

The Morals of Pink and Blue Hair

Lady Duff-Gordon Discusses Her New Colored Wigs for Women, Explaining That Hair Has Become Simply an Ornament

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.



This Dinner Gown of Blue Charmeuse With Sapphire Bordered Girdle Was Improved Greatly, Says Lady Duff-Gordon, When the Owner Sprinkled Her Hair Thickly with Blue Powder. A Blue Wig Was Afterward Used with the Same Gown with Still Better Effect.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

Quite recently I interested Paris by showing some of my prettiest models with charming shades of pink, blue, purple and green hair. Since then my idea has been taken up by many fashionable ladies, while at least one couturier has paid me the compliment that lies in imitation and has even, I understand, gone to the length of claiming parentage of the mode. Not that I mind that in the least; I do like to see my inspirations bear fruit.

Deceivers Ever.

"What an awful time you take to get ready, Mildred! I wonder your husband doesn't object to waiting." Mildred turned from the mirror with the williness of former ancestors in her eye.

In the Barber's Chair. "No sooner was I seated in the chair," began James. "than the barber commented on the weather, and directed a current of discourse into my ears."

to the second objection is the same that science gives its questioners. Science is not concerned with who uses, or to what uses are put, its discoveries. So the discoveries of fashion—even to that of coloring the hair, or wearing a dyed wig.

My discovery came about this way. I made a dress. It was for a very beautiful dark Parisienne. It was a very beautiful dress. The girl tried it on and was delighted. I would that of a person whom you are prepared to dislike.

But you must first study your profile with the aid of a cheval glass, or if you are not so fortunate as to possess one, then with a hand mirror. Scrutinize it as coldly as you would that of a person whom you are prepared to dislike.

My Secrets of Beauty--By Mme. Lina Cavalieri

How to Remould Your Face

Do you know that you can remould your face? If you study it in silhouette and see that your cheek muscles have slipped away from or are tugging at their moorings, in a word have become flabby.

I showed them to Paris and Paris was enthusiastic. Not because it was something new, but because it was something true. There are dresses which, to bring out their full beauty, demand that the hair be a soft pink, others a deep blue, even a delicate shade of green.



Even the Bathing Costumes Being Made for Southern Wear Are Chosen with a View to Whether Wigs of That Shade Are Becoming to the Wearer. Two "Lucile" Models of Palm Beach. (And Above) Another of the Brilliantly Colored Dresses of Spring.

Cute Tommy.

Mrs. Jordan had "deas" on the way children should be reared. Her young hopeful, Tommy, caused her a little anxiety in this respect.

Wonder What He Got.

"Sure, Casey was a fine fellow," "He was that. A fine fellow, Casey." "And a cheerful man."



One of the New Flounced and Extravagantly Decorated Dresses of Spring Which "Lucile" Thinks "No More Moral Than Colored Wigs."

ing skirts to the ankles, nor waists as much a part of dress as the hat, or to the neck. There isn't any reason for either shoes or stockings a good deal of the year.

The Soul of the House

"DON'T care what else there is in the house if only it has a big open fireplace," said Perditia to her young husband, when he returned from that most discouraging of the North Shore.

"Well, there will be nothing but pleasure in a home that boasts of a fireplace," declared Perita. "Who was it said that an open fire is the soul of the house?"

VERY SNUG.

It was not long before they were snugly established in their woodland home, and of course the anticipated frosty evening arrived in due time. It was an exciting moment for Perditia when the match was applied to the heap of sticks and twigs which Perditia's husband had gathered.

tell me that where there's smoke there must be some fire." "Good evening," said the voice of some one hidden in the smoke.

"Non-sense!" declared the first voice. "All that you need is a hood over the front of the fireplace. That will keep the smoke from puffing out into the room."

Just then Perditia's husband rose from his knees before the grate, bearing in his arms an object which closely resembled a charred human body, though it was only a smoldering log.