

Gowns I Have Designed for Famous Women — by Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile") The Greatest Living Creator of Fashions.

By Lady Duff-Gordon.

IT is, perhaps, hardly necessary to explain that Lady Duff-Gordon, the famous "Lucile" of London, is to-day the foremost living creator of fashions and the world's greatest authority on costume. But for the benefit of the new readers who have not read previous numbers of this supplement it is again announced that Lady Duff-Gordon has arranged to open an American establishment at No. 17 West Thirty-sixth street, New York City. By special arrangement with Lady Duff-Gordon, she will conduct the Fashion Department of this newspaper and will write the Fashion article each Sunday and supply the illustrations from sketches or photographs of the newest designs in her New York and London establishments.—Editor.

I HAVE made so many hundreds of really cruel not to be able to make all of palest blue charmeuse satin, very scant and skimpy, with the blue satin skirt edged with lace. Then over this was a slip of white chiffon well decorated with emplacements of lace, and over this again was the finest frock of white tulle embroidered in white bugles of opaque crystal. It had a little short Empire bodice and a girde of blue ribbon tied in a bow at one side. It had a low, round décolletage and little short, skimpy sleeves, and all around the décolletage were set little circular wreaths of tiny pink roses and forget-me-nots. One of these was also on each sleeve. Lady Marjorie delights in these tiny wreaths of delicate flowers.

She represents in her personality youth in its most perfected form. And so I made her charming little gowns, not anything gorgeous or startling or regal, but just sweet and artistic and youthful. I have never yet made her a train, save in her court gown, when she was presented, but always a short skirt, clearing the ground.

One of her dearest little gowns was made for the Duchess of Sutherland, a glorious specimen of golden-haired womanhood. That gown will always live in my memory, a vision of rich, harmonious loveliness.

The Duchess is such a superb creature. Gold seems to express her personality to perfection, and so I made her a rare gold gown. It was one of my greatest achievements. I loved that gown; in fact, I love all the gowns I send forth—they are really part of me. When I see a person I have certain emotions, and these emotions I express in clothes. So this golden gown of the Duchess of Sutherland was the product of golden emotions.

First there came a flesh-colored robe, very clinging and very close, revealing the figure delightfully. This was of charmeuse satin and covered the whole figure and was cut décolleté. Over this, still close and clinging, was a slip of gold tulle, sheer and beautiful and very golden, and this had little gold spangles all over it, and it bewilderingly.

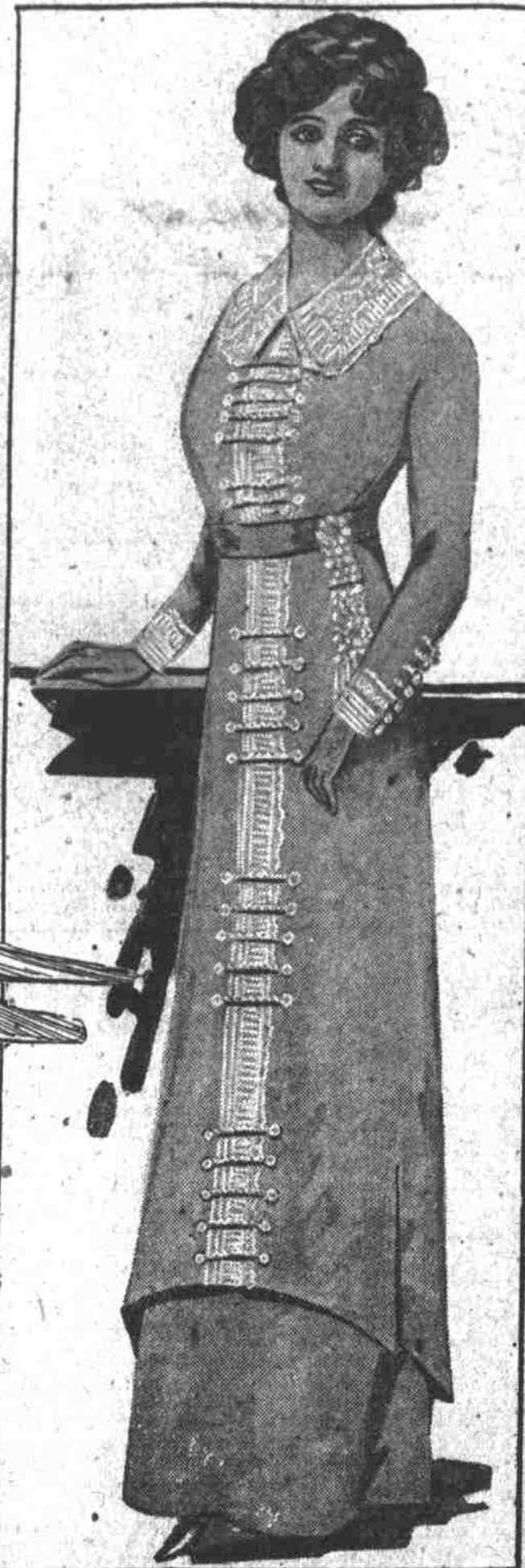
Then swathed about the figure, leaving one side exposed in my pet way, was a trained drapery of cloth of gold, dull and rich and smouldering with beauty. This was heavily and superbly embroidered in a different shade of gold, vine leaves and grapes crowding about its edge. It was lined with peach-pink satin. Where the drapery was caught together on one hip was a superb old ornament of gold and rhinestones, with long tassels hanging from it.

It suited the Duchess to perfection, for she has a golden voice and wonderful gold lights in her hair and in her skin. She was glorious in it.

Then there have been some charmingly dainty gowns that I have made for Lady Marjorie Manners, who is as "exquisite a beauty as the world of society holds. She is like a picture always, a complete feast for the eye, no matter what she wears, for she is extraordinarily temperamental. She is all soul, all feeling, and it is enchanting to create clothes for her. She gives me such a wealth of possibilities to work with that whenever she comes to me and asks for one gown I at once have ideas enough for a dozen just from looking at her, and then it is



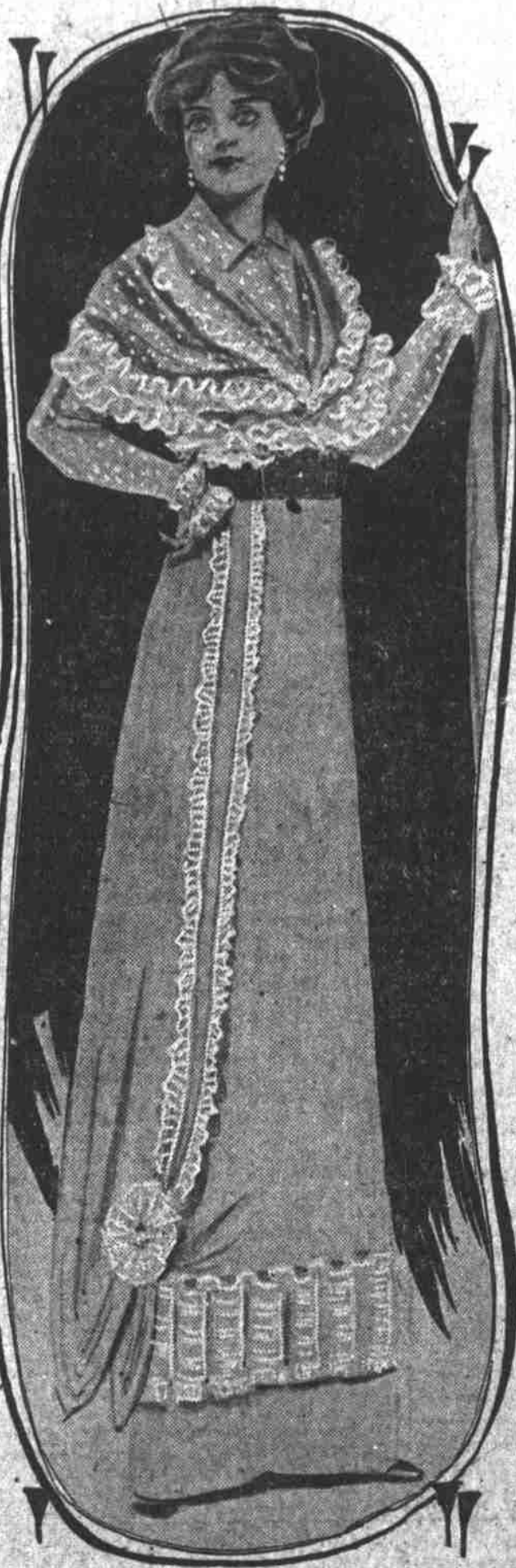
Gown Made for Miss Violet Vanbrugh as "A Woman in the Case." It Has an Entire Clinging Slip of Flesh Colored Charmeuse Satin Revealing the Figure. Over this is Another Robe of Flesh Colored Tulle and About the Waist is a Mass of Yellow Satin.



Simple Summer Frock Made for Lady Beerbohm Tree, of Pale Blue Linen, with Frosted Embroidery Down the Front, Crocheted Ornament on the Belt and Embroidered Collar and Cuffs.



The Duff-Gordon Coat-of-Arms.



Woman I know, and so the gown suited perfectly.

It had a straight skirt, rather short and perfectly plain. Over this was an overdress with a short-waisted effect and a simple belt of the linen, with a queer hand-made ornament fastening it at one side, the ornament being crocheted of coarse thread in blue and white.

Down the front was a plisse frill of white linen, with delicate hand embroidery, and crossing over this in clusters were crocheted frog-like pieces with crocheted buttons. There was a white linen collar about the throat, with a sweet little embroidered frill about it, and little turnover cuffs to match. It was really a "love of a gown."

A creation of which I am extremely proud was made for the lovely Crown Princess of Sweden. You know, she was one of our English princesses—the Princess Margaret of Connaught—and a strikingly handsome girl, who wears her clothes well and appreciates and understands the art of dress, a thing that cannot be said of every royal lady. She is very much like her charming sister, the Princess Patricia of Connaught.

This particular gown is only one of dozens I have made for the Crown Princess, but I speak of it particularly because it stands out in my memory as a peculiarly appropriate and beautiful creation. It was particularly suited to the artistic atmosphere of Sweden, which was a cause of great satisfaction to the Princess, and it also displayed the Princess's personality to perfection. It was like a gown that a daughter of a Viking might have worn; some daughter of the snows long ago. It was frosty and pure and glittering like ice. It was all white, white, white, but yet quite different from any white gown you ever saw. The main part of it was of white velvet—and there ever a more beautiful fabric?—and it was trimmed with white fur and covered with silver embroidery and silver and crystal bugles, with a lot of white tulle like white mist.

The under robe was first of all of thin, soft clinging white satin, and over this was a robe of white tulle, most beautifully embroidered in shining delicate silver traceries, with enrichments in silver and crystal bugles massed over the whole front till it looked like a wonderful front-covered window pane. Over this tulle robe was the long trained robe of white velvet, in turn enriched with rich silver embroidery about the edge to the depth of a foot or more and bordered all around with white fox fur, not ermine—that seems to belong to Russia and other lands. This fox fur, in its exquisite purity, belongs properly to Sweden, that land of snow and ancient romance.

Where the robe fastened about the corsege there were massings of silver, forming a sort of mediaeval corselet, and just at one side was a bow of pale baby blue tulle, to lend the one note of color, and that a pure, cool note, with nothing of the South about it. Nor did I give the Princess of the Snows a flesh-colored underslip, as I love to do to other women that do not belong to the far north.

If I were to tell about all the beautiful gowns that I have made for the Countess of Warwick, it would take all of this newspaper, for Lady Warwick no longer goes to Paris for her gowns, but lets me make her beautiful wardrobes every season. There was one dreamy, mystic sort of a creation I made for her, extraordinarily simple, but beautiful beyond words. It was made to wear at home at Warwick Castle when she was not receiving formal guests; not a tea gown, but a lovely, simple home frock. I shall never forget the picture the Countess made in it. It was simplicity itself. In fact, I have never made a simpler thing. It was all soft mauves and twilight tints, and floated about her in a cloud of beauty, flowing as she walked with that rare grace of hers.

The chief material used was an old, dim mauve or lavender-tinted chiffon, yards and yards and yards of it just floating about her figure. It was made up over a foundation slip of grayish mauve satin, soft as chiffon, and there were long, floating angel sleeves of chiffon that fell away from her beautiful arms, and about the throat, cut in a low V, was a frilled flounce of rare old lace, like cobwebs. The girde, rather high up, was of old mauve silk. Swathed about the waist and at one side was a big rose of pinkish mauve tones.

Then on her head the Countess wore a sort of little turban-like cap, or a cap like turban, as you like, and this was of the most wonderful shade of pale old bluish green, like the tints of trees in Boucher's paintings. This was all of chiffon, laid in lovely loose, soft folds, and a soft band of the chiffon passed under her chin and caught to the turban on the other side, just under a big soft rose of pink chiffon with mauve tones. It was a masterpiece.



Evening Gown Made for Lady Marjorie Manners, of Silver Spangled Tulle Over White Chiffon and Again Over White Satin. There is a Deep Band of Leaf Green Chiffon on the White Chiffon Underfrock Which Shows Through the White Spangled Tulle. The Upper Part of the Corsege is of Flesh-Pink Tulle with Silver Tulle Over It.

I made another adorable frock for Lady Marjorie Manners that exactly suited her. It was a dainty, mysterious sort of thing of silver-spangled tulle over white chiffon, and again over white satin, and there was a deep band of a wonderful leaf-green chiffon on the white chiffon under-frock, which glinted and gleamed through the white spangled tulle in a way that was exquisitely beautiful.

About the bottom of the gown were delicate lace flounces and wreaths and festoons of little pink roses, all made by hand by my workers. The upper part of the corsege was all of flesh pink tulle with the silver tulle over it. Little wreaths of pink roses were festooned about the gauzy apologies for sleeves, while only little straps of silver tracery crossed the shoulders.

To add the last touch a scarf of pink tulle was worn fastened to each sleeve, and this was edged closely all round with bits of perfect roses and the ends were finished with long silver tassels.

To give a note of contrast a band of pale soft baby blue velvet was worn in the hair.

I have no more keenly artistic patron than the Duchess of Rutland, the mother of Lady Marjorie Manners. She is an artist in reality, and has an artist's soul. She was the Marchioness of Granby, you know, and has long been noted for her very brilliant portrait drawings.

Whenever she comes to me for a gown I always am inspired with all manner of beautiful ideas, and the gowns I make for her are entirely different from those that I make for other people. One very interesting one that I made

success lay in the sort of gowns that I would make her.

"I shall succeed or fail according to the success of your gown," she said.

She read me the play and I immediately designed for her the gown which seemed to me to exactly personify the character in question. Had I never made any other successful gown in my life that would have established my status as a dressmaker of thought.

To begin with, I made an entire clinging slip of flesh-colored charmeuse satin, revealing the figure quite plainly in its lines. Over this was another clinging

House Gown, Made for the Duchess of Rutland, of Quaint Old Fashioned Blue and White Striped Silk.

The Short Waisted Corsege Is of Dotted Net Arranged to Give a Frilled Picture Effect.