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Autumn Oddities from Paris

The New "Nun's Headdress," the "Eiffel Tower" Plumes, Very Transparent Tea Gowns and the "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" Earrings.



LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York City.



The Chauffeur's Hat of Velvet, with Eiffel Tower Plume.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile").

FOR some months the evening headdress of the smart woman has been a thing of barbaric beauty—an orgy of ospreys and an avalanche of aigrettes, outspreading and upstanding in every possible—and impossible—position.

But now the panoply of plumes is to be torn from the heads of the fashionable fair—and dark—and if the milliner is to be obeyed the women who have for so long been trying to rival a wild Indian chieftain will now take a nun for their model, in the matter of headgear at any rate.

But it will be a nun with a difference—for daring instead of demure is this close framing of the face and hair, and in place of fair white brow there is a banding of shimmering silver lace, bordered with a line of light and diamonds.

Of course, only the woman—or, in fact, the girl—with a perfectly oval face should adventure upon its close silhouetting in this way, but, granted the beauty of the wearer, the provocative allurements of the headdress is undeniable—and delightful.

It is easy to imagine, too, how wonderful an all-black "nun" headdress would look on a Madonna-faced girl, exquisitely fair of skin and with dead gold hair. Altogether there are distinct and decorative possibilities in the new creation of sensation.

Hats are—admittedly and undoubtedly—growing larger, and perhaps lovelier, too. But that the small hat is by no means dethroned is proved conclusively and pleasantly by a new "Lewis" model, as worn by one of the prettiest of Parisian actresses.

Only the brim is of velvet, the crown being just a soft semi-transparency of black crepe, against which—and here every petal shows up in striking relief—are clustered some white and golden-hearted marguerites and a couple of roses—white and pure.

Catching the flowers together at the back is a bow of wide black velvet ribbon, so arranged that two long looped ends fall far down over the hair, while the others are raised just sufficiently above the crown of the hat to relieve it from any suspicion of stiffness.

Have you, I wonder, discovered just exactly the right kind of hat to suit those moments when the clerk of the weather and you yourself are both alike in your sunniest moods?

Because if not, I can tell you what to choose—an exquisite affair of pink tulle in that three-cornered shape which when set at the correct angle on the head is so deliciously jaunty and becoming, and which is made



The "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" Ringlets About the Ears, and Another "Tower" Plume.



doubly so in this case by a soft ostrich feather bordering to the up-turned brim, and the further finish of one long plume, which sweeps far outwards and then upwards at the back.

The whole dainty thing is so far in the one faint and fascinating shade of pink, but there is finally tucked away at the base of that soft ostrich

feather a little cluster of black-petalled and golden-hearted marguerites. And so the whole effect is increased by the contrast.

I like, too, the union of tulle and feathers, and, altogether, this is a hat to wear when "all's well with the world"—and the weather—and to make you still better pleased with both. But of course also it is a hat



The Nun Headdress of Diamonds and Lace That Is the Rage in Paris.

which demands the accompaniment of a rather smart gown of charmeuse and nylon or lace, so if you feel more inclined toward a "sweet simplicity" style of attire you should fix on a hat of soft white felt, the brim so upturned as to reveal an underlining of powder blue crepe de chine, while the almost inevitable touch of tulle is in this case transferred to the crown, where it forms an encircling knitting, held in place by a trail of white wheat-ears.

There is, too, an upstanding sheaf of these decorative things at one side, and peeping out from their midst one full-blown rose of delicate pink, with a spray of fresh green leaves. So I can imagine the hat looking quite lovely—can't you?—as worn by a pretty fair-haired girl, whose gown of the finest white chiffon or marquisette is arranged with three deep and closely pleated skirt flounces, the cross-over corsage being sashed with blue, and one long-stalked pink rose being stuck in the girdle.

The two extremes of fabrics meet in the hats of the moment, just as in the gowns. Tulle, that most fragile of all materials, and velvet, the most durable, are the favorites,

Lace and Chiffon Boudoir Gown, with the New Close Fitting Cap.

