

DECOLLETTE DANGER

REAPS ITS HARVEST

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD FACING A SEASON WHEN LOW NECK GOWNS LAY THE FOUNDATION FOR DISEASE



Miss Annie Best
WHO WITH A PRETTY NECK AND SHOULDERS LOOKS BEST IN EVENING DRESS.



Mrs. John R. Drexel
CHARMING IN EVENING DRESS.



Mrs. Robert Voilet
WHOM DECOLLETTE IS MOST BECOMING.



Mrs. John Jacob Astor
WHO IS STILL SUFFERING FROM THE EFFECTS OF A GOLD CONTRACTED A YEAR AGO THROUGH WEARING A LOW NECKED GOWN



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt
WHO WEARS MANY COSTLY DECOLLETTE COSTUMES

SOCIETY is bemoaning the approach of the season when the deadly decollete dress claims most of its victims. This is the period, between the closing days of September and the beginning of Winter. Then the society matron faces this dread choice of evils. Either she must go to evening functions in high-necked dress, and suffer by comparison with her sisters attired in the garb dictated by the canons of polite intercourse, or she must risk her health in the draughts of houses not yet made ready for the cool evenings that come with the waning of September. The problem is an annual one, and every year the decollete danger claims victims by the score. During the Summer when Newport and other fashionable watering places have gathered unto themselves those who live continually in the high white light that plays as incessantly on society as on monarchs, town houses have been closed and heating apparatus disconnected. When the exodus from shore and forest brings back the Four Hundred, it is still too warm for furnaces and steam pipes, and the sources of heat continue out of commission. Then comes a dance or reception. Society in decollette turns out. The deadly draught gets in its work on shoulders, necks and arms bared in conformity to fashion's laws. The remainder of the process is quickly described, a chilliness, a cough, and unless heroic measures are quickly resorted to the foundation has been laid for an illness that lasts all Winter. Mrs. John Jacob Astor is still the victim of a cold she developed in this way a full year ago. The lovely wife of the New York financier is famed equally for the possession of a superb pair of shoulders, and the knowledge of how to pick out the kind of effect that best suits them off. It is the boast of those who know Mrs. Astor that she never wears an elaborate gown that does not contain some absolutely new and surprising effect. If not in the dress or trimming, then in the arrangement of the hair or the jewels she wears. All of her gowns are cut in a

pronounced "V" in the back, and the angle of the letter is permitted to descend quite a depth. It was while wearing such a dress last Fall at the beginning of the season that she developed a slight cold. This was allowed to go unnoticed. In England this Summer Mrs. Astor made a sensation, and in the triumphs that came to her naturally she did not stop to take into account the risk she was running by continuing to pile cold after cold on the original trouble. Duchesses sought the brilliant young American woman, who without cessation continued to demonstrate her absolute genius for gowns. The biggest event of the London season was a court function, and for this Mrs. Astor prepared a remarkable gown, which was made of gold embroidered satin and had a cloth of gold train hanging from the waist line. This gown was meant to be the final and most notable effort of Mrs. Astor, but she was destined not to wear it at this function or at any of a dozen which have come in the interval, for a day before that slight cold picked up in October, and neglected ever since, had become a complete breakdown, and the young matron was forced to cancel all her engagements and begin a battle for health. That contest has not yet completely ended, though Mrs. Astor is much improved. She has left the Hotel Ritz, where she stayed at first, and has dispersed with the two physicians who had been in charge for a considerable time. Mrs. Astor's disappointment over this unfortunate breakdown at the very climax of a brilliant London season was increased by the fact that it will compel her to be less active in New York this season, at a time when it had been destined to succeed to the mantle of social leadership resigned by Mrs. William Astor, whose daughter-in-law she is. Colonel Astor, who is deeply in love with his beautiful wife, considers the matter grave, and will probably exercise a polite espionage over what she wears whenever there is the least risk. Mrs. Astor's case is only one of hundreds that occur in the charmed circle of the elect. Often at the grand opera, when for a brief instant ordinary humanity is permitted a glimpse of decollette queens as

they sit in the great flashing horseshoe of boxes, where only the blood and wealth of the nation can enter, is heard the remark of the proletariat: "What a wonder they don't catch cold!" They do. Some of them are never without colds during the season, and this in spite of the efforts of the costliest physicians in the country who receive liberal stipends for keeping healthy these daughters of plutocrats. The woman who does not wear decollette in the evening is as much a spendthrift for keeping healthy these daughters of plutocrats. The woman who does not wear decollette in the evening is as much a spendthrift for keeping healthy these daughters of plutocrats. The woman who does not wear decollette in the evening is as much a spendthrift for keeping healthy these daughters of plutocrats. A poor pair of shoulders, or an ignorance of how to dress, are always set down as the mainsprings of such action. Young and old alike, from the debutante to the dowager, all must be similarly garbed in the one particular, that the dress must be cut to a point not less than eight inches below the place where a man has his Adam's apple. After this regulation is complied with, society permits any amount of latitude in the proper costume. But decollette is as fixed a law as the ancient statutes of the Medes and the Persians. Most of the boud, matrons and dowagers like the vogue. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish thinks she never looks so well as in decollette, and is always averse to the printing of any photograph that shows her in a high-necked dress. The lovely Mrs. Robert Ogden Golet, who was Miss Elsie Whelan, presents a most superb figure with her beautiful swan-like neck exposed in the freedom of evening dress, and the dark beauty of Mrs. Clarence Mackay is ever enhanced when her white skin and black hair are placed in the contrast afforded by a decollette gown. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont wears extremely decollette gowns; so does Mrs. William Vanderbilt. The wives of the three Vanderbilt boys, Reggie, Alfred and Cornelius, are all noted for their partiality to evening dress, and all three ladies defy the cold at all seasons for the sake of indulging their penchant. No society matron has been more liberal in her gowns than Mrs. Howard Gould, her sister-in-law, Mrs. George Gould, being conservative, though, like

they sit in the great flashing horseshoe of boxes, where only the blood and wealth of the nation can enter, is heard the remark of the proletariat: "What a wonder they don't catch cold!" They do. Some of them are never without colds during the season, and this in spite of the efforts of the costliest physicians in the country who receive liberal stipends for keeping healthy these daughters of plutocrats. The woman who does not wear decollette in the evening is as much a spendthrift for keeping healthy these daughters of plutocrats. The woman who does not wear decollette in the evening is as much a spendthrift for keeping healthy these daughters of plutocrats. The woman who does not wear decollette in the evening is as much a spendthrift for keeping healthy these daughters of plutocrats. A poor pair of shoulders, or an ignorance of how to dress, are always set down as the mainsprings of such action. Young and old alike, from the debutante to the dowager, all must be similarly garbed in the one particular, that the dress must be cut to a point not less than eight inches below the place where a man has his Adam's apple. After this regulation is complied with, society permits any amount of latitude in the proper costume. But decollette is as fixed a law as the ancient statutes of the Medes and the Persians. Most of the boud, matrons and dowagers like the vogue. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish thinks she never looks so well as in decollette, and is always averse to the printing of any photograph that shows her in a high-necked dress. The lovely Mrs. Robert Ogden Golet, who was Miss Elsie Whelan, presents a most superb figure with her beautiful swan-like neck exposed in the freedom of evening dress, and the dark beauty of Mrs. Clarence Mackay is ever enhanced when her white skin and black hair are placed in the contrast afforded by a decollette gown. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont wears extremely decollette gowns; so does Mrs. William Vanderbilt. The wives of the three Vanderbilt boys, Reggie, Alfred and Cornelius, are all noted for their partiality to evening dress, and all three ladies defy the cold at all seasons for the sake of indulging their penchant. No society matron has been more liberal in her gowns than Mrs. Howard Gould, her sister-in-law, Mrs. George Gould, being conservative, though, like

without-wearing much more than is affected by the South Sea Islanders who boast no standing in the blue book. Draughts are guarded against in ball-rooms and dining-halls, and in those opera houses which are directly under the control of society, because society not only pays the freight, but has its own boards of directors who arrange in every detail for the comfort of the women who form the higher power. In December society's shoulders will be well guarded. Now is the time of danger.

ture of half a dram of carbolic acid in crystals and half a pint of alcohol. This is strong and may be diluted with more alcohol if wished. In any case, it is poisonous if taken internally, and the bottle should be so marked. It is used by mopping the irritated places with soft muslin. Nettle rash, that looks and feels so like prickly heat, comes from a slight poison in the blood and requires internal medicines. At the same time the frightful itching may be allayed by using a preparation of one dram of boracic acid, a quarter of an ounce of ointment of rose-water and a quarter of an ounce of oxide of zinc ointment. This should be well mixed and applied externally frequently. The same is good for prickly heat, but this form of Summer irritation does not require quite such a strong remedy. Everything possible should be done to cool the blood. Lightweight clothing should be worn, heating foods avoided, alcohols entirely eliminated from the diet and cool baths taken twice a day. As frequently as one may, the affected parts should be mopped with a lotion made of two ounces of lime water and a quarter ounce of levigated calamine. This should be shaken before using. Any simple toilet powder, such as talcum, or even powdered starch, chalk or magnesia, may be plentifully sprinkled over. The infection from poison ivy distinctly

takes the form of itching, and at the first indication of it the place should be washed in alcohol, mopping well. After that apply a lotion made of a quarter ounce of impure carbonate of zinc and one ounce each of glycerine and lime water. It is well to wet a thin muslin with this and keep it constantly moist over the place. **Tree Half Maple, Half Pine.** The town of Westminister, Mass. boasts a remarkable double tree, half evergreen and half deciduous, part of which is green in foliage the year through. In the northeastern corner of the town, a few rods west of the junction of the lines of Westminister, Gardner and Ashburnham, stands this tree which can plainly be seen from the Boston & Maine Railroad tracks. The tree is solid for about four feet of its trunk, where the separation begins. The southerly side is maple and the northerly pine, an apparently wise division, for it places the hardy side against the rougher weather. On close examination the tree shows plainly the difference in character of bark on the trunk. How the "frank" tree originated no one seems to know.—Boston Glob.

For Irritation of the Skin

AN excessive irritation of the skin that does not amount to prickly heat, but still is most uncomfortable, is one of the unpleasant effects of warm weather that unless allayed often becomes serious. It is the constant rubbing or scratching of affected parts that develops soreness which cooling or soothing applications will prevent. If bites of any insects, including mosquitoes, are responsible for the discomfort, a combination of a half dram of betanaphthol and a gill of lavender water

will be found excellent. Alcohol may be substituted for the lavender water if desired. This should be rubbed on frequently. Another good thing is a half-ounce of ointment of oleate of mercury with five grains of camphor. This should not be used if the skin is broken. When the irritation can be traced as being due to overheated blood, almost anything cooling is soothing. In simple cases frequent bathing with cold water, made strong with bicarbonate of soda is excellent, but it is not a cure. More likely to subdue the itching entirely is a mix-