

FASHIONS of the MOMENT

NEW YORK—The exaggerated mule ear ornaments of velvet that adorn so many of the season's smart hats are no less novel than are the various big fan-shaped decorations that flare across the back of the steeple crowns. But millinery of the present time is eccentric in the extreme, and the girl who receives the greatest number of compliments regarding her taste in the matter of dress is the person who runs to oddities, and to this end there seems to be no limitation. The cachet chapeaux with huge bows are in the prime of their vogue. It would seem that the effort on the part of the milliner is to have the bow so large that the shape is almost lost. Such stunning bows are made of everything that the designer finds at his hand—striped ribbons and velvet ribbons in bold effects are among the favored materials.

One of the smart furnishings that is new this fall is the tritoned scarf which so attractively trims the simple felt hats. A severe but vastly becoming model seen the other day had the back of the brim turned skyward, and extending from either side of the crown were wing effects made of lace. The lace aigrette, as the milliners term the trimming, is one of the very popular ornaments; it is employed on all kinds of hats and with equally good results. On the standard next to this hat was a fascinating shape in grass green satin beaver trimmed with huge wings in white, tipped with green, and put on across the front of the mercury-shaped model. The soft French felts in two colors and trimmed with smart bow arrangements are too adorable for words. Usually the bow takes on the coloring of the facing.

In All Shades of Violet.

A stunning model being shown by an importer of fine millinery is in violet trimmed with withered flowers and foliage in all the violet shades. The arrangement of the flowers looked as if they had been tossed onto the shape promiscuously. The distinctive feature of the hat was the band of brilliant blue velvet ribbon that crossed the front of the crown and finished in a novel chou at the left side. Such color blendings as we have just described go hand in hand with other unusual effects, including purple and magenta, green and orange, gray and vermilion and pink and cerise. Designers this season have shown absolutely no regard for color combinations, and many of the smart hats are severely trying for this particular reason.

Among a group of fashionable hats in a window up Fifth avenue are half a dozen models covered with a sort of loose mesh canvas which is pulled very plain and tight over the frame. A pretty shape of this type is trimmed with a multitude of miniature ostrich feathers arranged around the high crown in hedge effect, running quite high at the back. Another striking model similar in shape was fetchingly trimmed with marabout, with here and there little sprigs of slender grasses to give the desired height.

After all is said and done the shapes and sizes of the smart hats are very diverse. Great models in picturesque outlines and close bonnet shapes hobnob, and a woman may please herself and her features without infringing upon the edict of Madame la Mode in the least. Small hats have been growing larger and big ones have been modifying ever since the first models for fall were put out. A good many of the late models turn back from the face, leaving the forehead unprotected. High crowned shapes are coming in higher than ever, and many of the new peaked shapes are positively grotesque, reminding one of masquerade shapes. Some of the models of bizarre style are combinations of velvet, tagal and corded silk. One such hat was of white tangle trimmed with felt ears and white fox fur.

Some Odd Effects.

The extensive vogue for oddities brings into play many unusual effects. Wonderful plumes made of delicate lace are among the ornaments that are different. Valenciennes lace frills, chous and pompons are so much in evidence that they occupy a realm all their own. Very heavy lace is effectively put over the crowns and brims of black hats. With such treatment the white feather ornament of one kind or another is the smart embellishment. On the other hand many prefer a white foundation with black all-over lace or gallow and black feather garnishments. The ostrich feather in a mode is so stripped that it is a mere shadow of its original shape; however, there are still in use many handsome French tips that are as rich in wealth of fullness as the feathers worn in the days of extravagant Marie Antoinette, whose fine plumes cost a small fortune.

To describe the black hat that is considered modish, one would have to name the various shapes that turn off the face. At a glance over the great

number that were seen at a famous hotel tearoom near Fifth avenue and the park entrance, one was obliged to acknowledge the prevalence of this style. The big Gainsborough shapes exploited a year ago are no more. The present models are picturesque to a certain degree, but cannot compare with the lovely ones that have been placed on canvases for years and from these very paintings, nearly all the exclusive shapes have been idealized. A striking feature with fall millinery is the extensive use of colored facings for black hats. Yellow is a prime favorite, but it is a discouraging color for any but a perfect blond, or a ravishing brunette.

Tyrolean Hats.

The coquettish little Tyrolean hats so popular in vivid velours are also being offered in soft felts, and among the different models are many slight variations upon the original theme. The height and size of the crown, the width and roll of the brim vary, but the general character of the Tyrolean shape is the same. All such hats are posed low on the head, almost hiding the hair and completely eclipsing the ears and eyebrows. The smartest trimmings are the simplest, consisting, as they do, of a narrow band through which is thrust a long quill of fancy feather or perhaps a stiff cockade made of silk of feathers and arranged at the back or left side of the crown. In such cases where the crown is lower and wider than in regulation Tyrolean shapes the trimming is often more pretentious.

Chamois and champagne tones give promise of a strenuous vogue a little later on. Many of the elaborate importations are in these colors. Frequently the shades are shown in combination with white, but up to the present time the whim has not created any decided impression. Perhaps the most attractive hats in these colors have been made in the small, high-crowned shapes covered with taffeta, satin or velvet, and with narrow drooping or close rolling brims faced with contrasting material. A model which was chic in an unusual degree had a high, soft white felt crown and a narrow untrimmed brim rolling up close to



the crown. An odd treatment in the way of trimming was given in the form of a stitched band of emerald green suede secured at the front with a steel studded harness buckle.

Mob Caps Much in Favor.

Mob caps are having a great success at the present moment. They are enchanting when worn by young and pretty women, but they must be studiously avoided by anyone who has said farewell to her youth. The mob cap is just one of those novelties which must be dealt with carefully. It appears, on the surface, to be intended for the woman of uncertain age, but when the latter appears in one of the "uncertain" becomes certain, and she is made to realize, by her friends, that the vagaries of fashion are for youth—only.

A tailored suit of linen and velvet is a curious, and rather exotic, affair; the two materials seem incongruous and yet they can be combined with the best results, when dealt with by master hands. A heavy make of gulfure, half cotton and half silk, is freely used on these suits and fringes of all lengths are introduced.

The best results are obtained from a combination of black velvet and pure white linen, with a judicious introduction of ivory tinted gulfure. Such a costume, when made by an artist, possesses an undoubted cachet of its own and it can be worn with almost any kind of hat.

Evening Frock.

The illustration shows a frock of hyacinth blue, satin, with short tunic and bodice of flesh pink nixon trimming, powdered with blue crystals and fringe of same. The underskirt is of nixon with two killed nixon frills at the edge. The roses on the skirt and bodice are of shaded pink nixon. Blue ribbon and pink roses are worn in the hair.

MR. JEPSON'S GLIDE

By JOHN CHARLETON

"You'll have to give up some of those fool ideas of yours if you expect to marry me," said the Widow Long emphatically, when her fiance limped up to the door with a stout cane held in each hand. "I heard all about that accident of yours—and I'm not going to risk my future peace of mind by having you go against the scripture and go cavorting around into space!"

As she spoke the pretty widow skillfully assisted Bartholomew Jepson into her sitting room, carried his hat and overcoat into the next room, propped his wounded foot upon a comfortable foot-rest and poured out a great tumbler full of sweet cider. She did it all so quietly and deftly that it seemed like one continuous action instead of a variety of small ones.

She sat down opposite him in a low, comfortable rocking chair and picked up the long braid of colored rag strips she was making into a mat. She tossed the braided end to Bartholomew Jepson, and he who had often waited upon her in like manner, held it obediently while the widow's deft fingers flew back and forth, in and out, weaving the bright colored rag strips into a smooth flexible braid.

Bartholomew watched her with enchanted eyes. He admired her small supple sun-browned fingers and when he lifted his admiring gaze to her dimpled face he expected to see the customary crinkly smile about her eyes and lips. Instead of the smile he was confronted with a frown—in a plainer person one would have called it a scowl.

"What is the matter, Libbie?" he asked unemphatically.

"Matter with what?" she demanded, shortly.

"With you? You look—er—out of sorts."

Libbie Long looked at him scornfully. "You heard what I said when you came in, Bartholomew Jepson—and you have the impudence to ask me what is the matter?"

Jepson cast his thoughts back to the moment of his entrance when Libbie had assisted him into her house. Surely, she had said something about not marrying him because of his crazy notion—that meant she disapproved of his attempts to conquer the air as other men were doing every day all over the country. He felt a resentment growing underneath his



She Did It All Quietly.

admiration for Libbie Long. Unconsciously—and unfortunately—he expressed his thoughts aloud.

"I ain't been a bachelor for so many years as I have, to be dictated to now," he said.

"What?" demanded the pretty widow, sitting up very straight.

"I was thinking to myself," apologized Bartholomew sullenly.

"If that's the kind of thoughts you harbor, you better—" Mrs. Long paused significantly.

"I better?" asked Jepson excitedly.

"Yes, you better!" flared Libbie.

"When I engaged myself to marry you, Bartholomew Jepson, I thought you were a sensible man, but I'd never seen you anywhere except in that bookstore of yours. I thought to myself that a man who keeps a bookstore couldn't help but be steady and quiet—and if anyone had told me that you'd be the first one in Kedar to try to fly through the air, I would have laughed in his face."

"I don't see anything funny in it," said Jepson, rather sourly. "That's the way in Kedar—they despise the sciences."

"Science indeed! I don't see much science about carrying a gliding machine to the roof of a house and trying to glide off to the ground without hurting yourself. You've broken three legs and a collar bone so far, besides spraining your ankle yesterday."

"It's in a great cause," protested Jepson, solemnly.

"Fiddle-dee!" and Libbie jerked the completed braid out of her lover's grasp and began to roll it into a big ball. Her eyes snapped dangerously. "You can choose between me and the old gliding machine!"

A most uncomfortable silence fell upon the room. Libbie rolled her ball vigorously and Bartholomew Jepson arose unsteadily to his feet while Libbie's poll parrot on the stand in the

corner cocked an inquisitive eye at his mistress.

"I can't give up the gliding machine," said Bartholomew with unexpected spirit in one usually so meek, and during an ominous silence he hobbled across the room, retrieved his hat and overcoat, managed to get into one and balance the other on his head.

"I wish you good day, Libbie," he said quietly, and went away.

"Fool!" shrieked the parrot angrily.

"Keep still, Polly!" chided Libbie Long. "I know I'm a fool, but, oh, dear, I thought he would be easier to manage!"

"O-o-o-h! Lawks!" shrieked the bird disgustedly and turned his back on his despondent mistress.

"I don't suppose he will ever come back," mused Libbie Long, as she sat there alone. "The way he spoke when I told him to choose between me and the gliding machine was as much as to say there were plenty of women in the world but only one gliding machine. Perhaps after he breaks a few more arms and legs he'll come to his senses," she ended plaintively, for she was sorry for herself. She spoke of Bartholomew Jepson's injuries much as if he had been a centipede instead of a biped.

So their engagement was suspended, so to speak, for the widow did not return the amethyst ring Bartholomew had placed upon her finger. "Let him come after it," she murmured to herself every time she looked at it, and that was very often, for she continued to wear it on her engagement finger.

Bartholomew Jepson's house was situated on what was known as the Upper Bay road and Libbie Long's was on the Lower Bay road. Bartholomew's was built on a sort of plateau that shelved off perhaps 50 feet into Libbie Long's back yard. In front of the Jepson house there ran the Upper Bay road and the view of harbor and surrounding hillsides was beautiful. Libbie's house was very old and weather-beaten with wide chimneys and a mossy roof. After they were married Bartholomew and his bride had planned to sell the widow's old home and live in the Jepson house.

Several weeks passed away and the amateur glider recovered the use of his maimed ankle and once more they told stories of how "Batty" Jepson was practicing with his gliding machine. Those who watched said that they had seen him make several successful flights or glides from the ridgepole of his barn to the back dooryard of his house.

Some festivity in the village diverted all attention from Mr. Jepson's efforts on the most brilliant moonlight night of the autumn. He had planned a daring glide. He was going to start from the roof of his house and glide gently and swiftly through the air to the Lower road. There was a broad space between the locust trees near Libbie Long's house that would admit of his free passage between them.

Bartholomew Jepson's glide was successful in more ways than one. He left the roof of his house, headed straight between the two tall trees, when a bat flew into his face; he veered suddenly and then losing control of himself plunged solidly downward, crashing through the Widow Long's frail roof, leaving a tearing hole in the shingles and landing plumply on a pile of feather beds in the attic.

When the frightened widow came into the attic, candle in hand, she stared at Bartholomew Jepson's pale face with consternation mingled with joy in her own.

"You see—I came—back, Libbie," smiled Bartholomew, for he had missed Libbie more than he dared acknowledge.

"Oh, you have hurt yourself again—where is it now?" bewailed Libbie Long, absently permitting the glider to kiss her plump cheek.

"I expect—it's my heart this time," grinned Bartholomew with recovered spirits as he emerged from his feather nest.

His Pride Aroused.

The tramp leaned against the door jamb, while Miss Annabel Sheldon peered out at him through the screen, and he gazed past her at the kitchen table. "You look strong," said Miss Annabel. "Are you equal to the task of sawing and splitting half a cord of wood?" "Equal to it, madam!" said the tramp. "The word is inadequate I am superior to it," and a moment later the sunshine played on the door-jamb where his figure had so lately leaned and down in the road drifted a cloud of dust raised by his patient, plodding feet.

The Trouble.

"It seems King George and Queen Mary are in an acrobatic fix about their dread of the native way of riding in India."

"How so?"

"If they ride the native steed, they will have an elephant on their hands."

His Time Off.

"Is your husband workin'?"

"Sure he has a foine new job."

"That is he doin'?"

"Workin' on a merry-go-round."

"Kin he get off often?"

"Whinever it stops."

Another Matter.

"He believes in calling a spade a spade."

"I don't object to that, but does he believe in calling a shed a hangar?"

Contrary Corroboration.

"Is your friend really a live wire?"

"Dead sure thing."

PERSONALITY OF GENERAL BOOTH



General William Booth.

WTHIN the recollection of thousands there was a time when the Salvation Army was held up to ridicule and opprobrium, when the soldiers were stoned and imprisoned, and when the drums were smashed to matchwood or cut open and filled with tar.

Mr. Booth Tucker in his "Life of Mrs. Booth" says: "One of the most cruel and prolonged persecutions took place in 1881 at the little town of Basingstoke, the mayor of which was a brewer.

"Alarmed at the rapid decline of their trade, the publicans hired the roughs with unlimited supplies of liquor to attack the Salvation Army, the mayor professing to be unable to afford them the protection of the law.

"Time after time the brave little band, headed by their two girl officers, faced the drink-maddened mob, from whom they received the most cruel treatment, but at length the reprimands of the home secretary, Sir William Harcourt, produced their effect, and quiet was restored."

The change that has come over public opinion is not less creditable than remarkable, and its genesis was due to the fact that, true to his characteristics, the "man in the street" had misunderstood the purpose of the army.

Founder of Army.

As a mere boy William Booth was "converted," and created a great disturbance in the Methodist chapel he attended by bringing some of the riff-raff of the town to the services. He became a local preacher, then an evangelist, and finally, with his able and devoted wife, cut loose from all church organizations, founded his own East London Revival mission, which ultimately developed into the Salvation Army.

The crisis of William Booth's life came in the late '60's and the manner in which he grappled with it shows the genius of the man—rather he would call it the inspiration of the *ho*. Spirit. Indeed, there was a woman when the drum beating had done its work, when the crude phrases and hysterical shriekings had found their level, when, in short, the Salvation Army's work seemed done. Without William Booth at that moment the army would have faded away into the dim procession of religious ripples on the surface of life. But here came in the genius of the general.

Undoubtedly, General Booth has succeeded in making a deep impression upon men of his own generation. Being a man always on the alert for ideas, he saw that the man who is "saved" in a hysterical moment is not safe; that whatever may be the driving power of the Gospel there is the stomach and even the surroundings to consider; that if you set a man's foot on the lowest step of the "ladder to God" he wants a shove to aid him up the next step. We can easily imagine the searchings of heart of that wily tactician when he saw that the drums and the shrieking led only to the first step.

An English Institution.

Moreover, the general earned his title by the splendid flank movement upon humanity when he determined that the sinner with his foot on the bottom rung must be helped up the ladder to God, and to have seen at the crucial moment the danger, to have written and published "In Darkest England and the Way Out," was the real triumph of the general, for he saved the army and, incidentally, he has saved many other people. As a

matter of fact, the Salvation Army has passed through its earlier trials; it has become an established institution in our midst.

Apart from his distinctly religious work, General Booth is chiefly interesting as almost the only Briton of our time who has made any distinct impression upon any considerable number of foreigners. No doubt Herbert Spencer had a great influence upon thinkers, and Darwin a still greater; but neither Darwin nor Herbert Spencer is a personality to any of those whose whole philosophy of life has been more or less colored by their teachings.

Mr. Gladstone was the last who had anything approaching to a personal influence on the continent, and he was to a certain degree an international man. Lord Rosebery runs over to Italy every now and then, but he neither desires nor seeks to exert an influence which comes from personal contact with the people in foreign lands.

Booth's Continental Labors.

General Booth stands alone as the one man who addresses public meetings abroad, and is in active living contact with at least some departments of the national life of foreigners. Curiously enough, he is innocent of any other language but his own, but he has addressed vast audiences in nearly every capital on the continent, and in this respect General Booth's position is unique.

In all northern Europe, with the exception of Russia, and not excepting Finland, we will find men and women banded together as organized units of the organization of which General Booth is the founder and chief, but his influence is not confined to Europe. He has on several occasions traveled through the United States and Canada, and everywhere vast crowds gathered together to hear the words of life from his lips.

He has visited Australia and India; in fact, he has become one of the shuttles in the loom of the empire, and he is probably the only British religious teacher who is equally popular at home and in English-speaking lands. If all mankind are brothers, as we are supposed to believe, General Booth deserves credit for being probably one who knows more members of the family to speak to than any other living man.

The "man in the street," who for some time past has been more or less glorying in the extent of the influence of Britain and the might and majesty of the British name, may at least reflect profitably upon the fact that General Booth has done more to familiarize the nations of the world with British ideas and British energy than any other living person.

Notwithstanding all his limitations, General Booth is a great and good man and will go down to posterity as a great organizer of social reform, rather than as the leader of a new religious movement. He has always caught the changing situation on the change and he has grown with growing demands.

The young man who wandered about Mile End waste wondering what could be done for this perverse generation—the tall, spare form of the head of the army, with his hooked nose and his hair snowed by many winters—the old man with an army of thousands behind him; commissariat, medical service, all arrayed, the accounts in order; prophet, philanthropist, organizer of victory—we can scarcely sum up that fiery old man in a phrase. Not only do people recognize the general, but accord him the tribute of love, and respect.