

COME ON 'N, JUS' HAVE FUN ALL DAY, FRESH AIR'S CALL

Happy Children. Freed from Tenements, Ramble in Berkshire Country—One Hundred in City Wistfully Await Vacation Trip.

Next time you are in Stockbridge or Lenox ask your way to the sleepy little village of Interlaken and motor over. It lies about midway between the places named.

Just before you reach the crossroads at the entrance to the village you will meet a sign:

ST. HELEN'S HOME. CHILDREN PLAYING. SLOW DOWN.

Believe the sign. Take its advice. And a moment later as you swing around the corner you'll see them—"children playing"—100 strong.

Stop a bit. Get down and visit with them. The chances are before you have done more than stand up in the car some one will call: "O-h, look! The lady's gettin' out!" and by the time you will have actually done it there will be a reception committee of from twenty to fifty at the step to greet you.

Adopt one of the crowd as your guide and interpreter and ask him a leading question, say, for instance: "Who are you? Where do you come from? What are you doing here?" He will be perfectly frank in his answer. "Me? I'm Johnny Fresh Air an' that's Susie Fresh Air over there in dresses."

"We're from N' York; got sent here for a vacation. Gee, it's a swell place; all we gotta do all day is jus' have fun. We're gonna be here two weeks. Whaddya we do all day? Different things ev'ry day. Oh, ye oughta see us Tuesday; we went on a straw ride. They was five wagons full of us an' two barrels full of lunch. Gee, I bet we went twenty miles. An' we eat the lunch on top of a hill.

"We go swimmin' ev'ry day. The boys go in the mornin' an' the girls afternoons. "O-h, ain't ye seen our lake? O-mom! I'll show ye it—over through the woods.

"Can't ye come? It's on'y about two hours to it, an' it's awful nice an' cool through the woods. Ye'll see the Indian's grave 'n' the lucky stone if ye come.

"Are ye 'frail' of the cows in the woods? Aw, Susie was, too, till I cleaned 'em, but now she ain't—only bulls.

"Oh, last Friday! Oh, talk about fun! Oh, we had a lawn party an' spoke pieces an' had ice cream. Susie forgot the piece an' ev'rybody had to laugh.

"A lady by the name of Mis' Parsons gave the ice cream. I had two slices of it, but another guy had three.

"Tomorrow all the big boys is goin' to camp in tents. I only hope they think I'm big enough so's I c'n go. My teacher says he don't know, 'cause he never had 'em 'n' Indians in the woods. Gee! I bet a hundred dollars I wouldn't.

"Sure I go on the swings. Me an' Joe 'n' pump highest of all the boys. Oh, 'n' gee, I most forgot to tell ye we went after blackberries the other day. Berries? Oh! Looks like the scratches on me arms, 'n' I was all blue from the juice. Ev'rybody had pie for dinner out of our berries. An' teacher said he wished we'd get some more soon, 'cause it was good pie.

"'N' afternoons all the boys is goin' for a hike to Stockbridge in our boy scout suits. One boy says he was there las' year, and all the boys got ice cream soda—I hope they do this year.

"Do you have to go? Well, come again, an' I'll tell ye some more things we do. What I told ye is on'y part."

When you hear Johnny tell it—confirmed from time to time by Susie—you will be reluctant to yield to the honk-honk of the motor horn that insists you have loitered long enough. You will be reluctant because Johnny will make you believe it all as he tells it. The enthusiasm of the good time he is having will light his eye, dominate his gestures, throb in his voice.

Suppose you had lived all your life in a tenement street, had tried to have fun there amid its crowds, its trucks, its pushcarts. Suppose that, and then suppose again that you had been transported from that to the heart of the Berkshires and let loose for a fortnight amid their freedom and their beauties. Do you believe you could not conviction into a narrative like Johnny's?

Well, these suppositions are both true. What's more, Johnny is No. 400 on the list of tenement lads and lassies whom The Tribune Fresh Air Fund has transported from the tenement streets to Interlaken and set down at St. Helen's Home for two weeks of happiness this summer. One hundred others are to be sent there before school opens in September. Want to help pay their railroad fares at \$1.75 each?

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE TRIBUNE FRESH AIR FUND. Previously acknowledged: \$25.00 Mrs. J. A. ...

American Mothers Have Forgotten Their Children's Noses--We Are a People with No Sense of Smell, a Perfumer's Indictment.

Miss Ann Haviland, Perfumer de Luxe, Regrets That We Do Not Appreciate Smell as the Most Civilized of the Senses.

By SARAH ADDINGTON.

WHEN Mary Jane is a tiny baby she is given a ball, which she balances precariously between pink wrinkled fingers and an indeterminate thumb, and thus does she learn to feel. At the same age she is given a dose of ipecac, and as she wriggles her tongue and squeezes up her face her parents cry rapturously: "Oh, see, she knows it tastes different!" At five she is taken to symphony concerts to develop her sense of music and carried to art galleries to see beautiful pictures. But where, oh where, does Mary Jane's little nose come in? What training does that important organ receive?

If it is a nose to be admired, then it is merely gratefully acknowledged, powdered and tilted whenever cooking cabbage is to be detected. If it is unduly large, or exaggeratedly carmine, or queerly contoured, it is deplored and powdered and minimized. But that's all. And thus while four of the senses are caajoled and urged along, that fifth one, the sense of smell, is utterly neglected.

And this is one of the greatest griefs of Ann Haviland, artistic perfumer, whose business it is to perfume people and homes and theatres according to their kind, and to whom the sense of smell is as essential as the other senses.

"It is the neglected sense," she said, in her Fifth Avenue laboratory, "and perfuming is the neglected art. The middle class women in the United States are perfect bores when it comes to perfumes. They simply have no idea of what perfume can mean. They want heavy, sensational odors that stun the senses instead of stimulating them. They don't seem to get the meaning, the feeling, the spirit of perfume. They buy all kinds of strong stuff and drug the air with it and imagine they enjoy it. Why, they don't even know how to apply their nose to a flower!"

"How does one apply one's nose to a flower?" I asked, meekly, with a picture of "The Woman and the Rose" somewhere back in my mind. Smelling flowers always seemed to be a delicate and artistic process, not to be attempted by an amateur. Here were pointers.

How People Treat Flowers. "Why, most people crush a flower against their nose, and then sniff for dear life. But odor should be carried by an air current, and the flower should therefore be held at a slight distance from the nose. Haven't you noticed that you smell better out in the open air? Don't you know that outdoor odors carry much further? An Indian can smell anything, you know, because he merely stands up in his canoe and smells. He doesn't jab things up his nose.

"But, more than that, people should think when they smell. I tell them to smell with the back of their heads. Perfume has an intellectual appeal. Only most people confuse their perfume ideas rather sadly. For example, most women won't have heliotrope because it's lavender, and they think that's aged. They entirely overlook the fact that heliotrope has other qualities; heliotrope I always give to thinking people, not to old people.

Smell the Lost Sense. "New York women have spoiled their sense of smell, I think, by artificial living. Western women I find much more appreciative. They are more willing to have the pure, natural, delicate flower perfume simply because they can smell it.

"And men, no matter what they say, adore perfume. Of course, they don't like the heavy, cheap sort, and that is the source of their long-felt objection; but of true perfume they are very sensitive. I usually give them very vertiginous, put up in Chinese jars, with big mannish labels. Once in a while they come in here done up in lavender or lilac out of their wives' bottles, but I soon talk them out of that.

"Perfuming is an art, but just how does it compare to other arts?" I asked, knowing full well wherein the psychology and the science lay, but wondering about the art principle.

A Futurist Trend. "Perfuming follows futurist art," replied Mrs. Haviland, "and by that I mean the color side of futurist art. I am perfectly mad about color, and as I think color harmony I think perfume harmony. Am I making myself clear? Well, take Poiret's colors, for example. They're what I call true. And in exactly the same way that he achieves truthness in color I try to make my perfumes true. Now, not all people like Poiret, or futurist art, or my perfumes. But when they are educated they do. And just because at first they do not is not sufficient reason for condemnation. All persons don't enjoy lettuce, maybe, but it's a good vegetable.

"Most of my customers are perfect delights, of course. I rarely have a man or woman who is hopeless on the subject of perfume. By hopeless I mean the kind who want lilac because they think the lilac bush is a pretty bush, not because it means anything to them. But still there's a 'long, long way to travel before the sense of smell in America will be what it should be. What it was in the Orient, and what it is in Europe. There is one function of odors that we all seem to get, though, and that's the function of association. We can remember our friends by the perfumes they use better than by the clothes they wear, as well as by the quality of their voices. And we'll grow to appreciate our noses more as we smell more. Now, you can sniff



The Modern Mary, quite contrary, in the person of Miss Ann Haviland, picks her posies to some purpose and brews subtle perfumes.

lovely odors in the theatre—I've just in public as well as at home we can finish perfuming the Maxine Elliot teach the nose to do what it should Theatre for 'Nobody Home'—so that do—smell."

Do You Know

That the newest veil for motorizing is of chiffon and net? The fine mesh is arranged to drop over the face between brow and chin, so that the motorist gets plenty of air, while the hat, coiffure and throat are protected from dust by the chiffon which comes at either side of the net. To make one of these motor apparel accessories take an ordinary chiffon square veil and cut away from it—inside the ajeour stitched wide hem—enough material to cover the face. Then, in its place, insert the net. If the edges of both the materials employed for this veil are first closely oversewn to join them neatly will be perfectly easy.

That the girl "kiddie" cannot be utterly happy this summer unless she is given a garden set in cretonne? The outfit consists of a low-necked and elbow-sleeved frock apron, a long bar to hold the miniature rake and hoe and a sunbonnet. The brightest cretonnes are used and the color of the grounding is repeated in the braid binding the edges of the apron, bag and bonnet.

In Honor of the Thousands of Visitors in New York

The John Wanamaker Store Will Hold During this Week

A SERIES OF LITTLE FASHION OPENINGS

which will give to waiting America the first hint of the mode for the Autumn and Winter of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen—a season which will usher in not only new fashions, but an absolutely new silhouette.

The NEW Silhouette. It is a far cry from the balon silhouette of the season just passed. The waist is smaller and while the hips are not actually very much larger there is what the French call "an illusion of hips."

The NEW Corsets. More important than ever before! The first of the autumn corsets—some beautiful Parisienne models have just arrived. They give the smaller waistline and are a trifle higher in the bust.

A young woman will wear one of these new corsets in the Louis XIII. fitting room on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday from 11 until 12, and from 2.30 until 4, so that women may see exactly what the new silhouette is. French Corset Salons, Third floor, Old Building.

The NEW Millinery. Military fashions of today and military fashions of by-gone days have influenced les modes to such an extent that one sees a turban copied from those worn by the officers of the first Empire, side by side with Georgette's Turban Turco. Caroline Reboux gives us the Turban Bouillonne, and the distinguished buckled hat of the periode Napoleon. Jeanne Lanvin presents a petit callot a jugalatoire. These originals, together with adaptations of French models, are having their first showing in the French Millinery Salons, this week. Second floor, Old Building.

The NEW Gowns. Wing skirts. A variety of sleeves; a Worth original shows them full above the elbow, and very narrow on the forearm; others flare widely at wrist. Ribbon velvet is used in bodice trimming. An Agnes original shows a wonderful little gown of jet and spangles and net in sapphire blue and black.

The NEW Tailored Suits. A decided Russian note is struck in fur trimmings, embroidery, and coatee effects. Lanvin (original model) makes use of plaid cloth, lined with a brilliant red. Black is a feature of the new models.

The NEW Blouses. Our Paris office sends us frequent shipments of the new French blouses which we speedily have copied, so that the Blouse Shop is full of the new and often exclusive models. The Autumn showing of dark and claires blouses is fascinating. Neptune satin and soiree silk, both washable, compose many of the very late fashions. Third floor, Old Bldg.

The NEW Coats. Callot and Cheruit have designed tweed coats straight in the front and straight in the back, but at the sides they have been faithful to the new silhouette—"the illusion of hips." Beautiful coats for every occasion in this little exposition. Adaptations of these models will be shown. Second floor, Old Building.

Young Women's NEW Fashions. Adaptations of the always youthful models of Jeanne Lanvin and Jenny; a certain radium silk dress with the Premet bustle and a delightful serge princess skating dress are among the new things presented. The new silhouette is illustrated by the suit coats; even the very tailored ones show a tendency toward fullness over the hips. Second floor, Old Building.

The NEW Neckwear. With the pinched-in waist and the accentuated hips, comes the high collar, which this season will take the form of a striking band of black around the throat. Only a few days ago, we received this neckwear from Paris. Main floor, Old Building.

The NEW Shoes. Plain black with cloth tops and long slender lines. The Shoe Shop has them. Main floor, Old Building.

The NEW Lingerie. Fine hand-made and hand-embroidered underclothes are in Little French Shops. They have come so recently from Paris that they stand for the latest ideas in lingerie needlework. Third floor, Old Building.

The NEW Gloves. Exclusive shipments in New York of Paris Reyner gloves, hand-sewn, in fine French kid and suede. New gloves, too, of softest English doekskin. Main floor, Old Building.

Exquisite Italian silk combination suits with tiniest French chiffon rosebuds and French forget-me-nots are shown for the first time in the Glove Silk Underwear. Shop, Main floor, Old Building.

JOHN WANAMAKER

AT 101, SUFFRAGE HER ONLY WORRY

"Women Man's Superior Now; Hope They Never Get Vote," Says Mrs. Younth.

Mrs. Catharine Younth, of Newark, celebrated her 101st birthday yesterday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Hall, of 41 Dursee Street. Five generations were present at the party, and the aged woman lacked none of the health and humor which marked her century celebration one year ago.

The one lane of old age is the woman suffrage agitation, for Mrs. Younth is a decided "anti." "Women have a great many more rights than men now," she said, "and I hope they never get the vote. That will mean they will be reduced to equality with men. Women are very well taken care of by men, and they ought to be glad of the opportunity of staying at home."

Mrs. Younth was born in Switzerland and came to this country when she was thirty-nine years old. She conducted a newspaper and candy store for more than forty years. She has been a widow for twenty-two years.

She is enthusiastic over getting her "second sight." Prior to two years ago, she said, she had worn glasses. Since then, however, she has put her spectacles aside, and says she can see better now than before her sight began to fail.

Census Can Make Town Dry. Caldwell, N. J., Aug. 15.—This municipality has just discovered that it has the power to make the town dry within the next five weeks. The town has passed the 3,000 population mark and has become a first class borough. Therefore it now has jurisdiction over the saloon licenses, which expire on September 21. While a number of people favor driving the saloons out after that date, it has been suggested that action be deferred until 1916.

Save The Baby Use the reliable HORLICK'S ORIGINAL Malted Milk

Upbuilds every part of the body efficiently. Endorsed by thousands of Physicians, Mothers and Nurses the world over for more than a quarter of a century. Convenient, no cooking nor additional milk required. Simply dissolve in water. Agrees when other foods often fail. Sample free, HORLICK'S, Racine, Wis. "No Substitute is Just as Good" as HORLICK'S, the Original

YELLOW RALLIES TO CHARM VOTERS

Suffragists Will Make Whirlwind Finish of Campaign During September.

Remember the mysterious advertisement that appeared everywhere in Manhattan a year or so ago—"Watch out for it; it's yellow?"

Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse, the publicity expert of the Empire State Campaign Committee, is making a similar announcement. But this time it isn't taxis that are coming; it's suffrage parades.

September, the month when the yellow leaves fall, is to be the month of yellow rallies. The Woman Suffrage party has decided to make these rallies the big feature of its campaign for success November 2. The women are going to parade, parade and then parade.

Like the oldtime politicians, they will parade at night, under flaring torchlights. Not exactly torchlights, but they will carry yellow balls of fire in the shape of lanterns. Yellow capes will top the white dresses they are asked to wear.

Saturday, September 4, is the date of the first yellow rally. The lower East Side will be the place. The parade will form at 7:45 p. m. at Seward Park. Starting at 8:30, it will pass through East Broadway, Cannon Street, East Houston Street, Avenue B, Seventh Street, Second Avenue and East Fourteenth Street to Union Square, where there will be speeches.

On Thursday, September 23, Harlem will have a yellow rally, starting at Claremont Avenue. Brooklyn is to have two, the first starting from Warwick and Fulton streets. On September 18 a yellow rally will form at the Williamsburg Plaza and march to the Carnegie Library.

Women's Political Union. 8 p. m.—Meeting at voting shop Winner, 137th Street and Broadway. 8:30 p. m.—Meetings at Eighty-eighth Street and Third Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street and Third Avenue.

Detroit Electric

Doubled output for 1916 reduces prices as low as \$1975

As this town has electricity it is a practical Detroit Electric car town. Long stretches of paved streets are not a necessity for this car with its great power and remarkably easy riding qualities. Detroit Electric owners have demonstrated that it is just as good for interurban motorizing as it is for driving about town.

August 15 we reduce the price \$600 to \$725 per car Remember—these are the same high quality cars as our 1915 models plus a score or more of 1916 refinements. Even while lowering the price, we bettered the car. In the 1916 Detroit Electric, you will find—we believe—the top place car of its type. We urge you to match it—if you can—in elegance, quality, utility, or value in the entire closed car field—gasoline or electric. This price reduction is possible only because of doubled output.

The Ideal Electric Car. Investigate Its Possibilities. Anderson Electric Car Co. of N. Y. 20 Central Park West, at 62nd Street. S. W. MENEFEE, Mgr. Telephone 4725 Columbus. Garaging can be had at moderate rates at the Electric Garage, 62nd Street and Central Park West. Demonstrations solicited and cheerfully given. Brooklyn Office: 342 Flatbush Avenue MR. J. W. MARSH, Mgr. Telephone 1385 Prospect.