

# Furs and Figures

*Who's Who and for Whom among the fur-bearing animals*

**O**NE thing I know about each gentle reader is that she belongs to one of two groups: those that wear a fur coat or those that do not.

Women who wear no fur are the conscientious objectors. To them fur is not just a luxurious bit of wearing apparel. It is the skin of a dead animal which might otherwise be alive. The broadest-minded object only to wearing the skins of trapped animals. But it is difficult to remember which are trapped. When you see a woman in cold weather wearing no fur, she should be congratulated on the courage of her convictions, for she knows as well as you that fur is extremely becoming.

A great many women do not like the weight and heat of a fur coat. The few shivers they may feel in the intense cold are easier to endure than the debilitating heat and encumbrance of such a coat when it must be tolerated indoors.

Others who have a keen sense of the fitness of things would rather have none than just one, for most fur coats are either sports coats or dress coats, and each looks out of place on the other occasions.

Those who can afford two good fur coats can always be elegantly and warmly dressed. The chances are, however, that even these will not look smart. That accounts for another group of women who know that, if they would look chic, they must limit their furs to decoration rather than using them as the body of the coat.

But the number of women who belong in these categories is small compared with those who revel in the warmth and luxury of a fur coat.

One word of advice I would give to the fur-coat devotees. Never try to look chic in a fur coat. Wait till spring to be chic and be content with looking luxurious in winter.

There is a great advantage in knowing what furs wear long and well. I'll list them in the order of their comparative durability; otter, beaver, Alaska seal, mink, skunk, fisher, raccoon, krimmer, Persian lamb, natural muskrat, dyed muskrat (which is Hudson seal), Russian sable, kolinsky.

There is something about the seal that is almost as appealing as the elephant. After a time we may find as

many ivory and ebony seals as there are elephants now. I quote a paragraph about the seal's domestic life from an excellent authority on fur:

"The best Alaska seal comes from the three-year-old bachelors before they have undertaken the cares of family life. Fighting to get and keep a harem of at least six to ten ladies, as the polygamous old bulls do every June and



Future pelts: Seal Rock, by the Golden Gate—a parent seal and some babies

Wide World

By ELIZABETH  
MACDONALD  
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July, is not the best thing for one's skin."

The article goes on to say that if a number of these young males were not thinned out, goodness knows what would happen and as the number killed each year is strictly limited, the wearer of an Alaskan seal need feel no compunctions. This pelt requires a great deal of grooming before it becomes the velvety deep brown fur we know, and this adds materially to the cost. It is the warmest and one of the most serviceable and beautiful of all furs. It is the largest skin that is used whole, and is thus easily distinguished from imitations by feeling the seams.

Mink should be considered an investment to be handed down to future generations. American mink is the most desirable.

Skunk is the most satisfactory natural black fur there is, its fluffy richness and luster giving it a look of real distinction.

The fisher is another beautiful and satisfactory fur. It belongs to the weasel family, and is a rich dark brown with very long black over hairs.

Real krimmer is tightly curled lamb, gray in color.

Persian lamb is another glossy, tightly curled fur which wears excellently but must be kept well shaken, as dirt and dust are injurious to the luster.

Dyed muskrat, or "Hudson seal," is the wisest choice for the woman who wants "an all-round" coat at a moderate price. The northern skins cost more and are worth the difference.

Russian sable is the most valuable of all furs and is one of the most beautiful. It is a deep silken brown, often slightly silvered, and glistens with life and luster. The very dark skins were once reserved for the tsar's family. Although

kolinsky is the cheapest of the sables, it is not a cheap fur. Its natural shade is yellowish, so it is usually dyed.

For sports wear you have your choice of raccoon, natural muskrat, leopard, ocelot, civet cat, opossum, pony and kidskin, which are arranged in the order of their comparative durability.

The raccoons are full-furred with a darker center stripe. When top-dyed they may fade. The skins of the muskrat are divided into three parts; backs, sides and bellies. The backs, which have the long water-shedding hair, darkest in the middle of the back, are used for natural muskrat coats and are the best wearing. The sides are called golden muskrat and the bellies silver muskrat.

Leopards from Asia furnish the best leopard skins. Much of what is sold is American jaguar. The ocelot is an American leopard cat. The spots are closer than in a leopard.

Civet cat is really the little striped skunk. The white markings on the black fur are showy—far too showy for a conservative person to like.

## The Most Fragile of All Furs

**O**POSSUM is rather coarse, with thick under fur. Australian opossum is the smoothest, with silkier hair, and the ringtail Australian variety looks like chinchilla, but wears much better.

Pony is the skin of young colts. The pelt is strong, but too stiff to be graceful. Kidskin is used in its natural shade of gray or dyed in tones of brown. It is sometimes painted to imitate leopard or giraffe. The leather is tender, and the edges wear quickly.

For dress wear there are ermine, which is popular now only in its summer color or dyed; chinchilla, the most silken and fragile of all furs, and mole, which is beautiful not only because of its pansy-like fur but also because of its softness and suppleness.

Sable and seal too are dress furs, as are the marten and fox. Baum or pine marten is dark brown with a yellowish throat, and it can be dyed so that experts can scarcely tell it from Russian sable. Stone or beach marten is slightly coarser, with a whitish under fur.

Fox fur is very becoming and therefore very popular. Fox is a large family. Silver fox is the most expensive. It is black flecked with silver, and the tip of the tail is white. Pointed fox is red fox dyed black, with badger hairs inserted. The blue fox is second in value, and the pale pastel-tinted fox is dyed white fox. Red fox is the most commonly used. Kit fox is not a baby fox, but a soft-furred animal with white-tipped gray fur which does not wear well. (Continued on page 53)

*This coat is real leopard skin, with a red fox collar*

# The longest *station to station* call within the U.S. now costs only \$10



## *☞ An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service*

THE longest telephone call you can make within the U. S. is from Eastport, Maine, to the town of Bay, California. Under the new rates, the station to station day charge for this call is now only \$10.

More than ever you will now be surprised how little long distance calls cost. Business more and more is using the long distance telephone to save trips, buy and sell goods, make appointments and collections, get important things done on time.

A New York company made 14 long distance calls to department stores in 13 cities and sold \$37,320 worth of specialties, "all of the transactions

having been started and completed by Long Distance at a very nominal cost." A firm of Toledo brokers in one year sold \$5,000,000 worth of produce by long distance calls. "Seventy-five per cent of our bean business is done over the telephone. . . . We can get in closer touch with the buyer and understand conditions at his end of the line." In eight months, a tire concern sold \$3,180,000 worth of tires by telephone at a sales cost of 2%.

What far-away calls could you profitably make, now? Just ask for the long distance operator and place your call by number . . . it takes less time. . . . *Number, please?*





The City of Eureka, American freighter, at Constantinople, discharging most anything from tennis shoes to windmills



LAWN mowers for Egypt!" Pat rubbed her eyes and stared at a box being swung over the side. Yes, there it was,

addressed to a gentleman named Mohammed Abdullah of Cairo and unquestionably labeled "Lawn Mowers."

We were loafing at the rail of the freighter Blue Triangle of New York, moored in Alexandria Harbor.

Egypt! Lawn mowers! I had had my eyes ready for yellow desert wastes ever since we descried a fringe of palms against the amazing saffron east. Certainly if Egypt used lawn mowers it was not the Egypt we had read about, or else some astounding change had come over it of late.

Another box of lawn mowers was swung from the shadowy hold into the dazzling Egyptian sunshine. And after it came other curious things. One case marked "Ice Picks, Chisels and Fly Swatters." Forty cases of dental cream. Twelve cases dried prunes. Two boxes brass beds. One case food choppers. One box "said to contain 13,636 cigarettes." One box motion-picture films. Nine barrels liquid insecticide. Forty-two boxes Ford tractors. One case men's patent garters.

There was something exciting about this invasion by the familiar of a world where everything was strange.

But the excitement had started long before that. It began one sleety day at dusk when we shivered on the deck of the Blue Triangle at her East River pier watching the last of her cargo swung aboard. Boxed windmills for transshipment to Famagusta. Boxes of tinplate for Port Saïd. A crate of velocipedes for Haifa. Touring cars and sedans of every size and price for Corfu and Piræus and Limasol and Smyrna and Damascus.

### America in Egypt

THEN the twenty-one days' voyage across, out of cold into warmth, part of the busy-idle routine of a cargo ship (rather an experience for Pat, one woman in a crew of forty men!), then through the Pillars of Hercules, along the surprising coast of Algeria—green vineyards, fields of fresh-turned earth as red as if painted, roads paralleling the beach, on which sped tiny specks which our glasses made out to be Ford cars. And now the unreal blue of Alexandria Harbor.

My gaze wandered a moment from my surprised contemplation of the lawn

THE Mediterranean winds spin American windmills in Famagusta, while in the shadow of the pyramids Sharif Abdel Aziz Khattab has American garters beneath his purple robe. To far-off ports our tramps bring cargoes which stand out vividly and often amusingly against the ageless things of ancient lands.

## By WEBB WALDRON

mowers, and I cried: "Pat, look at the pirates!"

We ran to the opposite rail.

It wasn't hard to think them pirates. From a boat crowded to the gunwales picturesque bandits in turbans and flowing robes swarmed up the gangway, tore off the coverings of No. 5 hatch, and began feverishly to lift out boxes of—no, not of doubloons but of Oregon apples. Even when I realized that they were only stevedores, the sight of those outlandish fellows, all of whom might have stepped out of the



Alexandrian pirates? No: stevedores

Arabian Nights, hustling up from the hold and across the deck into the lighter those boxes of big red apples of a familiar American brand, stirred me. When the lighter was loaded full they spread the tall yellow lateen sail and glided off with the freshening morning breeze across the vivid blue harbor.

Then, as we went about on shore, the familiar began to emerge, more evidence of that American invasion which our ship was abetting.

True, there was no sign of it on the railroad journey from Alexandria to Cairo through flat brown fields where water buffalo slowly rotated the arms of the water lifters and where processions of women with tall clay water jars on their heads moved like animated friezes along the borders of irrigating ditches.

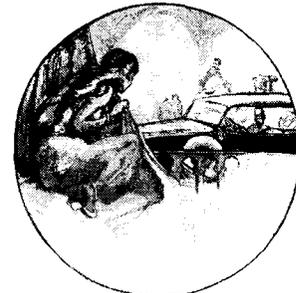
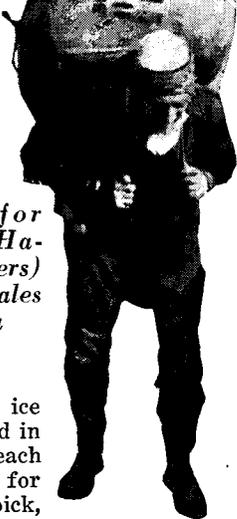
But in Cairo it began to appear. American automobiles whirling down the Shâria Kâmel. Tremendous red-cheeked apples nestling against Jaffa oranges in the shop windows of the smart Ismailiyeh quarter, marked 6 piasters each, which means about 30 cents. Raucous American jazz on American phonographs yowling from shadowy shops in narrow alleys in the bazaars. The cheapest of cheap American films shouting their thrills in American-printed posters over the portal of every movie house. And finally the leg of Sharif Abdel Aziz Khattab.

Sharif Abdel, our companion at the Great Pyramid, was a tall, bronzed handsome figure in white turban and purple robe, in whose face and manner and garb lived all the imperturbable dignity of the East, all the inscrutable timelessness of the Orient. Yet when he lifted his robe to swing his leg over his donkey, there on his untrousered calf gleamed a brand-new American garter.

It was worth having come four thousand miles to bring garters to the leg of Sharif Abdel.

Photographs and drawings by MRS. WEBB WALDRON

Tobacco for America. Hamals (carriers) bring the bales to Galata



Cairo gets American cars

As for the ice picks, we longed in the heat of each Egyptian noon for some ice to pick, and at night when the cold air of the desert crept across

the city and into our window, we hoped to be able to clink ice in our water pitcher. But we saw no ice nor picks.

And so far as the lawn mowers were concerned we saw mosques and mummies and sphinxes and snake charmers and dragomans, but no lawns and no lawn mowers. Where those lawn mowers on the Blue Triangle went is, to us, a mystery.

We jumped to Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem.

We had a cargo for that town, including fourteen cases canned beans, twelve cases olives in glasses (why glassed olives to the land of olives?), one box fruit trees for the Zionist Colony, seven cases peanut butter, six motor cars with one Semitic mechanic attached, and one boxed plow.

But how were we going to get the stuff ashore? For Jaffa is one of those ports with no harbor at all. There is a brown and gray town climbing a steep shore, and out a few hundred yards a row of black sharp-toothed rocks protrudes from the waves.

### The Remotest East is Ours

IN THE rocks are two or three narrow gaps through which the boatmen row out to the ship. The sea was rough.

"Sometimes a ship lies out here three or four days waiting for the sea to go down," the captain growled. "It isn't safe to get too near in. Look at that."

He pointed to shore. High up on the beach, wedged in the jagged rocks, lay a Greek steamer, the Byron, that in the blow of a few days before had trusted too much to anchors and not enough to steam.

"If we tried (Continued on page 31)