

# THE LATEST FASHIONS

## Clothes - and the Woman

By JOEL FEDER



Miss Frances Starr is the Essentially Feminine Type

**Garments That Express Temperament - Mme. Bernhardt's Gorgeous Chinchilla Cloak - Billie Burke the Daintiest Actress - Personality Evidenced by Fabric and Frills.**

**C**HE essential difference between the actress and the ordinary woman, as far as clothes are concerned, is that the actress allows her garments to express her personality while the ordinary woman—in most instances—tries to live up to her clothes.

How many of us have not come out of a theater under the spell of a strong and brilliant personality on the stage thinking: "I'll have a gown just like that. I'll look like that. I'll act like that. I'll be like that." But alas! though a good memory and a little trouble may, indeed, duplicate for us the gown, it will never seem to have the same meaning, the same indescribable charm that made the real gown a part of the woman who wore it.

**The Great Actress All Things to All Costumes.**  
One reason of the charm and meaning in the actress' clothes as contrasted with those of the ordinary woman is that the actress is forever being a different woman

she is—not merely pretends to be but is, if she is a good actress—a dozen different personalities in as many seasons. If she is a member of a stock company, she may easily be the dozen different personalities in as many nights. This versatility has, of course, a direct influence on her costume personality. The great actress has usually several sides to her nature, while the ordinary woman has but one, and that often not a particularly broad one. The spectacle of a little, dainty woman trying to live up to La Tosca costume copied on a superb silk worn by Madame Bernhardt is scarcely more distressing than that of a tall and angular woman in her thirties dressing like and endeavoring to imitate the kittenish sweetness of a Billie Burke.

**Actresses Who Delight in Stun-ning Effects.**  
Between the tragedy performers of Miss Julia Marlowe, who dearly love a role in which she may be emotional in stock clothes, the shapless garments and with her hair let down, and the airy petticoats of a scene who twirls through her part in tale sprinkled with bits of the stilly, there are innumerable types of costume. Even the more or less conventional garb of modern dress is made to take on new meanings when expressing the different personalities of the actresses who play modern society roles. But there are two general types of dress under which the lesser classifications are arranged. These two types are the stunners and the winsome styles of costume. Some women look better in one than in the other. Some may wear only one type with safety.

An actress whose the stunner type of costume greatly becomes is Miss Bern-



There is Temperament in the Very Flow of Leslie Carter's Draperies



Billie Burke's Frocks Express Her Piquant Charm

One of the Sumptuous Costumes Madame Bernhardt Wears

tha Kallsh. One of the costumes she wore last season—a long, sinuous satin gown loaded and encrusted with embroideries and jewels, was a veritable Cleopatra affair, and huge emeralds swinging from her ears and over her brow in the thick waves of her dark hair increased this effect of magnificence. Mme. Emma Eames is always statuesque—even when garbed as simple Marguerite. Bernhardt is one of the few gifted actresses who may be statuesque, petite, piquant, nigmoane or simple as it pleases her. Bernhardt is no longer thin. Though she will never be other than a slender woman, that excessive leanness of which she was clever enough to make a feature—has disappeared, but Bernhardt, as this latest photograph shows, still affects the voluminous

costume effects, the wrist and throat swaths which suggest the extreme of pathetic thinness.  
**Miss Billie Burke Sets Debutante Fashions.**  
Quite the antithesis of Madame Bernhardt's sumptuous and stately gowns are the dainty frocks of little Miss Billie Burke, who divides honors with Miss Elsie Janis as the debutante's idol. Miss Burke's costumes are copied and re-copied; so are her postures, her vigorous little mannerisms, the way she does her hair and posies her head and opens her big, babyish eyes.  
Billie Burke's frocks are always exquisitely feminine and exquisitely young. She seems the incarnation of youth and

joy and the spring time of happiness. Her willful, petulant, entrancing little ways are expressed by her charming frocks, and though her followers may not hope to possess her sunny new retoussé, her diaphanous or the winsome way of her, they faithfully copy her curls and her costumes.  
The photograph shows Miss Burke in one of the dainty frocks she wears in "Mrs. Dot," a chiffon affair draped over white lace and laced at the feet with slank fur. The bodice is a simple surplice that folds softly across the bosom, the V of the chiffon revealing a quaint little vest of white lace. Below the girle the chiffon overdress parts again and shows the petticoat of chiffon shirred over lace. On her head, confining the

## WHEN THE GREAT ACTRESS IS JUST A WOMAN

Miss Blanche Bates Enjoys Most Her Domestic Life Upon Her Farm At Ossining.

**F**AR dearer than her success as one of the greatest emotional actresses in the world is to Miss Blanche Bates the little refuge to which she flies after her triumphs are over—the old farmhouse up at Ossining, New York, where she works as well as plays, studies as well as loafs and is, in short, just a happy, natural, winsome woman.  
By the time the big front doors of the Hudson Theater have been closed and locked and the last member of the orchestra has covered his instrument for the night, and while on the dimly lit stage back of the great curtain carpet-sweepers are being run mindfully across the floor from the other side of the footlights exactly like a handsome parrot-footing; and while the grand piano is being hustled into place ready for the first act of tomorrow's performance of "Nobody's Widow," the slender, dark-eyed sprite of a woman who is the meaning and the soul of all this bustle and preparation, is speeding northward in her big touring car—toward home.  
And this home is a real home—the sort of home you read about; or maybe remember if you are lucky enough to have ancestors worth remembering. For this home of Miss Blanche Bates is a farmhouse, a bon-die, old-time farmhouse with broad chimneys and deep, shady eaves; with delightful open fireplaces and windows whose shining cross-barred panes are smuggled between comfortable green shutters. There is a huge chimney, around which the house is built, in the sturdy fashion of our forefathers before anybody knew anything about wind-resisting steel girders and elevators. There is, if you please, even a "buttry," and if you have ever been in New England you know that a buttry is the delectable

place where grandma used to keep the cookie jar and the home-made apple pies. Some concessions have been made to latter-day habits of luxury. For one thing, a bathroom has been put in. Miss Bates admitted this apologetically. "It did seem a shame," she declared, "to allow such an inconsistency, but living as I do all my working hours in heaps of dirt," she flung out expressive hands at the disorder of the theater—"I simply have to have my bathroom. Why, it kept three men busy all the time at the farm carrying the water I needed!"  
In addition to the very luxurious bathroom there are beautiful rugs, rare old bits of tapestry, brasses, photographs and knick-knacks of all sorts collected by this popular actress—and there are, of course, the books which are much more than a fad with Miss Bates, as you know the moment you step into her splendid library.  
And this ideal farmhouse, mind you, is no mere lazy loafing spot for idle hours. It stands in the midst of 70 acres of good farm land and the farm is run—its owner is proud on her right hand, "is Buttry" paying basis.  
"You just ought to taste my corn and my tomatoes and peas," says this ardent farmer, enthusiastic about these one's. "I wouldn't believe how many barrels of apples I got from my orchard this fall. There's a garden, too—full of real old country peas, sweet peas and chinas, and, oh, yes, four o'clocks and hollyhocks, and I don't know what all."  
Miss Bates is very fond of her horses, and once when a friend gave her a photograph of herself and two of them, she exclaimed: "Oh, my dear babies! How I do love them. This one," pointing to the horse on her right hand, "is Buttry. And this dear old thing is Gold

Brick. He certainly has proved a gold brick. I would not part with him, though, for many times his weight in gold."  
The dog seated beside Miss Bates in the automobile is Peggy. Peggy is growing old now and is allowed to take life leisurely and luxuriously. She is the dog who played with Miss Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West." But it is Peter Pike, with a men calculated to terrify any potential burglar hanging around the farmhouse, but a heart as soft as ever was a dog's, who is her especial favorite.  
To a photograph of herself along with Peter, Miss Bates took exception. "Look at that face!" complained she. "Do you mean to tell me"—appealing to a friend who stood near by in her cosy dressing-room at the Hudson Theater—"Do you mean to tell me I ever have a face like that? If I do," she added, merrily, "it is on the first of the month, when the bills come in. It's the way the owner of the farm looks when she plants her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hands"—suing the action to the word in an inflexible bit of unconscious acting—"and demands aggressively of her farm manager: 'D'ye mean to tell me we paid all that for hay?' or 'For goodness sake, who ate up all those oats?'"  
"But it's home—home—home," whispered Miss Blanche Bates as she slipped into her furs and made ready to go down the winding stair outside her wavy little dressing-room to the waiting auto. "And I love it. I love it best of any place on earth!"  
And then the big touring car whisked her away northward, out of the clamor and the glamour of Broadway into the white quiet of the snow-bordered roads and the white brilliance of the star-spangled night on the way to Ossining—and home.



Miss Bates Drives a Car in Masterly Style.



There is a Charm about Even the Costumes of Elsie Ferguson

photos curls that are part of this little actress's charm is the famous "Billie Burke fillet" made of three squares of Russian lace mounted on silver gauze and embellished with small white beads and turquoise.

Another pretty frock worn in "Mrs. Dot" was designed for Miss Burke after a Callar model. This little dress is a copy of one worn by the Empress Josephine in the days when her slender loveliness first caught Napoleon's eye.

There is a lace overdress which hangs, slim and straight over a very narrow slip of thin pink silk and the lace overdress is caught in just beneath the bust and arms with a broad pink silk sash at the top of which is sewed a wreath of tiny pink roses. Could anyone imagine a frock more sweetly simple and charming? Still another gown worn by Miss Burke in "Mrs. Dot" is of Lieere lace over white satin, a court train of the lace falling from the shoulders to the floor. With this gown is worn a hat of natter blue brocade and pink roses, with long streamers of black velvet coming from under the wide brim.

**Emotional Gowns for Great Scenes.**  
Tempestuous is the word to apply to Leslie Carter's costumes. Never for one moment do you forget the woman in considering the gown, but somehow her very draperies seem to be instinct with the fire and intensity of supreme temperament. The costume designed for a great emotional scene is not always elaborate. Sometimes it is simple in its simplicity or somberness, but even if it be but the most ordinary skirt and blouse of dark serge somehow or other it will be on the actress who wears it—anything but ordinary—and an expression that ordinary, workaday clothes never have.

Look at the costumes Mrs. Pike wore in "Salvation Nell" at the prin, business-like frocks of Blanche Bates in "The Fighting Hope," yet these gowns, worn by these women in these thrilling scenes, were distinct with personality and expressed better than any frills or furbelows could have done the intense feeling of the emotional parts they costumed.  
**The Feminine Frock and Its Prototype.**  
Two actresses there are who are all ways whatever role they are cast—deliciously feminine and appealing. These are Miss Elsie Ferguson and Miss Frances Starr. Photographs of both these actresses in new costumes worn in plays of this season, are reproduced on today's page. Miss Ferguson is always sweet, always expressive of gentleness, tenderness and sympathetic womanhood. Her costumes emphasize this appeal over the beautiful dress of chiffon and chastity lace, is drawn one of Miss Ferguson's superb evening wraps—a model of velvet richly embroidered with gold thread. The small hat with its burden of heavy plumes is worn off the face to show the actress' lovely hair which is one of her most striking beauty points. The gown worn by Miss Frances Starr is especially lovely and is replete with feminine appeal and charm. It is of chiffon over very thin, clinging satin, the

upper bodice above the full belt of chiffon over Valenciennes lace. The embroidery done on net is as soft, clinging and supple in texture as the gown material and the whole costume seems to follow the woman's lovely figure in soft and subtly defining curves. The graceful necklace of coral and dull silver is a striking detail of this costume.  
Miss Jane Cowd in "The Gambler" wears a most beautiful chiffon gown in the first act. This is a dinner costume of canary yellow, the bottom of the skirt being bordered with black murren fur. With Miss Cowd's dark hair and eyes coloring this gown is most effective. In the same act Miss Edith Barker wears a very chic little dinner gown of rosea green satin veiled with chocolate chiffon.

**Thousands of Yards of Chiffon in the "Blue Bird."**

Though individual personalities count for nothing in the cast of the "Blue Bird," the costumes are certainly wonderful, and tremendous must have been the bill for chiffons. Yards and yards of this dainty and expensive stuff float about in wonderful color effects. The gown of "Night," all in shades of the ineffable greenish-blue against which the young moon comes out on an autumn evening, is an achievement in dress. So are the floating, elusive draperies of the 12 hours, the almost liquid folds of fabric that flow from "Water's" slim shoulders, and the lovely, indescribable blue draperies of the "Little Bohemian Children" through which their yellow curls and round pink cheeks gleam exuberant.

**Opera Costumes Rarely Express Personality.**

The grand opera star wears her telling costumes in concert work, and not in operatic production. The grand opera star is the particular interest of the opera—never the costumes. One scarcely remembers, after hearing "Butterfly," what Clo Clo San's kimono were like of course, "Aida" wore something splendid and barbaric, but just what was it? Traviata may inspire in ever so wonderful a Paris negligee, but no one pays much attention to it, listening to her song. Even of Calio's costumes in "Garnet" one seems to carry away but recollection beyond that of fringe on her shawl.

But in her concert costumes, built by Parisian couturiers, the opera star is very splendid. Miss Geraldine Farrer has a most lovely gown, designed by Paquin, in which she has sung at several private entertainments this winter. This gown is of paillette embroidered pink chiffon over which is draped a sea-flike drape of pink satin meter. The bodice of pink chiffon over lace reveals the contour of the shoulders and arms and around one arm, edging the delicate lace sleeve, is a band of dark fur—the only fur that appears on the entire costume.  
Madame Frensdatt is another opera star who dresses rather simply on the stage. This singer has a charming personality, a sympathetic face and a neat little figure rarely inclining to embellishment.

**SILVER JEWELRY.**

IN the collection of ornaments possessed by the well-dressed woman silver jewelry has been raised to a most important position. Silver forms a good setting for all precious stones, and it gives richness without the appearance of appalling expense. Filigree and ancient Bohemian ornaments are now being much worn, and many of the semi-barbaric Bohemian designs occupy places in the jewel casket. Silver jewelry is beautifully blended with rich velvets, and often it takes but the touch of a silver ornament to make an evening gown a "creation."



Miss Bates and Her Favorite Russian Wolfhound, "Countess Nishka."