

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S ETIQUETTE BY JEROME K. JEROME

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"How does she do it?" That is what the European girl wants to know. The American girl! She comes over here, and, as a British matron, reduced to slang by force of indignation, once exclaimed to me, "You'd think the whole blessed show belonged to her."

The European girl is hampered by her relatives; she has to account for her father; to explain away, if possible, her grandfather. The American girl sweeps them aside: "Don't you worry about them," she says to the Lord Chamberlain. "It's awfully good of you, but don't you worry. I'm looking after my old people. That's my department. What I want you to do is just to listen to what I am saying and then hustle around. I can fill up your time all right myself." Her father may be a soap-boller, her grandmother may have gone out charring. "That's all right," she says to her Ambassador, "they're not coming. You just take my card and tell the King that when he's got a few minutes to spare I'll be pleased to see him." And the extraordinary thing is that a day or two afterward the invitation arrives. A modern writer has said that "I'm Murrill" is the civis romanus sum of the present day woman's world. The late King of Saxony did, I believe, on one occasion make a feeble protest at being asked to receive the daughter of a retail bootmaker. The young lady, nonplussed for the moment, telegraphed to her father in Detroit. The answer came back next morning: "Can't call it selling, practically giving them away, see advertisement." The lady was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist. It is due to her to admit that, taking her as a class, the American girl is a distinct gain to European society. Her influence is against convention and in favor of simplicity. One of her greatest charms in the eyes of the European man is that she listens to him. He cannot say whether it does her any good. Maybe she does not remember it all. But while you are talking she does give you her attention.

The English woman does not always. She greets you pleasantly enough. "I've so often wanted to meet you," she says: "must you really go?" It strikes you as sudden; you had no intention of going for hours. But the hint is too plain to be ignored. You are preparing to agree that you must when, looking around, you gather the last remark was not addressed to you, but to another gentleman who is shaking hands with her. "Now, perhaps you shall be able to talk for five minutes," she says. "I've so often wanted to say that I shall never forgive you. You have been simply horrid. Again you are confused, until you jump to the conclusion that the latter speech is probably intended for quite another party with whom at the moment, her back toward you, she is engaged in a whispered conversation."

Even the American girl cannot, on all occasions, sweep from her path the cobwebs of old world etiquette. Two American ladies told me a sad tale of things that had happened to them not long ago in Dresden, an officer of rank and standing invited them to breakfast with him on the ice. Dames and nobles of the plus haut ton would be there. It is a social function that occurs every Sunday morning in Dresden during the skating season. The great lake in the Grosser Garten is covered with all sorts and conditions of people. Prince and commoner circle and recircle round one another. But they do not mix. The girls were pleased. They secured the services of an elderly lady, the widow of an analytical chemist; unfortunately she could not skate. They wrapped her up and put her in a sledge. While they were in the garden putting on their skates a German gentleman came up and bowed to them. He was a nice young man of prepossessing appearance and amiable manners. They could not call to mind his name, but remembered having met him—somewhere and on more than one occasion. The American girl is always sociable; they bowed and smiled and said it was a fine day. He replied with volubility and helped them down on the ice. He was really most attentive. They saw their friend, the officer of noble family, and with the assistance of the German gentleman skated toward him. He glided up to them. They thought maybe he did not know enough to stop, so they turned and skated after him. They chased him three times round the pond and then, feeling tired, eased up and took counsel together. "I am sure he must have seen us," said the younger girl. "What does he mean by it?" "Well, I have not come down here to play forfeits," said the other, "added to which I want my breakfast. You watch near the corner. I'll go and have it out with him." He was standing only a dozen yards away. Alone, though not a good performer on the ice, she contrived to cover half the distance dividing them. The officer, perceiving her with a pleasant smile came to her assistance and greeted her with effusion. "Oh," said the lady, who was feeling indignant, "I thought maybe you had left your



THE HAIRDRESSER HAD RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS IN TIME TO SEE THEM WADDLING OVER THE GRASS

glasses at home," "I am sorry," said the officer, "but it is impossible." "What's impossible?" demanded the lady. "That I can be seen speaking to you," declared the officer, "while you son—" "What person?" She thought she was in company with that—that per-

can't exactly fix him for the moment." "You have met him possibly at Wiesman's in the Pragerstrasse; he is one of the attendants there," said the officer. The American girl is republican in her ideas, but she draws the line at hairdressers. In theory it is absurd; the hairdresser is a man and a brother; but we are none of us logical all the way. It made her mad the thought that she had been seen by all Dresden society skating with a hairdresser. "Well," she said, "I do call that impudence. Why wouldn't that do to even in Chicago." And she returned to where the hairdresser was illustrating to her friend the Dutchman's pretensions to explain to him, as politely as possible, that although the free and enlightened Westerner has abolished social distinctions he has not yet abolished them to the extent.

Had he been a commonplace German hairdresser he would have understood English and all might have been easy. But to the class German hairdresser English is not so necessary, and the American ladies had reached a stage in their German only the "improving" stage. In her excitement she confused the subjunctive and the imperative and told him that he "might" go. But he had no wish to go. He assured them, so they gathered, that his intention was to devote the morning to their service. He must have been a stupid man, but it is a type occasionally encountered. Two pretty women had greeted his advances with apparent delight. They were Americans, and the American girl was notoriously unconventional. He knew himself to be a good-looking young fellow. It did not occur to him that in expressing willingness to dispense with his attendance they could be in earnest. There was nothing for it, so it seemed to the girls, but to request the assistance of the officer, who continued to skate round and round them at a distance of about ten yards.

So again the elder young lady, seizing her opportunity, made appeal. "I cannot," explained the officer, who, having been looking forward to a morning with two of the prettiest girls in Dresden, was also feeling mad; "I dare not be seen speaking to a hairdresser. You must get rid of him." "But we can't," said the girl. "We do not know enough German, and he can't or he won't understand us. For goodness sake come and help us. We'll be spending the whole morning with him if you don't." The German officer said he was desolate. Steps would be taken—later on in the week—the result of which would probably be to render that young hairdresser prematurely bald. But meanwhile, beyond skating round and round them, for which they did not even feel they wanted to thank him, the German officer could do nothing for them. They tried being rude to the hairdresser; he mistook it for American chic. They tried joining hands and running away from him, but they were not good skaters and he thought they were trying to show him the cakewalk. They both fell down and hurt themselves and it is difficult to be angry with a man, even a hairdresser, when he is doing his best to pick you up and comfort you. The chaperon was worse than useless. She was very cold. She had been promised her breakfast, but saw no signs of it. She could not speak German and remembered somewhat late in the day that two young ladies had no business to accept breakfast at the hands of German officers; and if they did, at least they might see that they got it. She appeared to be willing to talk about decadence of modern manners to almost any extent, but the subject of the hairdresser and how to get rid of him only bored her.

Their first stroke of luck occurred when the hairdresser showing them the "dropped three" fell down and temporarily stunned himself. It was not kind of them, but they were desperate. They fled for the bank just anyhow, and scrambling over the grass gained the restaurant. The officer overtaking them at the door, led them to the table that had been reserved for them, then back to hunt for the chaperon. The girls thought their trouble was over. Had they glanced behind them their joy would have been shorter lived than even was the case. The hairdresser had recovered consciousness in time to see them waddling over the grass. He thought they were running to fetch him brandy. When the officer returned with the chaperon he found the hairdresser sitting opposite to them explaining that he really was not hurt and suggested that, as they were there, perhaps they would like something to eat and drink. The girls made one last frantic appeal to the man of buckram and clay pipe, but the etiquette of the Saxon army was inexorable. It transpired that he might kill the hairdresser, but nothing else; he must not speak to him—not even explain to the poor devil why it was that he was being killed. It did not seem quite worth it. They had some sandwiches and coffee at the hairdresser's expense and went home in a cab, while the chaperon had breakfast with the officer of noble family. The American girl has succeeded in freeing European social intercourse from many of its hide-bound conventions. There is still much work for her to do. But I have faith in her. JEROME K. JEROME.

John McLaren, Who Goes to Europe for New Ideas for Beautifying Golden Gate Park

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cover the expenses of the outing, while last Thursday night a large body of distinguished men of the West further testified California's appreciation of the benefits, past, present and future, conferred by Mr. McLaren's skill and labor during the past seventeen years, in the banquet at the Palace Hotel.

Among those honoring him were representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, the Merchants' Association, the Merchants' Exchange, the Manufacturers' and Exporters' Association, the California Promotion Committee, the California State Board of Trade, the Board of Park Commissioners and city officials.

Mr. McLaren will not only visit all the principal parks of Europe and America, for new ideas in landscape gardening, but he will bring back with him such seeds and plants as may be suited to the conditions of the soil and the climate here, thus adding, if possible, to the already remarkable varieties that have made Golden Gate Park one of the most famous pleasure spots in the whole world.

For, since Mr. McLaren took charge of the park seventeen years ago, it has been brought to such a high state of cultivation that it is now more a question of selection in the quality rather than in the quantity of the vegetation, and in the laying out of that portion of the park beyond Strawberry Hill the Commissioners desire to be guided by what is new or novel or unique in other quarters of the world.

For instance, after visiting Paris and

Berlin and several of the other large Continental cities, Mr. McLaren will go to see the famous Florentine Gardens, which are among the most beautiful in Europe and which, it is thought, will lend many good suggestions for the improvement of the vast acres now being reclaimed out near the beach, which work in itself calls attention to what has been accomplished since the Commissioners brought the Scotch gardener from the old Howard place in San Mateo in 1887 to undertake the task of thoroughly reconstructing the park.

At that time Golden Gate Park consisted of nothing more than the Panhandle and a mere patch of lawn lying between Stanyan street and the old music stand to the right of the present main drive to the beach near the conservatory and the conservatory itself. All beyond that point was little better than a tangled waste of shrubbery and drifting sand. There was no children's playground, no recreation grounds, no aviary, in short, none of the splendid features that have now made these acres fronting on the Pacific one of the greatest parks in the whole world. In those seventeen years, however, every foot of the ground comprised within the Government grant has been gone over, not once but many times, and even to many constant residents in this city during all that time many of the improvements are still unknown or unvisited. In fact to give them mere casual mention is to pile up a long list, many of which were unthought of when Mr. McLaren took charge.

One of the first things to be inaugurated was the children's playground, which from a very modest beginning

quickly grew to its present popularity and importance, though its first hobby horses were very wobbly in comparison to the gayly caparisoned steeds that now pursue each other in a never-ending circle, while in place of the two little donkeys and the jaunty cart that now drag the wee little tots along the asphaltum driveway encircling the island of patent wooden swings, bicycles were for hire to ride around the same saucer-shaped track, but they were never very popular even when the cycling craze was at its height.

And immediately after the completion of the handsome stone building and cafe at the grounds the little goat teams and donkey rides around the shrub-hidden lanes were installed and have remained to this day one of the most popular sports in the whole park among the children.

Simultaneously there had been built the second music stand, the pearly shell-shaped structure in the hollow facing the Francis Scott Key monument, which temple of music has but recently, in turn, given place to the tennis courts, which will, no doubt, be one of the most lasting monuments to Mr. McLaren's regime.

And while this second music stand was in the height of its glory the rough hill to the northwest, which is now connected with the tennis courts by an iron suspension bridge that crosses the roadway connecting the north and south driveways to the beach, was encircled with a little tortuous canal, down which boats were floated every Sunday to the great delight of the big crowds, old and young. But that in turn had to give way to

the march of progress, when a little later the Midwinter Fair began to absorb the attention of the entire West.

It was no small task to select this site and to prepare it for the great Pacific exposition, but now the park had begun to grow at an amazing rate, for with the building of the exposition there was realized also the construction of Stow Lake and Strawberry Hill, with the observatory at its crest, and Huntington Falls, splashing down from the very entrance to the observatory itself.

The Midwinter Fair was perhaps the biggest step ever made in the matter of extending the park oceanward, for after the exposition had closed and all the buildings, with the exception of the Japanese garden and the museum, had been torn down and carted away, the superintendent and the Park Commissioners were left with a vast tract to bring from chaos into orderliness and systematic beautification.

The big parade ground to the south of the fair proper lent itself so well to the sports of the hour that Mr. McLaren recommended that it be preserved as the present recreation grounds, with its baseball lawn and its handball courts, which was done, and following this the grand court of the fair itself, with its great oval basin, surrounded by broad driveways and footpaths and its classic statuary, so inevitably suggested itself as the best place to establish a new music stand, in place of the second, which in turn had outgrown its usefulness, that there were no dissenting opinions.

But the work of selecting and pre-

paring the site of the Midwinter Fair was as nothing to the task of reclaiming it after the exposition had been dismantled. The superintendent found himself in the midst of the task of supervising the construction of the aviary, the building of the new \$100,000 music stand donated by Claus Spreckels on the site of the Administration building of the fair at the southwest end of the grand court, the construction of the big stone bridge on the main driveway to form a tunnel for the new music site to the care of the McAllister, the Geary and the Jackson street lines, at almost one and the same time while cultivating the ground left barren by the removal of the Fair buildings, covering a wide area. But all this was successfully and expeditiously accomplished, until now this spot is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most popular in the entire park.

And in their turn there followed in rapid succession such improvements and additions as the deer glen, since converted into the picturesque ferra dell leading from the tennis courts to the bear pit; the buffalo paddock, the new deer glen, the chain of lakes, the bicycle path to the beach, the ocean boulevard, the picturesque and powerful Dutch windmill near the ocean itself, the boathouse on Stow Lake, with its myriad feet of rowboats sailing in the shadow of the Starr King Cross; the new Spreckels Lake for miniature yacht races, the elaboration and extension of the grounds around the Japanese tea garden, and now the reclamation of all that territory between Strawberry Hill and the ocean beneath an even two feet of fertilizer to keep

the sand in place, and the prospective construction of the proposed new speed track. These are only the big things. In innumerable other ways has the park been beautified and extended under Mr. McLaren's personal supervision in the last decade.

It is after leaving the home of his youth in Bannockburn that Mr. McLaren will turn his attention particularly to the plans for the cultivation of this new territory, which is to be made the most important in all the several miles of park that lies between the new McKinley monument now being erected at the entrance to the Panhandle and the new speed track, the most important and far-reaching is Mr. McLaren's present vacation trip abroad, the first in ten years.

Since he took charge of the management of the Park in 1887 the force of workmen and gardeners at his command has grown from twenty to 330, while under the new charter Mr. McLaren not only has the supervision of Golden Gate Park but of all the smaller parks and plats surrounding public buildings of every sort as well, so it can be seen what a big task now devolves upon him.

But already the smaller parks and the grounds surrounding the public buildings, particularly the City Hall and the City and County Hospital, as well as Union Square, give pleasing evidence of his masterful care and skill.

Indeed it is in the finer art of gardening that Mr. McLaren shows his superiority. In all the improvements in Golden Gate Park he has tried to copy nature herself. There is nothing set or stiff or stilted in his arrangement

of foliage, plant or shrubbery, no straight lines of awkward looking trees, no unbroken avenues of palms or hedge, no stereotyped arrangement of flower beds, lawns or pathways. From one end or the other of the other and from one side to the other it is a constant procession of variety, but always harmonious, restful, picturesque, beautiful.

In the science of postes and the cultivation of varied and marvelous effects in plant life Mr. McLaren has shown his skill in no better way than in the most strip of sloping lawn that lies just in front of the conservatory and facing the main driveway near Cyclers' Rest so conspicuously.

Here at various times upon notable occasions he has planted emblems that have made California's possibilities as the land of sunshine and flowers the talk of the world. When Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt were visiting San Francisco and during many national conventions of various orders he has decorated this patch of ground with beautiful and appropriate designs, such as the national colors and ensigns, etc.

Just before leaving on his world tour, for instance, he has had this favorite flower bed laid out in the emblems of the order of the Knights Templar who will be visiting California at just about the time he is scheduled to return from abroad. Already it is one of the most striking displays ever shown in the park and reflects great credit upon Mr. McLaren's skill. What he will accomplish after his return remains to be seen.