

# The SMART SET MOBILIZED at MONTEREY

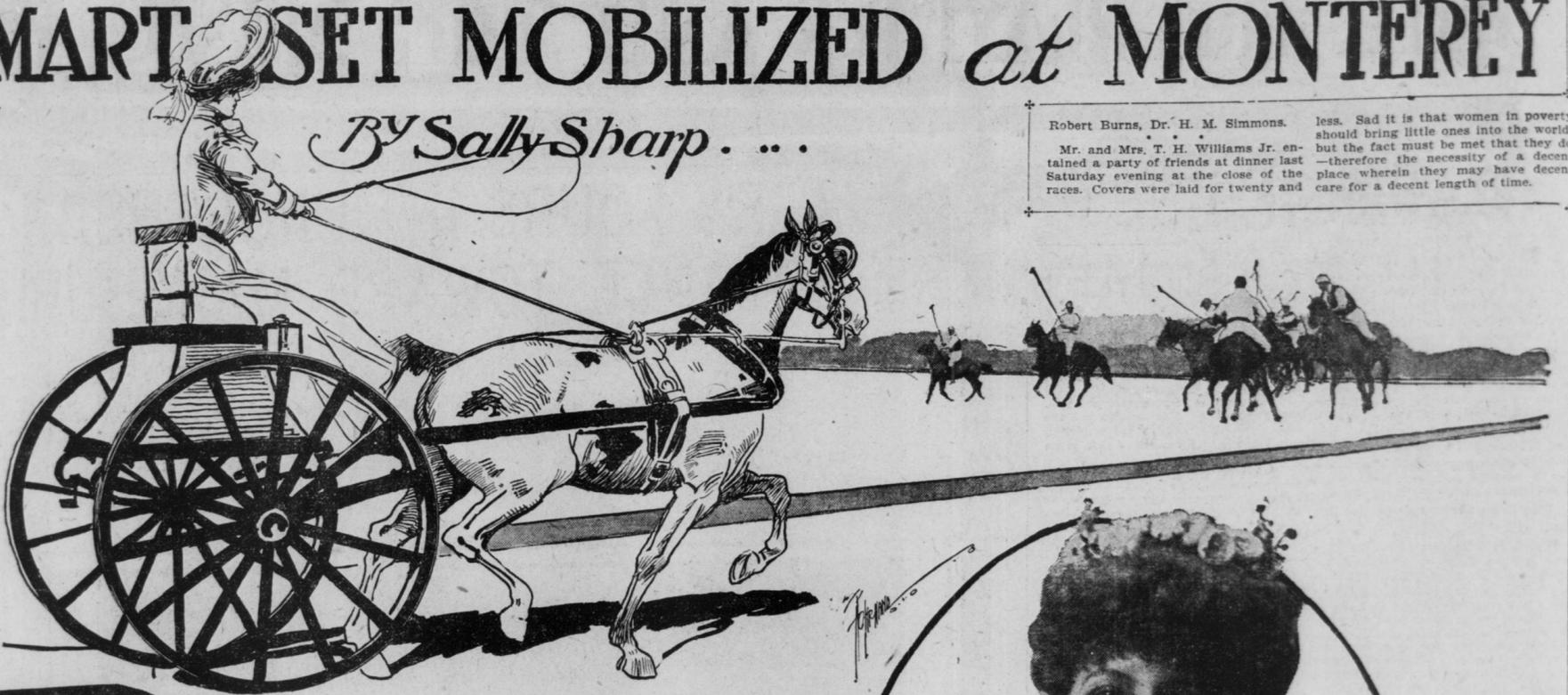
## By Sally Sharp...

What a heira to Monterey! A local rollcall of the smart set would resemble a roster of swallows in winter. The ponies! The men! The women! The sport! The weather! Ah! What wonder the lads and lassies hied them thither for rejuvenation after the most strenuous winter we have ever known. The fine salt air and the inspiring sport promises wonders to them—and such a royal time.

Besides, here the men have a chance to shine. What a hero is he who, playing a fast and furious game, is chucked over his pony's head, and falls prostrate on the sodden field? Is there a maid with soul so dead whose quickening heart would not beat in rapture if said hero—on emerging from the hospital—would offer his battle-scarred hand to her for keeps? If there be one, trot her out, for she is not within the range of the feminine folk I know.

Now, there's the irresistible Tom Driscoll, handsome, debonair, and oh, so well supplied with ducats. When he went down with his pony, every woman's heart bent down with him. And when he got up, up came the hearts. Why, the least clever of us could feel the rebound.

A polo player who is well up in the running in popularity is the handsome Farsee, Mr. Ezra. Likewise, the dashing Mr. Mackey. Walter Hobart—



Robert Burns, Dr. H. M. Simmons.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Williams Jr. entertained a party of friends at dinner last Saturday evening at the close of the races. Covers were laid for twenty and

less. Sad it is that women in poverty should bring little ones into the world, but the fact must be met that they do—therefore the necessity of a decent place wherein they may have decent care for a decent length of time.



MRS CHARLES RAOUL DUVAL

though hardly in this class, being wedded—is one of the lodestars of the grounds, and for dash, daring and devilry is not excelled in the field. How about the Britishers? Well, the truth to tell, they lack the same quality in their playing that their women lack in dress—dash and individuality. Their play is even, unsensational and thoughtful, but—your pardon—not displaying the Driscoll dash, nor, incidentally, the Driscoll bruises. The Englishman is wisely careful of his ruddy epidermis—hence his beautiful caution.

Among the dashing women who applauded the efforts of the pony riders were: Mrs. Frank Carolan, Miss Emily Carolan, Mrs. Kittle, Miss Isabel Kittle, Mrs. Harry Williams Poett, Mrs. Markel of Philadelphia, Miss Helen Johnston of Chicago, Mrs. Emil Bruguiere, the Misses King, Miss Herrick, Miss Frances Howard, Miss Ethel Dean, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Cora Kirk of Chicago, Miss Celia Tobin, Mrs. Charles Raoul Duval, Miss Charlotte Russell, Mrs. Walter Hobart, the Misses Parrott, Miss Langhorne and the ever-zzy Mrs. Peter Martin.

Some of these women wore gowns that rivaled the morning robe of the rose, beset with dew.

Some pretty warm loggnettes duels were fought on the hotel piazza, ably seconded by the retainers of both sides. The cause? Now, pray tell me, who can tell the cause of any woman's quarrel—after first eliminating the genus "man" from the question. Women's "reasons" for "frapping" their vis-a-vis usually surpass my understanding. "Jealousy?" Now, I didn't say so, did I?

Hark ye, maids and matrons fair! The bat has gone forth that "his bad form—very bad form—to manifest the smallest degree of effusiveness in greeting one's friends. On spying a friend on the street, on the boulevard, in the theater, or at a ball, prepare to greet her, or him, with a "frozen face" a timorous, tame voice and a tired air. It doesn't matter what she—or he—may think of the frappe greeting, so long as you bask in the consciousness of abiding by the laws of good form. Alas! for the passing of the roseate debutante kiss. It was a pretty thing, and so full of suggestiveness to the wistful chap. But its doom is sealed—likewise the hearty handshake. They are both

bourgeoise, and are thus passed up from us.

A social page without the Peter Martins would be like "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. (Your pardon for this antiquity!) Are they to remain among us, or go hence? Are they going to settle among the Blinginites, or remain under the family roof-tree? The truth to tell, Mrs. Peter is quite the rage. And what wonder? She has beauty, unquestionably, style, personality and a superabundance of verve and dash.

Have you seen her in her auto? Her chauffeur is a dapper chap and he makes the machine do all sorts of clever stunts. His "up-hill" performances fill him with glee—when he has a good sized audience—and he usually has.

Mrs. Martin's handsome brother, Harry Oelrichs, was quite as much sought after as his charming sister. Many larks were leveled at him by the vigilant mammas, but he is a good dodger and has escaped the noose up to date.

Quite the largest dinner of a very slow week was that of E. S. Pillsbury at the Palace, on Monday night, in honor of Mr. Fish, the president of the

American Telephone Company. The tables, about which fifty guests were gathered, were graced with primroses, violets and pink carnations; soft music was wafted through the conservatory room from an unseen bower. The following guests were bidden: Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicken, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Judge and Mrs. Ross, Judge and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Judge and Mrs. Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Homer King, Mrs. James E. Robinson, Mrs. Richard Boyne, Miss Pillsbury, Miss Bliss and Captain de la Mar.

Leading the formal functions of the week was the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten on Friday night at the Century clubhouse, in honor of the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding, and right royally was it commemorated. The clubrooms were garlanded gladly with forest boughs and ferns and a veritable wealth of blossoms—roses mostly—and what with the exquisitely gowned women, the function was one long to be remembered.

Mrs. Masten wore a gown of rare beauty—a white lace robe wrought over chiffon, whose sheer surface bore beau-



MRS JOSEPH MANUEL MASTEN

tiful crystals, the whole over white silk. The low bodice was finished with an exquisite bertha of lace, which gave a splendid style to a gown that was well adapted to Mrs. Masten's Titian beauty.

Quite the proper caper during these Lenten days is the sewing fad. Just peep into the jewelers' windows these days, and behold the glad array of "work-boxes"—just the kind every well-bred girl of eight received in ye olden days. Don't you remember yours? The maids and matrons meet in each other's homes alternately—the last hostess was the charming Mrs. Fannie Lent. A merry chat? I dare say, and some cozy things for needy babes, too. In this particular set are Mrs. Andrew Welch, Miss Florence Callaghan, Miss Helen Pettigrew and Mrs. Eugene Lent. It is said that the constitution and by-laws of this particular sewing circle forbid more than a very mild use of the tack-hammer.

But truly, would not it be a stupid world had we not the discernment to note our fellow's faults and peccadilloes, and seeing them, to comfort ourselves thereby?

Behold Chicago! It—that is, smart Chicago—has become a literary mecca.

Great speakers are flocking there, musicians are opening studios there, and behold, the society women are giving musicales, parlor lectures and all sorts of cultural stunts. It is said that the only subject barred by common consent from these drawing-room affairs is the subject of zoology—because it will discuss—pork.

The latest cultural craze there is Griggs—our own Professor Griggs of Stanford. Here is what we read of him and his work:

"The name of Griggs has become paramount in the land!

"In street cars 't strikes the tympanum from a far corner; at luncheons it is the words and thoughts of Griggs that are praised and discussed, at dinners it is 'Have you heard Griggs?' and on the highway, 'I am hunting for Griggs; where is he speaking to-day?' I was a little prepared for this epidemic of Griggs as he struck New York last winter, and the Griggs cult there raged unabated all last season; people talked of this brilliant young professor till the subject got absolutely to be a bore and the men who hadn't heard him said whenever the hated war cry of Griggs was sounded: 'Dash this Griggs; can't we talk of somebody else to-night?'"

"But Griggs were well in New York. His lectures continued to be the vogue and people tore on about him all summer, and possibly are tearing still.

"Professor Edward Griggs came out of the West, even so far as Leland Stanford University. He now lives in Morristown. In the interim, I believe, he has been abroad for years, in Italy and Germany, studying. One of his lecture courses here this winter has been on the great spiritual leaders, like St. Francis and St. Augustine, and the course at the Art Institute has been on the Italian cities and early Italian art, Ravenna and art of the sixth century being his subjects last Tuesday afternoon in Fullerton Hall. These art lectures are illustrated by stereopticon. His talk at Mrs. Conley Ward's Monday night was on Browning's ideals of 'manhood,' and to-morrow night in the same drawing-room he speaks of Browning's thoughts of 'womanhood,' and very beautiful are Griggs' own words on women. After hearing him speak, with his marvellous eloquence and the incessant flow of ideas bearing the stamp of newness, of originality, the mind is so uplifted by the charm of it all that when he ceases to speak and other voices begin to tinkle round about you it is as a poetical woman expresses it. 'Like coming out of an opera-house with your ears full of harmonies and hearing the clang of the cable car and the harsh grating of carriage wheels on the roadway.'

"Griggs is young, light, slender, smooth of face, long of hair, earnest, sincere. Furthermore, he is married and still further, there are four little Griggesses at home in the family nest."

Now, we of the West discovered Griggs. We learned of him when Rev. Anna B. Shaw discovered him years ago, and pointed him out as the perfect type of man. Therefore, is he not ours? Albeit, we will lend him to Chicago cheerfully, but we must meanwhile get busy at home and do a little along the same lines ourselves.

There is already a tendency toward this in a few San Francisco homes—notably that of Mrs. Horace Hill—who instead of giving inane and imbecile tests which every one declares to be "tests and bores," and vet gives them and goes to them—gives musicales. Now, there is some motive in such an entertainment, and the pleasure derived is whetted by the contrast of sense and nonsense.

Mrs. Hill gave a delightful affair recently, when old-fashioned songs (which, by the way, are quite the rage now in Gotham) were sung by Caroline Little, the talented Oakland girl who recently returned from Europe.

Let us pray for the return of the musicale, or anything—anything to supplant the inane tests, where semi-inventive talk and imbecile chatter threaten the complete overthrow of the debutante's brain.

Is smoking among the maids and matrons growing in favor? It would seem so—judging from the publicity with which many of our smart set send up curling wreaths of smoke from their pretty lips. At dinner now the cigarettes are passed to the ladies with as much sangfroid as are cigars to the men. But herein is no sin—it is simply a little luxury the men have taught them.

settle down in Oakland.

Did you hear that Mrs. Thompson-Seton is the mother of a wee baby girl? What a literary babe that will be, with both parents of literary bent! Mrs. Seton as Miss Gallatin of Sacramento was a very popular girl, and it is said that in a smart little literary set in New York she is quite a favorite.

The Graham concert last night at Steinway Hall was in the nature of a testimonial of love and affection. Who in the length and breadth of society was not there last night to do honor to the beloved Englishman who has so liberally given of his voice and his presence for the pleasure of others?

That was a charming little affair of Mrs. Arthur Moore or Tuesday afternoon, when she entertained the card club of which she is a member. The members of this little coterie are Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Roe, Mrs. George Shreve, Mrs. Willis Davis, Mrs. Robert More, Mrs. Samuel Welsh, Mrs. Robert Davis, Mrs. T. W. Huntington and Mrs. Kellogg.

The Misses Duffy of Rochester, N. Y., who are visiting Miss Mabel Toy, held a merry court at Coronado. They are stunning girls, have traveled extensively, and, with their hostess, make a charming trio.

Mrs. L. C. Robinson was hostess at an informal dinner and bowling party on Saturday. Among her guests were: Miss Julia Barclay, Miss Alice Keller of St. Louis, Mr. R. C. Robinson and John Robinson.

Mrs. Edward Moore gave a jolly little supper at her home last Monday evening to a little party of friends. The young people bowled from 8:30 to 11 o'clock and then repaired to the home of Mrs. Moore for further entertainment. Among those present were: Miss May Sharon, the Misses Clark, Miss Jessie Burns, Miss Jean Pedlar, Misses Clarke, Misses Lincoln, Dr. Niverson Clarke, Frank Southack, Dr. Homer Craig, Marshall Dill, James Irvine, Thomas Churchill, Horace Stoll, Dr.

the dinner was served in the club at the Ingleside track, where the guests were charmingly entertained.

The Walter Deans are expected home from New York very soon, having abandoned their proposed European trip temporarily. Jack Frost played havoc with our Californians this winter—nearly all the Westerners yielding to pneumonia or some of its progeny. Each of the Dean family was ill at some time. Mrs. Sam Buckbee came dangerously near the river Styx, and found it expedient to return home. California is a pretty good place—all things considered.

Mrs. L. P. Sanger, aunt of Mrs. George M. Pullman, left this week for the City of Mexico. She will visit Mrs. Pullman at Pasadena, en route.

The Channing Auxiliary has arranged a series of lectures by Marshall Darrach, the Shakespearean reader, to take place as follows: Thursday, March 3, 3:15 p. m.—"Merchant of Venice." Wednesday, March 3, 8:15 p. m.—"Julius Caesar." Saturday, March 12, 10:30 a. m.—"Comedy of Errors" and selections from Browning. The lectures are already attracting much attention from society folk—that is, those of them who possess understanding, and most of them do.

Chicago, must not—shall not—have a monopoly of the intellectual lecture.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay's "The Stone of Destiny" is awaited with eagerness by the Gotham smart set. It is admitted to be a mirror of American life—a man of intellectuality wedded to a silly butterfly. The results are said to be alarmingly similar to known conditions in some of our "first families." Therefore, the wonderment!

Among the philanthropies that abound in San Francisco there are none that appeals to the hearts of women so tenderly as those whose cares are for mothers and babes. There are at the present hour several maternity homes in the city, but in the thickly populated districts of the poor on the south side there were none available to the penniless. The physicians whose labors lie main-

ly on the south side have repeatedly reported the wretchedness, misery and want surrounding their maternity patients, and the seed has not fallen upon barren soil.

A number of philanthropic women, among whom were Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, Mrs. Frederick Hewitt, Mrs. Arthur Cornwall, met and proceeded to relieve the conditions by establishing a maternity home. That was but a few months ago.

On Monday a housewarming was given in the new home—completely fitted up for its duties. Wasn't that rather rapid progress? Well, knowing the women, it was not so surprising. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Frederick Hewitt, president, threw wide the doors of 1215-1217 Harrison street, and bade the friends of the new home enter and inspect it.

Mutual congratulations were exchanged over the splendid start the home had made, and its success was drunk in a steaming cup of tea.

The following were among those present—the rain notwithstanding: Mrs. J. A. Cooper, Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. I. N. Walter, Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding, Mrs. Conrad, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Fennimore, Miss Bixby, Miss Gregory, Miss Wallace, Dr. Spalding, Dr. Williams.

The following are the officers of the guild, whose duties are to supply tiny garments for the tiny strangers on their arrival at the home:

President, Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding; vice president, Miss Charlotte Elmhurst; secretary, Miss Susie Bixby; treasurer, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton; finance director, Miss Marie Wilson. Some of the members are Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. George Toland Cameron, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Miss Katharine Dillon, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Elise Gregory, Miss Lily Spreckels and Miss Edith Simpson.

What gorgeoussness is characterizing the functions at the White House of late! There has never been a regime where the display of elegance has been so marked.



Miss Charlotte Russell. GENTHE PHOTO

PROMINENT WOMEN WHO WERE CONSPICUOUS IN DEL MONTE FUNCTONS.