

Cape and hat imported by Franklin Simon & Co.
Only the French would embroider by hand in gold floss this silk jersey cape. Callot has lined it in crepe of the new color, flamant—Parisian for the Anglo-Saxon "ripe tomatoes."



Hat and suit imported by Franklin Simon & Co.
As a woman's postscript is the gem of the letter, so this Cheruit suit in flamant and gray check, late in arriving, is one of the prizes of the spring collections.



Gown and hat imported by John Wanamaker.
It is just Cheruit, just the gown—blue and white checked taffeta—that Madame Cheruit would have worn to the races when Paris was gay and happy and care-free.



Gown imported by J. M. Gidding & Co.
The end of a perfect gown—this knotted train of pink satin outlined in silver galoon, the beginning of which Callot has partially veiled by a cape-like drapery of gold lace like the petticoat beneath which the feet, "like little mice, steal in and out."



Gown imported by John Wanamaker.
We nominate for the sartorial Hall of Fame this Egyptian evening gown created by Callot from black satin and gold embroidery with flashes of green.



Hat and gown imported by John Wanamaker.
We shall call this beige satin frock clouded in black tulle showered with gold paillettes Forget-Me-Not; first, because that is the title of Miss Gordon's new picture, and secondly, because once seen you will never suffer a lapsus memoris.

PARISIAN POSTSCRIPT'S
Posed by Miss Kitty Gordon of the World Pictures Brady-Made.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEJAREN & HILLER STUDIO.

Dress and hat imported by Franklin Simon & Co.
When a Paris couturiere (Callot) stoops to folly—or rather a beach dress—we have a white knitted wool skirt and middy blouse bright with red worsted flowers. Saget adds a knitted hat.



Gown and hat imported by J. M. Gidding & Co.
No hardship to register pleasure in this close-up when one is wearing a Callot afternoon gown of gray-green taffeta, banded in black moire and corsaged in chiffon and lace.



Gown imported by J. M. Gidding & Co.
No woman would ever censor this frock. It is just the kind of a gown—white satin, moire and black lace—that even the most fastidious covet, and besides, Cheruit made it.

