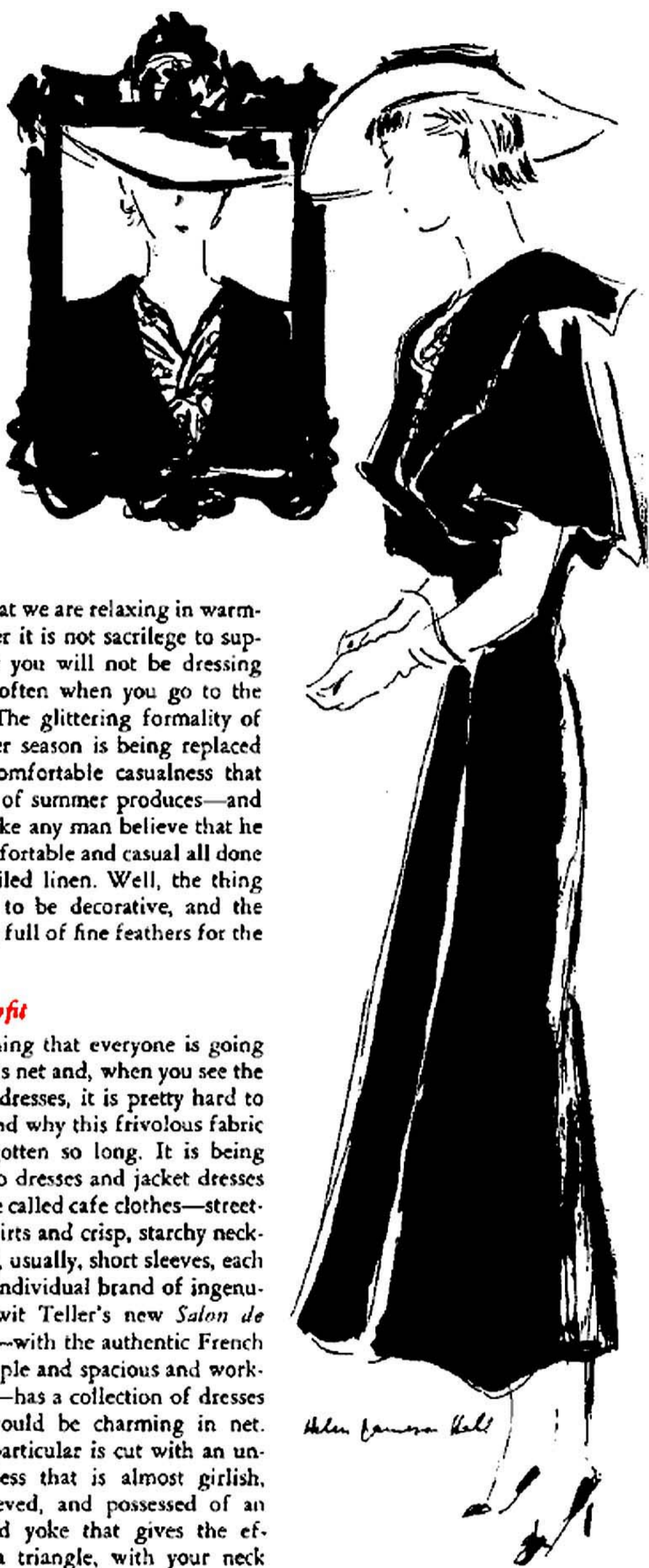


SEEN *in the* SHOPS



Now that we are relaxing in warmer weather it is not sacrilege to suppose that you will not be dressing quite so often when you go to the theatre. The glittering formality of the winter season is being replaced by the comfortable casualness that the scent of summer produces—and try to make any man believe that he feels comfortable and casual all done up in boiled linen. Well, the thing to do is to be decorative, and the shops are full of fine feathers for the purpose.

Net Profit

The thing that everyone is going for now is net and, when you see the new net dresses, it is pretty hard to understand why this frivolous fabric was forgotten so long. It is being made into dresses and jacket dresses which are called cafe clothes—street-length skirts and crisp, starched necklines and, usually, short sleeves, each with its individual brand of ingenuity. Bonwit Teller's new *Salon de Couture*—with the authentic French note, simple and spacious and workmanlike—has a collection of dresses which would be charming in net. One in particular is cut with an unaffectedness that is almost girlish, short-sleeved, and possessed of an appliquéd yoke that gives the effect of a triangle, with your neck as one point. However, since all the clothes in this department are made to order anyway, you can trustingly put yourself into the hands of its presiding genius and have anything you want made up in net. And those who are not bloated plutocrats should step into Lord and Taylor's Young New Yorkers' shop for a look at a gratifyingly inexpensive black crepe and net dress that has short sleeves made up of innumerable tiers, a square neckline rimmed all around with fluting, and more appliqué that constitutes a yoke. Best's goes in strenuously for net

Helen Cameron Hall

Marcelle Dormoy did this dress in a white-ground print, more typical of evening than daytime, with a shirred neckline. The velveteen coat has short cape sleeves; you wear gloves of crisp white or matching print with it. From Bonwit Teller's *Salon de Couture*.

dresses, too, particularly the young, crisp kind that make you feel like a slick youngster just home from Eton. One of them is built on the



Black ostrich almost covers the lace-baku brim of this dinner hat with a hole in the top. La Mode Chez Tappé.

shirtwaist dress principle—turned-over collar, short cuffed sleeves, and buttons up the front.

In Print

Another type of ensemble which is most satisfactory for casual evenings at the theatre is the printed dress with its own coat. When the coat is in velveteen, you will take it immediately to your heart. Bonwit Teller has one, a Marcelle Dormoy, with much charm and just the amount of fragility that makes it right to wear in the evening. Under a bright blue velveteen coat with cape sleeves is a printed dress (a bright print on a white ground), with a shirred neckline and soft short sleeves. The expansive white areas on the print make it more precious than the usual daytime prints, and the short sleeves of the coat leave a touch of bare arm that gives you a chance to show off your proudest gloves. Lord and Taylor show shorter velveteen coats with their prints. One, hip-length, is in bright red with wide revers which show off the dress beneath—a black-ground, tailored print with a brief velveteen scarf lopped over at the neckline. Another coat is three-quarter-length with sleeves on the ample side, and this is worn over a languid printed dress, in shades of blue, with a cowl neckline. Saks-Fifth Avenue has the gayest velveteen coat of the season, the one that is cut exactly like a smock, and Altman has its own Muriel King version of the velveteen smock not quite authentic because it does tricks at the neck and is belted.

Then, of course, there are always the print dress and the silk or wool coat or, new this year, the silk dress with a pastel linen redingote. Silk and linen form one of the most popular combinations of the season for this purpose. Bonwit Teller's *Salon de Couture* is peppered with print-dress-own-coat ensembles. They all have a carefully thought out, nothing-is-too-good-for-you air, engaging simplicity, and inspired details which

make them impossible to copy. A very smart one has a fitted coat, with a big box-pleat down the back, in yellow chamois which is worn over a black confetti-print dress tied up with discreet bows. The coat, French style, is lined with the print. A navy wool coat, beautifully fitted by means of countless intricate little pieces, is shown with a silk dress in a Chanel triangular print in navy and beige. Except for a folded-over, flat bow at the neck the dress is quite simple—just composed of lines that are right.

On Top

It cannot be wrong to say that the collection of hats at Tappé, designed by the young Leiberts, are the freshest and most imaginative in town. They have colors you could not believe. Fancy a Dutch cap, for instance, made of forty layers of net, swept back off the forehead in front, wide at the sides, and cut away above the hairline in back where it is trimmed with a little pellet of grosgrain. It is just what women will be wanting for these net cafe dresses. And there are gloves to go with it—gloves with flared cuffs made of endless layers of net. Fancy, with a chiffon dinner dress worn at the theatre, a wide-brimmed, shallow hat of lace baku set on the head as lightly as a breath. Imagine a hole in its crown, filled in with net, around which sweeps a wide, curling ostrich feather that almost covers the entire hat. Not even the mauve decade produced anything so charming as this. Then, another accessory for net dresses, there is a big hat of starched black net with a rippled edge like the outside of a piecrust, and this has a bunch of shiny pink and black grapes perched at one side. Again, the most decorative kind of hat to wear with tailored clothes in the evening is a canotier in dotted Swiss, crisp and stiff, with a bunch of shredded daisies right in front and a grass-green grosgrain band. There is also a smaller-brimmed hat in lace-baku with a folded, envelope crown in taffeta, which has a high point in



Canary-yellow straw forms the brim; and the black felt crown has two cuff-like pieces in front, fastened with links. La Mode Chez Tappé.

back and a bow in front. This has beautifully made taffeta gloves, with flared cuffs, to go with it.

Tappé makes three hats which would be delicious with printed dresses and their velveteen coats. Two of them are called the Senators; they are made of the same straw that goes into men's hats, but it is mashed and beaten until it is softly pliable and is dyed in all colors. One is a Breton sailor with a pointed crown and a curled-up brim; it has, instead of a ribbon, a narrow inset of felt around its crown tied at one side in an impudent bow. The other Senator has a flatter crown and black binding around the rolled brim; both these are especially engaging in the yellow of the straw before it is dyed. The third hat, called Rough Guy, has a brim of very rough, corded straw and a shallow felt crown pinched together in front like the edges of a cuff, and fastened with three pearl cuff-links.

And Seasonings

Bits of spice which will add interest to your appearance as you attend the theatre on these informal evenings are: Hawes' broccoli boutonniere, a decorative device that looks exactly like a slice of vegetable swiped from the cook before dinner; the creamy enameled cigarette case from Black, Starr, Frost and Gorham, with pipings and a tiny plaque, outlined in diamonds, in bright red enamel; the bright-colored morocco or crushed leather sandals, edging

their way into all the shops, which sound awful but look fine; the ingenious schemes to be picked up in Lord and Taylor's companion shop—a gardenia bracelet, a cherry boutonniere, a bunch of wild flowers to carry with a handkerchief, a flower to tuck in your hair the way Spanish ladies used to tuck a rose in their teeth; a new perfume called Crepe de Chine; and a new eau de cologne called Bouquet Lenthéric, which has the clean, fresh scent of men's toilet waters and is simply wonderful to slap all over yourself after a bath. It lasts for hours, even on the hands that do the slapping.

On those afternoons when you arrive home feeling more like a limp rag than anything else you can happen to think of, but have a date for dinner at the Hapsburg and the tickets for *Roberta*, with its new summer clothes, have already been bought, plunge into a hot tub in the Scandia Jourde manner. First smear your entire body with their bath cream, a spicy and fragrant mixture that is greedily absorbed by your poor, starved pores as you soak in your bath. Then briskly lather yourself with a large and slippery cake of Scandia Jourde bath soap with the same pungent scent—this to remove the surface layer of cream. Rinse, dry, and dust yourself generously with their feathery powder. Daisies? None could possibly be as fresh as you will feel after these pampered preparations.

J. M.

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