

BE IT HOT OR BE IT COLD SUMMER FURS ARE IN SEASON

THE NEW BABY BRINGS SURPRISES

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD.

SUMMER furs are foolish enough as they are often worn. The woman who goes out on a torrid day with a white fox or ermine scarf, or worse still, an imitation white fox or ermine scarf, draped cozily around her shoulders rare even among fashion fastidists; but last year there were midsummer days even in New York when a fur scarf was a very comfortable accessory to a thin suit or frock; and at the cooler summer resorts summer furs were a blessing as well as a fashion.

In other words, conditions that have made the wearing of furs in summer an accepted thing for many seasons past in England and France suddenly crossed the Atlantic, and not only the American women who are willing to suffer and to appear ridiculous in fashion's cause but the sensible and well-dressed American women as well found neck scarfs and collars of fur desirable now and then, even in the dog days.

Apparently the furriers and merchants and designers are counting upon another cool summer or assuming that summer furs have become a habit here and will be worn, whatever the season's weather exhibit. Every shop that deals in fur or fancy neckwear is showing quantities of new neckpieces in fur or in fur combined with chiffon or silk.

The latter are particularly attractive, though not so beautiful perhaps as the models entirely of fur, provided, of course, the fur is of handsome quality, but offering much variety and, by virtue of the flimsy sheerness of the chiffon or the lustrous suppleness of the silk, seeming more in place among summer finery than the all fur scarfs and collars.

Practically all of the famous millinery houses have sent out fur or fur-trimmed neckpieces, and the famous dressmaking houses and fur houses have done the same.

Ermine, usually of the pure white sort without the black tails; moleskin, chinchilla, kolinsky and white fox are chief favorites, but many other furs are used, the short hair pelts being chosen, as a rule. Exceptions to this rule occur in connection with scarfs and collars of chiffon fur edged, the longer haired furs being sometimes used for the trimming of these models.

The flat deep collar, much like the Puritan collar of organdy in shape tying with ribbons or scarfs under the chin and leaving the neck quite free, is a popular all fur model in ermine and mole. A deeper shoulder cape, somewhat like a very wide shawl collar, is another shape much liked in ermine. This does not rise above the base of the neck in the back, while in front it opens at a point low down. The straight broad scarf of supple fur



An Uncertain Climate Makes Them More Than Fashion's Fad, and They Are in Great Variety, the New Neckpieces of Fur Combined With Chiffon Being Particularly Attractive



Picturesque furs for summer wear.



front with two very stunning bosses of raised embroidery in dull gold or dull silver.

When one comes to discussion of collars and capes in which fur is combined with other material description becomes difficult. There are many models, but the majority of them differ only in slight variations of line and of detail and it is hard to say just what gives each its individuality.

Here again capes and cape collars play a conspicuous role. Simple, double and triple collars of chiffon fur edged, capes large and small, colored and collarless, white and black and in many colors—all are shown.

Chiffon is the material most frequently used with the fur, but taffeta and satin are chosen for some very smart capes, shoulder and cape collars, heavily or lightly fur trimmed.

There are long straight scarfs of chiffon or of soft satin, fur edged, and possibly lined in contrasting color, that will be charming with summer toilettes, particularly when the scarf is in white and the fur is ermine. One very handsome long scarf of this type is of very supple white satin lined with the most delicate of pinks and very deeply banded at each end for a foot at least—with ermine.

Lovely gray chiffon collars, capes and scarfs trimmed in chinchilla are provided for wear with the soft gray frocks that Paris likes so much this season, and sometimes a little spidery embroidery in dull silver enters into the scheme.

"I RECKON there isn't anything in the world that makes a man realize the flight of time more than a new baby," said the gray haired, young looking man in the club smoking room. "Unless," he added with a smile, "it is seeing the way babies are brought up nowadays. That certainly gives you a new idea of the idea that he must be a relic of some prehistoric age."

"My daughter presented her husband with an heir a little while ago, and as I remembered my own grandfather very well, it came as a sort of shock to me that I felt that the thoroughbred well qualified to show Mary how to bring that baby up, and I know she will be delighted to do it, for she loves babies, as all good women do."

"You'd have thought the new baby was here by the fuss she made, and believe she did think that you've made her appearance. Now I'm beginning to wonder how she ever grew up at all, for it appears that the whole system of management of which I had been so proud was hopelessly wrong, and the new baby is reared for on an entirely different plan."

"I couldn't begin to tell you how many new ideas that young mother has about what should be done with a baby. At least they seem new to me. Some of them are really shocking to my wife, but Mary goes right on, smiling and serene, ignoring all protests and pointing to the baby triumphantly in vindication of her theories."

"And so far, I am bound to say, she seems to have the best of the argument. The baby certainly is a corker. In fact, it seems as if he must be to thrive as he does under the treatment he gets."

"At least, that's the way it looks to me, and as for my wife, she makes me think of a hen that finds herself the grandmother of a chick. She is almost dead a fit when she learned that the baby never slept with its mother. Mary said she'd love to outlive it up at night, but it was better for baby to sleep alone, and it has a room to itself."

"I don't know that myself, saying that it would be bad in case the young one should be ill in the night, but it seems it isn't according to the new plan for it to be ill, and so far it never has been. It's a new type of baby, or new to me, that is. John never has to wait for a baby, and it's his first, even when it's getting a new baby, even says that's because it's being brought up right. It never wakes up at night, or if it does it goes to sleep again without disturbing anybody."

"Another thing, it was weaned preposterously early. It was three months old it ate oatmeal, beef juice and orange juice and codded eggs, whatever they are, and never got anything between meals. Yes, sir, eggs! Two of 'em every day! I can fancy what would have happened if I had given eggs to Mary when she was that age."

"But, as I said, the baby thrives wonderfully and is never ill. Mary says the reason babies used to be ill as often as they were, and so many of them used to die, is that people didn't bring them up properly, and her mother and I look at each other, but we can't find anything to say when we look at the baby."

"I guess perhaps people do know more than they used to about a good many things. It's kind of goes against the grain to think that your own child is wiser than you are, but after all that's a part of the great game."

A GLANCE AT THE VARIED ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

"CHERCHEZ la femme!" But the day guests who, besieged in the Hotel Sherbourne, Dublin, watched from its shattered windows the Sinn Fein rebellion surging through the streets below, to see a woman in that affair. Attired in a man's uniform, wearing a brace of revolvers which she didn't hesitate to use even on her own followers if they disobeyed her orders, the frenzied Countess Markievicz, fearless as the wildest male rook, was seen apparently leading the mob for six days, says Dr. Cecil G. M. Adams of Melbourne, Australia, who spent those six days in the Hotel Sherbourne and after his escape sailed immediately for America, arriving a week ago on the steamship Philadelphia. The Countess warrior was rich in the midst of the rioting, frantically leading the lost cause.

And now this modern Boadicea is in prison, with a life sentence before her—a lifetime in a cell, nursing her dreams of Irish independence.

And now, quiet. Anti-suffragists have long said that woman wasn't fit to vote because "she couldn't fight." Have the Countess Markievicz's deeds at all moved Premier Asquith from his well known stand against votes for women?

Coming downtown in the subway yesterday was a stout woman, a very stout woman, so stout that she occupied two whole seats. She was reading a book very intently, and as she read a blissful look overcame her face, smiles chased one another right down her cheeks, and under arms. The woman who after long searching has found what she was after.

Presently the fat woman got up and closed her book, and the little became visible to persons in the opposite seats. It was "Bar and Grow Thin. By a Woman Who Did It." The fat man, bereft of the gospel which was letting in such light upon his soul, sat pondering till the next station, and then he too departed from the train, and later was seen eating a huge meal in a Broadway restaurant. Two women, she who wrote and she who read, had pointed the path for him.

Suffragists believe in breaking their workers in early. The latest recruit is Geraldine Mondell of 216 East 108th

had begun serving the cause at the headquarters of the New York State Woman Suffrage party, 303 Fifth avenue. Geraldine, raised her mamma, pretty little Mrs. Minerva Mondell, say that the suffragists were very busy making paper hats for the saleswomen to wear when they hold their votes for women flower market next Saturday all along Fifth avenue. Three hundred hats they must have and hat makers were badly needed.

Watch out for the new electric sign in New York's shopping center. The women are doing it. Thirteen letters, each two feet high, will blaze forth from thirteen windows on the twentieth floor of the building at 303 Fifth avenue, and as the windows look to the south all persons crossing the ferries from Staten Island, Brooklyn and Jersey, persons riding on the cars or walking on the pavements, persons sailing in aircraft, can see the message.

The twentieth floor at 303 Fifth avenue is occupied by the suffragists of the State organization, and it may not be hard to guess that the sign will say "Votes for Women." It was Mrs. Norman De R. Whitehouse who pointed out that the consideration of ferries from Staten Island, Brooklyn and Jersey, persons riding on the cars or walking on the pavements, persons sailing in aircraft, can see the message.

Many of the flower girls have conservatories. When they will dispel for the cause. Others are making up parties to pick wild flowers in the woods. Some blossoms will be donated by florists. But let not prospective buyers think they can get the better of the sellers because, the latter are inexperienced. For they are even now taking lessons of a practical salesman in the art of getting all that a thing is worth.

Surely the birds ought to sing a hymn of gratitude to Mrs. Nellie Hyde Farmer, who died March 21 at her home at 9 West 103d street. Mrs. Farmer had many relatives and friends to be remembered in her will, but she didn't forget the feathered friends to whom she owed, she said, some of the purest hours of pleasure she had ever known.

This bird lover had special ties with Pointe, Virginia, and it is there that she desired to be buried. And over her grave is to be erected a fountain where birds may come and drink, which is to be kept filled with sparkling water even when everything else, brooks and streams and pools, are dry.

It is to be, she directed, a sort of bird sanctuary. A sketch of the fountain was submitted with her will, which was drawn by T. John Parker, her attorney.

If Theodore Roosevelt is not nominated for President of the United States when the Republicans and Progressives gather in Chicago next month it won't be the fault of the small but determined bunch of women who have set out to boom the Colonel. Tuesday morning those women, who already have held several conferences, will meet at the Hotel Manhattan to hear a plan Miss Harriet Vittum of Chicago has for getting their candidate into the White House. This plan of organization and action has been drawn up with great care by the Progressive women of Chicago, who women vote for President. They intend to take a live part in the coming campaign.

The campaign around here is being run by the eastern committee, of which Mrs. Alice Carpenter is chairman, and Mrs. Herbert Knox Sumner of Connecticut, Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird of Massachusetts, Mrs. Francis de L. Hyde of New Jersey, Mrs. V. G. Simkovich of New York, Miss Mary H. Ingram of Pennsylvania and Mrs. W. W. Churchhill of Vermont are leading members. They already have a slogan:

Teddy! Teddy! We're all ready! Teddy! Teddy! We're for you!

While these women are working hard to put a certain man into the Presidential chair, other women, the members of the National Woman Suffrage Association, headed by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, are planning to hold their annual convention in quite a different fashion. They decline to express a preference for any candidate till they get the vote, and will invade the Windy City to try to wring from its legislators a plank in the platform promising support for their cause.

For the great parade these women will hold there June 7 they have procured two of the biggest elephants in captivity. And these two "gentle giants" weighing a ton apiece, will carry between them a suffrage plank that can be read by all.

The league was formed more than five years ago, and through it the Salvation Army is able to keep in touch with every girl who goes through the home.

"We formed the Out of Love League," says Miss Booth, "so that we could fill the void in the hearts of girls who are temporarily excluded from society. They have thus established a society of their own, and it suffices for their social needs."

Another celebration is to be held shortly at the home and that will be a meeting of the Out of Love League. This is an organization of young women, domestic servants, stenographers, saleswomen and happily married mothers who have been graduated from the institution and who like to come back once a year to exchange confidences and express their gratitude.

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One more reason which the commander gives for the success attendant upon the work of the home is that when a "graduate" leaves to take a position in the outside world she is told that if her lot is found to be too hard she must come home again. When she does return she comes as a guest, not as a patient, and the guests are housed in a different part of the home, are kept separate from the patients.

WORK OF THE SALVATION ARMY RESCUE HOME

"YOU have been convicted seven times, arrested twenty times and have been under surveillance by the police for I don't know how long. I sentence you to the island for a period of two."

"Wait a minute, your Honor, please. Let me have that poor woman, don't send her to a place from which she will only emerge a completely lost creature!"

A Magistrate in New York's Night Court was the first speaker; the one who interrupted him was Major Jesse McEwan of the Salvation Army. The prisoner was a poor emaciated woman about 27 years old. She looked older as she covered there in her scanty, ragged clothing.

"The Magistrate frowned and hesitated. "So you want this woman?" he said in evident doubt. "Knowing her record and that she is one of the most notorious women in the city, you are willing to take her under your protection?"

"Women are strong in sin as they are in virtue and this woman has proved herself strong in both," says Commander Evangeline Booth. "We are successful in our efforts to reclaim womankind because there is no depth to which we will not descend if in descending we can catch and bring to the surface a sinking soul."

This case, Major McEwan explains, is typical of many that are brought to the home. Sixty thousand dollars of the half million which the Salvation Army is trying to raise just now will be devoted to lifting the mortgage from this Rescue Home which Commander Booth considers one of the most valuable acquisitions of the Army. Hundreds of girls, she says, have left it within the past five years. The home is to be a part of the memorial to the late Gen. William Booth, a part of the "University of Humanity" as Miss Booth calls the institution which the Salvation Army proposes to erect with that half million.

Mrs. William Grant Brown, president of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs and president also of the Women's Auxiliaries, to the Rescue Department of the Salvation Army, is largely responsible, according to Miss Booth, for the good work done at the East Fifteenth street home. Associated with her in the work are such women as Mrs. Richard Aldrich, Mrs. Robbins Lau and Miss Josephine McMaion.

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Your Limbs Unsightly Hair White Stockings

Most women do not realize that superfluous hair on the limbs shows through dark colored stockings as well as white. This makes it plain why so many women use De Miracle for removing hair from the limbs as well as the face, neck, arms and under arms. Fastest, rub-on preparation and limitations of De Miracle will be explained in our usually remove any growth of hair from the surface of the skin, but only De Miracle has the power to destroy the hair root, so that it never grows again. It does this by absorption, it attacks hair under the skin and actually retards its growth. Avoid the usual appointment, buy De Miracle by name, and you will get the only depilatory that has a binding guarantee in each package which entitles you to your money if it fails. In 50c, \$1.00 and \$2.00 bottles at your dealer's, or direct, postpaid in plain wrapper. De Miracle, The Chemical Co., Dept. 4-2, 347 Ave. and 129th St., New York.

MODES

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PLAYING NURSE TO AN ORPHAN ROBIN

It is not often that one has a chance to play nurse to an orphaned robin, but that chance came to William H. Huse, a member of the American Game Protective Association. Mr. Huse, who is a lover of birds, dropped some of the conservation officials at their recent meeting in New York how it happened.

"Once upon a time I violated the laws of my State," he said, "and it was all on account of a bird. Now, don't smile. I was an amateur hunter, and yet she was really not to blame. It was a case like that of the blind horse that was guaranteed to be without fault. It wasn't her fault; it was her misfortune."

dropped into his capacious mouth from a pair of tweezers. Then most of my spare time was occupied in hunting for food for the smallest member of my family and apparently its greatest eater.

"All the meal worms in the neighboring granaries and barns were confiscated. Every white grub in my garden that I could find was dug up and dropped into the insatiable gullet. Earthworms were pulled into pieces and sent after the others. Berries were taken as readily as worms, and were more easily obtained. I would give him all he apparently wanted, and in five minutes he would be crying for more. The maximum number of worms fed to him in one day was some more than a hundred, and that was probably fewer than his parents would have given him.

TODAY'S BEAUTY HELP

You can keep your hair at its very best by washing it with this simple, inexpensive shampoo, which cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly of all dirt, dandruff and dirt and leaves a clean, wholesome feeling. Just use a teaspoonful of canthax dissolved in a cup of hot water, afterwards rinse thoroughly with clean water. One finding that the hair dries quickly and evenly, is unstreaked, bright, soft and fluffy, so fluffy in fact that it looks more abundant than it is, and so soft that scalp irritation becomes a pleasure. All scalp irritation will disappear and the hair will be brighter than ever before. -Adv.