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## “Porcelain” Dresses & “Goo-Goo” Hats

By  
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“Lucile”

The Newest Fashions Come  
from “Somewhere East of  
Suez”—Paris Likes Them;  
Also Her Latest Hats Petite

**L**ADY 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.

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

By Lady Duff-Gordon.

Paris, May 9.  
**I** FEEL inclined to write of porcelain dresses and goo-goo hats this week, although you may think they have nothing at all to do with the pictures I am sending you. But they have, and I shall call this charming costume with the Mandarin effect a “Porcelain Costume.” And why not? Do not Mandarin coats come from China? And do not our loveliest porcelains also come from China?

As for goo-goo hats, do not these delightful pictures justify the name?

But to return to the “Porcelain Costume,” which dominates this

page. The striking note of the costume is, of course, the Yellow Jacket, which is significant of the changes taking place in the fashions of the moment. We are turning a bit further East than Turkey and India for our latest fads and fancies, and have now reached China. And surely the Chinese have many dress ideas which we will do well to incorporate in our costumes.

The Mandarin coats were first brought to us by the officers of the navy and their wives and sisters. There is hardly a “navy girl” in Great Britain and America who does not possess one of these delectable coats. And it is not to be wondered at that at last we have taken them and made them our own.

The “Yellow Jacket” here shown is created in a rich, sumptuous Chinese silk that is elaborately decorated with flowers and ribbon bows of a peculiar red shade. This coat will be used all during the Summer with the lingerie gowns and pompadour silk costumes that must be included in every woman's wardrobe. It is suitable for afternoon and evening wear.

The gown worn with this coat is a satin charmeuse of the new gray green. The skirt has points that are very noticeably Chinese, particularly the drawn effect about the foot.

The first Goo-Goo hat has a name all its own. I call it the “Hat with a Hundred Ospreys.” The shape is one of the quaint Tam effects that are becoming to large-eyed women.

The ospreys are arranged in an original manner, and to be exact there are rather more than one hundred of the delicate fronds. The full crown is of satin, and the whole affair is black. These all-black hats are distinctly chic at this time.

The hat in the second picture I call the “Mem-Sahib,” just because, you see, the brim is wrapped and twisted as are the brims of the straw turbans worn by the Anglo Indian women. This is developed in a soft Milan weave, dyed the newest rose pink shade. The satin around the brim is dyed to match the straw. The stunning bird of paradise is all black. This forms a most striking color combination—one that is almost too great a con-

Above, the Hat with the Hundred Ospreys, and, Below, the Mem-Sahib Turban in Rose and Black



“The new Porcelain dresses. I call them that because they are as lovely as the old Chinese vases they are taken from.”

The Yellow Jacket Costume, That Shows the Striking Tendencies of the Far East.

### Good-Nature and Success

WHY ONE IS NOT COMPATIBLE WITH THE OTHER.

**H**OW many really successful men do you know who are good-natured? Your successful man may be willing to give you a lift, he may be one of the best employees going, but rarely will you find him brimming over with good nature. The fact is that good nature and success cannot go hand-in-hand. A good-natured man is a failure in business for many reasons. His fellow workers soon find out his good nature and impose upon him. It is always a case of: “I say, Jones, old chap, you might count up these figures for me” or, “Jones, I should be awfully obliged if you'd help me with these accounts this afternoon—there's a good fellow! I want to get off early.”

**Too Busy for Others.**  
The result is that Jones does his own work, and as much of everybody else's that he can. But he never gets the credit for the latter. Nor will he be appreciated any more by those around him. If there is any joke going on, then you may be sure Jones is the butt of it. “Oh, Jones, won't mind! He's such a good-natured chap, you know!”

Being of such a good nature, Jones lets everybody push him aside, and takes the job he could do equally as well—if it were not for his good nature. If there is any big business transaction to be pulled off, Jones is not there. The man chosen is the hard-headed, pushful type, who will drive as hard a bargain as possible. The good-natured man never drives a bargain. He would much rather give way for the sake of peace.

The simple fact is that a good-natured man has no will or temper of his own; no initiative. He always follows where others lead, afraid to strike out on his own account, for

fear, not only of failure, but of treading on other people's corns. He would do anything rather than disagree with his rivals. Following, instead of leading, he is always a servant, never a master.

Even when he gets married, he is not master in his own home. As in business and the rest of life he is imposed upon at home. His wife will get all she wants, because of her husband's good nature.

In her heart of hearts his wife will hate his good nature, his lack of temper and his weak will. A woman would rather have a man who ruled her, whether he had a violent temper or not. She goes out of her way to please that kind of a husband, and the more indifferent he is the more she tries to please him.

**In the Marriage Mart.**  
Not so with the good-natured husband. Anything does for him. He has to be at her beck and call, help her when she needs it, put up with her temper and give way to all her silly fads. And because he does so cheerfully she only gets angrier with him! That's a woman's nature.

The good-natured man rarely marries a really nice girl. Before he is married he is the slave of every girl, and in their inmost hearts each of them despises him. The result is that the girl who marries him is she who can get nobody else.

Just as she imposes upon him, so do all her relatives. They will visit him, borrow of him, sponge upon him to a heartless extent, but was beside him if he ever wants any help. It's always: “Sorry, old man, but I'm particularly hard up this month,” or some similar excuse.

Although life is worth living, taken all round it is a hard world, and one has to be fairly hard-natured to make any respectable show in it nowadays. Good nature can be carried too far.

### The World's Lost Secrets

ARTS AND CRAFTS THAT HAVE VANISHED.

**N**UMEROUS are the trade secrets handed down generation after generation from father to son, and vast is the capital made out of some of them in the commercial world of to-day.

Particularly, perhaps is this the case among the numerous manufacturers of piquant sauces and the countless vendors of patent medicines.

But there is also, it must be remembered, another side to the case. Many, alas! are the priceless trade secrets buried far down below the mouldering dust of the misty past, and lost to the world, perchance never again to be recovered.

To cite the first example that occurs to the mind of the writer, for instance, what would an artist of the present day give to be possessed of the secret held by the Old Masters—Raphael, Rubens, Corregio, Van Dyck, and their compeers—for mixing their colors so as to render them imperishable and impervious to the ravages of time?

The red colors, especially, of these artists of a bygone epoch are every whit as bright now as they were three long centuries ago. On the contrary, the colors of pictures painted only a hundred years ago have lost their lustre, and are faded and decayed in a deplorable extent.

Again, in the world of music, the manufacturers of violins—Old Masters, as one may justifiably term them, in another branch of art—treasured a recipe for a varnish that sank into the wood of their incomparable instruments, and mellowed it as well as preserved it.

With such extreme, relentless jealousy, however, did they guard their great secret that it, too, is lost, to all appearance, irrevocably.

Rather more than a hundred years ago there lived in a quaint, old-world village in Wales a working blacksmith

who had managed by some means or other to bring the welding of steel to such a pitch of perfection that the joint was absolutely invisible, and the temper of the steel as fine as on the day it left the taster's hands. By his process he was able to join the very finest of sword blades, and after he had finished with them they were absolutely as good and as sound as when they had left the factory.

The blacksmith's fame spread far and wide, and, naturally, he attained a great reputation; but he made a point of invariably working in solitude. He was offered large and tempting sums to divulge his secret, but kept it obstinately to himself, and when his span of life had run its course he took it with him to another world.

The ancient Greeks had a substance which we call Greek fire, and which they used in naval warfare. Their method of employing it was simply this—to throw the substance upon the surface of the water, where it flamed up and set fire to the ships of the enemy. What was it? The only known substance of the present day that would do this is the metal potassium, but to set fire to a ship in the manner described would necessitate the use of at least half a ton of the metal.

Yet another perennial and ever-green conundrum. What were the Pyramids of Egypt intended for? And how were they erected? With all the scientific and practical knowledge at the command of the engineers of the present day, they are not capable of building the Pyramids in the first place, because we have no machinery of sufficient power to raise enormous blocks of stone such as form them to a height of four hundred and odd feet; and, secondly, we should be at a loss where to obtain the said stone.

trast for true chicness, but when worn by a dashing brunette the effect is most admirable.

Before I tell you more of our fashion secrets let me whisper one that is no longer a secret in Paris. We are to wear fur on our gowns and evening coats, even in August dogdays. Yes, touches of skunk are appearing on evening costumes that will not be worn until July.

I have already sent you news of that latest creation in the way of theatre coats, which provides its own neck scarf by means of the permanent attachment—or, rather, continuation—of the soft chiffon velvet at one side and the final bordering of the supple length of fabric, with two narrow bandings of the sable or skunk fur, which also figures effectively on other parts of the graceful wrap. And now you must know that this new idea in neckwear has met with so much approval that it is to develop into a more or less permanent feature of the Spring fashions, and that the collarless coats of a number of the simpler tailor-mades are to be completed with a single scarf length

of their own fine twill or covert coating. Of course, in this particular form—and fabric—the scheme is only suited to the special requirements of motoring and travelling and “sports” suits, for which purpose it is quite admirably practical, though it requires very careful treatment if it is also to be really becoming. For I need hardly point out to you perhaps that the woman who thus dares to bring somewhat neutral tinted cloth into such close contact with her throat and face must needs be able to provide the contrast of an exceedingly clear and white skin, else will the results be most fatal, though the effect may be all that is most fashionable.

Imagine, then, please, a medium length coat, cut on absolutely straight lines—indeed, its shape proclaims its kinship to my beloved “Curate” costume!—and fastening far over on the left side with groups of bone buttons tinted to match the fine covered coating twill, where soft gray and green shadings are so interwoven as to be practically inseparable, so that you are never quite sure of the color of the coat.

#### BEAUF MAN!

Jones—Dear me! You say you've given my down the law to your wife. How do you go about it?

Bones—Why, all you need is firmness. I usually go into my study, lock the door and do it through the keyhole.

#### UNFORTUNATE SIMILE.

WIFE—We have been married twelve years, and not once have I missed baking you a cake for your birthday; have I, dear?

Hubby—No, my pet. I can look back upon those cakes as milestones in my life.

#### THE CAPITALIST.

BAGGS—I have just ordered three new suits.

Waggs—You don't say so! Are you in such a flourishing condition financially that you can afford it?

“Of course I can't afford it; but my tailor can.”

#### OF COURSE.

He—You wouldn't think it, would you, but Miss Goode's engaged to a man who'd sink to any depth for money.

She—Goodness, a prize fighter? “No; a diver.”