



REALLY REALLY INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT REALLY REALLY INTERESTING WOMEN (AND SOME MEN)

ONCE a business woman always a business woman," says Mrs. Harry Stephens Abbott, in explaining her return to the wage earning world after a temporary retirement. Mrs. Abbott, who is a sister of Mrs. Frederick Roosevelt and Mrs. Bruce-Brown, began earning her own livelihood some time ago when the family met financial reverses, and the charming society woman took up the profession of painting coats of arms. Later she included decorating and had a delightful studio in New York city. Now, after a two years' rest, she confesses to a fondness for a business career, and she is again taking up the work of interior furnishing, designing of furniture and converting homes into French palaces and Italian villas.

Mrs. Harry Stephens Abbott

Mrs. Abbott was the first to make heraldic devices according to the rules of that branch of decorative work. From painting them on parchment she gradually began to supply embroidered ones for hangings and furniture coverings. This led her into the field of interior decorating. She has recently become associated with two women decorators, and together they have done some of the best and most luxurious houses in New York. Mrs. Abbott is particularly successful in obtaining contracts, but she is familiar with all branches of this interesting work.

BEFORE David Belasco had reached the top rung in the theatrical ladder, in fact when his foot was on the first step and he was a small and obscure play producer in San Francisco, he was one time rehearsing a melodrama at the old Alcazar theater. The play contained a few biblical lines and the rest was stirring western drama. The company rehearsing was none too intelligent and none too familiar with the great literary works of history. Melodrama was about all some of them understood. When the hero came to the quotation from the bible he looked a little puzzled and turned to a companion to ask who wrote that part with the quotations marks around it.

"Oh, David," replied the other actor. "Well, Belasco always was a rotten writer," exclaimed the hero in disgust. "Somebody ought to stop him."

JOHN BURROUGHS, naturalist and philosopher, has rather a contempt for wealth. "Money means nothing to me," he said to a friend who was visiting him at Sabides. He went on to deliver a tirade against predatory wealth and concluded with the statement that he was of the opinion that many millionaires forget the teachings of the golden rule. "Then you don't believe that any considerable amount of money can be made honestly?" inquired the guest. "Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to claim that," said Burroughs. "Now, I think I can safely say that every dollar I have in the world was made honestly."

"How many dollars have you?" asked the guest. "The old naturalist's eyes twinkled as he rattled some coins in his trousers pocket. "Well, I've got 98 cents," he chuckled.

LITTLE SERMONS FOR WOMEN BY A MODEST MAN

FEW women know how to grow old gracefully, for the reason that woman naturally rebels at the idea of the inevitable. This explains why, in many cases, the natural dignity of advanced years is made to give place to intemperate caprices of makeup and the obvious assumption of the perpetual ingenue, which frequently is amusing but more often grotesque and pathetic. No woman can express youth who has not a young heart. For it is not entirely a thing of years, but much of feeling. It can as readily be simulated through the aid of rouge, enamel, hair dyes and other artifices of "beauty doctors" as tropical fruits can be made to grow amid the stark, white wastes of the eternal cold. And where age is regarded as a calamity no amount of assumed philosophy can soften the inexorable fact.

Once traveled in Egypt with a party that included a distinguished New Yorker and his wife. He was proud of his buoyant old age and pointed with pride to his ruddy, healthful cheeks and his hair and mustache, which were snow white. As Puvis de Chavannes and our own John A. La Farge have transfigured cold, dead walls into spaces of warmth and beauty, so was the good wife decorated by her French maid, one of those obscure geniuses whose masterpieces keep a very considerable portion of society in good countenance.

When the good old soul talked with a girlish simper and assumed the manner of a miss of 16 the effect, emphasized by her makeup, was so artificial, so palpably unreal, that one felt he was witnessing a hopelessly poor stage imitation. And the present opera season is plentiful in examples not a whit less striking.

Certainly a woman may be young at 70 and have an appealing beauty which scorns adventitious things. And it strikes me that every woman can be so who is entirely frank with herself, who puts aside shallow vanity and looks upon the world with that nice sense of adjustment which comes from the wisdom of years. Because of its freshness of feeling, its sunny hopefulness and its love, all youth is beautiful. And it has a rare, exalted charm when set in the snows of life's winter.

LANDSCAPE gardening, which might well be termed "outdoor decoration," is a field of work of which many women have availed themselves. It is a profession which involves a great deal of healthful outdoor work and calls for a combination of intellectual, commercial and esthetic gifts such as are seldom found under the same head of hair. A distinct feeling for color, a deep knowledge of plants and soil, a keen eye for effects in trees, foliage and rocks, a fundamental knowledge of surveying and hydraulic engineering and, above all, an aptitude for getting a great deal for a very little money and achieving the maximum of result with the minimum of excavation and embankment—these are among the ten talents that are the inheritance of the successful landscape gardener.

A pioneer among the women who have taken up this profession is Miss Beatrix Jones, a daughter of Mrs. Cadwalader Jones and a relative of the gifted Edith Wharton and Dr. Weir Mitchell. The fruit of Miss Jones' handiwork may be seen in Newport on the grounds of James Van Alen, in the great park of Percy Chubb, on the Hudson river, and in the quaint old fashioned garden of Washington's old home at Mount Vernon.

WILLIAM LOEB JR., the president's secretary, likes nothing better than getting away from civilization and losing his identity in the western forests and in the northern hunting fields. The moment he reaches his destination he becomes plain "Bill," and under no circumstances are his companions and guides allowed to reveal his official name. Not long ago he made a trip to Montana, where he met a trapper and cowboy who had long been a conspicuous figure in the northwest. The cowboy and Loeb became friends at once. After they had hunted together for two weeks some one took the cowboy aside one day and told him that the man with the black mustache with whom they had been camping was none other than the president's secretary.

"Oh, the — he is!" exclaimed the cowboy. "I don't believe any man as good as he would be tied up with a politician." Then the cowboy went over to Loeb, took him confidentially by the arm and said: "Say, I heard something about you that is very discouraging. Is it true that you affiliate with those fellows in Washington?"

"Yes," confessed Loeb. "Well, I suppose you and me'll begin to 'Mister' each other now."

"No, Jack," said Loeb, "nothing of that sort."

"All right, Bill," responded the cowboy. And to this day he thinks Loeb was merely joking and is not the president's secretary.

WHEN one writer happens to choose the same title as another trouble follows—at least, matters are made a little disquieting for the one whose claim is secondary, whatever the legal situation may be. This was an experience that Juliet Wilbor Tompkins had when publishing her last book in serial form. The story had been advertised as "The Derelict," but this brought a prompt remonstrance from the publishers of William J. Locke's novels in behalf of his "Derelict," published about 10 years ago in England. Miss Tompkins' story was rechristened "A Derelict" for serial purposes, but for the book literary courtesy seemed to demand some more radical difference. Yet it is bitter to give up a cherished title. Locke was appealed to to decide the matter, and, with the sound business judgment of the poetical nature, replied that he had no objections to the similarity, but the new book would probably sell better under another name. He suggested various synonyms of the "Driftwood" order, but the more cheerful title of "Open House" was finally chosen.

Although Miss Tompkins comes from the west, her native state being California, she frankly admits that she does not like the country as well as the city and she has no desire to own a farm. Nothing pleases her more than to get back to New York after a summer in camp.

MISS KATHERINE CARL, the portrait painter, has an interesting jewel presented to her by the empress of China, which reveals Tsi Ann, even amid her cares of state, as a remarkable enthusiast for the minor harmonies of life.

It was while Miss Carl was living at the palace for the purpose of painting the portrait of the empress that the incident occurred. The empress had often advised the painter to wear flowers in her hair, saying that decorations of flowers were peculiarly suitable for an artist. One day, however, Miss Carl, heedless of this admonition, appeared before the empress wearing no flowers at all and gowned in a gray costume, which her imperial highness declared to be lacking in charm of color.

"It needs a finishing touch of color," declared the empress, "and I think flowers are exactly what will supply it."

Sending for the eunuchs she ordered them to bring flowers from the garden. This they did and the empress tried first one branch of blossoms and then another against the painter's hair and gown.

But none of the combinations of color suited her, for it happened that the flowers which had been brought were all red or pink in tone and these shades did not look well against the gray of the gown.

"No, they won't do," said the empress, who was herself an artist and a wonderful painter of flowers.

Finally she drew from her own hair the floral decoration which she herself wore. This was of jasmine blossoms, worn in the Chinese fashion, with the leaves all removed and a long pin thrust through rows of blossoms, which were packed tightly together on the pin. The head of the pin has a branch of coral, with a setting of two large pearls. The flowers were all on the upper half of the pin, the lower half being thrust into the hair, from which it stood out in the approved style.

When the empress had tried this flower string pin

against Miss Carl's hair and gown she was pleased with the note of color it afforded, and, thrusting it into Miss Carl's hair, she said: "Keep this pin when the flowers have faded as a souvenir of me, and to remind you also that it is the duty of all of us to look as well as we can at all times, and especially is it the duty of women."

ONLY four women have been permitted to break through the long established rules of the Players' club, Gramercy park, and enter the portals of this rendezvous of writers, artists and actors, except on "ladies' day." Once a year the wives, sweethearts and women friends of the members are invited to come and inspect the historic rooms, take a bite and chat for a while, but at other times not even the cleverest subterfuge will carry them past the door. The four guests for whom luncheons were given are Ellen Terry, Mme. Modjeska, Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanor Duse.

FRANK A. MUNSEY divides his day in two, literally going to bed, sleeping and then getting up, changing his clothes and beginning the second half of his day at nightfall. Not once does he break through this rule of retiring every afternoon and sleeping until 7 o'clock, and no important business matter or social engagement is permitted to interrupt or interfere with this rule. He does not take a siesta or snatch 40 winks, but sleeps soundly until time to dress for dinner. And he can sleep just as soundly when he turns in again at midnight or later. He takes practically no exercise, sometimes walking to and from Sherry's to the Flatiron building, where he has his offices.

Either he has greater strength of mind than most of us or food does not appeal to him as it does to the majority of men, for no matter how much he may like a certain dish, if it disagrees with him he never touches it the second time.

All the furniture he has in his apartment and offices is from his own designs. His greatest recreation is to arrange plans for his own buildings, every detail of which comes under his own supervision, from a brass knob to a front elevation. It is no secret among his associates that the publisher and financier "cleaned up" two million and a half last year in stocks. He personally looks after the publication of six magazines, four newspapers and numerous Wall street investments.

THIS is a story of six prize apples, Samuel G. Blythe, editor, writer and president of the Gridiron club, and of Robert H. Davis, editor, writer and good all around fellow, happened in Washington, when Davis called upon Blythe in his office. There were six large, perfect and luscious looking apples standing in a row on the office window sill, their rosy cheeks polished till they gleamed like rubies. They tempted Davis, and he promptly ate one. Then he ate another while talking to Blythe. Then he put the third in his pocket for refreshment on the way home.

About an hour later Blythe received a note from Davis by messenger, with a request to please give the bearer the three remaining apples. Blythe's sense of chivalry made him comply with the request and he wrapped up the three ruby checked prize apples, put them in a box and delivered them to the messenger boy without the least appearance of regret at relinquishing that for which he had worked and planned for months.

The apples were the largest of a specially fine variety and had been carefully cultivated by Blythe on his farm in the northern part of the state. They had arrived that morning and had been set aside for the moment, to be later packed and sent to the committee on awards at the agricultural exhibition. Blythe had hoped to get a prize for them, but he was too magnanimous and gallant to deny them to a friend, and so Davis ate all of the six prize apples.

AFTER Gutzon Borglum received the distinction and honor of having his statue of the Horses of Diomedes accepted by the Metropolitan Galleries the sculptor held a little gathering in his studio and invited a few friends to see the unveiling of the statue. One of the guests, a man of average height, but of more than average roundness, greeted the host with the query, "Do you remember me?" Borglum had to confess that he did not, but the man went on to say that he knew Borglum 20 years ago when they were both struggling for a living in Los Angeles, the sculptor in a paint shop and the other in a printer's shop. They used to meet at the noon hour in a cheap restaurant near by. The stranger explained that time and better meals since then had added about 80 pounds to his avoirdupois, which fact might account for his not being easily recognized by his old friends, but he added that the sculptor had not changed in the least, not even in his appearance, except for the slight marks that time leaves in two decades.

As the evening wore on the time came for unveiling the statue. As Borglum was about to draw the curtain he lost heart and broke down completely. Then the man who had known him 20 years ago stepped forward and lifted the veil, exposing to view the glorious work of the now famous sculptor, and he told the story of the struggles of the Los Angeles youth.

Turning to Borglum, he repeated the remark made earlier in the evening that the sculptor had remained just as simple, as unspoiled and as unchanged as he was before success and prosperity had come to him. This compliment was acknowledged by the sculptor, who said that he appreciated it even more than he did the honor conferred upon him by Sir Purdon Clarke and the Metropolitan committee who had accepted his work. It was the greatest that had ever been paid him.

FROM a 15 years' service in St. Bartholomew's parish house, Miss Anna D. Hunsdon has been promoted to the financial department of the Protestant Episcopal church in Manhattan and the Bronx, which is in charge of Bishop David H. Greer. Miss Hunsdon looks after all the disbursements of the wealthy Episcopal parishes, she attends to the details and has a force of clerks under her. The son of Bishop Greer, William A. Greer, who is a member of the New York stock exchange, gives his counsel and advice to the young business woman, and together they relieve the bishop of a great deal of worry and detail, thus giving him more time to devote to his diocese.

ONE of the hobbies of Dr. Leslie Ward, first vice president of the Prudential insurance company, is raising terrapin. He has a home in Newark and a country place on the Chesapeake, where he keeps a large supply of diamond backs, with which he replenishes his Newark stock from time to time. In the cellar of his Jersey home you will find from fifty to a hundred of these rare turtles crawling around in their pen waiting their turn to be transformed by the chef into his famous piece de resistance, terrapin a la Ward. When St. John Thaddeus, a well known English painter, was invited over to the Wards' to look at the doctor's private galleries, which are among the finest in this country, Ward had terrapin served for dinner. Thaddeus ate some—in fact, he had two helpings—and finally, curiosity getting the better of him, he said: "Pardon me, Mr. Ward, but what kind of a bird is this?"

For answer Ward took the painter down cellar and showed him the terrapin crawling around the floor. Thaddeus then wanted to know if it would be possible to transplant the delicacy to England, and the doctor handed him one of the terrapin, which immediately closed up, drew feet and head into its shell and lay in the painter's hand, apparently a ball of shell.

"Why, it would be perfectly simple to put this in one's trunk," remarked Thaddeus, "it is so compact."

ALTHOUGH much occupied with and interested in the official life at the state capital, Mrs. Nelson Herrick Henry, wife of the New York adjutant general, finds more time to devote to other matters than does the average woman whose life is purely a social one. She rarely misses a regimental review and is devoted to the interests of the national guard.

The greater part of her year is spent in Albany, but when the family returns to New York Mrs. Henry renews her active interest in the Greenwich improvement society, where she is brought in contact with not only the women who are concerned in the ways of bettering civic conditions, but with the street cleaning brigade and the captain and policemen of the neighborhood. It is the hope of the society to make their district the model of the city.

FIFTEEN years of active interest in looking after the welfare of the laboring classes have equipped Miss Gertrude Beeks, the secretary of the welfare department of the National civic federation, to make unique and extensive investigations into the conditions under which all sorts of labor is accomplished. She has traveled extensively and has visited hundreds of factories and plants. One of the most important tours of investigation connected with her work was a trip to Panama, under the direction of William Taft. It was here that Miss Beeks became acquainted with a young woman whom she was instrumental in later starting in a new field of work in the south.

A few weeks after her arrival in the canal zone Miss Beeks met an American young woman who had been nursing in this district for nearly ten years. She was Miss Clara E. Kenyon, and her work had been so exhausting that Miss Beeks encouraged her to take a rest from her tropical nursing and become interested in the civic federation. Miss Kenyon returned to New York for a holiday and studied the scope of this organization. Later, through Miss Beeks, she was offered the chance to go south and become a visiting nurse in one of the largest cotton mills there. She has the distinction of being the pioneer in this branch of work in that part of the country, and the way she has taught the poor white mothers to care for their babies and has interested them in cleanliness has started a revolution among these people. Their dirty houses and untidy appearance no longer offend the eye and jeopardize health. They have learned to keep house in an orderly and systematic fashion, even though they do lack many of our twentieth century equipments.

Miss Beeks says that conditions under which the laboring classes work have improved tremendously, especially during the last five years, and that in the south employers are quick to follow the examples set by old clients of the federation.

A GOOD many people do not realize that Thomas A. Edison is growing deaf as he advances in years, yet despite this affliction no one enjoys a story about a deaf man better than the great inventor. Some one told him the other day the story of the man who asked a friend for \$20, and, his request not being heard the first time, in the repetition he doubled the amount.

"Well, I would not have heard him at all," remarked Edison, with a relish for the predicament of the man who had been struck for the loan.



Mme. Gadski

AN indefatigable hausfrau is the Wagnerian opera singer Johanna Gadski. Her scorn for the girl ignorant of the machinery of the household is thinly veiled. Sewing is to her another art, and she is frankly proud of her skill in dress making and fine sewing. Many of her young daughter's summer garments have been made by the prima donna and the girl herself has been thoroughly instructed in these matters.

Mme. Gadski keeps house in Berlin. She can not bring herself to relinquish her possession of a real home, short as the time is that she can spend in it, for her season here is long and both the singer and her husband are devoted to automobilizing.

Last summer, when Mme. Gadski's plans did not permit of a stay in her home at the beginning of the season, she did not engage her servants, but during the four or five days that she spent at home she took upon herself the duties of marketing and cooking, an experience which she found most exhilarating, for her theories of cooking are as well defined and as seriously regarded by herself as her theories of singing. Lurking dust was hunted out and favorite personal recipes that had been long craving expression were freely indulged in.

ONE of the party of English suffragettes that recently visited this country attended a social function, during the course of which there was presented to her a gentleman who seemed disposed to poke fun at the principles so dear to the lady and her following.

"All this goes to show, my dear young lady," said he, "how utterly you women lack a sense of humor."

"I perceive you share the general error in that respect," said the suffragette.

"That women lack humor? Yes."

"Really, sir, you're most unobservant," continued the suffragette. "There is in every married woman's life at least one occasion when she evinces the keenest sense of humor?"

"You astonish me!" exclaimed the man. "May I ask you to particularize?"

"Certainly. Does she not get by the 'love, honor and obey' part of the marriage ceremony without so much as a snicker?"

AN energetic and versatile American woman has for some time past been directing the actual operation of a Colombian gold mine with remarkable success. Mrs. S. H. Hazard, the American wife of a distinguished French engineer, has been, it is believed, the first woman to undertake such a work. She is now in New York on a short visit before returning to resume her work. The mine in question is more than 200 miles inland, and to reach it means making a long and trying journey from the coast.

This journey alone might daunt a far less courageous woman. Mrs. Hazard leaves the steamer at Puerto Colombia on the north coast of South America, travels first by rail a short distance, then by boat, and finally on mule back over the rugged mountains and vast wildernesses of the interior. Few white women have attempted the journey, much less essayed to live in this region.

While not qualifying as a regular mining engineer Mrs. Hazard, from her long association with her husband, has become skillful in making assays and in actually carrying on the operations of mining. The earth is dislodged by great jets of water, after which it is scientifically treated to extract the gold.

Famous Love Letters

Robert Burns to Mrs. MacLehose

BURNS met Mrs. MacLehose in Edinburgh in 1787. She was then 28 years old, with three children. The family had been deserted by the father, who was a West Indian planter. The two fell in love with each other for a brief period and exchanged letters under the names of Sylvander and Clarinda. The following letter was written by Burns in acknowledgment of a copy of original verses by Mrs. MacLehose:

"I do love you, if possible, still better for having so fine a taste and turn for poetry. I have again gone wrong in my usual unguarded way; but you may erase the word and put 'esteem,' 'respect' or any other tame Dutch expression you please in its place. I believe there is no holding converse or carrying on correspondence with an amiable woman, much less a gloriously amiable, fine woman, without some mixture of that delicious passion whose most devoted slave I have more than once had the honor of being. But why be hurt or offended on that account? Can no honest man have a prepossession for a fine woman but he must run his head against an intrigue? Take a little of the tender witchcraft of love and add it to the generous, the honorable sentiments of manly friendship and I know but one more delightful morsel which too few in any rank ever taste. Such a composition is like adding cream to strawberries; it not only gives the fruit a more elegant richness, but has a peculiar deliciousness of its own.

"You can not imagine, Clarinda (I like the idea of Arcadian names in a commerce of this kind), how much store I have set upon the hopes of your future friendship. I don't know if you have a just idea of my character, but I wish you to see me as I am. I am, as most people of my trade are, a strange will-o-the-wisp being; the victim, too frequently, of much imprudence and many follies. My great constituent elements are pride and passion; the first I have endeavored to humanize into integrity and honor, the last makes me a devotee to the warmest degree of enthusiasm, in love, religion or friendship, either of them or all together, as I happen to be inspired.

"Adieu, my dear Clarinda. SYLVANDER."



obvious assumption of the perpetual ingenue, which frequently is amusing but more often grotesque and pathetic. No woman can express youth who has not a young heart. For it is not entirely a thing of years, but much of feeling. It can as readily be simulated through the aid of rouge, enamel, hair dyes and other artifices of "beauty doctors" as tropical fruits can be made to grow amid the stark, white wastes of the eternal cold. And where age is regarded as a calamity no amount of assumed philosophy can soften the inexorable fact.



Gutzon Borglum.