# LEADERS OF "SOCIETY"

## Men and Women Who Have Dominated the American Aristocracy of Blood and Wealth.

## MANY REQUISITES FOR THE POSITION

### Mrs. William Astor Had Natural Advan'a es, but Mrs. Paran Stevens Ruled Solely Through the Force of Her Will—Ward McAllis'er and Harry Lehr E ch Hav: Had Undisputed Sway—Look for New Queen.

New York.—The struggles of men and women of America to win the title of society leader of this country, which in this connection is New York, has for years been as bitter and as earnest as any of the intrigues of the old French court. In the endeavor to be acknowledged by the so-called Four Hundred as the local head of gay functions, millions of dollars have been spent, plots and counter-plots hatched, and finally such sensationalism resorted to as have made the names of Ward McAllister and Harry Lehr known. Each succeeding year has seen some new candidate enter the field for the coveted honor, and each year has seen new exploits which have fairly taken the breath away from the great mass of people who look on and laugh or wonder.

For a good many years now, ever since the death of Mrs. Paran Stevens, in fact, Mrs. William Astor has undoubtedly been supreme. Lesser lights have shone for a few seasons, perhaps, but their brilliancy has been only that of the planets in the light of the moon. Mrs. Astor has been in reality the balance wheel which has kept the social machine moving steadily, if at high speed. Of all who have held her position, she has undoubtedly been the sanest.

**Had Many Advantages.**

She came to the position with unlimited wealth, with a stainless name and ripe judgment. Gracious, big-hearted, and of warm sympathies, she has won the respect of the social world over which she has ruled through storm and stress for almost half a century. Her life has been filled with brilliant successes.

Before her marriage to the wealthy William Astor she was Miss Caroline Schermerborn, daughter of a Knickerbocker family which ruled in the old days. When Mrs. Astor made her debut in New oYrk, her father gave a coming-out ball, the like of which at that time had not been surpassed.

Almost from the day of her marriage she found herself obliged to fight vigorously for her title of social leader. The first contest came with Mrs. William Waldorf Astor and resulted in a feud which is history. Then came the scandal in connection with her eldest daughter's husband, J. Coleman Drayton, resulting in a divorce. But the Waldorf Astors sided with Mr. Drayton in the dispute, and so another contest was started, in which, as in the first, Mrs. William Astor was the victor. It was the bitterness resulting from this that sent William Waldorf Astor to England, where he has remained ever since.

**She Has Been Democratic.**

In a way, Mrs. Astor has been most democratic. Her power has been absolute, and in the course of her long career she has opened the doors of society to many new families, and has closed them to many who for years had enjoyed such privileges as their right.

"I am always willing," she once said, "to admit to my list and to my house people who, if they are not old New Yorkers, have now a right to position, and who are presentable and agreeable members of society, but I must first be personally convinced that they possess these qualifications, and, at the same time, I must decline to drop anyone from my list ever entitled to be upon it, save only when they have dishonored their position. Loss of fortune is no disgrace, and owners of good names should not be asked to forfeit the last, at least, for any such cause."

For a few years she was forced by family afflictions to retire from society, but when she chose again to step forward, she assumed her old position. Of recent years her most famous function was the dinner to Prince Henry, when 79 guests besides the royal party were present. On that occasion everything was framed in a magnificence limited only by faultless good taste. It was the nearest approach to the American salon to which the royal visitor could have been bidden.

Now that Mrs. Astor is reaching a period in life when it can hardly be expected that she can endure the nerve-wracking strain, the world of society is beginning to speculate about who shall succeed her. Many of the old leaders are being recalled. From a review of their lives it would seem that, after all, the title depends more upon a strong personality than it does upon any inherited position.

**How Mrs. Stevens Ruled Society.**

Seldom is the force, the irresistible power, of a woman's will, more convincingly exemplified than in the career of the former notable society leader, Mrs. Paran Stevens. Unaided by any of the agencies ordinarily thought requisite in such a fight, she won the position that she selected for herself against the stubborn traditions of a society peculiarly insular in its sentiments and provincial prejudices.

Born in Lowell, the daughter of Judge Reed, she was educated there and in Boston. It was while in a finishing school in Boston that she met Miss Stevens, the daughter of Paran Stevens, the famous hotel keeper. The latter was known as the Vanderbilt of the hotel business, owning hostelries throughout the country. He fell in love with the pretty chum of his daughter, and finally succeeded in winning her hand. The first few years of their married life were passed in France, and it was not until after the birth of a son and daughter that Mrs. Stevens came to New York, to begin a social campaign unequaled in the history of America.

It was partly through her efforts that the famous Ward McAllister was launched. This man was born in Savannah, Ga. He was of the bluest American blood, but without money. From the day Ward McAllister married Miss Gibbons, who was possessed of a comfortable fortune, he set about the task of entering New York society. His first bow to the public was his announcement that there were only 400 people in fashionable society. His first social achievement was his meeting with the Prince of Wales in 1860.

**Became Society Autocrat.**

Later Mr. McAllister took a house at Newport, and at once made himself a power there. From 1872 to 1885 he grew in power, and gained the title of which he was always proud, "the autocrat of the drawing room." This distinction he bore without dispute until the Washington centennial celebration, when he quarreled with Mr. Fish about the arrangements for the ball and resigned from the entertainment committee.

In order to demonstrate his supremacy, Mr. McAllister made arrangements for a New Year's ball, which he carried out with success. He championed Mrs. William Astor in her feud with Mrs. Waldorf Astor, and thereby won the friendship of that leader. Almost to the day of his death his word was final on all matters appertaining to good form and etiquette. His words of advice or criticism carried weight, whether uttered about the horse shows, in which he took great interest as a society function, or about a fashionable private reception. His book, "Society As I Have Found It," was a burning topic during the fall of 1890.

It was he who originated the Patriarchs' balls, dances given at Delmonico's by 50 representatives of New York families, each of whom subscribed $100. The honor of being allowed to subscribe was eagerly sought after, while an invitation was a passport into the best New York society.

Ward McAllister died in 1895, looked upon by many as a man who really served a useful purpose in life, and ridiculed by many others. At any rate he was a power and laws that he laid down are still in force.

**Harry Lehr Is Very Different.**

Of all recent men, the one who the most closely resembles this former leader is Harry Lehr, although he has neither the intellect nor the social standing of the former. He has been called the clown of society, and been laughed to scorn in the papers, but however that may be, he is evidently pleasing to society and occupies a unique position.

Where McAllister made his reputation as a skilful organizer, Lehr has made his mark as a freak entertainer. By birth he is a German, the son of a German consul, who went to Baltimore and died, leaving his son penniless. By occupation he is a champagne agent. His accomplishments are many; he sings well enough to amuse a small audience; he dances well; he leads cotillons successfully and he is a good story teller. He is always willing to make a fool of himself, if only it will raise a roar of laughter. He chooses designs for and intelligently criticises women's gowns and he is a social diplomat.

Mr. Lehr has done many eccentric things which have won him notoriety. It was he who introduced the monkey dinner and carried it to a triumphant conclusion. He was ringmaster at Mrs. Oelrich's circus, and introduced punching bags at the pavilions at Bailey's beach, Newport. He was the first to take a parrot out automobiling, and the first to do a great many other unusual things. However, he was for some reason indorsed by Mrs. Astor and from that day has been a fixture.

**Who Shall Now Be Leader?**

And now who among the women will succeed to the position still occupied by Mrs. Astor, should she wish to step out? Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has many champions. She has one of the best houses in New York and knows how to do many things. She has talent and a grace that captivates. She has the art of manners, and, moreover, has a good brain. She had the opportunity to learn the art of success scientifically from approved models. Year after year, as a girl, she visited the courts of Europe, and the friendships she formed there will stand her in good stead.

Mrs. Ogden Mills has been mentioned, but her feud with Mrs. Belmont is still remembered, and this in itself would be a handicap. Then there are Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. John Jacob Astor.

It would seem that whoever succeeds Mrs. Astor will do so more by the logic of events than because of any strong effort on her own part.

## KEEPING YOUR TRADE SOLID

### Important Point Is to Gain Confidence of Merchant With Whom You Have Dealings—Catering to a Man's Hobby

By Charles N. Crowdson.
(Author of "Tales of the Road," Etc.)

"The thing to do in handling your customer is to gain his confidence," began the necktie man, "and the next thing to do is to hold his confidence. I've been going over my territory for a good many years and I flatter myself that I have as solid a line of customers as any man out in this country, I know, to be honest about it, that there are lots of lines of goods out here that are on a par with mine, and there is no reason why my customers, as far as values of goods are concerned, might not as well buy their goods elsewhere. At the same time, my customers stick to me."

"I wish I had my trade as solid as you have," remarked the hat man.

"Well, I try to treat my trade right," continued the necktie man. "Now, for instance, I was up in the Black Hills last time just about the time I was winding up. I was about a week late and my customer had been waiting for me to buy some Fourth of July neckties. He was running very short on them. When I reached town I didn't even have time to telegraph in and get some stuff out to him. I was really sorry about this, but he had been a faithful customer, in fact gave me every cent in his line. I was lucky, though, in having quite a number of 'outs,' so, after he had given me his regular bill, I not only put the outs in a pile, but threw on top of them a whole lot more samples I could spare. You know I carry my line all made up instead of trying to work the confidence game and getting my customers to buy from swatches—small samples no bigger than the palm of your hand. The prices on the samples ranged from $4.50 to $6 a dozen, and there were a few $9 goods among them. 'Now, look here,' I said to my customer, 'you have been on the square with me and have been waiting for me. I can't get out anything in time for the Fourth, but I'll just let you have this bunch of samples over here. They will help you out a good deal. Are they worth anything to you?' 'I can use them in my sale; they are worth $4 a dozen to me,' answered he. 'They would make a bully good 50-cent line.' 'Well, I can't let you have them at that price,' I answered, but you may have 'them at $3.50.' There were nine dozen in all. I would just as soon have gone down into my friend's pocket and taken out $4.50 as to have charged him $4 a dozen for those ties, because my customary price on samples was only $3.50."

**Saving Customer Money.**

"Well, it isn't everybody that will appreciate a thing like that," remarked the grocery man. "I know I once struck a fellow who wanted to buy an opening bill in my line. He had been carrying clothing and dry goods and everything of that sort, but didn't know anything about my business. He wanted to put in a line with which to fight a competitor who had been an exclusive grocer, but who had put in a general line of goods. I was making a special trip on pipes that time and had a large case of samples with me. These I had in the back end of his store, so when we got down to pipes—I had rather made an estimate of all the other stuff for him—I thought it best for him to pick out the line. Just as I had spread out the samples on the counter a messenger boy came in and told me that a man from a neighboring town wanted me at the telephone. I was gone at the telephone office about half an hour, and when I came back my customer had laid out enough pipes for an exclusive store on Broadway. 'Well, give us about a dozen each of these, I guess,' he said. 'We have a big Irish settlement west of here. 'Well, Irish or no Irish,' I replied, 'you don't want all those pipes. If you will cut down about half of them and say six each, that would be a little more like it,' and I cut down his pipe order at least three-fourths. And do you know I never sold that son of a gun another sou. After that I made up my mind that I would let a man have all he wanted."

"Well, you can work your game as much as you please," remarked the necktie man. "While I may lose out a little once in awhile my way, I am going to keep on playing the old system, and if a customer wishes to order from me a little more than I think he really needs, I am going to suggest to him that he do not take so much."

**Best System in the End.**

"And you will find," remarked Brewster, the merchant, "that is the right system. I know in my buying I like to have the salesman who is waiting on me make suggestions. Now, I must not only buy underwear from Gaylord and dry goods from Watkins, but a dozen more lines of goods. The salesmen on the road are specialists in their lines of business, and I find that they help me a great deal. Once in awhile I find a fellow who wants to ram me full, but he injures himself when he does so, because I won't let the same dog bite me twice."

"Well, you can handle some customers that way," remarked the furnishing goods man, "but not all of them. I have many who let me pick out their goods for them, but I have one that I let almost absolutely alone. You cannot handle every customer alike. When I first struck this man and told him my business, he said: 'Now, I'll buy some goods from you if you'll just let me have my way. The fellow I've been dealing with always wants to buy for me. My money is to pay for what I buy, and I want to have the fun of picking it out.'

"So I had my trunks thrown in his store, after supper, and when I opened my samples so they could be got at. I took a seat down by the stove and literally left this man and his clerk to pick out the bill. He went through the stuff a line at a time, throwing out what he wanted, and as he finished with one line he would call to me to write it down. That's the way I've been selling him ever since. In handling a customer there is a great deal in finding out how he himself likes to be handled."

**Handling a "Grouch."**

"Did you ever strike a fellow," asked Watkins, "who had a spite against one of the landlords in town and would not buy goods from you if you stopped at that man's hotel? I run against a snag of that kind every once in awhile."

"Well, what do you do, Watkins?" asked Brewster, the merchant.

"I try to make peace if I can. If I cannot do that, unless my customer is an old one and has good cause for a grudge, I usually hunt some one else to do business with. In a case of this kind you can count on it that it is easier to find a new customer than to pack up your samples and move to another hotel. As a rule, I like to do business with a man who has a hobby. If I can find out what a man's hobby horse is, I always try to jump up behind, but I draw the line on a fellow who won't deal with you if you stop at the wrong hotel. His hobby horse is too weak-backed to tote double."

"Yes, but it's a good idea to stand in with your customer," remarked the grocery man.

"But it is better," replied Brewster, "to have your customer feel that he should stand in with you. In handling your customer, if possible, accept a favor, rather than give one."

"And there is another thing that a man must not do," began Watkins. "It is forgetting an old customer who has gone out of business. Once in awhile a merchant will come to feel that he would rather feed a thrashing machine when the thermometer is 104 than measure calico. But after they sell out to try something else for awhile, nine times out of ten they go back into business, and when they do, they will always appreciate the man who remembered them when they had no goods to buy.

"I used to have a customer who finally sold out his store and started to raising chickens. For three years, every time I visited his town, I would ring him up on the 'phone and have him come in to take dinner with me or else go out to his house and take a squint at his domineckers. He would invariably say to me: 'Watkins, confound you, you know, I appreciate a little visit with you. A whole lot of the boys, who were good fellows when I bought goods, have dropped me now that I'm not in the business, one by one until there are only a few of them left. I'm going to fool a big bunch of them pretty soon. I'm getting tired of whitewashing hen houses to keep the mites away, and I think next spring I shall start up a business shack like I used to have. That's when some of the boys will come back and want to be sweet again, but just watch me give a few of them the wrinkled brow.'"

**As Friend to Friend.**

"Ah, you bet!" exclaimed the furnishing goods man. "The right thing to do in handling your customer is to be a man with him—just a man—that's all. I think a great deal of a man who gives me his business. A man's heart and his pocketbook are not far apart.

"Mr. Brewster, you know we boys on the road become very much attached to many of our customers. The traveling man and his customers, after many years of dealing, draw close to one another. Of course we ofttimes get a hard bump on the head from those we think to be our friends, and I myself try to avoid too close a friendship with my customers. At the same time, I cannot help it once in awhile. Now, take a case like this: I had a man who had given me more or less of his business for two or three years, but one year he had just about cut me out altogether, so when I went out to Omaha, which wasn't far from where he is in business, instead of going out to his town, I dropped him a line. I thought he was going to pass me up anyhow, and, you know, when we don't wish to make a town or think there is nothing in it, we write or 'phone a customer."

"That's a good way to lose one, too," put in Watkins.

"Sure thing!" continued the furnishing goods man. "Write a man or 'phone him if you want to lose him. Well, a reply came addressed in a lady's hand. My customer's wife wrote me that her husband was sick in the hospital in Omaha. She was at the hospital with him. I got the letter only an hour or so before my train left. I had my ticket bought and sleeper paid for, and I had been away from home for about three months. I couldn't go out to the hospital, but I did go down to the florist's and sent out a nice bunch of flowers to my customer's wife and wrote her a note saying I trusted her husband would soon be up and on his feet again. That was just a simple thing to do, and I would have done this just the same had the man been in the drug business instead of in my line. The next time I was in Omaha, I found a letter from this man, asking me to 'phone him. I did so and he came down and bought from me his complete bill of goods."

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**Pet Names for Burglars' Tools.**

Why does the burglar call the tool with which he opens windows and doors a "jimmy?" No one seems to be sure. Perhaps it is merely a pet name. The French burglar calls his jimmy "Frere Jacques," which is first cousin to "Jimmy."

She—But, professor, what do you recommend for preserving the voice?

The Professor—Rest, madame, absolute rest.


## INSOMNIA CURED

**Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Wrecked Nerves to Normal Condition and Good Health Followed.**

The sufferer from sleeplessness too often resorts to habit-forming drugs in order to secure the coveted rest. But sleep obtained by the use of opiates is not refreshing and the benefit is but temporary at best.

Mrs. H. A. Fletcher, of 59 Blodget street, Manchester, N. H., is living evidence of the truth of this statement. She says: "I received a shock of an apoplectic character. It was so severe that the sight of my right eye was affected, causing me to see objects double. I was confined to my bed about four weeks, at one time being told by the doctor that I could not get well. When I could leave my bed I was in such a nervous state that I could not sleep at night. I would get up and sit on a chair until completely tired out and then go back to bed and sleep from exhaustion.

"I had been under the doctor's care for six weeks when my sister, Mrs. Loveland, of Everett, persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I began taking the pills with the result that I soon experienced relief. One night soon after taking them I lay awake only a short time and the next night I rested well. From that time I slept well every night and soon got well and strong. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a number of times, and my niece has taken them for weak nerves and poor blood and found them very beneficial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many severe nervous troubles, headache, neuralgia and sciatica as well as diseases of the blood such as anæmia, rheumatism, pale and sallow complexions and many forms of weakness. All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.


The people are losing much of life where the prophets are afraid of losing life.

Carpets can be colored on the floor with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Ask your druggist. 10c per package.

**Vast Area of Empire.**

The United Kingdom measures 121,089 square miles; the British empire covers 11,908,378 square miles.


**You Don't Have to Wait.**

Every dose makes you feel better. Lax-Fos keeps your whole inside right. Not one gripe in a full bottle. Sold on the money back plan everywhere. Price 50 cents.


Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit and seldom draw to their full extent. —Walpole.

WANTED.—For U. S. Army, able-bodied, unmarried men, between ages of 21 and 35; citizens of United States, of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write English; for information apply to recruiting officer, 126 N. Court, Memphis, Tenn.; 236 Main, Jonesboro, Ark.; Corinth, Miss.; Hickman, Ky.

Dick (looking at picture-book)—"I wonder what the Noahs did with themselves all day long in the Ark?" Mabel—"Fished, I should think." Bobbie—"They didn't fish for long." Dick and Mabel—"Why not?" Bobbie—"Well, you see, there were only two worms!"—Punch.


**$100 Reward, $100.**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.


**After Many Trials.**

Johnny had been fighting. His mother was telling him of the evils of resorting to violence to obtain redress for a wrong.

"I don't care," said Johnny, "he took my ball."

"Did you try to get it from him peaceably?"

"Yes'm."

"How many times did you try, Johnnie?"

"I tried once, twice, thrice and force; and I didn't get the ball till the last trial."

**Boston Society Fad.**

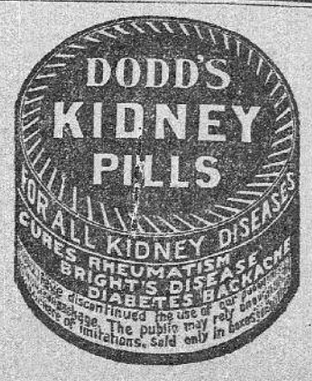
Dealers in pet stock say that suburban residents of Boston are adopting as the latest fad the raising of game chickens. The stately carriage and brilliant plumage of these belligerent fowls make them valuable for decorative purposes on the lawn to people who would, however, never dream of putting their combative qualities to the test. The dealers are prophesying that before long the old-time fancy of keeping gamecocks chained with silver chains on the lawns of country houses will be revived.—Boston Record.

**His Monument.**

There has been set in a cemetery in Orwell, Oswego county, N. Y., as the memorial of a lumberman, framed of granite and marble, the exact reproduction in miniature of a sawmill in the town of Redfield, which was owned by the deceased.

On the scale of an inch to the foot, the mill is complete in every detail, being provided with saws, carriages, rollers to carry off the sawed lumber, skids with three logs placed thereon ready to roll on the carriage car, which is loaded with lumber.

So one man has escaped from the conventional angel with outspread wings, the recumbent sheep, and all the rest.—Springfield Republican.



**SCOTCH GUIDE A-SPYING.**

**Natives Have Eyes That Can Rival the Telescope.**

Never shall I forget that humiliating experience—spying against men who had practiced it ever since they were breeched or kilted! I had carried a first-class telescope upon a thousand hills in the west, and had never learned to use it, says a writer in Outing.

The hill opposite is a huge "face," with a westerly aspect. As the wind blows stiffly from the southwest, it is certain that the deer will be feeding or lying in the sheltered spots, and to these, after the first preliminary survey, our glasses are directed. I see nothing, and unwisely say so.

"Yon's a shootable beast, Davie," replies Donald.

"Yiss," says Davie, laconically.

I feel that I am ignored as a duffer, and ask humbly that the shootable beast may be pointed out to me. A dialogue follows, which I might find amusing if I were not playing the muff's part in it.

"He's laying down," says the stalker. "Below the knobbie to the left o' the burn."

I count ten knobbies to the left of the burn—and say so.

"Ye'll be seeing a black hag, sir?"

"Yes—half a dozen."

"Take the line o' the white stone."

"Which white stone?"

"The one near the black hag. Ye'll no mak' oot, sir. We'll be getting nearer."

"But I will make him out," I object, and finally after an exasperating ten minutes I see a vague something upon which I can put neither horns nor hair. And this, I have been assured, is a shootable beast. In a word, these men have seen a stag nearly a mile away which they can define to be over 14 stone (clean) and therefore worth stalking!

**Neither of Them Hard Tasks.**

It is as easy to write blank verse of a kind as it is to be virtuous on a desert island.—Westminster Gazette.

**SQUELCHED BY THE WAITER.**

**Disturbing Young Man Found How Long a Steak Took.**

Everybody is more or less intimately acquainted witht the young man who disturbs the peace of a public place without making much noise. He enters with a careless and vigorous air of proprietorship that rarely fails to attract attention, and he conveys the impression that he rather expects all hands to make way for him and note his appearance on the scene. Usually he is the son of wealthy parents and he has considerably more assurance and self-confidence than mental ability.

Such a young man strode breezily into the cafe of one of the largest of the downtown hotels the other night. Everybody glanced up at him; most of the employes made haste to ascertain his pleasure and supply his wants. There was a scurry to present menu cards and lay plates and saucers and cutlery and arrange preliminaries for a feast. Presently the young man, who, as developments proved, had almost as much time as money at his disposal, was heard to exclaim excitedly:

"What? Twenty minutes for a large, rare steak?"

"It always takes from 15 to 20 minutes for a steak, sir," said the waiter, who was evidently not in the best of humor and who did not appear to care much about his job anyway.

"Twenty minutes for a steak?" repeated the young man; "that's ridiculous."

And when the waiter said: "We've a small cold, breakfast steak I can get you right away; Number Four didn't eat the whole of it and the cat wasn't hungry this morning," nobody in the room seemed to care, barring the young man.—Providence Tribune.

**Daily Thought.**

They change their sky, not their mind, who cross the sea. A busy idleness possesses us; we seek a happy life, with ships and carriage; the object of our search is present with us. —Horace.