

The LADY and the DOG

SOME WOMEN WHO DO NOT OBJECT TO APPEAR IN CANINE COMPANY



MISS IDA CONQUEST

MME. EMMA CALVE

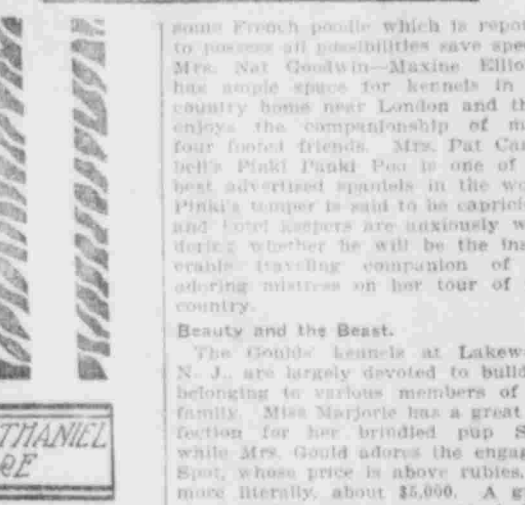


MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD



MRS. POST WHEELER

MRS. AUREL BATONYI



MRS. NATHANIEL F. MOORE

DO you like dogs? If not you will, sooner or later, be assigned to being dubbed unfashionable. It doesn't so much matter what kind of canine you affect—spaniel, setter, collie, dachshund, bull, greyhound, foxhound, spaniel, beagle, pointer, Pomeranian or Pekinese—but it must be a dog with a pedigree. Mongrels do not count. Once dogs were believed to impart their qualities to men, but nowadays their most enthusiastic and discriminating admirers are women. So great is doggie popularity that a fair share of all the entries made at exhibitions are made by women anxious to win a prize for a house pet or one of the animals from their kennels.

There are several organizations whose object it is to encourage an interest in dogs. One of the best known of these is the New York Ladies' Kennel association, of which the president is Mrs. James L. Kernochan, the popular society woman whose engagement to Mr. A. Butler Duncan was recently announced. The members of the association are all women, and at its shows only dogs owned by women are entered. On its books are the names of most of the wealthy women of the New York smart set. Mrs. Perry Belmont is its treasurer and Mrs. R. C.

W. Wadsworth its secretary. Mrs. Kernochan is well known as a lover of animals. Her kennel of wire haired fox terriers is said to contain the finest specimens of this class in America. Mrs. Belmont is especially interested in Skye terriers, a breed that has always been in marked favor with Queen Alexandra, whose devotion to her pet has had much to do with encouraging the present fad for animals among society women in England and America.

The Prevailing Canine.

For some time the Pomeranian, a small dog with a long, thick, silky coat of white or black and a bushy tail curled over the back, has been the favored dog of women. Large sums of money being spent for particularly fine types. Now the Pekinese spaniel bids fair to oust the Pomeranian. These Pomeranians are also called sleeve dogs, from the fact that their size and bowed legs

make them extremely convenient for carrying on the arm. In color they are either black or reddish brown. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's daughter, Mrs. Herbert Satterlee, recently paid \$3,000 for a fine specimen. The Morgan kennels contain some of the best Pekinese spaniels in the country, the financier, Alexandra, whose devotion to her pet has had much to do with encouraging the present fad for animals among society women in England and America.

The Pekinese spaniel was little known in Europe until the time of the occupation of Peking by the allies. After the sacking of the palace some of these dogs were carried off by the victors and eventually made their appearance in Europe. Before that good specimens were rarely seen, the Chinese royal family and those members of its aristocracy prize them too highly to part with them to foreigners.

under any consideration. As it now is they are still so rare as to command very high prices. Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, the lovely sister-in-law of the Duke of Westminster and the sister of Lady Warwick, has the most perfect representatives of the breed in Europe.

Of the Miniature Type.

Fashionable women seem to prefer dogs that can be carried about with them. The Toy Spaniel club has a most exclusive membership. Miss Lawson, an active member, recently paid \$7,000 for five tiny specimens. Her father's kennel contains many fine animals of the King Charles, Ruby, Blenheim and Prince Charles types, for when planning new campaigns in frenzied finance Mr. Lawson is reputed to obtain much amusement from his dogs.

Mrs. Post Wheeler, better known as

Hallie Erminie Rives, the novelist, like all Kentucky women, is fond of dogs and horses. At her summer home in the Blue Grass State, where, before her marriage, much of her writing was done, she seldom stirred abroad without some of her pet greyhounds at her heels.

Mme. Emma Calve has a Scotch collie that shares her outings and is the favorite companion of her solitude. Most stage people have a predilection for pets. Miss Ida Conquest is devoted to dogs and horses. She has been photographed recently with her Spaniel, a particularly amiable and clever representative of his class. Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske, whose campaign for better treatment of cattle on route to the stockyards and whose interest in the Bide-a-wee house for animals in New York city mark her as a warm friend of all dumb creatures, has a favored pet in a hand-

some French poodle which is reported to possess all possibilities save speech. Mrs. Nat Goodwin-Maxine Elliott, has ample space for kennels in her country home near London and there enjoys the companionship of many four footed friends. Mrs. Pat Campbell's Pink Panki Post is one of the best advertised spaniels in the world. Pinkie's temper is said to be capricious, and her temper is anxiously watched, for the slightest misbehavior will be the unpardonable traveling companion of his adoring mistress on her tour of this country.

Beauty and the Beast.

The Goughs kennels at Lakewood, N. J., are largely devoted to bulldogs belonging to various members of the family. Miss Marjorie has a great affection for her brindled pup Sam, while Mrs. Gould adores the engaging Spot, whose price is above rubies, or, more literally, about \$5,000. A great many society women are attached to the homely but fascinating bulldog, among them being Mrs. Arthur Scott Burton, who was Miss Cynthia Roche, and her mother, Mrs. Aurel Batonyi. Mrs. Jackson Gouraud, who was Miss Amy Crocker, a San Francisco heiress, had three Boston dogs whose miniature painted by a famous artist was worn by her as a brooch. She also paid a maid to dress and take care of them. Mrs. Frederick Benedict of New York is said to have prized her dog so highly as to send him to a finishing school in Paris, which was presided over by an impecunious countess willing to repair her fortunes by instructing the canine of the wealthy in the manners of the Faubourg St. Germain. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the mother of the Duchess of Marlborough, is a fanatical French bulldog. One of her dogs is valued at \$10,000 and accompanies her on all her travels. Mrs. H. C. Havemeyer, Jr.,

and Mrs. Nathaniel F. Moore also favor bulldogs.

Miss May Bird, a member of the Ladies' Kennel association, is one of the few women in the country who are interested in bloodhounds, she has some fine specimens at her country home on Long Island. Mme. Emma Calve is one of the few women who make pets of dachshunds. Mrs. Richard Harding Davis, wife of the novelist, has a dog, Cold Steel, which was the hero of one of her husband's stories. Mr. Davis brought back with him from the east after the Japanese war a pretty toy spaniel to which his wife is greatly attached. Mrs. J. H. Haggitt, the New York society leader, has some splendid Russian wolfhounds, specimens of which are exceedingly rare in this country. The Duchess of Newcastle is said to own the most beautiful dog of this breed in England. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt likes Delaunays and sheep dogs. Her mother, Mrs. Frederick Sinton, is reported to have been the owner of a chowchow, a breed for which she engaged the services of a maid and bought outfits of the most expensive kind.

The finest French poodles in America are said to belong to Mrs. P. B. Stinner of St. Louis. They are descended from stock imported by Mrs. H. J. Hays. Mrs. Stinner's mother and take prizes whenever exhibited. Sometimes their owner has as many as thirty of these dogs, among them some toy poodles. One of Mrs. Stinner's dogs, recently deceased, was valued by the American Bench Show association at \$1,000.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth likes terriers, although one cannot imagine a member of the Rosevelt family indifferent to the charms of any attractive dog. She has a handsome Boston terrier, which was a wedding gift presented by a dog-worshipping admirer.

Some Pampered Darlings.

Among the latest fashions in canines may be mentioned rhapsods, or butterfly dogs, so called because their ears resemble butterfly wings. They are rare and expensive, hence just the sort of animal the wealthy woman appreciates. Mrs. Peter Casper Hewitt, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Mrs. Oliver Harriman own some rare specimens of this sort.

The Duchess of Marlborough, although not so well known as an animal lover as her mother, Mrs. Belmont, has some charming spaniels of the breed for which Blenheim has been famous for years. Miss Edith Crocker is one of the few young women in America interested especially in this type of dog.

Half the lapdogs carried by fashionable society women are Pomeranians. These are handsome little creatures, with soft silky coats and lustrous eyes. Miss Anna Sands, Miss Elsie Ladew and the Misses Mills, daughters of Mrs. Ogden Mills, who are bright particular stars in the Newport firmament, are owners of the most charming Pomeranians which money can buy.

On lapdogs and the other costly pets great sums of money are often spent by admiring mistresses. Not only does doggie have his special man or maid, but his outfit includes coats for all occasions and collars—sometimes set with gems. Many persons make a living by coming to men and women who have dogs. There are dog dressmakers, dog doctors, dentists and manicurists, not to mention dog trainers. In this country are several dog cemeteries, where the animals are buried with imposing obsequies and great profit to their promoters. Many to men and women earn a living by raising dogs for the fashionable set, and altogether the fad may be put down as a useful extravagance. It encourages an interest in dogs among the imitative middle class unable to buy costly ones and secures for them a care and consideration which otherwise might not be bestowed upon animals.

EVELYN TRAVERS KNOX.

Kate Clyde Ascends the Righi For the First Time; She Tells of a Thunderstorm Witnessed at the Culm

IT was too bad in one way that it rained the morning we reached Lucerne, and yet in another it was not, because it gave us an idea of the real thing in Swiss downpours. Oh, me! Oh, my! Never again shall I complain of bad weather in my native land.

The rain, not only fell with a splash, flying up again from the ground, so great was the violence of it, but it was so noisy, clouds obscured every inch of the view.

The dampness was so intense you will excuse me for saying one fairly small, ed lake. The carriage was an enormous affair, somewhat on the order of a glorified buggy. I have never seen anything like it outside of Switzerland.

For some reason the hotel people hadn't received our letters, so the room was not ready for us. We sat out on the wide veranda for a few minutes watching the gorgeous flower beds droop and wither under the heavy drops of rain and hail.

Finally they showed us to a large room with a couple of French windows opening out on to a balcony, and this balcony directly overlooking the lake.

Everything was pale green and white, a neat and cool combination which struck me as peculiarly Swiss.

I sat down in front of a tiny white dressing table and started to wave my hair, which operation always comes in handy when I don't know what else to do and want to kill time.

I had reached the fifth strand just below my left ear when a ray of sunlight struck the mirror, causing me to blink and turn around. Would you believe it, the storm had vanished like that, and the real thing in Swiss sunshine was glittering on the lake!

I rubbed my eyes and walked out on the balcony.

My friends, you should have been there to see the view from that balcony!

In the first place, the lake is of a won-

derful vivid blue. It is bordered by a quay which is a mass of brilliant flower beds. Little boats bob up and down peacefully at anchor and by their bright colors add much to the scene. But the mountains—the view in the distance! Let me tell you about that.

On the right rises Mount Pilatus, stern and rocky in outline. Its head is almost always veiled in storm clouds. On the left is the green slope of the Righi, which seems to smile at you, just as Pilatus frowns.

Visitors to Lucerne always go up the Righi, not because it is the highest mountain, but because one gets the best view from it.

We took the 1 o'clock boat for Vitznau, at the other end of the lake. The electric railway starts from there to go up the mountain side.

I can't begin to describe the beauty of that lake. The mountains come straight down without an inch of slope right into the lake. They form wonderful shadows and reflections the color of a brilliant turquoise. Every few minutes the little white steamer stops at hamlets half hidden in the foliage. They look like toy villages or places you have seen in dreams, with their needlelike spires and quaint carved roofs.

Every now and then you hear a bell of rare sweetness which you would know was a Swiss bell if you were lost in the middle of the Sahara desert.

To the Right Culm.

At Vitznau the train waits. It consists of a long car pushed by a special make of engine with a tipped up fender. We sat with our backs to the mountain, so that we seemed to be lifted up the side by the hair of our heads.

Up and up we went at an angle sufficient to take one's breath away. We were raised over the tops of giant pines and over ravines so deep one could not distinguish the bottom. Waterfalls roared far below us, and as the air grew colder and we kept on going higher it seemed as if the car were suspended by a thread.

Below us hundreds of feet the lake spread out like a wonderful jewel. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

And still we crept on higher and higher.

The train stopped a couple of times at mountain-side stations, where wonderfully dressed women came out to offer us berries in grass baskets, edelweiss and strange black, white and



"WONDER WHAT THIS ROPE'S FOR!"

blood red mountain flowers such as one sees nowhere else.

Every now and then we would see a Swiss cow holding itself on the side of the treacherous slope by will power as much as anything else. I fancy, and the cow would be munching what vegetation it could get, poor thing!

And every now and then, too, we would see a tall wooden cross marking the spot where some tragedy occurred—some man who missed his footing on a dark night perhaps and fell over the steep cliff to be found in the morning a cold mass below, or, perhaps worse still, never to be found at all.

Three-fourths of the way to the top vegetation practically ceases. The ground is too rocky, and when the summit is reached the air is bitterly cold.

They have built a hotel there where you may buy all kinds of carved curios and have afternoon tea.

But first you go to see the view, climbing a slight elevation to accomplish it.

Around you seem to be spread in an immense panorama all the mountains of the world. They lift their heads into the clouds and stand like kings and queens in their majesty of everlasting snow. Lakes lie at their feet and reflect their wonderful beauty, while here and there clusters a tiny village which looks from the mountain top like a handful of white pebbles dropped by some careless person.

And the clouds were above us around us, below us. We seemed almost separated from the earth.

A Storm on Righi.

We were drinking tea when it came—a ball of living flame which burst like a bomb and the electricity of which and every bell in the place ringing. This immediately came the thunder, a crash which brought all the people to their feet.

That's the kind of storm you get on the mountain top! They came torrents of hail and snow, which still fell as we climbed into the car for the descent of the mountain.

Half way below, however, the storm ended as if a sharp line had been drawn between the storm and the calm.

But sunset illumined the many mountains and the lakes. The cloud effects were wonderful. They seemed alive, like giants hovering over the water, and streams of sunlight struggling through the damp atmosphere gave the effect of showers of gold. A wonderful rainbow appeared in the bow of the sky.

like the bridge in Valhalla. It needed only the presence of my own soul and Odin and beautiful Freya.

The lake was all pink and gray in the evening light.

We sat in the bow of the boat strapped in silence. Our hearts were too full of what we had seen to speak.

Suddenly the boat came an outburst in shell rattles.

"Say," shrieked the voices in rob; my country! unmistakable American accents. "Wouldn't you like a nice dish of pork and beans tonight, girls, sir soda biscuits and nice hot butter?"

Oh, it was from the boat! Would they let a European sit to themselves?

Kate Clyde

TO INTEREST WOMEN.

The life of Mrs. Andrew Carnegie has been devoted to helping her husband and to caring for her delicate child. Many years younger than her husband, she has no taste for the frivolities of society. She loves to entertain her sunny friends and to be the medium through which her husband's great charities are distributed. She enters with zest into his game of golf.

The worst about having a good com-

panioned personality by Tenyson had Gladstone and has played before almost every sovereign and royal personage in Europe.

Coventry, England, possesses a skilled lady watch "springer." In the person of Mrs. Joseph Player, wife of the head of a Coventry watch manufacturing firm, a few years ago this lady gained the greatest number of marks in the tests at Greenwich observatory for watch "springing," which was a remarkable feat.

"Springing" the watches supplied to the British navy. Mrs. Player is a native of Switzerland.

When widows get married again they ought to cut out the references they give the second husband from the first.

The Princess of Wales has a dove house at Sandringham, in which are kept quite a number of beautiful white doves. Her royal highness is greatly attached to these birds and is in the habit, when at Sandringham of daily visiting the dove house.

When the princess enters the dove house the birds immediately hover round, some perching on her shoulder in a most winning manner.

Vivacious, vivacious women seldom speak unkind words.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, but the uses, in a dignified sense.

Miss Myrtle Evers, the pretty and accomplished Anglo-American pianist, achieved great success in Berlin at her concert, at which the German emperor was present.

manly sent for the fair artist and, telling her that she is a living contradiction of the general sentimental belief that English and Americans are unemotional, presented her with a diamond brooch pendant shaped like a dagger.

Many a girl with eyes like a startled fawn has an appetite like an ostrich.

It is the things we don't do that often give us the most unhappiness.

A girl calls her love affair a failure, if her parents approve.

anything for the girl he loves, spends his fortune ready for a wedding in the frame of mind a woman asks ready for a room.

If a man hopes to make up-and-keep himself famous, he must do a lot of hard work to first get to bed.

When it comes to kissing, few men are too proud of his or too honest to admit.

A woman in love doesn't care if the