

JUST HATS

A Frenzied Feather Season.
Dancing Dandies Robbed
of Plumage.
Ospreys and Birds-of-
Paradise Used Prodigi-
ally in Spite of World-Wide
Protest.
Large Hats the Rule.



By Mrs. C. Cholly
Knickerbocker.

Small Hats Charming Ex-
ceptions That Prove the
Rule.
Streamers Wound Around
the Arm and Fastened
with a Jewel.
Satin-Covered Hats Faced
with Thick, Shaggy
Beaver.

WORLD-WIDE has been the movement in behalf of the bird of paradise and the beautiful, piteous creature from which the osprey is plucked at the time she guards her young. Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra, in a manner as wrathful as regality will allow, sent forth to all the



women of the British Empire the edict that whosoever, no matter how gracious, wore an osprey or a paradise plume in her hair, should be frowned upon by the Royal Eye. In this country both publishers and preachers have been highly excited in regard to woman's cruelty and vanity, and both the makers of the law and the executors of the law have made stern endeavors to punish the ladies and to protect the birds—though, as Cholly, my husband, says, they usually like to nourish the ladies and to provide the birds with the bottles that is cold. Cholly is so clever.

plumage and they have a fine habit of dancing pompously and with golden fanlike plumes outspread wherever there are any little brown ladies perched about to admire them. So when it comes to cruelty, it is vanity for vanity, and the male bird is killed. The whole cause of the worry lies in the fact that the species will soon be extinct. And now we have it. Now we know why Mrs. Sturgis worries so. It is all on our account, not for the sake of the dancing dandies. She is afraid that the birds of paradise will be extinct, and we shall all be so disappointed if ever we go to New Guinea to spend our vacations and find no dancing dandies hopping about from bush to tree.

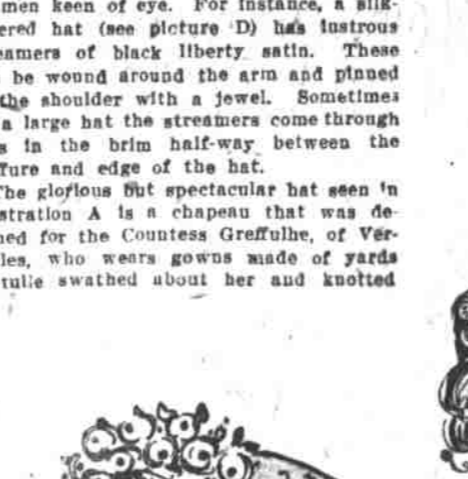


But stubbornly, stubbornly, in spite of the Queen and Mrs. Sturgis, naughty women say better a bird on the hat than in the bush in far away New Guinea. And such a frenzy in feathers. Cassowary tipped with ostrich tendrils, gours feathers min-

some poor, squawking hen who died not only in the cause of adornment, but also that of nourishment. See, for example, the hat of brown otterkin velvet (illustration C) with a band of liberty satin and the bird part green and part black. A parrot perhaps is grafted to a crow. With a parrot in her hat, the girl who likes to be the cynosure of astonished eyes will have a large, almost life-size, parrot on the handle of her parasol. Mrs. Glen Collins made a great stir in Grace Church as she

her hand like a falcon! Well, when Natalie came out and stood waiting for her carriage, I soon saw that her parrot was a large, bird of wood, perched on the top of her parasol handle, her hand going below the body. Mrs. R. Fulton Cutting also has a parrot in her hat, the girl who likes to be the cynosure of astonished eyes will have a large, almost life-size, parrot on the handle of her parasol. Mrs. Glen Collins made a great stir in Grace Church as she

romantic fashion of ancient times in Italy. In those days the jewel that lay on the forehead (not on the hair) always had a mysterious significance. It was often worn by an affinity and had a meaning for those who loved, sub rosa, and was also frequently the sign of a secret society.



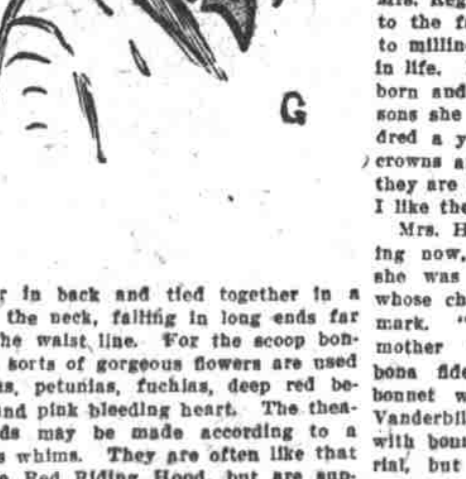
too, was only an exception and not a on a stiff frame. This winter sweet young charming one at that. Mrs. Lydig's hat faces will look out from quaint bonnets of brims have been expanding, and she usu- veiled and fur. Little Alice Anderson, th ally wears a veil of zig-zag design that amateur actress, whose father is Mrs completely conceals her features. Young George J. Gould's doctor, always has bon Mrs. Charles Gilpin, of Philadelphia, how- nets copied from old paintings and the



gled with cigarettes, a bird of paradise veiling a plume, feathers upon feathers, and birds of altogether different feathers gathered together on one hat.

The gours feathers (my obliging husband, Cholly, helped me to look it up in the encyclopedia) come from the crowned pigeon. There is only a small tuft on the head of each bird, and a little sprig costs a fearful sum. Few women there are who can afford a handful, much less a handful. Now the cassowary has not yet sought the protection of either Mrs. Sturgis or the Queen, for the cassowary is a bird of great power, and in this case only human life is in danger. There is no cruelty to the bird, only to the man who, perhaps, is forced to earn his living chasing tall feathers for a hat—only a brown-skinned native, so the great ladies are not worried a bit. It costs about \$50 at wholesale price to cover a hat of last year's size with cassowary feathers, and this year twice as many are required. It will doubtless cost as much to sew on a large hat cassowary, osprey and paradise plumes of the quantity prescribed by fashion as to sow wheat on acres of land. Many a poor farmer if he could plant his land as piteously as a woman does her new hat would feel himself the lord of the manor. On a great, wide beaver (see illustration H) there is a great, waving field of osprey feathers. The beaver this year has a long furry pile. Often a satin hat, say of antique green, is faced with black beaver, or a toque is made entirely of the shaggy material draped in curious ways and piled very high.

the hair in back and tied together in a bow at the neck, falling in long ends far below the waist line. For the scop bonnets all sorts of gorgeous flowers are used—dabbias, petunias, fuchsias, deep red begonias and pink bleeding heart. The theatre hoods may be made according to a woman's whims. They are often like that of Little Red Riding Hood, but are supposed to be copies of those worn during the French Revolution. Some are like great coil scullie bonnets covered smoothly with silk and the horsehoe circle around the face is edged with lace and a flower wreath. The streamers tied in front loosely, without a bow, are really long scarfs of chiffon edged with lace or frilling. They are intended primarily to wear on the way to and from a dance, a dinner or the opera or theatre.



under her chin with ribbons or in a big pussy bow of maline at the left of her face. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt is just waking up to the fact that variety gives fascination to millinery as well as to all other things in life. For a long time she was so stubborn and foolish. For three or four seasons she had all her hats (at least a hundred a year) of the same shape—medium crowns and wide straight brims. "I know they are out of style," she would say, "but I like them," and the decision was final.

went on the central aisle at a wedding in June. On her right hand, so all the end seat gossips saw, there was a fat cockatoo of green, red and yellow plumage. Harry Lehr sometimes carried a parrot on his hand, but this was outrageous! To go up the church aisle with a parrot perched on

but never hommed or sewn. The hat's place of that of great dimensions. The small hats are only exceptions that prove the rule. As for pill-box hats none of our milliners ever saw one, and no one in society will wear one. There was, however, in the centre above the forehead, a pear-shaped pearl suggestive of the worn by Lady Augusta Fane, but this,

After the play or the opera, when women wait for carriages and are gossiping together in the theatre lobby or under the awning, the hat-to-hat talks will result in funny scenes. The bonnets will in reality make well-walled tunnels or funnels under cover of which awful scandal—about the hostess, who has just given the dinner, or the actress who has just had the war part in the play—may be freely discussed. Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Miss Ethel Barrymore always got into quiet corners at the Colony Club, having hat-to-hat talks, the enormous brims of their snow white picture chapeaux of felt overtopping. But they are forever bubbling over with talk about "things"—nothing mean about people. The saucy little Directoire bonnets were worn by young girls when they came home from Paris this summer, and were made of tulle silk gathered and puffed

ing now, of course, but for many years she was the only woman in New York whose chapeaux would bring forth the remark, "Why, that's a bonnet like what mother used to wear." It was a bona fide, unmodified and unadorned bonnet with narrow strings. Like Mrs. Vanderbilt, she had many boxes all filled with bonnets, different in color and material, but all of exactly the same shape. On festive occasions, when the sweet, placid lady, for instance, would honor a bride by her presence, the sprig or a little wreath of flowers would be more gay in color. Of course there is also Hetty Green's bonnet, but her headgear is bulky and puffy, and more like a toque with strings.

Then there is Mrs. O. H. Harriman, who eternally wears a hat tilted over her forehead. These whims of women in society are all hit off so drolly in a little time-yellowed book about hats written before the Revolutionary war. It belonged to Cholly's great-grandfather. It applies to people of to-day, for styles may change, but not the ways of human beings. This old writer said: "We can distinguish, by the taste of the hat the mode of the wearer's mind. With Quakers it is a point of their faith not to wear a button where a brim may be hooped up tight in front. Their hats spread over their heads and darken the outward man to signify they have the inward light. Others do not—half cover their heads, which is indeed due to the shallowness of their crowns. Between beaver and eyebrows, there is a piece of blank forehead like a surveyor's plan. Indeed, people should hide as much of the face as possible, for few there are but have done something for which they ought to be out of countenance."

Poor little milliner! And she never knew whether the gew-gaws on her hats grew on a bird, a breast or a bush. Foolish sheriff. Robins for the eating may be had for the shooting, but ospreys and paradise plumes such as the village milliner displays are all awkward imitations and pulled from the neck of the cocked and the useful hen whom you often fatten for the Sunday dinner. In New York, the latest rebuke to women in regard to their cruelty and vanity is the glass case in the Museum of Natural History containing a family of birds of paradise caught on the island of New Guinea. (Doesn't this sound, as I said, like a graduation essay?)

Cholly says if I continue my dissertation on the fashions I'll soon be able to take a part in the stump-rage—not the stump, the suffrage movement. Mrs. Frank K. Sturgis, of New York and Lenox, had the case put there for a noble purpose. Placards attached to the case tell all about the birds, and I hear that Mrs. Sturgis really can't sleep nights for worry over their welfare. And she'll worry all the more very shortly, for this is a frenzied feather season in New York.

The paradise plumage, let it be explained, is my best essay style for I believe there is a complaint that I take fashions too frivolously, is taken from the male bird, for the lady birds all have a humble dull brown dress. The gay male birds have gorgeous

Where He Stood.
"Uncle Jim Hastings umpired the game between the Stars and the Comets."
"What! Say, how did he look when he got through?"
"He looked all right. Uncle Jim stands six feet two and weighs 240."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Modern Way.
"The porch climber hesitated."
"I'm only doing this," he muttered, "because getting in on the ground floor has never made any money for such in a business way, and it's up to me to get even with the world somehow."
"Convincing himself by this specious reasoning, he satly pushed up the window and climbed inside."—Chicago Tribune.

Shopping by Phone.
"Send me up two boxes of cats and a box of hats."
"Yes—All right, sir. Who is it for?"
"The name, of course you know!—Lester. Not always to from Patsy, but only from her."

A—A Large Picture Hat of White Tulle, the Brim Edged with Brilliant, White Tulle and String of Diamonds in Hair. White Tulle Streamers and White Ospreys Used Extravagantly.

B—A Severe English Hat of Black Patent Leather with White Suede Band and Bow.

C—A Hat of Otterkin Velvet Trimmed with Band of Liberty Satin and a Green and Black Bird.

D—A High-Crowned Hat Covered with Gray Bengaline Silk, Black Plumes and Black Streamers.

E—A Theatre-Hood of Old-Rose Silk Trimmed with Pink Roses. It is Wired and Large so That the Hair Will Not Be Crushed or Disarranged.

F—A Tall Toque of Gray Ottoman Silk with Three Rows of Black Chiffon and Chenille in Puffings, Black Paradise Plumes Veiling Orange Osprey.

G—A Directoire Bonnet Copied After an Historic Model.

H—A Large Gray Beaver Covered with Ospreys Streaming Over Brim in Back.

Mrs. Drexel's Extraordinary Predicament.

(Continued from Page 3.)
King Edward has been heard to remark with a loud chuckle.
The Drexels have become practically permanent residents of England, although Mr. Drexel has declared that he does not intend to become a citizen of that country. They have one of the finest houses in London, at No. 5 Carlton House Terrace, overlooking historic St. James's Park. It was here that Miss Drexel was brought out last year at a great ball, which was honored by the presence of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Beatrice of Sax-Coburg-Gotha, and other members of the royal family.

The Drexels have a beautiful country house on the Isle of Wight, the garden spot of England, where the ordinary objections to the British climate are absent. It is understood that Mr. Drexel will build a magnificent new house on the island. At any rate, he is one of the most distinguished and popular persons there. Mrs. Drexel is intimate with the King's sister, Princess Henry of Battenberg, who resides permanently on the Isle of Wight.

To aid in their social success the Drexels have the most luxurious yacht about, the Marguerite, which is 350 feet long. In this they visit the Mediterranean every winter and frequently entertain the King and other royal personages.

The Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, who is almost a greater personage than the Czarina, was one of the guests and the celebrated King Leopold of Belgium was another.

Their hospitality is as famous on the continent as in England. It was in Paris that they gave a dinner in a garden which was entirely perfumed by La France.

When you have reached the pinnacle of earthly social success like the Drexels, you become subject to cruel anxiety lest your children should be carried away by winter and frequently entertain the King and other royal personages.

A Convention Speech.
"Louder! Louder!" shrieked the delegates.
"Gentlemen," protested the presiding officer, "I can assure you that the disappointment of those who can't hear is not my fault."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Amended.
In these days genius is the capacity for taking gains.—Life.

Just Like Being Away.
Cates—Are you going away with your family this summer?
Clomens—I should say not. We've taken the screens off the house, put in a couple of sunny all lamps, and are enjoying the woman, milkman, mailman, landryman and the grocery boy. We're having the trip of our lives.

Selling His Screens.
"I think," said the struggling writer, "that the publishers might well take a hint from the politicians."
"In what respect?"
"Patience for all contributions. How that would help!"

Assuming the Responsibility.
Mrs. J.'s patience was much tried by a screen which had the habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon the table, her countenance was open as usual, and her mistress said: "Mary, your mouth is open."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Always a Chance.
Jeweller—You say the inscription you wish engraved on the inside of this ring is to be "Marcellus to Irene."
Young Man (somewhat embarrassed)—Yes, that's right. But—er—don't cut the ring's very deep.—Harper's Weekly.