The Ways of Womankind

BAB'S BABBLINGS

The Scarcity of Male Visitors at the Various Resorts During the Season Which Has Just Closed.

[Copyright, 1913]

Somewhere in the Adirondacks.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "There were no men!"

That was the lament of a very vivacious Baltimore belle who was one of the last of the batch to leave the alleged hotel where we had been for a short time. We did not depart because we wanted to, although all of us were tired of the fearfully dreary place after a day which seemed about 48 hours long. The proprietor of the "hotel" was discouraged by what he considered the lack of appreciation of the "city folks," and he determined to close for the season a couple of weeks earlier than usual.

And incidentally it was a mystery to me, after a brief experience with the bewhiskered gentleman's hospitality, how he ever managed to keep a boarder for more than one consecutive day. I have tested a great many hostelries in my time, but this was the worst that dreams had ever brought me. We all resented the enforced and thoroughly miserable stage before the first day was over. In fact, only two persons in the house appeared to be otherwise at any time. These were, first, the proprietor, whose face wore an embonpoint and satisfied smirk, especially on Saturday, which he had established as pay day, no matter when one arrived. If you got in on Friday, you paid pro rata for the imaginary entertainment which you had not had the next day, and thereafter there were supposed to be the regular full weekly installments. The other sometimes—or, rather, always—cheerful person was the daughter of this modern Shylock, who exacted his pound of silver every Saturday and grudgingly doled out to us about the same quantity of food during the rest of the week.

This daughter of the Noble Burgis were a perpetual smile. She had hilarious aspirations, and it seems that some one had told her that if she would preserve the beauty of the face one must never look sulky. The consequence was inevitable. She simply made up her mind that she would always smile and smile and smile, and this forever avoid the abysses of facial wrinkles and crow's feet. Tell her a funny story, and she would smile; tell her a pathetic one, and still she would smile. Naturally, through the constant and what I cannot help believing must have been the painful effort, the smile gradually forsook the lady's face, and a snarl took its place. It was present and working overtime when I first saw her, but despite the drawbacks she was really the only thing which measurably relieved the tedium of her "Awful Dad's" awful hotel. She was forever asking me to use my influence, upon my return to New York, to get her an engagement with some first class company, and so desperately in earnest was she that she assured me that while she was fully competent to play "leads" she would be willing to take second parts to begin it. Mr. Daly or one of the Frohmans would agree to advertise her as heavily as their pecuniary rule expounded. I promised to do whatever I could, but up to the present time I have heard nothing from the managers in question. Of one thing I am quite certain, and that is that if this young woman should get an opportunity in a good tragedy she would immediately find herself the possessor of a vigorous and unquenchable reputation as a comedienne.

But to abandon the lady with the stage aspirations and to return to that other who mourned in deggrel paraphrase of a famous verse the scarcity of men at the various resorts during the season just ended. She was naturally a bright, cheerful creature who painted fairly well on her easel and in a really artistic manner on her face. She was a widow of about three years' standing and, not having sufficient income to support herself in accordance with her tastes, had set out at the beginning of the summer upon a thoughtfully planned campaign which was to yield her a second husband. Of course any man would not do for her. He must have some money, for in her quest for a spouse it was a foregone conclusion that she would encroach upon her principal. She had made the round of the well known resorts, but men of any sort were so scarce in each place that in sheer desperation she decided to an evil moment to visit our mountain knights, which were not well known and which, as I have explained, do not deserve to be. That incidentally is why I have not divulged the name.

Well, the young campaigner came, and for a few hours after having discovered that we had but one male guest. (but he was a divorced man with three "incumbrances" who had married a second time, and that "No. 2" was also a divorcee with five children, whose custody had been awarded to her by the court, she was superlatively disgusted. Then the ludicrous side of it all appealed to her, and she promptly melted into a very nice companion. In a burst of confidence brought on by the jest and, by the way, the only good meal we had in the place, she confessed to me that, in her opinion, men who are worth having as husbands cannot be caught by persistent angling and that those who can be compared in that manner, even though they be wealthy, are not fit mates for any good woman.

She said that the startling information which she had received upon her arrival at our uncomfortable nest was the last straw in a large mass tending to the direction of convincing her that her summer's campaigning had been a very unwomanly proceeding. She would go home. Her well within her means, make some sacrifice of her tastes and preserve her self respect. If the right man happened along, she would marry him without reference to his worldly possessions, if she loved him, and, if not, she would die single and happy in the consciousness that the one unworthy act of her life had passed over without working harm to anybody.

But when the time came to leave, this reformed would-be husband-catcher could not resist the temptation to bestow her sentiments upon the scarcity of eligibles at the summer resorts, and she thereupon tolled to the hotel register while the proprietor's back was momentarily turned the doggerel which appears at the beginning of this little screed:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "There were no men!"

The admirers of pretty and talented Virginia Harned—and every matinee girl in New York city is in that category—are just now in high feather. Why? Simply because she has the opportunity of her professional career in "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," in which she is appearing as the leading woman with her husband at the Lyceum theater. Sothern is nominally the star, but the piece is so essentially a woman's play that Miss Harned easily gets the lion's share of the applause and sympathy of the audience. I hear that when her spouse produces his next piece she and he will separate, though only in a professional and temporary way, and that she will then begin a tour of the country in "The Adventures of Lady Ursula."

By the way, Miss Harned wears some charming gowns in this play, and the fact is additionally worth chronicling, since it is her proud boast not that they all come from Paris, but that they are made in this country under her own supervision.

While I am on the subject of theatricals I wish to express my astonishment at the marvelous success which so frequently attends entertainments in New York city whose only recommendation lies in the fact that the dresses of the women are cut high at the bottom and low at the top, naturally affording a more than liberal view of the anatomy of the wearer. I have often questioned the sagacity of this policy, but I am forced to abandon my pet theory, for, so far at least as New York is concerned, these shows always fall flat unless they contain something which is a sop to those who affect to like the French school of dramatic art in its application to the lighter forms of entertainment. This is usually interpreted here to mean vulgarity of, at the best, poorly veiled suggestiveness, but it is supposed to be the "right thing," and we, poor fools that we are, proceed to swallow it without a murmur. It has never seemed to occur to some of our managers that possibly real music in exhibitions of a light, frothy character might prove an acceptable substitute for "double entendre." However, if the popular impression as to theatrical managers be correct, they are not addicted to the mind wearing practice of thinking, and so "an open confession is good for the soul" I must admit that the pernicious habit is also labored by

Bab

A Clock Worth $1,000,000.

The most valuable clock in the world is not, as might be supposed, the property of a king, but is at the present time in the possession of a commoner in the United States navy. The clock, which was given to his grandfather in 1811, has been in existence for the best part of a century. It is constructed of red, yellow and black feathers, arranged in crescents and forming a soft, smooth surface. The great difficulty experienced in procuring the feathers and the number of years required to complete this article of apparel constitute its chief claim to value.

The feather cape was formerly in the possession of one of the chiefs of the Sandwich Islands, and it was not completed until his reign, having occupied eight preceding ones in its fabrication. The feathers, especially the yellow ones, are very rare, and it requires from 25 to 100 years to collect the materials.

Five of the yellow feathers are worth $1.50, and by this estimate the value of the cloak, taking into account the amount of labor displayed, totals up to $1,000,000. Until recent years these cloaks were the royal robes of state used by the barbaric kings of the Sandwich Islands and were considered the principal treasures of the crown.

Lady Hounsa is also in possession of a similar cloak and estimates it to be worth an enormous sum. When the Siberian exhibition was held in London in 1891, she loaned her cloak to the promoters, having insured it for $50,000.

The mantle in the possession of Lady Hounsa was presented by Queen Pomare of the Sandwich Islands to Colville Thompson of the British navy for the protection extended to her against the French in 1841.

The foundation of the mantle is a network of native hemp, and to it are attached, by the thousands of the same material, the feathers of native birds found only in the Hawaiian islands. The feathers overlap each other and lie flat, forming a smooth surface. The upper and lateral borders, which are corded with a string of the hemp, are decorated with alternate tufts of red, black and yellow feathers. The tufts are decorated with alternate crescent shaped figures, composed of either red or yellow feathers.

The yellow feathers are of great value, as the bird from which they are taken is comparatively rare, very shy and difficult to capture. The black feathers are from the head and neck of the same bird, its general plumage being a glossy black. The red feathers are from the body and neck of another bird of the Hawaiian Islands. The cloak is 4 feet 9 inches and 1½ feet in width at the bottom, tapering up to 12 inches at the top.

A Woman Food Inspector.

Miss Marguerite Arlina Hamon was recently appointed supervisor and inspector of supplies and food of the subsistence department of the national guard of New York.

Miss Hamon is a French Canadian by birth, but she is an American by adoption. She is a granddaughter of the late Bishop Spencer of Canada.

She has been a great traveler and has always been eager to accept assignments which would carry her to distant places.

Her commission from Albany reads: "Marguerite Arlina Hamon is hereby appointed and duly commissioned as inspector and representative of the women's veterans auxiliaries of the national guard and marines' staff, with a special reference to the military, medical, food and other supplies sent by the same to the Fourteenth, Forty-seventh, Sixty-ninth, Seventeenth and other regiments and the Tenth and second signal corps."

"All officers of the army and navy and also of the patriotic organizations are requested to extend to her such courtesies as will facilitate the transaction of the official business of this organization."

The "inspector," which is how her official title is to nominate, having lived for many years in the tropics and surviving the terrible fevers of those lands. Her services as a nurse during the China-Japanese war and the plague season in Hongkong have been highly commended.

A Contrast.

Husband—It seems to me that you come to my office a good deal more than there is any necessity for.

Wife—I cannot help it, dear. Your manners in the office are so much nicer than they are at home that I like to enjoy the contrast.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF PERSIAN LAMB.

WOMEN'S SPORTS

Mrs. J. J. Astor's Fine Pistol and Rifle Shooting—Other Well Known Female Experts at Yachting, Bowling, Etc.

[Copyright, 1913]

Golf is one of the acknowledged fads with the up-to-date women. The out-of-the-century girl realizes that to be thoroughly in touch with the times she must be able to talk horse, dog, golf, hockey, her yachting and admirals as well as football and other essentially masculine amusements which she can only criticise over at a distance.

The athletic girl has swept gayly into the arena of sport on her bicycle within the last year or two, riding scorns over old fashioned prudishness and the last century notions that her grandmothers delighted in and winning as her guerdon thereby good health, good spirits, rosy cheeks and strength of mind as well as body. The girl of the period is by far a more desirable and companionable chum for husband, sweetheart or brother than was her wasp waisted and lackadaisical prototype of a quarter of a century ago.

The woman of society especially has taken to sport in all its different branches with a healthy enthusiasm that is refreshing. In golf she excels; she rides to hounds; she drives, shoots and hunts to such purpose that her prowess has become a matter of record.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who was Miss Willing of Philadelphia, may justly be given the honors as the best all round sportswoman in American society. She is one of the best women rifle shots in the country, and in pistol shooting she has scored a succession of targets that make a unique record for woman, who is usually credited with lack of ability to aim straight. Mrs. Astor is also a fine billiard player and an expert boxer. The silver built in her Ferncliff home are said to be the finest in the country.

She hunts every year in the Vermont woods and brings down big game. Besides that, she can swim, row and manage a yacht with ability.

Mrs. George Gould's fondness for yachting is fully equal to her husband's. She has commanded the beautiful Atalanta through many seas and understands it as well as its captain. During the season she passed at Cowes she was called the "Pretty American Commodore" by the gallant yachtsmen who saw her on the deck each day in the linen boating dresses she affects. Her boys she dressed in full middy costumes and her girls in dainty yachting suits of white and blue.

The Rockefeller girls, daughters of Millionaire John D. Rockefeller, have made bicycling their special sport. At the Rockefeller country place at Tarrytown there are not less than a dozen of the silent steeds kept in readiness for the use of the family and guests. Miss Alta is a graceful and speedy rider and is absolutely fearless.

Both John and William Rockefeller are enthusiastic wheelmen and ride along the roads of Tarrytown and Irvington in all sorts of weather. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller is devoted to skating and the sports and in her New York house has an enclosed shooting rink of artificial ice, where she indulges in the pastime with her daughters.

The bench show at the Waldorf-Astoria early this year presented fair women in a comparatively new line of sport—that of dog fancier and owner of rare breeds. Some of the finest exhibits and prize winners at the show in the new French building there were the entries of Miss Virginia Fair, Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. H. M. Gilig, Mrs. J. L. Kernochan, Mrs. Hickety Hall and Mrs. D. T. Pulsifer.

Golf is undoubtedly the outdoor sport which has the firmest hold upon the affections of the fashionable women at present. Special courses have been laid out for her at nearly all the state, and in this sport women stand on almost equal terms of skill with the men players.

So marked has been the progress made by American women in golf within the last few years that Hon. Robert Cox of Edinburgh, a member of the British parliament and a golf enthusiast, has presented a magnificent cup of silver and enamel, valued at over $100, to the United States Golf association. This cup is a "bellor perpetual trophy," to be played for by women alone.

Mrs. Reginald De Koven is one of the leading American women golf players. Mrs. Arthur Turnure is also an expert, and on the Newport links Mrs. Ogden Mills and Miss Anna Sands have made great records. Miss Sands, who is a sister of the champion H. Andrews golfer, William H. Sands, is a fine player. Mrs. Butler Duncan won the Goelet cup offered for a ladies' handicap match at Newport a season ago, and Mrs. Mills has also been a winner in many notable events.

There are many other society women who excel on the links. Mrs. Robert C. Chatfield Taylor, Mrs. E. S. Adams, Miss Marion Sherman and Mrs. A. L. Tuttle are among the best, while Mrs. W. Whitman, the Misses Anna and Julia Dey, Mrs. Stuyvesant Le Roy and Mrs. Wallace Kirk are excellent players.

While the game of bowling has been lost sight of in the advance of more recent sports, it has many devotees among society women. Miss Helen Gould is an ardent temple player and has the alleys at her Irvington home. Mrs. Isaac Lawrence is a champion player, and Mrs. Henry Joelin, Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Mrs. Benedict and Mrs. Bryce Jay are among those who enjoy the game. In New York Miss Gould and other women of the swell set bowl at a well known lyceum building.

Among the women who hunt, Mrs. Adolf Sachsenhaus, the beautiful widow, stands first. Her grace and fearlessness in the saddle have made her the idol of the fashionable Long Island coterie. Mrs. J. L. Kernochan is also an accomplished horseback rider.

Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes is acknowledged to be one of the best judges of driving stock in the country. She owns many blooded pacers and can drive with the proficiency of any of the leading masculine whips. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Fred Gebhard and Mrs. Howard Webb are also interested in trotting and running horses.

KATE MASTERSON.

Where Women Hide Money.

The stocking bank, the favorite hiding place of a past generation, has now become almost obsolete, except with a very few old fashioned people in out-of-the-way villages, yet there are many methods of storing away money and valuables equally quaint which are still practiced by ladies.

An elderly spinster had a set of large stationary drawers capped by replicas specially built into a huge chest in one of the rooms. The lower drawer, instead of resting directly on the floor, was so grooved about two inches above it. This lower drawer she would cut out and place large sums of money and all her jewel cases in the space left below and then replace the drawer, which she kept filled with linen.

The old lady would always declare that if the house was broken into and the drawers rummaged no one would think of pulling those eight cut and that her hiding place was far safer than any bank.

Dorothy Shrewd was a woman who, whenever the sad occasion to leave her home would put her money and jewelry in the coal scuttle, covering them so carefully with several layers of coal. This might have proved a somewhat risky experiment in the winter months, when the fire had to be fed, but this never fell to burglar would ever dream of looking in a coal scuttle for valuables.

Another lady invariably placed her jewelry in her old shoes, which were placed alongside the new ones. Quite a lot of valuables can be forced down into the toes.

Of other hiding places perhaps the most popular, especially for paper money, is the big family Bible. It is quite a customary thing in out-of-the-way country homes to find secret and reliable papers in the possession of the family. Two caddies and sugar cords make excellent temporary safes, and the pocket of an old dress hanging in an unoccupied way in a wardrobe is regarded by many women as one of the safest places imaginable for spare rings, brooches and bracelets.

A Daughter's Place at Home.

One of the sweetest things a girl can do is to receive friends graciously, particularly at home. In one's own house a cordial manner is peculiarly fitting. Do not stand off in the middle of the room and how coldly and formally to the friend who has called. Walk over to meet her, give her your hand and say pleasantly that you are very glad to see her again.

A daughter's part is to assist her mother on every social occasion. Start from and more important even than her manner to a guest who drops in for an hour or a day is the manner of a daughter to her father and mother.

The father returns to his home after a wearying day at business. He is tired in body and mind. Coming back, as he latchkey turns in the home door he throws off care. He is joyous at the thought of the dear ones he will meet after hours of absence.

His young daughter, in a pretty gown, with the bloom and freshness only girlhood wears, should be ready to give him the attention he loves—the kiss, the cheery word—to help her mother and the rest in letting her father see how much he is loved at home.

Men give up a great deal for their families—their time, their strength, the knowledge they have gained in long experience. They spend everything freely for their home's sake, and the home should pay its debt in much unspoken love.

The Cheerful Woman.

There are emergencies in every household which call for the display of a statesman's skill. The cheerful woman is pre-eminent on such occasions. She conquers the grim curfew or the disagreeable cousin with her infectious cheerfulness, and her servants recognize her as their friend and ally in all matters that are essential to their welfare. The length of time she keeps her servants is a source of wonderment to her less fortunate friends, but the secret of it is in her own winsome disposition. She mother the tired worker with a word of kind commendation where another might make a querulous complaint.

When direction is needed, she delivers it in such a gentle, albeit firm, manner that it has no sting of regret. This gentle, tactful woman is not afflicted with work that is from "sun to sun" or that is "never done." She has not months much perhaps, but is some means she manages to accomplish a great deal of work and have plenty of time at her command. It is by means of that same cheerfulness of disposition.

There is less delay in executing her commands, and she possesses the gift of "timing her turns" so that sometimes it seems as if the "fairies did help her." And, be fairies of gentle breeding and of kind heart do help her.

Heaven bless the cheerful woman!

Women Fire Fighters.

In the little town of Nasso, in Sweden, the women happen to be women, however paradoxical that sounds. The place is only a little village, and four stationary tubs constitute the "waterworks." One hundred and fifty women form up the fire department, and one of their duties consists in always keeping the tubs filled with water. The women are fine workers, it is said, and know how to handle a fire with as little confusion as possible.

FACTS ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Helen Jennings, an American woman, possesses several hundred trained butterflies. When she succeeded some years ago in tame the butterflies, each somehow died, owing to the captivity, that her friends were discouraged, but she has persevered and made a great success.

Mrs. E. Bray Coleneth, a well known American traveler, has covered over 20,000 miles by land and sea during the past year. At a dinner given recently in her honor by native Fiji princesses all the guests were white women, and the princess hostess were agreeable and well educated.

Mrs. D. Spencer Large of Tokyo has been appointed by the world's executive committee of the Woman's Christian Temperance union as a resident missionary. Mrs. Large was the wife of Rev. F. A. Large, who was murdered in Japan in 1891.

Mrs. Harriet P. Sisle of New York was the first woman to take advantage of the new voluntary bankruptcy law by filing a petition in the United States district court.

By the will of the late Mrs. Augusta Leigh the Scarborough hospital, Lincolnshire, received $50 and the Convalescent home $1,000.

The late Lady Shaftesbury has left $12,000 toward the building of a cathedral at Belfast. She left about $100,000 to charitable institutions.

The German empress recently lost her mamma of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, a capacity great surrounded with brilliants. A porter found the bauble and claimed the reward as provided by the laws of Prussia, which give the finder of an article one-tenth of the value of the property restored to its owner. The empress offered him the marks, which he refused, and as the empress would not pay a tenth of what the bauble was worth the porter has begun a legal action against the empress' cabinet.

Only one out of every 1,000 married couples live to celebrate their golden wedding.

Women suffragists declare that as the leaders of both parties in Australia have declared for "adult suffrage" the women will soon vote.

Among the Riffian pirates of Morocco the women do all the agricultural and other hard work, while the men, when at home, do the cooking and mend the clothes, including the women's.

Mrs. Chamberlain, wife of Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who recently arrived in New York, will be entertained on a royal scale while in this country. She is an American, the daughter of ex-Secretary Endicott, and was exceedingly popular both in Washington and New York before her marriage. Her entertainments have been noted events in London. Having made an alliance with so charming an American woman it is no wonder that her husband, the distinguished English statesman, took little time ago made such an eloquent speech upon "The Anglo-American Alliance."