

# Flopper and Flapper 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.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York.



A "Flapper" Hat, Enormous Wings and Dark Blue Velour.



The Newest Parisian Headdress, a Pearly Three-Foot Plume Fastened in Pearls.

By Lady Duff-Gordon.

HERE is an old Hindoo proverb of which I often think when I am designing some particularly delightful hat for one of my clients. It hangs over the fireplace in an old bazaar in Delhi: "Woman loses her soul when she puts a hat on her head. For this reason did Allah make her last."

I, in common with most women, have often wondered why Allah made woman last. It has always seemed to me that we might just as well have been made first, and that man might better have been made from our rib. But never have I thought that hats had anything to do with the making of us, until I saw that quaint motto.

In harking back through ancient and modern history I can recall instances when woman lost her soul when she put jewels on her body, but never have I known of an instance where the hat on one's head meant the loss of one's soul. Hats have been known to mankind almost since the world began. Good old Mother Eve perhaps did not find a hat on the Tree of Knowledge when she found her fig leaf, but in St. Paul's time we know that women wore real hats, for were they not warned that they should not enter places of worship with uncovered heads?

In some countries hats are a mark of caste. In Spain, for example, only women of gentle birth and of education wear them. The peasants and servants go bareheaded or wear shawls. Hindoo ladies do not wear hats. How can they, when they are imbued with the spirit of this motto?

But—I seem to have wandered far from floppy flapper hats. It was be-



A "Flopper" Hat of Black Velvet.



A "Pulled-Up" Hat of Moss Green Velvet.

cause of these fascinating little affairs, however, that I wandered so far afield. In the world of fashion hats as hats are not the mark of caste, nor of wealth either, but hats as creations are. There is as great a difference between hats and "creations" as between paste pearls and real ones. Many hats are merely head coverings, but some of the recent hats that I have seen here in Paris are, indeed, creations. Verily might a woman spend her last cent for them, and who knows, perhaps the Hindoo proverb is right. Perhaps a woman might lose her soul for some of them.

I have, however, selected four—no, three—that I hope will please you, although I cannot call them "soul losers," as they are chosen from a group of less expensive and

less elaborate chapereaux.

This is a season just now for the small hat. The fashions are just in the making, and many of the shapes brought forth will be short-lived. But the three I am sending you are, I think, built on lines which will "carry" well until the snow flies. Two of these models are of the close-fitting type. One of moss green velvet has an upstanding crown of the velvet, with a broad choux of black maline across the back. This choux is placed on the bias, and is flat. As you will see, the brim of this hat fits closely around the face.

I particularly like the little affair

of dark blue velour, with the wide spread wings across the front. This I have named the Eaglet's hat, it inspires me so with the feeling of youth and the youthful desire to stretch one's wings.

The flat hat of black velvet with the upturned brim and the downturned fancy is exceedingly well balanced. It is a hat more suitable for afternoon wear than the other two, but may also be worn with a tailored gown. These hats are, I think, delightfully suited to the piquant type of face and figure that we associate with the girls you in the United States call "Flappers."

## A LAPSE OF MEMORY.

By MOLLIE KENNEDY.

"HALLO, LIZ!" said a rough but friendly voice, "what's up?"

Liz Walker, who had slightly reeled, her face having grown pale, caught hold of a chair, righted herself, sat down, and in a minute looked up at the other girl with a short laugh.

"Nothing, thanks," she said. "Turned a bit dizzy, that's all. Enough to make one, this beastly stuffy shop."

"You're right," said her companion, shrugging her shoulders. "It's a beastly hole; but what's the use? Once out of a job, there you are. Might as well stop there. Kentish Town is bad enough, I grant you, but I've known worse places, I can tell you."

The two girls dusted the shop and little was said, but as Liz was rearranging the counter she turned suddenly to her companion.

"I wish somebody 'ud leave me £20," she said.

The other girl laughed.

"So do I," she said, "but what's the use? 'Tain't likely to happen; and, besides, wishes never come true. What 'ud you do, Liz, with twenty pounds if you got it? Buy smart clothes?"

"Furniture," she said, and her cheeks flushed pink.

"Good Lor!" cried the other. "Well, you are a queer 'un, that you are. Though, to be sure, when you're keeping company I suppose it stands to reason you want to get married and settle down."

Liz nodded.

"Hallo, who's this?" she cried, as a little, wizened-looking old man stumbled into the shop and looked rather despairingly around with a dazed air.

He did not attempt to sit down, but stared round and round the shop, walking from corner to corner, until finally one of the girls accosted him.

A QUEER MAN.

"Yes, sir," she said, smartly, "and what would you like?"

He came sharply to a standstill, looked at her keenly, his dull eyes brightened and as suddenly dimmed again. Then he shook his head.

"No, no," he said, in a weak, quavering voice; "you won't do. No, not at all. You won't do."

The girl laughed.

"Lor!" she said; "oh, Lor! Just listen to this, Liz. Here's a queer little card. I believe he's a bit off his head. What do you say?"

Liz came forward, and the little old man looked at her eagerly, al-

most imploringly; then as suddenly his face lit up.

"Ah," he said, "you'll do. Maybe you can tell me. You look kind. You'll help me to find it again."

"Find what?" asked Liz, gently, frowning at the other girl, who was laughing in the background. "What have you lost?"

"Myself," he said, simply. "I don't know where I belong."

Headless of the other girl's jeers, Liz led the old man to a seat, where he sank down with a sigh and took off his hat, laying it on the floor beside him.

Liz took the old man home, installing him in the little back room at Mrs. Binns's, for which she agreed to pay three and sixpence a week. Mrs. Binns promising to supply him with a cup of tea and to cook the simple food the girl provided. At first Jim, her fiancé, was inclined to resent the arrangement. Jim was of a frugal disposition, and looked carefully at every penny he spent, and he was as anxious as Liz for their marriage to take place soon. But even Jim was won over.

HE DISAPPEARS.

"Maybe it will be only for a few days, till his memory comes back," said Liz hopefully. "If we let him go to the workhouse, there's no telling what would happen to him."

But in less than a week he disappeared.

A week later North London was astounded by a series of clever robberies, which were carried out with consummate skill and great daring, the thieves in every case getting away with their spoil. Two or three big private houses were ransacked, silver and jewelry stolen, and several of the large shops were broken into.

A fortnight later Liz slipped in the street, falling over a banana skin, and in falling sprained her ankle.

"A matter of three weeks," said the doctor bluntly, and the eyes of the poor girl filled with tears. How would her savings stand such a strain?

Yet, one morning as she lay there she had an unexpected visitor. It was the little old man, apparently as feeble and helpless as before. He shook his head to all inquiries that were made, smiled in the same vague way, and intimated as he sat down that he had come to stay. Liz could have cried with vexation then, although she was sorry. It was when good, neighborly Mrs. Binns came in that she owned she was "fair beat."

"I can't turn him away, Mrs. Binns, seeing as how he trusts me to look after him—can I, now?" she said.

"Still, it do seem a worry."

Mrs. Binns looked at him. He was smiling feebly.

"Look here," she said, "he can have that little room again, and I won't charge you nothing till you're better. See?"

A SURPRISE.

The girl thanked her, and Mrs. Binns went off; but in a few minutes the old man rose, and, heedless of what Liz said, made for the door. She could do nothing to hinder him, but when the door closed shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, well, he'll come back," she said, and then her eyes fell upon a little brown paper parcel beside the sofa on which she sat.

"What's this?" she said. "I wonder if it belongs to the old man?"

But, picking it up, she saw her own name inscribed on the inside, and the package bore her address.

"Well," she said, "evidently it's meant for me, after all," and tore off the paper wrapper. A small cardboard box was inside, and this was carefully tied up with string and sealed in several places.

"Dear me," she said, "it looks as though something of importance was here, doesn't it?"

But as she opened the lid and saw the contents she uttered a cry. The box was full of banknotes, carefully folded. She took them out and counted them. There was a hundred and twenty pounds, and beneath them a folded scrap of paper. Opening this she read:

"Here are the twenty pounds you wished for, and a little more. Get married as soon as you can, and be as happy as you deserve."

"A WELSH WISHER."

The quiet wedding took place at the parish church a short time afterwards, but it was while they were away on their honeymoon that the startling denouement took place. One morning Jim had gone out as usual to buy a paper, and Liz was singing to herself as she hovered about the breakfast table, when she was startled by Jim suddenly breaking in upon her, flourishing the newspaper.

"I say, Liz," he cried, "the mystery is solved at last."

"What mystery?" she cried. "Whatever do you mean, Jim?"

Laying the paper flat on the table he pointed to the portrait of an old man.

"See that?" he cried. "Know who that is Liz?"

She stared at it for a moment or two in silence.

"Lor!" she cried, "why it's the poor old man."

"Poor old man he blowed!" cried Jim. "That's Dotty Dick, the most clever crook in London."

"And I thought him a poor man," said Liz sadly. "Oh dear, what deceivers men are, to be sure."

Jim laughed.

"We're not all alike," he said, "and a very good thing too. If you hadn't took pity on him, thinking him a poor old chap, I dare say we shouldn't have been married now."

"Then I'm glad, Jim," she said; "all the same, I'm sorry he was a thief. He seemed such a nice, quiet, harmless, sort of an old man."

A HEARTY WELCOME IS EXTENDED TO ALL EXHIBITION VISITORS