

IN AUBURN-HAIRED BEAUTIES WASHINGTON LEADS THE WORLD.



Mrs. C. H. CUNE
HARRIS-EWING PHOTO

In Street, Theater, and Boudoir Flaming Tresses and Creamy Skin Proclaim the Truth of Count von Hatzfeldt's Assertion.

"Down her white neck, long floating auburn curls, head of which would set ten poets on a rag."
—Don Juan.

AUBURN hair has not only set "poets raving," but it has, since the time of Helen of Troy, played an important part in the making of the world's history.

In its interesting subject always, Washington has found it peculiarly so since in the last few days a diplomat of one of the largest embassies has come out, quite pointedly, in an appreciation of the auburn-haired women of the Capital City.

The diplomat in question is Count Herman von Hatzfeldt, counselor and first secretary of the German embassy, and acceptable as he was before his flattering comments upon Washington women blessed with an abundance of flame-colored hair, he is now doubly so.

In a newspaper article a few days ago Count von Hatzfeldt-Wildenberg declared the "auburn-haired race of American women leads the world in natural beauty of that particular type."

The Count further declares that he saw "more beautiful auburn-haired women in Washington than even in Paris, where the Titian tinge is the latest fad."

And Count von Hatzfeldt-Wildenberg, an official familiar with social life in London, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Paris, and Washington, ought to be an excellent judge. At all events, Washington, with its perfect types of Titian beauty, feels highly complimented at the Count's pronouncement and fully agrees with him.

Walking up and down F street, Washington's little "White Way," any pleasant afternoon, one cannot help but be struck with the number of auburn-haired women, with their matchless complexions and luminous eyes which always accompany such coloring.

Byron's Poetic Reference.

Byron got closer to an adequate description of the wonderful complex-

ions of the women of the auburn hair, than any one before him or since, when he told in Don Juan of "a pure, transparent, pale but radiant face, like to a lighted alabaster vase."

And it would seem that there must be some potent influence of water, sky or air, that so emphasizes the number, beauty and charm of the auburn-haired women of the National Capital.

But Count von Hatzfeldt will have to explain one little item in his appreciation of Washington's auburn-haired cult.

Does he mean that the "Titian tinge," the latest Parisienne fad, is natural, or—beg pardon—applied?

If the former, Washington is certainly ablaze with the peculiar and radiant coloring of the new cult, but, if the latter, we must really ask the Count to count us out. For the Washington girl with the auburn hair, dear Count von Hatzfeldt, is "not colored, she was born that way," as the song goes.

Theaters Aglow.

Now that women sit hatless in the theaters, it is a pleasing sight to look over a large audience at a Saturday matinee, and see row after row of beautifully coiffed hair, and one is immediately struck with the number of heads crowned with the varying shades of from auburn to red, and a burnt-orange red.

One reason that brown is always such a popular color in Washington is doubtless due to the fact that there are so many auburn-haired women here, who effect the shades of fall to heighten the glory of their autumn-colored hair.

Count von Hatzfeldt-Wildenberg, in coming to the conclusion he did, has doubtless roamed over the actual and representative galleries of the world, and it is easy to see what fields he covered, what historical and romantic depths he sounded to justify him in making such a delightful comparison



Miss KOJETTA BRICE
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Mrs. HOWARD MALCOLM KUTCHNIK
ETHEL KROSTVELT'S MUSIC TEACHER

between the gay Gallic capital and the capital of the Yankee girl.

Out of the myth and history, preserved by ancient writers, comes Helen of Troy, the first woman who set the Greeks against the original races of Asia Minor in the siege of Troy. According to ancient chronicles Helen had blue eyes and was dowered with a wealth of saffron hair.

Another character, famous in history, who left a lurid impress on its truth and romance and partly because of the redness of her hair, was Cleopatra, the last love of Mark Antony, who is described as having the blue eyes and the red hair of the Captive races.

Titian's Inspiration.

It was, perhaps, the beautiful and romantic story of Antony and Cleopatra, or perhaps the prevalence of red hair on the shore of Naples, that

led the great painter, Titian, to adopt as his type of beauty the red or Titian-haired marvels of his more marvelous works.

Titian was an idealist. He lived in an age when supernal beauty was supposed to have been derived from the Mother of God. He had read that the women of the house of David had the red-gold hair, as distinguished from the beauty of other Semitic types. He, therefore, assumed, as did Lew Wallace after him, that the Supreme Mother of the Supreme Man should have the hair of the sunset.

The most conspicuous example in modern times of the red-haired cult is Queen Elizabeth of England, famous for her red hair and more famous through Shakespeare's great historical drama, Henry VIII. The Virgin Queen was so partial to her red hair that she would never suffer it through age, to turn silvery, and maintained her sunset coiffure either by chemical process or by a wig, until the day of her death.

Semiramis' Flaming Tresses.

One prominent example of the influence of red hair, is found in the story of Queen Semiramis. The historians attribute her wonderful mastery of the Oriental potentates to the dynamic quality of her red, red hair.

Later than Semiramis was Zenobia—Queen of the East. She was brought to Rome in the triumph of Aurelian, barefoot and clothed in a single garment of semi-transparent silk. When she appeared in the triumphal procession, her gorgeous red hair, which enveloped her like a cloak, elicited the spontaneous applause of the rabble and the envy of the daughters of the Caesars.

And so, from time immemorial, red



Miss BEULAH BOERNSTEIN



Miss HELENE ROMLIN
HARRIS-EWING PHOTO



Miss FLORENCE FLYNN
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Skilled Hunters of the Orient

SEVERAL sportsmen have asked me questions about tracking. Some of the questions have been intelligent and proved that the art has attracted more than the ordinary interest, says a writer in *Bailey's Magazine*. It must be distinctly understood that I do not pretend to be a Sherlock Holmes, but simply an amateur disciple of Oriental hunters. In whom the art of tracking the movements of men and beasts is almost infallible.

Whatever little knowledge I have acquired I am glad to impart, and I will now give one or two illustrations of tracking which merely represent the A. B. C. of the matter.

A friend of long ago said to me: "How is it that you can fairly tell to a day when a tiger passed over the sandy bed of a dry river or dusty footpath?" I explained to him that there were many data to rely on. First, there were human and cattle tracks which the tiger pads had covered, and I knew when those human beings or cattle had traversed the same route. Second, the shape, hot breezes of the jungles gave me information. If the spoor was clear I knew that the beast had moved on the path after the dust storm; if the footprints were partially dimmed I judged otherwise. The breaking of a shed twig over which a beast has trodden likewise conveys information, as a freshly broken twig is

easily dated. The information derived is the result of circumstantial evidence rapidly put together and keen observation.

But I went a stage further than the above, and assured my friend that by tracks I could fairly surmise the length and weight of an individual tiger which had recently trodden on a sandy river bed or dusty footpath.

I described my reasoning as follows: If a tiger has lately trodden on soft, dry earth you will find that the interval between his fore and hind pads will give you an approximate idea of his length. The forepad is totally different from the hind one, as the former has five fingers.

"As to the weight," I said, "when you next find the tracks of a tiger descend on your knees and examine carefully the surroundings of the forepad. A tiger walking on his ordinary way pads the ground with his fore feet, and the concussion created by the pat throws the dust away from around his footprints. A small ditch is thus created adjoining the impressions. The wider that miniature ditch is the heavier the tiger or tigress will prove to be. The hind feet of a tiger or tigress tread the earth in a totally different manner, and hardly any ditch will be found as the hind feet do not 'smack' the ground."

I was very much pleased with the job. What Jay Sing had taught me I had endeavored, with some success, to explain to him.

I will give one more instance of simple tracking which occurred to me

near Delhi in 1892. I was hunting a rather uncommon black bull, one of whose horns was extremely long, while the other, ramlike, described a circle and a half. The animal was very shy, and it was after midday when I had my first chance of getting a shot. Neither the buck nor the long shot is to the point; suffice it to say I hit the animal and wounded him severely. He traveled far, and I had but his spots and a drop of blood at long intervals to guide me.

After tracking him for more than three miles I found myself beside a small lake surrounded with reeds. No one was there except a solitary villager smoking a hookah on a mound. I asked him if he had seen the buck and he replied in the negative. I went around the pond carefully and noted that at one place the earth bore a damp appearance, while it also seemed that some heavy animal had been dragged over the spot toward the water. I examined the place still more carefully and found male antelope horns, both white and black, on the ground. There was no blood that I could discern, but with one other clue I instantly realized the situation.

I ran back to the native and seized him by the arm and said: "Bring that kala buck (black buck) out of the water at once or take the consequences."

The would-be thief did as I demanded without demur. The buck had been shot in the bowels and dropped by the pond. There the native had stoned the remaining life out of the beast and hidden the carcass in a pool. The absence of blood baffled me a little, but the trail of a single horn penciled on the sand was what finally convinced me that my quarry was near at hand and under the water.