

AMERICAN DESIGNERS REVEL IN MAKING NOVEL COATS

Velvets, Brocades and Satins, Always With Fur, Offer Unsurpassing Group of Models for Early Season

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD.

WHEN in doubt, play casual. That seems to be an accepted rule of the manufacturing game and several of our most gifted New York designers have played cards most brilliantly this summer.

The plans of Paris' latest frocks and suits were carefully guarded and rumor flew in all directions. It was hard to tell in just what way the modes would change, and though America can produce charming models, she can seldom launch a really new fashion.

So our designers, obliged to have their models ready before Paris would speak, appear to have held fast to conservatism so far as frocks are concerned and relieved their feelings by turning out a most beautiful and luxurious assortment of coats—coats for morning, coats for afternoon, coats for evening.

Paris, of course, has worked coat miracles of her own, but most of them are still to be seen on this side, and even with all the Parisian genius back of them, it seems doubtful whether, on the whole, they can surpass a group of models that one of our own New York designers is selling to the trade.

Velvets, wonderful brocades, soft, exquisite satins, feather light and velvety soft cloths, are the materials and always fur, fur, fur.

A more luxurious type of garment it would be difficult to imagine, unless one thought in terms of ermine and chinchilla and Russian sable; and, though coats of the same general character were exploited last winter, these of the present season go a step beyond those in beauty of line and texture and color.

Even in black, the models are uncommonly handsome. One of these that is made both in black velvet and in black satin has a big fur collar, rolling well away from the throat all around and running down a little at the back. From under it, in the back, falls a flat caplike rectangle of fur, attached to the coat only at the top and reaching well below the hip line.

Another good afternoon coat is in velvet with a high collar of fur, set out a little from the neck all around, so that the wearer's head may nestle within it, a smoothly fitted shoulder yoke and, at a low shoulder line, a wide band of fur from under which the body of the coat falls, prodig-



Bullos designed the Italian officer's coat in tornado blue and Italian gray velour de laine, and the coat of red zibeline trimmed with Belgian hare is by Bernard.

Imported Ones Few, but Thus Far Italian and Russian Types Have Proved Popular in Paris

iously full and flaring and deeply banded with fur around the bottom. A stunning brocade in a design and coloring that suggest a medieval tapestry is the material chosen for another fur trimmed coat, the price of which soars high; and, for evening wear, there are one or two beautiful brocades, notably one in rose and silver and violet with lavish fur trimming.

There are comparatively straight coats. There are coats loosely girdled; but of the coat curving in emphatically at the waist and flaring widely below—the type so generally featured last winter—this house offers not a single model. Occasionally a very high waist line enters into the scheme of a handsome coat, but more often the coat widens gradually from the shoulders without girding or takes on a loosely girdled Russian air.

Imported coats are still few and one must wait until after the Paris openings to see all that the French houses have achieved in this line; but already a few notably interesting coats have come over.

The one that has the smartest air and makes the greatest appeal is Bullos' clever mélange of Italian officer's coat and chasuble. Every woman who sees it admires it, but not every woman could wear it gracefully. It calls for height and slenderness and sweet carriage, and its very merits would make a woman hesitate to buy it, for it is one of those models that every buyer picks up and that quickly loses exclusiveness. Still we make our bow to Monsieur Bullos.

The coat is tremendously chic and, more than that, is really beautiful in both color and line. The material is tornado blue cloth of the velours de laine sort, and the full length cape which hangs loose from the shoulders in the back is lined with Italian gray cloth, a new and lovely gray. The body of the coat is straight of line, though it flares through force of fullness at the bottom, is loosely belted and slightly braided in semi-military fashion. The cape can be brought around to the front and thrown back across the left shoulder, after the fashion in which Italian officers wear their military capes, and the whole effect is eminently picturesque and dashing despite the quiet color scheme and simple trimming.

Russian coats, or at least coats showing strong Russian influence, come from the various Parisian ateliers and there are certain simple models suggesting the dolman lines beloved of Eugenia and her court, cloaks on the order of Bernard's red, Belgian hare trimmed model, which is pictured here.

WOMEN ACTIVE IN VARIED FIELDS, ESPECIALLY IN POLITICS THIS YEAR

MISS HELEN VARICK BOSWELL is mildly angry at a recent newspaper story playing up the work of Miss Frances Kellor and the Hughes Alliance. That is to say, she doesn't object to the story but to the headlines, which were "Republicans Let Down Bars to Women."

As political child of Mrs. Ellen Foster, the old Republican campaigner and president for many years of the National Republican Women's Association, Miss Boswell has a feeling that she has been especially loyal to the G. O. P. Likewise Mrs. John Francis Yawger, Mrs. Clarence Burns, Mrs. Nelson H. Henry, Mrs. Jane Pierce, Mrs. John Hays Hammond and any number of other women have been laboring ardently in the interest of the Elephant every campaign year for more years than—well, never mind. And every President they have helped to elect from McKinley on to Taft and back to—well, never mind again—has appreciated their services, and now she says, folks have just discovered that the G. O. P. realizes that there are women in this country.

The National Republican Women's Association, which feels proud over the fact that they are the "straight Republican women," who never wavered after new gods with money heads, who didn't come into the campaign by the Progressive road or the suffrage road, but take Hughes because he is the standard bearer of the Grand Old Party—the association is about to move into its quarters at 515 Fifth avenue, where the National Executive Committee and the Hughes Alliance are. Then Miss Boswell and Mrs. Claudia Q. Murphy, who is organizing business women for Hughes, and Miss Belle de Costa Greene, in charge of

the finances, and Mrs. Hammond and Mrs. Yawger and the rest of the wheel-horses of the woman's end of it will begin their active campaign of speeches and the sending out of literature, the same they have waged so many times.

Anti-suffragists who cling to the fear that politics will disrupt the home if woman takes an interest in it—in politics, not in the home—are recommended to take a look at the happy domestic hearth of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. H. Hopkins, Morristown, N. J. Mr. Hopkins, who is chairman of the State Progressive Committee over there, spends his days trying to get Woodrow Wilson elected. Mrs. Hopkins, when she bids an affectionate good-by for the day to her husband after breakfast, rakes up and down and down in her automobile talking Hughes, Hughes, and again Hughes. And at night they return to a placid dinner, over which he roars and she giggles with mirth over the friends who want to know if this division of sentiment doesn't make them dreadfully uncomfortable.

Mrs. Hopkins was for Wilson too, she says, but when Hughes came out for the Federal amendment she had to flip, because it is "suffrage first" with her. Friend Hughes has always been an ardent suffragist as Mrs. Hopkins; don't Jerseyites remember how he made a fortnight's campaign all by his lonesome last fall, making four speeches a day from his motor urging and adorning his fellow citizens to vote "yes" in the suffrage referendum? "Miss Ann Morgan was of the party, and I haven't," explains Mrs. Hopkins. "That makes all the difference in the point of view. When it comes to a crossroads the man can generally see something more important than the enfranchisement of women—for the time.

I'm a woman, and though I admire Mr. Wilson, his refusal to endorse the Federal amendment kills him with me."

Ernestine Evans, who travelled through the war some last year and wrote letters home to the newspapers about conditions in Germany, is following a peaceful occupation in peaceful America. She is trying to induce New Yorkers to sing out in Central Park and other places where nobody is trying to sleep.

She is the secretary of the New York Community Chorus, which, according to the prospectus, "provides for the free, regular meeting of the people of New York, any or all, irrespective of previous musical knowledge, winter and summer, indoors and out, to sing together for the joy of singing and for what song can do to awaken and inspire the community spirit."

The president of the organization is Arthur Farwell; the conductor is Harry H. Barnhart and ever so many well known people are interested, but it's Miss Evans's regular responsibility. She says she is an example of what trying will do to convince you that you can accomplish the impossible; for once she didn't think she could sing a note, and now she opens her mouth and warbles with them when the chorus has its summer meetings in the park.

American women are being honored by President Poincare of France. One of the women is Miss Winifred Holt, the Lady of the Lighthouse, who has done so much for the blind of this country and of Europe. Last year Miss Holt left the Lighthouse on Fifty-ninth street, New York, to her helpers, and sailed to help the blinded soldiers of the war. The other day the President of the French Republic and Mme. Poincare visited the Lighthouse she has erected in Paris.

There are twosome patients there, victims of shells and shrapnel, learning all sorts of arts to enable them to take up the burden of their blinded lives. Escorted by Miss Holt and Ambassador Sharp, President and Mme. Poincare saw the sightless soldiers typewriting, weaving, embroidering, modelling, learning stenography and playing games in the courtyard.

Miss Ann Morgan was of the party, and she received the thanks of the French Government for her recent gift to the Vacation War Relief Committee in Paris—a twenty-five room house in Avenue Gabrielle, to be used as headquarters for hospital supplies sent from America to the Allies.

Miss Morgan was so anxious to inspect the work of delivery of American gifts to the hospitals at the front that she visited Verdun and had her ears deafened by the firing on the famous battlefield.

Wise Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst! When, on the outbreak of the war, she dropped her agitation for the enfranchisement of the English women and devoted herself and all the resources of her organization, the Women's Social and Political Union, to aiding the Government which she had been fighting because it denied her the ballot-worked night and day, she and the rest of the militant suffragists, to recruit soldiers, aid refugees, provide for

families of the recruits—when she did this some people said: "Can Mrs. Pankhurst be deserting the cause of suffrage? Is it right, is it wise, for her to drop the struggle?" Even Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, though she too put aside her suffrage work and joined in service of her Government, declared in a visit to America that all that women are doing for England would not amount to a feather's

weight in convincing the rulers of England's destiny that they ought to have the vote. Mrs. Pankhurst didn't say what she thought about the effect of what she was doing on suffrage; she just went on working. And now see what happens!

Asquith, the adamant Asquith, arch anti-suffragist, embodiment of opposition to all the suffragists asked—Asquith has said in Parliament that

"any new bill for franchise reforms in the future must of necessity include women."

"What are we going to do with the women?" he asked when Sir Edward Carson proposed that the vote should be extended to all combatants. And then the Government decided to put off consideration of franchise measures until the country is more at leisure to consider the problem, because, to quote Premier Asquith again: "The women, who will urge their claims if the qualifications for the franchise are altered, have presented to me a perfectly unanswerable case."

Here's an artist who attained fame by deserting her art. She is Miss Grace Gassetto of Chicago, and Gen. Joffre has just received her at his headquarters, the first and only American woman he has so distinguished. Miss Gassetto is known as the painter of portraits fine enough to be hung in the Paris Salon, but it was not for that that Gen. Joffre received her. It was because, leaving her art, she devoted herself to inventing devices to make wounded soldiers more comfortable. So many ingenious splints did she contrive to make war victims easier that French surgeons asked her to write a text book on the subject.

Not long ago she went to the front to introduce a new surgical bandage, and Gen. Joffre, hearing of it, expressed a wish to see the clever young American woman.

There's a great craze for adopting boys among New York women just now, big boys, too, which makes it the more remarkable. But the boys are soldiers, and the adoptions are by absent treatment, as it were.

It is a very easy kind of adoption, imposing no responsibilities but the writing of a letter every week or so and sending some little presents down to the Mexican border to the lonesome big boy the woman has picked out for her mothering. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt started it through her Active Service Auxiliary of the National Guard and the idea is growing fast.

From 10 A. M. till 5 P. M. the soldier boys don't have anything to occupy them—no drills or anything to make them forget how they'd like to see New York again. It is hot and uncomfortable on the Mexican border, and naturally the boys set homesick and lonesome. There isn't much reading matter in camp, and so the mothers who are flocking to adopt these forlorn boys are trying to slip their adopted sons a good supply, and to write them letters and generally to make them feel that they are not forgotten by the folk back home.

There's one woman in England who is sadly puzzled to comprehend the intricacies of man made government. She is the wife of an English soldier. When her husband enlisted she was given two pounds, six shillings, about \$11, for the support of herself and her ten children weekly. At first that seemed fine, but as prices of food and clothing climbed and climbed she found it harder to get along, and finally she decided to go to work in a factory. But when she was telling in the factory from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. naturally she couldn't get the chil-

dren's aprons clean and have their meals on the table regularly, and inspectors of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children came around.

She was neglecting her offspring, they said. They laid her to court, where the Judges repeated the charge. She was told that if one of the children died she would be indicted for manslaughter. But as her allowance from the Government left only fifteen shillings for food for herself and children after she had bought the baby its special food, paid off an instalment on her husband's debt, and put by a small sum for clothing, she decided to go on working. The children seemed doomed anyway. Again she was arrested, and the Jury, on hearing her story, discharged her with a reprimand, and told her not to do it again. The Judge waved her away when she tried to tell him the need for her to work, so now if she works and feeds her children she will be arrested, and her children will starve while she languishes in jail.

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TWO DISTINCTIVE ROOMS

ONE young woman who wanted an unusual guest room accomplished her purpose by using gold brocade silk paper. The walls were done in tan paper and the furniture was mahogany. Instead of the usual flower strewn or draped settee on the bureau and dressing table she had the poplin covered with glass. It was also used behind the seats of an old fashioned secretary. Two straight chairs were upholstered in fluted silk paper with a bright bunch of flowers in the centre of each seat.

There was a chaise longue covered with the tapestry. The shades on the lamp were of the chaise longue and the lamp on the little table by the bed were made of the same material. The inner one tan and the outer one yellow. They were plain except for the bunch on each of bright flowers and fruit made of silk.

At each side of the dressing table there were painted wooden sconces with shades and shades like those of the lamps.

THE day of the plate rail and the crystal chaise is largely past and the dining room has become one of the most dignified rooms in the house. No longer is the rail used as it once was as a catch all for cheap plates, overelaborate steins and souvenirs. If you have a few of your grandmothers old plates or a teapot from her set, or some old pewter, there is no better place for such things than the plate rail. If you haven't leave it bare. The reason so much decorated paper is sold for dining rooms is because there is no need of further adornment. If, however, the paper is plain, two or three well chosen and simply framed prints may be hung there.

A very effective way to do a dining room is to paper the upper half in a figured paper and the lower part in plain paper to match the figure, with a moulding or plate rail between. Then on the plain part cover each seam with a narrow strip of moulding to match the woodwork.

Do not litter the sideboard and serving tables with a display of cut glass and silver. Two or three pieces are enough.

The glass china closet seems to be giving way to the built in closet with the plate rail in the doors, and unless one has some very lovely old things there is a curtain behind the glass.



Miss Mary Mosher.

An early September wedding that is attracting unusual attention is that of Miss Mary Mosher of New Rochelle, whose marriage to Edwin G. Reynolds, Jr., will occur at Cliff Haven, on Lake Champlain, the home of the Catholic Summer School of America, on September 2.

By special permission the wedding will take place in the little chapel of Our Lady of the Lake that serves for all religious exercises during the season. Warren E. Mosher, father of the bride, was the originator of the idea

of a Catholic Chautauque, and served as secretary to the organization from its inception to the time of his death in 1906. A bronze memorial tablet has been erected to his memory on the grounds.

This year marks the silver jubilee of the school. A great deal of sentiment is attached to the first nuptial mass to be celebrated there. Mr. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city, will perform the ceremony, assisted by Mr. John P. Chidwick, president of the school. Miss Mosher will have as her only attendant her sister, Miss Ruth Mosher.

HOLLAND HOUSE RECIPES

EVERY now and again the busy hostess finds it in line with her duties to give a semi-formal or small banquet, and such an affair with its need to be not too simple nor too rich is difficult to plan; especially does she wish to shirk the effort of planning in hot weather. So for this reason she will welcome the following menu, especially arranged for THE SUNWAY SUN by W. A. Duffell, steward of the Holland House. And as the Holland House has always been famed for its kitchen (former guests returning many times for the sake of its cooking to have luncheon or dinner) the recipes given for the menu are such as are worth the production in one's own home as part of simple dinners or entire.

The menu is as follows: (The "holland" lobster) saute laquiere. It may be mentioned, is prepared for the chafin dish, a manner of cooking for which the Holland House has always been famed):

- Hors d'oeuvres, Regence.
Potage Imperial.
Homard Saute Laquiere.
Ris de Veau Jaqueline.
Asperges Polonaise.
Cotelette de Veau.
Poularde Roti Farci.
Salade Victoria.
Bombe Mephisto.
Petits Fours.
Corbeilles des Fruits d'astiques.
Cafe Noir.

The recipes follow:
HORS D'OEUVRES REGENCE—Caviar (thin) in a canned fish of the sardine family, but smaller, red, sweet Spanish peppers (the whole chopped fine); add half pound powdered gelatine, half pint of sherry wine; let it simmer on a hot fire for ten minutes, then take off and let it cool. When cool place in the ice box for four or five hours. This relish can be put in special forms or shells or moulds.

POTAGE IMPERIAL—Take quart can green turtle meat, to which add one quart of meat stock and cooked fresh vegetables (in season) cut julienne (that is in lengthwise strips); mix

together and cook for half hour. Serve in consommé cups.

LOBSTER SAUTE LAQUIERE—Boil five two lobsters, which takes about fifteen minutes. When done remove the meat from the shell and cut up in cubes; add cognac and white wine (1/4 pint each); 1 tablespoonful tarragon vinegar, 1/2 pound sweet butter, 1 truffe chopped, and 1 fresh mushroom, also chopped. Make a white sauce with flour, butter and eggs; mix the whole, put in saute pan and cook for five minutes, then pour into a chafin dish and serve.

RIS DE VEAU JAQUELINE—Broil sweetbread, then put on a croquette made of mashed potatoes in the form of cake and browned in pan; garnish with saute. This is a piece of onions with curry powder. Place broiled tomato and green pepper on top.

ASPERGES POLONAISE—Boil one bunch of fresh asparagus, pour over the tips chopped eggs and chopped parsley. Serve polonaise sauce separate. Polonaise sauce is made from bread crumbs and butter, browned in pan.

COTELETTES—Cut two oranges in small pieces to which add one pint of fresh raspberries and mix together. Put in coupe glass and garnish with strawberries, candied violets and Chantilly cream (whipped cream with vanilla flavor in it).

POULARDE ROTI FARCI—Roast stuffed chicken with watercress garnish.

SALADE VICTORIA—The foundation of this salad is formed of a crushed pint of lettuce leaf; on this is placed a slice of pineapple surrounded by Roquefort and cream cheese pasta with Bar-le-Duc in the centre.

BOMBE MEPHISTO—Divers bombs with burning liquor. Different to creams, such as vanilla, strawberry, &c.

PETITS FOURS—Small, dainty bonbon-like cakes.

CORBEILLES DES FRUITS D'ASTIQUES—Assorted fruit baskets, filled with assorted fruits in season.