

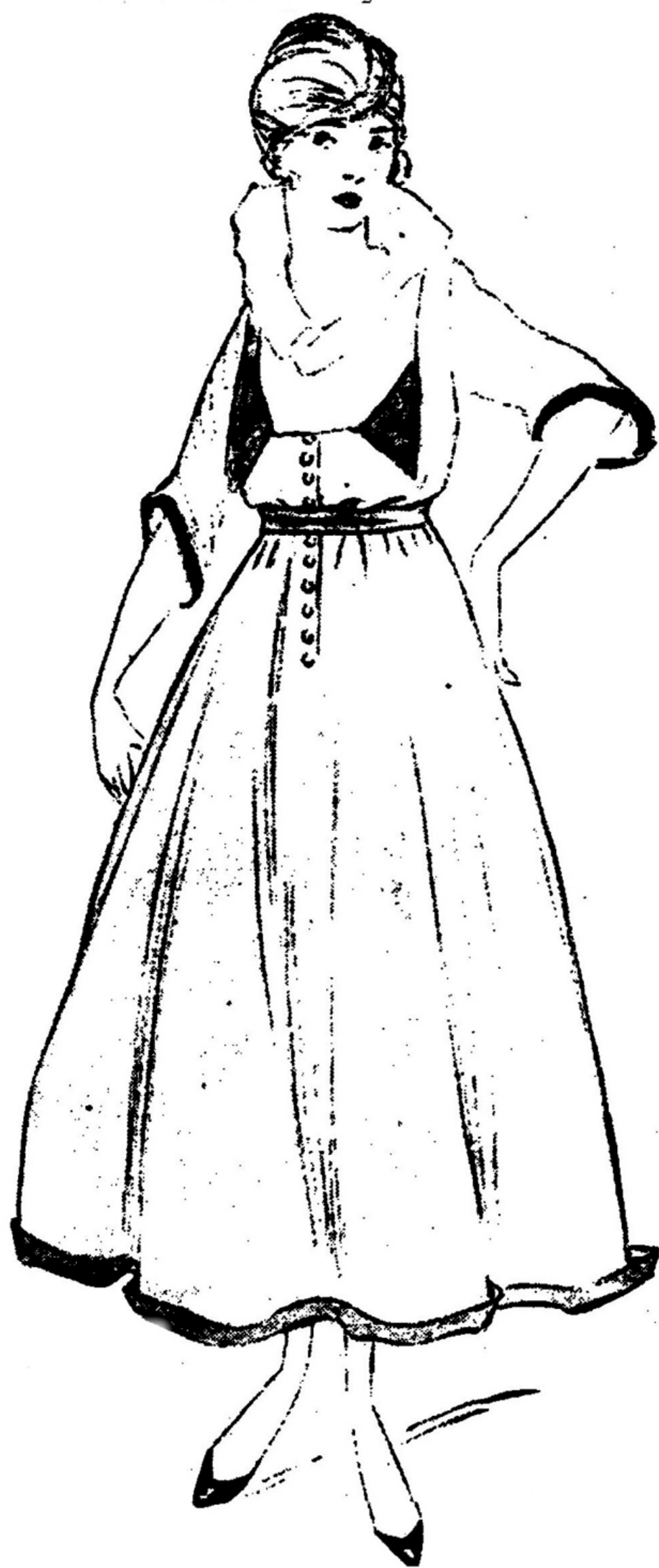
V A N I T Y F A I R

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Paris Grows a Bit More Gay

Bright blue revers and upturned hem supply the color note for a gown of somber black faille. The sleeves of the tucked muslin underblouse are edged at the elbow with brown fur



PARIS is dull, apparently, but there is, for all that, some show of gaiety behind drawn shutters, a glimpse of which gaiety, now and then, surprises the casual passer-by. At dusk one may see many more than one evening coiffure—more than one well-ordered evening toilette—as the shining motors dash past.

People dine if they do not dance, and the Parisienne will always wear clothes. In fact Paris is recovering its poise, and is rapidly slipping back into the groove where all ran so smoothly before the war. Paris is again putting on, bit by bit, its "purple and fine linen."

The couturiers, to be sure, are aware of this, and to meet the demand they are busily preparing the usual mid-season models, in spite of hampering conditions. Having seen the latest creations of these establishments in their pristine freshness one can assure the world that Paris has by no means laid down the sceptre of the Mode—far from it. The new models are, if possible, more than ever exquisitely conceived—more original and more lovely in color.

Worth raises the waist-line slightly in some of his newest models, but in general the line of the waist is normal. Poiret, too, likes the slightly high line, but Poiret is so versatile a man that he likes many different lines at once, and exploits them all. Poiret shows a skirt with straight, slim lines which sweeps the carpet all round, and another, very short and wide, that is boldly hooped at the hips below an easily draped bodice.

Premet is making a number of evening gowns, employing tulle with ermine or *vison*, gold or silver lace or embroidery. The tulle may be palest rose—a favorite shade at the moment—but one may be sure of a note of color somewhere. It is either a great flower, or a band of ribbon, or a width of brilliant velvet forming a train. Some of the results achieved are remarkable.

Doucet, always conservative, designs his frocks most thoughtfully. One of the latest Doucet evening gowns, of richest tissue and rarest lace, is most simply fashioned—a close bodice draped ever so slightly, a pleated panelled skirt, flaring modestly and crisp short sleeves of lace.

The *tailleur* is shirked for the moment. Cheruit's latest, in castor ratine, is exceedingly smart. The skirt is not extremely wide and not extremely short, and the long loose coat, rather straightly flaring in effect, is bordered generously with fur.

Sleeves—the new ones—vary greatly in line. The

latest sleeves designed by less *grandes maisons* do not show the bulging effect at the elbow which was so prominent a feature of the August openings. They are now more inclined to flare at the wrist. The sleeve of the very latest evening frock designed by Paquin has a short straight scanty puff at the top and below, fits the arm closely to the wrist where it suddenly flares widely over the hand.

A Poiret sleeve—a cloak sleeve—is of ordinary width to the elbow and widens slowly below to the wrist. It is slit up the outside for several inches—the opening and, indeed, the whole cloak, edged with white skunk. Poiret uses this rather stiff but very decorative fringe of white fur on cloaks, frocks and even hats. It is odd and new.

Tulle sleeves range from the merest airiest nothings to the trailing clouds of rosy mist so beloved of Callot. Poiret borders his tulle sleeves with great pearls. Premet uses beads for a finish and Worth strews his sleeves with *paillettes*.

As to cloaks, all the great houses agree on one point: the cloak must be of an *ampleur* undreamed of a few seasons ago, and the collar must be very, very high. The cloak must be trimmed with fur. Chinchilla is liked for dark velvets, and Paquin trims a black cloak with wide bands of black and white fur—oddly chic. Light velvet cloaks—brilliant red, green or yellow—are lavishly trimmed with white fox.

Brocade is employed for evening frocks. In fact brocade and tulle are apparently preferred to plain satin or velvet.

In hats there is great variety. The Parisienne wears at the moment a velvet turban, with the velvet draped—the folds drawn very high. Small “bowlers” with narrow rolling brims are trimmed in this way also—the velvet draped about the crown and drawn up in very high loops at the back. One such, seen a few days ago in the Café de Paris, was white with black velvet looped high upon the crown. Two pearl pins were thrust into the velvet folds in front, where the velvet was drawn closely about the crown.

Small, bright-colored felt hats have made their appearance in Italian green, brilliant red, blue and violet. The beige hat is not so much worn. The new color is termed “castor” and is more grey in tone.

The Parisienne is not extravagant in furs this year. She economizes by ordering a modest muff of cloth or silk—which costs more than one of fur! Such are her little economies.