

WOMEN'S HATS AS SCIENCE WOULD HAVE THEM

Chemical Principles Applied To Headgear By a French Savant



A White Hat With Pink Roses Worn by Queen Victoria of Spain.



Mrs. Longworth Should Not Wear Alice Blue, but a Black Hat With White Plumes.

however, than the fashion experts are willing to admit, and, of course, there may be even less. The best way is to see for one's self. Here's brunette Alice Longworth in a big black hat with a white plume—one of those shapes her own taste rushes to with fond embrace, with a plume that has the plume of Henry of Navarre beaten a mile, because Henry wasn't born in the times when ostriches were raised by hand. Mrs. Longworth, according to Chevreul, should not wear "Alice blue." And here's handsome young Queen Victoria of Spain, in all her blonde beauty and a white hat with pink roses, which she picked out herself, to be photographed in. Do you like it as well as she does? Then there is that famous American belle, Mrs. Robert Goelet, her dark daintiness framed in a black hat with the dangerous yellow tones in the plume. Lady Pole-Carew, "the most beautiful woman in England," is wearing a black hat, with black plumes and a white garniture; but then, could anything mar the attractiveness of her blonde, classic face? May Goelet, now the duchess of Roxburghs, is the brunette who defies the lightnings in the

SCIENCE, ladies, in the picturesque but wholly unpoetic and utterly unesthetic recesses of the chemical laboratory, has undertaken to tell you what kind of hats you shall wear.

And science, apparently, has made a pretty bad fist at it; at least, most women may think so.

Paris—City of Light, and of millinery—has been agog over the perennial atter-hat question. And something new under the sun and the moon, that have shone with various degrees of satisfaction upon all varieties of hats, has turned up at last.

Paris has been weighing gravely and solemnly the dicta of Chevreul, the famous chemist, whose opinions on the subject of the colors permissible in women's hats, propounded some time ago, have only just been published to a breathless world.

Being a scientist, the great Chevreul, of course, speaks ex cathedra; that is, with the air of finality which most stirs in woman's tender bosom the instinct for manslaughter.

Precisely what is the fate that should be meted out to the great Chevreul is something on which Parisian milliners remain disagreed. Experts in the United States are inclined to sympathize with that authority on punishments who preferred something lingering, with a touch of oiling oil in it.

However, you can all judge for yourselves.

CHEVREUL has woman scheduled and itemized, according to her complexion. He classified the feminine face angelic through all its tints and shades, from the blondes to the brunettes. Then he ran the gamut of their possibilities in the sacred matter of appropriate hats.

He did it with the thoroughness and the positiveness of the true scientist, caring no more for the august laws of precedent than he cared for the inviolable right of personal taste.

Pure science, declared the infallible chemist, pure science alone, as learned in the chemical compositions of the primary colors and their modifying tints, should determine which hat hues may safely be attuned to particular shades of tresses and tones of the complexion.

Around woman's form Chevreul draws the awful circle of his unholy science; on all who would invade it, he is prepared to launch the curse of chemistry. Women should, forever after, fix by rules of science the colors of both hats and trimmings; and the only aid they would need should be available from their husbands, whom they could ask: "Is my hat on crooked?"

Then, being assured that, by all the laws of optics, she is slanted on the bias, and by all the laws of chemistry she is decorated beyond fear and beyond reproach, she can sally forth, a thing of beauty and a joy to every scientist.

Avoid, as you would being handed the lemon, hats of yellow and orange hue. Be wary of the violet hat, unless you have lovely golden hair or sense enough to trim the lower side of the brim with some shade of yellow.



Black With Blue Aigrette For The Princess Henry of Pruss.



Mrs. Robert Goelet in Black Hat With Yellow Plumes.



The Style For Lady Pole-Carew's Slavensque Blonde Beauty.



The Duchess of Roxburghs. (They Called Her Yellow and Blue)



Mrs. Paul S. Pearsall (The Heliotrope Bride) in Green and Blue.

This isn't inconsistency; it is merely making the best of a bad bargain. It works the same way with yellow hats. A brunette who has the sublime recklessness to do anything like that will find her sole salvation in blue or violet trimmings.

An American milliner, even a Parisian milliner, will admit that a blonde does look pretty in a purple hat, and that a brunette beneath a yellow one would be beneath a milliner's contempt. But the French chemist has charged straight ahead, and has blundered into one of the most awful sins of lese millinery that can be committed, the very next time his dangerous yellow reared its horrid front.

"A black hat with plumes," he remarked, "or with white or pink flowers should be worn by blondes. While not unbecoming; to brunettes, the effect is not so pleasing. Brunettes could add flowers or plumes of orange or yellow."

Certainly; so they could. But if they added them in Paris, they would lay their motives open to very serious misconstruction. An American girl over there, who invested in a yellow silk petticoat this season, shocked her strictly proper Parisian friends so gravely that they wouldn't be seen on the streets with her. But that is there, not here.

A white hat, avers Chevreul, is becoming only to a pink-and-white complexion, whether hair and eyes be those of blonde or brunette; as for hats in gauze, crepe or tulle, they go with all complexions.

Which is true enough, for gauzy, airy fabrics soften all of nature's too-strident tints; but, just the same, a brunette, according to our canons of taste, looks lovely in a white hat which has a black facing to shade her fascinating, sparkling eyes.

He does fairly well with the easy problem of proposing a white hat for a blonde, who, he says, may decorate it with pink flowers or blue ones; while brunettes should avoid blue, preferring red, pink or even the risky orange.

But it is different when he declares that, while the light blue hat is becoming to the

blonde type, it may be ornamented with yellow or orange flowers, but never with pink or violet. Why, who doesn't remember the girls of last year; and who can forget the dreams of beauty they were, in those light blue hats trimmed with violet, and the hats that combined blue, pink and lavender, and the hats that put hydrangeas on blue and made the wearers so many living forget-me-nots?

This winter they have been wearing American Beauty roses on purplish blue hats, and they are looking lovelier than ever. And can any one fail to recall that it was that high priestess of fashion, Madame Pompadour herself, who consecrated the harmony of pink and blue in silks?

The brunette—sagely observes science in the person of Chevreul—who is bold enough to don a light blue hat, must be sure to use orange or yellow accessories; while the great hat is becoming to white complexions or to those but slightly pink. Well, buttercups actually have passed muster on dark blue straws; but any brunette promading under a blue hat trimmed with orange—!

"As for the pink hat"—to pass quickly over a painful subject—chemistry thinks it should never be brought close to the skin. It ought

to be separated by a garniture of white or green.

Well, last season the most becoming facing to any hat was considered pale pink, whether the woman was blonde or brune—except, oh, very emphatically except, where she happened to be afflicted with that pale reddish hair whose tones approach pinkness.

And, finally, according to Chevreul, the red hat is advisable only for those whose faces are too highly colored.

He wins there. He has it exactly right. Milliners, fashion experts, ordinary human women—all agree that, on red hats, he had a flash of inspiration worthy of any girl over 6 years old. At that age the handling of reds comes natural to them.

There may be something more in science,

blue and yellow hat. Is she a terrible example?

Her serene highness, the pretty princess of Pruss, who is noted for her fair complexion, wears the black hat with the pink aigrette. Does her serene highness, woman, approve?

Mrs. Paul S. Pearsall, who, when she married young James G. Blaine, Jr., from whom she was later divorced, was known as the "heliotrope bride" because of her passion for violet in all its shades, is one of those types, with hair of rich chestnut hue and a clear pink-and-white skin, who really can wear anything. But how, think you, does her indisputable charm enable her to bear the strain of the dark green hat, with light green trimmings, prescribed by the French scientist?

And which colors are you wearing this spring?