

"Dog days?" Oh, no, guileless stranger! Whence camest thou, and whither hast thou tarried these many summers, that thou knowest not that these are no longer dog days, but tabby days? Ah! these indeed are the days when the tabbies foregather on the hotel porches the length and breadth of our noble land, prinked and primed and preened for the observation of each other and the scrupulous scrutiny of the passing throng. In the latter capacity it is that the "tabby" best serves the nation—and let it be said of her, in simple justice, that while on guard surveying the conduct of the men and maids—aye, and the youngish matrons, too—her fidelity and unswerving devotion to duty is unparalleled. No scrap of scandal is able to get past her and, with infinite patience, she weaves each little bit with another, and lo! the tale is builded. And thence into the limelight of public condemnation is the

ties—years divisible by four always are. Where, pray, can man and maid become better friends than when thrown together for days, dependent each upon the other for amusement—the maid daintily frocked and good to look upon, the man care free and at peace with the world—at least for the hour? The world grows rosy, the days become fragments of bliss, the nights ecstatic. A soft, mellow glow envelops all things—even the little brain cells behind the manly brow. So he takes her little hand in his and asks her. If he doesn't, 'tis said she sometimes does the asking. But that's too stupid for a clever girl to do. It lacks thrill. But why, pray, shouldn't a maid tell a man she loves him, if she really does, and lead him up to the psychological moment? It's only a stupid superstition, anyway, that men do all the declaring. Of course, in

THE TABBIES IN SUMMER SESSION

BY SALLY SHARP



Miss CELIA TOBIN

seeking exhilaration in the music-halls. The listlessness of many of their women bore spirited American women almost to a state of dissolution. So here's to the school of gesticulation! Only we hope it won't get over into France, else we want the whole conversation in pantomime.

Mrs. George Flavel, Miss Flavel and Miss Kate Flavel sailed from New York on June 29 for England on the steamship Oceanic. After a short sojourn in London they will go to Paris, where Miss Kate will continue her vocal studies. In the fall the family will go to Italy. Her fine voice, so often raised in the cause of charity in this city, will be placed under the finest teachers of the old world for cultivation.

By common consent the handsomest woman at the Vendome this summer is Mrs. Andrew Welch. Exquisitely gowned, her dark, Ruth-like beauty is greatly admired.

To a student of human expression, much of Mrs. Welch's charm comes from her mental and spiritual pose—a charm that reflects itself in her soft, dark eyes.

A Spanish dinner was given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lummis in honor of Miss May Ethelyn Bourne of Hayward, who is spending a few weeks in Los Angeles as a guest at the Lummis home. The art of giving a real Spanish dinner is understood by no one better than the famous editor of Out West, for he "learned how" in the cactus country, where Spanish dinners grow. The Lummis colony of literary folk was well represented at the affair, as Miss Bourne is well known as a magazine contributor, having done much work for San Francisco and Los Angeles publications.

Mr. Nicholas, wife, boy and maid, arrived at the El Camille last week. Mr. Nicholas and Dr. A. Fine of Oakland made the trip in Mr. Nicholas' auto car last week in six hours and ten minutes, actual running time.

One of the winsomest brides of the month is Mrs. W. L. McGuire, who, as Miss Agee of Stockton, was a stunning belle. She was wedded in this city a couple of weeks ago, in romantic fashion, to one of the most prominent attorneys of Hanford.

M. P. Lillenthal, S. C. Sinsheimer, R. V. Dey and A. G. Freeman of San Francisco have arrived in London and are at the Hotel Cecil.

Thomas M. Kearney of San Francisco has arrived in London from Paris. Mr. Kearney is at Claridge's Hotel awaiting the completion of the sixty-horse Mercedes motor car which is being built for him and in which he intends going for a long tour throughout England. Mr. Kearney also will be in New York for a short time before returning home.

Mrs. and Miss Schwabacher of San Francisco have arrived in London and are at the Carlton Hotel. Mrs. and Miss Schwabacher have been for some time in Paris, and are now planning to make a long coaching tour through Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Shuman of San Francisco have arrived in London and are at the Hotel Cecil before proceeding to Paris.

Mrs. J. R. Mackenzie of San Francisco has arrived in London from the Continent, where she has been touring.

Sacrilege of a Mob.
TOULON, July 9.—The Church of St. Cyrene, sacked by a furious mob because the cure refused to admit a dozen children to their first communion, still shows evidence of the people's anger. The church building did not suffer much, but the interior was completely wrecked. The crowd engaged in the work of destruction numbered about 2000.

Elizabeth Livermore, who has been in Santa Barbara for the past six weeks, return this week. Mrs. Livermore and the Misses Livermore will not go to their country place at Napa until September.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis and their little son, William Gwin, are visiting Miss Ethel Tompkins at her home in San Anselmo. A charming pair they make—Mrs. Follis and her hostess, who have long been close friends. The Follis family leave for St. Louis in the fall.

Mrs. John Burke Murphy, who was expected to arrive here early this month on a visit to her grandparents—Captain and Mrs. A. F. Rogers, will not leave Fort Russell until late in August and will spend the month of September here.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Mary Bright, daughter of Mrs. James Maxwell Wallace, and Lieutenant Gilbert A. McElroy, U. S. A. The nuptials will be celebrated on Wednesday afternoon, July 13, at the Swedenborgian Church, corner of Lyon and Washington streets.

Here's a plucky little maid who isn't afraid to wed on the 13th. Besides, she's marrying into the Thirteenth Infantry. But what possible chance has superstition, miasmic and unhealthy, pitted against love, vigorous and wholesome?

The attendants at the ceremony, to which 400 invitations have been issued, will be Miss Florence Hay of Fruitvale, Miss Frances Grow of Berkeley, Mrs. George Williamson, Mrs. C. O. Edwards, Miss Mabel Reid, Miss Lottie Patton, Miss Hallie Kimball, Mrs. J. Gibson and Mrs. William Hawley of San Francisco.

The groom, for some psychological reason, has to be content with one attendant, Captain Truby. There must be some underlying reason for this apparent neglect of all grooms. Whether they fight shy of sharing the limelight with more attendants than law compels them to have or whether they possess more self-reliance than the maid, remains for Professor Loeb to tell us.

There has long been an analytical discussion in London of the charm of the American girl, and what do you suppose has been the deduction? Why, her animation as expressed in gesticulation! Time was when even American girls—particularly those of the rigid schools of New England—were taught to preserve an icy exterior, with a well-bred immobility of feature in conversation. But the Creole maid, and her vivacious sister of the South, with their magnetism and spontaneity, were carrying off the honors of the social world, and the Northern maid took notice. And thus to-day is vivacity the keynote of the charm of la belle Americaine of North and South. So what think you of a school established in London for the purpose of teaching the uses in conversation of the eyes and eyebrows, the facial muscles, and those of fingers and the hand?

But all gesticulation that is not prompted by thought always seems forced and unfit. However, a habit of animation may be cultivated by this sort of instruction, and then the impulses of the mind may be expressed by natural gestures.

My! But what a relief it will be if some of the royal women of Europe get some expression into their faces! There are some of us Philistines who do not wonder at the royal masters

Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Miss Margaret Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard, Captain and Mrs. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Woods, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Whittell, Richard Tobin, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Agnes Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles, Mr. and Mrs. Will Taylor, Mrs. Gus Taylor and Mrs. Fred McNear.

San Rafael was all tied up with red, white and blue ribbons and banners on the Fourth, much in the same style as our mothers used to tie us up when we were urchins—stiff white frocks, with plenty of Oswego, and a sash and other embellishments of red, white and blue ribbons—stiff and uncomfortable, but awfully fetching.

The tennis tournaments were the culminating events of the daylight hours.

It was rather a warm day—pretty hot for the players. Miss Hazel Hotchkiss emerged the victor of the morning game, played against Miss Miriam Edwards, and Drummond MacGavin of the afternoon fray, former State champion Grant Smith losing to him.

Some very smart frocks—white plique and canvas, mostly—were seen at the court. Among the interested onlookers were: Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Alice Burke, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss Edith Sonntag, Miss Stone, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. James Follis, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Richard Burke, William Burke, Miss Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Lefevre, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Selden S. Wright and Dr. Harold Brun.

As usual, the Wilson girls attracted a deal of attention.

Propos of Wilsons, belles and debutantes, there are already four—Marie, Margaret, Bessie and Emily—all of different families, and wholly unalloyed. Now, what are we going to do when three more of the Wilson maids—all of whom, by the way, are exceptionally interesting, and one, Miss Bessie, a famous beauty—when we have Miss Charlotte, Miss Madge and Miss Bernice to reckon with? What is the unhappy society paragrapher to do, unless the dear little maids carry identification cards?

Propos of tennis, a California girl, Miss Sutton, has won honors on Eastern courts, gathering in the State stakes in New Jersey and in Pennsylvania. She is a stocky little maid and agile, with a pretty smile and fetching manner. She is just such a girl as little Miss Hotchkiss, who won first place at San Rafael on the Fourth.

Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore and Miss



Mrs. W. L. MCGUIRE

A FIANCEE, A BRIDE AND A CLEVER MATRON.

Harrington Gardens, London, England.

On account of the shocking death of the brother of the bride, Ensign W. C. T. Neumann, U. S. N., on board the ill-starred Missouri, the wedding ceremony, which will be celebrated at Brompton Oratory, will be quiet, invitations being limited to the chapel.

Two other affairs of the heart have been made public—the betrothal of Miss Meta Graham, second daughter of Colonel and Mrs. William M. Graham, and Lieutenant Lewis W. Cass of the Thirteenth Cavalry; and that of Miss Belle F. Gerstle, daughter of the late Louis Gerstle, and Mortimer Fleischacker, both of whom are connected with the best Jewish families of the city.

A well appointed luncheon was given last week at the St. Francis by the indefatigable Mrs. Martin in honor of her two young relatives, Miss Anita and Genevieve Harvey, whose return from the Continent has been signaled by a merry round of entertainments. Among the guests at the bloom-laden table were Anita and Genevieve Harvey, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Alice Burke, Richard Burke and Willie Burke.

Visiting Mrs. Eleanor Martin are relatives from over the ocean, the Burkes, William and Richard and Miss Alice. Miss Alice is seen everywhere with her charming relatives. Ennui can never assail a guest of Mrs. Martin—if keeping busy can keep it afar.

Burlingame was madly merry on the

former years it wasn't polite for woman to possess passions. If she loved she must maintain a discreet silence and smile, even though the crisis of her life had come to her and was melting away into nothingness because her lover was bashful and missed the psychological instant.

A pretty wedding occurred last week, when Miss Beatrice W. Robinson became the bride of Julius Weaver Farnsworth at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Benicia. The bride and groom are both of excellent families and both with hosts of friends.

Thursday brought a noonday wedding, when pretty Miss Mary Lucille Caldwell was wedded to Lieutenant Peyton G. Clark, U. S. A. The Rev. Jerome Hannigan read the nuptial service at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Caldwell Zimmerman.

A lovely bride was Miss Caldwell in nuptial trappings. Her attendants, Miss Helen and Miss Lanette Hough of Stockton, were fair to look upon in their smart frocks of blue.

The young officer and his bride will probably take up their home on Angel Island after their post-nuptial trip.

A most interesting engagement was given out on Thursday, when Mrs. M. A. Tobin announced that her daughter, Celia, had become the betrothed of Mr. Clark of San Mateo, more recently of Montana. A union of money, brains and culture, a more felicitous marriage could hardly be conjectured.

Miss Tobin is a clever young woman along many lines. Musical, a patron of literateurs and a linguist, she is equally adept at acquirements of the out-of-doors. She rides, drives, swims, plays a good game of golf and possesses a figure that reflects her amusements.

As to Mr. Clark, he is not so well known to San Franciscans as his charming bride-to-be, but in his favor can be said that he is a Yale man, clever, entertaining and a multi-millionaire and owner of one of the finest menages in all California—the home built by Walter Hobart a few years ago in San Mateo. The date of the wedding has not been set.

On the 26th Miss Lillie Leonora Neumann, daughter of Mrs. Paul Neumann of Honolulu, will become the bride of Robert Macdonald, eldest son of William Macdonald Bird of 26



Mrs. ANDREW WELCH

wretch of a maiden rightfully dragged, to pay the penalty of having been kissed, or at least having been suspected of it. Or perhaps the shameless thing has wandered off the porch of sanctity and gone walking down the lane with a man—a man who is not a relative—and without a chaperone. Or it may be that the scarlet creature permitted a married man—"a man with a nice little wife at home"—to walk with her down to the spring, or to the lake, or the beach. Now, there's a case that, were it not for the dear old "tabbies," might have gone by unnoticed and uncondemned, and therefore unpunished. To be sure the "nice little wife at home," having heard the sad, sad story, might have been spared many tears and heartaches—which were of course ridiculous and wholly unreasonable, because the man and the maid were simply pleasant acquaintances and, in all probability, would never meet again. But for the best interests of the human family—which the dear "tabbies" love devotedly—these things must be brought to light.

And then there's the stunning young matron, whose fond provider has sent her away for recreation, that she may store up a surplus of enthusiasm and good cheer, from which she may draw when weariness bears her down. Now, offtime, she is the rightful object of solicitation by the censors of morals and manners at summer resorts, because she will talk with men and dance with them, and even with married men—and she has been known even to walk off into the starlight with them. Of course she would go with a party of friends, but even then, such conduct shocks a moral people and well she deserves the lognette-frappe that greets her return.

So here's to the tabby—the preservative of public morals! And here's to her rheumatism, that keeps her on the porch—may it never grow less—for the fields and forests lie beyond, where the men and maids may wander at will, right-thinking and right-doing their only monitor—and the only chaperone necessary for the American girl properly reared. And since it is the woman who holds the gauge of the friendship valve, the moral situation lies in her hands. And therein it is eminently safe.

This has been a merry week. House parties and week-end hotel visits are making of mid-summer a joy. And such a propitious year for house par-