

NEW YORK REJOICES HER

Miss Kingston Sends a Budget of Praise Over Seas.

CLUBS AND CLUB MEMBERS

English Writer Finds Cordiality, Culture and Comfort Characteristic Here.

Georgina Kingston, writing from this city "The London Mail," says: "The politely detached manner, the tolerantly patient air that we adopt for casual acquaintances in London is neither in use nor of use here. I find I have to refurbish up my nice little manners that I keep for Vienna or Paris. I strain my ears to catch other names than my own when I am introduced, make as good a thing as I can of it, anything it at once, and run a desperate race to be the first to say, 'Pleased to meet you, Mr. — or Mrs. —' and come in a bad second, having heard my surname pronounced with a neatness and crispness that I can never hope to imitate."

"Everybody alert and interested and well informed, the men having the world's politics at their fingers' ends, because Wall Street by her banker's balance, controls the balance of power to a great extent, and the question of the next European conflict will probably be settled by the rate of interest at which the God of War can borrow his dollars; the women having the world's literature at the tips of their tongues because lectures and libraries form an absorbing part of their day's programme. The struggle in Persia or John Maselli's 'Widow in the Bye Street,' therefore may be served up to you anywhere and any day with the cocktail which it appears to be habitual to absorb before luncheon or dinner. Much less of self-consciousness, too, in the introduction into conversations of serious topics, and much greater expression of self. The high-pitched tone and ready speech strike the ear at the door of a luxuriously equipped woman's club which you enter through a portico of Colonial pattern, with a strapwork cornice of Chippendale design, a rather favorite form of decoration here.

VIVACITY IN ATMOSPHERE.

"A delightful effect is that of the prim beehive-toned house, with its cluster of slender columns, belonging to the period which corresponds to that of the Adam Brothers in England, and which we still find in its original form 'downtown' in Washington Square, a quaint, old World place that has, I admit, more fascination for me than the more modern neighborhood of Central Park, quite two or three miles higher up in the social scale. The club I visited is half way between the two districts—designed so—and intended to be social in its aims. Acclimated as I am to the silence and the fore-heaven-sock-and-buff-talk-atmosphere of a London club, the buzz of conversation that greets one on entering is at my ears. After luncheon women are sitting around the fire discussing the theatre and plays, and no one thinks it odd that a stranger should enter into the conversation and ask about plays to be seen. The old habits do not look at the stranger out of the corner of one eye and give a grudging answer, as we should in London, but turn to the questioner with their national vivacity.

"It is perhaps characteristic that though there is a silent room for those who wish to read and write without being disturbed, it has rarely been known to have an occupant. "From basement to roof garden this club, decorated for the most part in the Georgian style by a well known lady decorator, is complete in every detail. There is a gymnasium, in which the arduous game of basketball is played, and a swimming bath, which is used after this recent exercise-classical in its treatment, with its marble steps leading down into eleven feet of water and its trellis of vine, with lamp-tin bunches of grapes overhead. Adjoining it are rooms for massage, for Turkish and Russian baths, for manicuring, for shampooing for dressing, and even for Nauheim treatment. There is a ball or reception room, in which there are lectures, readings and entertainments, and on the ground floor are to be found books, reviews, magazines, both American and English, and illustrated papers from both sides of the Atlantic. Even 'Punch' winked at me from the drawing-room table as I passed. A coffee room for members, and another for members and their guests, provided a luncheon that I wish some of our women's club committees in London could have been privileged to taste!

FOR WRITERS AND ARTISTS.

"Next I visited a less luxurious but no less interesting club, formed for the purpose of bringing together the feminine literary and artistic elements with those of the laicured classes, and hospitable to every freemason of distinction in the world of art and letters. Designedly, I think, it has its entrance through a big studio building that gives it a pleasantly informal air at once, and the tent-like rooms leading into each other, full of modern works of art and interesting schemes of color, have a studio effect that lends a distinctive atmosphere to the place. Here, too, lectures and literary entertainments are the great feature of the club, and the cordiality and enthusiasm with which everybody welcomes the stranger who has attempted, a novel or attained anything are very indicative of the national desire to make history that is everywhere evident in this city.

"And yet another club, to which both men and women can be admitted as members, where the principal objects are to discuss and to demonstrate the principles of the art of music, literature, the drama, painting, sculpture, and architecture, and to all in the extension of knowledge of works specially fitted to exemplify the finer purposes of these arts. At both the former and the latter the clubs pledge themselves to attend the performances of new plays and to encourage those that meet with approval, and printed notices of such are sent to all the members. Thus the uncommercial drama comes in for its share of attention from those who are public who are best able to appreciate anything of value, and it cannot be entirely stamped out by adverse criticism or by the public neglect, for some artistic member of the community will always be found to urge others to follow his example and witness the new drama for themselves.

"Throughout my visit here I realize that England, with its tradition and older civilization, is far nearer to America than America is to England. Nor is there here any of the carping, envious spirit of the Germans against the 'Aite Kultur' of the English, but a genuine and ardent wish to emulate and acquire it as fast as modern existing conditions will admit.

"That the slow process of digestion is not quite possible in this insatiable appetite for the heavier solids of old England is a matter of course, but my sympathies are with the hungry who will risk the headache to satisfy their craving."

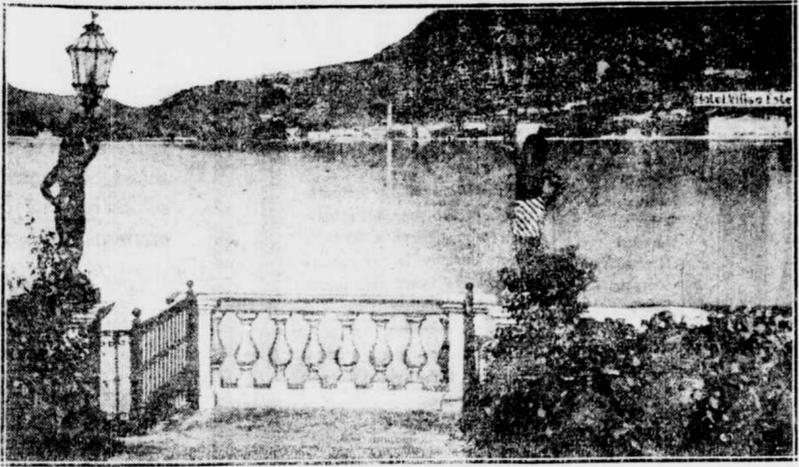
SHARED CAKE AND GUILT.

"Thomas," said mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of ginger cake out of the pantry." Tommy blushed guiltily. "Oh, Thomas," she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you!" "It isn't all," replied Tommy, "part of it's gone." — National Monthly.

ASIS OF HIS BELIEF.

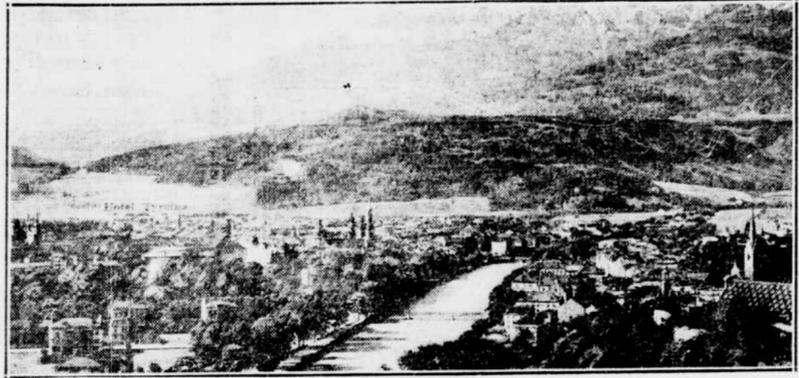
"Billions—do you believe in long engagements?" "Oh, yes," replied the housewife, "I engaged the next time he has to be married." — Philadelphia Record.

Many Americans When Abroad Will Visit These Points of Interest



HOTEL VILLA D'ESTE, CERNOBBIO, LAKE COMO.

The Hotel Villa d'Este, formerly the palace of the unfortunate Queen Charlotte of England, thoroughly reconstructed into an up-to-date hotel, is a favorite rendezvous of American and English society. Delightfully situated on picturesque Lake Como, the hotel has charming views. The scenic beauty of the magnificent gardens, with natural waterfalls, fountains, statues, trees and terraces, must be seen to be appreciated. Visitors leave trains at Como Station, where private motors meet them, and reach the Villa d'Este in a few minutes. Lake steamers start from a pier close to the hotel and make tours around the lake.



THE BEAUTIFUL TYROL.

The great increase in the number of visitors to Innsbruck is fully justified by the attractions offered by the Tyrol so generally people with romantic history, magnificent climate and grand scenery. This Summer the Passion Play in all its ancient simplicity will be given at Eul near Innsbruck, where visitors will make their headquarters at the Hotel Tyrol, and make the excursion to Eul by special motors provided by Mr. Carl Landsee, the proprietor.



GAEKWAR OF BARODA

His Magnificence Depicted by an English Vicar.

TIGER HUNTING BY 'PHONE

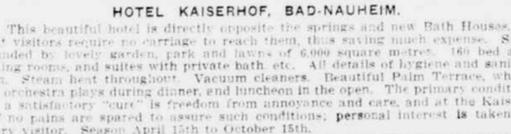
Has Palaces Without Number and Furniture of Silver and Gold.

Of the Gaekwar of Baroda a great deal has been heard during the last few months. A rather unpleasant conception of his highness's personality has been impressed upon the public mind by recent events. If that impression is not only modified but entirely removed by the volume published by Hutchinson & Co., entitled 'A Year with the Gaekwar of Baroda,' it will not be the fault of the author, the Rev. Edward St. Clair Weeden, 'sometimes minor canon of Chester Cathedral and vicar of Canon-fronm.' As he tells us in a preface, he has for nearly twenty years enjoyed the intimate friendship of the Maharaja, and has travelled with him through most of the countries of Europe. Some time in the last decade but more definitely mentioned, Mr. Weeden spent a whole year as the guest of his highness, and had, as he tells us, 'the time of my life.' He expresses the fear that he may be accused of drawing too flattering a portrait of his host. That is possible, for Mr. Weeden writes as a courtier, and when he expresses himself in this way it is difficult to take him quite seriously. 'One of the most striking things about the Maharaja is the extraordinary influence which he exercises on those around him; he is the sun round which they all revolve; when he is in good health and spirits every one is gay and happy; when he is anxious and depressed a general feeling of desolation prevails, and when he is ill the light of the brightest day seems clouded, and we all go about with long faces and hushed voices. Luckily, he generally enjoys good health, but a serious illness some years ago has left him subject to occasional attacks of feverish disorder.'

But the book, although it may be somewhat on the side of hyperbole where the personality of the Maharaja is concerned, abounds in bright and interesting descriptions of Indian life and scenes. The magnificence with which the Gaekwar, the ruler of two millions of men, and with a fabulous revenue at his disposal, is surrounded lends itself to description. The numerous palaces which the Maharaja owns are treated with ample justice by the author. Of their domestic arrangements we get some intimate glimpses.

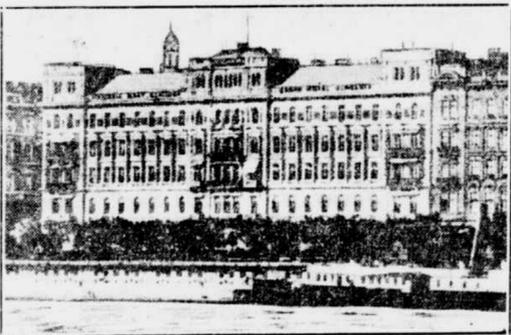
HIS FRENCH COOK.

'The food is excellent, and is sent up every day by the principal caterer in Bombay. The two chief meals of the day—breakfast at 11 and dinner at 8:30—while I always have with the Maharaja, are very much what you would get at a first class restaurant in London—Prince's or the Carlton. They are prepared by a French cook and served under the experienced eye of an English maître d'hôtel, Mr. Ploch, a very imposing person, in a fine dark blue coat, with a velvet collar and gold buttons, with a ribbon in his buttonhole, who was called in Lord Amphill when he was Governor of Madras. I was rather frightened of him at first, but he has now set me at ease, and generally makes a point of pouring me out a glass of water, bringing me the mustard, and showing me some other little attention. When there are English guests there, and hook, with seltzer at breakfast, and champagne and port at dinner, with liqueurs afterwards, but when we are alone we all drink water, which is very good and kept beautifully cool in silver fountains. The Maharaja never drinks anything but water, and only one glass of that half an hour after each meal, as he does not want to grow stout, most Indians being inclined to run to fat. He uses tea and coffee very sparingly, and does not smoke more than ten or twelve cigarettes a week. Silver in this happy principality is no more accounted than it was in the days of Solomon. Everything that we are accustomed to see here made of wood and brass, such as chairs, tables, beds, water-jugs, and so on, are in Baroda fashioned of gold and silver, and in the midst of all this splendor, we are told, the centre and object of all this wealth and luxury, there sits the homely figure of the Gaekwar, 'almost pathetic in the simplicity of his white robes, without a jewel on his dress,



HOTEL KAISERHOF, BAD-NAUHEIM.

This beautiful hotel is directly opposite the springs and new Bath Houses, so that visitors require no carriage to reach them, thus saving much expense. Surrounded by level garden, park and lawns of 6,000 square metres, 160 bed and sitting rooms, and suites with private bath, etc. All details of hygiene and sanitation. Steam heat throughout. Vacuum cleaners. Beautiful Palm Terraces, where the orchestra plays during dinner, and luncheon in the open. The primary condition for a satisfactory 'cure' is freedom from annoyance and care, and at the Kaiserhof no pains are spared to assure such conditions. Personal interest is taken in every visitor. Season April 15th to October 15th.



GRAND HOTEL HUNGARIA, BUDAPEST.

The Hotel Hungaria is one of the finest examples of modern hotel construction, and under the management of Mr. Charles J. Burser, has become the best known hotel in Hungary—in fact, the only really up-to-date hotel in that country. The hotel has a frontage of some two hundred feet on the River Danube, with a terrace running its entire length, having one of the most superb views in Europe. There is no city in Europe where Americans are more welcome than in Budapest, one of the most ancient and interesting spots in the Old World. There are frequent fast trains from Vienna to Budapest, and no one visiting the former city should miss the opportunity of seeing the latter.

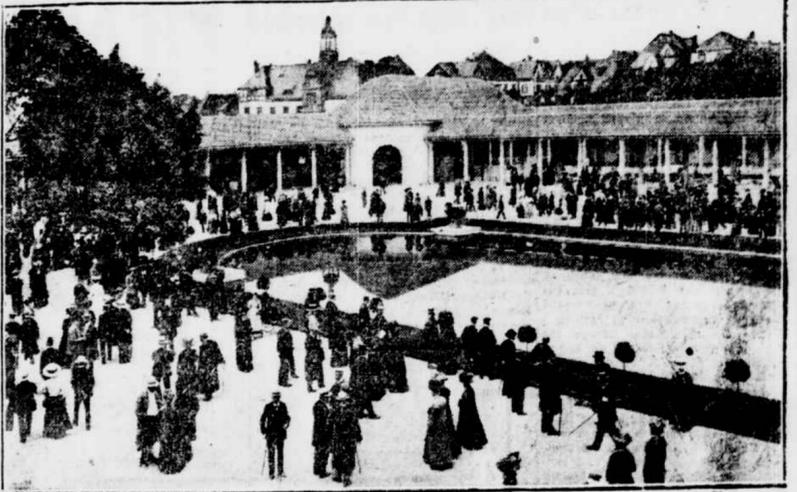
without a ring on his finger, never with even a shilling in his pocket. A man so careless about money that until a few years ago he did not trouble to know one coin from another, utterly indifferent to the value of the treasures which surround him, except in so far as they are beautiful, useful and seemly.'

But the Maharaja does not invariably cultivate this Spartan simplicity of attire. When in royal state he is an imposing person. Here is a picture of him attending a Mahometan festival. 'He was magnificently dressed, a great sime of diamonds waving above his pungi, a splendid collar of pearls and diamonds hanging round his neck, the Star of India blazing with jewels on his breast, and priceless rings flashing on his hands, as with one he returned the salutes of his subjects, and with the other grasped his jeweled sword hilt. He was mounted on an enormous elephant, decorated with a massive gold necklace, gold cases for his tusks, gold anklets and earrings—'an elephant's carrying being the size of a breast plate—and golden bells. From his back to the ground hung a wonderful piece of cloth-of-gold, the size of a large drawing room carpet.'

Only a few of the elephants can bear the weight of the golden 'umbrella' of those, specially fed, it is as big as a small motor-car, and it takes twenty-four strong men to lift it on to the elephant's back. Though the Gaekwar has more palaces than he knows what to do with, he is building (or, perhaps, by this time has completed) a new one in Bombay. It is a magnificent building of white stone, enriched with rare marbles, mosaics and carved woodwork. It had, at the time of Mr. Weeden's visit, already cost over a million pounds, and was likely to cost half as much again before it was finished. Even the Gaekwar seemed rather unwilling to think of the bill. 'I asked him,' writes the author, 'what he was going to call it, and he said that the White Elephant would be rather a good name.' Which seems to show that his highness possesses a nice sense of humor.

RICE AND CERTAIN DISEASES.

Very recent evidence has been gathered in these years to make it clear that at least one of a series of diseases which occur in more or less epidemic form is not infectious. Among the group including scurvy, pellagra and beriberi, the close relation of which to the food supply has long been appreciated, the cause of beriberi has become sufficiently clear to point the way to effective curative as well as preventive measures which have already been successfully tested. Eskinoo pointed out that beriberi is not attributable to rice in general,



BAD-NAUHEIM: EUROPE'S GREATEST 'CURE' AND SOCIAL RESORT.

Beautifully situated in a high altitude, the town lies in an open valley, wonderfully enriched by trees and glens of surpassing beauty. The bustle of commerce never disturbs the visitor seeking health and rest. This garden spot is a health resort of the first rank. In a magnificent park, walks of the most delightful character abound. The climate is excellent in the height of summer, because of the graduation works and the surrounding woods. Nauheim is gaining every year in prestige and medical esteem; its springs have been carefully watched and analyzed ever since their curative properties were discovered. Visitors last year numbered 15,000. The baths and the cure are located conveniently to the great hotels, which are exceptionally fine. Congenial company is to be found at the bath houses and the springs, and the number of those seeking restoration of worn nerves and faded appetites is such that pleasant social activity is assured. Tennis courts and splendid golf course, spacious in extent, are a feature, and every form of exercise has its exponents.

In picturesque contrast to the new town, containing the fine hotels and private homes of those who have villas and go every year, is the curious old town, dating back to Roman times, with narrow streets and picturesque buildings of the true German type. Those who are perfectly well forget that Nauheim is a health resort, and what dreading to be a potential stay with some ailing friend or relative is made pleasant by the variety of entertainments. A charming lake well adapted for boating in gondolas gives opportunity for idle hours.

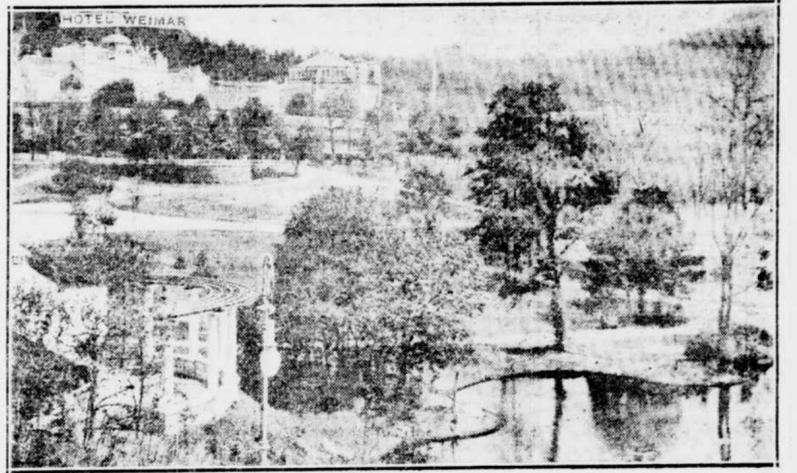
Nauheim combines baths and drinking of waters in its treatments, and affords a somewhat quieter atmosphere than prevails at many of the other spas. This serves as a distinct attraction to visitors who make the journey on account of nervous affections. Life at Nauheim is quiet and natural, without forced gaiety and excitement. It is a real cure. The regime is strict and exacting, but not more so than is good for the patient.

The Kurhaus is the centre of Nauheim life. It offers many of the advantages of club life, and contains spacious rooms to help make life tolerable in weather preventing outdoor enjoyment. Its reading rooms contain the newspapers and magazines of half the world, billiard and card rooms, and music chambers help to make it attractive. In the middle of the park are splendid tennis courts, croquet, and trap shooting are also possible.

Nauheim is only three-quarters of an hour distant by an excellent railway connection, with trains de luxe to all parts of Europe, and near by, too, are the Taunus Mountains and lovely valleys of the Rhine and Lahn. The post-office will find objectives for many delightful excursions, and good roads lie in all directions. Picturesque villages of all sizes, with inns and farm-houses, assure refreshment.

The hotels at Nauheim have long catered extensively to Americans, and possess every modern luxury and comfort.

JESCHKE'S GRAND HOTEL BAD-NAUHEIM Will Be Ready to Receive Guests IN SPRING, 1912 LATEST CREATION IN MODERN HOTELS 180 Rooms and 100 Bathrooms. Private Suites. Facing the New Magnificent Drinking Promenade and the Gradier Works. The only Hotel in Town with highly radio-active baths rich in carbonic acid. Proprietor: Lorenz Jeschke, late Manager of the HOTEL ADLON, BERLIN



HOTEL WEIMAR AND MARIENBAD SPRINGS, AUSTRIA.

With every modern requisite for the enjoyment and luxury of the most fastidious visitor, the Hotel Weimar at Marienbad is reputed to be the highest class hotel in Austria, and was the home of King Edward of England during his annual stay at Marienbad. Situated at the upper edge of the beautiful park, it commands an uninterrupted view of the town and springs, while sweeping the panorama of the forest and sparkling crowds of visitors. The grounds in the rear consist of park-like country, with health giving resinous trees, the odor of which permeates the rooms and atmosphere. Adjoining the hotel stands Goethe's House, which is a fine example of picturesque ancient Austrian architecture.

but that certain kinds of rice or rice prepared in certain ways are more liable to produce the disease. It is possible to produce in birds fed on white or polished rice a nerve disease resembling beriberi in several respects. The same changes in diet which either prevent or cure beriberi in man act in a similar manner in respect to the polioencephalitis of the fowl. Here some more animal experimentation has been of value in discovering the cause and cure of disease.

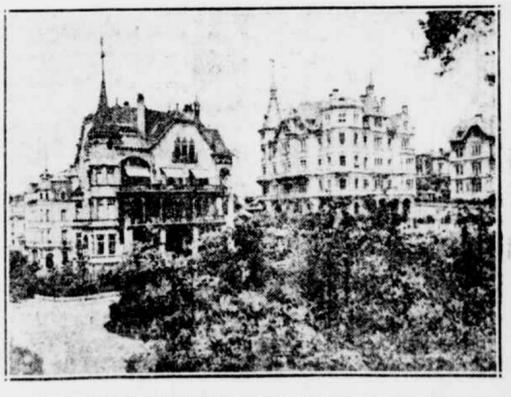
The unpublished experience with beriberi and polished rice in the Philippines, as reported by the director of public health, Professor Victor W. Hensel, a little later, declared that when the professors of holding enter a sickroom their first words in most cases ought to be Goethe's dying exclamation, 'More light! More light!' The light of science is God's own microscope, germicide, disinfectant, prophylactic, sickness healer. There is no physician, no chemical antidote, no compounded prescription to be compared with sunlight. Without it, nature could not perform her functions. Man, beast, bird, insect would fall victims to the deadly gases that would prevail. The horrid mists and deadly gases are dispersed and decomposed by the action of light. Let it be everywhere! Let the light be more and more abundantly. Faded carpets are not as pitiful as faded cheeks. Spoiled cushions are trivial compared with spoiled health. Darkened rooms are too suggestive of darkened lives.—The Christian Herald.

MORE LIGHT.

Fresh air enthusiasts are familiar enough to most of us, but we bear less of enthusiasm for light. Darkened parlors, darkened bedrooms, darkened sickrooms, are too common. Sir H. W. Richardson, the eminent London scientist and physician, declared that when the professors of holding enter a sickroom their first words in most cases ought to be Goethe's dying exclamation, 'More light! More light!' The light of science is God's own microscope, germicide, disinfectant, prophylactic, sickness healer. There is no physician, no chemical antidote, no compounded prescription to be compared with sunlight. Without it, nature could not perform her functions. Man, beast, bird, insect would fall victims to the deadly gases that would prevail. The horrid mists and deadly gases are dispersed and decomposed by the action of light. Let it be everywhere! Let the light be more and more abundantly. Faded carpets are not as pitiful as faded cheeks. Spoiled cushions are trivial compared with spoiled health. Darkened rooms are too suggestive of darkened lives.—The Christian Herald.

EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

No one can see so well what great strides the Philippines have made in the



SAVOY AND WEST-END HOTEL WITH VILLAS: CARLSBAD'S SOCIAL CENTRE.

Thanks to that famous hotelier, Mr. Aulich, Carlstad possesses a thoroughly modern hotel, with Parisian cuisine and perfect service. Previous to the opening of the Savoy and West-End Hotel the season at Carlstad ended the middle of August. Now until the end of September the Savoy is the social centre, filled with the people one meets at other seasons at Cairo, Ostend, etc., situated at the edge of the health-giving pine forests, the pure, invigorating air fills one with the joy of existence. During the months of May and September special reduced rates are given. The Hotel Astoria, Paris, and the Imperial Hotel at Nice are both owned by the proprietor of the Savoy and West-End.

way of educating the people as one who lived there at the time of the American occupation and returned recently to the islands," remarked Charles A. Depple, of Louisville, a former member of a Philippine regiment, at the New Ebbitt.

"When I first went to the Philippines in 1899, there was scarcely any English spoken, except by the soldiers and the other Americans employed by the government. Now there is not one who does not use English. This education, of course, is contributing largely to the development of the islands. There are thousands of native and American school teachers employed. I believe in the future of the Philippines, and think there is no question that the United States ought to, and will retain them."—Washington Post.