

# Playtime Clothes

By NORMA TALMADGE

Illustrations by John Barbour



This is the second of Miss Talmadge's fashion articles. She is now Photoplay's Fashion Editor and will write each month on some subject pertaining to good dressing.

I HAVE a bathing suit at home that's guaranteed to raise a laugh no matter what's gone wrong.

It's a very lovely bathing suit—or, at least, it was. It was made by a jewel of a French dressmaker, one of those women who can just take one look at you and then go away and create a dress that makes you want to spend the rest of your life in front of the mirror—you know what I mean.

Well, I went to Madame last spring and told her I wanted a new bathing suit.

Oh, yes, of a certainty Madame would make one.

And of a certainty she did.

It was a beauty; a lovely glowing red dress with the cunningest shoes to match and a red cap with perky bows—the sort of bathing suit that every girl dreams about when she's getting ready for her vacation.

I put it on the first time I went to the beach and was soon out beyond the breakers having a glorious swim. I didn't notice anything wrong until I came ashore, and then I saw queer red streaks running down my legs and arms. When I got to a looking glass I saw the same kind of streaks adorning my face—the colors in my new bathing suit had run!

It took two days' hard work to discourage those streaks and get my face back to normal. Then I went to Madame and in cold tones told her what had happened.

Madame threw both hands toward heaven.

She exclaimed!

She wanted to know why I had gone in the water!

I told her that was my usual custom when I went swimming.

"But did Mademoiselle not realize that it was a beach costume? In the water! Ah, heaven!"

You see, it was another case of a difference of opinion in the French and American idea of athletics.

I believe that "hang your clothes on a hickory limb but don't go near the water" was written to a little French miss—and she took it to heart. Lovely costumes, yes, to sit on the beach. But to wear in the water—*non, non!*

So I hope that when you start away this summer to the woods or the mountains or the seaside you will remember my experience and take along the sort of clothes you are not afraid to wear when you swim or ride or walk or play tennis.

THEY are so beautiful this summer and so diversified that you will be

sure to find just the sort of thing that suits you best. Personally, I adore swimming above all other sports and whenever possible I make for the water. There are bathing suits this year that will make you feel quite as dressed up as if you were promenading on the board walk—and they are guaranteed not to run. The craze for taffeta dresses has reached the makers of bathing suits, and there are ever so many rubberized taffeta bathing costumes that are as pretty as they can be. And if you like embroidery, there are plenty of embroidered suits, with shoes and cape to match.

But the cleverest thing I have seen yet is the black velvet bathing suit. It was new last year, but even better this, and makes you look like a nice frisky shiny seal when you come out of the water.

If you don't swim—well, the only thing I can say is that I'm sorry for you.

That reminds me that I was talking the other day with a woman who was lamenting over the "old fashioned girl" and saying how much nicer she was than the modern product.

Don't you ever let anyone tell you that and get away with it.

I showed my visitor some old prints I happened to have of 1870 costumes. You know the kind, an eighteen-inch waist and a bustle. And then I reminded her of the habits of the young lady in question, who ate next to nothing—when there were spectators—and fainted whenever there was a man around to catch her, and who always had that mysterious disease, the "megrims."

And I contrasted the healthy modern girl, with her good appetite and her normal waistline, with those strange females who used to meander through the pages of Godey's Lady's Book.

Yes, don't make any mistake about it, we have it on those Early Victorian maidens, considerably.

Whenever I have the time I don a middy blouse and a serviceable skirt and walk from my home to the studio. Try it some day and you will find out how many miles I cover in that tramp. Of course, I had rather walk in the country, but that chance doesn't come to busy girls every day and if you can't walk in the country you had much better walk in town than not at all.

If there is one girl I am sorry for it is the girl with a dull complexion who hasn't found out the fun of walking. It's a good plan to walk at least part way to your place of business,



This wool embroidered gingham frock costs \$80. You can reproduce it for \$8. Cover a ten cent hat frame with the same material and your costume is complete.

if you go down town to earn your bread and butter every day. If you are a home girl you have a still better chance to win real roses for your cheeks.

It's surprising how you can walk away the blues, or a disappointment or a bad complexion. If you don't believe me, try it yourself.

**S**HOULD you happen to have plenty of money to spend on walking clothes there are some wonderful English things over this year—smart doggy tweeds, that combine comfort with good looks. And if you take your exercise in a motor, you will find some exquisite motor wraps over from Paris. They are designed this year in all manner of bright colors and many of them have leather trimmings that are really beautiful. I saw a polo coat the other day that Jean Patou—that wizard of clothes—sent over to a New York house. It was white polo cloth stitched in red silk and with a red patent leather belt. (You might tip your tailor off to that.)

If you are a very busy girl and can only get away to the country for week ends, there is a new device just out that will considerably lessen the work of packing. It is a pleated skirt that can be made in any material—the one I saw was done in navy blue taffeta. It hangs from a thin silk underwaist that can be adjusted to any length the wearer wishes, and it is ideal for the sensible girl who has eliminated corsets from her wardrobe. There are three blouses designed to go with this skirt—for morning, afternoon or evening wear. So, if you select this costume, your packing of dresses may narrow itself down to putting in two extra blouses.

By the way, I wonder if you have heard that the makers of riding habits haven't it all their own way in the matter of breeches this year? A great many of the new sports clothes are shown with the divided skirt and pantalette cuff, and this type of skirt has the advantage of being good looking and equally adaptable for walking, mountain climbing, tennis or golf. Practically every important creator of clothes has turned out some phase of the divided skirt and pantalette cuff this season. In habits, the latest thing is to have the breeches a shade lighter than the coat. Riding habits in Shepherd checks are always good—especially so this year.

The girl who is clever with her needle can have plenty of pretty summer clothes at a small expense. One skirt of sports silk, in white or any of the bright tones, may be worn with half a dozen different blouses. These blouses for summer wear are long, straight affairs that can be easily made at home out of some of the lovely materials now being shown. The blouse that costs from \$20 to \$35 in the shops can be made for \$5 or \$10. And if you cover a ten-cent hat frame with some of the same kind of material from which



Riding habits in Shepherd checks are always good—especially so this year.

No one can be unhappy long if she dons a gaily colored smock. Miss Talmadge prefers batik ones—but she has others of red, and sapphire blue, and burnt orange.



you made your blouse you will have a pretty sports rig that you can wear at any of the summer places.

**F**OR my own wear I adore smocks, and always have a number of them, mostly batik, for I love bright colors. I have a little theory of my own that no girl can be unhappy very long if she dons a pretty red, or sapphire blue or burnt orange smock. Speaking of blue, there is a lovely shade the French call *pervanche* that is being used a great deal this summer, and there hasn't been so much red used in ages—perhaps a lot of people are finding out how much happier they are in brilliant tones than in dull black, or brown or gray.

There is also a new shade of red, a wonderful flame color, that the French dressmakers are using considerably, both in materials for sports clothes and for embroidering on contrasting colors. Next in favor, is green in high jade and emerald tones.

For porch wear we are going back to gingham and dimity, and there is, after all, nothing quite so girlish and charming as gingham for wear on hot mornings. I saw last week in one of the smart shops a little gingham frock that had been made for a lucky girl who will spend the summer at Newport. It was a brown and white check, exactly the same kind that our mothers used for kitchen aprons. The skirt was gathered on softly all around at a rather long waistline and had two V-shaped pockets on either side embroidered in wool in tones of red, green and brown. The plain, straight bodice had a square neck

(Continued on page 115)

## Human Stuff

(Concluded)

Pierce. Meanwhile Jim was clutching at Lee's seat, as she sat with face averted.

"Did my dad send you out here? Tell me that much!"

"No, certainly not—Mr. Pierce."

"Why did you come?"

"Perhaps your sister's letter did not explain!"

"My sister's letter—?" Jim was befuddled entirely.

His sheep-herder burst into the car waving a bit of paper, shouting:

"Boca send this! Boca send this!"

Jim seized the paper and read it to Lee.

"Dear Girl from City:—

"I am sending letter Senor Pierce never got. I told you lies. Forgive me. The reason is in my brother's grave.

"BOCA."

Then Jim read Mary's letter about Lee's quest for a homestead. The situation was clearing rapidly.

"Well, Lee, my ranch is not exactly the kind of a place you had in mind perhaps—but maybe it would do!"

And so it came that the afternoon sun smiled down on the return journey of the Twin Hills buckboard, with the collie and her family in the crate behind and Lee and Jim sitting very close together on the front seat.

## Playtime Clothes

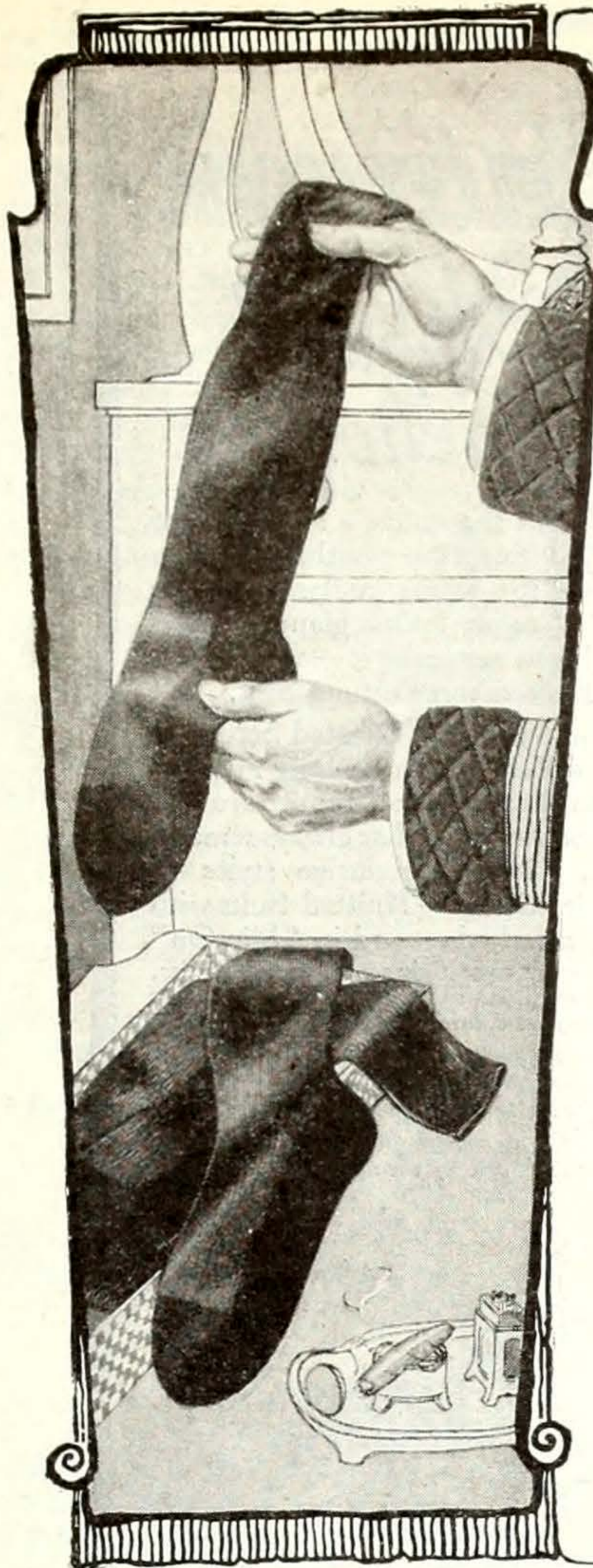
(Continued from page 49)

outlined with the wool embroidery, that was also used to complete the short sleeves. The narrow belt was also finished with the embroidery. This frock cost \$80 in the shop I am talking about, but if you have nimble fingers you can reproduce it at home for \$8. And the coarse wool embroidery that is used so much this summer is easy to do and goes very quickly.

Gingham hats, soft, wide-brimmed affairs, are being made to match the wash dresses. Sometimes they are entirely of gingham, while others have a big pert bow of white organdie. You can be sure of being in style, however, if you make your hat to match any of your wash frocks.

If you have to spend the summer in town you needn't forego the pleasure of wash dresses. We started wearing them on the street during the busy days of the war, and it is one of the wartime styles we are continuing. The sensible girl can dress quite as coolly and prettily for her office as the girl who spends the summer in play.

When there comes a rainy day in town there are stunning new coats of white rubber and little patent leather hats to wear with them, or if you like taffeta better, there are rubberized checked taffeta coats that are just the thing for rainy weather. You will also find that a leather coat is quite as much protection when it rains in town as it is for wear in the country. And for tramping on bad days, there have been some new suits devised—but I shan't tell you about them until next month.



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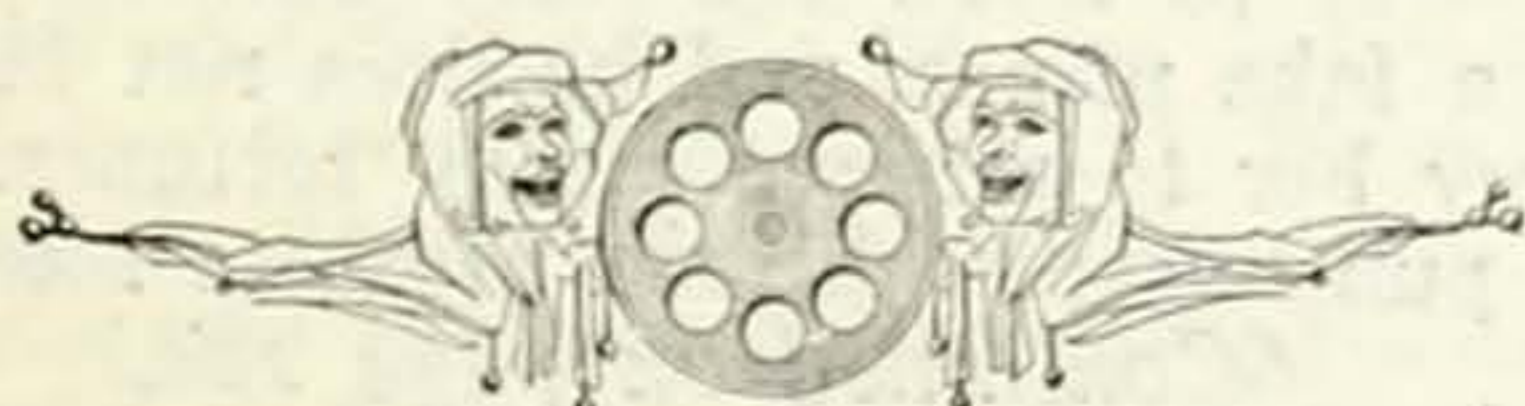
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