

COTTON AND OUR COUNTRY

Cotton—the American

With many thanks to cotton, any one can look wonderful in America, in summer. Cotton makes such sense in this country. It fits our temperatures—the long, really scorching summers. It fits our temperaments—our fetish for freshness, changing often; being scrubbed; our secret conviction that anything washed in soap and water seems cleaner than anything in the world. It caters to our passion for variety. It fits any one's pocketbook, be it coin-purse or money-bag. It's at home in the water, on an avenue, under moonlight, in blinding sun. The young look younger in it. Sportswomen swear by it. And it has all the wiles a land-of-cotton belle could ask.

Cotton—the rural

If you live in the country, you can live in cotton. Have a fresh, starched dress every morning, like a child off to school. A chambray shirt-waist dress for golf. (Page 57.) Full-skirted garden dresses, for puttering with your perennial borders. A printed seersucker for the club. (Page 57.) A red corduroy coat, to toss over any cotton you own, from sports to evening. (Page 56.) Cotton shoes, like the gingham one and the canvas one on page 61. A cotton *pantoufle* with a white dress, for important afternoons. (Page 58.) At night, a spick-and-fresh evening dress like the gingham one on the cover.

Cotton—the urban

If you live in town, you might take just cotton touches. One of those big white piqué hats on pages 48 and 49, to wear with a black or blue silk dress. Awning-striped canvas bags and turbans, worn to go with suits. Paper-white cotton gloves, to be worn once and washed. (Page 60.) Or—new in town this year—a cotton gabardine suit, blue with white polka-dots, or beige, or grey. Or a cotton seersucker suit—the new seersuckers have far more backbone than the early seersuckers did—or a gingham one in small, neat checks (page 56), any of which is tailored with the utmost seriousness and respect. In the evening, cotton combined with silk—a white eyelet-embroidered dress over a black jersey slip. (Page 50.) For dining on a roof—a red taffeta bodice over an embroidered organdie skirt. (Page 53. It costs a pretty penny, and, what's more, looks it.) Or the printed organdie coat over a jersey slip, in April 15 Vogue.

Cotton—the young

If you're young, cotton's your natural medium. It can stand the wear, you unwittingly give it. It makes crisp young clothes at young prices. A broadcloth play-suit under a striped pinafore. (Page 57.) A bare-waisted cotton bathing-suit. (Page 75.) Easy-going gabardine slacks. (Page 57.) Under twenty dollars is the go-everywhere gabardine suit on page 88. Even cotton lingerie—a flowered voile girdle; a shirting breakfast coat. (Page 104.) And because the young love to get into cotton evening clothes (with variety) night after night, a white organdie dream with languorous, transparent sleeves and a wide skirt (opposite). Or a three-tiered matelassé cotton, tiny-priced, with white circles on black; or a brown-and-white dotted Swiss with an Eugénie neck-line. (Both, page 112.)

Cotton—the practical

Cotton has its down-to-earth side that defers to your peace of mind. Sometimes cotton is Bellmanized—gifted with a permanent, starchless crispness. Sometimes Sanforized—treated so that it maintains its status quo in size, neither shrinking nor stretching. Sometimes Tebelized—made to resist wrinkles. Sometimes given the Zelan process—in which a fabric is water-proofed so that liquids, even your cooling tall drink, will pour off it like water from a duck's back.

Idyll in Organdie

Swinging in a hammock, underneath a moon—Miss Halldis Prince in an enchanting dress of embroidered Swiss organdie. The silhouette is one which the young currently adore—off-shoulder neck-line, transparent peasant sleeves, the long, pliant body-line, the skirt that spins into yards and yards. \$40; Kalmour dress at Milgrim; Marshall Field