

# PHARAOH, IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?



Flowing Sleeves and a Wonderful Hat.

How the Ancient Egyptian Women Discounted all Our Modern Styles.

"PHARAOH, is my hat on straight?"

It was the familiar question. Easteride had not yet been dreamed of; the springtime that America and middle Europe know was a fable, recalled by doubtfully smiling travelers; the prophecy that imperial Egypt would become vassal to Briton, Turk, or even Roman, would have been met with the stare that wonders over madness, for even Rome consisted merely of some stray pigs and a pack of wolves.

But in Egypt, as far back as 4000 years ago, and probably in the generations that flourished there nearer to the dawn of time, the eternal question held its perennial sway. Egypt's queens, from beautiful Nebto and entrancing Taia, down to irresistible Cleopatra, when she gave foolish Antony the title of her lord, had the same anxiety which has beset the sex to this very day, when the military cone soars toward affrighted heaven, while heaven hurriedly withdraws its arch, lest some fashionable feather brush away a galaxy of its stars.

Hats! Why, the fearful and wonderful productions from Paris and from Mlle. McGonigle, French modiste and milliner, are no more to be compared with the "creations" of ancient Egypt than the inventions of modern man can compare with the original creation.

IT'S HARD; of course, it's hard, to pay \$40.87 for a brand new Parisian novelty spring confection and then have some mousing old scientist come along and declare that Clara Louise Chennetumum, who played queen over Egypt three centuries before Rameses III planted vineyards, for the new town he founded in the delta of the Nile, had hats that would have made the 1908 trapezoid look like \$1.38—could there be any chagrin more disheartening?

There could, and there is. It would come when the same scientific, neurologic, archeological, recon-structive, obsolete old fossil chose to aver that you couldn't invent a style, a custom, a prerogative that would amount to more than a meek echo of those the women of Egypt enjoyed before your hundredth ancestor was teaching her grandmother how to suck eggs.

Your hats? The Audubon Society and the S. P. C. A., whose appeals against the slaying of birds for your decoration and delectation seem to date back beyond your earliest, innocently sympathetic childhood, ought to have begun somewhere back in the Egyptian past, say about the era of King Amounoph, when he sat upon the knees of his governess and cast admiring eyes upon the millinery of his royal mamma, as she went out calling with a large and handsomely em-bellished vulture on the top of her head.

Your bonnets, down even to the quaint Dutch caps that so jealously—and so stingily—hide your growing locks? The Egyptian women, at some epoch or another, discounted them all, with peaks that rivaled the pyramids and with caps that set the fashion for the Sphinx.

Point of fact, the milliner's art would appear to have vastly degenerated. Today its highest claim to honor is that it calls for skilled designing of hats that shall be "pictures" in those days it attained the dignity of being architecture.

ORIGIN OF THE HAIR WAVE

But surely modern hairdressing, and that noblest work of man—or woman, the Marcel wave—surely, these styles are new?

As they used to say in the fashionable novel—ali-al! no.

The women of Egypt started in with heads of hair as good as those of the loveliest brunettes now making their debut—maybe with better, for they had fewer grandmothers with histories of alternation between lice powder and curling tongs.

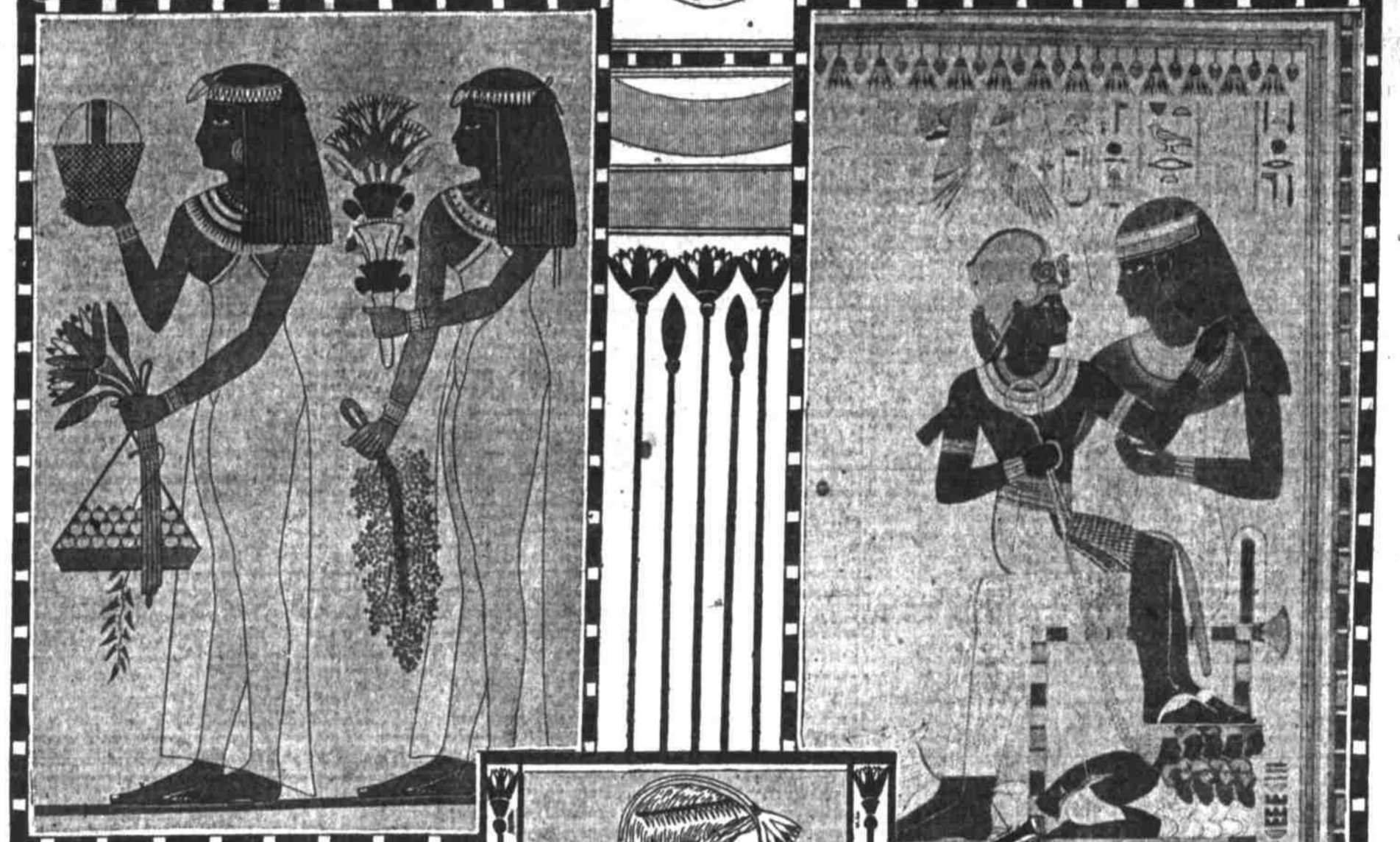
They turned right in and plaited those voluminous locks into pigstails innumerable, until they realized that style is not tradition, but novelty. Forthwith, they unplaited them, and, like Jane, who when she left the village was so shy, they hung those tresses down their backs.

Fashions change now every season; but in those days, when, as we all know, there was more time to spare before the arrival of eternity, they moved some-what more slowly—say, about once in two or three dynasties.

But the Egyptian women got there at last; they carried the hair in ringlets about the head, and used a few at the nape of the neck as fascinators; and, if they hadn't enough hair of their own to spare, they added a few curls that had belonged to somebody else, just as you did a few years ago, when you looked so lovely.

If they were not satisfied with their hair which-never way they were able to arrange it, they had no more scruples than the modern woman about buying a whole wig. And they were a good deal cleaner than the fashionable beauties of the European courts a few generations back, who, only recently emerged from the Middle Ages—that "thousand years without a bath"—delighted beholders with the most marvelous superstructures of hirsute material, and kept the same foundations so permanently free from comb and brush that the imitation "rat" of the present might well have its real prototype in the recent past.

Cleopatra advised Caesar to use a hair tonic, according to Bernard Shaw. Bernard, when he said it,



Evening Dress in Ancient Egypt.

probably knew nobody would believe him. That was where everybody made a mistake. Cleopatra could have tipped off the strenuous Roman to more hair tonics than any three tonsorial artists and any five massage specialists in the United States or Fifth avenue. She had whole millennia of hair tonic experiments to draw upon, from the fat of a black serpent to the oil in which he should have boiled a hoot from his favorite donkey.

As for cosmetics, an Egyptian lady's dressing-table had more dainty alabaster vases, artistically carved jars and delicate tapers than the husband of the most elegantly perfected Parisienne ever failed to learn the use of.

On this side of the water our women go only half the glorious way of fashion, after all; that is why so many styles that look inimitable in Paris are not at all imitable here. Yet even the extreme of paint, powder and eyebrow stain to which the most ultra and made-up of French women can attain would have looked crude in the eyes of the Egyptian woman of fashion.

A calm, unprejudiced view of the countless drawings that have come to light in the course of excavations in Egypt would convince any woman, let alone any common, logical male archeologist, that the novelty-craving sex might plan and contrive and devise, with gorges, tucks, ruffles, hems, pleats and cuts on the bias, for the next 4000 years, and still fail to produce a fashion essentially different from something that adorned their sisters of antiquity, whose poor, shriveled forms, once so warm and glowing with the fragrant fires of youth, the thieving fellahs now rejoice to dig out of the pious peace of ages, that they may violate the dust covered slumber and loot an earring or a brooch.

From the dolls that tiny Taia played with to the dress her mother wore, in some manner the fashions of nowadays seem to have been either completely antedated or, at least, prefigured in ancient Egypt. There is, a remarkably up-to-date illustration.

For several years the skirt of the modern fashion-able woman has been growing tighter and tighter.



The Necklaces and Bracelets Were Popular.

frankly designed to emphasize the outlines of the lower limbs. Fashioned with a plainness which eliminated every accessory that might detract from the admirable simplicity of nature's curves, the limit was at length achieved, construction could go no further.

Behold a new, a brand new fashion; tight from ankle to waist—and welter necks, to quote from the innocuous German—except the skirt, and that skirt sufficiently delicate to let the light shine through.

It was a new fashion, indeed; new enough to startle into life all the criticism which has been the breath of fashion since the first woman with a good neck be-came morally convinced that décolleté was full dress.

King Amounoph II and His Governess.

Today—or, to be very timely, this evening—the translucent gown is the very, very latest thing in fashion. And it is, at the same time, the very, very an-cientest. Only it is a poor, pitiful, weak, timorous—for all it is so temerarious—imitation of the most popular style that was known in Egypt from time im-memorial.

These daring ladies of A. D. 1908 could go back into century past history of B. C., and feel meek and humble of spirit beside even the least stylish of fashion-able women then.

If, so lightly clad in her semi-transparent dress and the half revealed tights, one of them had alighted at the door of an old Egyptian house and deceived the slaves into admitting her to the gay and cultured company who were talking art, listening to the band and comparing bracelets and earrings while they awaited the summons to dinner, she would have found herself very much behind the times.

"Who can this overdressed frump possibly be?" the women who have wondered. "Might be almost passable, if she had a decent skirt on," the men would have commented, in confidential asides. "Some wretched barbarian from that horrid Greece, where they keep their women indoors, loaded down with draperies," her hostess would have surmised; "I suppose I shall be compelled to introduce her to avoid a scene."

And then those gentle visions of beauty would have greeted her with the supercilious tolerance a really fashionable woman can deign to such a dowd from the elegant superiority of her own total freedom from tights and her attire in a simple skirt so thin that the archeologists have disputed, time and again, whether it could be anything at all or, at most, an optical illusion.

The physical culture fad—never happened before; oh, no, of course not—was as surely part of the Egyp-



Birds Were Used for Head Dress.

tian woman's devotion to fashion as—well, as the tightly fitting dress is now the logical sequence of the physical culture fad.

Even archery, which some groups of girls took up recently—perhaps in the hope of bust and shoulders—was just about as popular, and just about as more popular, with the daintily ambitious damsels of old Pharaoh's time.

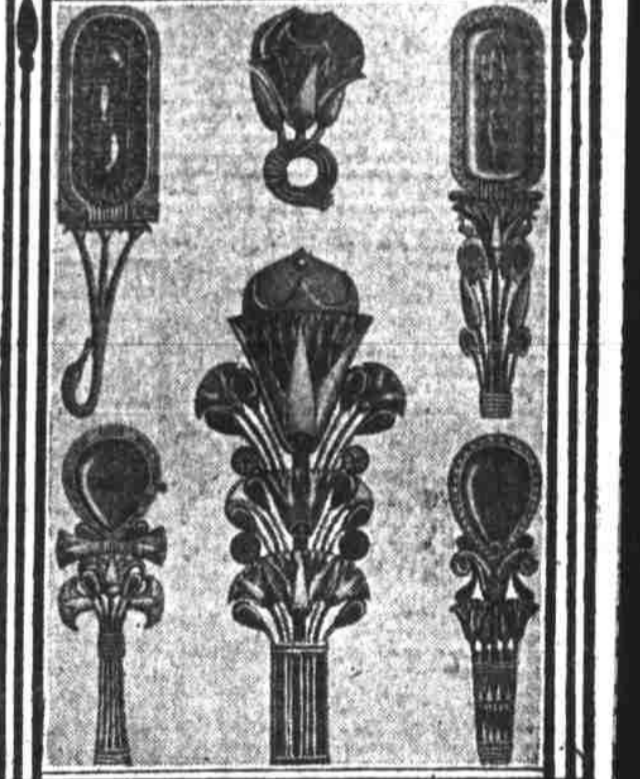
They played handball a little better than now; they took the loose change away from friendly game-sters just as hospitably as we take it with bridge, and they knew the quality of fashionable wines quite as authoritatively as any duly learned hostess of today—indeed, a good deal better, for they knew so much about wines that they limited their use to matrons, where modern society has found it smart for girls to be connoisseurs of claret.

As for woman's rights, the latest revelations which we have from the Papyrus Libby, now the property of the Toledo Museum of Art, show that modern woman, instead of being engaged in a struggle for new ones, is simply climbing back to the grandeur which long ago were hers.

When a woman married, in the reign of Kabbasha, as late as 341 B. C., she dictated the terms. When she repudiated her spouse, she let him have only half the dowry—and he had to give it in the first place.

There was no foreign marriage dot investment about the Egyptian woman; she knew her value. And, whenever she did decide to separate from him, out of all the money they saved during marriage she could pack him off into the empty world with only 23 per cent.

But these last few details are mentioned in strict confidence, you know.



Toilet Articles for My Lady's Boudoir.

## HOW QUEEN ALEXANDRA KEEPS HER BEAUTY



Queen Alexandra of England.

HAS the "youngest grandmother of Eu-rope" discovered the secret of perpetual youth?

To the whole civilized world Queen Alexandra of England is a marvel. At 60 she looks younger than her daughters. Old Father Time has dealt as leniently with her as with Cleopatra or Julie Recamier.

Passé ladies of all lands are pessimistic. They smile the smiles of the knowing when the queen's never-fading beauty is mentioned. What they seek are the secrets of her vanity box.

What wonderful face cream does she use? Is it true that she enamels so dreadfully that she dare not smile?

Neither, say those who know. Careful dieting, constant massaging—these are the only means the queen uses to preserve her beauty.

WHETHER the beauty question starts with Helen of Troy or Madame Nazimova, her majesty of England is pretty sure to figure in the conversation before the first breath is exhausted.

In the early days of her marriage she then princess of Wales was likely to be referred to as the most peerless beauty of the day. Everything she did was quoted, everything she wore was copied—for she has always known how to dress.

After the birth of her numerous sons and daughters the marvel of the princess' unchanging beauty continued to be a favorite topic of discussion. And when the daughters grew up and appeared at court they were one after another compared with their mother, who looked equally as young as any of them and much more beautiful.

About this time it began to be whispered about among those who were in no way connected with the princess that it was to her "vanity box" that she now owed her reputation as the most beautiful royal personage of her time. Especially emphatic in this were those who had never seen her royal highness.

The theory had its side of reason, at least—so it very naturally grew, especially when the cosmetic maker realized its value among gullible women. From the time of the queen's coronation on it has not been by her flawless skin nor the exquisite contour of her oval face that she has retained her place in the beauty discussion, but by the probability of her using or not using this or that face bleach, or rouge, or enamel.

Never had the beauty specialist such a valuable asset as Queen Alexandra, which is not by any means lost upon those to whom it means the most.

In London, in Paris, in Berlin the beauty doctor will carefully close the door of the little mirrored



Best-Dressed Sovereign

"chamber of horrors" before confiding to one that it is this very selfsame smothering face steamer or prickly electric battery that the queen employs before applying his own particular make of sticky paste, which she invariably uses as a foundation to hold his own particular rouge and powder against the treach-erous dampness of a London fog, the stifles of a char-geur or the blaze of a Riviera sun!

That some of these stories, at least, find a certain amount of credence is shown by their repetition, the following example being the usual manner of this—in its commencement, at least:

The scene was the deck of an incoming trans-atlantic liner; the time, a few weeks ago, the charac-ter, a little group of ultra-fashionable women pas-sengers.

As they sat in their sterner chairs they fairly hugged themselves—figuratively speaking, for it was not because of the cold, but on account of the knowl-edge that they would make their flight into the height of the American season plumed in the very latest feathers of the Rue de la Paix. By outstaying the summer tourist and the commercial "buyer" they had profited for themselves the duplicates of those later models prepared for European royalties and court beauties.

The taste of royalty in dress was the subject under fire, the palm being voted to the queen of England as the best dressed sovereign of Europe. Thus the ball was started rolling along the old familiar alley, though with a different tuning this time that brought in an unexpected ten-stroke for the queen's much-disputed naturalness.

One woman remarked that she had seen the queen in Bond street just before sailing. "Of course, we are all tired of hearing it, but it is really true that

she did not look a minute over 30."

"Ah, but did you see her smile?" asked a wiser speaker. According to the latter, the queen is now like that poor old English king whose son was lost in the "white ship" and who was "never seen to smile after that day"—the day in Queen Alexandra's case being the one when she was supposed to have taken to wearing a certain crackly enamel on her face. It had been shown to this woman in a coiffeur's place not far from Buckingham Palace.

And so it went. The poor lady is not only supposed to wear a false neck, false eyebrows and a wig, but she now remains away from many functions that she has been wont to attend, owing, not to the in-crease of years, but to the hair dye which she used before she took to a wig. This particular dye has not only made her bald, but had rendered her embarrass-ingly deaf!

At this point of the conversation a woman nearby drew her chair up to the group. Her radiant com-plexion would have marked her as English if her accent had not.

"I cannot resist telling you what I know about this," she said, "for the subject is important to all of us and it has always had a special interest to me."

"I know what I am going to tell you to be true, because my husband is a physician in one of the large London hospitals, and so in close communication with the leading men of his profession. In this way, too, I have been seeing the queen at close range for a great number of years, wondering more each succeeding time if my eyes might not be playing me a trick."

"The last time that I came face to face with her majesty was a few weeks ago at a reunion of the members of the Botanical Gardens. It was a clear bright day, and I stood as near to her as I am to any of you. She looked not a minute older than you do."

The speaker inclined her head in the direction of a pretty, lively-looking little matron of 30.

"The queen's hair is tinted, but I am sure that it is the only touch of artificiality about her. She does not wear a wig, and as to her deafness—it may exist at times, but I have never noticed any member of her household, nor any one else, raise their voice in speaking to her. She, perhaps, uses the usual touch of face powder, but not a suspicion of rouge, for her skin at the distance of three feet looks as soft and smooth as a baby's. The fact is merely this: Queen Alexandra has supplanted Cleopatra and Julie Recamier in the affections of fickle old Father Time!"

"The secret of it? Why, I don't believe the queen makes any secret of it. The whole thing is massage and diet—this I know through my husband, for the queen's beauty is especially looked after by the best specialist in England. Every morning the massage is prescribed. I believe that some hours are given to it as wear as to exercise and bathing, in all of which the queen is careful that the most minute directions shall be carried out. She has never been a vain woman in the least, but she appreciates her beauty and has always taken great care of it. The method is merely a natural, if luxurious, one of preserving a great natural gift."