

New York Society Women Have Now Become Angels (in Tableaux). But Rely on "Old Masters" to Teach Them How to Dress the Part



CHILD ANGELS AT PLAY
By Albrecht Durer
Miss Louise Rogers, Mary Warren, Helen Hays, Dorothy Howard, Ethel Stewart, Miss William Howard and Miss Helen Howard

Chryslie Street Club's Benefit at Little Theatre Depicts Famous Painters' Masterpieces.

Each Angel Must Part Her Hair in the Middle. "Rats," as Substitutes for Holes, Barred.

WE had beautiful ladies posing as Shakespeare heroines and historical heroines, and patriotic heroines, and in every other kind of a pose—except one. And last night, in the Little Theatre, we had that. We had the society matrons and matrons generally "looking like angels"—"Angels in Art."

Such a hundred lovely young women were posed to represent figures of those pictorial masterpieces which embody the most artistic conceptions of angels. It was an absolutely new form of the tableau vivant.

The charming performers found out that at the very first. When they assembled at the behest of the Chryslie street House Committee, which arranged the entertainment, they put on a weird and startling conception of the private theatricals. Every last bit of it had to be washed off, making up an angel in a clean hand.

"Old Masters" had no use for holes and powder. So both were eschewed by the Angels in Art. Grease paints and beaded eyelashes were likewise omitted. The features were simply outlined in their natural contours, and unadorned eyes showed a beautiful gleam when they caught the light.

Some rouge was used on the cheeks and some on the lips, but nothing else in the way of artificial complexion.

WASHED HAIR FOR EVERY GIRL.

Each angel had her hair parted in the middle and brushed back over the shoulders in a glossy mass. In a few instances the hair was curled. Not an curl in the lot was a rat.

While the heavenly throng was putting the last touches to the very simple costumes, Mrs. Ethel Gould was telling the audience why we should all be very happy to see angels. In a flowing robe bound by a dull yellow giraffe and a green wreath in her hair and a frame of green garlands about her, Mrs. Gould described to us how very kind and lovely an angel was. Her peroration was in good words, written by Countess Marie von Saxe.

When appeared in its frame the first "Angel of the Annunciation," Miss Almona Martin, and accompanied by a selection from the early composer, Beethoven. The angels followed a wonderfully correct arrangement from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. Mrs. Arnold S. First looked very lovely in a voluminous robe of deep blue color, sprinkled with faint gold arabesques. Over it was thrown a white cloak lined with blue. Her hair was very fine and topped. She had gold streamers in her hair and carried a golden shield against a golden shield. She appeared in profile, her body bent forward and her arms crossed.

SPECIAL PATRONESSES TO EACH ANGEL.

Each picture had its own special patroness, and this one was assigned to Mrs. Charles Herbert Holcomb. The musical accompaniment for each picture was very good, and the accordance between composer and artist was worked out most carefully.

The "Child Angels at Play," who came next, were adorable. Albrecht Durer, the artist, would have loved to have these little Sturats—Ethel, Dorothy and William—Louise Rogers, Margaret Howard, William Sheldon and plump little Miss Mahan. The little angels all had large, with plain little wings and small, white wings. Two, in yellow, stood holding hands at the extreme left of the picture. Next to Miss Mahan in a blue frock and white hat, holding a rake.

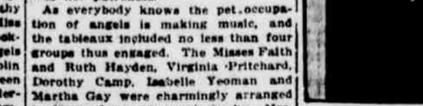
The child in mauve, with a green sash and a star. At the right of the child in the blue frock, all in white, sat beside a basket of strawberries. He had evidently been in the garden. The children remained



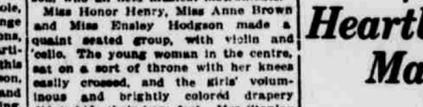
MRS. ARNOLD FORST



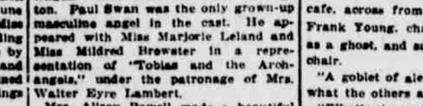
MISS HOPE HAMILTON AS "AN ANGEL"
BY BELLA ROBBIA



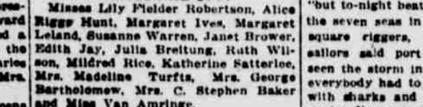
MRS. PAUL FABRICIUS



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



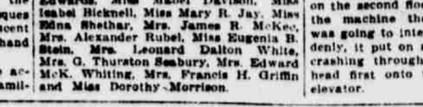
MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



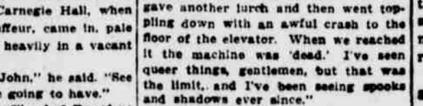
MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



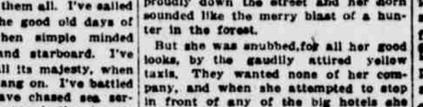
MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



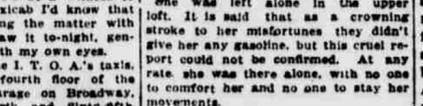
MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



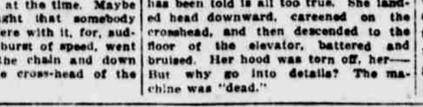
MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



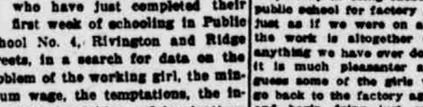
MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



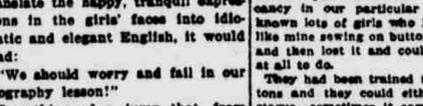
MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



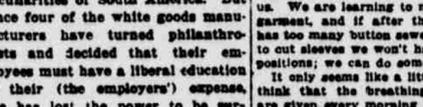
MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



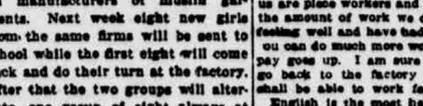
MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



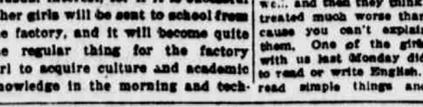
MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



MISS LILY FIELDER ROBERTSON



ANGELS MAKING MUSIC
By L. Sigmorotti
Left to Right—Miss J. Brown, Isabel Youman, Virginia Pritchard, Anna Brown, Martha Gay.

Do you want to be an angel? Here are some rules:
1—Use no make-up. Old masters had no use for paint and powder.
2—Part the hair and let it fall loosely over your shoulders (if it will).
3—Wristbands, ruffs, coronet braids and transformations are taboo.
4—Costume yourself after the paintings of some one who lived between 1600 and 1700 A. D.

Heartbroken Taxicab Madly Commits Suicide

"I. T. O. A. Machine," Snubbed by Gaudy Yellow Rivals, Plunges From Loft.

The Sun Dodgers' Club was in full session in the rear of May & Finn's cafe, across from Carnegie Hall, when Frank Young, chauffeur, came in, pale as a ghost, and sat heavily in a vacant chair.

"A goblet of ale, John," he said. "See what the others are going to have."
"What's the matter?" asked President John Tobin. "You look as if you'd been chased by taxi robbers or run into a hive of spooks."
"Well, I've seen some queer things in my time," responded the newcomer, "but to-night beats them all. I've called the seven seas in the good old days of square riggers, when simple minded sailors said port and starboard. I've seen the storm in all its majesty, when everybody had to hang on. I've battled with sharks and have chased sea serpents. I've seen specters in the shrouds and have been cast away on desert islands."

"I thought I had seen everything mysterious and remarkable, but if anybody had told me that I would live to see the day when I'd be a witness to the suicide of a taxicab I'd know that there was something the matter with my head. But I saw it to-night, gentlemen—I saw it with my own eyes."

"It was one of the I. T. O. A.'s taxis, and was on the fourth floor of the Lincoln Square Garage on Broadway, between Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth streets. The elevator shaft had a big chain struck across it and the machine, with the speed in, was back quite a way from it. All of a sudden the taxi started of its own accord and headed right for the shaft. The elevator was on the second floor at the time. Maybe the machine thought that somebody was going to interfere with it, for, suddenly, it put on a burst of speed, went crashing through the chain and down head first onto the cross-head of the elevator.

But she was snubbed, for all her good looks, by the gaudily attired yellow taxis. They wanted none of her company, and when she attempted to step in front of any of the big hotels she was ordered away. Added to her humiliation was the pain of three punctured tires, and after travelling over the hard pavements she returned to the garage that night, tired, thirsty and despondent.

She was left alone in the upper loft. It is said that as a crowning stroke to her misfortunes she didn't give her any gasoline, but this cruel report could not be confirmed. At any rate, she was there alone, with no one to comfort her and no one to stay her movements.

Quietly she moved forward, bound for her own destruction. Not the slightest sound came from her. Then, suddenly, she gathered herself for the final spurt. One jump and it would be all over. One jump and it would be all over. What has been told is all too true. She leaped head downward, careened on the crosshead, and then descended to the floor of the elevator, battered and bruised. Her hood was torn off, her—But why go into details? The machine was "dead."

Factory Girls, After First School Week, Tell About New Experiment in Education

Combining Study With Work, They Attend School and Factory on Alternate Weeks.

IF you go to the eight factory girls who have just completed their first week of schooling in Public School No. 4, Rivington and Ridge streets, in a search for data on the problem of the working girl, the minimum wage, the temptations, the innumerable hardships and deprivations of the factory girl, you had better take a microscope along with you. None of the hardships are visible to the naked eye. In fact if you could translate the happy, tranquil expressions in the girls' faces into idiomatic and elegant English, it would read:

"We should worry and fall in our geography lesson!"
Something of a jump that—from sewing sleeves on night dresses and manufacturing what Robert W. Chambers calls "the intimate clothing"—to a study of the topographical peculiarities of South America. But since four of the white goods manufacturers have turned philanthropists and decided that their employees must have a liberal education at their (the employers') expense, one has lost the power to be surprised at anything.

The girls are sent by the firms of D. E. Sicher & Co., The Wolf Co., M. Martin & Co. and A. S. Iserson & Co., all manufacturers of muslin garments. Next week eight new girls from the same firms will be sent to school while the first eight will come back and do their turn at the factory. After that the two groups will alternate, one group of eight always at the factory and the other group at the school.

Teachers, employers and employees are watching the experiment with unusual interest, for if it is successful other girls will be sent to school from the factory, and it will become quite the regular thing for the factory girl to acquire culture and academic knowledge in the morning and technical proficiency in the afternoon.

But here are two accounts of their new school life written for The Evening World by two of the girls themselves:
"New Buttons or Stars."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
There are eight girls, whose ages are between sixteen and twenty, and we all of us feel that we have been very lucky in being chosen to go to the public school for factory girls. We feel just as if we were on a vacation, for the work is altogether different from anything we have ever done before, and it is much pleasanter and easier. I guess some of the girls won't want to go back to the factory again next week and begin doing just one thing, like sewing on sleeves or buttons, all day.

I think that's the trouble with us factory girls. We learn to do just one thing in the factory, and then if we get out of a job there's no chance to get another position unless we find a vacancy in our particular line. I have known lots of girls who had a job just like mine sewing on buttons and ribbons and then lost it and could find nothing at all to do.

They had been trained to sew on buttons and they could either do that or starve—sometimes it came pretty close to starving. If they had only been able to do something else besides this one little step in the manufacture of the garment they would have had no trouble at all in getting a position.

This is what the school is doing for us. We are learning to make the whole garment, and if after this the factory has too many buttons sewers and too few to cut sleeves we won't have to lose our positions; we can do something else.

It only seems like a little thing, but I think that the breathing exercises we are given every morning have helped us more than anything else. Some of the girls were getting round shouldered in the factory and were in poor physical condition. They didn't seem to know that their work could never be very good unless they kept in good health. Most of us are plane workers and we get paid by the amount of work we do. If you are feeling well and have had enough to eat you can do much more work and so your pay goes up. I am sure that when we go back to the factory next week we shall be able to work faster.

English is the most helpful study we have in the morning. Lots of the girls that work in the factories that I know about are foreigners, and because they are foreigners they don't get on very well. They are imposed on because they cannot understand English very well, and then they think they are being treated much worse than they are, because you can't explain anything to them. One of the girls who started with us last Monday didn't know how to read or write English. Now she can read simple things and understands

English is the most interesting part of our programme is the noon hour, when we are taught to prepare our own lunches. In the factory some of the girls I knew didn't eat enough and what they did eat wasn't the right kind of food. For five cents in the school we can buy enough materials to cook an omelette, a pudding and we can also get some fruit and nuts. Each girl has her own stove, and we have lots of fun trying to see who can make the best things.

I don't see why anybody our kind of didn't eat enough and what they did eat wasn't the right kind of food. For five cents in the school we can buy enough materials to cook an omelette, a pudding and we can also get some fruit and nuts. Each girl has her own stove, and we have lots of fun trying to see who can make the best things.

Factory Girls Who Are Now Attending School.



Dense Stupidity.
"That clock right!" asked the visitor, who had already outstayed his welcome. His hostess glanced at the clock.
"Oh, no!" she said. "That's the clock we always call the Visitor."
The obtuse one sat down again. "The Visitor?" he remarked. "What a curious name to give a clock."
His hostess ventured an explanation. "You see," she cooed sweetly, "we call it that because we can never make it go."
And then she had to be called to see the potatoes.