MEN'S FASHIONS ARE BORN AT MARIENBAD

Only Chance the Tailors and Outfitters Have of Observing Minutely the Clothes of the "First Gentleman of Europe" is When He Goes to Austria for His Annual "Cure," and They Make the Best of the Opportunity

By Rudolph von Elphberg.

MARIENBAD, Sept. 29.—King Edward of England, notwithstanding the fact that he is now approaching his 70th year and has come to be regarded as one of the most astute diplomats and statesmen in the world, is still recognized as the first gentleman in Europe in matters of fashion, and in accordance with his reputation as the acknowledged leader of men's modes, all those male inhabitants of European countries who desire to be regarded as smart and up to date in regard to their personal attire, model their clothes as nearly as possible after those worn by England's monarch.

Although King Edward is popularly supposed to be a democratic sovereign closely in touch with the nation over which he rules, it is erroneous to suppose that he moves freely in public in England. His appearance in the streets of London or any other public place would signal for so much mobbing on the part of the curious crowd that it is impossible for him to live and move among his subjects like an ordinary mortal. Although he is not guarded by military forces and legions of police, like the czar of Russia, or the German emperor, he is nevertheless perpetually secluded from public observation and his movements take place behind a certain veil of exclusiveness. When he pays visits to the dukes and lords who enjoy his favor, their country residences and estates are carefully closed to the general public, so that the king can walk about in their magnificent parks without being molested by his enterprising subjects.

Generally speaking it is thus only possible to procure passing glimpses of the king of England, so that those business men whose duty it is to study the fashions and to design the articles of male attire are not able to pursue their studies to their satisfaction. The only opportunity during the year which they enjoy in this direction is offered by King Edward's annual summer holiday at Marienbad, and consequently, the leading tailors of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, St. Petersburg, Budapesth, and the smaller European capitals come here to carry out a systematic observation of the king during the three weeks in which he drinks the health-giving waters of the springs and lives the simple life, to cure himself of the results of rich and luxurious living in England. When the king arrives towards the end of August, a swarm of tailors and outfitters from all the capitals of Europe are waiting to pursue their studies of the way in which the first gentleman clothes and decorates his august body. Hatters, hosiers, shirtmakers, shoemakers, vendors of underwear, collarmakers and cuff manufacturers, glovemakers and jewelers, are all there to carry out the necessary observations in their respective spheres of activity. During the king's visit to Marienbad they exploit to the full so excellent an opportunity of watching Edward's taste in all departments of clothing and outfitting.

MARIENBAD
KING'S HOTEL IN DISTANCE

Every morning before 7 o'clock, the king appears on the public promenade to drink the waters from the springs, together with hundreds of visitors from all parts of the world assembled at Marienbad, and at this early hour he invariably wears a lounge sack suit, with other articles of clothing to match, but whatever the color of the suit may be he always wears a colored shirt and brown shoes. It is noticeable that the king has an especial liking for red in dressing himself, for on nine days out of 10 he wears a red tie and almost every day red stockings can be seen peeping forth between his turned-up trousers and low shoes.

The king takes with him to Marienbad more than 100 large trunks for a stay of three weeks, so that he has a liberal choice of clothes from which to choose every morning. It is noticeable that he dons a different suit on each morning and that he varies the color of the shirts and hats in the same way, the red socks being the only point in which he prefers sameness from day to day. If he appears in a gray suit one morning he wears a brown suit next day, a blue suit on the third day, another shade of gray on the fourth, a different hue of brown on the fifth, green clothes on the sixth and so on till he has exhausted the stock of suits which he has brought with him and begins again at the beginning. The color of the soft felt hat always corresponds to the color of the suit, so that a gray hat accompanies a gray coat, and a green hat a green suit.

Many of the king's colored shirts are made with the collars affixed to them, and the collar is made of the same material and is the same color as the shirt itself. Sometimes the king wears a white collar on a colored shirt, but the cuffs are always of the same color as the material of the shirt. The king's handkerchief also corresponds to the color of the suit which he is wearing.

If the weather be cold the king reveals the possession of an amazing variety of overcoats and ulsters of all colors, lengths and styles, and altogether his early morning promenades yield a world of observations in regard to the kind of clothing to be worn on unceremonial occasions.

If the king goes out to lunch or to afternoon tea, as is often the case during his Marienbad visit, he wears, by preference, gray frock coats or gray cut-a-way coats with tails, surmounted by a gray top hat, a style of dressing which is sometimes varied by a blue frock coat, or blue cut-a-way, also surmounted by a gray top hat. In the evening the king either goes to the local theatre, or attends a small and comparatively informal dinner party given by some English, French or Austrian aristocrat in his honor, and on these occasions he wears a dining jacket with a black tie. Once or twice during his summer vacation there may be a more formal dinner to attend, and then the king always goes out in full evening dress and white tie. Every Sunday morning he religiously attends the little English church, and then he dons the traditional tall black silk hat typical of the English Sunday, together with a black frock coat, colored waistcoat and gray trousers.

The makers of European fashions have thus ample opportunities for study. Every morning on the promenade they can be seen, notebook in hand, jotting down particulars of their observations, or making sketches of this or that feature of King Edward's outfit. If he goes for a walk they shadow him, and if he takes a drive they are again on the lookout to spy out any other alterations in his costume which may be worthy of imitation. On Sundays, their rush to obtain seats in the English church became such a nuisance, inasmuch as they occupied seats which ought to have been available for English worshipers, who were thus excluded, that the officiating clergyman was obliged to give orders to exclude them, and now they have to content themselves with watching the king as he alights from the carriage and walks through the little churchyard.

In the theatre, however, they have a fine field for observation, and many of them engage seats for every performance which the king attends, paying extravagant prices to make sure of their places. In the theatre, the king sits in a conspicuous position in the front of a box on the first circle, immediately opposite the stage, and his vigilant shadowers are then able to get the exact lines of the evening dress or dining jacket. The king's dining jackets this year are rather long, with graceful inward lines at the waist and with a link button. The waistcoat is cut rather more narrowly than hitherto, so that the visible expanse of white shirt has a smaller area than former fashions. With full evening dress the king wears a white waistcoat, quite narrowly cut, so that the visible expanse of shirt front is shaped like a "V."

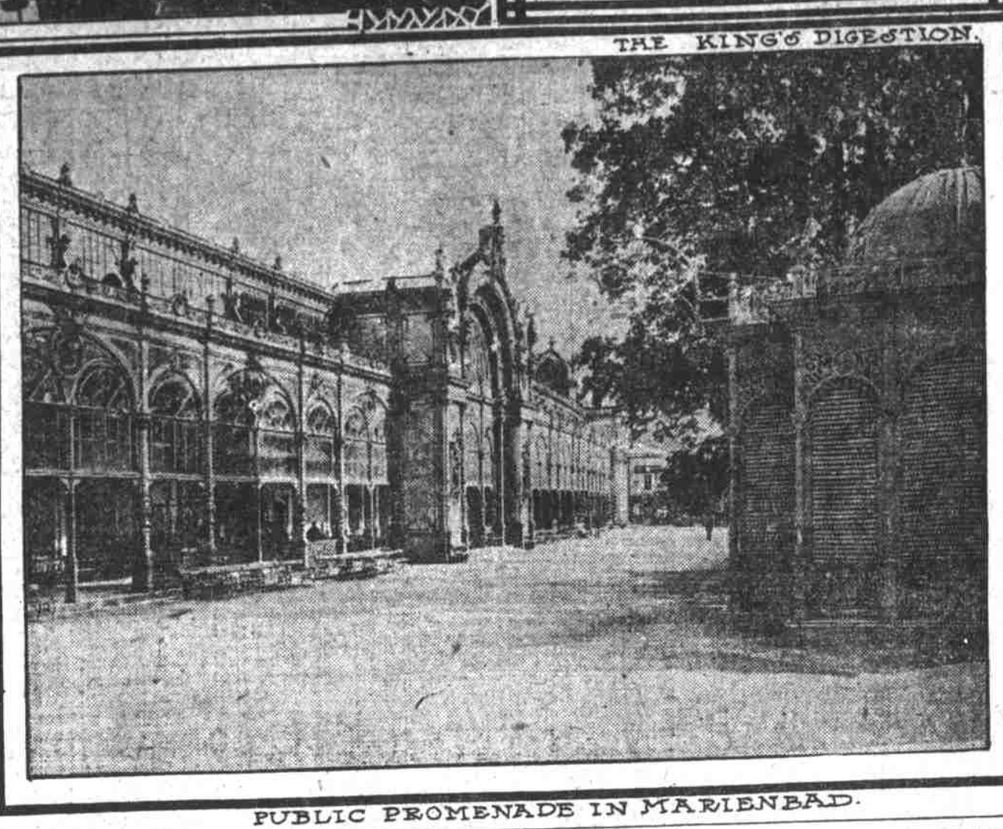
In the theatre, all the jewelers are able with the help of their opera glasses to note the exact size and form of the king's diamond or pearl shirt studs, and the particular kind of ornament which he uses as cuff studs. Many of these enterprising tailors and outfitters endeavor to obtain snapshots of the king to supplement their notes and sketches, but they experience great difficulties in so doing, because the police are ever on the alert to prevent the cameras from coming into play.

When the observations are completed the swarm of tailors and outfitters of all classes rush back to their respective capitals to order garments in accordance with their Marienbad records. The clothes which King Edward wears during his summer vacation in the Austrian watering place thus form the basis for the fashions in all the countries of Europe, and these modes and styles hold good until the army of watchers are able to revise their knowledge of Europe's first gentleman's style of dressing himself a year later.

King Edward's annual visit to Marienbad which, I am told, he intends to pay as long as he lives, has thus become a matter of great importance to all men of fashion and those employed in dress and industries connected with men's modes. It is noteworthy that tailors and outfitters are not the only ones who crowd to Marienbad to shadow the king, their example being followed by the most ambitious and most exquisite of the young dudes in the continental capitals. These men of fashion who desire to be ultra up to date in their clothes, proceed to Marienbad to carry out their own observations of King Edward's articles of dress, and when they have obtained the desired information they hurry homeward and give their own orders to their own particular makers, in order to forestall the professional watchers at Marienbad. Within a few days of King Edward's appearance on the public promenade at Marienbad these young dudes reappear in their respective residences in Budapesth, or Vienna, or Paris, as the case may be, and strut about the streets with hats of the same style, coats of the same cut, collars of the same color, shirts and stockings of the same hue, as his Britannic majesty's. They are immensely proud of this, and their claim to be leaders of fashions in their respective capitals is acknowledged because they are faithful models of the English king.

Obviously it is impossible for all these systematic observations of his person to escape the notice of the object of them. As a matter of fact, King Edward knows all about the way in which he is shadowed and is familiar with the names of most of the firms who model their fashions after his royal person. He pretends to be bored and even annoyed by the enterprising attention thus showered upon him, but as a matter of fact he is immensely proud of his position as the leader of international fashions. He thoroughly enjoys the power which he possesses to modify and altar the style of men's clothes in all the countries of Europe and he would be hurt and offended if the tailors and outfitters omitted to molest him during his Marienbad visit. It is a fact that he gives much time and thought to the invention of the new styles for which he is responsible.

THE KING'S DIGESTION.



PUBLIC PROMENADE IN MARIENBAD.

IF MANLY HE'LL WIN OUT

By John Anderson Jayne

ABOUT 10 years ago there was a young lad on the south side who became convinced that father was an old fool and that mother was at least three centuries behind the times. The lad thought that father had forgotten the time when he was a boy, and as for mother, "well, any way, what does a mother know about a boy's fancies and ambitions!" When the lad turned 16 he demanded the privilege of coming in at any hour of the night he pleased, told his mother he had quit school and that from that time on he was a man and he wanted her to know it. Naturally, the father and mother remonstrated, and remonstrated to such an extent that one fine morning in June the young lad hiked for parts unknown. Naturally the mother grieved for her son, and the father, while he did not say much about it, missed the young fellow mightily. Come to think of it, a home is a pretty quiet place when the boy, who is the life of the home with all his rackets and kick-ups, is gone. At the request of the mother, father started over to the town to employ detectives to hunt up his boy, but before he could get to a certain office he ran across an old school friend and to him he told relative to his son. Then the friend opened his mouth, and calling to the father's remembrance his own boyhood days, gave this advice: "You let the boy alone. If he's run away it's because he is tired of his home and wants to see the world, and you need not worry, for if manhood stuff is his, he'll win out all right."

That boy came home the other day after an absence of 10 years. His father didn't know him. For half an hour after he saw him he talked with him as if he was an entire stranger, for the lad had "put on girth, added inches to his stature, and above all had made a splendid young fellow of himself. So complete was the transformation that when the young fellow arose to leave his father's office, concluding the "business call," the father sighed to himself and said: "Wish I had a son like that." Just then the door opened again and the young man came back and simply smiled and said: "Father, don't you know me?" The rest had better be left to the imagination. Then the father sent the "boy" home. He wanted to "fool mother," you know, just as he had been fooled. But bless your dear heart that boy had no more than turned his foot up the lawn than the mother saw him, knew him, and—again the rest had better be left to the imagination.

The manhood stuff that was in the boy had worked out.

There are a good many fathers and mothers just eating their hearts relative to their boys. A father isn't very much of a father and a mother isn't very much of a mother who does not worry concerning their boys. But after a father and mother have done their full duty by a boy, given him the best home training they can, taught him, and examplified before him lessons of honor, given him as good an education as they can, sought to discover his bent and turn him to it, then the must leave the boy to work out his own salvation as best he may.

Fathers and mothers can go with their boys certain distances on the journey of life. Beyond those distances they cannot go. After that the boy must go it alone. If he has the manhood stuff in him, he'll turn out all right; if he hasn't, all the worrying, coaxing, beatings and prayings won't do any good. You cannot make a whistle out of a pig's tail. You can not make a purse out of a sow's ear. If a boy hasn't manhood stuff in him he'll never be a man.

If a boy of 16 or 17 years of age doesn't feel something of the promptings of manhood within him; if he doesn't want to get out in the world and see how the world wags, find out for himself what the world has to teach, you may set it down that the boy is a weakling, an effeminate, and a "softy" unworthy the name of man. The world is the boy's best school; if he has been well trained at home and has manhood stuff in him, he'll win out. Therefore, while loving your boy, Mr. Man and Mrs. Woman, remember that by a boy going up to the blackboard of experience he learns to do his sums in manhood's additions, subtractions and multiplications. You cannot do his sums for him. He must do them for himself; he'll be all the stronger for the next sum, and perhaps by and by come out to the head of the class, where his real manhood stuff will show for all it is worth.

Heroic Measures Adopted.

From Everybody's Magazine.

The colonel of a volunteer regiment camping in Virginia came across a private on the outskirts of the camp, painfully munching on something. His face was wry and his lips seemed to move only with the greatest effort.

"What are you eating?" demanded the colonel.

"Persimmons, sir."

"Good heavens! Haven't you got any more sense than to eat persimmons at this time of the year? They'll pucker the very stomach out of you!"

"I know, sir. That's why I'm eatin' 'em. I'm tryin' to shrink me stomach to fit me rations."

A Half Century of Rhyme.

(Written during a 50-mile walk on the rhymester's fiftieth birthday.)

From the South Bend News.

'Tis the dawn of my birthday; I'm fifty this morning;
And here goes for a jaunt in the open, all day!
What's that?—" 'Tis imprudent, I ought to take warning,
I'm getting too old for long walks"—did you say?
Well, the leaf of my life is not yet sere and yellow;
My joints are still supple, my withers unwrung;
If "a man's just as old as he feels," my dear fellow,
I'd have you take notice I'm fifty years young.

'Tis high noon on my birthday; my jaunt is half over—
Yes, twenty-five miles is a fair forenoon's tramp;
But the twitter of the birds and the scent of the clover
Are deliciously potent one's zest to revamp.
'Tis high noon in my life, too—fit time for professing
To heaven deep thanks for not power or wealth
But the love of true friends and that paramount blessing,
Earth's uttermost boon, the perfection of health.

Sinks the sun on my birthday; my outing is finished,
I have told off in miles my five decades of years.
Rather tired? Of course, but with verve undiminished,
And—this hint to the oldster of forty who jeers:
Would you taste life's true joy? Just be cheerful and thrifty.
Let system apportion your work and your play.
Don't worry, eat lightly, walk much—and at fifty
You may tramp with delight fifty miles in a day.

—Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.

DO THE YOUNGER DAUGHTERS MAKE THE BEST WIVES?

By M. Thompson.

YOU have noticed, probably, that the younger daughters of a family often get married whilst the older girls remain at home, there to develop into old maids. Do men imagine that these younger girls make the best wives? It is hard to say; but, at any rate, the younger girls of a family seem to have a greater power of fascinating men; they are usually brighter and more vivacious than their elder sisters.

The question, however, is this: Do these younger daughters make really good wives? Are they more fitted to take on the responsibilities of married life?

The answer in each case must be in the negative.

The average younger daughter is often a bit of a butterfly, and is very impractical, and has the smallest idea of what household routine means. Of course, that is as much her misfortune as her fault, for often her elder sisters will not grant her opportunities for developing capacity in the household.

In most homes it is the rule that the elder girls bear all responsibility. They, under the management of their mother, are allowed to conduct the establishment, purchase household goods, cater generally for the home, cook meals, and so on, and very often the household purse is under their control.

These elder girls will not tolerate any interference from younger sisters. The latter are brushed aside as being practically useless, and that is exactly what they do become in the long run. They get into the habit of expecting the elder girls to attend to everything, and look after all details.

Younger girls, too, are nearly certain to be spoiled by parents, more especially male parents, for it is a fact that the younger girls are, as a rule, far dearer to parents' hearts than the elder girls. Well, between parents' pampering and sisters doing everything for them, the younger maids are thoroughly spoiled in very many cases. They become quite useless; they cannot act independently, and frequently develop into mere dolls, without a single idea in their heads beyond dress and young men.

There is another thing, too—younger girls are allowed too much liberty, and too much in the way of new clothes, and too many new frocks, and too much liberty is not good for a girl, for a matrimonial point of view.

True enough, these things may not actually interfere with a girl's prospect of marrying; but they certainly interfere with a young woman's chances of success in married life, for after marriage a woman's liberty is much curtailed, and new dresses are often like unto oases in the desert—few and far between.

The younger daughters of the family, I fear, are rather prone to become failures as wives—they are handicapped from the very beginning of married life. Having charge of a household simply appalls a younger daughter—she knows not what to do, or how to act; she is, in fact, like a fish out of water. She lacks the guiding hand that has all along been at her beck and call, and one cannot wonder if she fails dismally.

Thus does it come about that the man who selects a younger daughter usually makes a grand mistake, for it is not until her elder sisters are married, and away from the home that she has a chance to learn all about those things which count for so much in everyday wedded life.

It must be remembered, too, that the parental pampering and petting which a younger daughter receives comes down very heavily on the man she weds.

She expects him to act toward her as did her parents, and she finds that her husband will not give in to her every whim, as did her father. What surprises her more than everything else is the astonishing fact that, whereas a few tears could extract a new dress out of papa, a whole bucketful won't conjure a hat out of hubby!

If the honest truth be told, a man who weds a younger daughter from out of a family of girls, finds that he has married a doll, a pet, a top, if you like, but certainly not a capable woman of the world to manage a household.

Many unhappy marriages are caused through men selecting and wedding younger girls. Their inexperience, their lack of practical training, make these young women of precious little use in this hard, work-a-day world, and the simplicity which, perhaps, acted like a charm with the fathers merely irritates husbands.

Why He Voted.

From Lippincott's.

The dissatisfied voter had dropped out of his regular party and tried something else at the previous election. When he appeared to register for the next primary there was some hitch in the proceedings.

"Didn't you vote the prohibition ticket last time?" inquired the clerk.

"Yes," responded the voter unabashed.

"How do you explain that?"

"Well, you see," he explained, with charming frankness, "I was drunk at the time and didn't know what I was doing."

The clerk accepted the explanation as quite satisfactory and took him back into the fold again.

HINT OF THE BUZZER

By Clara Reese.

WHEN you see him touch the "buzzer" say "good day" and make your exit as speedily as you can. It is a sign that the interview you have long sought has ended, and the call for "next" is on.

You will imperil your interests by lingering half a second after the factotum noiselessly opens the bronze-trimmed doors and bows another supplicant for favor into the room.

Don't forget your hat or your umbrella in your haste to be gone, but more than this, be in a hurry, for the note of your departure has been rung by the busy button that is now reduced to a whisper in order to protect the ears and nerves of those who control such.

In other words, be quick to take a hint, and not wait for a drumming out of the camp, brass bands, a following of idle crowds, sometimes a laugh at your expense. Get it through your head at once that something different is wanted than the tack you are on at present. Outstaying your welcome, perhaps at someone's house, or lingering too late in the dimly lighted parlor, or gossiping too freely before the wrong crowd.

There is always a hint or a signal to warn you, and if you were not so wrapped up in yourself you could not fail to observe and to profit. When "mother" comes into the room to say "goodnight" and gives a certain look towards "daughter," you are a dull one not to take the hint, shake hands and depart. When you hear a slight cough from a well-known quarter, or see a finger furtively laid across a friend's lips, or catch a lightning glimpse of rolling eyes, or a look that expresses volumes, you make a mistake not to change tactics, or at least pause and review your attitude and line of defense.

And when the "chief," while still looking you squarely in the eyes and courteous to all intents and purposes, yet allows his hand to feel gently across the desk until it strikes the small object so sensitive to touch, it is high time for you to go hence.

Do not wait in irritation to argue the point with anyone. The friend who sought to warn you will only say "nothing, keep on," and thereafter allow you to rush on to disaster; the dear girl will spare you by "you need not hurry, mother did not mean anything." The acquaintance whose generosity or hospitality you have stretched to the utmost will only reply, "you are very welcome." Even the chief may say, "you may find a comfortable chair and a newspaper in the next room," and smile on you until you are out of view.

Ah, no; in these days you must learn to observe and take a hint quickly. You will spare yourself much distress later by striving now to interpret all modern signs and modern writing between the lines. Really, some folks have become so cautious and so expert in expressing or interpreting thought that all communications in their vicinity seem to be dumb show and the use of symbols.

This is going a trifle too far, perhaps, still telepathic messages and wireless telegraphy seem to be here to stay. But, in short, it seems a pity that you are so dull as not to know a hint when it comes your way.

Smitty.

My name is Smith, I'd have you know,
But no one calls me that;
A bit to embonpoint I grow—
The vulgar say I'm fat;
I have a smile and hearty grip,
I'm always on the street,
My nickname hangs upon the lip
Of every one I greet.

"Hello there, Smitty—how is Smitty?
Got a cold? Well, that's a pity;
Cheer up, Smitty!"
That's the ditty,
Through the city—
Every witty
Foolish It, he
Calls me Smitty—
Like that;
Smitty.

Where others draw the term "old man,"
Or "John" or "Mike" or "Bill,"
Since this sad life of mine began
They've put me through the mill
With "Smitty" this and "Smitty" that
And "Smitty" so and so,
Until I question where I'm at—
Me, with a real name, Joe.

It's "Hi there, Smitty—good boy, Smitty,"
Even Mame and Bella and Kitty
Hand me Smitty;
Kid me: "pretty
Precious Ity—
Itty bitty
Snookums Smitty"—
Like that—
Smitty.

—Charles H. Barnes.

HERE IS A PLAYHOUSE ON A RAFT--Portland Youngster Knows How to Have Good Time

GROUPS OF HOUSEBOATS IN WINTER QUARTERS. "PONY" BOAT BUILT BY TWO BOYS

JUST because a chap has to live in a scow all the year round is no reason to think he can't have a playhouse like other folks. Indeed he can, and a mighty nice one, too, if he wants to take the trouble to get it.

Of course, the first requisite about a playhouse is that it should be a small imitation of the big house in which you live. Children get all their fun in imitating their elders, and when they have the most fun they dress up like their papas and mammas and go calling in the same way and sometimes they even fight in the same way. So the little fellows that live in a scow by the east side of the Madison bridge made their playhouse like their papa's house. A miniature scow stands in plain sight of all the passersby and shows that there are healthy, active children in the neighborhood.

The little house boat is probably about five feet long and three or four feet high, but all the details have been remembered in its construction. There is a door covered with a calico curtain under which they must stoop to enter their domain. There is a pipe leading out of the roof for the exit of smoke. There is the platform in front to be used as an approach to the doorway and occasionally one may see there a saucepan or some other evidence of life within. And in the rear there is a large steamboat wheel to propel the craft. There is even a staff in the rear with a colored lantern raised on its height. And boys crawl delightedly back and forth, in and out of this ideal domain and neighbor boys from other scows are entertained there right royally. And the favored ones are even allowed to crawl out on the roof carefully sheathed in plates of tin.

This little boat makes an attractive spot in the foreground of scowtown, where scows are packed in so closely that one cannot tell solid ground from loose boards or water. They are scows during the winter season when poor people live in the unhealthful atmosphere of the swampy edges of the river bank to save high rent. In the summer when they are towed up the river by a camper out they become house boats.

The question is, Should the little fellow's playhouse be called a house boat or a scow. It is copied from the parental scow, but it is to the owners a thing of pleasure and a luxury as is the house boat.

Oblivion.

From the Detroit News.

A magazine writer says: "Nine thousand young women have gone on the stage in search of admiration and have passed into oblivion." That's calling Pittsburg a pretty hard name.

For the benefit of out-door workers who must have their hands free, a German inventor has brought out a tent-shaped umbrella that straps to the shoulders.