

A SOCIETY SALON IS NEW YORK'S LATEST FAD

Mrs. HENRY CLEWS



Mrs. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



Mrs. A. J. DREXEL



MISS HELEN GOULD



FIVE WOMEN WHO HAVE OPENED SOCIETY SALONS IN NEW YORK



Mrs. EDWIN GOULD

Recrudescence of the Famous Assemblies of France.

Guests May Come and Go on Night Set Apart at Pleasure.

Social Lions, Bookworms and Faddists to Be Discouraged.

SOCIETY'S ukase has gone forth. There must be a recrudescence of the famous French salon. Not the quasi-court of Mme. de Staël or the brilliant gatherings at the home of Mme. Le Brun; not the feast of wit that marked the entertainments given by the Roland and the Girardin, nor yet the assemblage of artists and men of letters that made the receptions of the Princess Lieven epochs. The conversation heard in the salon of Madame de Staël was a reflection of the spirit of the age. It was influenced by the period of sensibility—the singular fashion of ultra-sentiment which required that men and women—but especially women—should be always palpitating with excitement. The conversation in the New York salons must be anything but that. Cleverness is criminal, and men distinguished for literary or artistic accomplishments are strictly barred. The daughter of the banker became the first woman in France. Her reunions were thronged by the anti-Bonapartist faction, and her influence with her guests was so great that Napoleon expelled her from France. The New York hostesses will not try to influence the conversation of their salons. On the contrary it is expressly provided that the guests suggest the topics.

How It Is Done. The establishment of a salon is the very latest New York fad. This is the way to conduct one according to a very prominent society woman of New York. She is the woman who has undertaken to steer the wife of Senator Clark of Montana through her first social season in New York, and she was sponsor for Mrs. Andrew Carnegie when the latter was a stranger here. "To establish a salon," said she, "a wide acquaintance is necessary. You must know a great number of people intimately. You must be on such close terms with them that you can call them by their first names if need be. Anyway, aside from this privilege you must know them well enough to bid them welcome with all their guests. "These are the salon rules, which can be followed by anyone who wishes to establish a salon: "Set an evening, the earlier in the week the better. Sunday evening is very good if one is not opposed to devoting Sunday night to such a purpose. "The salon hours are from 8 o'clock until midnight, no earlier, no later. "On Mondays invite your guests by telephone, if your salon is Monday night. If there is any special guest in town whom you desire to have present, call him or her up on the phone and deliver your invitation. This applies only to those whom you know well. "After one visit to your house on salon night, no further invitation is necessary. Your guests understand that they are free to come every salon night. "Make it so pleasant for your guests that they will long to come again. "Let them start the topic. Never start a topic yourself. "Provide always some form of entertainment in one of your parlors, let

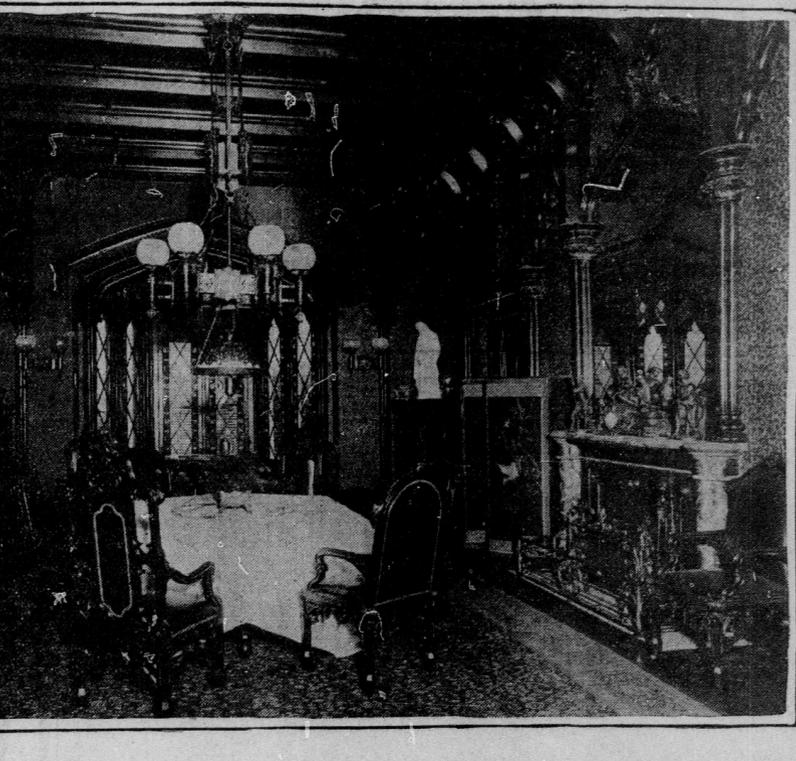
some one play, or have something in the way of music, if it be no more than a musical box. Music is an inspiration. "Here are some of the forms of entertainment at a New York salon, a very popular one: Magic lantern, tableaux—at which you do not feel compelled to gaze, however; violin solos, interesting exhibits of bric-a-brac loaned for the occasion, handsome Japanese prints, Japanese swords, and other interesting features. "Let your guests do as they please. One remains seated at one's salon, it is not necessary to move about. Your guests will come to you and greet you. That is enough. No more is expected of you. "Always have your house open on salon night. If you are away, get a friend to keep open house for you. It is not easy to turn the tide back if once your friends get in the habit of calling elsewhere. "Be pleasant at your salons, but never witty. Wit in a woman is very disagreeable and dangerous and distasteful. Three very important D's. Never be clever. Cleverness is not attractive, not desirable and not stimulating. Your guests will like you better if you allow them to be clever, not you. "Discourage lions, and bookworms. Discourage faddists. Discourage those who talk over the heads of your guests. Let all be honest and homelike, agreeable and sensible. "Finally let your salon be held in a large room. Don't attempt to crowd your guests into a tiny room. "And one word more. Shut off those who are neglectful of your privileges as hostess, and discourage those whom you do not want by being, but gently, snubbing them. "The above rules, closely followed out, will put any woman in possession of the key to which a woman's salon is established. It may be as famous as that of Madame de Staël, or as the salon of the Duchess de Morny, and diplomatic beauties, but the above made a place of no account. "Limited to Intellectuals. Mrs. Henry Clews, wife of the banker, has long had a successful salon, which is, however, limited almost exclusively to intellectual women and men. Here come the possessors of high intellect in the social world and both sides. Clews and her daughter entertain them exquisitely. Mrs. Clews is one of the youngest grandmothers in New York and one of the best. "She is extremely intellectual, but it does not spoil her good looks," said a friend. "Mrs. Potter Palmer once attempted to have a salon in Chicago, but it was not practical. She was so widely known that people came from all over the world and the doors had to be closed before 9. "Mrs. A. J. Drexel, known chiefly better on the other side of the water,

than here—for she prefers to live there—has long had her Monday evenings. Here come all the society of the continent. Mrs. Drexel entertains in a society way and her Mondays partake of the nature of a grand reception. Perhaps on this account they lack the semi-bohemianism of a salon. Among the persons who have attended the salons of Mrs. Drexel are the Duchess of Marlborough, Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, and Lady Curzon. Here also have come the beautiful Princess of Pleiss, the Duchess of Warwick, and the lovely Lady Randolph Churchill, as pretty now as she ever was. Lady Randolph Churchill, who, by the way, is now Mrs. West, had for a long time a political salon for the benefit of our statesmen. Mrs. Platt throws open her house one evening a week to her friends. And not only to her friends, but to her friends' friends. And reaching wider than that, she has thrown open her doors to the friends of her husband all over the world. This means that every visiting foreigner will come to her "evening at home." It means that every man of importance who steps foot in New York will call at the Platt suite of rooms. It means that everyone who is famous and who enjoys hotel life in New York will stop in and pay a visit to the pair who have offered to entertain New York celebrities so hospitably. "What is a salon?" asked Lady Curzon of Mrs. Arthur Paget. "The ladies looked at each other and nodded as though they knew. But the

truth is, that there has been no real salon in existence for more than a century. The ambassadors' wives undertook to establish a salon and one season the wives of the Cabinet officers tried to have such a form of welcome for their friends. But it turned out to be a ghastly failure. People came who were not wanted. And those who were wanted stayed away. But Mrs. Platt's salon is successful. She has politicians specially, and the Depews are her warmest friends. Perhaps the most interesting salon in New York—and one of the most exclusive ones—is that held at the home of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. Her salon is a musical one. She plays the piano, her daughters play the violin. Mr. Rockefeller plays sometimes the violin and sometimes the cello. And so the orchestra is made up. It is a very interesting one, representing many millions. Rockefeller Music Mad. At the Rockefeller house one meets educational people. But by far the greatest number are musical critics. "The Rockefellers are music mad," their friends say. And each night they have a full-blown orchestra in full blast. One evening a week, however, is devoted to their friends. A New York hostess who has a charming salon is Mrs. Edwin Gould. Her husband is "the quiet Gould," and probably the richest of the family. While the others are spending money lavishly and living upon palatial yachts, Edwin Gould, the third son, lives quietly at his home up the Hudson, Ardsley Towers, a seeping house with his wife and babies. The Goulds come into town for a few months in the winter, and while here, their home is the center of a very charming group. Mrs. Gould sings very prettily, and her salons are social centers. They are not particularly intellectual, not particularly educational, not particularly anything at all but social. Mrs. Gould, who was the daughter of Dr. George F. Shady, physician to both the Garfield and the McKinley, has all her friends one night a week, and to her husband's friends. All are given to understand that not only they, but their friends, are welcome. This brings a great number there every Thursday evening. To have a salon, one must needs dress elegantly. Mrs. Gould rather affects the extreme style of dress. Though she dresses in elegant taste, her gowns are of the French creation. She wears an exquisite opera cloak thrown around her shoulders. It is brocaded with silk and trimmed with sable. Her hair is always elaborately styled. Mrs. Drexel at her salon wears her jewelry and is gowned in magnificence. She is partial to pearls and wears a wonderful string of them around her throat. Each pearl is as big as your finger, and all are lustrous and creamy. She has a double string which winds twice around her shoulders. In this exquisite adornment she is dressed every salon night. Mrs. T. C. Platt affects the plain style of dress. She is a young woman and she loves to dress with simplicity. She likes the needlework dresses and the simple but tasteful white robes which are worn by women with good figures. She dresses always in white, for it is the color that is most becoming to her. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller has a fancy for dressing in heavy silks, and her daughters dress also in handsome silks. The ladies of the Rockefeller family have the names of being very quiet dressers, but, as a matter of fact, nearly all their gowns are imported. At a musical salon held at their home, not long ago, they were dressed with the greatest magnificence, though so quietly that it would take an expert to tell the value of their gowns. There are other salons in New York. Mrs. Burke-Roche has one, and so also has Mrs. Clarence Mackay, hers being almost entirely literary. The salon is becoming a New York fad. And as soon as the opera season is over, and Lent begins, New York society will settle down to enjoy it.

her son, Winston Churchill. She lectured around the country and invited statesmen to her house. She secured his triumphant election and was thwarted only once by his defeat. Mrs. Platt's Salon. Mrs. T. C. Platt, wife of the political leader, has opened a salon. Perhaps opened is not exactly the term to apply to her charming Monday evening entertainments. Mrs. Platt throws open her house one evening a week to her friends. And not only to her friends, but to her friends' friends. And reaching wider than that, she has thrown open her doors to the friends of her husband all over the world. This means that every visiting foreigner will come to her "evening at home." It means that every man of importance who steps foot in New York will call at the Platt suite of rooms. It means that everyone who is famous and who enjoys hotel life in New York will stop in and pay a visit to the pair who have offered to entertain New York celebrities so hospitably. "What is a salon?" asked Lady Curzon of Mrs. Arthur Paget. "The ladies looked at each other and nodded as though they knew. But the

THE tremendous amount of money that there is in New York city naturally causes a large amount of comment, writes the New York correspondent of the "Cleveland Plain Dealer." Whenever the possessor of some of these fabulous sums permits himself to be seen in public, he is regarded with the same curiosity that would be tendered to Emperor William or President Roosevelt. There are a dozen men in New York city who count their millions by scores; hundreds who possess ten millions, thousands who are above the million mark, and an endless number who can count up a quarter or half a million. In some communities the gentlemen last named would be regarded as very well fixed in a financial way; but in comparison with these larger sums, they seem to amount to nothing at all. It was the late Col. William P. Thompson, of the Standard Oil Company, who left Parkersburg, W. Va., and went to Cleveland for a time, and then moved to New York. Some one spoke to him on one occasion as being one of the moneyed men of New York city. The colonel laughed and answered: "When I lived in West Virginia, the people about me regarded me as a very rich man. When I took myself and my money to Cleveland, I was regarded as well-to-do, but nowhere near the large number of men who were there regarded as rich. When we were transplanted to New York, I found that in a financial sense, I was nobody. My small accumulations had shrunk to almost nothing in comparison with those whom New York regarded as rich men." "Western Millionaires." New York city has gained immensely in the volume of its financial possessions in the last few years. Some one creation of the trusts. Thousands of men who have been made rich, rich in the widest acceptance of the term, by these combinations, have removed to New York as the center of finance of the United States. Some of them have come because their business called them here, and others because they regarded New York as the Mecca of ambitious financiers, and the place in which their money would bring them more than could be obtained elsewhere in the United States. Some of these men brought with them nothing but their money, while others are men of gigantic intellect, social standing and of the highest culture. But with their genius for generalization, whether the results arrived at are logical or not, New York has lumped all these individuals in one mass and refers to them generally as "the new Western millionaires." Some of these gentlemen have had such immense possessions that they



MISS GOULD'S DINING ROOM WHERE GATHER THE CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY

truth is, that there has been no real salon in existence for more than a century. The ambassadors' wives undertook to establish a salon and one season the wives of the Cabinet officers tried to have such a form of welcome for their friends. But it turned out to be a ghastly failure. People came who were not wanted. And those who were wanted stayed away. But Mrs. Platt's salon is successful. She has politicians specially, and the Depews are her warmest friends. Perhaps the most interesting salon in New York—and one of the most exclusive ones—is that held at the home of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. Her salon is a musical one. She plays the piano, her daughters play the violin. Mr. Rockefeller plays sometimes the violin and sometimes the cello. And so the orchestra is made up. It is a very interesting one, representing many millions. Rockefeller Music Mad. At the Rockefeller house one meets educational people. But by far the greatest number are musical critics. "The Rockefellers are music mad," their friends say. And each night they have a full-blown orchestra in full blast. One evening a week, however, is devoted to their friends. A New York hostess who has a charming salon is Mrs. Edwin Gould. Her husband is "the quiet Gould," and probably the richest of the family. While the others are spending money lavishly and living upon palatial yachts, Edwin Gould, the third son, lives quietly at his home up the Hudson, Ardsley Towers, a seeping house with his wife and babies. The Goulds come into town for a few months in the winter, and while here, their home is the center of a very charming group. Mrs. Gould sings very prettily, and her salons are social centers. They are not particularly intellectual, not particularly educational, not particularly anything at all but social. Mrs. Gould, who was the daughter of Dr. George F. Shady, physician to both the Garfield and the McKinley, has all her friends one night a week, and to her husband's friends. All are given to understand that not only they, but their friends, are welcome. This brings a great number there every Thursday evening. To have a salon, one must needs dress elegantly. Mrs. Gould rather affects the extreme style of dress. Though she dresses in elegant taste, her gowns are of the French creation. She wears an exquisite opera cloak thrown around her shoulders. It is brocaded with silk and trimmed with sable. Her hair is always elaborately styled. Mrs. Drexel at her salon wears her jewelry and is gowned in magnificence. She is partial to pearls and wears a wonderful string of them around her throat. Each pearl is as big as your finger, and all are lustrous and creamy. She has a double string which winds twice around her shoulders. In this exquisite adornment she is dressed every salon night. Mrs. T. C. Platt affects the plain style of dress. She is a young woman and she loves to dress with simplicity. She likes the needlework dresses and the simple but tasteful white robes which are worn by women with good figures. She dresses always in white, for it is the color that is most becoming to her. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller has a fancy for dressing in heavy silks, and her daughters dress also in handsome silks. The ladies of the Rockefeller family have the names of being very quiet dressers, but, as a matter of fact, nearly all their gowns are imported. At a musical salon held at their home, not long ago, they were dressed with the greatest magnificence, though so quietly that it would take an expert to tell the value of their gowns. There are other salons in New York. Mrs. Burke-Roche has one, and so also has Mrs. Clarence Mackay, hers being almost entirely literary. The salon is becoming a New York fad. And as soon as the opera season is over, and Lent begins, New York society will settle down to enjoy it.

What James Henry Smith was permitted to do, Thomas Philander Jones, or Elias P. Johnson can do, provided he has money enough. Thus the hope dwells eternally in the breast of the arriving "Western millionaire" and millionaires that they may be permitted by fortunate deals in Wall Street or elsewhere eventually to accumulate enough money to make themselves solid members of the "Four Hundred"—four hundred by name only, and, as a matter of fact, somewhere near four thousand. Breaking Into Society. This breaking into society in New York by the use of a club made of solid gold was inaugurated by the former Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt at a time when the Vanderbilts had not been admitted to the inside ranks of fashionable New York. Mrs. Vanderbilt had decided that the time had come when a family possessing the wealth and influence which her people possessed should not be looked down upon by those who sometimes were compelled to wait for street cars while the Vanderbilt carriages splashed by. Like the late lamented Hans Breitmann, she "gave a party, and it was a party, too." It was conducted upon such magnificent lines, the expenditure was so lavish, the promises of festal gorgeousness were so immense, that not even the most exclusive of the exclusive set could stand out against them. New York surrendered upon receipt of the first invitation, and when it was learned that Mrs. Astor—the Mrs. Astor—had consented to accept an invitation and to grace the occasion by her presence and brighten it up by her smile of approval, there was danger of the society people of the city would be, like Ikey, "killed in the crush." Dollars a Requisite. Mrs. Vanderbilt's ball was an immense success, and from that day to this it has been understood that all that was necessary to get into society was the possession of enough dollars. Thus plain, modest and unknown James Henry Smith became one of the lions of society immediately when it was known that an uncle in London had departed from these shores forever and left him sole possessor of \$4,000,000. Since that moment Mr. Smith has been in the swim up to his ears, owns one of the most magnificent houses on Fifth Avenue, is one of the leading spirits at "Luxeado, and is said to be the daily recipient of diplomatic suggestions from fond mothers as to his immediate need of a gracious wife to preside over his magnificent mansion.

DR. ELIOT WAS ABSENTMINDED. Once when there was a vacancy in the Massachusetts bishopric Dr. Phillips Brooks was the most likely candidate. The dear of the theological school in Cambridge, Dr. Lawrence, during the course of a walk with Dr. Eliot of Harvard, began a discussion of the situation. "Do you think Brooks will be elected?" asked the other. "Well, no," said Dr. Eliot, "a second or third-rate man right here in Boston." Phillips Brooks was elected, and a short time thereafter Dr. Eliot and Dr. Lawrence were again talking of the matter. "Aren't you glad Brooks was elected?" said the dean. "Yes, I suppose so," replied the absentminded Eliot. "If he wanted it, but to tell the truth, Lawrence, you were my man."—Woman's Home Companion.

WHOM NEW YORK REGARDS AS RICH

There Are a Dozen Men in the Metropolis Who Count Their Millions by Scores—Hundreds Have Ten Millions

THE tremendous amount of money that there is in New York city naturally causes a large amount of comment, writes the New York correspondent of the "Cleveland Plain Dealer." Whenever the possessor of some of these fabulous sums permits himself to be seen in public, he is regarded with the same curiosity that would be tendered to Emperor William or President Roosevelt. There are a dozen men in New York city who count their millions by scores; hundreds who possess ten millions, thousands who are above the million mark, and an endless number who can count up a quarter or half a million. In some communities the gentlemen last named would be regarded as very well fixed in a financial way; but in comparison with these larger sums, they seem to amount to nothing at all. It was the late Col. William P. Thompson, of the Standard Oil Company, who left Parkersburg, W. Va., and went to Cleveland for a time, and then moved to New York. Some one spoke to him on one occasion as being one of the moneyed men of New York city. The colonel laughed and answered: "When I lived in West Virginia, the people about me regarded me as a very rich man. When I took myself and my money to Cleveland, I was regarded as well-to-do, but nowhere near the large number of men who were there regarded as rich. When we were transplanted to New York, I found that in a financial sense, I was nobody. My small accumulations had shrunk to almost nothing in comparison with those whom New York regarded as rich men." "Western Millionaires." New York city has gained immensely in the volume of its financial possessions in the last few years. Some one creation of the trusts. Thousands of men who have been made rich, rich in the widest acceptance of the term, by these combinations, have removed to New York as the center of finance of the United States. Some of them have come because their business called them here, and others because they regarded New York as the Mecca of ambitious financiers, and the place in which their money would bring them more than could be obtained elsewhere in the United States. Some of these men brought with them nothing but their money, while others are men of gigantic intellect, social standing and of the highest culture. But with their genius for generalization, whether the results arrived at are logical or not, New York has lumped all these individuals in one mass and refers to them generally as "the new Western millionaires." Some of these gentlemen have had such immense possessions that they

What James Henry Smith was permitted to do, Thomas Philander Jones, or Elias P. Johnson can do, provided he has money enough. Thus the hope dwells eternally in the breast of the arriving "Western millionaire" and millionaires that they may be permitted by fortunate deals in Wall Street or elsewhere eventually to accumulate enough money to make themselves solid members of the "Four Hundred"—four hundred by name only, and, as a matter of fact, somewhere near four thousand. Breaking Into Society. This breaking into society in New York by the use of a club made of solid gold was inaugurated by the former Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt at a time when the Vanderbilts had not been admitted to the inside ranks of fashionable New York. Mrs. Vanderbilt had decided that the time had come when a family possessing the wealth and influence which her people possessed should not be looked down upon by those who sometimes were compelled to wait for street cars while the Vanderbilt carriages splashed by. Like the late lamented Hans Breitmann, she "gave a party, and it was a party, too." It was conducted upon such magnificent lines, the expenditure was so lavish, the promises of festal gorgeousness were so immense, that not even the most exclusive of the exclusive set could stand out against them. New York surrendered upon receipt of the first invitation, and when it was learned that Mrs. Astor—the Mrs. Astor—had consented to accept an invitation and to grace the occasion by her presence and brighten it up by her smile of approval, there was danger of the society people of the city would be, like Ikey, "killed in the crush." Dollars a Requisite. Mrs. Vanderbilt's ball was an immense success, and from that day to this it has been understood that all that was necessary to get into society was the possession of enough dollars. Thus plain, modest and unknown James Henry Smith became one of the lions of society immediately when it was known that an uncle in London had departed from these shores forever and left him sole possessor of \$4,000,000. Since that moment Mr. Smith has been in the swim up to his ears, owns one of the most magnificent houses on Fifth Avenue, is one of the leading spirits at "Luxeado, and is said to be the daily recipient of diplomatic suggestions from fond mothers as to his immediate need of a gracious wife to preside over his magnificent mansion.

DR. ELIOT WAS ABSENTMINDED. Once when there was a vacancy in the Massachusetts bishopric Dr. Phillips Brooks was the most likely candidate. The dear of the theological school in Cambridge, Dr. Lawrence, during the course of a walk with Dr. Eliot of Harvard, began a discussion of the situation. "Do you think Brooks will be elected?" asked the other. "Well, no," said Dr. Eliot, "a second or third-rate man right here in Boston." Phillips Brooks was elected, and a short time thereafter Dr. Eliot and Dr. Lawrence were again talking of the matter. "Aren't you glad Brooks was elected?" said the dean. "Yes, I suppose so," replied the absentminded Eliot. "If he wanted it, but to tell the truth, Lawrence, you were my man."—Woman's Home Companion.

SOME MIXED METAPHORS

THE "Prize Reciter and Speaker" gives the following instances of a mixing of metaphors by some of our statesmen: Mr. Baifour, in a recent speech, spoke of "an empty theater of unsympathetic auditors." Lord Curzon has remarked that "though not out of the wood we have a good ship." Sir Lowther had Dyke has told how Mr. Lowther "had caught a big fish in his net—and went to the top of the tree for it." Mr. Asquith has lately remarked that "redistribution is a thorny subject which requires delicate handling or it will tread on some people's toes." Mr. Brodrick told the commons that "among the many jarring notes heard in this house on military affairs this subject at least must be regarded as an oasis." But General Buller evidently thinks there is little to be gained by so-called army reform, for he declares that "the army is honey-combed with cliques, and kisses go by favor in this web of ax-grinders." In the debate on the London education bill, Walter Long said: "We are told that by such legislation the heart of the country has been shaken to its very foundations." Before Winston Churchill opposed the present government, he, at a meeting of the Bow and Bromley Conservative Association, commended certain utterances of Lord Rosebery, but said that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman "had not so long on the fence that the iron had entered into his soul." A financial minister has assured the commons that "the steps of the government would go hand-in-hand with the interests of the manufacturer." It was in the words that the government were warned that the constitutional rights of the people were being "trampled upon by the mailed hand of authority." It was the late Sir George Campbell, who said "the pale face of the British empire is the pale face of the world."

NOT THAT FAR. It was on a suburban electric car. The man who traveled for gent's furnishings had succeeded in working up a conversation with the lonesome-looking young woman. He leaned over her and breathed in her ear. "Peaches, I'm taking a little trip to Ann Arbor. Want to go along?" She looked at him. "You are going to Ann Arbor?" "Yes, I'm going to Ann Arbor." But she didn't object to accompanying him to Ann Arbor. Even-