

ONE-DAY STRIKE ABANDONED; BLUFF CALLED, ANTIS DECLARE

Credulous World Frightened, Say Confident Suffragists—Opposition Leader Sorry, Because She Believes Plan Would Have Proved a Boomerang.

Strike for your freedom and your rights; strike that our sex may win the heights. Even as men have done. That is what the suffragists were getting ready yesterday to sing to the working women of New York (with apologies to Fitz-Greene Halleck). But at the meeting of the publicity council of the Empire State Campaign Committee in the afternoon the leader, Mrs. Norman DeR. Whitehouse, laid down her baton and the performance was called off. In other words, the one-day strike of women in industry which was to prove to the antis that whether or not woman's place is the home she would demoralize business by staying exclusively in it is not to be attempted. Why? Well, now, that depends on whether you ask Mrs. Whitehouse or whether you ask Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, president of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. The antis hold that the public has called the suffragists' bluff, forced them to lay down their hand and found them to be four-flushers. Of course, Mrs. Dodge didn't say it that way when she gave out an interview on the matter yesterday, but that was the idea. But Mrs. Whitehouse and her committee give the antis the merry ha-ha, and say: "The public fell for it. We fooled 'em. And by their protests, their grave warnings of the dreadful things that would happen if we 'pulled it off,' they have proved the point we wished to make. We don't have to call the strike to silence the taunt that 'woman's place is the home.' Any one who hurls that at us need only be reminded of what business men, the newspapers, the 'antis' themselves have been saying the last few days." The truth is (tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon) that if the advertising firms of New York don't tumble over each other in endeavors to secure the services of Mrs. Whitehouse and her publicity council, when the vote is won, it will be because the advertising firms are because the advertising firms are asleep. To get miles of columns of free advertising by simply threatening to do a thing is some stunt. No detail was neglected in the launching of the plan. Every day impressive bulletins were issued by the council, showing the number of women telephone operators, factory workers, school teachers, lighthouse keepers, etc., etc., that there are. But now the council's statistics gatherers are resting, and instead of the bulletins this resolution was sent out yesterday to the newspapers: "Whereas, The proposal that women

To Put Color and Beauty Into Things of the Kitchen Is One of Women's Future Tasks.

Henry J. Davison Points Out That We Can Even Get as Beautiful Pottery as That of the European Peasants, and as Cheaply, Whenever Our Women Are Ready to Demand It of the Manufacturers.

"AMERICA is just coming into its color sense. As a nation until recently," says Henry J. Davison, decorator of the new Bankers' Club on the top three floors of the Equitable Building. "We have not even had the rude delight in color for its own sake that one finds everywhere in the European peasant... the sense that makes your Russian moujik mow his field in breeches of scarlet and his wife put on petticoats greener than grass." "The failure of American art," says Mr. Davison, "is in the paucity of art values in the little things, the cheap and common things." "Our cheap things are so unadornedly ugly. Contrast us with Japan. There you see a people aware that life matters moment by moment, that it is folly to consecrate some hours to loveliness and some to drabness. "The infinite care with which the simplest utensils of the humblest kitchens are shaped enhances the value of life itself. The appreciative sense of landscape that is the essence of Japanese culture is a thing that a people have given to themselves through the centuries. Every detail of their lives is matter for artful consideration. "The Japanese make the most accurate distinctions in color of any people in the world, and they are, too, aware of the preciousness of color. They keep it, as it were, behind closed doors. Your sense as you pass through the land is of a certain grayness, but beneath the black silk kimono is the color—the delicate orange, the mysterious rose. The kitchen comes before the garden. "It is hardly possible to translate into words the quality of reserve one feels in Japan. "But we are on the way to understanding, and are learning new ways of blending and appreciating color every day."



Henry J. Davison, man of many professions, who prophesies a color period in American art.

toward the number of windows in the Bankers' Club. "Dwellers in the great cities of America," he says, "are wearing out their nerves because of eye and ear strain. One of the most difficult problems that the decorator of to-day has to confront in modern steel structures is the overcoming of intense light. Especially true is this of buildings where the effort of the architect has been bent toward getting as much window space as possible in order to attract tenants. Where a club is placed on the top story of a skyscraper with no sky-line and where all the partitions are removed and vast spaces take the place of bays and units, what is a positive virtue from the architect's point of view for all stories save the top story is a vice to be overcome by the decorator. "The problem is further intensified because the members of the club naturally seek the windows and want the view. A person sitting near the window does not notice the glare and spotty effects produced by the windows and the shadowy spaces between windows—only one of the things which will adjust themselves when we as a people awaken to the importance of beauty and proportion in our daily surroundings."

IF WAR COMES GIVE MISS GILDER A GUN

Sister of Late Editor and Poet Is Against Suffrage, but Says She Can Bear Arms. Miss Jeannette Gilder, sister of Richard Watson Gilder, who was editor of "The Century" until his death, and herself editor of "The Critic" for some years, found some very interesting reading in one of the morning papers yesterday. It was an interview against votes for women which she had forgotten giving. She finally recognized it as something she said last winter. The New Jersey State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, which sent it out, thoughtfully provided it with a yesterday's date line and otherwise fixed it up to sound fresh and new. "I can't remember to whom I gave that interview," Miss Gilder said last night at her home, 100 East Seventeenth Street. "But I did say something about woman suffrage to some one who asked me about a certain pamphlet. I didn't exactly say 'Give woman everything else, but don't give her the vote,' but I did say 'Give woman the best laws, but I don't think it would better things to let her have the ballot.' It would be all right if only the educated women voted, but the riffraff would outnumber them, and there's too much riffraff voting now. I favor a qualified suffrage, and would shut out the immigrant who doesn't know what this government means." Miss Gilder is more interested now in the possible war with Germany than in votes for women. Though she belongs to the party which holds that woman's place is the home, she is ready to shoulder a musket if her country needs her. "The women will do their part if we have war," she said. "They aren't all strong enough to shoulder a musket and go to the front, as I am, but there are many things they can do—man the stretcher lines and keep things going while the men fight. For my part I can fight, and will, if necessary, though I do hope war won't come."

PLANS IN NEWPORT FOR NEXT SEASON

Mrs. E. C. Post Renews Lease of John Nicholas Brown Estate—Many Dinner Parties. Newport, Aug. 25.—Another rental for next summer was announced today, Mrs. Edward C. Post renewing her lease of the John Nicholas Brown estate on Bellevue Court. Mrs. Post will remain there late this season. Mrs. James H. Kidder, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. George D. Widener, Mrs. H. A. C. Taylor, Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore and Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly gave dinners to-night. Mr. and Mrs. Craig Biddle also gave a dinner, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle, who are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Duke. Dinner guests later attended a concert given at the Casino Theatre by a Russian orchestra, a part of the receipts of which will be devoted to the Russian war relief fund. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sampson Stevens will give a dinner dance at Hill Top Inn to-morrow evening. In honor of Mrs. Russell Wellmar Moore, of New York, Miss Mary Van Buren Vanderpool gave a luncheon for twelve to-day. Mrs. John A. Logan has gone to the White Mountains. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ridgway, of Philadelphia, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Brooke. Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Wilson are returning from Saratoga next week. William K. Vanderbilt returned from New York in the steam yacht Nirvana to-day. H. A. C. Taylor had his favorite tandem, which has been entered in the coming horse show, out on Bellevue Avenue this morning. A suffrage meeting will be held at Marble House on Sunday, at which Mrs. Belmont will preside. It is to be the last meeting of the Congressional Union here this summer.

JEWELLERS SEE HOSE DRILL

Fireboats Entertain Delegates on Excursion Steamer. Thousands of delegates to the Jewellers' Convention, being held here, left with their families for an outing at Pleasure Bay yesterday. As the steamers Sandy Hook and Monmouth neared the Battery the fireboats James Duane and Thomas Willett steamed alongside and threw streams of water at the boats, while those on board cheered. The delegates will convene to-morrow morning at the Grand Central Palace.

99 CENTS LEFT DAUGHTER

Sons in Reformatories Will Get \$100 If They Reform. Harris Cohen, of 223 Alabama Avenue, who died on August 3, in his will leaves 99 cents to his son, Abraham, the same sum to his daughter, Ida Nieman, and \$1 to another daughter, Ida Rothstein Kail. Two sons, now supposed to be in reformatories, receive \$200 each if they reform. Abraham was cut off with 98 cents because he was "a good boy to his mother." Ida Nieman gets a like amount because she already is provided for.

Fascinating Simplicity in Hat and Frock

NEITHER time nor pains are spared in the making of the modern costume. One invariably thinks thus when surveying the new taffeta creations. For time is needed to make ruffles and pains must be taken to put them on neatly. Within the past few months skirts have been acquiring ruffles rapidly. Rarely indeed do they carry fewer than seven, and frequently they are the basis for twice that number. The minimum number of ruffles—as the fashion of the moment dictates—appears in tier scallop arrangement from the knees downward upon a skirt in dark blue taffeta, which a couturier's saleswoman described as "a one-piece frock of simple elegance." Indeed it has an air of elegance because of the dark richness of its material. And, unquestionably, it is simple, for the skirt is cut in one with a bodice whose panel front, buttoning from the waist to either shoulder beyond a line of cord defined scalloping, meets the top of a similarly constructed back. The edges of these two sections overlap and all but conceal smoothly-fitted underarm forms joined to the sides of the skirt under a row of corded shirings crossing the hips. No cuffs are on the closely-fitted sleeves buttoning half way to the elbow, but the plainness of the front panel is broken by a deeply V'd neck filled with a plaited white linen chemisette, finished by a wing collar joined by a black velvet "pump" bow. The nicest sort of collar it is for a frock of this type, whose neck is crossed only at the back with a broadly turned over band, in self-material. In Sage Green Taffeta. From its lower edge to its knees a sage green taffeta model carries seven tiny ruffles in a scallop tier. And as though these were insufficient for any reasonable girl, four more ruffles of even width and similar placing are set on between hips and knees. This latter group seems to hold in the fulness about the hips of a skirt whose top is attached in close gathers to a waistband concealed by the most fetching of jacket effects distinguishing a bodice in silk and chiffon. Buttoning as does an 1880 basque, a silk point whose tip is hidden by the joining of a tall, turned-over collar widens as it descends to a trifle below the waist, the while extending to the sides. Just in front of the underarm seams appear long diagonal slits run through with wide tabs which are at their narrowest where they button at the waist's centre of the oddly shaped waist. Across the back and the sides, where the girdle is at its highest, a plenum of silk drops half way over the hips. Excepting for the double ruffle defined deep cuffs on the sleeves, all the rest of the bodice is in sage green chiffon. Unusually smart was this costume on the girl who wore it at Lenox that thrilling day when she paid a stiff fine for running her high-powered motor beyond speed limit. Her companion in mischief also wore a ruffled taffeta—a black creation relieved with blue. The color, as a narrow taffeta band, bordered the straight edge of a skirt carrying eleven scant ruffles from its hips to within six inches of its hem. Consequently the lower frill appeared to



The velvet belt, with its dip loop behind, and the standing meline collar frill distinguish this fall frock in gray pin barred taffeta. The rose on the turban made of the material is the single color note.

HEALTH AND SODA WATER

"CHOCOLATE or vanilla?" demands the village ice cream soda clerk, before his two sticky glass jars. "The menu, madam," softly whispers your waitress at Tulyer's, handing you a long gilt list of ice cream sodas in every language. But whether it's College Corner, Iowa, or Fifth Avenue, New York City, ice cream soda is the great national drink—grape juice advertisements notwithstanding. And not only the great national drink, but the great American summer sport, indoor or outdoor, to order. Have you seen the ice cream soda fans rushing around town, on other business bent, perhaps, but drinking as they go? From Bowery to Bronx, this huge army, trooping to the throne of nickel and marble, where for 5 cents, a nickel, one-twentieth part of a dollar, they are provided with civilization's choicest luxury, the cup that cheers them on. And now, just by way of a hot weather puzzle, how much ice cream soda do you suppose the people of New York consume in one day? Don't think in terms of glasses, for there are all sizes, and the figure comes in quarts, anyway. And that figure, extracted from the food division of the city Health Department, who can only estimate comparatively with the consumption of milk, mounts the dizzy height of 2,200,000 quarts a day—2,200,000 quarts of fizz and foam and syrupy water leave the light of day and contribute their mite toward making the summer tolerable to a few million people. Let's see; how much money is that? Twenty-two thousand dollars! A neat little sum for the hokey-pokey man and the drug stores. Long will they prosper. Now enterprising people have often tried to make their own ice cream soda; perhaps you yourself have mixed up snow and flavoring, or ice cream and fruit juice, or milk and strawberries, or some such thing and sitting on kitchen tables have tried to look ecstatic over the cheap and delicious substitute. But later in the evening comes an expedition to the corner drug store where the man in white aprons and mixes and shakes and pours until a beautiful admixture is presented with a flourish and your nice silver dime is eased away from you. So for that reason you just decide to your own soul that home made soda water is a delusion, even if the purchased drink is a snare to keep you constantly out of the store. Keep you don't try the substitute stunt again—until the next year. Soda water as an institution carries many a sigh and a smile and a tear with it. Lovers keep their trust over its brimming foam; well-intentioned ladies squeal indecently over the bill. "My dear, really you must let me settle this, really, my dear," dyspeptic reclaimitant stomachs; fond mothers seek it as a balm to disgraced, screaming children on the street; little girls fuss earnestly over the respective merits of "Princess Pat Special" and "Manhattan Maid Flips"—oh, the whole range of human emotions concerns itself with ice cream soda, and all ages and sorts are affected by its condition. So as you drink your daily pint, think of all your brothers and sisters who are drinking theirs, and thus let ice cream soda be a national bond, welding fast together all those who partake of its sweet and cooling benefits.

STOP A BIT AND REMEMBER WISTFUL FRESH AIR LAD

Youngsters Eager to Go, Reservations Made, Everything Ready but Money—Special Plea to Vacationists for Help.

This is to tie a string around your finger. There is something you've forgot to do, although you have been reminded several times. It's getting near the last chance now, so don't lose this string. No, it wasn't to write to engage rooms at the Mountain Peak House for your vacation. It wasn't to make Pullman reservations for the journey thither. Not your vacation, but another fellow's hangs by the string. You didn't forget to lay all plans for your long ago. You had the dates fixed last May. Railroad tickets and Pullman reservations you had a week before the time came around. Maybe now you're back again from your ten pounds of health and fun spread upon you and a world of energy instilled into your going apparatus. Maybe you are off next Saturday. Good luck to you. No need of strink to the your own vacation to your memory, be it past or future. Johnny Fresh Air is the lad whose vacation arrangements you are to remember to make. Of course, you are interested in the little chap's outing and want him to have it. But you keep forgetting that you're a share in getting it for him. Johnny can't pay for his own outing—you know that. If he could he would not belong to the Fresh Air family. You are supposed to help pay for it. Sure, you did last year. Now, since you know that the vacation season's getting short and that the school which Johnny attends will soon be calling him with a voice he must obey, keep this string on your finger until you've done what you've intended to do all summer. Keep it there till you've drawn your check, bought a money order or put a bill in an envelope and mailed it to Johnny in care of The Tribune Fresh Air Fund, The Tribune, New York—the organization which acts as summer guardian to Johnny. Johnny's—and his sister Susie's, too—hotel reservation is all made, and he has his train and his day picked out. But, as experience has taught you, the hardest part is yet to be accomplished—the piper has to be paid. Being an honest and a foresighted chap, Johnny isn't going to set out until he knows he will be able to meet the piper's bills when presented. How about it—Johnny's own expression—does he go or not? You've a few days left in which to decide, but only a few. Two lots of the Fresh Air family were started for the country yesterday. Thirty-five sisters of the house went to the North Shore Holiday House for a two weeks' stay. If you listen you can almost hear their shouts of joy this morning, although they are thirty-five miles away in Huntington, Long Island. Twenty-five others went to Elm Cottage, at Fairfield, Conn., for a twelve days' stay. To-day another hundred members of the family go out. These are all sisters, too. Fifty of them go to Happy Land—pleasant omen—at Tenafly, N. J.; the other fifty to St. Helen's Home, at Interlaken, Mass. CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE TRIBUNE FRESH AIR FUND. Treasurers acknowledged \$58,720.00 Mrs. Edgar King 100.00 Guests of the Minnowbrook Mountain House, through E. A. and G. H. Smith 25.00 J. H. 25.00 Isaac Denby 25.00 R. S. Gillespie 15.00 M. C. 15.00 M. B. C. 15.00 "From a friend" 15.00 H. W. E. 10.00 Mrs. S. H. 10.00 Richard B. Duane 10.00 J. H. 10.00 A. C. Winesville 10.00 Lillian Agnes De Witt 10.00 In memory of the Rev. Dr. John Hancock Devine from just a few friends 5.00 S. A. Conger 5.00 Mrs. Walter De W. La Fera 5.00 Mrs. M. A. 5.00 Mary M. Barr 5.00 Mrs. J. Long 5.00 In memory of Bruce Louisa 5.00 T. F. P. 5.00 Mrs. J. H. 5.00 Mrs. M. S. Whitely 5.00 Mrs. M. A. Higgins 5.00 G. W. Hulse 5.00 Mrs. J. H. 5.00 Florence H. Shaw 5.00 Mrs. H. F. 5.00 Mrs. M. A. Murray 5.00 Mrs. M. M. 5.00 Mrs. Mary B. Hill 5.00 Mrs. J. H. 5.00 Camp Army 5.00 G. L. 5.00 G. W. 5.00 H. Lovick 5.00 William Jones's name 5.00 Louisa Karantzen 5.00 Anonymous 5.00 Total, August 25, 1915. \$14,118.95 Contributions, preferably by check or money order, should be sent to the Tribune Fresh Air Fund, The Tribune, New York.

The John Wanamaker Store Broadway at Ninth

Closing the August Furniture Sale with Half Price Offerings

This is our method of disposing of our odd pieces of furniture, single suites, discontinued patterns and samples not to be replaced in our regular stocks. It is an annual custom, with due notice to the public. Half-price means half the regular, standard, normal fixed Wanamaker price; we never make comparisons on any other basis. All varieties of furniture are included in the half-price offering. All woods are represented. All rooms are provided for. At least several hundred pieces and suites totaling upward of \$100,000 are ready now at half-price.

A Remarkable Ending of a Remarkable Sale

That is just what this half-price offering is—a remarkable ending of a remarkable sale. The August Sale itself is remarkable because of its extraordinary low prices for the values given in face of a rising market; because of the large and increasing attendance of buyers during the month; because of the large daily sales—each day's sales without exception greatly exceeding those of a year ago. The ending of the sale is remarkable because it offers half prices for grades of furniture that cannot be duplicated to sell again at double the figures. Everything entering into the cost of furniture—wood, hardware, wages—is now at a higher level and future retail prices must therefore be higher.

Only FOUR Days Remain

Four days in which to secure the half-price furniture. Four days in which to choose from our entire regular stock at reductions of 10 to 50 per cent. FOUR DAYS—Today and tomorrow of this week, Monday and Tuesday of next week. Sale closes absolutely the last day of August. On September 1, all furniture prices are restored to normal. Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Galleries, New Building.

The John Wanamaker Store

Advertisement for Wesson Oil, featuring an image of a can and text: "Wesson Oil For Salads & cooking is a perfect shortening for pastry of every sort. 25 and 50 cent cans"