

Daring Them

Accomplished, versatile, keen of perception, Mrs. Albert Russell typifies everything good that is modern.

The article printed on this page was written amid a whirl of engagements, lectures, radio contributions, and family obligations written spontaneously, yet with that instinct for probing to the heart of a situation.

As a personality, she is gifted with a quick awareness, making her interesting among the Dominion's interesting women, of which there is no small number.

Her writing here is interpolated with facetious comment, but instead of detracting from the remaining succinctness of the article it leavens it with intimate humour, while serving also to give point to what she considers is the writing on the wall of fashion.

But Have We the Courage?

A Provoking Discourse on Future Skirts

Told by Mrs. ALBERT RUSSELL

SOMEONE said that youth has had its way. We think less about our equality with the male and are discovering instead the fun of being a woman.

Certainly, the jaunty tailored suits are more femi-

nine than any we ever had before.

Our evening skirts fall on classic folds over our ankles, for already short skirts in the ballroom are conspicuous—look old-fashioned.

There is no doubt we are going to enjoy the change, principally because I think we can display more originality in our clothes, instead of all dressing in cuts from the same pattern.

Yes, short skirts will still be necessary for street wear, office use, and general outdoor activities—in our busy work-a-day world one simply cannot imagine the modern girl or woman trailing yards of tweed material.

It may come, but I really don't think it will last if it does come, and one can quite easily picture such a condition as this:

There was nothing to be heard in the room which housed the chief's two secretaries, save the sound of typewriters responding to the strokes of busy fingers. Suddenly the staccato clatter ceased.

"Heavens," exclaimed one of the secretaries. "I must tell you of the dream I had last night. I thought I was going for my life (as usual) when the chief's bell rang. Grabbing for my book and pencil (also in the usual way), I went to kick back my chair to get up, when I felt my foot catch in something.

"I looked down and—horrors! Where I used to see quite a respectable pair of legs in stockings quite the latest shade I saw several parts of skirt flopping around my ankles.

"As I got up the darned thing caught in the chair (you know how our good stockings catch in these iron chairs!) and behold, a tear about two inches long. I made a rush as the bell buzzed again.

"After a strenuous hour's dictation I got up and—put my heel through my skirt!

"Mumbling apologies under my breath, I bolted for the door. Later, while look-

ing up some figures to be included in a letter I was writing, I had to climb a chair to get the information.

"After carefully lifting the wretched skirt to climb up, I forgot it when I started to get down—caught my foot in it somehow, and came bang on to the floor, dragging the chair with me. The chief rushed out of his room to see what the noise was about.

"There was I, tied up in a skirt, with a chair draped across me in wooden confusion.

"I woke up with a horrible scare, hurriedly turning on the light to assure myself that my skirts had not grown in the night.

"... I was reading just before I went to bed an article by a leading doctor saying what a shame it was that women are giving up their present mode of dress, a mode that was so sensible . . ."

But your skirts—they will be longer than last seasons. After all, a few inches added will be a blessing to the poetry of motion in many of our feminine citizens.

Are legs always beautiful? Or pretty? I think one can truthfully answer "No!"

In fact, one may be quite remarkable (and achieve a reputation) as "the girl with the pretty legs," but what of the hundreds of others who do not add to the world of beauty by wearing ultra short skirts?

So, it is a wise fashion that has decreed four or five inches below the knee for street wear.

It is contended that our men enjoy the short skirt effect, and "always look at a girl's legs first." Naturally, that was a bad habit, since looking down means a lowered chest, a lowered head and body, and a generally depressed condition of mind (especially if the legs concerned are NOT beautiful or shapely).

It is a good thing, then, to attract men by the whole ensemble of grace and beauty, so constraining him to "look up" to seek his inspiration in the "light of her eyes"—maybe—or a smiling face, since, of course, we are all learning to smile more.

For the first time in the history of fashion, two distinct styles are being worn, side by side—the short and the long.

Short skirts have done much for us. They have helped women to emancipate themselves from the old heavy underwear of their grandmothers and mothers, for with short skirts we have found no use for the heavy woollies that would trail below our knees, burdening us with oppressive weight—all are unknown to us.

(Concluded on page 40.)



"Long," was the verdict then, but now—



—Mrs. Russell, like Morse, says "Long and short."