

Skirts sidestep and toe in; jackets bob.

Straw hats soar to greater heights.



When we meet this frock (left) at a spring wedding we trust it will be worn by one divinely slim. We hate to even picture such festoons of old rose taffeta on a woman who has not succeeded in rolling away her hips. We think, too, that it would require a face rouged by nature to rise smiling above this organdie corsage of peasantlike simplicity.

Perhaps you wish she would not turn her back, but the front of this pearl organdie dress (centre) is a replica of just what you are seeing. There is the same rose and green yarn embroidery and the same taffeta sash; the only departure is a deep oval neck opening filled in with tucked organdie.

Wasn't it Byron, in his tirade against the waltz, who prated of the "arm around her slight waist"? The modern Byron would have to sing quite a different lay, for there is nothing slight in the waist line of to-day; and, as if to accentuate this growth in our anatomy, fashion dares to gird it, as on this buff taffeta frock, with a fencelike barrier of cartridge plaiting threaded in gray velvet ribbon.

Skirts just won't behave this spring; they will persist in toeing in. Even the best regulated ones show this tendency and nobody chides them, for how otherwise can we achieve the barrel silhouette? Here the hoop of the barrel is a modernist affair of black cloth applied on the white broadcloth and glistening with black beads. There is more of this borrowed interior decoration on the peplum of the coat.

To do what everyone is doing, but to do it in a different way, demands a genius. Our skirts are all doing something between the waist line and the hem, but it is only now and then that we discover the hallmarks of the genius. They are here — on this skirt of white broadcloth — in the cartridge plaits, suggesting a series of pert pockets thrusting themselves forward to show the embroidery of black and blue beads.

"What is the trick?" we ask. We know that the curve in this skirt of gray silk serge is not a slip of the artist's pen, but an honest-to-goodness barrel shaping that looks as if it just grew that way. We suspect that the bands of gray grosgrain ribbon, like the staves of a barrel, do their share in producing the desired effect. And above this peg top skirt bobs a jacket with fancy stitchery.

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