

VOGUE

Keep this pg. 55
(Bridal article)



April First - 1921
Price 35 Cents

The Vogue Company
CONDÉ NAST. Publisher

Early Paris Openings
& Brides' Fashions



Throughout the hundred acres of woodland in the estate of Mr. Carl H. Krippendorf, at Perintown, near Cincinnati, springtime brings a carpet of golden daffodils nodding in the grasses

THE PAGEANT OF THE DAFFODIL

BEFORE "daffodil fields" served an English poet as a background for a sombre drama, their glowing, living beauty was being exploited with pagan joyousness under American skies, on the country estate of Mr. Carl H. Krippendorf, at Perintown, near Cincinnati. Here, with the coming of spring, drifts upon drifts of daffodils naturalized among the woods provide a pageant that for sheer, bold loveliness is unsurpassed. Like masses of golden sunlight, they nod under the trees, turning the grass into a veritable field of the cloth of gold.

In Europe, where the cult of the grass-grown daffodil had an earlier start, very fine effects in planting are remembered. At Warley Place, Essex; at Totley Hall, near Sheffield; under the trees at Windsor Castle; in the old parks of many Irish country places; and at Grassmere, where Wordsworth saw "ten thousand at a glance," the daffodil colonies are an exquisite delight.

It is possible that the American scenery, the American spirit, both bolder and more prodigal, account for the fact that the daffodil hosts dancing over the hills of southern Ohio touch the imagination with a magic curiously their own. They bloom from late March until the middle of May, a gorgeous mass of colour with a beauty that is emphasized by the setting and planting. Mr. Krippendorf, who was one of the first to experiment with the possibilities of the daffodil in this country, knew what effects

In an American Wild Garden,
Masses of These Lovely Blossoms
Turn Woods and Meadows Into
A Field of the Cloth of Gold

By GRACE WILLARD

were to be sought for. He realized that the daffodils must look as if they had colonized themselves, and he knew how to create this engaging illusion in his one hundred acres or so of fine woodland.

In the heart of this generous grove he set his house. Architecturally, it is as simple and harmonious as a big trumpet daffodil; and around it, on all sides, the woods drop away to a volatile, sedge-fringed brook. All of these woods were turned into a wild garden, dedicated to spring. Hundreds of thousands of bulbs were tucked away in bold groups, around the trunks of old beech trees, under young copses, on mossy banks, and studded through moist orchards. Between the groups, frequent open spaces were left, for repose and because, if the flowers liked the place, they were to be free to increase their electorate.

The planting followed the woods over hill and dale, apparently in as happy and careless a fashion as the clouds drifting across the sky. They grew like wild flowers left to their own devices, rivalling the sunlight with their brilliant gold or paling to pure ivory in cool, half-shade. Apparently only, however, for daffodil planting is the art of preparation. This craftily casual scatter-
(Cont'd on page 108)



Paths of mossy weathered creek stones lead one through masses of exquisite bloom in these daffodil woods



© Simon Ascher & Co., Inc., 1921

ASCHER'S KNIT GOODS

100% PURE WOOL

SNUGGLED cosily in his warm, fleecy Ascher garment, he can play outdoors to his heart's content, assured of such protection from changeable weather as only 100% Pure Wool can give.

The "Label of the Lamb" is a warrant of health protection, and an assurance of economy, in quality knit wear for Infants, Children, Misses and Women.

Write Department D for complete illustrated catalog and name of nearest dealer.

SIMON ASCHER & CO., Inc.
362 Fifth Avenue, New York
Established 1879



Look for the "Label of the Lamb"—it is your guarantee of quality and 100% Pure Wool.



On all sides of the house, the woods drop away to a flower-fringed brook and daffodils grow in all their infinite diversity

THE PAGEANT OF THE DAFFODIL

(Continued from page 55)

ing of bulbs to the four winds was, one might say, the original sketch for the cartoon. As colour and form come into the canvas, and very quickly in the case of the eager daffodil, such effects of beauty broke out in those green, old hills as are not imagined in any nurseryman's philosophy.

To wander, this spring, through this flower-starred forest, enriched by successive seasons, is to come under the enchantment of the daffodil in new and amazing ways. The pictorial qualities of the flower are surprising. To many of us, it has been merely an enterprising blossom that comes before the swallow dares; yet here it is as lovely as the rose, infinitely lavish, and of a fascinating diversity and beauty of form. Throughout the woods, leading from one level to another, down to the volatile brook, where baby willows drop leaves into the stream and daffodils crowd to its edge, are paths of mossy, weathered, creek stones. They lead one through masses of exquisite bloom, on "across the hills and far away . . . deep into the dying day". Life in daffodil land is simply one enchanting distance after another. The Happy Princess would have felt at home here.

DAFFODIL SPECIES

By one of those wise twists of nature, the early daffodils are the warm-hued, brilliant ones. During the season, there is a charming modulation of delicate colours, from the moment when the first rush of the gorgeous yellow trumpets begins till, with *Poeticus*, the fête ends in dazzling whiteness and glory. Practically all of the effective daffodils for broad, bold planting on a large scale, colonize here. *Golden Spur* comes early in the spring, which surrenders to a tide of this gay flower from the Netherlands and to that other intrepid yellow trumpet, *Henry Irving*.

Almost before the winds of March have had time to temper their edge to the myriads of gold cups on alert jade stems, which have suddenly appeared under the pear blossoms, the wonderful time is here. Everywhere, such gorgeous flowers as *Barrii Conspicuous*, *Incomparabilis*, and *Sir Watkin* are sending up their golden fire. *C. J. Backhouse*, earliest of the star-narcissi to bear a red-rimmed cup, follows them.

Vanilla makes the air sweet with its curious, heliotrope fragrance; lovely groups of the bicolour "trumpet", *Grandee*, and a fascinating early "poet", *Praecox Grandiflora*, enchant the eye.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE

As the season advances, daffodils billow through the woods like a sea, broken by little islands which are beds of fern, slender trees, budding shrubs, or mossy turf. Crowding over a green rise where the first eastern rays of the sun find them, are battalions of the beautiful *Emperor* and, gold against gold, the even more beautiful *Empress*, wearing her white perianth proudly, as if to say, "Do not confuse us, please". Along with royalty come infinite thousands of that exquisite blossom, *Madame de Graaff*; and in the wake of such great ladies follow dreamy, cumulose masses of that most lovely of drooping daffodils, *William Goldring*. At one's feet the curious, twisted perianth of this variety has a charm of its own; massed in the distance, its strange, sulphur-coloured trumpet, paling as it fades to an ethereal ghostliness, produces an effect of extraordinary beauty. The distant impressions of daffodils planted, as these are, in well-timbered, unspoiled, rolling country, are very splendid. Changing light and the chequering shadows of lacy trees work strange magic, kindling warm yellow to flame and turning to strange sea colours the curious blue green of stalks and stems.

AND STILL THEY COME

In mid-season comes tiny *Minnie Hume*, sweet as a stephanotis, one of the best of the sweet-scented daffodils. She hurries forward in an ecstatic little rush and is there in thousands for the arrival of the *Queen of Spain*, a soft, yellow flower from the Pyrenees, with a prim, straight-clipped trumpet like an old Spanish bell and a great predilection for the society of wild violets, which have already spread a regal, purple carpet for her, under the beech trees. It is worth the weaving, for the *Queen of Spain* lasts twice as long as any other daffodil.

This would be rather a fine moment to bear a red-rimmed cup, follows them.

(Continued on page 110)

THE PAGEANT OF THE DAFFODIL

(Continued from page 108)

to see the pageant pass, could one choose but one. There is a hill covered with *Poetaz*, the new *Hybrid Polyanthus Narcissi*, a curious, hyacinth-textured flower with six or seven blossoms on a stem; there are great masses of scented jonquils, the handsome, sweet kind grown at Grasse and Cannes for their perfume, and there are wonderful reaches of that exquisite yellow trumpet, *J. T. Bennett-Poë*, far more magnificent than a mere commoner has any right to be. And then—the woods must half catch their breath, for with the coming of this daffodil the late stars can not be far behind. They come in clouds of glory, that lovely *Leedsii*, *Mrs. Langtry*, all primrose, snow, and caprice, margined a beautiful canary yellow, and *Amabilis*, silver white flushed with apricot. They bewitch the very landscape with poetry, and depart only to give way to invading thousands of that darling of the woodland gods, *Narcissus Poeticus*.

When the land is white with this enchantress, in sunlight and moonlight, and the spring breezes bear its perfume, Paradise, indeed, has moved in and taken possession. It is a not-to-be-forgotten processional of spring, flaming first pure gold, touching in its

progress topaz, peridot, chrysoprase, and pearl, before it makes a swan-like end in harmonies of fairy-like purity and grace.

What the daffodils think of this dazzling conclave, only a poet, some laureate of the "little people", could guess; but when, during the war, for one memorable week, this estate was opened to the public for the benefit of devastated France and thousands of people saw these flowers in their splendour, amazement struggled with admiration for articulate expression. The delightful thing about the daffodil, in the end, is its democracy, its charming readiness to bloom for all. Something of the poetry, the magic caught on this extensive estate, where this flower has been coaxed to bloom and blow and multiply in such mad, free, luxuriance, is within the capturing of any one possessing some green corner entitled for a few delicious weeks to call itself "wild".

*A garden that comes—
Before the daisy grows a common flower,
Before the sun has power
To scorch the world up in his
noon tide hour.
It is worth a dream or two.*

DRESSING ON A LIMITED INCOME

(Continued from page 76)

ed. The collar and cuffs, also of the embroidered flouncing, are finished with the same narrow lace. This model is particularly effective with a suit coat.

Sketched at the left in the middle of page 76 is an unusual model in which English eyelet banding or allover embroidery is combined with linen or batiste. The embroidery forms the smart, fitted belt, the quaint collar, and narrow cuffs, and lingerie buttons finish the opening at the throat. This blouse, also, might be copied at home.

FROM PEASANT MODES

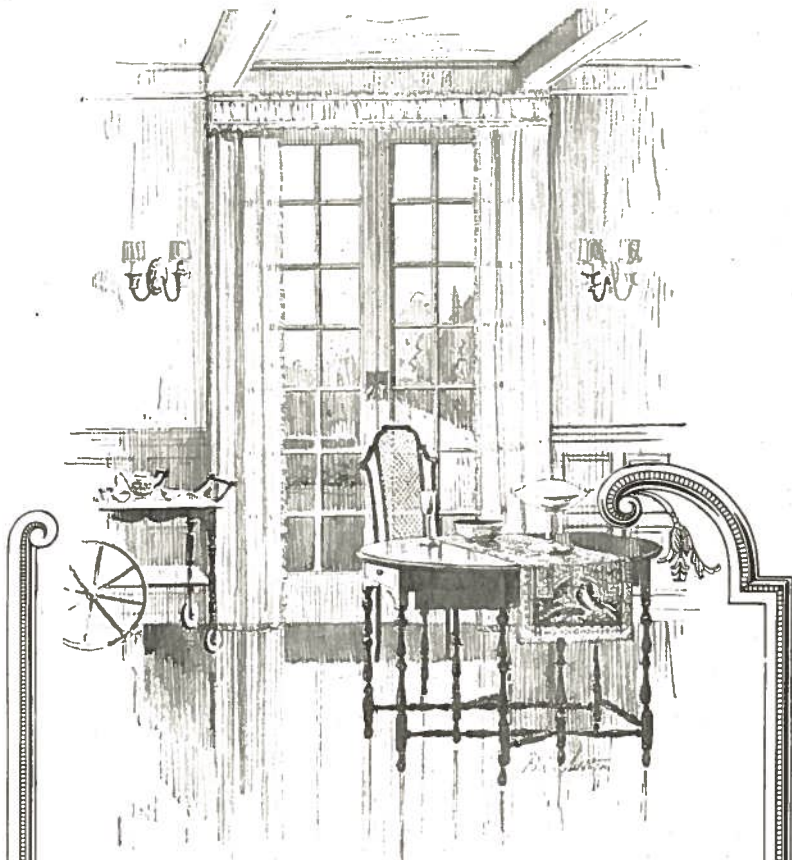
A very distinctive blouse with a suggestion of the peasant fashions which are so popular this season is shown in the sketch at the right in the middle of page 76. It is an adaptation of an imported white Georgette crêpe blouse, exquisitely embroidered in a fine, wavy stitch in black, crossed by triangles of tiny white china beads. Cream colour batiste or chiffon with peasant cross-stitching in red, blue, yellow, and green silk would also be very effective. There are small pin tucks radiating from the narrow standing collar which may be in the form of a casing with narrow black ribbon run through it and tied in front, or may be lined with the ribbon. Ribbons tie the cuffs and the fitted belt.

The sketch at the left at the bottom of page 76 shows a hand-made blouse of Delft blue linen with bands of

fagoting in blue or white and with a pleated peplum and a pleated, bound-in cuff. This model is particularly becoming to a youthful or slender figure. It might be had in any material for about \$30.

The blouse at the right at the bottom of the same page is hand-made and might be obtained in any combination of colours and materials. The original model was of flame colour linen and narrow bands of white linen ladder-stitched together, with a white linen collar bound with flame colour. Two shades of crêpe de Chine or chiffon would be equally effective, or organdie and linen in contrasting shades might be used. A matching, side-pleated skirt with a bound hem would combine with this model to make a smart day frock. The blouse might be had for about \$25, in linen, and the skirt for about \$30. In other materials, the prices would vary according to the cost of the fabric.

Note—Vogue conducts this department to meet the needs of the woman with a limited income. If any special problem confronts you, write to Vogue, 19 West 44th Street, New York City, enclose a two-cent stamp, and it will answer any individual questions on dress, will suggest ways of altering frocks, assist in planning a wardrobe, and suggest appropriate designs for frocks, suits, wraps, or lingerie.



KAPOCK

GUARANTEED

Silky Sunfast Draperies

Radiant in joyous spring colorings and silky texture KAPOCK fabrics will express your perfect taste in draperies.



KAPOCK is really so economical because the double width permits of splitting and is guaranteed against fading from sun or tubbing.

Be sure it's KAPOCK.
Genuine has basting
thread in selvage.

"Kapock Sketch Book" in colors giving you newest ideas in home furnishing will be sent upon receipt of dealer's name.

A. THEO. ABBOTT & CO.

PHILADELPHIA

Dept. D

