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The Newest Winter Furs.

Ermine and Fox Favorites of Fashion to Keep Away the Winter's Cold



A Wonderful Scarf Wrap in Ermine, Draped as Desired.

note of the fact that, instead of being always aggressively upstanding and outspreading, as it was wont to be, the aligrette very frequently and fashionably now droops downward in a manner which would be almost detected—not to say dowdy!—were it not for the supreme skill which gives to this less assertive poise, a chic piquancy all its own.

In fact, the more unexpected and unusual the position of the aligrette, the more notable and desirable does the hat become, so that eccentricity is being carried somewhat too far for prettiness sometimes. It is amusing to find, too, that, while forests and clumps and "halos" of aligrettes are still being shown, and worn, it is also correct—and chic—to merely display in the centre of a small almost severely simple black velvet shape, two upward curving osprey strands, shadowy and ghost-like—and frail and fascinating things, which, however, let me tell you, demand a considerable and substantial outlay in cash for their acquisition, as, naturally, being brought into such prominence, they must be of absolute perfection and unusual length.

Often, too, aligrettes and ospreys will, like the even more favored ostrich feathers, be combined with fur—which is, perhaps, skunk, and banded about the crown. While then, again, ermine is frequently used with black velvet and aligrettes to secure and accentuate the black and white contrast scheme, which still takes precedence in popularity of all the more vivid colorings. For example, a black velvet hat, will be provided with an enormously wide larve of pure white ermine, which makes the most effective possible background for the soft blackness of the great osprey which sweeps along the left side, being held in position there by the quaintest arrangement of little clustered ermine heads, fringed with the black-tipped tails. In another somewhat similar and equally smart model the brim is entirely lined with black velvet, so that, its curve being wide and beautiful, a wearer blessed with clearly cut features, a good complexion, and fair or deeply burnished, has good points are being brought into fullest prominence by their silhouetting against the sweep of black velvet. Outwardly the brim is bordered with tail-less ermine, and fastened against the velvet crown by a circle of roll ermine heads in a big brush aligrette.

Black and white plush are brought together into close and charming contrast in any number of the smaller shapes, and somehow the softness of the fabrics makes this contrast all the more attractive and becoming. One of the new hats which I cordially approve is outwardly all of the white plush, the round "bowler" crown being just banded about with a prim folded and tied satin ribbon. But then, to make up for this primary simplicity, there is the most glorious Paradise mount to sweep its pale yellow strands at the left side above the shimmering brown and green plumage of the head which is fastened against the black of the little upturned brim. And now—another contrast and chance of choice for you—imagine a close-fitting Di-rectoire bonnet of black velvet, just showing a glimpse of inner blue against the hair, its predestined and pretty companions for life (or at any rate for the season) being a long and supple stole of black velvet, all edged with skunk fur, while fastened low down on one corner is a big and beautiful rosette, whose outer petals of dull gold tissue unfold about a central softness of skunk, even the



This Beautiful White Fox Stole Consists of Two Whole Skins.



A Sleeveless Coat of Ermine With Which a Toque, Boa and Muff of White Fox Are Worn. A Very Effective Winter Mode.

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 new Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York City.

By LADY DUFF-GORDON ("Lucile")

THE photographs I am sending to-day show what may be expected in fine furs this Winter. A glance at the pictures will show you how wonderfully effective these creations are and, of course, they will be extremely fashionable.

The sleeveless coat wrap in ermine shows a wide stole effect which is thrown over the shoulders, the ermine tails forming a border effect at bottom of the coat. This is completed by a white fox toque with white osprey and white fox boa and muff. Nothing could be more beautiful than this.

The white fox stole shown in another picture consists of two whole skins and is very beautiful. The last picture shows a one-piece ermine scarf wrap which is draped as required. A beautiful ermine muff is worn with the wrap and completes this unusually effective costume.

And now a few words about the prevailing millinery of the season. The position of the aligrette determines—at sight—the date, or, at any rate, the up-to-dateness, of the hat which it adorns, and also the degree of smartness and success which it achieves. And so I would have you take careful

two half opened buds also showing a glimpse of the fur. A great, flatly hanging muff, too, there is, which repeats this novel and pretty trimming so that, as you may imagine, the three together can be depended on to transform into smartness the simplest of costumes. A good many of these "triple" sets are being prepared for Riviera wear, and as special prettiness, rather than actual protectiveness, is thus aimed at, closely massed blossoms are used for the making of hat and tie and muff. For instance, a delightful closely fitting hat is entirely covered with shaded violets, the little brim binding of purple velvet which gives permanent shapeliness to the airy fairy creation being only just visible beneath the final fringe of deeply hued flowers.

MY SECRETS OF BEAUTY—By Mme. LINA CAVALIERI, The Most Famous Living Beauty

No. 202—DAYS WHEN YOU DON'T LOOK WELL



Mme. LINA CAVALIERI

THERE are days when, no matter with what beauty the world has credited us, we shrink from the image our mirrors fling back at us. One of your American novelists told how transcendently lovely a typewriter girl looked at times to her employer, who was falling in love with her, and how plain and insignificant to others. The author was a bachelor. Nevertheless he knew that women are like the moon. In the first quarter both give but a hint of their full attractiveness. There are days when we look our best, days when we look our worst, and intermediate days.

On the days when we don't look well we usually are not well. Our most imperative need at such times

is rest. The girl who goes early to bed and sleeps round the clock, or at least for nine or ten hours, awakes rested and looking better. This is an object lesson in the truth that to look well we must feel well, and to feel well we must be so.

Many a woman has lamented her going off and wept farewell tears to departing youth when really what she needed was an extra hour's sleep every night for a week.

There are secondary aids that assist this primary one in the work of making the most of our appearance on the days when we are not looking well.

Perhaps all the weariness and listlessness and hopelessness of your mood seems to settle in your eyes. They look pale and dull and old, and the eyelids look dark and wrinkled and lifeless.

You can lighten both by placing a witch hazel bandage over them. To avoid questions as to what a witch

hazel bandage is let me explain now that it is a piece of muslin folded several times and saturated with witch hazel. Lay this loosely over the eyes for as long a time as circumstances will permit. If the bandage dries moisten it again with witch hazel.

Perhaps the skin of your face is very pale, as though every drop of blood had been drained from it, and the fact that your stock of vigor is below par is shown by the dry texture and loose condition of your skin.

Refresh it by giving it a cologne bath. Pour a few drops of cologne over a piece of gauze and pat the face lightly with it. This will coax the blood quickly to the surface. Or soak a square piece of flannel in olive oil and place it over the face. The skin absorbs this oil, and in a short time looks much fresher.

Should you, despite your tired, bloodless aspect, have to be seen in public, bathe the face in tepid water, using handfuls of almond meal, wet with a few drops of benzoin instead of soap. Then dash

cold water upon the face. This soon calls back the color that has forsaken the visage.

If on this bad day of yours you are shocked at the appearance of a new network of fine lines about the eyes and lips, don't fancy they have come to stay. Lie down, relax your muscles and rest as completely as possible. During the last half of this rest pat cold cream into the parts of the face where the tired lines appeared, then slowly iron them away in the opposite direction from that in which they appeared. Rub horizontal lines in a perpendicular direction, and vice versa.

If your lips are pale, massage them gently, using cold cream freely on them to bring back their color.

If you are forced to be mingled with others while you feel "dead tired" don't allow the muscles of your face to sag or your eyes to grow listless. Recall your best expression, summon it, and keep it. In the words of the stage folk when the curtain rises a second time upon an effective tableau, "hold the picture."

Countries	In the Balkans
<p>THE country of my father was the stern, brave north. Where hillocks give but heather and the heights stand forth. In jagged peaks and crags that the witches haunt. That rise above dark castles on their sides hung gaunt. Oh, the country of my father was the stern, brave north!</p> <p>The country of my mother was the warm, soft south. Where date palms fruit in plenty and the curving mouth Of many a bay and creeklet calls the gentle sea. To shores of clustered olive and the almond tree. Oh, the country of my mother was the warm, soft south!</p> <p>The country of my dearest was the fresh green land Where buttercups love dancing at the wind's command. And little leaves blow whisp'ers which of promise tell. And fairies play at moonlight in the meadow dell. Oh, the country of my dearest was the fresh green land!</p> <p>The country of my dreaming was the sunset sky Where lonely isles of coral and lonely lakes lie. Where thoughts take shape in colors mingled sad and gay. And vanished hopes have houses in far away. Oh, the country of my dreaming was the sunset sky!</p> <p>Good Measure. "Do you know, darling, that I think it makes me a better man every time I kiss you?" "Well, at the rate you are going now there will soon be no more room for improvement."</p>	<p>SUNSET steals along the foot. Wanders up the street, To the well beneath the trees Where we meet. Glean the copper water-lars. Yet unfilled, beside us; Sunset passes; then the stars Pierce the shades that hide us. Like flashing lights from Michael's brand They gam the sword in my Love's hand!</p> <p>Southward shines a redder fire. Leave the old well stone Where we met in Summer days That are gone! Leave the creaking wheel and slow. He will turn no more— Let him take his blade and go Southward to the war! North the night and south the light. And a sword hastening to the fight!</p> <p>Suspicious. A plumber went to the house of a wealthy stockbroker to make repairs. He was taken by the butler into the dining room, and was beginning his work when the lady of the house entered. "John," said she, with a suspicious glance toward the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard at lead was in no wise disconcerted. "Tom," he said to his assistant, "take my watch and chain to my missus at once."</p> <p>The Limit. Mrs. Jones: "My son's six feet in his boots." "Six feet in his boots? Whatever will you try to get me to believe? You might as well tell me that he has six heads in his hat."</p>