natural channels. "The mortality rate with medical treatment alone is about 20 per cent, while it is less than one-fifth of 1 per cent under surgical treatment if operated on in its incipient stages. No medicine has ever been discovered that will cause a cure."