

SOCIAL WAR THREATENS NEWPORT SMART SET



Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Who May Assume Leadership.



Mrs. Robert Coelet. (Photo by Phillips)



Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Who Leads One Faction.

"Old Set" Preparing to Assert Itself for Dignity and Decorum as Against Display

WHAT is this we hear? Newport about to reform? Newport, the gay, the mad, the eccentric, and frivolous capital of fads and fashion, to wear the mask of dignity and decorum?

According to what are regarded as well-authenticated reports from the innermost circles of New York's "400," a social war impends, a war to the knife, metaphorically speaking, which, once and for all, will decide the disputed question as to who shall hold the reins of social leadership.

In the coming contest for premier honors Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish are said to be leading the opposing forces, which are known as the "old set" and the "new set." Society awaits the contest with much more than its usual languid interest. For the success of the "old set" will mean the passing of the extravagant and spectacular doings of the past which left a trail of pyrotechnic notoriety through the days and weeks of the Newport season; it will mean a ban on monkey dinners, "race suicide" luncheons, "pig" games, notorious high gambling at bridge, and other features that have become connected in the public mind with that ultra-fashionable resort of the very rich and the truly frivolous.

MANY OLD FAMILIES REPRESENTED.

Among the old families which will be represented in the contest are the Vanderbilts, Astors, Dyers, Taylors, Fearings, Stewarts, Brookes, Gerrys, Baldwins, Winthrop, Kernochans, Robinsons, Wetmores, Shermans, Browns, Wysons, Twombles, Van Alens, Goelets, Thompsons, Kings, Clewes, Warrens, and Bilgits.

One has not heard of some of these so much lately as of the Fishes, the Oelrichs, the Joneses, the Belmonts, the Lehms, yet some of the less familiar names represent the bluest blood and the most ancient social traditions of New England and the rest of the land.

When the attention of the average American is called to the doings of Newport society, the celebrated monkey dinner is promptly recalled to memory. What a sensation it caused, to be sure!

The Newporters were invited to Crossways, the splendid residence of Mrs. Fish, for a Sunday luncheon, imagine their amusement when, on entering the dining-room,



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt



Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.



Mrs. Philip Lydig, One of the Younger Matrons.

infinite variety of forms. Toward the close of the afternoon, as the guests were gathered near the Maypole, preparatory to leaving, the crowd parted. There were scathed squeaks, and suddenly a white, be-ribboned pig rushed through the crowd.

It ran head first into a woman, who screamed, passed through the legs of a young clubman and sent him sprawling to the ground, upset the composure of a fat dowager who made a frantic dive after it. And following the pig was a motley crowd of laughing, noisy, excited men and women.

People rushed into one another, fell head over heels in a wild scramble after the porker. Finally, one young woman, with a swoop of her arms, fell upon the pig, and grabbing it tightly, kicking and squealing, carried it back to the mistress and got her prize. For many weeks the pig race was the topic of conversation.

Another matron was not to be outdone, however, and a few weeks later sent invitations for a dog party—for prize-winning barkers owned by the members of the set. Wine was held to their noses and the right paw of each bow-wow was placed on the table. As they sipped the wine, a string was manipulated and the kennel of roses fell to pieces, revealing a stuffed cat, in which was a mechanical device which worked the tail with lifelike motion.

There was a howl from dogs and women, and in an instant the canines were upon the cat. The women screamed and laughed excitedly; the dogs growled and tore the kitten to shreds. Servants rushed into the room and separated the tangled mass of dogfish before they got at one another's throats. That dinner was a great social event.

It was followed by others, more or less fantastic. One might continue ad infinitum reciting such incidents. When Mrs. Fish assumed a greater social prominence upon the retirement of Mrs. William Astor, in 1906, she started as her platform: "Society wishes to be amused. It is like a spoiled child. It thinks it has everything it wants, and cries for something it knows not what. It wants something novel; it needs a fillip, and I try to give it fillips."

And she did. One of these fillips was the erection of a theater on her lawn, and the importation from New York of the entire company of "The Chinese Honey-moon." Another notable success was her "Harvest Home" dance at the close of the season. The guests came in costumes representing vegetables; one was a carrot, another a cabbage, another a turnip, and so on. As they parted they sang Tosti's "Good-by, Summer," and were showered with autumn leaves.

One Fourth of July was given a dinner to sixty persons. In the center of the table was a lake where miniature yachts, modeled after those which took part in the International races, were propelled at great speed. Firecrackers rent the air with splitting noise, while champagne corks popped.

These entertainments set a mad pace; other hostesses tried to equal them. Entertainment was no longer the

they saw sitting at the head of the table, as an honored guest, a grinning, jabbering chimpanzee. The creature was feted and petted and had a really lovely time. So did the other guests; the affair was voted a great success, a brilliant, splendid, daring idea. Mrs. Fish was radiant.

Following the entertainment of "Consol," the chimpanzee, Henry Walters secured a tame ape, which acted as host on his yacht Nadara. Then the Lehms got a white cockatoo, which they took with them to the Casino and other places of amusement. Mrs. Fish had given society the cue.

Shortly after this occurred the "lady and the pig" incident. It was on the last day of the Newport Horse Show. The scene was colorfully brilliant.

Suddenly, a woman uttered an exclamation and raised her lorgnette. Others did likewise. There was a murmur of amazement—and then of cooling, delighted admiration. Walking along the promenade was a woman in laces, carrying in her arms a squealing pig, washed white as milk and tied with blue ribbons.

PIG PET OF SOCIETY.

Then the pig became the pet of society. At this time a famous divorcee, after her remarriage, gave an English village party to celebrate her return to the social whirl. There were Maypole dances; in booths negroes sang minstrel songs, the entertainment took an

mobiles, \$10,000, often more; for pocket money for your wife and children, \$50,000; and clothes—

But money was not all. With it one could buy entertainment, but one had to think entertainment, or get some one to do it. Or one had to be a Mrs. "Phil" Lydig, who made people gasp with her low-cut V-shaped decollete, or a Harry Lehr, with his combination color suits. Or, to some degree, a Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who brought entertainment to its climax of splendor and originality.

The Vanderbilts became popular because of "Joseph," their \$10,000 chef. John Jacob Astor attracted some attention by having seventeen automobiles at one time, and J. Pierpont Morgan did some entertaining on his 300-foot yacht Corsair; but the real demand was for the bizarre, for something to arouse blasé interest.

One matron scored a rip-roaring success by a "race suicide" luncheon given at the Ladies' Bridge Club, when huge wax dolls were placed between each couple, which, when pressed, said "Papa" and "Mamma." Another thrill was aroused when a matron invited to dinner all the separated husbands and wives of her set. Imagine their surprise when looking across the table, Mrs. So-and-so saw her husband, or several husbands, of old. A weeping Cupid of Trianon in ices wept in the center of the table, and after the dinner a toast was drunk to those who were "lovers once, friends now."

But there were times when the most fantastic failed to amuse—and then Newporters had recourse to bridge. In many delicate boudoirs women gambled thousands. On Bellevue avenue is a pretty two-story stone building surmounted by a tower and flanked by terraces covered with roses. This is the home of the Bennett Club, the pet of Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Edward R. Thomas, Mrs. James W. Gerard, and Mrs. Elisha Dyer.

Here on a summer afternoon one can see eight or ten tables going. Men and women with flushed faces bend over cards. There is intense, if subdued, excitement. Then the winnings are estimated; from gold reticules small check books are drawn; checks are cashed by the cashier. Of course, there is a good deal of gossip about winnings and losses. It is said that one young woman won enough in a season to buy a splendid French automobile; and it is whispered, sub rosa, that not a few win enough to pay their expenses during the season.

Now, it is said, there is to be a change at Newport, a change to be engineered principally by Mrs. John Jacob Astor and her supporters among the "old" set. Gracious and fascinating, a few years ago Mrs. Astor captured London, entertained the King, and scored success after success. Her friends regard her as the logical successor of Mrs. William Astor.

July 4 the Newport Clubbake Club will give the first bake of the season. Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Astor will be there. Mrs. Astor will occupy Beechwood, the home of her mother-in-law and the scene of many stately affairs during past seasons. On July 4 the war for supremacy is expected to begin. Society is on tiptoe with expectancy. At the clubbake the scales will begin to tremble, the factions to divide. Then it will be seen whether dignity and decorum are to be once more characteristic of the Newport season.

Practical Engineering.

From ABEWEEK.

Jones owns a small motor car. He has no chauffeur, and every time he goes out a breakdown occurs. No wonder.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, on meeting a friend at the club the other day. "I've been spending a profitable afternoon."

"Have you?" said the friend. "How?"

"Why, I took the engine of my car all apart to see how it really worked."

"Great Scott, old man," exclaimed the friend, realizing Jones' impracticability. "I hope you were careful not to mislay any of the parts?"

"No fear!" answered the expert engineer. "Why, when I put it together again I had nearly half a dozen pieces over!"

PHOTOGRAPHING A WOMAN TO PLEASE HER IS LATEST AMONG PHOTOGRAPHERS

"LOOK pleasant, please—no, not that way—yes, yes, that's the right expression."

A moment's pause—breathless, palpitant. A click of the camera. Or—

"Watch the birdie—right here, now—don't move." No, they don't take pictures that way any more. That was the method of the days of the past, when all women in pictures looked alike. The modern photographer has evolved a new scheme, and in photographing women—well, to please has become the purpose of the art.

What sort of photographs are popular among the fair sex? What is the favorite pose, the desired expression? Glance into the album of any well-known photographer, and you will see that the art of photography has been developed, decidedly for the women. Nothing is so charming as the good likeness of a beautiful woman—a photograph of life-likeness. That's it—a photograph that bears the expression of life.

This is the present idea in photography. When she arrives at the studio the expert photographer at once knows how the young lady will best appear in the picture. So by gentle suggestions he persuades her—she does not know it—to select certain poses.

Another young woman arriving a few moments later is delighted with the full-face view of a woman of unmistakable pulchritude. She opines that this pose will be the very thing.

But the alert photographer quickly observes the lady is not comely, that her face is quite unattractive, but her profile is as perfect as that of the Venus of Milo; it is classic, admirable.

Some women look best with a three-quarter view. A few may assume an artistic attitude to perfection. "Few women can or care to assume the posy pose," declared one of the most popular photographers of women in the country recently. "Comparatively few women can sit for a profile. The American woman is composite, beautiful, gracious, attractive usually; but while some lines of her face may be faultless, others often are imperfect."

"A woman may possess a Grecian nose and forehead, but a poor, receding chin, or the lower portion of the face



A Profile Type.



Another Full Face View.



Doing Justice to the Eyes.



A Pose for a Young Matron.



One of the Latest Popular Poses.

may be incomparably beautiful while the nose may be Roman to a decided degree. "In most cases the full-face picture is preferred by women. There are many reasons for this. The most important photograph is that which has expression. "How do we get expression?" By keeping the interest

of the sitter alert. By many arts. By touching on pleasing topics of conversation. The features which the photographer devotes himself to are the eyes. "To get expression, spontaneity, a 'parkle in the eyes is the secret of success in the art. The sitter sees this picture—and likes it. Her friends like it. Why? Because

it is like her. The expression is living. "If one gets expression in the eyes the friends who receive the picture will not notice large features or other marbling characteristics. The eyes dominate the face."