

The New Fall Hats.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women. Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.



The Polo Hat of 1914. Again the Close-Fitting, Forehead-Shading Hat of Black Satin, with Odd Feather Aigrettes.

The Hat of the Boulevards. Small, Close-Fitting Cap of Velvet, Trimmed with Enormously High Black Aigrette.

The Feather Cone Hat, Newest Startling Example of the Craze for Feathers, Shown in This Black Satin and Flame Colored Fancy.

tion which will give you any idea of the new growth which fashion has added to the roses, poppies, camellias and gardenias, whose petals show the queer little fringe of fur. It is rather mad, of course, but also it is rather fascinating, and anyway, it is something new. In spite of my personal feelings in the matter, I have really been able to find several hats which might please Americans even so early as September. I am sending photographs of four such hats and one of a most remarkable wrap. The wrap literally folds around the figure in a most fascinating manner. It has a curious armhole effect. The fabric is a lustrous black satin, lined with orange crepe. The sailor hat is coming back into favor. This is an unusually chic shape, of black velvet. The feathers are osprey, of course. The other three hats are brimless cap affairs, fitting the head

anugly and hiding or less—and usually more—bril- most of the fore- liant color into contrast with a head. In each case delicately tinted or pure white the decorations are gown. One such wrap whose knee-deep basque takes a distinct "flare" at the sides is of emerald green silk, with just a touch of gold broidery for its outward adornment, and a lining of white taffeta dress it will frequently be provided with one of the newest and most turning curves at the left side gandle muslin, under whose down- aurning curves at the left side there will frequently be fast- ened a little posey of variously colored flowers or else just a single fullblown pink or damask rose. The latter and darker shad- ing being more favored, at the moment than for many a long day. But only let it be clearly un- stood in the form of a finish for corsage or collar, as for milliner- al purposes, blossoms of purest white or palest pink, or shimmering silver seem to have displaced the ordinary and brighter-hued flow- ers. The simpler black taffeta gowns, and also the more elaborate ones —(whose corsage, as far as the silk is concerned, ends its career beneath the arms, the rest being merely a transparency of tulle)— are both alike being provided with the completion of a silk cape, the coats being generally reserved for the purpose of bringing a more

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Next you must know that the newest and prettiest conceit in the way of veilings is made in a black or dark blue or flesh colored net of almost cobwebby texture, but, withal, a surprising amount of strength, a length sufficient for draping about the small or medium hat shapes of the season being en- closed in a mere midjet reproduc- tion of a handbox, in whatever color may be best suited to the mood, or the costume, or the hand- bag of the moment—and the owner. For it is in the handbag that this wee box can be, and indeed is to be sheltered and carried, so that the smart and becoming veil is always ready for use when wanted—even if you do not start out with it in actual wear, another advantage being, of course, the possibility of putting the filmy, fascinating thing away in safety if or when you de- cide to discard it, after wearing it for a certain part of the day.

By Lady Duff-Gordon

WHAT will the new felt hat be? Verily, it is rather early in the year to speak with authority on this engrossing but very changeable subject. Any one, could make a fortune by striking just the mode which will please the critical fancy of the mondaine. Just at present, we, in Paris, and at San Sebastian, are wearing black velvet hats. The months of July and August invariably are the black velvet months for the Continent. This fashion makes small headway in the United States, for the terrible heat, the blasting sun, so peculiar to your country, makes velvet hats perfectly unendurable. In fact, I think that the heavily trimmed, thickly woven straw hats are too heavy for the July and August sun which shines on the American towns. On the Continent and in Eng- land, too, hats of velvet, silk and even light tweeds for shooting and golf are not too burdensome. Recently I saw a tailored hat which

might be excellent for morning wear even in New York. It is ex- ceedingly serviceable for these days of uncertain weather. It is made in the Petersham which you have hitherto, I expect, only associated with the inner waistbands of your gowns. It takes upon itself a new and silky tex- ture, and a somewhat ribbon-like aspect altogether. In its greatest width it is just deep enough to form the whole of the crown, while then another piece is used for the making of the brim, but the effect is even prettier when a narrower length is deftly folded round and round. Simple trimmings only are permissible, for such a hat—a couple of tiny plumage quills, for instance, surrounding two tall stems, held together at the base by a tiny white bird, with wings somewhat pathetically out- stretched, or perhaps another bird—a less realistic but more humane adornment this—modelled in felt jet, will shine out in front of the crown, while again two little wings, poised mercury fashion, against the crown, seem specially suitable as well as smart on a hat which is so well adapted to travel- ling and motoring wear. A narrow pleating, or binding of the Petersham is also appearing now on the brims of the latest black velvet hats, which are there- by making a new bid for popular- ity. Then further trimming will frequently in such cases consist of a cluster of gardenias or just a single snowy blossom set round with the glossy green leaves. If, however, the more ordinary and possibly more becoming, fin- ish of fur be given to the black velvet hat, there will probably be affixed in front or at one side— standing proudly erect on its sturdy and rather tall stalk—a flower with furry whiskers to match! Really, this is the only descrip- less cap affairs, fitting the head

A New Poem by Sappho, the Ella Wheeler Wilcox of Ancient Greece

COINCIDENT with the recognition of Ella Wheeler Wilcox by the London critics and poetry-loving masses of England as the modern poet of most popular appeal comes news of the discovery of a hitherto unknown poem by Sappho, the immortal ancient Greek poetess of passion. It is not known that Mrs. Wilcox ever adopted Sappho as her model, though that fact might have been indicated in her earlier lyrics, notably "Poems of Passion." The newly discovered Sappho fragment was found at Oxyrhynchus, Egypt, by Dr. B. P. Grenfell and Mr. A. S. Hunt, directors of the Egypt Exploration Fund. The parchment text is in classical Greek and in parts undecipherable, owing to the great age of the material upon which the poem was copied, probably by some ancient Alexandrian scribe. The illegible portions have been restored, so far as Greek scholarship of the present day is capable of such a task, by J. M. Edmonds, of Cambridge University. Mr. Edmonds's literal, unmetrical translation reads as follows: "The fairest thing in all the world some say is a host of horsemen, and some a host of foot, and some again a navy of ships, but to me 'tis the heart's beloved. And 'tis easy to make this understood by any. When Helen surveyed much mortal beauty she chose for best the destroyer of

all the honor of Troy, and thought not so much either of child or parent dear, but was led astray by Love to bestow her heart afar; for woman is ever easy to be bent when she thinks lightly of what is near and dear. Even so you to-day, my Anactoria, remember not it seems, when she is with you, one of whom I would rather the sweet sound of her footfall and the sight of the brightness of her beaming face than all the chariots and armored footmen of Lydia. I know that in this world man cannot have the best, yet to pray for a share in what was once shared is better than to forget it. * * *

Perhaps no writer of antiquity, whose works have come down to us so fragmentarily, is so well known to us, at any rate by name, as Sappho, the immortal poetess of Lesbos. Until recently she was represented by only two short but exquisite odes, together with a few fragments which had been preserved by other writers; but these pieces, one of which is also known in its Latin version by Catullus, were perhaps enough to justify in modern eyes the poetess' great reputation in the ancient world. Since, however, Egypt, the classical hunting ground for lost texts, began during the present generation to reveal its treasures a good many fresh fragments of Sappho have been recovered, and her fame, as well as that of her contemporaries, now

rests on a firmer basis. It would be unnece- sary to quote the many tributes which English poets have paid to "burning Sappho"; but one may perhaps recall the lines of Mrs. Brow- ning, for they have a biographical significance: "Sappho, with that auriole Of ebon hair on calmed brows. O poet-woman! none foregoes The leap, attaining the repose."

"The leap," of course, is an allusion to the legendary feat of her leaping, after her vain pursuit of Phaon, who disdained her, into the sea off the Leucadian promontory; but the story does not tell us whether she died of the adventure or not. But whatever legend has to relate of her, it is certain that at Lesbos she was at the head of a great school of writers in the heyday of Aeolic poetry, and her reputation as "the poetess" rivalled that of Homer as "the poet." Of her contempo- raries we have, unfortunately, even fewer fragments than of her own poems; but in this last Egyptian discovery some fresh pieces have also come to light of Alcaeus, who addressed her, as we knew already, in an ode and was answered by her in another. The manuscript in which the poem appears has the tantalizing subscription, "The First Book of the Lyrics of Sappho, 1,232 Lines," on the last of the fifty-six fragments from which barely a dozen stanzas, besides those quoted above, can be restored.

Latest Curved Brim Sailor of Black Velvet Worn with Odd Bulgarian Cape of Black Satin Lined with Orange Crepe.