



It is never out of style, because it is never just style. This is not a conundrum, but one of the evening or *chez elle* robes which Mrs. Curry evolves by dipping chiffons into her magic dye-pots and draping them in a rainbow medley of color.



"A man did actually call me on the telephone and thank me for cutting down his wife's dress-making bills," added Mrs. Holley after she had explained that with a slip and two or three tunics one may be appropriately clothed for morning, afternoon and evening. And from time to time a slip of another color, various tunics, hand painted in original designs, perhaps a coat or two, and you will shortly acquire an extensive wardrobe that will never go out of style!



Home was never like this—no black looks, no incoherent mutterings, no "why in the deuce"—and all because a clever woman has created a gown without hook or button, and has made it so alluring in fabric and coloring that the most fastidious women cannot resist it. The name of man's good fortune? Why, of course, the Fortuna—made by the Flambeau Weavers.

Gotham Penelopes as Aides-de-Camp to Fashion

Exclusive photographs by Paul Thompson.



Was the gown created to harmonize with the room, or the room as the proper setting for the gown? Certainly there is a close affinity between the interior decoration scheme of Mrs. Curry's apartment and the chiffons she dyes and drapes. And it all happened because she couldn't find an evening dress in New York that she liked well enough to wear.

What is it? We will give you two guesses and handicap you by adding that it is not a bag with a hole for the head. Certainly not. It is a Greek robe, true to line and to material, which the Flambeau Weavers have woven from silk and linen and decorated with tapestry stitching.



Have you an orange tinted soul or a red one splashed with yellow? Or do you express yourself in the cooler blues or mauves? Unless you have discovered your color aura and have adapted it to your clothes, you will not be in perfect tune with the Cosmic All, according to Mrs. Holley.



When Florence Gough sees in her mind's eye a certain coloring, she doesn't institute a shop-to-shop hunt, but brews a strange concoction in her dye-pot. Into it goes an old meal bag and out comes a smock that calls forth from any of us. "How stunning—so unusual!" These garden smocks, shade-hats and baskets were photographed in the old stable now enjoying a new popularity as the most curious shop in Greenwich Village.

Are you an independent feminist, with your own latch key, special brand of cigarettes, and an income that permits you to Dutch treat at any time? Then express it in your clothes. Even in chiffons, if you wish, as Mrs. Curry suggests, with this trouser and jacket creation. If not, there is the conventional gown by the commercial fashion maker.

