

By Mrs. Cholly Knickerbocker.

THE IMMEDIATE EXTREMES IN HATS.

As Large as Ever for Afternoon and Evening Wear, Hats for the Morning Threaten to Become Infinitesimal. Cossack, Hussar, Turkish and Pill Box Are Some of the Popular Small Models.

FOR a whole year hats have held the centre of the stage.

For a whole year they have been the pivot of excitement. In a blaze of limelight they have been criticized, jeered at, "cussed" and discussed. Sheath skirts may come and go, sleeves wax and wane, but each day brings a new sensation in feminine headgear.

And now, of course, as is the way with women, we are flying from one extreme to the other. After extirpating ourselves under hats which often left only the chin and the tip of one ear as a clew to identity, we are seriously considering going next door to bareheaded, for a dash of fur about the size of a large powder puff and a shooting aigrette set at a downward angle represent the very, very, very latest toque.

I met one of these diminutive hats on our fashionable Fifth avenue the other day. "Poor thing—absent minded—came out and forgot her hat"—ran through my mind. For coming breezily toward me was a very smartly turned-out girl, with nothing, apparently, on her head but a bunch of pheasants' tails stuck through her pompadour. But on going nearer I discovered that on top of her head and almost concealed by her hair, brushed and pinned up to form the brim, was a little saucer-like mound of fur. Being of the same color as her hair, it was almost indistinguishable from it. And on hastening to my milliner's to inquire concerning this latest addition to Fashion's museum, I was assured it was quite the newest thing in toques.

By looking at illustration "B" you can gain some idea of how it looked. The point is, you must use your own hair as the brim, brushing it up and then pinning it securely to the crown of fur. And the aigrette, or whatever shooting thing you use as trimming, must point down and back; never out.

Never was there a time when more individuality was allowable in hats than today. Big and little, of fur, felt or velvet, in colors or black, you can follow your own taste, and if a fair amount of discretion is used, you can't go far wrong. And although millinery has come in for an amount of ridicule during the last season or two, no one can honestly deny that some of this year's hats are most becoming and charming.

For instance, what is more flattering to a fresh, young face, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, than the toque of swansdown and white fox which the younger set has claimed for its own? Pressed down low on the pink-tinted ears, with throat muff in the same snowy fur, and a huge tuft to match, the debutante makes a fascinating picture. And with what a dash have fur toques become "the fashion"! Made of every known—and unknown—fur, with aigrette or artificial flower as trimming, they are to be seen by the hundred in varying degrees of smartness.

They are all built on much the same broad brimless model, the large head-band being necessary, as they are worn pressed down low on the head. On some toques sent out lately from Paris long fur tails hang down to trail on the shoulder, while others have a military air, with stiff aigrettes standing up, brush-like, in front or on one side. Hussar or Cossack, these last toques are called. Others are built bell-shaped, while the mushroom of last year is still occasionally seen and the pill-box hat is in favor.

But the toque, over which Paris is just now flinging its of joy, isn't a toque at all, but a turban, and it's not built of fur. This sounds a bit Irish, I know, but I'm trying to convey the idea that it's distinctively a turban, and a Turkish one at that. It's just a mass of soft gauze, sometimes shaded chiffon, sometimes the supplest gold or silver tissue wound around and around in soft folds, a feathery aigrette rising at one side. It is worn very low on the head, quite concealing the hair at

one side and at the back, and all the art lies in the draping of the folds.

Although turbans and toques are absorbing a good deal of attention just now, big hats are quite holding their own. But at last they seem to be finding their proper place—as part of afternoon and evening toilettes, and not to be worn at all times and places. Straight brims on large hats are now seldom seen, the downward curving or side-flaring effect being much better liked. The almost bare simplicity of a single rose holding an aigrette, or something equally severe, which marked the early season models, seems to be disappearing in favor of massed trimmings. Quantities of ostrich plumes froth on elaborate hats, while uncurled ostrich feathers, marbled or suffly aigrettes soften the outlines and disguise the crowns on other models. Flowers are used in remarkable profusion on this Winter's hats, and very large metallic buckles are a feature of the season.

We have heard whispers for some time that the poke bonnet beloved of our grandparents was again to come into favor. At last it has arrived.

Quiet and charming, with old-time sentiment lingering in each fold, it is putting in a tentative appearance at the theatres and other evening gatherings. Quite a delightful "poke" I saw worn the other evening was of white corded silk, shirred with the regulation fullness at the back. But this was really only hinted at, for coming out from under the slightly stiffened front piece and flowing down the wearer's back almost to the waist was a wonderful ostrich feather of the "willow" variety, while under her chin was demurely tied a great bow of satin ribbon.

Other bonnets on poke lines seen were rather more stiff—on the lines of the sketch marked "E"—but were invariably becoming, while the big, loose hoods, a mere handful of silk and lace, which the beauties of 1908 are wearing over their evening coiffures to ball or opera, are the most adorable things in the way of head coverings seen in years. But the evening hours do not absorb all the coquetry for the head. Little breakfast caps are now considered a necessary part of the toilette for the morning by the woman of fashion. Light and airy little

A—It's All a Matter of Taste. If You Like You Can Wear a Hat Like This. A Yard Wide—

B—Or One Like This, So Small It Can Hardly Be Seen by the Naked Eye.

C—Breakfast Cap of Lace With Pink Ribbon Rosebuds.

D—Uncurled Ostrich Feathers and Gold Tassels Are Popular Trimmings.

E—The More You Jam Your Hat Down Over the Eyes the More Fashionable You Are. Notice the Latest Thing in Neck Ruffs.

F—Wonderful Creation of Green Velvet, Trimmed with Black Silk Fringe. This Figure Wears a Nell Brinkley Devil Collar.

G—Hand Embroidered Lawn Cap to Be Worn With Negligees.

H—The Last Variation of the Theatre Bonnet.

I—Bell-Shaped Toques of Fur Are Worn by Young and Old.

J—Dashing French Model of Black Velvet, Trimmed With Sweeping Aigrette.

K—The Fur Pill-Box Hat Has Caught the Feminine Fancy.

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BE—Hand Embroidered Lawn Cap to Be Worn With Negligees.

BF—The Last Variation of the Theatre Bonnet.

BG—Bell-Shaped Toques of Fur Are Worn by Young and Old.

BH—Dashing French Model of Black Velvet, Trimmed With Sweeping Aigrette.

BI—The Fur Pill-Box Hat Has Caught the Feminine Fancy.



must match absolutely in color and shade. It is again permissible to wear a hat of contrasting color. Ruffs are made of all kinds of materials and combinations of materials. Ostrich feathers are mixed with tulle, in perishable charm. The ruff to be seen on figure "G" had a cluster of ostrich tips at one side and little ostrich tips on the ends of the ribbon ties. Sometimes ostrich feathers are sewed in among finely plaited tulle, which gives the fluffiest effect. There is nothing newer in veils than the Directoire veil, which is veiled and ruff combined. The veil is drawn into a band of

ribbon around the throat or ends in a looking to make you jump—they all thick ruff made of the veiling. adorn this season's hats. If you're Hat plus surely must have reached the hard up for a novel hatpin just use the limit in size, for never, never has been enough! But pins set with jewels are grotesque than some of them are! Balls things of great beauty, for the designers of rhinestones as big as door knobs, Teddy in precious stones have worked with rears in gold, enamel birds the size of swallows, even croton bugs real enough things.

"The Hand of God."

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY PIGEONS.

A MODEST German doctor has perfected a system of taking photographs by pigeons that is likely to revolutionize warfare in future, and to exercise a great influence in many other ways.

By means of this pigeon photography accurate and highly instructive pictures can be taken of fortifications and of all kinds of secret or inaccessible places. Mr. Neubronner, a druggist of Cronberg, Germany, as long ago as 1840, distributed carrier pigeons among the doctors in the surrounding country, so that they could send their prescriptions to him in a hurry. This system before the days of the telephone and telegraph was extremely useful, and proved a great success.

Dr. Julius Neubronner, the son of this ingenious druggist, inherited a splendid collection of carrier pigeons from his father and proceeded to make new uses of them. He established a sanitarium at Cronberg, and placed his pigeons in the stores of several druggists, so that they could send him by pigeon small quantities of medicine which he ordered by telephone. On one occasion a pigeon, who was usually very prompt, spent a whole month before returning to the doctor. He was very anxious to find out where the bird had been spending his time, and so he fitted out this pigeon and several others with a tiny photographic camera which took instantaneous pictures while a bird was flying at the speed of sixty feet a second.

The doctor found that he obtained some very interesting pictures in this way, and he has recently greatly improved his apparatus. The camera hangs from the breast of the pigeon, being held in place by elastic suspenders passed over the back. The objective points straight downward. A clockwork causes the instantaneous shutter to open at regular intervals of half a minute. Thirty pictures can be taken, and this will cover a course of ten miles. The apparatus weighs about two and a half ounces, and it has been proved that pigeons can carry this weight for over a hundred miles with ease. Although the apparatus was invented by Dr. Neubronner purely for medical and scientific purposes, the German Minister of War heard of it and concluded that it might be very useful to the army for taking pictures of the enemy's fortifications, of the position of his forces and for obtaining military information of various kinds.

Mr. Neubronner was invited to exhibit

his invention before the arm aero station corps at Reichenkendorf. Major Gross, the commander, asked him as a test to supply a series of pictures of the Tegel water mill, with its factories and other buildings. The result was perfectly satisfactory. The plant, covering ten acres, including an intricate water course, water wheels and shops, was photographed in its entirety,

Kisses That Cheapen and Kisses That Sweeten.

THERE is probably not a man alive who would not smile in unalloyed amusement could he realize the awful depths of conscious guilt and repentance into which the youthful maiden ever sinks immediately after her first kiss. It might almost be a blow, so fearfully aware is she of its existence for hours after its happening. She blushes and flutters whenever eyes are upon her, and feels—Oh, little Miss Rosebud! Innocence!—as if that kiss were printed large for all to read. And without knowing exactly why, she feels also that it ought not to have happened, and that she and the other person concerned are both vastly to blame. It might be mentioned that, in the confused medley of feelings that beset her, she is acutely aware that she is glad it happened! For the first kiss, even when bestowed by a person of no special importance, is a landmark in a girl's life. Nothing is quite the same again. Childish things are left for evermore behind. In a word—she has arrived.

Of course, by the first kiss, one understands the first kiss that matters. The first kiss from a lover's lips. All the kisses kissed in play by childish or boyish sweethearts need not be counted. To the girl they were just as much a part of the game as the handkerchief that fell first on her shoulder. But when a lover kisses her! The younger she is, the sterner the social code and judgment of dear little Miss Rosebud. "People have no right to kiss unless they are engaged," is very proper, one of the most fixedly implanted ideas in the mind of a carefully brought up girl.

It is, for this reason that, besides the pleasing, flattered flutter that besets her, Miss Rosebud is invariably more or less angry with the bold masculine person who

so that an intelligent observer could tell just where the various buildings were situated and what was going on in them. A series of pictures taken in the same way, in time of war, would show the arrangement of a large army, the number of cannon possessed by it, whether the troops are preparing to attack and other important details. It is certain that such

set of pictures would be valuable to a military commander. A similar kind of work is now done in war by balloonists. They make personal observations from their balloons and also take photographs. But the balloon is sure to be shot at, and if it comes near enough to the ground to take a good photograph it will probably be struck. The pigeon flies nearer, the ground than it is safe for a balloon to descend, and is a very difficult object to hit. Therefore, the pigeon is much more likely to obtain good pictures than the balloon.

Moreover, pigeons and the tiny photographic apparatus that they bear are cheap, and it would be more satisfactory to sacrifice them than balloons and human balloonists. There are some difficulties in the way of using pigeons for this purpose. In order to obtain pictures of the enemy's army, it will generally be necessary to release the pigeons at a point whence they can fly across the army to their home. Their usefulness is not entirely limited by this condition, for pigeons released from their own home will usually fly over a large territory, covering miles in their great circles. Dr. Neubronner has shown photographs of the imperial park of Friedrichslof, to which the public have never been admitted. It is also believed that he has taken pictures of many of the great fortifications along the French and German frontier, but these the Government is keeping to itself. He has obtained some striking photographs of Rome by his apparatus. The most interesting thing would be to photograph the fortifications on the French side, and it is believed that he has done this. The French have a long stretch of open country to defend along their frontier. They have endeavored to do this by constructing steel turreted forts, which are level with the earth, cannot be seen from any distance and are brought into action by raising them by hydraulic machinery while the guns are fired. The public are not allowed to approach anywhere near them. A series of photographs taken from above would reveal the number, position and approximately the strength of these hidden forts. The same use of pigeon photography might be applied to the concealed fortifications of the United States, Great Britain and all other great Powers. The pigeon photography might also reveal the position of guns and many details of the construction of new warships in the building yards, which the governments concerned at present try to conceal.

Love, it has often been said, is the atmosphere in which a woman's beauty blooms. The consciousness of being loved is, in truth, the greatest benefiter in the world. But to know herself beloved, and to allow a lover, who perhaps does not even desire to become more than a summer day admirer—to make love—are widely different things.

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Rodin's Remarkable New Sculpture, Just Received at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Symbolizing the Act of the Almighty in Creating the First Man from the Dust.

Whalebone \$10,000 a Ton.

A quantity of whalebone just sold at Dundee realized only \$10,000 a ton, which is considerably below last season's average price.

The decline in the industry is shown by the fact that the American whaling fleet, which once numbered 726 vessels, has now fallen to thirty-three. Last year's harvest of whalebone was seventy odd tons, as compared with over one thousand tons some years ago.—London Daily Mail.

Mixed.

"Any complaints, corporal?" said the colonel, making one morning a personal inspection.

"Yes, sir. Taste that, sir," said the corporal promptly.

"The colonel put the liquid to his lips. "Why," he said, "that's the best soup I ever tasted!"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, "and the cook wants to call it coffee."—Argosy.

A Diminutive.

"Mamma, said little Fred, "this catfish is awfully hard. Can't you get me a kittyfish?"—Chicago News.