NOT ALL ARE DRONES IN LIFE

FEWER "IDLE RICH"

Some of the Many Activities of Busy Women of Social Prominence That Are Too Often Forgotten by the Satirists and Detractors.

NEW YORK.—"I think the time has come," said Frederick Townsend Martin, brother of Bradley Martin, patron of the arts, society man and philanthropist, "when the general public is beginning to realize that society people are not all butterflies. The day of the idle rich is fast passing."

Mr. Martin speaks with authority whenever he speaks. He is quite right, as a little research will show. Some, like Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., decline to make public any of their charities. Others, like Miss Helen Gould and Miss Anne Morgan, flee in despair if asked to say a word about the thousand and one good works in which they are interested.

And read some of the other New York names of those women who delight in giving of their own goodly wealth to those less fortunate than they. It is a roster of society—Harriman, Sage, Trevor, Cromwell, Barnes, Gray, Bell, Stokes, Irvin, Westinghouse, Bryce, Turnure, Choate, Parsons, Sloane, Kingsland, Hoyt, Twombly, Jay, Belmont, King and scores of other women all of indisputable social position and wealth.

They look for poor babies; they send fruit and flowers to the sick; they visit hospitals; they run day nurseries; they give crutches and braces to little cripples; they try to do for the afflicted blind babies of the poor; they manage guilds; they lessen the scourge of tuberculosis; they build settlement houses; they get up fresh air funds; they put floating hospitals on the water—these and a thousand other good works are the results of the efforts of the women of New York society.

"No women in the world are more charitable," says Mr. Martin.

Mrs. Harriman's Good Work.

Perhaps Mrs. J. Borden Harriman does more for charity than any other woman in New York society, if work counts for anything. She gives largely, but Miss Gould and Mrs. Sage, being of larger wealth, contribute more actual money. Mrs. Harriman's activities would tax the strength of a less resolute woman. To begin with, she is chairman of the woman's department of the National Civic federation. Her especial work is to make lighter the lot of the women who must toil. To further this end Mrs. Harriman is only too delighted to meet with labor leaders of all kinds. At her splendid mansion, Uplands, at Mount Kisco, last summer she gave a dinner party for one hundred workingmen.

Waiters in the Harriman livery served the sons of toil; pretty society girls in costume, headed by Miss Edith Harriman, entertained the guests with songs and tableaux, and Mrs. Harriman, John Mitchell and Tim Healy delivered addresses.

To check the spread of tuberculosis is another of Mrs. Harriman's charitable endeavors. She got Governor Hughes to address the Association of Tuberculosis Clinics at the Waldorf-Astoria. She interested John D. Rockefeller and other men of vast wealth.

She is interested in the public care of children and in the Presbyterian hospital. She has voluntarily assumed the duties of a factory inspector. And with her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., she contributes $5,000 a year for sending trained nurses into the homes of the poor. This fund is to be increased to $50,000 a year.

Much more is done for charity by Mrs. Vanderbilt, too, than ever becomes public. In fact, Mrs. Vanderbilt flees from even the mere mention of her name. Besides the trained nurse and tuberculosis work, in which she plays an equal part with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Vanderbilt is especially interested in model tenements.

Building Model Tenements.

There are building now at East Seventy-seventh street and Avenue A, New York, four large model, sanitary tenement houses financed by Mrs. Vanderbilt. They are designed especially to resist the breeding and spread of disease, the pest of the old-fashioned tenements of New York. In them will be housed 383 families in suites of from two to five rooms, and they are built to afford the maximum of light and floor space. They are verminproof and fireproof, and on the roofs are loggias and open gardens.

"They are not a charity but a humane and philanthropic investment," says Mrs. Vanderbilt, who contributed the necessary $1,000,000, "and I hope to see them self-sustaining."

Another pet project of Mrs. Vanderbilt's is the curing of crime in children by the use of surgery. She is one of the patrons of this movement, which aims to aid defective children with the consent of their parents and the presiding officer of the children's court. Further to inform herself about youthful wrongdoers Mrs. Vanderbilt has paid many visits to the children's court to see for herself the youthful offenders who may be saved from growing up into full-fledged criminals.

In further support Mrs. Vanderbilt has bought seven fine farms in Lebanon township, New York, which will be devoted to the care of youngsters from the city. As yet plans for an institution are not completed, but it is expected that upon her return from Europe Mrs. Vanderbilt's representatives will make public what she intends to do there.

Miss Helen Gould's many charities are so widely known that it is only necessary to call passing attention to a few of them. Soldiers and sailors are her hobby. She made possible the fine clubhouse for sailors in Brooklyn. During the Spanish war she was the guardian angel for hundreds of sick and wounded sailors. She takes little children to her beautiful home at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. With her friend, Mrs. Sage, who has given away many of her husband's millions already, she is active in every good work. In fact, Miss Gould cares nothing for society, as do the rest of her family, but devotes herself wholly to good works.

Anne Morgan, Philanthropist.

It is only lately that Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, has come into the public eye. In the navy yard, Brooklyn, she has established a splendid restaurant for the workmen and sailors. She helped found the club for the employes of the Third Avenue railway, in which her friend, Mrs. Charles Greenough, formerly Miss Eleanor Whitridge, is so interested. She goes out socially very little except in the evenings, but devotes her energies to educational movements among the working classes. She is a member of the National Civic federation and she has donated much of the money to make possible clubs for working girls.

"My idea," says Miss Morgan, "is to help the poor to help themselves."

To that end she has planned a $500,000 club for working women in Washington; she has started a movement in San Francisco toward unionizing working girls; in Denver she has done the same thing, and has studied the children's court there; in Chicago she is interested in the stock yards settlement; in New York cigar shops and printing establishments where women are employed are her special hobby and many are the improvements she has forced upon unwilling employers.

She is also one of the hardest workers in St. George's church, where her father is a warden. In the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Miss Morgan is one of the leading workers, and now she is learning parliamentary law in a class of 30 earnest women in order that she may be able to preside at some of the meetings for charitable and educational purposes in which she is so interested.

Volumes could be written about the charities of other society women, but space forbids more than a mere mention. The fresh-air movement of each succeeding summer grows more and more, and each year finds more society women giving of their time and money.

Mrs. Henry Trevor and Mrs. Seymour Cromwell give their time to thoughtful generosity where poor little children are concerned. The members of the Anson Phelps Stokes family devote themselves to settlement work. Mrs. Robert Hunter, who was Miss Caroline Stokes, lives herself among her charges, though her family owns a town and country mansion. Mrs. Richard Irvin devotes herself to many charities of the Pro-Cathedral, and each year interests the debutantes of the season in helping her with her classes of well-nigh homeless children. The Junior league, an organization of the younger set, annually earns a large sum for some worthy charity.

To Mrs. William D. Sloane, who was Miss Vanderbilt, New York owes the splendid Maternity hospital. St. Luke's hospital is indebted to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, for the nurses' hall and the new wing for private cases. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Mrs. Joseph H. Choate devote their charitable energies to the Presbyterian hospital. Mrs. Belmont has also given $100,000 to the Nassau hospital at Mineola, L. I. Mrs. Ambrose Kingsland and Mrs. Edward King give their time and financial assistance to the Children's Day nursery. Mrs. Charles Marshall, Mrs. Kingsland, Mrs. Ernest Flagg, Miss Catherine Cameron, Mrs. Charles E. Lawrence, Mrs. G. A. Irving, Mrs. Courtlandt Anable and Miss Low run the only institution of its kind in the United States—the Home for the Children of Destitute Seamen.

On the other hand, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who was Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, spends much of her time in helping poor struggling young women with artistic tastes to make themselves self-supporting. Mrs. Whitney is herself a sculptor of great talent.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay's hobby is the bettering of the educational facilities for children. She is also tremendously interested in the suffrage movement.

Junior League Work.

Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey, who was Miss Mary Harriman up to a few days ago, is devoted to the work of the Junior league. This labors among the poor children of the slums and is especially interested in raising money to provide dental clinics for the children of the poor. Mrs. Rumsey has also equipped a ferryboat and given it to the Red Cross committee of Brooklyn to be used in the fight against tuberculosis. It accommodates 300 patients, takes them out on the water, gives them the much-needed fresh air and provides three nourishing meals a day.

With Mrs. Rumsey in the Junior league work is Miss Dorothy Whitney, who inherited a large fortune from her father, the late William C. Whitney. Her other pet charity is the founding of diet kitchens for the poor. She is also interested in the fight for equal suffrage.

Other young women of society have other ways for aiding charity. Many of them act, dance or sing. Chief among them is Mrs. Courtlandt D. Barnes who was Miss Katherine L. Barney. She is ever ready to give her time and energies to charity.

For Indigent Children.

Many of the prominent women of New York society are interested in the Little Mothers' Aid association, one of the most beautiful charities of the city. It tries to care for indigent children in an intelligent way. It provides outing for hundreds during the summer and maintains two clubhouses all the year round. Entertainments where a nice meal is not the least conspicuous part are a feature and at Christmas hundreds of baskets of provisions are given to those in dire need of a little human comfort. Clothing, too, is given to the poorly clad. Some of the women interested in this work are Mrs. Charles E. Sprague, Mrs. Henry Siegel, Mrs. W. H. Oakley, Jr.; Mrs. John P. Laflin and Mrs. F. A. Hackley.

St. John's guild, through its floating hospitals and its shore hospital at New Dorp, Staten Island, has undoubtedly saved more lives of children than any institution of the kind in the world. It is 44 years old—this great work. It has taken for an outing more than a million and a half of ailing little ones from their furnace-like rear rooms of tenements. Creed, color and nationality are ignored. It runs three boats with a combined capacity of 3,000 passengers. Leading women in this enterprise are Mrs. William B. Coster, Mrs. A. D. Juilliard, Miss Gould, Mrs. Seth Barton French, Mrs. Samuel S. Blood and Miss Durham.

Indeed, as Mr. Martin justly says, society is not all given over to bridge and cocktails and monkey dinners, for these very women mentioned here are part and parcel of New York society.

The Mountains of Thessaly

Olympus is perhaps the most interesting of all mountains, and it is always within sight of Saloniki, on the Turkish side of the classic Vale of Tempe, which lies along the boundary between the two countries that have each other with an everlasting and irreconcilable hatred. The Vale of Tempe has been famed for its beauty from the earliest times. In one of its glades once stood an altar to Apollo, to which the priests of the oracle of Delphi sent an embassy to make sacrifice every eight years in expiation for the slaughter of the dragon Python, which the "Far Darting" Apollo slew five days after his birth in the island of Delos.

Mount Pelion is only a little more than half as high as Olympus, the latter rising 9,754 feet above the level of the sea, while Pelion is only 5,318 feet; but Pelion is much more attractive, because it lies directly along the bay, with the waters washing its feet and is cultivated almost to the very top. It is a long mountain, with a gradual slope, and on the side toward the sea 24 villages of whitewashed houses can be counted from the deck of the vessel, and they glisten like snow in the sun. They are scattered at various elevations, are connected with roads, which are easily traced and are surrounded by fields, orchards and vineyards which produce abundant crops of corn and wine and oil.

MADE $4,000,000 FARMING

David Rankin, the "Rockefeller of Missouri," Started Work Without a Cent.

Columbia, Mo.—Sixty years ago, in Indiana, a country boy was married. When the clergyman had finished, the young man turned his pockets wrong side out. "I have just five dollars to my name," he said; "take it all."

Then he explained to his bride as they walked away, "Now I shall have an even start."

The boy became a farmer—just a plain, ordinary farmer—worked hard and believed that a penny saved was

David Rankin.

a penny and a quarter earned. The other day he took an inventory of his farm, scratched his gray head a moment and said, "Doing pretty well, after all." The figures totaled up $4,000,000.

David Rankin—for, as the detective stories say, it was none other than he —of Tarkio, Mo., is the world's biggest farmer. That is what he claims to be—a farmer—not a stock raiser, nor a agriculturist. The first agricultural implement he ever owned he went in debt for. Now if he doesn't raise a million bushels of corn in a season he considers that he has had a crop failure.

He has 25,640 acres of land that are actually producing. There are men who own more land—but David Rankin is a farmer. If the number of his fattening hogs falls below 12,000 he becomes nervous.

The business secret of Rankin's life has been: Specialize, stick to it, and early to bed. He has made only one trip abroad. "I couldn't sleep over there," he explained.

David Rankin is eighty-four years old, but he never spends an idle hour. He is the Rockefeller of Missouri. He has given at different times $250,000 to Tarkio college, and considers it his best investment.

His motto is: "A farmer is a business man who lives in the open."

BEAUTY BECOMES PRINCESS

Liane de Pougy, One of Paris' Handsome Women, Weds Man Who Fought for Her.

Paris.—Known as the "Eternal Beauty" and acknowledging to her forty-seven years, Liane de Pougy of Paris only a few days ago through marriage with a youthful scion of the royal house of Roumania became a princess. Her boyish husband is Prince Georges Ghika, cousin of Prince John Ghika, who married Hazel Singer of New York.

Liane, in spite of her mature years, is still one of the handsomest women of the French capital, and for many, many years was a raging beauty over

PRINCESS GHIKA

whom kings and the members of the nobility went wild. She owns a mansion in the Rue de la Nova and on the mantelpiece of one room are jeweled knickknacks worth over a million, presents to her from royal and other distinguished admirers. She is said to be the richest woman of her class in Paris. A quarter of a century ago Liane was the wife of Lieutenant Pourcher. Before securing a divorce from her he shot her in the leg with a revolver.

Some time before this the professional beauty had attracted international attention by attempting suicide for love of a scientist whose fame is now world-wide.

The youthful prince whom she has now espoused won her heart by fighting a duel with a man who had laughed at her big hat, later having to pay a fine for his gallantry.

Now that she has both fortune and a title it is said that the famous beauty will exercise all her powers in an effort to force her way into society, a feat which, however, may prove somewhat difficult.

Tip the Assistant.

A word to those who may be planning for the first time to go to some famous Paris house for their gowns. The assistant must be tipped. Otherwise one might sit unnoticed for a long time, with every one seemingly too busy to heed. An assistant must be seized as she passes and secured, after which miracles will occur. A very good tip will even, at the end, after one or two frocks have been purchased, bring forth from some recess a "bargain," and it will really be one in verity.

The Gentleman in the Straw Hat

By Philip Kean

"It's the gentleman in the straw hat, miss," said the little maid.

"It's a most inconvenient time to see him," Catharine said.

"But he insists."

Catharine trailed the snowy lengths of her satin gown toward the door. "I suppose I shall have to see him," she said. "Did he give any name?"

"No," the maid replied, "but he is the same gentleman that came the other day. I knew him by his straw hat. It seemed sort of strange for a gentleman to be wearing a straw hat in winter."

"Yes, it does," Catharine said, and went downstairs.

Catharine greeted the stranger somewhat coolly. She had suspicions of a book agent, although a second glance at the man before her rather dispelled this idea. He was shabby. He came to the point at once. "I want to paint your picture," he said.

Catharine looked at him haughtily. "Why, I don't know you." Her voice had in it a note of anger, but he did not seem disturbed.

"I want to paint your picture," he repeated. "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

Catharine stood up. "You have not seen me long enough to call me beautiful."

"I have seen you many times," he said, "and last night as you came out and crossed the snowy pavement on the way to your motor, I was standing on the steps. You were wrapped in white furs and there were diamonds in your hair. I thought of the 'Snow Queen' about whom I used to read in my fairy books."

Catharine leaned toward him eager with interest. "I remember," she said, "but how cruel she was."

"Yes," he agreed, "yes; but your beauty—the wonderful white of the

snow, the white of your furs—I want them on my canvas—I must have them."

But again Catharine repelled him haughtily. "I do not know you," she said.

His head went up. "I have no reputation," he admitted, "and I am poor and struggling for recognition, but I love my art. I know I am asking much, but no one will ever paint you better than I shall paint you."

"Of course I could not come alone," she said.

"I do not wish you to come; I have no studio. I want to paint you here."

His demand was made so quietly, with such perfect assurance that it would be granted, that again she gave in weakly. When he had gone, however, and she told at the table of the strange circumstance her mother exclaimed against the unconventionality, and her father spoke of the danger of admitting an unknown man to the house. Her cousin, Betty Barnes, however, who was spending the winter with her, thought it something of an adventure.

"It has been so deadly dull lately," she said, "just teas, receptions and things. Can we all come in and see him paint you, Catharine?"

"Of course you can," Catharine answered, "but he won't interest you, Betty. He is the shabbiest man you ever saw."

But as Catharine learned to know the painter she found that it was not because of his shabbiness that he wore a straw hat. So completely was he wrapped up in his art that he thought little of the things that rule the average man.

Gradually under his hand the picture was taking on great beauty. While he painted he talked to her. He had been everywhere, seen everything. She listened, and, when he left, wished that she might listen still.

It was when the picture was almost finished that the artist demanded something more of Catharine.

"Tomorrow," he said, "will be my last day here with you—it will be my last day of happiness."

She looked at him, her eyes shining, her cheeks flushed. "Why should it be your last day of happiness?" she asked.

"Because I must leave you," he told her.

For a moment they looked at each other and the eyes of the girl told the man things that she knew her lips would not utter. He took a quick step toward her, then stopped. "You would never marry me," he said, "even if I dared ask you. I have called my picture 'The Lady of the Frozen Heart.' It is not that you have no heart—but you are cold."

She caught her breath quickly. The look had died out in her eyes. "I am glad you know me so well," she said, and presently she left him and went away. He painted until dark came, and then sat there without the light, dreaming in the big chair near the fireplace.

Presently some one came in softly. It was Betty Barnes. She came over and looked at him. "I have found you out," she said slowly.

His eyes tried to pierce the dimness, then he laughed softly. "Oh, Betty Barnes," he said, "who told you?"

Betty touched the button and turned on the electric light. "Let me look at you," she said. She surveyed him while he smiled down at her. "It was your pointed beard and the tan that deceived me," she told him confidentially, as she settled herself in another big chair. "I had seen some one who looked like you, but it wasn't until yesterday that I traced the resemblance to the picture that hung over my brother's desk at college."

The artist nodded. "Yes, I poured tea for you the time that you came on to see Jack's room. I have been abroad since them and have learned to paint, and I fell in love with Catharine at the opera. I did not know a soul to present me to her. I did not dream that you were here, and I was bound that I would paint her picture. So I made up my mind to come here in an eccentric costume, so that she might think that I was some dreamy artist whom she could admit because he fancied himself a genius and because she might help him to fame."

Betty laughed. "And now you are afraid to 'fess up,'" she said.

"Do you think she would ever forgive me? She is so distant, so cold, so hard to touch."

"That shows how much you men know about it," Betty said, scornfully. "She is dead in love with you right this minute."

But he would not believe it. "There was a look in her eyes today that made me hope for a minute."

"It's a man's place to let a girl know that he cares."

But even wise little Betty did not know Catharine, for the lady of the frozen heart was in her room, dreaming with her eyes on her own little fire, the flames of which cast shadows over her thoughtful face. "He loves me," she said to herself, "but he is poor and afraid to tell me." So a little later she crept down to him.

Betty had gone after an admonition. "Don't tell her how rich you are, at first," she said, "or it will spoil the romance for her."

As Catharine entered the room she found the man who loved her gazing at the picture he had painted. She crept up behind him softly. "I want you to paint another," she said.

He turned to her quickly. "Another picture?" he stammered.

"Yes," she said, "the 'Lady of Dreams.' I don't want any snow or ice or frozen things, but flowers and sunshine. You have made me a thing of ice and hardness—I want you to paint me as a woman who can love."

He stood silent before the beauty of her surrender. "Could you even love a gentleman in a straw hat?"

"I could love—you."

After a time, when they had said all the wonderful first things that lovers must tell, he explained his deception. "There was no necessity for the straw hat," he told her, "nor for the shabby clothes." But he did not let her know that he was rich, he wanted first to paint her as his "Lady of Dreams" and to feel the happiness of the man who knows that not because of his position, not because of outward things, is he beloved, but because of his own true worth.

Value of the Old Carpet

Good Uses to Which the Leftover Pieces Can Be Put by the Thrifty Housewife.

The wise housewife knows the value of leftover pieces of carpet.

When a carpet gets too old for use and is taken up to be replaced by a better one, do not give it to the rag man. Of course it is foolish to keep more stuff of that sort around than you can possibly use, but there are many places where a bit of old carpet may be used to advantage.

In a kitchen with stone floors it will be a great comfort to the cook to have little rugs, which may be made of short strips of the carpet to use in the places where she is obliged to stand most. It is much less tiresome to stand on carpet than on either stone floor or boards, and these strips, small enough to be shaken easily, and of small loss if things are dropped on them, are a practical saving.

There should always be a strip of carpet to put under the tubs and under the ironing board for the laundress to stand on. They may be easily pulled up and put out of sight afterward.

Often, too, the refrigerator is not really to receive the ice, or there may be too much, and the best way to keep it for a few hours is to cover it with a newspaper and then wrap it in the indispensable old carpet which has first been thoroughly cleaned.

Another use for a strip about six feet long is for a "runner." In houses where there are children, or too many persons coming in and out, this runner will save the carpet on a rainy day when it seems quite impossible for every one to wipe his feet thoroughly.

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Tit for Tat.

Being of a literary turn and having plenty of leisure, both Mr. and Mrs. Gluppins contributed special articles occasionally to two different newspapers in the town where they resided. One day Mr. Gluppins picked up a manuscript his wife had just finished, and proceeded to look it over.

"That's very good, Bertha," he said, after completing his inspection, "but I see you use the phrase, 'well-known fact.' I wouldn't do that."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Well, if a thing is well-known, why mention it?"

His wife said nothing in rejoinder at the time, but a few days later, while reading one of his articles in print, she found something to criticize.

"Horace," she said, "I am surprised to see you using the phrase, 'self-evident.'"

"What's the matter with that?"

"Why, if a thing is self-evident, what is the use of calling attention to it?"

Horace looked at her sharply over his glasses, but made no verbal response.—Youth's Companion.

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