

Vogue: September 15, 1919

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PARIS REVIEWS THE VICTORIOUS TROOPS

The Streets Are Filled with Rejoicing Crowds, and
The Parisienne Hesitates Amid a Wealth of Con-
flicting Festivities to End by Choosing Them All

AS I write my impressions of these weeks of rejoicing, I am filled with regret that all those who during the past four years have taken so active a part in the war can not be here now to take part in this great national fête when all Paris is vibrant with emotion. A year ago, they saw Paris deserted and in agony, passing through one of the severest crises it had ever encountered. To-day, they would see it enthusiastic, overflowing with life, and crowded as never before. Wonderful to see are the sumptuous decorations which have been prepared for the review of the victorious troops.

All the streets are hung with garlands from window to window, down all their length; flagpoles at the corners are hung with flags and baskets of flowers, strings of lights cover the fronts of all the monuments, and festivity is everywhere a fête arranged and desired by millions of hearts and doubly joyous because it has been so long awaited.

While the people are enjoying these magnificent fêtes, social life becomes more madly joyous than before. One no longer knows where to go or which invitation to accept. Dinners, balls, lunches at restaurants, all these gatherings demand a continual renewal of costumes of distinction, all of



Newest of new modes
is to match gloves
to bag and to fringe
both, Sioux fashion

The great fête given at the Hôtel Doudeauville for the benefit of the Polish Red Cross was such a success that one would have believed oneself at some public meeting, rather than at an affair to which the entrance fee was a hundred francs. As usually happens in such cases, the crowd was gathered from every rank, the intellectual world, the world of fashion, the demi-monde, and the world of the theatre. Nor were there lacking the newly rich, those who yesterday lived in total ignorance of the uses of gloves and veils, and who still are unenlightened as to the art of placing a pin or the graceful way of tilting a hat. Thus I saw no less than three brooches on the same bodice, and I noticed cape lines of a past mode, balanced on curls equally out of fashion. True

which contributes to keep the great makers on their mettle.

None the less, material existence is still beset with difficulties. Taxis are so rare that one is driven to despair. One entertains a chauffeur as one might entertain the bounty of the gods. We set out for the ball without an idea as to how we are to return. Assuredly, we shall return somehow, perhaps in the carriage of some generous friend; but whatever our fate, we can not resist the opportunity to live again in the gaiety of the years before the war.



For Mlle. Olga Edwards, Paquin has created a brown satin frock which hints of the slashed doublet of mediæval days and is draped and knotted at the skirt hem

enough, but I also saw women delightfully dressed, such as the Vicountess de Segonzac, whom the unseasonable weather had obliged to wear one of those fringed mantles, grey green in colour and immensely smart. Equally charming was Madame de Mier in her one-piece frock of black crêpe de Chine with a fringed girdle; she was wearing a wrap of zibeline.

SIMPLICITY IN FUR WRAPS

In passing, I note that a simple wrap of sable vision or chinchilla is again in fashion, doubtless because of the favour now accorded to the cape, from which it is derived. In any case, it is a type very warm and very becoming.

Madame de Carassac, the daughter of the Duke de Tamamés, was most distinguished in a redingote of white silk jersey with front of black silk jersey, a very striking effect. The Duchess of Doudeauville, who filled an official rôle on that day, was dressed for her part in a costume of lilac mousseline de soie over a foundation of silver lace. With it, she wore an orchid hat.

Mlle. Sord, Mme. Jeanne Granier, and many other actresses were selling roses, which, for that day, were not taxed—not that the price was less on that account.

The same evening, I went to dinner in the Bois.

Joyous parties were everywhere, a wild mixture, but typical of Paris. Everywhere, there were light coloured frocks; I noted particularly the prevalence of white accented with silver. A few women wore hats, others were bare headed with elaborate coiffures, often exaggerated, as, it must be admitted, much that we do at present is exaggerated. This is not to be regretted, however, for it is an intensity of life which succeeds the intensity of dullness, and is a matter for congratulation and occasion to draw a long breath of relief, and this seemed to

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The Countess Pierre de Pange wears a black satin cape which makes no effort at secrecy regarding its lining of Mongolian goat



Madame Edwards meets the victorious festivities in a shimmering cape of orchid moire antique, generously rucked with its own self

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be the opinion of the beautiful woman whom I saw that afternoon and evening, all of whom seemed happy to be alive.

That was the impression given by the beautiful Countess de Béarn at the ball of the Countess de Roche, in a Renaissance gown of gold tissue over a foundation of rose satin. On the same evening, the Spanish beauty of Mademoiselle Castillo was emphasized by a green frock of a metallic fabric. It has been said that green robes should be avoided, at least, Madame de Thèbes warned brunettes that they endangered their happiness. Doubtless, Madame de Thèbes having long ago departed to another world, her followers have forgotten her advice, for green costumes are everywhere.

On the evening gowns of white tulle, green plumes are often placed at the side, veiling the movement of the dance. Sometimes the plume is rose or mauve or grey, once more recalling the tendency of the present mode to adopt the Sioux Indian ornaments. The mode of ornamenting the head and the arms with feathers has already been noted; to this, the Parisienne now adds slippers decorated with furry paws, again a suggestion of the Indian. And the little bags which accompany the afternoon costume are made of two bands of buckskin or heavy silk, slashed to form a fringe, also of Indian derivation. A notable example of this mode is the glove worn by Mademoiselle d'Hinnisdal, which is sketched at the top of page 58.

Fringe is at the height of its popularity. I see it everywhere. At the same time, I note the return of the hat turned up at the side, turned up so far that it will, I think, require a new arrangement of the hair. How will it be possible for woman to resist lifting the hair and again freeing the ears, under the temptation of this audacious brim? Assuredly, we are advancing towards some new coiffure, exactly what it will be is not yet clear, but I have an idea of which I shall speak more at length in the near future.

Speaking of gowns, we have been assured that they are doubtless going to be longer here. In truth, I see them a very little less short for the street, a very little, but yet enough to be perceptible. For evening wear, however, this added length is a jest; for if, perchance, the gown is long, coming even



At the fête given by the Duchess de Doudeneville for the Polish Red Cross, Mademoiselle Cécile Soré was a graceful figure in a fringed cape of marine blue crêpe de Chine and a hat of brown tulle

fringe and black velvet sleeves to the elbow, bordered with the same double fringe. At this moment when women are all wearing sleeveless gowns, this idea is very original. Madame de Mier, the daughter of Madame de Landa, in a lovely frock of tulle and black velvet, wore on that evening stockings so fine and of so large a mesh that one would never have suspected the presence of any stockings at all. Meanwhile, the rest of us are seeking everywhere to find stockings and envying New York, which is said to have very fine and very lovely ones at prices below ours.

It must be admitted that in the midst of the excitement in which we have been living for the past few months, the intellectual side of our existence, if it has not exactly suffered, has been somewhat neglected. We have flung ourselves into a sort of madness of material life. In the same way, the reaction, undoubtedly, will be equally violent.

This summer, all the beloved roads laid open before us again; doubly enticing, Scotland, Italy, and England awaiting us in unchanged beauty. We hastened there more ready than ever to feel the spell of natural beauty, the charm of old legends, and the interest of all that pertains to the past. Perhaps on our return, we shall dance a little less and talk a little better, or at least, we may change a little the way in which we have amused ourselves during months of moral convalescence.

J. R. F.

