BEACHES NO PLACE FOR THE SEA SERPENT THIS SUMMER

No One Will Have a Look to Spare for Him if the Women Wear the Bathing Costumes This Season Has Brought Forth

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD.

THE sea serpent may as well take deep sea soundings and go into retreat for the season. This is not his summer. He could not create a ripple of excitement on any beach—not if the women wear on those same beaches the bathing costumes that the season has brought forth in the shops.

There are still bathing frocks in sober black and dark blue, with no startling details and no amazing accessories; but one has to ask for them, insist firmly upon having them. All available display space in the department is sure to be given over to bathing frocks, swimming suits, beach cloaks, beach scarfs, &c., calculated to contribute a glow of warmth to even a Maine resort, and the saleswomen are disappointed, hurt, if asked to handle humdrum, conservative models.

Just how generally the new effects will be adopted remains to be seen. A certain type of seashore siren will revel in them, and some of them are undeniably picturesque and attractive. More are amusing without being pretty and a goodly percentage are simply absurd.

In the last class are the frilled and furbelowed models that are ball dress fashions and offend beyond pardon the laws of the eternal fitness of things; but there are numerous frocks that while spectacular are at least suited to bathing purposes.

A group brought out early in the season for Southern use struck the note of the gay and bizarre that has led to many odd developments. Some of these costumes had breeches cut like riding breeches in place of the usual knickers or bloomers, and the idea was not a bad one, but has not been taken up by the other designers. The Bakst cloaks for beach wear are echoed in many creations, and if these beach cloaks find favor our beaches will look extraordinarily gay.

For instance, there is the cloak of bright blue and white patchwork—big blocks of alternating colors, the whole lined with brilliant orange yellow. Or perhaps madame prefers the cloak in purple and white with cerise lining and wears it over a purple and white bathing frock with scarf girdle and cap of cerise.

A big cloak of natural pongee color has great squares of orange patchwork in the corners and a border of orange. A brilliant blue cloak is bordered and lined with canary yellow. So it goes, and these cloaks have effective possibilities, are in the beach picture; but one can hardly see the woman of taste in one of the gaudiest of the bathing frocks.

Luckily there are models that are good looking and original without being bizarre, frocks of satin and pussy willow taffeta and tussor and La Jerz, and other tub silks in dark blue or black, or purple with gay touches in collar and girdle, practical swimming suits of wool jersey with narrow borders and scarf girdle of bright color, hand smocked frocks of silk jersey.

The one piece swimming suit girdled loosely or not at all and worn over close fitting jersey knickers has long been a favorite abroad, but is only recently finding much favor here. It is rather radical, but undoubtedly a practical and rational costume for actual swimming, and a beach cloak makes it quite inoffensive when the wearer is out of the water. Wool jersey is probably the best material for this type of costume, but the designers are using silk fibre for the same purpose with good results.

Striped silks in bright color and black are sometimes successfully employed, but on the whole the one tone bathing frock in dark color is the most becoming thing a woman can wear and can be brightened to suit even a lively taste by cap and scarf, &c. Dark purple ranks with black and blue this year and there are some very clever models in the bright greens so much seen in all sports clothes.

An absurd little costume in green, with shoulder cape to match—a detail frequently seen this season—had a new trimming feature, being adorned by bead embroidery in fine lines and traceries. The beads were black and the effect was exceedingly pretty, if somewhat ridiculous. And after all, there are worse things than beads for the trimming of bathing frocks. At least the beads will look none the worse for the water.

The little shoulder cape is not a bad idea either; for while not so kindly and all concealing as a beach cloak it does protect neck and arms when the wearer is out of the water.

Many of the bathing frocks and all of the swimming suits are sleeveless, and most of the striking models have no collars, the necks being cut V shape, square or round. At the opposite extreme are the high necked bathing frocks, of which there are rather more than usual among the high priced models, and occasionally one sees long sleeves too.

In caps and hats there is endless variety and very considerable charm as well as mild fantasy. The coolie hat of bright hued rubber perched upon a tight cap of the same rubber, the flat mortar board with pendant tassel posed in like fashion upon a head hugging cap, the Rob Roy cap with fluttering ribbons of the rubber, the rubber Breton cap, the satin rubber turban trimmed in satin roses, the close diving caps of bright rubber with tiny frill or band of contrasting rubber, the mushroom brim hats of gayly checked tub satin, the satin crowned, wide rubber brimmed hat trimmed in rubber flowers and worn over a close cap—these are only a few of the successors to the once inevitable mob cap or bright knotted kerchief.

There are beach scarfs of rubber too (the thin rubber in lovely colorings, with a bloom upon it which is so generally used for caps), amazing scarfs, some of them, with deep cut fringe ends and applied designs of contrasting rubber.

And there are futuristlike beach cushions of rubber in brilliant contrasting colors and curious designs or in black and white even more startling than the colors.

As for shoes: well, bathing shoes and sandals are of many new shapes and kinds, with high laced shoes in the lead, and one is quite as likely to see socks worn with them as to see stockings, if the manufacturers have their way.

A fringed rubber scarf, a beaded green silk bathing frock, one of black and white satin and a cloak of blue and white patch work lined with yellow.

MAITRE D'HOTEL'S BON VOYAGE MENU

H. J. Stout of the Hotel Gotham Gives Recipes for Charming and Elaborate Luncheons

THE summer departures from the city are later than usual this year, so that the customary bon voyage luncheons of the first half of June are still taking place.

These luncheons may be very elaborate when correctly ordered. Therefore those who plan to give such affairs will appreciate the menu especially prepared for THE SUNDAY SUN by H. J. Stout, maitre d'hotel of the Hotel Gotham. Mr. Stout has also given the recipes for the unusual dishes, so that hostesses who have such luncheons served in their own homes may duplicate the menu. Consomme Madrilene is essence of tomato, and is of course jellied. Following the recipe for trout is "mousse d'ecrevisses," a mousse of shrimps, and the "pommes Nana," served with the lamb (noisette d'agneau) are tiny potato croquettes made by mixing the potato with cream, flour and a seasoning of salt and pepper, covering the croquettes in bread crumbs and frying them in deep fat.

After this course comes guinea hen. This is stuffed with foie gras, but it must first be boned and smothered in the pot; that is, braised. The delicious salad Mr. Stout has devised to go with the guinea hen is entirely new—salade Creole. It has as a base a slice of pineapple; on this is placed endive, and both are covered with a fruit dressing. The dressing is made of mayonnaise which has been mixed with bar le duc preserves. "To follow this course," said Mr. Stout, "hot asparagus is very much to be recommended."

The mignardises that are served with the ice cream, for which the recipe in full is given, are just the dainty small cakes of every ice cream course.

The corbeille de fruits (basket of fruits) is indispensable at the bon voyage luncheon. In it are the finest, rarest fruits that can be had, especially those that are very juicy and refreshing. This basket is in no wise prepared for the guests assembled but is sent intact always to the train or boat for the guests of honor. If fruits are desired as a part of the menu they must be arranged in a fruit dish and served without regard to the basket, which forms either the entire or the partial centrepiece, for flowers may be combined with this basket if one wishes, or placed around it.

When the travellers are bound for foreign shores it is a pretty idea to have a color scheme which includes the flags of this country and the land to which they are going in combined effect; otherwise it is charming to recognize the preference of the guest of honor for his or her favorite flower. Favors, if articles of value, should be of the nature of keepsakes, and if trivialities should suggest the trip, as small trunks of candy or tiny suit cases filled with bonbons.

For the corsage bouquets it may be noted that quite the newest fancy is to tie the small bouquets with a heavy silk cord of contrasting color to the blossoms, instead of large or narrow ribbon streamers.

The following are Mr. Stout's menu and the recipes:

BON VOYAGE MENU.

Hors d'Oeuvre
Cantaloupe Glace
Consommé Froid Madrilene
Truite d'Ecosse a la Vénitienne
Mousse d'Ecrevisses au Champagne
Noisette d'Agneau a l'Estragon
Petits Pois Bonne Femme Pommes Nana
Pintadon a la Souvaroff Salade Creole
Asperges a la Hollandaise
Bombe Nero
Mignardises Cafe Noir
Corbeille de Fruits

Marinaded Trout—Select some very small trout, clean and dress them and cook them in a white wine court-bouillon to which vinegar has been added in the proportion of one-third of its volume. Leave the fish to cool in the liquor and dish them with a few tablespoonfuls of the liquor, placing some thin, grooved slices of lemon upon the fish.

Noisette of Lamb—Fry the noisettes in butter and dish them in the form of a crown. In the centre of each noisette set a small heap consisting of one-half tablespoonful of peeled and pressed tomatoes, tossed in butter, together with a little crushed garlic and chopped tarragon. Surround with small heaps of French beans cooked in butter and other heaps of small potatoes cooked in butter, alternating the two garnishes.

Bombe Nero—Take a dome mould and line it with vanilla ice cream with caramel; fill it with vanilla mousse combined with small imitation troufflles, the size of small nuts, made from chocolate. Turn out the bombe on a thin cushion of punch biscuit, of the same diameter as the bombe. Cover the whole with a thin layer of Italian meringue, and on top set a small receptacle made of Italian meringue dried in an almost cold oven. Decorate the sides by means of a piping bag with meringue, and set the whole in the oven to glaze quickly. On taking the bombe out of the oven pour some hot rum into the bowl and set a light to it when serving.

Mrs. George Randolph Chester.

PLAYS DOLLS WHEN NOT WRITING NOVELS

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE RANDOLPH Chester, joint authors—for Mr. Chester explains that Mrs. Chester and he work together—of the J. Rufus Wallingford stories, have a much larger family than is generally supposed. A recent visitor was personally introduced to all of its members, and though only the speaking ones replied, for they are all dolls, each one possesses an interesting personality and a story.

Mrs. Chester had just helped Mr. Chester in the completion of the eighty-eighth J. Rufus Wallingford story and was glad to turn her attention to her "children."

"I've never got over liking to play with dolls," she said. "This one is Toky. She is 4½ years old. I got her when I was ill in a hospital.

"She attracted much more attention than I did, was quite the pet of the hospital. Doctors, internes and nurses all paid her daily visits, but she has a sweet disposition and was not spoiled at all by her popularity. We named her Tooky for one of the characters in our first real novel, 'The Jingo.'"

Tooky was a large baby with brunette curls and go to sleep eyes, and she was enthroned on a marvellously carved prie-dieu, which the Chesters had found in France. Incidentally the space intended for prayer books is now used for cigarettes.

The next child brought up for inspection is a recent acquisition, a Belgian war baby, who has not been named. "Because," says Mrs. Chester naively, "it would spoil the pathos."

The "Irish Widow" is a wee character doll kept in an obscure corner on the floor. There is a Grace Wiederseim Campbell kid doll named Hootie, a contraction of Hoot Mon! He lives in the dining room, which is quite appropriate.

Mrs. Chester has her dolls scattered all over in every room of her apartment on West Sixty-seventh street.

"I like to have them where I can watch them," she said. "I dress them all myself and they are really quite a responsibility."

There was a bevy of dolls in a cosey corner, one from Vichy, dressed in the costume of a French water girl, who was named Nurse Yvonne; and a French sailor boy named Jules; there was a rubber doll, with a voice, named Caruso and another called Whistling Rufus after J. Rufus Wallingford.

In Mrs. Chester's boudoir was Madeleine, a charming little Parisienne, who was named for Mrs. Chester's Paris milliner. So winsome is her personality that when Mrs. Chester's hair dresser calls he insists on treating the hair of Mademoiselle Madeleine, though any one can see at a glance that it needs no improvement.

Mrs. Chester's oldest doll child is Susie. Mrs. Chester played with her when she was more of a little girl than she is to-day, though like Peter Pan she has never really grown up.

"Susie was not her name at first," said Mrs. Chester. "I played with her when I was a child, and I changed her name with every new heroine who caught my fancy. Her teeth are somewhat impaired, due to a childish desire to play dentist. Her wig is made from my mother's hair. I sometimes think that Susie is our favorite child."

Reposing on a bed was Poet, a comfortable looking rag baby of the variety that children insist on taking to sleep with them. The visitor wanted to ask Mrs. Chester if she—but after all she collaborates with Mr. Chester on the J. Rufus Wallingford stories and looks quite grown up at times. But she talks so gravely and realistically about her doll children that she carries people even against their wills into the realm of childhood with her.

Mr. Chester insisted that an ivory statuette by Leonard named Lilla should be included among the dolls.

"Mrs. Chester fell in love with it in Paris," he said. "We had bought our tickets for the voyage home but were not going for two weeks and we really didn't have money enough to buy Lilla. As a last resort we decided to go a week earlier and had our passage exchanged to a cheaper boat.

"With a week's hotel bill saved and some money refunded on our passage we thought we could buy her, but even that wasn't quite enough and our sacrifice would have gone for naught had it not been for the intercession of Abe Hummel, who made the dealer reduce the price to the range of our finances."

The dolls are not the only interesting toys in the Chester apartment. There is Boo Hoo, the French pathetic pup, and Achmed, a lion with a real roar and a stealthy walk. Gyp the Blood is a tiger which, when properly wound up, leaps in a fearsome manner and according to Mr. Chester eats raw meat. There is a tiny bird with real feathers which sings a charming ditty whenever you open the top of an old snuff box of gold, picked up in New Orleans. The song begins and ends so abruptly that Mr. Chester calls it Mazarach, because of its quick work.

THE TOUCH THAT TELLS

ONE of the things to remember in planning a new house is that the walls should be the background of the room, and therefore that it is a mistake to select paper that fills up the room before anything else has been put in. The best thing to do is to choose a neutral tint and get your color scheme through the hangings and furnishings.

If the room is dark choose a tan or gray paper with a pinkish or yellow tinge; if it is sunny let the gray or tan be of a blue or green cast. Then if it is a blue room you have decided upon choose a rug with blue predominating, chintz overcurtains with blues, yellows and greens, a big dull blue pottery vase for the lamp with a blue and yellow Japanese shade for the table, one chair upholstered with the chintz and another with plain blue, and you have a blue room that you will not tire of in a week or a month.

Red, the professional decorators say, is the least cheerful color there is and can only be effective if used very sparingly. It fairly eats up the light. A red shade on the desk lamp, a red cricket, a red Japanese bowl on the dark bookcase, or just a scarlet quill pen on the desk may be all you need to give exactly the right note of color.

In America people are just beginning to realize the decorative value of chintz. One of the newest ways of making it up into overcurtains is to finish the curtains down both sides and across the bottom with a band of plain material to match the predominating color in the chintz.

A little den in a small house was finished in California redwood. The wall paper was black with gorgeous birds of paradise in tans, reds and yellows. The curtains were yellow and black striped linen and the brown wicker furniture was upholstered with it. On the black reading lamp on the mission table was a shade made of the wall paper. In that room the wall paper predominated.

A June bride furnished her guest room in pink and white, white enamel furniture, white paper with a rose border, pink rag rug, cretonne with pink roses for curtains and a pink shade on the reading lamp. Her first guest was an interior decorator, who told her that if she would put up black and white striped curtains, buy a black lacquered mirror to hang over the chiffonier and get a black and white shade instead of the rose one the room would be perfect. She did, and one would never recognize it.

SOLDIERS' HEARTS TOUCHED BY MOVIE

SOMEWHERE back of the great firing line that stretches through France a group of Belgian soldiers sought relief from the shot torn hell in which they lived by going to see some moving pictures.

Their world had been wet, infested with rats; they had been having little food and less sleep as they hung on grimly to their trenches. Fire and death hemmed them in. Clean life and love and romance seemed so far away that they almost had forgotten that such things existed.

Mary Pickford and her kitten.

Photo, copyright, by Moody

And then on the screen came the winsome figure of a girl who flitted through a pretty story that seemed like fairyland to these men, and straightway each man fell in love with her. They remembered almost with wonder that two short years ago they had lived in such a world, and great longing and some tears came to them, and when they got out under the stars again they carried the presence of the girl of the films with them.

The girl was Mary Pickford. The next day they went back to the trenches, back under the hail of shot and burrowed into their shelters. The winsome face of the girl was only a memory, but a memory that did them good, and these ninety-seven men of the Belgian Royal Guards sat down and wrote a little note to Miss Pickford. With profound courtesy they tendered her their respectful admiration and took the liberty of requesting that she send them one of her photographs to be placed in the shelter on the firing line.

The first signature was that of Robert Lermusieaux, Brigadier of the Second Regiment of the Belgian Royal Guards, and was followed by the names of ninety-six of his comrades. It was sent to Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players Film Company and by him handed to Miss Pickford.

"It is the greatest compliment that I have ever received," she said, "but that thought vanishes in the thought that perhaps many of these men have already given their lives for their country. It is a great tribute to the motion picture, too, for not one of these men has ever seen me except on the screen."

So the picture was sent and when it is tacked up in the rough bombproof shelter it will probably bring back many times to the men who see it the memory of the night back of the lines when the work of the little actress recalled so vividly the days when the invader was not in their country and life was very beautiful.

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