



VANITAS VANITATUM

ANTICIPATING SPRING'S ADVENT, PARIS
DECREES THE MODE FOR SUNNY DAYS

(From "The Ladies' Mirror" Special Correspondent)

the "tailleur" catches the infection, and flares out in a basque. That coat is *more* than three-quarter length, and carries out the idea of simplicity of line so dear to the Parisienne. And that reminds me—why is it that the ordinary male will persist in imagining that the simple gown is always inexpensive? Paris says otherwise, and you, *ma chère*, being a wise woman, will be gowned in fashionable simplicity this season.

Apropos of basques, they are very popular, and you can have them either flared or pleated, according to your fancy. But they have not yet ousted the tailored model of severely classical lines. Here's one I saw in the Champs Elysées the other day: Tailleur of chestnut brown drapella; coat with long, straight revers, and long, flaring basque, and bronze stitching. It had a quaint little breast pocket; and that reminds me that pockets are now a favourite form of adornment. They multiply like household worries, even on the most informal models, and we shall soon be in the same plight as

Chère Amie,—

Of course you are waiting eagerly for word from me as to what is or is not being worn in Paris this season. Well, to tell you the truth, *ma mie*, I am a little

puzzled to know exactly where to begin. Fashions are so bewilderingly fascinating, and the differences between this season's styles and last so subtle, that I am afraid you will get but a feeble idea of the world of beauty that is brightening Paris.

The long, straight line still holds its own, and we must all try to be as slender as we can, if not more so!

But though the line is slimmer than ever, more material goes to the making of the models. 'Course that doesn't sound easy, but this is how it is done. Either you insert at sides or front closely pleated panels; or you let the skirt flare below the hips or towards the hem; or you lift the skirt in front, giving a draping effect, which is very attractive.

Speaking of draping, though; it is no longer *dernier cri*, and will not be worn so much as it was last season, though Worth and Callot still hold to it for grander occasions. But the hand on the dial of Fashion seems to have moved a bit. Seems a pity, doesn't it, when it was so becoming to many of us, and proved a solution of lots of our dressmaking difficulties? In place of the draped model, Paris decrees the gown closely moulded to the form, but moulded easily, without any appearance of strain to spoil the effect. It often flares at the knees, too, in the much-discussed "bell-flare." D'you remember that, 'way back in the Dark Ages of 1915, or thereabouts, we had an abomination called the umbrella skirt? Well, it has come back to us in the bell-flare, but no longer an abomination. It spreads only from the knees in most models, and sometimes the long coat of

One could play at one's ease, without fear of crumpled and soiled frocks, in a little suit of navy gingham, trimmed with bizarre borders of red, blue and yellow. Mlle. Regine Dumieu certainly thinks so.

In a coat of white velour cloth trimmed with white Astrakhan, and long white cloth gaiters, Mlle. Regine Dumieu has no need to fear the wintriest blast. The cap of white cloth and Astrakhan has a Hussar strap, also of cloth, under the chin.

—A l'Enseigne de Mignafrouf.

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