

MODES of The MOMENT



NEW YORK.—Mme. la Mode again makes a compelling announcement that larger hats and turbans are to rule, and the worshippers at her shrine are accepting her decree with valor. Whether or not this means that the cunning little Russian turbans are to be discarded remains to be seen. But of all the fashionable headgear for mid-winter huge shapes of all kinds promise to lead. Fur toques are noticeably larger than the first models brought out early in the fall. Picture hats are of many shapes and all of unusual dimensions. Trimmings are arranged to give height. Taking all in all, millinery for the season is showy, elegant and often eccentric, with many features to be admired.

The big hat worn with a black velvet visiting costume seen the other day was the smartest of its kind we have noticed this fall. The frame was covered with black velvet and faced with white velvet. The crown was full and caught here and there to give the effect of big loose puffs. Surrounding it was a wreath of the most exquisite yellow roses in several tones, running from deep orange to pale coral color. The petals at the edges were touched with deep flame color, which dye gave the necessary character to the ensemble. The chiffon blouse that appeared above the opening of the



long revers on the coat was draped over yellow silk and trimmed with bits of yellow and gold embroidery.

Black Velvet Popular.

Black velvet, as in former winters, makes up many of the best hats. Nearly all are trimmed with plumes or aigrettes with a band of fur, or white lace and fur combined. Almost anything, so long as it looks soft and rich, goes well with feathers. The broad French tips are beautiful. This season they are wired to stand straight up with their graceful heads nodding with every move of the wearer. The smartest effects are gained in the price of Wales arrangement, when five handsome tips are used—three being placed higher than the others, but all in a close group.

Aigrettes, as they are being arranged today, are not the long, stiff affairs we have been accustomed to seeing; they are made in all sorts of attractive ornaments, such as big, fluffy-looking balls and wreaths with the aigrettes going the wrong direction. But such novelties in feathers as expensive as aigrettes will hardly last longer than one season, and it is certain they will not become common. In truth, they are only fancies for the rich in purse. The short aigrettes used in making the fluffy ornaments are selected, and especially those rich and full as to spirals. Many of the costly ornaments look like brushes, so closely are they grouped, and when black and white spirals are employed the effect is even more brushlike.

Modish Hat Seen Lately.

The hat worn with a dull blue chiffon velvet gown at a reception last week was of blue and silver all-over lace, the exact color of the frock. The model was an indescribable shape formed of a series of puffs. The brim garnish had a plating of shaded melines about four inches wide. These

fell prettily over the hair, which was arranged in loose ringlets at the nape of the neck. The only splash of contrasting color was at the right side, where there was a big ornament of French silver filigree set with sapphires, emeralds and brilliants. This was very garish in comparison to the soft tones of the lace and melines, but the effect was excellent and the extraordinary size of the ornament seemed quite in keeping with the present craze for the abnormal.

Many of the large hats and turbans are being trimmed with huge bows placed wherever the milliner decrees. Frequently the big soft taffeta bow is put at the back of the crown; then again it will be arranged a trifle to one side, but, in all events, the broad loops stand well in the air in every direction. Such trimmings are employed for undress morning hats, the frames of which are quite plain, and in this very feature lies the elegance of the finished chapeau. The smartest models are in black beaver. The crowns usually follow the brim in line, and the brim is more than apt to be broad and flat.

Coquettish head coverings are made of many different pelts. In fact, all the skins brought to this market are being employed by the fashionable milliner. Many of the shapes upon which the pelts are used are suggestive of something unusual in the way of a hat frame. Take for example the old Tyrolean and Egyptian shapes that are being trimmed with single skins of small animals. The styles are certainly picturesque enough for the most fastidious, and to certain types they are exceedingly becoming and very chic for wear with the walking costume. For runabout hats the darker furs are most in evidence, and for dress wear, ermine, often combined with taupe or sable, trims many elegant hats. The tails of the animals are introduced in all sorts of ways in the garnitures.

Millinery Feature.

Velvet or brocade brims and fur crowns and the reverse are a pronounced feature of all millinery exhibits just now. The soft tones of pelts are very often heightened by bright colors, such as deep rose and pink shades, and the bright greens and blues. Violent contrasts are in favor with all kinds of furs, and the more pronounced the touch of color the smarter the effect. Tarnished metallic laces and galloons with rare old laces and brocades are very popular with furs. A stunning big turban seen yesterday had a chinchilla crown and an enveloping brim of oxidized silver galloon.

The large size mushroom shapes lend themselves to fur trimmings admirably, and are among the most becoming shapes for youthful faces. The combining of contrasting furs in a hat or set continues to be one of the fads. A sumptuous affair made of broadtail and mink was faced with gold brocade and trimmed with a tall gold brush ornament. The crown and brim were joined with a thick gold cord buckled together with a magnificent clasp set with genuine stones of many colors. The simplicity in the trimmings of hats of the present time does not restrict the use of almost anything one desires. If one has a handsome fur turban and wishes to decorate it with a gold serpent that once did service for a belt, the idea would be looked upon as extremely smart and no doubt many would follow the example before twenty-four hours had passed.

"Double-Decker" Hat.

A number of the recent millinery achievements are marvelous in construction. The new double-decker hat is among the odd fancies of the month. A handsome chapeau of this character is now being displayed at an uptown milliner's. The under brim is of rose color velvet and the upper one a gorgeous brocade. There is a second brim, which extends into the crown, giving the impression that the crown of the brocade part has been cut out in order to allow the velvet to pass through it. At the extreme left side is a cluster of variegated feathers, introducing all the rich colorings found in the brocade. The group of plumes is held at the lower parts of the stems by a bee hive shaped ornament made of dull gold cord.

The illustration shows a stunning costume of black satin and blue braided black net, and the above sketch shows the use of both materials and the deep girdle is blue satin, matching the braid. The yoke is heavy white lace and the stock tucked white chiffon. Accompanying this is a huge black satin hat, the top of brim covered with blue, and a magnificent wing in shaded blue is placed directly in front.

THE QUICKENING

—BY—
FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XXV.

Hoping always for the best, after the manner prescribed for optimistic gentlemen who successfully exploit their fellows, Mr. Duxbury Farley did not deem it necessary to confide fully in his son when the representative of American Aqueduct broke off negotiations abruptly and went back to New York.

When the comfortable arrangement with the pipe trust threatened to miscarry, all he did was to urge Vincent to hasten the day when Miss Dabney's stock could be utilized as a Farley asset. Pressed for particular reasons, he turned it off lightly. A young man in the fever of ante-nuptial expectancy was a mere pawn in the business game; let it be over and done with, so that the nominal treasurer of Chiawasee Limited could once more become the true owner in fact.

Whereupon Vincent, who rode badly at best, bought a new saddle-horse and took his place at Miss Dabney's whip-hand in the early morning rides, the place formerly filled by Tom Gordon, which was not the part of wisdom, one would say. Contrasts are pitiless things; and the wary woman-hunter will break new paths rather than traverse those already broken by his rival.

Tom, meanwhile, had apparently relapsed into his former condition of disinterest, and was once more spending his days on the mountain, seemingly bent on effacing himself socially, as he had been effaced business-wise by the Farley overturn.

A week or more after the relapse, as he was crossing the road leading over the mountain's shoulder, he came on the morning riders walking their horses toward Paradise, and saw trouble in Miss Dabney's eyes, and on Farley's impassive face a mask of sullen anger.

With the negotiations for the sale to the trust so abruptly terminated, the promoter-president set instant and anxious inquiry afoot to determine the cause. It was soon revealed; and when Mr. Farley found that the pipe-pit patents had not been transferred with the Gordon plant, and that Major Dabney had given Caleb Gordon a power of attorney over Ardea's stock in the company, there were hard words said in the town offices of Messrs. Trewitt & Slocumb, Chiawasee attorneys, and a torrent of persuasive ones poured into the Major's ear—the latter pointing to the crying necessity for the revocation of the power of attorney, summarily and at once.

The Major proved singularly obstinate and non-committal. "Mistah Caleb Gordon is my friend, suh, and I was mighty proud to do him this small faveh. What his object is makes no manner of difference to me, suh; no manner of difference, whatever," was all an anxious promoter could get out of the old autocrat of Deer Trace. But Mr. Farley did not desist; neither did he fail to keep the telegraph wires to New York heated to incandescence with his appeals for a renewal of the negotiations for surrender.

When the wired appeals brought forth nothing but evasive replies, Mr. Farley began to look for trouble, and it came: first in a mysterious closing of the market against Chiawasee pipe, and next in an alarming advance of freight rates from Gordonia on the Great Southwestern.

Colonel Duxbury doubled his field force and gave his travelers a free hand on the price list. Persuasion and diplomacy having failed, a frenzy like that of one who finds himself slipping into the sharp-staked pitfall prepared for others seized on him. It was the madness of those who have seen the clock hands stop and begin to turn steadily backward on the dial of success.

Ten days later the freight rates went up another notch, and there began to be a painful dearth of cars in which to ship the few orders the salesmen were still able to place. Mr. Farley shut his eyes to the portents, put himself recklessly into Mr. Vancouver Henniker's hands as a borrower, and posted a notice of a slashing cut in wages at the works.

As a matter of course, the cut bred immediate and tumultuous trouble with the miners, and in the midst of it the president made a flying trip to New York; to the metropolis and to the offices of American Aqueduct to make a final appeal in person.

But the door was shut. Mr. Dracott was not to be seen, though his assistant was very affable. No; American Aqueduct was not trying to assimilate the smaller plants, or to crush out all competition, as the public seemed to believe. With fifty million dollars invested it could easily control a market for its own product, which was all the shareholders demanded. Was Mr. Farley in the city for some little time? and would he not dine with the assistant at the Waldorf-Astoria?

Mr. Farley took a fast train, south-bound, instead, and on reaching South Tredegar, wired his New York broker to test the market with a small block of Chiawasee Limited. There were no takers at the upset price; and the high bid was less than half of the ask-

ing. Colonel Duxbury was writing letters at the Cupola when the broker's telegram was handed him, and he broke a rule which had held good for the better part of a cautious, self-contained lifetime. The following morning the miners and all the white men employed in the furnace and foundries and coke yards at Gordonia went on strike.

Duxley Farley had resources, a comfortable fortune as country fortunes go, amassed by far-seeing shrewdness, a calm contempt for the well-being of his business associates, and most of all by a crowning gift in the ability to recognize the psychological moment at which to let go.

But under pressure of the combined disasters he lost his head, quarreled with his colder-blooded son, and in spite of Vincent's angry protests, began the suicidal process of turning his available assets into ammunition for the fighting of a battle which could have but one possible outcome.

Strike-breakers were imported at fabulous expense. Armed guards under pay swarmed at the valley foot, and around the company's property elsewhere. By hook or crook the foundries were kept going, turning out water-pipe for which there was no market, and which, owing to the disturbances which were promptly made an excuse by the railway company, could not be moved out of the Chiawasee yard.

Later, when the striking workmen began to grow hungry, riot, arson and bloodshed were nightly occurrences. A charging of coal, mined under the greatest difficulties, was conveyed to the coke yards, only to be destroyed and half of the ovens with it—by dynamite cunningly blackened and dropped into the chargings. For want of fuel, the furnace went out of blast, but with the small store of coke remaining in the foundry yards, the pipe pits were kept at work. By this time the promoter-president was little better than a madman, fighting like a berserker, and breeding a certain awe and respect in the comment of those who had hitherto held him only as a shrewd schemer.

And Thomas Jefferson: how did this return to primordial chaos, brought about in no uncertain sense by his own premeditated act, affect him? Only a man quite lost to all promptings of the grace that saves and softens could look unmoved on the burnings and riotings, the cruel wastings and the bloodlettings, one would say.

When he was not galloping Saladin afar in the country roads to the landward side of Paradise, Tom Gordon was idling purposefully in the Lebanon forests, with the fowling-piece under his arm and Japheth Pettigress' dog trotting soberly at heel, as carefree, to all appearances, as a school-boy home for a holiday.

It was on an evening a fortnight after the furnace had gone out of blast for lack of fuel that Caleb followed his son out on the veranda. The Indian summer was still at its best, and since the early frosts there had been a return of dry weather and mild temperatures, with warm, soft nights when the blue haze seemed to hold all objects in suspension.

Tom had pushed out a chair for his father, when he suddenly became aware that the still air was once more thrumming and murmuring to the familiar orb and sign of the great furnace blowing-engines. He started up quickly.

"What's that?" he demanded. "Surely they haven't blown in again?"

Caleb nodded assent. "I reckon so. Colonel Duxbury allowed to me this mornin' that he was about out of the woods—in spite of you, he said; as if you'd been the one that was doin' him up."

"But he can't be!" exclaimed Tom, so earnestly and definitely that the mask fell away and the father was no longer deceived.

"I'm only tellin' you what he allowed to me, son. I reckoned he was about all in, quite a spell ago; but you can't tell nothing by what you see—when it's Colonel Duxbury. He got two carloads o' new men to-day, and he's shippin' Pocahontas coke, and gettin' it here, too."

"You feazed me a little at first; but I think I know now what has happened."

Caleb took time to let the remark sink in. It carried inferences.

"Buddy, I been suspectin' for a good while back that you know more about this sudden smash-up than you've let on. Do you?"

"I know all about it," was the quiet rejoinder.

"You do?"

Tom held up his hand for silence. A man had let himself in at the roadway gate and was walking rapidly up the path to the house. It was Norman; and after a few hurried words in private with Tom, he went as he had come, declining Caleb's invitation to stay.

When the gate latch clicked at Norman's outgoing, Tom had risen and was knocking the ash from his pipe and buttoning his coat.

"I was admitting that I knew," he said. "I can tell you more now that I

could a moment ago, because the time for which I have been waiting has come. You remarked that you thought the Farleys were at the end of their rope. They were not until to-day, but to-day they are. Every piece of property they have, including Warwick Lodge, is mortgaged to the hilt, and this afternoon Colonel Duxbury put his Chiawasee stock into Henniker's hands as security for a final loan—so Norman tells me. Perhaps it would interest you a trifle to know something about the figure at which Henniker accepted it."

"It would, for a fact, Buddy."

"Well, he took it for less than the annual dividend that it earned the year we ran the plant; and between us two, he's scared to death, at that."

"Why, Buddy, son! we're plum' ruined—and so's old Major Dabney!"

"Don't you worry, pappy. Our part, since Colonel Duxbury saw fit to freeze us out, is to say nothing and saw wood. If the Major comes to you, you can tell him that my word to him holds good: he can have par for Ardea's stock any time he wants it, and he could have it just the same if Chiawasee were wiped off the map—as it's going to be."

"But Tom; tell me—"

"Not yet, pappy; be patient just a little while longer and you shall know all there is to tell. I'm leaving you with a clean conscience to say to any one who asks that you don't know."

Caleb had struggled up out of his chair, and now he laid a hand on his son's shoulder.

"I ain't askin', Buddy," he said, with a tremulous quaver in his voice; "I ain't askin' a livin' thing. I'm just a-hopin'—hopin' I'll wake up blame-by and find it's only a bad dream." Then, with sudden and agonizing emphasis: "They been butcherin' one 'nother down yonder for four long weeks!"

"I can't help that!" was the savage response. "It's a battle to the death, and the smoke of it has got into my blood. If I believed in God, as I used to once, I'd be down on my knees to Him this minute, asking Him to let me live long enough to see these two hypocritical thieves—thugs—sandbaggers—hit the bottom!"

He turned away, walked to the north end of the veranda, where the flare of the rekindled furnace was redly visible over the knolls, and presently came back.

"I said you should know after a little: you may as well know now. I planned this thing; I set out to break them; and, as it happened, I wasn't a moment too soon. In another week you and Major Dabney would have had a chance to sell out for little or nothing, or lose it all. Farley had it fixed to be swallowed by the trust, and this is how it was to be done. Farley stipulated that the stock transaction should figure as a forced sale at next to nothing, in which all the stockholders should participate, and that the remainder of the purchase price, which would have been a fair figure for all the stock, should be paid to him and his son individually as a bonus!"

The old iron-master groaned. In spite of the hard teaching of all the years, he would have clung to some poor shadow of belief in Duxbury Farley if he could have done so.

"That's all," Tom went on, stridently; "all but the turning of the trick that put them in the hole they were diggin' for you and the Major. Vint Farley had no notion of letting Ardea bring her money into the family of her own free will; he planned to rob her first and marry her afterward. Now I'm going down to tell them both what they're up against! Don't sit up for me."

He had taken a dozen strides down the gravelled path when he saw some one coming hurriedly across the lawn from Deer Trace, and heard a voice—the voice of the woman he loved—calling to him softly in the stillness:

"Tom! O Tom!" is said, "please wait—just one minute!"

But there are emotions mightier, momentarily, than love, and vengeance is one. He made as if he did not see or hear; and lest she should overtake him, left the path to lose himself among the trees and to vault the low boundary wall into the pike at a point safely out of sight from the gate.

(To be continued.)

The First Pantomime.

The first pantomime introduced to the English stage was "Tavern Bickers," and was by John Weaver. This was in the year 1702. It was produced at Drury Lane. The great institutor of pantomime in England was, however, John Rich, who despoiled this form of entertainment in 1717. His first emphatic success was in 1724, when he produced "The Necromancer; or, History of Dr. Faustus." So successful was Rich with his pantomimes that Garrick, Quin and others became exasperated. Rich lived to see pantomimes firmly established at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He died in 1761.—London Stage.

Not a Bouncer.

"Mother," said a 6-year-old hopeful, "isn't it funny that everybody calls little brother a bouncing baby?"

"Why do you think it's funny, Willie?" remarked his mother.

"Because when I dropped him on the floor this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He only hollered."

Second Thought.

"Dear Mr. Hicks," she wrote, "I am very sorry that what you ask I cannot grant. I cannot become your wife. Yours sincerely, Ethel Barrows." Then she added: "P. S.—On second thoughts, dear George, I think I will marry you. Do come up to-night and see your own true Ethel."