

IVY TROUTMAN & CHOW 1914

IVY TROUTMAN AND HER CHOW

BROADWAY STAR AND HER COMPANION

SOURCE: THE THEATRE MAGAZINE circa 1915



Ivy Troutman was born on September 23, 1883 in Long Branch, New Jersey, USA.

She was an actress, known for The House with Nobody in It (1915). She was married to Waldo Peirce.

She died on January 12, 1979 in Tinton Falls, New Jersey.



A 1915 Theatre fashion article written for Theatre Magazine confirms that the chow pictured with Ivy Troutman above was indeed the silent film actresses own dog.



evening before the performance. I should say she was *permitted* to receive me after the guardian of the portal, a beautiful Chow dog and Miss Troutman's constant companion, had with fastidious dignity sniffed me over to assure herself that I was a perfectly innocuous person. Satisfied apparently on that score Madame Chow lay down on the floor and listened tolerantly to our conversation.

The article continues....**SUCH A CHOW**

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Below is the full page from THE THEATRE magazine featuring Ivy

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MISS IVY TROUTMAN, leading lady of "Taking Chances," has graciously consented to talk on clothes, stage and personal, for this month's article. She received me in her dressing-room the other

evening before the performance. I should say she was permitted to receive me after the guardian of the portal, a beautiful Chow dog and Miss Troutman's constant companion, had with fastidious dignity snuffed me over to assure herself that I was a perfectly innocuous person. Satisfied apparently on that score Madame Chow lay down on the floor and listened tolerantly to our conversation.

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE.

"This is my first act gown," said Miss Troutman, holding up a lovely dress designed by the Francis Willard House. "I told them, when I

tributes in some mysterious subconscious way to the larger general effect or whether it is simply to satisfy the aesthetic sense of the actress. Probably the latter; however, I must remember to ask. The pink nightie, for instance, had touches of net about the neck, ribbon threaded through hand-made buttonholes, and lovely little wreaths of flowers embroidered in soft colors. Shaking out the Lucille garment, which was of white scattered with silver roses, Miss Troutman remarked on the complicated simplicity of its construction. "It's really but three yards of material just wrapped round—but as only Lucille knows how," she said. I better appreciated the remark when I saw the *sant de fit* later on from the front of the house, sheathing and falling around those long slender lines of Miss Troutman's. As she departs left upper entranceward to an imaginary bath her curly brown head is done up most fetchingly in a pink satin bandana, a suggestive idea for home consumption, especially if one were to use wash satin. Later in the act Miss Troutman wears a delectable shortish negligée of an unusual shade of pinkish red, scattered with gold flowers, and combined with lace and an enormous blue Geisha bow. The little garment was worked out and put together by herself and her maid. "I like to buy models or go to a big dressmaker like Lucille, or else work out something with my maid," Miss Troutman said and added, "A good French maid is everything." Which statement I imagine none of us will put to protest. Only "first catch your hare."

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gave the order for it, that they must remember the dress was going to be worn in a moonlit scene and should be made of materials that would catch and reflect the light—a dress, in short, that would suggest moonlight in itself. So you see they made the foundation of cloth of silver and the overskirt of net embroidered in a vine-like pattern with silver wire, which, I must confess, though beautiful, has its drawbacks. The skirt is quite six or seven yards around, and my maid has to stand every night after I have taken the frock off and pull out the wire which becomes crinkled with each wearing. Underneath the net skirt were garlands of little chiffon roses, hand-painted, and one adorned the centre of the cloth of silver bodice. In net with a coin spot over green, another model from Almon, was the cruelest and costliest-looking thing imaginable—a dish of pinkish ice cream.

A NIGHTIE AND TWO NÉGLIGÉES.

Being still tolerated by Madame Chow we went on to second act garments. Miss Troutman first showed me the pale pink crepe de chine nightie she wears in this act and then the Lucille *sant de fit* that goes over it. I find, by the way, that stage garments are made with the same dainty stitches as personal ones, and with as much meticulous care for detail as if every feminine eye in the audience were reinforced by a powerful lens. I don't know whether this com-

An Almon model is of pale blue, taffeta over deep cream lace, the little yoke on the blue bodice having a deep purple and a yellow in its shades.

Troutman

