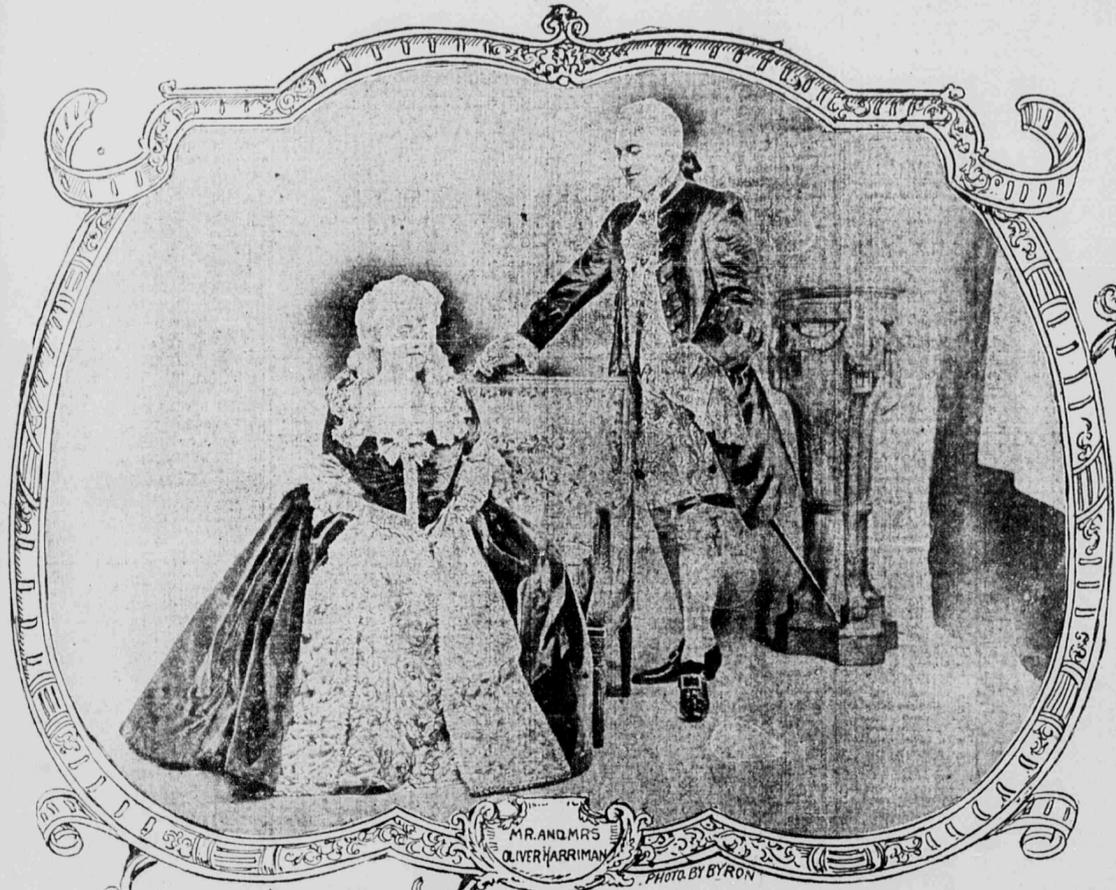


SOME COSTUMES AT MR. HYDE'S 18th CENTURY FRENCH BALL



MR. AND MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN. PHOTO BY BYRON



SIGNOR SCOTTI. PHOTO BY BYRON



MRS. STUYVESANT FISH. PHOTO BY BYRON



MME. LILLIAN NORDICA. DUPONT'S COPYRIGHT

"The Simple Life," cried a freeing little waif, "Wagner's 'Simple Life,' only 10 cents."

"Get out," roared a Swiss guard—no, a blue coated cop, in good Boweryese "get out of this!"

Discordant notes these, that must have hurt Mr. Hyde's Gallic soul like blows, had he been on the pavement at the time. But he was blissfully unconscious of all this as he stood at the door of the ballroom beaming and smiling and receiving his guests in an odor of expensive roses. After all, this was Versailles and he was its grand seigneur and creator—one more act in his great mission to Gallicize America.

All this was for the honor of France, for which, doubtless, every one of the awaiting powers of France present was ready then and there to draw his good blade. And even Worthington Whitehouse and Norman Whitehouse, who were only pierrots in black spotted, white silken pajama-like costumes, would have said menacing things against an enemy of France.

By 11 o'clock the great Versailles ballroom was filled with guests laughing and chatting in English, in the French of Paris as well as in that of Stratford-on-Avon. The room rustled with satins and silks and blazed with lights and with jewels.

At every cluster of lights was a bouquet of roses, and the front of the improvised stage was fringed with a line of pots growing a luxurious hedge of Scottish heather, symbol of Mr. Hyde's Scotch descent. Over the stage was a canopy of blue satin, shaped like the tent covers in the illustrated editions of Froissart's "Chronicles." At every peak on the canopy three great red ostrich plumes, shaped like the fleur-de-lis, solemnly nodded to the guests. A blue banner on each, blazoned "Vouloir." Mr. Hyde's motto.

"Des photographes?"

"Mais oui, des photographes."

And those that listed adjourned to Mr. Byron's black chamber to be taken by flashlight. Singly and in groups they posed, some ladies being photographed as often as six times. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish appears in four groups. Mme. Réjane was taken standing and sitting, with her daughter and without.

Only a few husbands and wives were photographed together, but perhaps the most beautiful of the marital pictures was that of young Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman. Mr. and Mrs. George Glanzer were another striking pair, Mr. Glanzer appearing in the dress of a mighty Moor of the period.

Mme. Nordica was photographed with Mr. Ben Nicoll at the ball. Mme. Dupont, however, took Mme. Nordica alone before she went there. Signor Scotti was depicted in his familiar *Figaro* costume.

Perhaps the most striking costume was that of Mrs. Clarence Mackay. She was

clad like some Eastern queen in a dress that glittered with regal splendor. In her right hand she carried a gleaming sceptre. Her long train was carried by two little negro boys dressed in Roman costume, with bracelets and anklets on their ebony arms and legs. Altogether this costume evoked genuine admiration and was pronounced by all in the best of taste.

All this picture taking, even by a lightning artist like Mr. Byron, required considerable time, and some of the powers of France, as well as pierrots in their motley, were moved by the same impulse that made the topic of conversation between the Carolinian Governors. By twos and threes they—not the Governors—began to line up around the bar at Sherry's to battle with thirst. Nay more, some left Mme. Réjane in the very midst of her friend M. Nicodemus's play, which seemed to touch them much less than the Scotch and Irish in the café, which goes to show that there is still considerable work before the Legion of Honor decorated Mr. Hyde in his work of Gallicizing America.

Here I come so glad and gay
From the ages, from the French of Paris
Like a school-freed girl at play
Straying on the blossoming way—
recited Mme. Réjane in "l'allegro" measure, and that was the atmosphere Mr. Hyde desired to have created at his feast. Even the everyday Sherry furniture assumed an old régime aspect, and the sophisticated flirting shepherdesses on the Watteau screens seemed to speak in pre-romantic blank verse.

Quel magique, quel artiste
Franchissant les flots d'Améthyste
Apporta d'ay-dela des mers
Tout ce dont nous étions si fiers:
Le coté précieux, la nuance,
L'art de la fleur, l'art de l'écure,
Tout ce que fit éclater en France
Une geste de la Pompadour!

concluded Mme. Réjane.

What magician, what artist, has transferred all these French graces? she asked. The answer in the poem was "La Fayette," but from the way Mme. Réjane at this point glanced at Mr. Hyde it was obvious that she deemed the credit his.

And when the guests descended after the play to the supper room on the floor below they must have been of the same mind. For Mr. Hyde did more than any Louis could have done.

No Louis had any electric lights. It was a soft and yet brilliant light that the numerous red and white bulbs diffused about the supper room, converted into a tent by Architect Whitely Warren.

The long narrow tables were ranged crosswise the whole length of the room, and in the centre and at each end of every table rose a slender white cane about two feet high, and the top of each cane suddenly sprouted into a bunch of many hued roses



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE GLANZER. PHOTO BY BYRON

With powder and patch and peruke, with sword and knee breeches, ruffles and hoop skirt, they began to arrive. Mr. Hyde's guests, in a seemingly interminable procession, on the night of the Louis XVI. ball. With an almost tragic gesture the powdered and bejeweled flunkey, suddenly translated from pressed buttons to white stockings and knee breeches, pointed the way to the elevator. That was the one jarring note—the elevator. But for that, Sherry's middle Forty-fourth street entrance was eighteenth century Versailles.

The ponds and the parks about the palace were not visible on Forty-fourth street nor yet on Fifth avenue. The policemen

were not the Swiss guards about the palace. Nor did any of the automobiles look like coach and six.

Senator Depew in his blacks looked strangely unlike that other warty man, Voltaire, and yet there were the fashions of Du Barry, of Mme. de Pompadour, the costumes of Louis and of Marie Antoinette. From lips that rightly should be quoting the "Héniade" or "Tancrède" or "Candide" issued terse orders in homespun English to John and James about the carriage.

"Ca'ge look at 12:30; yes mem," replied John and James, with Strand accents, to chiding their hate.

step out of the stirrups as the bronco went down and would stand on the bronco's head to hold him down.

"Course, I'm talkin' 'bout busters that rode 'slick.' By that I mean they didn't tie their stirrups together, nor put a buckin' roll on the saddle, nor hook their spurs in the cinch. I'm not denyin' that such things is straddle of a buzzsaw, for that's what a buckin' bronco is; but I am sayin' that balance is the thing that counts in ridin', and that's what ridin' 'slink' means, ridin' by keepin' your balance.

"But the lad that could top off the whole lot was Kid Lee. I've just been workin' up to him while tellin' you 'bout Texas Tom, Curt Wheelan and Nebraska Bill. They were mighty good riders and could ride broncs that'd make other men's leather in three jumps. But Kid Lee could ride anything that wore hair. I must tell you 'bout him.

"One spring day, when I was foreman of the Bar V ranch, a young feller came ridin' up and asked for a job. We were workin' over a big bunch of horses that we'd just rounded up, and I needed all the men with me; so I hired this kid to do the work round the ranch. I gave him a steady old horse to use, 'cause I sized him up as bein' green and awkward 'bout ridin'. He worked all right, though I could see by the way he always watched us ride off that he'd rather go with us than hang 'round the ranch. We were workin' near enough to come in for dinner, and this kid in a quiet way began to ask the boys 'bout the horses, which were bad ones and so on. He'd

not say much at one time, so he didn't arouse suspicions of what he was up to; Nebraska Bill was with me then, and he was ridin' a brute that was sure vicious. One day the kid asked me whose pinto that was.

"That's Nebraska's," I said. "You don't want to fool with that horse, kid. He'll kill you sure. Nebraska is the only man that can stay on him two minutes."

"Well, I didn't think nothin' more about it and went to dinner. While we was eatin' we heard a big yellin' and lawlin' out near the corral. We all rushes out, and I'll be scalped for an Injun if there ain't that loosed kid ridin' Nebraska's pinto. The horse is startin' first on his hind feet on his tall, buckin' and pitchin' and swappin' ends every third jump, and lawlin' and just spittin' his hide to get that kid off. And the kid is sittin' up there slappin' the pinto with his hat and yellin' like a Sioux Injun on a spree. He was a big, loose jointed, slab sided, anyhow, and he is just dippin' all over that horse from his withers to his tail; but he don't come off, not much. He's havin' the time of his life. We just stands still and watches the show. And, would you think it? that onery-lookin' kid rode that pinto out. Nebraska was some sore, 'cause, you see, he'd been pridin' himself on being the only one in the outfit who could ride him, and here comes this dough-faced kid and rides him better than Nebraska ever dreamed off with. He had a ring inside his tent and seats all round it for the people to sit on. It bein' the first night, and nobody knowin' what kind of a flim-flam fake it was, the tent was crowded. I just want to tell you, it takes a big bunch of patience to sit and watch a guy like that try to show you how to run your own outfit. Them kind of tricks might do with Eastern horses, but why, say, if he'd tried them on some of our broncs he'd have looked like a prairie dog town after a stampede had passed over it.

But we didn't start nothin'. We just set still and let him play his hand out.

"Finally he brought out a horse that looked like a bronco. Ladies and gentlemen," he says, "I've got horse here that I must confess baffles my skill. I bring him out just to show you that there are some horses that are like some people—plumb crazy. This horse minds neither brutality nor kindness. He's what you men of the plains call an outcast—outlaw. I mean, he'll hunt like a bear for strength and an antelope for quickness. Looks like a wolf, don't he? I said to the kid [who was with me]—

"But the kid kept mum.

"Now," said the feller, "just to show that I believe no method can't succeed where mine can't, I'm goin' to offer \$50 to the man that will ride this horse." Well, boys, you ought to have seen that kid. Like a shot he jumped up out of his seat and went scramblin' and jumpin' and tumblin' over people's heads, just tearin' his shirt to get down there. You see, he thought every feller in that tent was goin' to jump at that \$50, and he was dead set on gettin' there first. Nobody else had moved, but the kid didn't know that. He thought we were all hot on his trail.

"The kid finally got his saddle on him, and after a little manuevrin' swung up. Well, the horse was an outlaw, all right; you could see that by the way he went for the kid for 'bout six jumps. Then all of a sudden he quit, and the kid red-

Flags crept by, depopulating the ballroom. Suzanne and Jeanette, the French maids who came with the carriages, tucked their mistresses' gowns in and Versailles kept fading away into the night that brooded with cold twentieth century American activity.

"Simple Life," cried the irrepressible little urchin again, "Wagner's 'Simple Life'! Only ten cents."

"Wasn't it simply perfect!" remarked Senator Depew while waiting for his chair.

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round as gentle as a sick pup. We learned afterward that the kid had busted the horse the spring before, when he was at the Bar X, and the horse knowed his boss. But he was an outlaw; nobody but the kid ever did ride that horse. Oh, no, the kid never peeped 'bout it. I don't know that he knew it. But if he had, that wouldn't have made no difference with him."

"Did the kid get his fifty?" I asked.

"You never heard of a horse trainer bein' tied to a black, bar faced Bar X horse's tail and drug 'cross the prairie, have you?"

"No, why?"

"Well, you would most likely have heard of it if the kid hadn't got his fifty. What do you suppose the rest of us fellers were there for, anyhow? The kid was our friend."

FINE ART OF BRONCO BUSTING

RANCH FOREMAN TELLS OF ITS PRACTICE ON THE FRONTIER.

Each Buster Had His Own Way of Riding

—Grace of Texas Tom—Nebraska Bill's Great Trick—Kid Lee, the Champion, and the Showman's Outlaw Horse.

"Dick," I said, "you have lived in this country all your life. Who was the best bronco buster you ever knew?"

"We were out on the spring horse round-up, says Hugh Herdman in the Portland Oregonian, and on this day were stormbound in camp. The rain fell in torrents, driven with the force of hail by a 40 mile north-wester. Hence there was nothing to do but corral the herds and sit in camp."

"No two busters rides alike. They are all kinds, from the trim little feller that rides as though he was sittin' on a rockin' horse to the big, loose jointed one, that shoules all over the bronco. One of the prettiest riders that ever came up the trail was Texas Tom. Every move he made was as pretty and graceful as a woman could make. He'd just swing himself soft and easylike up into the saddle and sit there calm and unruffled while the bronco tried to make scrambled eggs of his insides. He'd swing his quirt back and forth as regu-

lar as pretty as when actors that try to

step out of the stirrups as the bronco went down and would stand on the bronco's head to hold him down.

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Western Invention in the Orient.

From the Electrical Review.

The introduction of electrical apparatus in China and in other countries of the Far East cannot but have some effect upon the lives of the natives. The people there change slowly, but probably nothing could have a greater effect than the trolley in bringing about this change, unless we except the telephone. It is not possible that these two agents will play an important part in bringing about a better understanding between the Chinese Empire and the western nations?

More Folks for North Carolina.

From the Charlotte News and Observer.

There is need in North Carolina of more folks. This State has a population of only thirty-nine people to the square mile, and the average value of its land is only \$7 an acre. Ohio has a population of 102 to the square mile and the average value of its land is \$31 an acre. Indiana has a population of 100 to the square mile and the average value of its land is over \$30 an acre.