

## WHAT YOU SHALL WEAR TO THE TANGO TEAS

*The Argentine Tango is Like the Minuet, Stately in its Slow and Rhythmic Movement and it is for this Dance the Paris Dance Gowns are Designed*

**W**HAT shall you wear for the Tango Teas? Let me whisper to you a secret, only to be revealed when it is found out, my dear, there is no Tango in America, or, at least, in New York. But it is quite different in Paris, and it is for Paris and the Tango that the

French dance frocks are made.

I never saw the Tango so well danced as at one of the cabarets in Paris, a unique place in the Montmartre, where one sees French, Americans, Russians, Spaniards and Argentines. There, dancing is purely personal, and they dance the Tango after the cabaret performances for true relaxation. I heard that Mr. Castle learned all of his fascinating steps from these men and women. Of course, the place is most Bohemian, for all of these people wear their stage costumes, reminding one of a fancy dress ball with the true Latin Quarter atmosphere.

Just after we arrived, some people came in evidently from having dined,

for they were in dinner dress. French people are very energetic in their hunt for amusement, and unlimited in their capacity for enjoyment.

One of the girls had on a lovely white taffeta gown, the skirt was very narrow and lapped over so far in front that the opening did not show. At the bottom of the skirt was a three-inch border of blue, that seemed to be part of the material. When she stood her skirt was not over twenty inches wide at the feet. The tunic, which was short in front — not over eight inches from the waistline — stood out around the hips like a bit of crisp lettuce. It fell quite abruptly over the hips to the knees and longer at the back, where this panier went into a real pouch and was met by two sash ends that fell from the waistline to the bottom of the skirt. One sash end was of blue satin and one of a figured taffeta; these caught up the tunic at the back. The entire panier was veiled with thin brown silk net. Finishing the edge of this panier was a tiny box pleating of the net and a band of mink fur.

Under this gauzy and illusive panier was a semi-tight crushed girdle of figured taffeta, the figures being alternate bands of blue matching the blue at the bottom of the skirt, and soft pink roses. The panier was quite short in front and dropped to the knees at the side. The bodice had an illusive effect caused by the blue ribbon and figured taffeta being veiled with white tulle, edged with a band of rhinestones, and again veiled with a film of the brown net that fell to the waistline, where it was finished with a band



*A white velours de laine coat and skirt with a sheer bodice which is suitable for Thé Dansant*



*The skirt of this black velvet gown is open at the back over an insert of black lace*



*Dance gown of deep, shaped frills of fine lace edged with bison. These frills are held by bands of silver lace insertion embroidered in relief and posed upon a foundation of black satin. The bodice is of the silver lace insertion*



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of brown fur. Just at the bust, where you least expected a color or a definite line, was a soft five-inch blue satin ribbon, which finished in front in a loop and a pink rose. The sleeves were modest and pretty.

They fitted the arm so as not to interfere with that important line of every woman's figure, the curve that runs from the under arm to the belt. How few women recognize this line and its importance.

I must tell you how pretty this girl's feet looked. Her slippers were blue silk and she wore blue silk stockings. The buckles on the slippers were rhinestones and turquoises, the blue stones matching the blue border of her gown. She had no ornament in her hair, but on her long white neck, which either nature or the artificer had produced — was a small string of graduated pearls, the most brilliant ones I ever saw. She was a blond, of course — no one else could have inspired the dressmaker to create such a combination, and she was lovely!

This girl was the ideal of a débutante, for she was modest, and if her skirt was open in front and slashed, I did not know it. My eyes were on her feet which did not move ten inches from each other when she danced. She was dancing the real Argentine Tango — it is so slow and quiet that one is reminded of the Minuet.

One fair débutante, just at home from Paris, and bringing with her the latest French creations, has among them a lovely gown of white chiffon velvet right from the Rue de la Paix. The blouse is made of deep points of the velvet that touch the belt line front and back, quite flat, while the sleeves and the main part of the bodice, which blouses over the waistline at the sides, are of soft white chiffon cut on the bias. There is a de Medici collar of soft cream lace at the back, and, as the neck is a very low V in front, this lace carries the line down to the bust. There is a soft fold of tulle in front that folds over on the neck and narrows the line.

The skirt is of the white chiffon velvet full across the front and hips and caught up at the back just above the knees. This gives a free knee action

for dancing, and, as a dance follows every entertainment now, this must be planned for by every dressmaker.

The drawn up effect at the back, quite marked in the gown, makes a very narrow skirt in front and at the sides, with the fulness directed toward this back "pick-up" drapery. Three flounces of chiffon begin at the belt in the back and form a waterfall, one over the other, until the edge of the last drops over this line of drapery at the back. It sounds grotesque, but it really isn't, for the ruffles are cut circular and the edge of each one is hemstitched so that there is no heavy, bulky hem to give weight and an over-amount of buoyancy to each ruffle. They fall into many godets and stand away from the figure, giving a very decided effect of the old-fashioned bustle.

The belt is indefinite, as no line of the figure is defined this season. I think it was of velvet, but I really don't remember. The edge of the long, soft chiffon sleeves were finished close to the wrist, and one was not conscious where the sleeves ended and the hands began. A string of pearls around her neck were the only jewels she wore, and they were as fine in texture as she was in coloring. Her slippers were white velvet, and her white silk stockings so thin, that it



*An evening gown elaborately beaded in turquoises has but a very slight opening at the feet, and a short pointed train. Across the front, to form a little apron are shaped tulle frills, held in place by bands of the turquoises*

seemed almost impossible that her skin could look quite so pink beneath. I neglected to say that her gown was made over a flesh pink lining which showed in a soft way through the chiffon and gave a glow to the velvet that was most becoming. Her hair was worn high, in a rather flat pompadour and without ornament. She looked "sweet sixteen" though I hear she is twenty-two.

Of course, she stood by her mother when she met the older generation — older is an ugly word, but only in print in this case, for this girl's mother looked like her sister, and, by the way, she had no idea of being taken for anything older than just a sister. Her gown for the débutante tea was also suitable for dancing, and quite as attractive as that of her daughter. It was of heavy gold lace, sable bands and a deep cream lace. These shades of color blend into one perfect harmony. She wore string after string of pearls that fell to her waist.

The sleeves were quite close-fitting like the upper part of the bodice, under the arms and on the shoulders, just at the bust was a circular flounce of lace which is very new this season, held in quite tight just below the arm pit and



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Will you be surprised if I tell you that she had no train to her dress, the mother of this débutante? It was quite true — but one was suggested by the bottom flounce which was a bit long, and fell to the floor.

Dull gold slippers harmonized artistically with the entire effect of the gown.

The débutante's best friend, who received with her had, for this occasion, an empire afternoon dancing frock of pink satin, of the luminous quality, much used this season. Around the bottom was a ruche, such as we wear about our necks. This was made of blue satin, very full, and a decided contrast

to the impossible narrowness of the skirt itself. The kimono sleeve had turned-back cuffs of the blue, and about the surplice neck was the same sort of turn-over effect of the blue. As a contrast the rose at the belt in front was of a bright orange yellow. The line of the surplice in front necessarily carried itself over the shoulders to the back, where it was fastened into a careless bow, with the ends dropped to just above the knees.

The dress was severe, but its charm was not so much due to the model, as to the lovely coloring, the blue, which was again repeated in both her stockings and slippers.



*A Cheruit dance frock of blue satin trimmed in rose satin. The fulness of the skirt is placed in small plaits, both in the front and at the back of the skirt. The sash, at the back, is of blue tulle*



*This frock of all blue chiffon is quite sleeveless, and is held on the shoulders with jeweled straps of chiffon. The bodice is nothing more than an elongated girdle. Floating lengths of lavender chiffon fall from the left shoulder*

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