

From Ancient Egypt to Our Own Broadway The Ways of the Temptress Are the Same



The Fifth Avenue Society Siren Is More Subtle Than Her Broadway Sister, but the Old, Old Game Is Played According to Hoyle the World Over.

employed except that the society siren of to-day is more subtle than the designing daughter Eve who has gone before her. The Fifth Avenue temptress is, perhaps, a finer artist than her Broadway sister, but the art itself—the art of attracting men or trying to attract them—remains the same. It is elemental. And when a woman of ordinary charm or cleverness makes up her mind to win a man, he has no chance of escape.

"Pauline" exclaims her mother, while you humbly study the rug beneath your feet and try to remember what George Elliot once said in this connection. "I believe it!" declares Miss Frederick. "The Broadway temptress may be obvious, but she is determined. The Fifth Avenue siren is, as I said before, subtle. She has skill, a skill that few men can match. Her environment has taught her the fine points of the game that is played according to Hoyle the world over. In her you see the expert. The subtle type of temptress must also be reckoned with. With her it may be books, music or pictures. Watch her and you will see that she turns all the arts to her own uses."

A motherly gasp breaks in upon the revelations that are gradually opening your eyes to the meaning of things hitherto obscured. And it's such a murky day that you can't see half way across the park! Again you turn the anxious ear.

"The way to the modern man's heart may be through his stomach, but it was not like that in the good old days we read about. The ancient temptress went straight for him. Potiphar's wife demanded Joseph's affection, Salome danced for John the Baptist, and Cleopatra openly made love to Antony. Styles have changed, but the temptress still wears her hair painted. And even if she hasn't the brains of Cleopatra she knows enough to make the most of her opportunities. Often, though, she has the strength of love to carry her on to triumph. I feel, for example, that Potiphar's wife really loved him. This is the one great love of her life and she fights for it. All you have to do is to look at Potiphar to realize that she cannot possibly love him."

"What's the difference?" asks Miss Frederick, while her mother looks worried and you look interested. "From ancient Egypt to our own Broadway the ways of the temptress are the same. This type of woman is as old as the world—and as young as the world. I can see no difference in the methods but like a true actress I made my way to the centre of the stage before I knew what I was doing."

Mrs. William E. Corey Defines a New York Snob, Also a Snobess---Who Is "a Bad Example to Herself."



MRS. COREY DANCING AT HER OWN DANCE SIX HOURS BEFORE SHE SAILED FOR FRANCE ON THURSDAY.

Place-A ballroom at Sherry's. The Time-3 A. M. Thursday—before yesterday. Occasion—Mrs. William E. Corey's entertainment and dance.

"I wish you people would get through interviewing," he hummed to the next person. "You know mine is the next dance."

"Yes, and I sail at 10 this morning," from Mrs. Corey. "Count the hours, one, two, three—seven, but any way we're all having a jolly time and I can sleep on La Provence. Isn't it fine to see them enjoying themselves! Really I'm never so happy as when I'm making others happy. You know so many people who do not know me, or who know me only as Mrs. William E. Corey, the wife of the steel magnate, as the papers put it, formerly Miss Mabelle Gilman, the fascinating actress, as the papers usually continue it, imagine that I am not a serious minded person."

"The pleasantest kind, really do become irksome. Work and Duty are the most steadfast of companions. The woman of to-day, married and single, talks of her 'rights.' Why does she never say anything about her 'duties'?"

"Here is where I become unpopular in two lines or perhaps one. I don't know how you'll 'play it,' as you say on Park Row.

"But, quote me absolutely correctly, the average wife, mother or not, of the average husband is just lazy. She is faithful and she is good. But after marriage she too often forgets all about her powers of fascinating and becomes routine."

"Routines always spells laziness. You have heard these compliments on my dancing tonight. You have heard Mr. de Fouquieres say that French seems to be my native language. The pleasantest remarks, I am quite certain, are sincere. They refer to accomplishments. But back of the accomplishments is hard work—and in this case, on my part only, of course."

"All this sounds like an essay—anyway to music in Sherry's at 3 A. M.—but success in life results from well directed, sustained effort, combined, of course, with tact, the ability to create opportunity and genuine human kindness—that means charity, of course, as you will say, when you edit my remarks."

"But for Heaven's sake!" I really beg of you, don't edit me. Here we are in this ballroom, lights, pretty girls, vivacity, matrons—matrons are usually 'settled' in hard work—and in this case, on my part only, of course, as you will say, when you edit my remarks."

"Wealth or position does not bring real happiness. Conscience is the arbiter of contentment."

"Just because the suburban field clubs of New York are the same as anywhere else on this earth. By 'earth' I mean this universe, and the best description of its creation and beginning you will find in the first chapters of Genesis. But the field club person, particularly the field club lady, had not developed when that chapter was written. It has taken about six thousand years to make her as petty, as false to herself and to every principle of human charity as this parasite always is. She is a bad example to herself, is most lonesome when she is alone and affects a seasoned air of superiority, even with her self-appointed equals, that never fails to chill a June day in New York."

"And if God blesses her with children—His little ones—the pity of it is that this essentially false creature, a well-dressed libel on her sex, very carefully teaches her little ones to be as false, if possible, as herself. She makes them little snobs, and my definition of a snob is an over-ambitious person with a 25-day A. M. and P. M. memory who is always unkind."

Miss Pauline Frederick, the Enchantress of "Joseph and His Brethren," Sees No Difference Employed by Lovely Woman.

BY CHARLES DARTON. PRIVATE elevator that pops you into an apartment instead of a hall, where you may pull down your vest and screw up your courage, has its disadvantages. It may take you to the thirtieth floor only to leave you to be taken by surprise. You are not prepared for the beautiful view, ranging from Potiphar's wife in discreet black to Central Park in rusty brown. You grasp it suddenly along with a hand that emphasizes the greeting, "I'm mighty glad to meet you!"

Just a Corner Incident Right Here In New York, or a "Peg Post" Reality

"When constabulary duty's to be done, to be done, A policeman's lot is not a happy one." BUT on the peg post it's different. It has not always been so, but everything comes to him who waits if he waits long enough. The policeman on the beat will tell you that he'll wait a long time before the barkes come and hands him anything. And now the nights are cold.



Yes, It's New York!

HE lived in New Jersey and it was too late to take a chance of crossing the river. So he went to the Astor House, where it was quiet and he could have his pick of a suite.

Mr. Payne.

PERCY RIVINGTON PAYNE 24 also the most outside of Livingston Payne, 24, not to mention many others, might before last when he had as his personal guests at the Motor Car Touring Society's dinner sixty of the most prominent society folk of the city. Ever since entering Princeton from exclusive St. Paul's in 1899 he has been much sought after by hosts and hostesses, for Mr. Payne is not only an ideal host himself but a guest whose personality adds an especial ray to the lustre of each occasion.

A City Editor's Beat.

WHEN Wells Hawks, the circus man, was city editor in Baltimore years ago he had a reporter on his staff who rode a bicycle.

The Chickens of Broadway.

A HARVARD Doctor of Philosophy has discovered that pigeons have the same emotions and thoughts as human beings.—News despatch.

TAKE A GLANCE, MR. AND MRS. AND MISS NEW YORK AT YOUR NEW FIRE BOXES AND OBSERVE WHAT YOU DON'T OBSERVE.

pay any license. On peg post is like being in on the ground floor in a new deal of the Steel Trust. Well, almost.

