

steps from one magnificent palace to another. Take "The Breakers," the residence of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, for example. Here, indeed, is a palace fit for a queen.

There are fifty servants in the great house, and the monthly bills for provisions and groceries are enormous. A great part of the household supplies come from the family's own farm in the country, including milk from Jersey cows of registered lineage, and eggs laid by pedigreed hens. The cooking plant of the Vanderbilt place is similar to that of a hotel, and attached to it is a refrigerating room lined with compartments chilled with ice from above. There is a "cold room" for the manufacture of ices and pastry, and a spacious wine closet connects by an elevator with the wine cellar.

The kitchen is walled with white porcelain tiles and lighted by electricity. The range is thirty feet long, and a miniature railroad carries the coal ashes out of the house. The chef, a Frenchman with a salary of \$5,000 a year, is absolute autocrat of the culinary department, and has under him a skilled pastry cook and a number of women assistants.

Of all the people employed for the serving of a big dinner, perhaps the head butler's duty is the most exacting. There is a servant for every three guests, and another in the pantry runs in the courses. The butler communicates with the chef by electric signal, and there is not an instant's delay, each successive course appearing and vanishing with the utmost celerity. Not more than eighty-five minutes elapse from the seating of the guests until the ladies leave, for dinners are much shorter now than they used to be, and the number of courses is limited. An ordinary dinner, excluding wines, costs about \$18 a head, and at that figure, Mrs. Vanderbilt can provide a repast that would have made Lucullus and his fastidious table cronies delirious with joy.

Freak dinner fads.

BUT the fads of multi-millionaires of a certain class have brought to pass the hundred-dollar-a-plate dinner—a function which depends more for its success upon artists and mechanical geniuses than upon the marvelous creations of Monsieur Francois. Even nightingales tongues washed down with the rarest and costliest wines would not total up such a fabulous amount as a hundred dollars for each guest.

At a millionaire residence not long ago there was given a dinner in which the guests were seated in a corner of Venice. The doors along the corridor at the side of the great dining room were removed, and in their places balustrades were set to give the appearance of Venetian balconies. Beyond stretched a transparency 150 feet long and twenty feet high, showing most realistically a street in the city of canals. Between this and the dining room was a waterway on which was a gondola with a party of troubadours, who played and sang as they passed to and fro. At one end of the room in which the tables were placed a beautiful garden of growing palms and flowers had been laid out, with a fountain in the center, which tossed its light spray almost to the ceiling. Thousands of tinted electric lights shed a soft blue illumination over the whole, giving the effect of Italian twilight.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs recently gave a white ball in her pretty Newport villa of white plaster. The invitations commanded the guests to wear white. The effect was startlingly beautiful, as most of the women wore white wigs, and the eighteenth century fashions were revived.

Not all selfishness.

BUT it is by no means true that Newport is given up to selfish amusement. There are many charitable fetes held in the grounds of the summer colony, where prominent society women may be seen selling cream and butter from their own dairies, and dainty baskets of fruit and flowers, and there are many charity concerts at the Casino.

Children's parties are a conspicuous feature of the Newport season. Everything is carefully arranged before hand, an expert "amuser" being usually engaged to conduct the entertainment. Unfortunately, the children are given so many prizes that they grow to expect them at every step, and come home so loaded with gifts as to suggest the wisdom of hiring a wagon to carry their new possessions.

On Bellevue avenue every pleasant afternoon, there is a magnificent display of vehicles of every description, but there is not one of them approaching in splendor the extraordinary turn-out of a millionaire, now dead, and whom I will not name out of respect for his democratic relatives.

It consisted of a low barouche drawn by four spirited thoroughbreds, with postillions mounted on the left or "near" horse of each pair. Two footmen in extreme livery were suspended from a high seat on the back of the carriage, technically called the ramble. The barouche was lined with rich satin damask, and the outside trimmings were of heavy gilt. The postillions were dressed in buckskin breeches and high top boots, with black silk velvet jackets, and caps highly ornamented with gold lace. Their livery was imported at a

cost of about one thousand dollars a suit. The horses were valued at \$25,000, the carriage at \$5,000, and the harness and other trappings at \$3,000. When this royal cortege made its appearance on Bellevue avenue with Mr. B., all other vehicles instinctively gave way, as though the occupant was indeed a "crowned head."

Tennis is the thing at Newport, the women having their tournaments as well as the men on the beautiful lawns of the Casino. After tennis comes a plunge in the surf, for sea bathing is again in vogue at the private beaches, where specialists instruct the young people in the gentle art of swimming. Golf is not so popular as formerly. The great event of the season, however, is the horse show, which takes place in September.

The natural advantages of Newport alone make it a charming spot, for there is a rare beauty in the land, its trees, grass, and shrubs; a surpassing charm in the air and sky, and a fascination in the sea and its blue waters studded with gem-like isles. The walks and drive on the bluffs overlooking the sea and bay have a charm that never fails to win the admiration of all who gaze upon the view, and the picturesque bits of scenery on land and coast would satisfy the demands of the most artistic imagination.

A new "stunt" in entertaining.

AMONG the social endeavors of last season at Newport were plantation dinners, and in the past there have been balls with circus features at the "farms" of Reginald and Alfred Vanderbilt, and fair and lawn fetes, where the young women have appeared as Swiss peasants and dairymaids. Shortly after Count Boni de Castellane married Anna Gould he gave a celebrated oriental fete to the entire Newport set, and this affair, with its accoutrements and rare foods, really marked the beginning of extraordinary entertainments at Newport.

While Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt were living at Beaulieu, the William Waldorf Astor villa, they brought an entire theatrical company from New York, and a stage was erected on the lawn. "The Wild Rose" had been playing successfully at the Knickerbocker theatre, and Mrs. Vanderbilt arranged for the transfer of the entire company, scenery and costumes, to Newport.

Inchiquin villa, which was rented by Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones, was the scene of a dance which surpassed all previous records for elaborateness. Florists, caterers and decorators, surpassed themselves in beautifying the lawns and

verandas with illuminated pagodas, the lighting effect being similar to that of a Venetian fete.

As evidence that the summer residents of Newport are not so self-centered as some people suppose, an incident that took place at the early part of this season may be cited. Newport, for some time, has badly needed public playgrounds for the children, but the local people could not seem to raise enough money to carry out the scheme. Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt heard of the difficulty, and talked the matter over with other society women. As a result, it was decided to have a tag day.

A millionaire tag day.

MRS. Vanderbilt was at the headquarters at the city hall early on May 31, with her largest automobile. As soon as the announcement that tag day was opened was made, she filled her car with boy and girl volunteers and ordered her chauffeur to drive to the summer resident section. Ochre Point and Bellevue avenue composed her district, although many of the villas were not open so early. Before the day was up she and her assistants had collected nearly five thousand dollars. The money was obtained by the sale of tags, the nominal price of which was five cents, but for which larger amounts up to any figure were accepted.

I have mentioned the dinner to Consul, the chimpanzee. There was quite a craze at one time for animal entertainments at Newport. A tame ape acted as chief entertainer on a certain rich man's yacht, sitting up to dinner in a baby's high chair with a napkin pinned round his hairy throat. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr came into possession of a white cockatoo which they frequently took with them to the Casino concerts.

One of the most amusing episodes in the annals of Newport was that of the rag doll. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Oelrichs, and Harry Lehr appeared at the Casino one morning carrying an old-fashioned and comical looking rag doll. It was just a little private joke, but unfortunately a photographer with a camera concealed in his pocket, and with the lens exposed through a hole, caught the rag doll trio, and sold the photograph to all the New York newspapers.

Another harmless caper of some of the younger women was to appear on Bellevue avenue in the morning, with their hair streaming over their shoulders. It was the same set who inaugurated the fad of wearing dark veils half covering their faces, in Persian fashion, in which Oriental style they played tennis.

How a Puma Played Policeman

TRAVELERS have won an evil reputation for making

By Dewey Austin Cobb

their stories interesting at the expense of truth," said the man who had just returned from a two years' trip in the Amazonian forests, where he had gone to learn the advisability of trying to draw upon that country's inexhaustible lumber supplies to take the place of our own almost exhausted resources, "but in my own experience, there are things I have never dared tell, for fear of being set down a weaver of romances. The feud existing between the jaguar and the puma is a case in point, and what is still more remarkable, and so far as I know, unparalleled among wild creatures, is the puma's affection for human beings.

"When I reached Brazil this was all new to me, but I have since found that it has long ago been recorded by naturalists.

"On our way to Santarem we had to cross a campo, three miles wide, before reaching the river, and it was there no uncommon thing for a puma to precede or follow one, keeping within easy rifle shot, and if ahead, stopping occasionally to see if his convoy was still following. When we came in sight of houses, he would double on his trail, and trot back.

"One of the overseers on the plantation I visited was a Brazilian named Melendez. He had a little girl, Juanna, five years old, when this incident occurred. About half a mile away from the home of the planter, and reached by a crude wood-road through the forest, there was an Indian family living on a small roca made just outside the plantation boundary. The wife of this man, known as 'Jo,' was a nurse, often employed where doctors are not within call. She had nursed little Juanna through measles, whooping cough and other children's ailments, wherefore Juanna was greatly attached to her.

"On the day of her strange adventure, the little girl had stolen away alone in the afternoon, when every one else was busy in the fields or mill, and was not missed until supper time, when the superintendent assembled the men to check off the day's work, as is done nightly on large plantations. Her parents surmised where she had gone, and her father at once started to find her.

"The sun had set, and it was growing dark, for there is no twilight near the equator. He had just reached the point where the heavy timber grew, when he was terrified to hear a frightful

outburst of snarls and screams, like that made by fighting cats, only in heavier

voices, in the direction he was going. His first thought naturally was that two oncas were fighting out a disputed claim to prey; and at the thought of what that prey might be, he was paralyzed for a moment. Then he rushed forward. He had gone but a few steps when the sounds of the conflict ceased, and a few seconds later he heard the patter of Juanna's feet, as she ran as swiftly as she could toward him. Then she burst into sight, hat gone and hair flying.

"Not twenty feet behind her, loping along easily, was a puma! And such a puma! Blood was flowing from a frightful wound in his cheek and had dyed his yellow sides and legs crimson. He showed neither surprise nor fear, but sat down on its haunches, and stared at the two. Melendez raised the gun, which he had taken from habit, as he came out of the house, but before he could take aim, Juanna seized his arm, crying, 'Not that one, papa, he kept the spotted one away from me, and see how he is hurt!' At the words 'other one' Melendez looked back, just in time to see a huge onca slinking into the woods.

"It appeared from the account Juanna gave of her adventure, on the way home, that she had gone but a little way after leaving her old nurse, when she saw a great onca trotting along the road behind her. She was frightened and began to run; but the onca increased his pace at once to an easy trot, and closed in nearer and nearer to her in spite of her efforts to get away. It had come almost within springing reach when the puma burst into the road just ahead, and, dashing past her, brushing her clothes as it did so, engaged the onca in a life and death struggle. Too frightened to run, Juanna stood still and watched. For what seemed a long time, they rolled over and over, screaming. Their movements were so swift that she could get no idea which would be victorious, but at last the puma broke away, and ran back toward her, there turning to watch his adversary, who slowly continued to approach. By this time, Juanna had understood that the puma had saved her life, and approached it to pet it, but though it showed no fear, it would not permit her to touch it, keeping just beyond her reach. The onca had continued to approach, and Juanna, fearing another conflict and that her champion might suffer further injury, had started again to run when her father met her."