Poetry In This Season's Hats.

The Season's Millinery a Thing of Inspiration---Visions of the Tea Hour---All Kinds of Changes Rung On Historic and National Lines, Fezes, Tricornes and Turbans---Hats Set Low On the Head as a Rule.

New York, Oct. 25—Imaginative folk ought to be grateful to the milliners this season and the luncheon or tea hour at any fashionable restaurant is calculated to set fanciful brains whirring. You may not be keen about tea, but you saunter into a smart tea room, find a quiet table, take a look at the women's hats round about you and straightway off you go a-dreaming and seeing visions, as though you were consuming hashish instead of oolong.

It was such a poet who called attention to this romantic element in the new millinery. Having a grovelling and material soul his companion had been studying the hats at the Plaza one afternoon with a mere mundane desire to find out whether they were of beaver or velvet or fur and whether wide brims were really being driven to the wall but the poet looked about him with something approaching rapture.

A Turkish Fez.

"There's a college lad having tea with a Turkish fez and a Russian turban and a head by Boucher, and it doesn't mean any more to him than it would if the girls hads their head wrapped in wet towels," he said sadly. "He's probably talking football."

"And the Turkish-Russian Louis girls doubtless prefer football to poetry," the poet's companion suggested unkindly.

"Exactly. I'm sorry for them all. Think of the stories one could spin around that fez—veiled ladies and perfumed fountains and moonlight on the Bosporus and—"

"Make it the bowstring and sock," was suggested. "A girl with that face who'll buy a fez deserves sudden and violent taking off."

The poet looked grieved.

"And the Persian turban over there in the corner," he went on. "Bulbuls and rose gardens and Hafiz."

"And the last row of the chorus," his companion said, supplementing his remark.

But he wouldn't be brought back to prose.

"There's a lady of Henry II.'s court having tea with one of Marie Antoinette's beauties. I wonder what they are telling each other."

"Their latest troubles with children and cooks. That's a safe guess."

"They fill my mind with magic words, these hats," and he murmured half audible things about Ispahan and Samarcand and dear dead ladies and Belle Marquis and the snows of yesteryear while he pensively consumed six eclairs. This it is to be a poet.

But even a prosaic student of the modes should find the new millinery interesting. We have written about it before and we shall write of it again. The theme is too fascinating to become threadbare and new models are continually appearing.

Such variety we have not had in many a year, and though the designers have rung in all kinds of changes upon historic and national lines, it is easy to guess at the source of inspiration in a majority of the models.

The really large hats, which are so far in the minority, speak less emphatically of period than do the small shapes. Grace of line is more easily achieved in them, and grace of line, beauty of color and richness of material are their essentials. The daring chic of the successful small hat, its audacious originality, the big picture hat does not actually need.

The big hats of the season like the small ones, are set low on the head, though as a rule they droop less deeply in the back than the big hats of last year, and some of them even roll upward at the back. The three models of the large group are fairly illustrative in shape, materials and coloring.

Ostrich Plumes.

Beaver faced with velours and trimmed with a wealth of ostrich plumes, all in the one prunelle tone, is the scheme of the big hat with slightly rolling brim, and one finds this same combination of materials repeated again and again. Ostrich plumes have come back into their own with a rush and are not often now captured by being defrisee, though the closely curled plume is found only in the cheapest plumes.

In coloring the season's ostrich plumes are lovely beyond description. Every soft, subtle tone known to fashion is reproduced and shades and hues are exquisitely blended. Particularly beautiful effects are obtained in the taupe shadings with white or rose or dull blue. One plume, more marvellous than beautiful, shades through all the Persian tones, the coloring being mixed with surprising skill to give a finely mottled and blended effect reminiscent of rare Oriental shawls and rugs.

Colored plumes on black hats are popular, the very modish lime green—a green approaching the soft, light yellowish green of absinthe—certain tones of exquisitely soft, dull light blue and some of the subdued brownish yellows, which are not caramel, not gold nor corn nor the old time champagne, being specially liked for plume color on black. The hat itself may be beaver, velvet, felt or moire, and often combines several materials.

Black Lace.

Black lace, usually chantilly, is frequently used for a big draped crown and extends out part way over a wide brim of velvet, the lace of the brim lying flatly on the velvet. A very stunning big Georgette model of this type had a mass of handsome plums in the blue already mentioned for a trimming and another model with the same brim and a more exaggerated draped crown of lace was trimmed only in a cluster of enormous rose pink camellias.

Ostrich plumes are more generally used than aigrets, but much as one would like to believe that awakening to decent feeling and abhorrence of wanton cruelty on the part of women is accountable for this state of things it is likely that the extraordinary prices now asked for the aigrets have more to do with the situation. It is a curious thing that the sex traditionally regarded as the gentler sex can face such facts regarding bird slaughter as have been made public, and yet gayly on demanding feather trimmed hats and wearing them.

Fur rivals plumes in the millinery favor and bids fair to be the most striking feature of this winter's millinery. Several weeks ago we gave some sketches of fur hats and fur trimmed hats, but the models of that class multiply amazingly fast. Skunk, mink, sable, chinchilla, moleskin, caracul, Australian opossum, ermine, the lynx—all the popular furs are pressed into the milliner's service, and so clever have the furriers become in the matter of lightening the weight of furs that the big fur turbans are not so oppressively heavy on the head one might imagine.

JOHNSON IS HONORED, BUT WHAT OF WIFE?

Throughout Recent Anniversary Proceedings No Mention Was Made of Author's Spouse.

London, Oct. 25.—England recently marked by speeches and meetings the two hundredth anniversary of Samuel Johnson. Lord Rosebery delivered one of the best speeches of his life at the Litchfield celebration. Others were hardly less felicitous. Yet few or none of these eulogists had a good word to say of the woman that Samuel Johnson made his wife. Where she was referred to, it was as a shrewish old beldame, whom Johnson married in an hour of folly. But the Tablet and the Times come to her defence. Says the Tablet:—

Another Defender.

The wife for whom Dr. Johnson prayed has found another defender in Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who writes to the Times to express a hope that the Johnsonian festival will bring with it a reversal of the popular opinion regarding this lady, the result of the tone adopted towards her by writers who take their cue from Garrick or Macaulay. Mr. Fitzgerald says:—"She was nearly double her husband's age, and was burdened with three grown-up children, while Johnson had his aged mother to support. An improvident marriage, if ever there was one; but the robust, heroic soul of Johnson compelled it to be a happy one. As to her looks, we have her portrait—preserved at a mansion in Wales. Mrs. Thrale saw it, and pronounced that it was the face of a pretty woman. The blind Mrs. Williams, who knew her well, gave her the highest character, and spoke to Miss Knight of her wisdom and goodness and general capacity. Her daughter, Lucy Porter, is also depicted as a fair, attractive girl; while her father—Porter, the silk mercer—actually sat to Hogarth. A careful search through the various memoirs—such as those of Hawkins and his daughter—will show that all are agreed as to her merits, the best tribute to which is that the doctor literally doted on his Tetty."

Incalculable Honor.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald had, among Catholic authors, a forerunner in the defence of Mr. Johnson. "When Samuel Johnson," said this writer, "at twenty-six, married his wife, he gave the dull an advantage over himself which none but the dullest will take. He chose, for love, a woman who had the wit to admire him at the first meeting, and in spite of first sight. 'That,' she said to her daughter, 'is the most sensible man I ever met.' He was penniless. She had what was no mean portion for those times and those conditions; and, granted that she was effected, and provincial, and short, and all the rest with which she is charged, she was probably not without suitors; nor do her defects or faults seem to have been those of an unadmired or neglected woman. Next, let us remember what Johnson was like, even in his twenties, and how little he would have touched the senses of an ordinary widow fond of externals. She loved him, accepted him, made him happy, gave to one of the noblest of all English hearts the one love of its sombre life. And English literature has had no better phrase for her than Macaulay's—She accepted, with a readiness which did her little honor, the addresses of a suitor who might have been her son. Her readiness did her incalculable honor. But it is at last worth remembering that Johnson had first done her incalculable honor. No one has given to man or woman the right to judge as to the worthiness of her who received it."

MRS. CORNWALLIS WEST HEADS ANTI-SUFFRAGETTES

The anti-suffragists have announced Mrs. George Cornwallis West (Lady Randolph Churchill) among the speakers whom they have engaged to teach American women the virtue of keeping out of politics. The suffragists recently published reminiscences Mrs. Cornwallis West declares herself a keen and ardent politician. As the mainspring of the Primrose League, she tells how she used to travel about England making public speeches against Home Rule for Ireland. The suffragists declare that the women in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho, who vote for all offices from President down, have never made themselves as conspicuous, nor allowed their political activities to keep them away from home nearly as much as Mrs. Cornwallis West.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN ARE VOTING NOW

The women of Victoria, Australia, recently received the right to vote for members of the State Parliament. They report that although they had previously been petitioning for the appointment of police matrons they could not get them, but that with their first use of the ballot they elected men who promptly had matrons appointed for the prisons and police stations. The Women's Political Association is said to have guided the women of Victoria in selecting candidates. This association is organized to work for the things that women of all parties want, the protection of children, treatment of women, the reformation of criminals rather than their vindictive punishment, and everything tending to strengthening the morals of the people. Its members are pledged to cast their ballots regardless of party for those candidates who can be trusted to promote public welfare.

Lady Lowther Proves Her Mettle In Africa

Lady Lowther, Formerly Alice Blight of Philadelphia.

Alice Atherton Blight, daughter of Atherton Blight, of Philadelphia, has made good.

She used to appear in the moving pictures with which society amused itself at Newport, and there Sir Gerard Lowther met her. He was attached to the British embassy at Washington. One day she posed as "The Sultana," little thinking that she'd ever play a real part in the country where there are real sultanas.

One day Lowther received word that he had been appointed British minister to Morocco. Society folk thought Miss Blight had been only fooling with Sir Gerard. But, lo and behold, when she saw that he really had to go away from America, she up and married him and went off to lonely old Tangier with him.

One day the native tribesmen defeated the French at Casa Blanca. They began to move toward Tangier and Europeans fled. But Lady Lowther wouldn't go. Even the pleadings of her husband, who, of course, could not depart, were in vain. Instead of going, she fixed up a hospital and gathered a corps of nurses. She got ready to do all the woman's part of war. The natives didn't get to Tangier, but that didn't detract from this American girl's bravery.

LEOPOLD REDUCING HIMSELF TO POVERTY

Belgian King's Method of Disinheriting His Daughters Despite Laws of Land--Princess Applies for Loan.

Brussels, Oct. 25.—The news of the attempt of the Princess Louise, daughter of King Leopold, to obtain a loan from a Hamburg bank on the security of an inheritance exceeding $25,000,000 has caused astonishment.

According to the Belgian law King Leopold is unable to disinherit his children. Each is entitled to one-fourth of his fortune, but this right only obtains if the King makes a will. During his lifetime he can dispose of his property as he chooses, and the royal fortune is believed to be diminishing daily owing to gifts to favorites and their endowment.

King Leopold is credited with the intention of leaving nothing to his daughters, but it is believed now that the contemplated sale of the royal picture collection will not occur.

Miss Amy F. Ching of China has entered Wellesley College to equip herself to be a teacher in her native land. She is pointed out by her friends as a self-made girl. She supported herself while taking a course in the normal school at Honolulu and from two years' work as a teacher she saved enough to take her through Oahu College, from which she was graduated last summer.

LONDON TUBE PATRONS IN TRYING EXPERIENCE

Passengers on Certain Cars Found They Could Not Get To Their Desired Destination ---Schedule Cancelled.

London, Oct. 25.—An amusing incident marked the day the Piccadilly tube railway officials inaugurated as a new feature an express service during the rush hours of the day. The line consists of two parallel tubes, one for eastbound and the other for westbound trains. The plan was to have all the trains between eight and half-past ten a. m. and five and seven p. m. stop at alternate stations throughout the route, each train stopping at the stations passed by its predecessor.

It developed that the plan must have been carelessly thought out. When passengers for, say, Piccadilly Circus, alighted from a train at Dover street or Leicester square to await a train to the Circus they found that every train stopping at the desired destination went through the station where they waited at top speed.

The management discovered their error about an hour after the service was put in operation and immediately cancelled the arrangement and resumed the old service of each train stopping at every station.

Mrs. F. R. Violette, Miss M. A. Violette, Miss D. Violette, of Missoula, Montana, and Mr. L. J. Belliveau, of Fredericton, spent the holiday in the city.

WEDS ON DEATH BED TO PROVIDE FOR BRIDE

Claude Sellers, Dying of Pneumonia, Summons His Fiance from Philadelphia for the Ceremony.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 25.—Lying on his death bed in New York, Claude Sellers, a young business man of that city, was married to Miss Bertie Steeple, of Philadelphia, yesterday, and dying a few hours later left his property to his young bride. Mrs. Sellers returned to the home of her parents, No. 1,157 South Juniper street, today, after attending her husband's funeral in New York.

They had been engaged for nearly a year, having met at a dance in this city last winter, and they were to have been married in Philadelphia next Wednesday. Mr. Sellers made frequent trips from New York to visit his fiance and was last seen in this city about a week ago, when he returned to New York apparently in perfect health. On Saturday he was taken ill with pneumonia and became rapidly worse until on Sunday, realizing that he had not long to live, he demanded that his fiancee be summoned to his bedside.

Miss Steeple hurried to New York in response to a telegram and when she arrived at the sick man's bedside he was sinking fast. He insisted that they should be married at once and the ceremony was immediately performed. Mr. Sellers lingered until Monday morning, when he died.

There are three women among the nominees for the next Norwegian Parliament. One was chosen by the Liberals and two by the Socialists.

SUFFRAGETTES BRING NEW ORDER OF THINGS

Complexion of Political Meetings in England Entirely Altered Through Efforts of Militant Suffragettes.

London, Oct. 25.—Whatever the militant suffragettes have or have not accomplished, it is quite certain that they have entirely altered the complexion of political meetings in this country, especially those at which Cabinet Ministers or well known adherents of the Government speak. Before the day of the suffragette it was easy to attend such meetings without tickets. A couple of policemen at the doors and a couple more inside the hall were enough to preserve order, except in notoriously rowdy places during an actual election contest. The suffragettes have changed all that.

Nowadays when a Cabinet Minister is announced to speak the town he is going to favor looks on the day of the meeting as if it were under martial law. Stout barricades protect the approaches to the building in which the speech is to be made. All the neighboring streets are closed to ordinary traffic. Police, mounted and foot, keep the crowds in check and the ticket holder must be ready to produce his ticket while he is yet two or three streets away from the meeting place. On arriving at the hall he may have to give his name and address and he is as carefully scrutinized as visitors to the House of Commons in the days of the dynamite scare. There is no doubt that during the next general election the police will be more busily employed than ever before, and the expense to the ratepayers proportionately increased.

RUSSIAN CRAZE IS RAMPANT IN ENGLAND

Russian Art Extremely Popular and Muscovite Embroideries, Caucasian Silverware and Ivory are Everywhere Shown.

London, Oct. 25—A Russian craze is sweeping over London, probably the outcome of the Anglo-Rusian entente. Russian art is popular. Muscovite embroideries, Caucasian silverware and ivory are prominently displayed in West End shop windows and translations of Russian authors find a ready sale.

To the popularity of Russian cookery the menus of the fashionable restaurants bear witness. Especially the musical world Russian productions are to the fore. Russian dancers find a warm reception here and great crowds gather to listen to concerts given by the imperial "balalaika" orchestra, which discourses on the three stringed instruments so named the haunting melancholy airs of the land of the Czar. A Russian peasant choir is the next thing to be introduced to Londoners.

British financial enterprise in Russia, so Stock Exchange authorities say, is destined to play a large part in the city activity of the next year or two. Lord Revelstoke, the head of the banking house of Barings, is only one of several London financiers who are in St. Petersburg to lay foundations for future dealings.

Miss Ivy E. Woodward has been admitted to full membership in the Royal College of Physicians of London. This is the first time that the coveted M. R. C. P. has been conferred upon a woman.

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