

cover the birth of the heroine tradition in the pens of the early dramatists. The latter undoubtedly specified in writing (or selected) the typical heroine so that she might be "pursued" without making the audience wonder why she didn't turn round and smite the villain on the nose. Stooped shoulders add to the air of helplessness. White signifies purity, and is therefore the one best dress bet for the virtuous heroine. Black signifies sorrow, and the heroine every once in awhile must be properly tearful. Colored dresses are supposed to be more expensive than either black or white ones; hence away with colored dresses so far as the traditional heroine is concerned.

For reasons in the instance of the adventuress type, it is natural, as in the hero and villain case, that the heroine order of things be reversed. An adventuress must always have a "past." They are as inseparable in the public mind as the Siamese twins, stenographers and chewing gum, Boston and beans, and Klaw and Erlanger. The best way to suggest the lady's sporty character, therefore, is to have her dress fit very tightly. Why? Because then the majority of women in the audience will take a violent and understandable dislike to her because of her good figure. I trust no ungallantry will be read into these words; but the theater is a big bag of tricks, and, just as a professional magician knows that the hand is quicker than the eye, so do a playwright and a producer know that the eye is slower than human nature. And good figures are not so frequent in Miladi's sphere as, let us say, in a substantial bank.

This brings us to the banker. A stage banker, despite the fact that most bankers are exactly the opposite in appearance, must generally be as tradition commands, because, as I figure it out, probably not more than one person in the audience out of every hundred has ever seen a real, live banker. Accordingly, when the word "banker" is mentioned, the uninitiated man or woman immediately—and not unnaturally—conjures up a picture of an overfed old gentleman who is rolling in wealth. Ask the first man you meet in the street, "Describe your idea of a banker," and I'll wager Professor Munsterberg or any other psychology authority that the resultant answer will fit the traditional type of stage banker. Try it on your family this Sunday morning and just see for yourself whether this is not true.

The society debutante stage type rests on the same basis as the banker type. Remember, you skeptics, that the theater is successful if it hits the bullseye of the ideas of the majority. The minority does not loom up large. You can always tell the Spanish girl by the rose in her teeth, the mantilla, and the fan. It is a stage tradition (and hallucination, as well) that all

Spanish girls can dance, just as it is that all Frenchmen spit when they speak. The explanation for the tradition of the Alfonso Alices is that not more than one in five thousand in the audiences has ever been to Spain, and that as a result unless the rose and mantilla and fan (all of which are indelibly associated in the public mind with Spain) were put in the picture, the audience wouldn't know whether the girl was Spanish or Italian. A stage Italian girl can always be spotted, incidentally, by her earrings and red shawl. She is very poor, ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. And the hundredth case, the exception, frequently goes to the storehouse. You can't fool the public!

The first faithful negro servant ever presented to an American audience was stoop shouldered, old, and had white hair, as well as the other qualities in the statistical table; so every faithful negro servant since that time has had to follow in Number One's footsteps. You see, the theatergoing public is peculiar. The moment Old Sam comes out on the stage, it likes to say to itself before a word is spoken, "Aha! that's the dear old darkey servitor." Thus, colloquially speaking, is the audience fond of beating the playwright to his written characterization. And the public is the one to be pleased.

Yonder are the stage "college boy" and the traditional Englishman. For reasons, see remarks on the old faithful negro servant.

The Senator of the stage and the traditional stage Congressman are curious fellows. A Senator must have a large handkerchief handy always, because the public expects him frequently to mop his brow. Why Senators should ever have to mop their brows, I'm sure I do not know. That's one thing I have not been able to deduce; but just the same the audience wants them to. The public probably likes to see Senators do some sort of work, however little. The incongruity of silver matchbox and gold pencil indicate the touch of carelessness popularly supposed to be part of all important men's makeup. The Congressman must look like the magazine pictures that accompany "Western" fiction stories. No stage Congressman may look as if he came from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore. A stage political character from the East is more often a Senator. Once in awhile, of course, the stage elects a Western man Senator; but not often. The Congressman, never having so much money as a Senator (this, dear reader, remember, is a theatrical tradition), must smoke a panatela-size cigar instead of a perfecto. The difference at a real cigar stand is ten cents; but it looks like a million dollars across the footlights.

The housemaid must never look like a real, working housemaid. The audience wouldn't stand for it. Years

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of Fredericksburg, Virginia. To her father, Washington addressed a letter asking permission to propose marriage in "the hope of a revocation of a former cruel sentence, and see if I cannot find an alteration in my favor." Twice, therefore, was Miss Betsey given the privilege of rejecting his ardent suit. It is said that when Washington passed through Williamsburg, after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the former Miss Fauntleroy, then a widow, was standing by an open window watching. The General saw her, raised his sword, and saluted, whereupon she fell fainting to the floor.

Washington soon transferred his affections from Miss Fauntleroy to Miss Mary Philipse, the daughter of a prominent Englishman of West Point. After a few weeks' acquaintance, he proposed marriage; but the lady of his choice was unwilling to share her lot with his, and later married Captain Roger Morris. It is interesting to note that Benedict Arnold was residing at the Philipse home when he betrayed his country, and escaped from their grounds to the British lines when his treachery became known. During the Revolution, Miss Philipse remained loyal to the Crown. Her home, the famous Jumel mansion on the outskirts of New York, was subsequently used by Washington as his headquarters.

TWO years after the Philipse affair, when crossing Williams' Ferry, en route to Williamsburg upon his return from Fort Duquesne, Washington made the acquaintance of a genial old gentleman, Mr. Chamberlain, who recognized him and hospitably invited the young Colonel to his home nearby. At first Washington declined, urging important business duties for the Government that required his immediate attention. However, upon being informed of the gay party then assembled at the Chamberlain residence, he consented to stay to dinner. Here he became much interested in a young and beautiful widow, Martha Dandridge Custis. Not only did he stay to dinner, but he whiled away the afternoon and remained the night, and as soon as his duties were transacted he returned again for several days.

Thus began the romance in the lives of George and Martha Washington. There are many suppositions that attempt to explain the reason for Washington's failure to win the hearts of his many ladyloves. Some attribute it to his modesty and diffidence; others say that he was too poor in early youth; and the least plausible is that he had not received a university education in England. But, be the reasons what they may, in the Widow Custis Washington found a true and loyal mate; and much has been written of his soldierly wooing. Thackeray weaves the love story in his novel, "The Virginians."

Six months after their meeting—January 17, 1759—the couple were married at St. Peter's Church, at Williamsburg. The ceremony was followed by an elaborate reception at the Custis home, and many of the notables of the day graced the event by their presence.

There is a pretty story that after Mrs. Custis had accepted Washington she planted a yew tree in the garden of her famous "six-chimney house" at Williamsburg as a symbol of devotion and constancy.

At the close of the session of the House of Burgesses, held at Williamsburg, then the capital of Virginia, of which Washington was a member, he removed with his wife and two stepchildren to Mount Vernon. The fine fiber of the man is shown in his devotion to these children, Patsy and Nellie Custis, who interested him from the first. The unsatisfied yearning for children of his own is often revealed in his diaries and letters to friends.

REAL love and happiness had now come to him at Mount Vernon, and the simple words with which he declined a friend's invitation to visit England a few months after his marriage perhaps more than anything else express his complacent attitude:

I am now, I believe, fixed at this seat with an agreeable consort for life. And hope to find more happiness in retirement than ever experienced amid a wild and bustling world.

In the early years of married life the Washingtons entered freely into the social activities of the countryside. His diaries record visits to the homes of his neighbors, and more frequently dinners at his festal board—so much so that, although he was the owner of over one hundred cows, he was at times obliged to buy butter.

At the close of the war so many personages of note visited them that, in a letter to his mother, he likened his home to a "well-assorted inn."

Mount Vernon was the dearest place on earth to its master and mistress, and both disliked to leave its quiet retreat for a more strenuous career. When about to enter upon the duties as first President of the United States, Washington thus expressed his regret on leaving his beloved home:

About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express.

Martha Washington, too, always referred to the time spent away from home amid the excitement of public life as "lost days."

In the unpretentious tomb at Mount Vernon rests by his side this "last and best" sweetheart of Washington. He certainly regretted none of his former loves; for after his marriage his diaries contain but few references to any woman except the gracious lady whom he married, who after his death practically lived in the attic of the Mount Vernon home, as she could see from there the grave where her distinguished husband and lover was buried.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON THE LOVER

By ROSE D. MEYER

FIRST in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen—and countrywomen. One might so revise these words; for, as Washington was a great patriot, soldier, leader, and statesman, he was also a great lover—although his love was often an unrequited one.

Washington's early associates, as well as those of later years, were chosen from among the best bred people of his State, and in marriage he allied himself with a family as distinguished as his own.

Probably his first sweetheart was Miss Frances Alexander, daughter of Captain Philip Alexander, who owned an estate adjoining Mount Vernon. Little is known of their courtship; but among Washington's autographic papers, purchased by the Government and now preserved in the library of the Department of State, is an original poem, an acrostic, inscribed to her by her youthful admirer. For some reason, Washington referred to her only as "Frances Alexa"—probably the Muse refused to respond further to the bidding of the young poet—and the remainder of the page upon which the poem was written is blank:

From your bright sparkling eyes I was undone;  
Rays, you have more transparent than the sun,  
Amidst its glory in the rising Day,  
None can you equal in your bright array;  
Constant in your calm and unspotted mind;  
Equal to all, but will to none Prove kind,  
So knowing, seldom one so young you'll find,  
Ah! woe's me, that I should love and conceal  
Long have I wished, but never dare reveal  
Even though severely Love's Pains I feel;  
Xerxes the great was't from Cupid's Dart,  
And all the greatest Heroes felt the smart.

It is not known whether Miss Alexander appreciated this literary tribute to an unkind love.

The Diary, "A Journal of My Journey Over the Mountains," kept by Washington from March 13 to April 13, 1748, contains a copy, or perhaps the original draft, of a letter addressed to a probable school friend; from which one need not read between the lines to



Mary Philipse.

realize that the young poet had forgotten the charms of the young woman who had inspired the acrostic, for her place in his heart had been usurped by another. Thus the poor enamoured George wrote to his "dear Friend Robin":

My place of Residence is at present at His Lordships (Lord Fairfax) where I might, was my heart disengaged pass my time very pleasantly, as there a very agreeable Young Lady Lives in the same House (Col. George Fairfax' sister-in-law), but as that's only adding Fuel to fire it makes me the more uneasy for by unavoidably being in company with her revives my former Passion for your Lowland Beauty, whereas were I to live more retired from young women I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome Passion in the grave of oblivion, or enternal forgetfulness for as I am very well assured that the only antidote or remedy that I ever shall be relieved by or only relief that can administer any cure or help to me, as I am well convinced was I ever to attempt anything I should only get a denial which would be only adding grief to uneasiness.

All this profusion from a youth of sixteen! The sister of Mrs. Fairfax who revived a "former Passion" was Miss Mary Cary, then a visitor at the Fairfax estate. Washington followed her to her father's country seat and vainly sought her hand. She later became the wife of Edward Ambler. The friendship, however, continued, and in his diaries Washington frequently refers to her visits to Mount Vernon after his marriage.

Who the "Lowland Beauty" was, so tenderly referred to in the foregoing excerpt, is a matter of conjecture. The honor seems to be divided among Miss Mary Bland, Miss Lucy Grymes, and Miss Betsey Fauntleroy, each of whom spurned the attentions of the beloved "Father of His Country."

Miss Lucy Grymes married Henry Lee, and became the mother of "Light Horse Harry," the famous scout of the Revolution, who eulogized Washington in the words quoted at the beginning of this article,—words the significance of which the lapse of time has strengthened rather than diminished.

Miss Betsey was the daughter of William Fauntleroy