

UP AND DOWN HATS.

Last Minute Fashions on the Boulevards Described by Lady Duff-Gordon.

LADY DUFF-GORDON the famous "Luce" 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.



Fore and Aft Chapeau. Black Liseret Straw with Quill Trimming. Created by the Maison Amelie.

By Lady Duff-Gordon

HATS, hats, everywhere, but so few of them I feel like wearing! A morning walk on the boulevards, in this lovely Spring weather, brings out almost as many hats as people! There are the shiny, Liseret hats in black, blue, green and yellow, there are tuscans, leghorns and millans. There are plain straws and twisted straws and flowers! Ye gods! it is impossible to supply the demand.

So impressed have I been with these last minute hats that I selected four, at random, to send to you. Two of them are by Lewis, and the other two by Amelie. You see that the trimming either stands up a foot or more, or else hangs down from the under side of the brim. It is an up and down season, you see.

By way of contrast I am sending you a Redfern costume which appeals very greatly to me. The lines are gracious and matronly, and the draping is particularly effective.

And now I am going to say "I told



Redfern Evening Gown of Black Satin Draped in Statuesque Lines.

you so!" again I simply can't help it, and, really, under these particular circumstances, it is not nearly so odious a remark, as it can be—and generally is! For the happening I foretold is such a pleasant one that you should all be glad it has thus "come true," and that the coats you are going to wear in the Spring will flare outward in the manner already made familiar by the "lamp-shade" tunic, and in this way, also, proved to be most becoming.

Only the new style of silhouette will be still more striking, because the coats will be much longer than the tunics, and their fabrics, too, so much more substantial. Moreover, they will frequently—and, indeed, generally—be deeply bordered and weighted with fur, and, altogether, will give their wearers a most imposing appearance—and width—to the knees, that is!

But after that they will taper away to a mere nothing, or should do so, if nature has been kind instead of generous in the matter of ankle measurements! Certainly there will not be a superfluous half inch of fabric, so far as the skirts are concerned, these being cut in a way which pays the flattery of closest imitation to the "peg-top" trousers, whose perpetuation, in our memory, has hitherto been confined to old-time prints and publications.

Some of these coats will be a permanent part of the one costume, while others will be in the nature of a wrap, which can be worn with various gowns. Such a coat I made quite recently for stage wear with a charming shade of blue which I love to use, and its material was black satin, with very broad borders of snow-white fox fur.

Which reminds me to warn you, however, that if you have any idea of choosing this same black satin for one of your new wraps you must needs be absolutely sure of the skill of the maker, for it is a material which can be so easily, and fatally,

dowdy, though its possibilities in the other direction of special smartness are equally great.

Indeed, it is just because of its difficulties—and its possibilities—that I make frequent use of it and chose it for another coat which is being worn by a very strikingly handsome and graceful actress in London's latest revue.

It makes a background in this case for a daring device in ivory white lace, gold brocade, and all its fulness is deeply bordered with sable, this same fur of furs (and really it is as supremely beautiful as it is costly!) finishing the wide sleeves and forming the collar, which is laid straightly across the back. And then the lining comes as a great and glorious surprise, for its satin is of that vivid and weird shade of turquoise blue which is so closely akin to green that its inspiration must needs have been an emerald seen through the blue of a Mediterranean sea which mirrored the rival blue of the sky.

This same color was repeated in the velvet trim lining of the black hat, a brim which turned sharply up at one side, while from behind its shelter there sprang upward and outward a superb white aigrette, centred with a veritable bush of black fronds. And the dress itself was of yellow satin as to the skirt, while flesh-colored chiffon and soft brown net, with a touch of fur, fashioned the long-sleeved corsage, and at the waist there were swathings of satin in emerald green, turquoise blue, black, white and orange.

Now, can you imagine something of the resulting effect and sensation?



The Hat with the Cross. Black Straw Walking Hat. Designed by the Maison Amelie.



Girlish Hat of Butter Straw and Red Poppies. Designed by the Maison Lewis.

Black Crinoline Boat Hat, with High Black Plume. Designed by Maison Lewis.



Why Some Women of Refinement Are Acting Like Barbarians

An Interesting Psychological Analysis by G. K. Chesterton of the Murderous Mme. Caillaux and the Wanton Acts of the Suffragists.

By G. K. Chesterton, the Famous English Essayist.

I F one wrote a thousand books about the matter, one could not make a plainer picture of the difference between the English temperament and the French temperament in practical politics than by comparing the two outrages that have recently been done by prominent and educated women.

An English lady comes sincerely to the conclusion that it would be good for her body and soul to have a vote, which means the thousandth fraction of a lawyer on the make, who will always do what his party leaders tell him, and sometimes what his party opponents tell him—but never, under any earthly circumstances, what she tells him.

Very well. What does she do then? She thoughtfully betakes herself to a picture gallery, and walks round it until she has selected the picture which has the least possible connection with the business in hand—a very dubious Velasquez which, if it is in honor of anything, is presumably in honor of the beauty of her sex. She carefully slices it about with a chopper—without doing it irreparable injury.

To my simple masculine mind the connection of ideas is not clear. Not long after this occasion, the wife of a French politician comes to the conclusion that her husband is being slandered by a journalist. But, strange to relate, she does not go to the Louvre and fire bullets at the Venus of Milo, which would seem the more natural course. On the contrary, she goes to the journalist's office and fires bullets at the journalist.

This is certainly a much more wicked thing to do; but I cannot conceal from myself that it is also much more intelligible. It is not very sensible, of course, because it has really sounded a trumpet for the triumph of her political enemies—just as the murder of St. Thomas of Canterbury was instantly followed by the victory of the Church and the humiliation of the King. But I can trace that connection of ideas in this case which entirely escape me in the other.

And though both these unfortunate ladies were probably hysterical and desperate, and



A Clever Caricature of G. K. Chesterton by "Matt."

my own instinct would be to deal leniently with them, yet in the French case one can see, through all its distortion of derangement and criminality, a curious kind of crooked shadow of the political genius of France.

But the point I wish to raise here is quite apart from the horror and distress of this particular crime. There is one peculiarity which both offenders have in common, and which seems to me to go very deep into the strange squabble of the sexes that has arisen in our time.

Now the real poison and peril in that squabble is not in any mere anarchy arising out of it. It is not that people break windows, still less that they attempt to vivisect the Rokeby "Venus." I think it rather healthy for the respectable classes to have their windows broken at proper historical intervals, and as for the Rokeby "Venus," had I not attached some importance to self control, I might have put my boot through it long ago.

No, the vital evil is this: that the sexes, like any other two parties to a business, may get themselves into such an attitude to each other that neither can respect the other. Everything and everybody has its weak side and its strong side, and this soft-fragette business means the woman always turning her weak side to the man, and the man, in consequence, turning his weak side to the woman.

Very broadly, the weak side of the woman is unreasonableness, and the weak side of the man is brutality, and not a few signs of it are beginning to show themselves.

If I make myself clear, the one sex cannot get round to the right side of the other. It is maddening to watch. It is like watching somebody trying to join a book and eye, each of them held the wrong way round. It is like watching a drunkard trying to find the keyhole with the wrong end of the key.

Now there are certain perfectly definite oddities or limitations which are more com-

mon in women, just as there are others which are more common in men. And if a man never appeared to a woman except when he was drunk, and a woman never appeared to a man except when she was in hysterics, what some call the comradeship of the sexes would scarcely be advanced. And the two political women of whom I have spoken both exhibit a trait which would probably be exhibited by the best and wisest woman in the world if she stood in this unlucky attitude toward accidental circumstances.

Frankly, the trait is this—that things the Suffragettes do are not half so silly as the things they say. And the reason for the silliness in the things they say is not in the least that they are sillier than other people, or that women are sillier than men (which they certainly are not); the reason is that they do not care what they say.

They are full of the practical female glow of having done something; and the explanation they give is simply anything that comes into their heads.

The lady who gave the "Venus" a good hard knock said afterward that she had selected it as the most beautiful woman in mythology, and as a parallel to Mrs. Pankhurst, who was the most beautiful character in modern history. The logical deduction of which, as it present itself to me, is that she should take a chopper and give Mrs. Pankhurst a good hard knock, since that is her symbolic way of saluting female excellence.

But I do not believe for a moment that the lady had any such theoretic reason before she performed the practical action. I think it was an afterthought. And by this I do not mean in the least that she is not serious about the justice of the vote. I mean that she is not what I should call serious about the justice of the word—the spoken utterance, declaration or definition. So long as she is right, she doesn't think it much matters what she says. And this is not a proof of silliness; it is simply a bias of sex.

Now it is the curious fact that the unhappy woman in Paris, who went much more directly about her business in the practical sense, exhibited very much the same weird triviality about it afterward. She appears to have said that she didn't shoot at M. Caillaux to kill him, but to "give him a lesson."

She may be telling the exact truth for all I know, but it is a logical position which I cannot unravel. It seems to me strange to suppose that a gentleman who has a lot to say against you would be more inclined to let you off after you had tried to murder him and failed. It also seems to me to imply considerable confidence in your own marksmanship to suppose that you could exactly regulate the extent of the lesson conducted by emptying five barrels of a revolver into a man's back.

Was it perhaps a lesson in marksmanship? And the moral of all this is not in the least that women are incapable of common-sense, but simply that we have not enough common-sense to give them a real chance of expressing it. Women ought to be doctors; but women were doctors in the Middle Ages. Women ought to sit on juries in certain cases; but in those cases they sat on juries in the Middle Ages. Women ought to be queens, but they were queens in the Middle Ages.

The reason why some hesitation has been felt about their adopting some other professions and practices will generally, I think, be found to work back to a dark subconscious doubt in the male mind about whether those practices are quite unimpeachably honorable. The soldier is right to kill; but killing is rather beastly. The barrister is right to cross-examine, but cross-examining is much more beastly.

What I suggest is the strange fancy that our forefathers were not all fools, and that it is worth while to consider seriously whether their traditions did not generally follow the tracks of human instinct and experience.

And the primary instinct is to avoid the occasion when people appear at their worst. If a Frenchman and an Englishman wanted to settle something, it might be wise for the Englishman to make an appointment on Shakespeare's Cliff, overhanging the sea at Dover, or it might even be wise for the Frenchman to make an appointment in the old town of Calais, for which the burghers dared so much and which Mary Tudor had written on her heart. But I really do not advise the Frenchman and the Englishman to settle their differences on the boat between Dover and Calais on a rather stormy day. Neither could be certain of the preservation of that dignity which is a considerable part of diplomacy.

It is not really a spiritual degradation to be seasick; nor is it a spiritual degradation to be hysterical. But there is a very real blunder in people putting themselves into these repulsive and impossible attitudes when they are trying to persuade somebody else that they are right. And the modern quarrel between the sexes is really a misunderstanding of this sort.