

ORNATE MATERIALS AND BRIGHT COLORS IN SPRING CHAPEAUX

FLOWERS COMPOSE MOTIFS IN MANY OF SEASON'S CREATIONS

Flowing Lace Veils Also Retain Their Charm and Popularity in Springtime Headgear. Lines Follow Those of Winter's Styles, While Sizes Indicate That to Be Modish, One's Hat Must Be Either Very Large or Very Small.

By FLORENCE GRIMES.

CHAPEAUX for the ladies! All around town one sees gay colors here and there.

As if in revolt against a sobriety that has reigned all too long, this year's inclinations are all in favor of rather ornate materials and bright colorings.

Spring is here and with it comes the usual desire for gay plumage or in other words, mildy comes out of her winter chrysalis looking just like a spring flower. For spring flowers are everywhere, on one's gown, forming a collar, and masses of them even cover the tiny toques on display in Washington shops. Not for many seasons have flowers been considered such an important trimming as this spring.

Bright flowers compose the entire tops of many of the newest hats and on the upturned brims of others beautifully blended flowers give a soft coloring to the face of the wearer. Nor has the flowing lace veil disappeared from the realm of fashions. In fact it is noticeable on many models both large and small and still performs its service as a decoration hanging gracefully down on one side and draping over one shoulder.

Hats this season follow the same ruling as winter millinery, that is they are either very large models or very small. The former however, are not merely a "trifle big" but assume unusual proportions. So large are they that it would almost seem, with the sudden popularity of these "Merry Widow" shapes, that the sale of parasols and umbrellas will diminish.

THE desire for shiny effects in millinery has occasioned the very latest thing in flower trimming, lacquered flowers. One lovely mushroom shape displayed at Leon's is made of navy taffeta faced with red straw. About the crown shiny lacquered flowers carry out the same color scheme.

Flowers, by the way, are by no means insignificant. Indeed some of them are so large that they are by no means obscure. On one small toque of brown sellophane straw, huge apricot poppies totally cover the crown. Over the wide brims of others, huge flowers are used as a trimming.

APROPOS of hats, the quaint old fashioned poke bonnet has again been revived. So picturesquely are they that they take us back to our grandmother's day when automobiles were unthought of and Washington belles coquettishly nodded their pretty bonnets from "a coach and four." In the bonnets of today there is little difference, they have the same becoming lines sloping on each side, the same trimming of lovely flowers and berries and even have the same raised effect, showing the back of the head, very much like the old familiar pancake hat that was so popular about seven years ago.

In the millinery department of M. Brooks and Company, the spring showing includes a few picturesque little pokes. One quaint model of milan straw is cut into the crown in the back. In the opening a black willow falls in a veil and is further decorated with a rose under the brim.

It is a noticeable feature of the mode that flowers also appear under the brim and introduce a soft coloring, especially if the underfacing is somber.

THE felt hats worn by the "dapper" throughout the winter, very jauntily over one eye, have become so popular with the schoolgirls that they are reproduced in the same shape in stray of all colors, to be worn with the sport costume.

As the warm weather approaches, woolen hosiery takes leave and the popular hosiery of the moment is the "shot" or mottled effects that go so well with the tweeds and romespuns. Sport hose is made in all manner of colors and with the rose homespun suit for instance the young girl wears rose stockings.

It would seem as if the vogue has indeed gone to Dame Fashion's head for lady's head, the

coiffure, its covering and ornamentations come in for a good deal of attention this spring season. Head-dresses and ornaments reigned supreme throughout the winter and in fact they still continue to do so and are even more predominant. At dances one sees here and there a rose tucked among the bobbed curls of one brown-haired miss or a laurel wreath about the dark head of another.

Owing to the demure simplicity of many evening gowns the demand for accessories has become very great. A seemingly prosaic person in a simple chiffon gown may be utterly transformed by the addition of a wreath of flowers about the head and flowers and buds trailing down the side of the gown or a girle of flowers encircling the waist.

WHEN spring comes we think of buds, wood flowers and berries. And so it is natural that the head-dresses for spring dances are of flowers, buds and berries. At Emile's shop on Connecticut avenue there are the loveliest head-dresses for the sleek, well-groomed coiffure of the matron or the fluffy bobbed hair of the miss. Delicate pink rosebuds and silver leaves combine to make one ornament while another is made up of ribbon and flowers. And typical of the springtime is one fascinating one made entirely of small berries. One would almost look like a wood nymph wearing it.

COMBS still continue on their becoming way and when we have almost decided that the comb as an adornment is passe there appears in the mode some novel comb to make it more popular. Now it is the give effect, a French word that pictures frost on a wintry morning. It is what the name implies, looks like a comb of frost and glitters in the night light like myriads of tiny diamonds. Huge combs of the glittering substance stand high above the head like a jeweled crown. One would look particularly effective on a sleek brunette.

NOR does Dame Fashion center all her interest upon the coiffure and the head-dress, for the feet of fashion also follow new lines. The dernier cri of the mode is the anklet that has already been acclaimed in Washington and is seen here and there on the ballroom floor.

Many influences have occasioned the exotic effects that enter the mode. It would almost seem as though the fascinating ways of those South Sea Isles were in a way permeating our Washington atmosphere. Bushy, bobbed hair, floral girdles, brilliant beads and flower-wreathed heads, and finally comes the final tribute from the Tahitian belles of the isle, namely the anklet.

Vai Richter is displaying a large assortment of anklets, some plain and many very elaborate. One very attractive example is made of jet beads buckling on the side and ornamented in front with a large jet cabuchop. From this, sparkling jet fringe hangs down over the foot. This type might well be worn with the scintillating sequin evening gown.

Another type of anklet is made of jet with pearl chain pendants. There are also simple plain strap anklets made to match the gown. The anklet is worn on the right ankle and the discriminating person never wears a very fancy slipper with the elaborate anklet.

FANS still continue to waive gracefully above the tables at smart Washington hotels, at the theaters, and in the ballroom. And since the mode this season is a sparkling mode, fans take up the fashion edict and the result is the fan sparkling with sequins. One sees them here and there corresponding with the color of the dress, glistening in the soft night lights and adding a scintillating, sparkling touch to the formal costume.

FIRST and fiercest, we note the household martyr, the woman who does not say anything because it is of no use, but goes along in mute suffering every

CONTRAST is the feature of this attractive restaurant frock from the shop of Margaret J. Connor on L Street. The irregular plaited skirt is of black Kasha crepe. The Balkan blouse of maise Canton crepe is made striking by lavish black embroidery. The sash and scarf thrown over one shoulder are edged with deep fringe.

THE quaint orchid poke above from the Dell Millinery shop is fashioned of tagel braud and unfringed with faille silk. Orchid poppies trim the crown and a cluster of pertwinkle, cherries hangs down on one side. The evening toque below from the same shop has an upturned brim of pastel flowers. A black lace scarf covers the crown and drapes over one shoulder.



THE SPECTATOR

MARTYRS.

THE late Bert Leston Taylor, prince of paragraphists, said it once in this wise: "Probably most martyrs got what was coming to them."

One should not say anything that should lessen the long-grown respect for the early martyrs, for the reason that they furnished models for several thousand old paintings and statues, if for no other reason.

But, with no reflection upon the ancient worthies, we should like to make a few feeble remarks upon those modern martyrs which it has been our privilege to meet.

And as to the common or garden martyr, with whom we have been thrown in contact, our opinion coincides with that of Mr. Taylor.

FIRST and fiercest, we note the household martyr, the woman who does not say anything because it is of no use, but goes along in mute suffering every

day. She doubtless regrets that we treat her with consideration and do not throw her to the lions or otherwise mangle her to make a Roman holiday, in which regret we are rather disposed to participate.

There is the martyr in the office. He is right and we are wrong. Always. But he says nothing. He goes about his work with that air of pained superiority and tortured self-sacrifice which is doubtless a strong consolation to himself and just as strong an irritation to everybody else.

There is the martyr in the church, the club and the lodge, who wants his own way, but is not man enough to get it, and instead of being a good sport and as pleasant about it as possible, wears daily, as his crown of martyrdom, the appearance of noble resignation under continual outrage. Him, also, nothing but our remnants of Christian char-

acter and our fear of the law prevents us from murdering.

THEN, there is the apostle of some minority creed or movement—whether he represents some economic idea which about ten people in town sympathize with and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety think is bunk, or whether he has some religious form of propaganda in his bonnet and is a member of the Two Seed in the Spirit Seventh Day Advent Winebrennarian Baptist Church, or some cult that had been freshly imported from Siberia—in either case he is what the unregenerated grocer's boy calls a crank. But that does not prevent him from an amazing complacency.

It seems a pity that all such martyrs, in these days of un-

belief and indifference, are denied the satisfaction of being roasted in the market place.

It is a pity for them. Also for us.

EVALUATION means the survival of the fittest and the strongest is not necessarily the one who is best adapted to his environment.

The first morality is to be human.

If we have held of any sort of notion that we consider a divine truth, it ought to be some kind of a notion that will render us agreeable.

For the best test of truth is not whether we conscientiously believe it, but whether we can get anybody else to believe it.

The most convincing thing about the claims made by Mahomet, or Buddha, or Mrs. Eddy, is not their assertions of certainty, but the fact that they had so many followers.

NUDE FORMS IN ART REALLY SHOCKING, SAYS BOULEVARDIER

Paris Finds That There Are Some Poses Top Unconventional to Pass in the Most Fashionable and "Ultra" Salons—Long Skirts Actually Being Worn, Although French Capital Circumvents Their Modesty.

PARIS, March 18.

THE painters have really been doing shocking things, so shocking, in fact, that even the policemen blushed and the Prefect demanded that certain pictures at the Independents' Art Exhibition, just opened at the Grand Palais, should be modified.

The trouble was that not only did the subjects of the pictures lack clothes, but they also lacked that classic form and pose which, to some extent, makes up for absence of conventional draping.

In one case the artist—a married woman—was prevailed upon to paint for each of two nude male figures a pair of pajamas.

As a matter of fact, the women artists seem to be the most shocking of the whole bunch.

What in the sacred name of art led another noted lady to depict two female forms, devoid of any drapery, in the horribly unfeminine sport of wrestling, goodness knows.

Of course, there is always a crowd round this wretched mass of feminine arms and legs.

WHAT a panic among fashionable women the last few days have been.

Wealthy Parisiennes driving up to world-famous establishments in the Rue de la Paix in luxurious motor cars, clad in furs worth fortunes, have dashed from the automobiles into the luxury shops, shivering with apprehension, as though pursued by a hidden terror.

The terror is, in fact, abroad, and the terror is a woman. She has not yet even been identified, but she may be lurking anywhere to claim her victim.

She acts silently. There is a little shower of something. Many victims think it was merely rain. But a few minutes afterwards they notice their beautiful furs scorching, and at the end of the day they have become nothing but worthless skins. The vitriol-thrower has done her work.

THE flesh of many beautiful women has been scorched. In one case the burning fluid penetrated the skirt and severely injured the leg of the fair wearer.

Up to the time of writing the police tell me there have been no less than three hundred attacks notified to them.

THE battle of the beauties this year is revealing a number of dazzling pretty girls, and the beauty queens of the arrondissements who will ride in the great mid-Lent procession will, I hear, simply take the mere man's breadth away.

Many of the queens already elected are, however, put somewhat in the shade by the surprise which the gypsy showmen of Paris have sprung upon the city. Noted for their beautiful daughters, they, too, choose their queen.

This year she is Mile. Paulette Fanni, a wonderful brunette, whose rich and swarthy beauty, gleaming white teeth and full red lips are captivating the capital.

She is a wonderful circus rider, I hear, and, tricked out in her male hunting attire, is the bonniest figure imaginable.

What if a gypsy girl should be queen of Paris beauty queens? It is not unlikely.

SURELY the cutest way in which love ever overcame a difficulty was hit upon by Mile. Hahn, a beautiful French girl, and her lover in the United States. The United States Immigration laws prevented her from joining her lover, except as his wife. But there was the cable.

Mile. Hahn stood at one end with a French official. Her lover stood at the other. The "Will thou have," etc., was flashed from one to the other, and back in turn flashed the affirmatives, and though 2,000 miles apart the nuptial knot was tied.

Snapping her fingers at Immigration laws, the cable bride joined her husband by the next boat.

MILE. FANNY HELDY'S friends tell me that we have by no means heard the last of her application for a Jockey's license, which the French Jockey Club refused the beautiful opera star.

One of her projects, I hear, is to invite the members of the club to witness an exhibition of her riding over a steepchase course near Paris.

"I'll show them what I can do," declares the charming singer.

Paris declares she will ride to the winning post yet.

AS might be expected, Mile. Heldy's aspirations toward racing fame have awakened similar ambition in other beauties of the Paris stage.

I hear, for instance, that Mile. Jane Saint-Bonnet is now blossoming out as a daring and expert horse-woman. Every morning she mounts a fine thoroughbred and takes him over the steepest jumps she can find.

We shall, in fact, soon have actresses racing their gosses against each other, if rumor is correct. Longchamps will have to look to its laurels when that day arrives.

THE friends of Mile. Yvonne de Bray are becoming not a little anxious about her safety, and all because of a pet panther, the darling of the charming actress.

A playful, kitten-like creature, at first, the panther is now quite a big beast, and though he still enjoys a game with his beautiful mistress, the time is not far distant when he may suddenly remember his primeval instincts.

Mile. Yvonne, however, declares he is still as harmless as a kitten, and declines to entertain any idea of separation between "beauty and the beast."

LONG skirts have evidently come to stay, at least for a time, but Parisian girls still seem determined that their pretty ankles shall be well advertised. For what ankle could pass unnoticed when the dainty foot below it is clad in a flaming red, or even a brilliant blue?

Of such an order of rainbow brilliance is the foot fashion for the coming summer, and with stockings to match, it is quite certain that the season will be one of the smiling ankles.

FABULOUS prices are, I hear, being paid for cocaine in the Riviera this season. Police vigilance has made the drug more difficult to obtain than in the days gone by, and consequently the traffickers are calling for tremendously increased prices—and they are getting them.

Huge quantities of the dope are smuggled over the Italian frontier, and only the other day there was a desperate struggle between the police and the cocaine smugglers, in which one of the smugglers was shot. So cocaine today is being bought with the blood of men.

THE bridge-playing epidemic, it seems, have been found out, and the secret of a comfortable little room beneath the French chamber, the existence of which few of the members were aware, has been exposed.

During wearisome sessions, it seems, a certain number of France's legislators would mysteriously vanish to reappear when only a division was called.

Then some one accidentally opened a door in the basement, and discovered the missing deputies enjoying a quiet game of bridge.

Polite Pirate Gives Watch Captain His Watch

LONDON, March 18.

DETAILED have reached Hull of one of the most tyrannous—and polite—acts of piracy on the high seas within recent years.

The affair took place on the China Seas, when the Kwang Lee, a vessel of 1,400 tons, was looted, and \$120,000 in bullion and passengers' money and jewelry were stolen.

Two Chinese passengers held up Captain Crawford, made him and other officers prisoners, and forced them at the point of the pistol to navigate the ship.

Passengers' trunks were then smashed open and everything portable of value removed and lowered into a junk.

Directly the junk left the vessel the members of the crew were released.

The chief of the pirates was courteous and polite, and on leaving the vessel apologized to Captain Crawford for the inconvenience caused.

As a moment the robber presented the captain with his gold watch and chain to compensate him for the loss of his own.