

Edited by Virginia Sloane

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

IN A FAVORITE ROLE

MAMARONECK, Westchester county, New York, is known far and wide as a hard town to spell and as the home of master Samuel Pomeroy Colt, 2d, age four and one-half years. "Sammy"—'tis thus that he is

known—has done more to make Mamaroneck famous than all the complicated and fickle suburban train schedules of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, which is the only thing that seems to care about going through Mamaroneck without stopping and enjoying its wonderful beauties.

Master "Sammy" Colt is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell G. Colt, his mother in professional life being Miss Ethel Barrymore, the actress. "Sammy's" father and mother live with him. This is a more truthful statement than appears, because soon after Miss Barrymore's first child was born, on November 29, 1909, the little fellow's grandfather,

ity of New York which are surrounded by large tracts of land, some large enough for private golf courses; there are homes built at advantageous points, where the occupants may enjoy the scenery of the neighborhood. Miss Barrymore's home is to be classed with neither of these, yet one finds in the beautiful place in Taylor's lane a greater spirit, for Miss Barrymore's life in the summer is devoted exclusively to her children.

It is with them that she passes most of her day, from early morning until early evening, and their pastimes are her pastimes. She has three children, "Sammy" being the oldest; Miss Ethel B. Colt, born May 1, 1912, and named for her mother, being the second, and Master John Drew Colt, now eleven months old, named after his distinguished great-uncle. His first birthday will take place on September 9.

The baby has not yet been initiated into the adventures in which his more active and older brother delights, but not infrequently during the summer do the three children, their mother and maids start away on a short picnic trip. Sometimes their destination is Rye Beach, accessible by automobile, and Miss Bar-



Left to Right—Miss Phyllis Haggood, Miss Barrymore and Miss Bessie McCoy (Mrs Richard Harding Davis) at a Picnic at Mamaroneck. Photo by Kinemecolor Co.

Colonel Samuel Pomeroy Colt, of Bristol, R. I., after whom he was named, presented to him the beautiful residence at Mamaroneck. It is here that the Colt family passes the summer.

For many years Miss Barrymore has occupied a unique place on the American stage, few actresses having enjoyed the popularity that has been hers and which she has maintained. It is within the memory of the present generation of playgoers to recall Miss Barrymore when she made her first big success. The beauty of the actress combined with an ever broadening and growing talent has kept her in a foremost place in theatricals. Perhaps no one in the public eye had more sincere and numerous well wishers for her happiness than Miss Barrymore when she married, and her thousands of friends and admirers, who know her only with that strange acquaintance formed across the footlights of the theatre, have felt a keen interest in Miss Barrymore as she has realized success in her professional and private life.

In the months that intervene between the ending of one theatrical season in the spring and the beginning of another in the autumn Miss Barrymore passes her time with her family in the beautiful residence in Taylor's lane, Mamaroneck. This is the fourth summer that has been passed there, and the house and grounds, spacious and shady, have combined under Miss Barrymore's direction and superintendence to become one of the show places of Westchester county.

Ten minutes at a good smart clip by automobile brings one to the Colts' country place from the railroad station. The house, of old fashioned frame model, is set back quite a distance from the highway and is half hidden from view by the big shade trees and fine shrubbery. A distinctive feature is the extremely large and commodious porch. French windows open from the living and dining rooms inside, and these in the days of summer are seldom closed.

There are country estates in the vicin-

ymore joins her son in bathing. Another favorite form of amusement for "Sammy" and his sister Ethel is a trip through the Westchester woods in their pony cart.

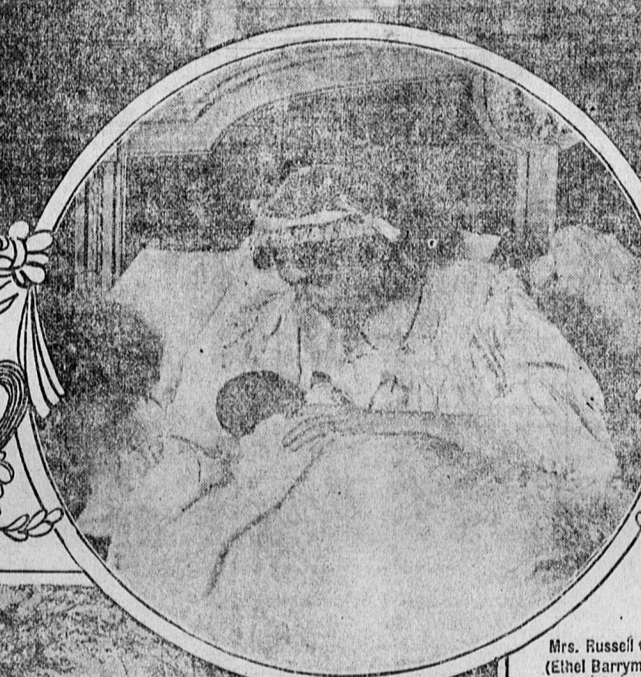
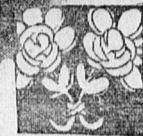
Miss Barrymore is a gracious hostess and the house at Mamaroneck seldom is without her friends stopping for short visits. The actress always meets her friends at the station, and from the moment of their arrival takes personal charge of their entertainment and arrangements.

A friend of the actress who was a guest at her home in Mamaroneck told recently of an incident which best illustrates Miss Barrymore's happy frame of mind in the surroundings of her own home. Near the house are the kennels, and among many fine dogs Miss Barrymore was particularly fond of a puppy that could howl of no fine parentage. He was, in short, a mongrel, but he was a favorite.

"Tell me," asked a friend of Miss



Miss Ethel Barrymore, Photo by Sarony.



Mrs. Russell Colt (Ethel Barrymore) and Baby. Photo Copyright by Fuchs Bros., N. Y.



Ethel Barrymore Colt and Her Children. Samuel Pomeroy Colt (Seated). Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

Country Home, at Mamaroneck, of Mrs. Russell G. Colt (Ethel Barrymore).

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Miss Barrymore Under One of the Shade Trees of Her Place at Mamaroneck.

Barrymore, "is that dog a full blooded specimen?"

"Don't speak so loudly," replied Miss Barrymore in a whisper. "He isn't, but he thinks he is."

Gossip of the Sewing Circle.

NEVER has there been a time when the home dressmaker was so much in her element as she is to-day. And never has a last year's frock been so easily disguised as in this year's model as in this summer of 1914, a season noted for its easy aids to sartorial smartness. Given a fairly good foundation of satin or silk, which may date back a year or even two or three, the home dressmaker can turn out at a ridiculously small expense a chic little frock by the aid of a new tunic, a taffeta bolero or any one of the fascinating new belts in styles too numerous to mention. Really it is foolish for the girl of small means to purchase new frocks this year, for with a little ingenuity and a very small outlay of money she can fix up as smart a summer wardrobe as any one could wish from the remains of her last year's outfit.

For making over last season's evening gown there are a dozen or more expedients offered to the clever needlewoman. If the gown is all white in chiffon, tulle or any other thin material the addition of a taffeta bolero in any brilliant color—rose, green, turquoise blue, or orange—will change its style completely. Or panniers perched on the straight line of a lingerie frock will hide its old identity, the problem of the bolero being solved in this case by a wide ruffled girle of the same material. Or a sash may be tied around the knees or one of those high centres of silk—the last cry of the hour—may be given as the altering touch. And then, of course, there is always the tunic.

To facilitate the work of the home dressmaker the shops are now making all sorts of odd tunics which may be slipped on over an old dress, producing a truly wonderful effect. These are easily made at home, provided one has the time to spend on such work for they are simply a straight piece of silk shirred or pleated onto a wide belt. A particularly pretty model combines both the tunic and the wide bretelles so popular at this moment. Slip on over your white crepe frock of ten seasons ago one of these taffeta suspender tunics in blue or maize color and whilst admit that the tunic is your own fairy godmother!

Perhaps the most skilful device yet hit upon is that of a certain clever home dressmaker who was experimenting with a last season's evening frock of black line so popular this year. How to do this charmuse. Of course, the first thing to do was to give the gown the bulging hip-

was a problem. The home sewer was a woman of daring as well as clever ideas, so she took a pair of shears and split the gown over the hips. Then she turned the sides in and filled in the space left open to the knees with soft black lace ruffles. The effect was piquant and decidedly up to date.

Day gowns are as easily made over as evening frocks this year. Last year's walking suit, either of linen, silk or serge, can be positively transformed by the addition of one of the new long Russian tunics. This should be either in black satin or in some colored silk or linen to match, or contrast prettily with the frock. One girl recently made over a last year's taffeta suit, which she had considered too dilapidated to wear again, simply by the purchase of two yards and a half of striped taffeta silk and the expenditure of one evening's time which was consumed in the remodeling.