

Paris!... The Tea Hour
Gatherings... The Dazzling
Ensembles... Très

By SOIFFIELD

Mes Cheres,—

PARIS, ce mois de Novembre, 1927

Paris is Paris once again. We almost got Americanized when the Legion came over with their hordes from East and West. And we almost discovered who really won the war and then became practically cross-eyed through watching the march past of the veterans which I was fortunate in seeing from a window at Claridges on the *Champs Elysees*. I am afraid I cannot help thinking that the brilliant colorings of some of the ex-warriors reminded me very much of the recent Advertising Exhibition in London. You of course don't get me *mes cheres* but I mean that Mr. Coleman's famous mustard and Reckitt's world renowned blue could have been so well represented. Canada was there too but attired in sober khaki making a very restful contrast. Say what we may they all had their little fling and it gave Paris an opportunity of again getting into drag . . . one lesson it taught us however was that whatever America did in the war France still holds her own in fashion and it is on that account I feel obliged to write this little prologue. *Honni soit qui mal y pense*, but we do like to feel that we can still do something. I hear you Canadians saying that all this does not concern you, but *mon dieu*, I am an old gossip and feel that the world in general



Top, a white figured satin evening coat which was created by Drecoll for the Duchesse Yves de Caumont. It is heavily embroidered with pearls



Above, Drecoll uses white mousseline de soie as a background for black sequins and strass to make this delightful dinner gown

Primrose, a flower-like creation for the dainty debutante; it is the palest of yellow picture-frocks. From Drecoll

at Drecoll's... Brilliant Mannequins... Gowns and Magnifique!

OF PARIS

might like to share my opinions—but let us “return to our sheep” as we say in France.

New things, new lines, new cuts, new shapes, and above all another new color seem to dominate dress shows in Paris at the present time . . . while Pinnell creates marvellous headgear in felt of the Dutch bonnet type, Suzanne Antoine adheres to the closely fitting Egyptian helmet in feathers, reminiscent of bygone Egyptian Queens. Drecoll makes a high and almost normal waist line, while Madame Jeanne Lanvin and Molyneux seem to think the hip waist-line perfect. Other well-known houses have developed pockets of every shape and form on skirt and walking dress which are either carried from waist to hemline down the side seams or from waist to hem in front, in an original panel effect. And then the new color, *mes amies*, is *bleu soldat* or soldier blue (*ciel*, that our *grandes-maisons* had created it before the Legion came!) . . . it is being very much used for winter coats and hats as it has a warm, cosy appearance on cold blustery days, and we are apparently in for a great many, at least that is what the papers say . . . but then it even snowed in July

Drecoll on the *Champs Elysees*, has one of the most charming selection of clothes that I have seen in Paris [See also page 74]



A delightful return of the old pinafore frock is this creation from Jeanne Lanvin. The skirt being held in place by braces. Coat lined with Persian lamb

Top, one of Drecoll's most popular sellers, a charming evening gown in mousseline and tulle, embroidered in old rose sequins

Madam Jeanne Lanvin creates a charming ensemble; the dress of exquisite printed silk, which is cleverly carried into the coat lining.

PARIS! THE TEA HOUR AT DRECOLL'S

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For Christmas Give Fragrance

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for a very long time. His models are shown every afternoon at the tea hour in his gorgeous Louis XV. salon, where satin clad waitresses dispense tea to a brilliant gathering while soft music plays behind curtains, and a comère (*comme au theatre*) announces the creations as the mannequins file past. They have such fascinating names, too (the dresses I mean, *mes cheres*) from Primrose, a palest of yellow *robe de style*, to *Oiseau-Bleu* (Blue Bird) a marvellous affair in powder blue georgette and tulle.

The afternoon I was there I met the Baronne Frédéric de Potters an old friend of mine who is organizing a brilliant party at the end of this month for the debut of her daughter Beryle. All Paris seems invited. Rumor has it, too, that English Royalty is to be well represented . . . but then we are so used to having one or the other in Paris nowadays . . . how good it all is for the *entente cordiale*, founded by that illustrious monarch, Edward VII. Which reminds me that I passed his statue in the *Place Edouard VII* the other day and saw a large but withered bunch of what had originally been beautiful violets lying at the foot . . . what sweet sentiment you Britishers have . . . or was it an admiring French person . . . I wonder?

Canadians who know the valley of the Seine must have surely noticed that beautiful rambling old house covered with wisteria on the road between St. Cloud and Marne-la-Coquette, which belongs to that charming hostess the Baronne Eugene d'Antoinne. It is to be the scene of a big charity ball on November 15, and many brilliant parties are going down from Paris. I write this because while I was chatting with Madame Jeanne Lanvin the other afternoon we were twice disturbed by impatient ladies who anticipate attending and who were insisting on seeing the *grande couturiere* herself for some little detail or other. It is quite as chic nowadays to have your gown or cloak signed by the inspirers themselves as to possess a Rembrandt or Van Dyke . . . how thoroughly snobbish the world is becoming, and yet we have to follow in the wake of it all.

Really after having seen Madame Lanvin's collection it gave one the impression that she had something to be disturbed about. Her clothes are beautiful and yet so discreet in every way, which shows that really smart things can be thoroughly chic without being exaggerated. At the same time they possess all those little et ceteras that go to make up a perfect conception of well dressed harmony. I was lucky in getting a few of her best pictures which I feel are very worthy of reproduction. You will note one ensemble of hers in a black woollen cloth has a bodice of white woollen marocaine, while the beautiful cape worn with it, is in the same cloth but lined with the fashionable black and white Persian lamb. Lanvin loves the *robe de style* and the picture-dress in any shape or form. Her photograph shows a lovely creation in black taffetas and tulle with true Lanvin embroidery in red and gold.

Although much of my space last month was devoted to the *Maison Bishop* I feel that he is again very worthy of mention. From him come three lovely creations, a simple but exquisite evening gown in white crepe satin with

old Venetian filigree buckles. A gorgeous evening cloak in silver blue lamé with large butterfly-spot motifs in two shades of panne velvet and a collar of silver fox. (This was a model especially designed for Lady Mary X. who was married recently at St. Margaret's Westminster, London). His third delightful model is an afternoon gown in black satin lined with pale pink silk repp. It shows a very original line of draping both on the skirt and bodice.

Molyneux, whose exquisite salons on the *rue Royale* are decorated in the most restful of grays shows some ingenious new lines in sport models. Lady Eaton had a very chic morning dress with coat to match from him just a short while ago. It was carried out in biscuit colored jersey and wool nappe cloth, while he created an ensemble in navy blue lainage for Lady Cheetham. A useful little sport dress is Molyneux's mole checked tweed, a sketch of which appears on one of these pages.

I must give one or two words of particular mention to a beautiful new evening coat I saw *chez Molyneux*. It was in white panne velvet heavily embroidered in crystal and diamonds and trimmed with ermine, he refers to it as his "piece de resistance", and a real good seller . . . to hear of anything selling well is cheerful news for us somewhat dejected French people. A very hard and severe winter is predicted, both financially and meteorologically, with not much selling going on anywhere and a temperature where it shouldn't be.

However, we are an optimistic crowd, and the *Reveillons* this year on Christmas Eve tend to be as brilliant or more so, than those which held Paris in a mad state of carnival and revelry in the good old pre-war days. I am going to Claridges with a party. We had hoped to get into Ciro's but all tables were taken six weeks ahead of time . . . but still Claridges will probably prove very gay, and I'll do my best to tell you all about who was there, what was worn (and perhaps just a wee bit of scandal) when next I write. Christmas time always breeds an atmosphere of good will and much talk of which we gossip writers can always retail a goodly story, duly varnished with our own particular little anecdotes.

I am almost forgetting to mention the 21st Salon d'Automobile, or the Motor Exhibition as you would call it, which had such a success at the Grand Palais on the *Champs Elysees* a short while back . . . what a mob there was at the opening, too! I arrived a bit late and found the nearest parking place for my small 6 *chevaux* at the *Place de la Concorde* . . . Paris is always so ingenious on these occasions, and many of the big dress houses had an arrangement with the more important motor firms whereby their mannequins appeared on the show stands, to display sport and travel clothes. Some of the things shown were quite sensational. One in particular created much comment and amusement—a gray-green tweed walking suit, which had the skirt divided in the middle and the fulness drawn into a large buckle below the knee on each side. It conveyed the impression of a very original plus-four. It's a good idea to encourage,



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