

SHE PLANS FOR SOCIETY PEOPLE

How Mrs. Hawkesworth Made a Success of the Dances in City Hotels.

DOES THINGS ON BIG SCALE

First Gained Prominence Through Her "Chansons Crinolines," and Now Manages Many Distinctive Affairs for Women of Fashionable Circles.

By OSBORN MARSHALL.

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It was when the craze for afternoon dancing had just hit New York that Mrs. R. W. Hawkesworth made the master stroke of her business career. Several of the large cafes in New York had begun what they called the "the dansant," and if you went into any one of these places in the late afternoon before six you would see men and women tangoing and trotting between the tables, indulging in what they took pleasure in knowing was the latest form of amusement. Everyone who had the price and who cared for that sort of amusement went to these dances, and as there are all sorts of people in New York so there was all sorts of dancing. That is one of the things that made these dancing teas so successful.

Still there were some ultra-conservative New York people who liked to dance in the afternoon who held back from the showy cafes. Their social life centered about their own homes or the large hotels. Tea drinking in the palm gardens or Turkish rooms of the palatial hotels had amused them other seasons, but it seemed dull when there was the possibility of dancing.

Mrs. Hawkesworth, part of whose business it is to feel the pulse of society, pondered over the situation and then, with her plans made, she went to the manager of one of the newly-opened and largest hotels of the city. "Afternoon dancing has come to stay," she told him. "So far the only place people can dance in is the showy

general public is not admitted, but which are attended by the most distinguished of New York society folk. Mrs. Hawkesworth had come to be regarded as the genius of the afternoon dance and demands came for her services from far and near. So now in one of the most exclusive hotels in Philadelphia the best-behaved daughters of the old families can dance with perfect propriety. In a world-known hotel in Washington the most prominent society folk—members of the diplomatic corps, senators and cabinet ministers' wives and daughters and sons, and no doubt senators and cabinet ministers themselves—can indulge in the newest steps. In Pittsburgh, too, the millionaire set gather in the afternoon dances at one of the most palatial hotels of the city. All these dances are under Mrs. Hawkesworth's supervision. They were started by her and are conducted according to her plan.

Only five winters ago Mrs. Hawkesworth faced one of the hardest situations that a woman ever has to face. She was suddenly left a widow and without money. She had been used to luxuries and was a woman of mature years, without a grain of business experience and with no means—so it seemed—of earning an income. She had been given a good musical training as a girl and she had played the piano as a pastime throughout her married life. Her friends suggested that she could earn a little by teaching music.

Mrs. Hawkesworth had the good fortune to know Victor Herbert. She had played as an amateur in ensemble music which he had conducted, and she asked him what chance she had as a teacher.

"Your gift lies in managing, not in teaching," he told her, and she took his advice seriously. She decided to make her first money by getting up a concert.

Does Big Things With Concerts. There are some people who instinctively begin things in a small way. If they decide to conduct musicales they give the first one on a small scale. They would use a friend's drawing room, employ cheap local talent and ask only their acquaintances to subscribe. But Mrs. Hawkesworth is not one of this class. She decided she would have none but the best singers, and that her patronesses should be only women of wealth. The very day she decided to give the musicale she went unaided and unintroductory to

time, although they are not all in crinoline. When Amato appears she has him dress in Italian costume to fit the Italian love songs he has to sing. Olive Fremsted sings Swedish songs in the peasant costume of the North, and Lucrezia Bori sang Spanish folk songs in the characteristic mantilla of her native country. When Edmond Clement sang his delightful old French songs he dressed in satin knee breeches, brocade coat, powdered wig, silk stockings and shoe buckles.

"Arranger" for Society Folk.

The first one of these "Chansons Crinolines" was a howling success, and Mrs. Hawkesworth's future was assured. Society people—always anxious to be amused—saw possibilities in this quiet-voiced, energetic little woman, whose widow's weeds were in such striking contrast to the gay entertainments she had arranged. If she could arrange unusual musicales why couldn't she arrange unusual dances, dinners and private entertainments of all kinds? This was a departure from her intention to be a musicale manager, but Mrs. Hawkesworth was still too eager to make a living to refuse. That was four years ago, and now among society folk in New York and Newport she is as well known as an arranger of dances and dinners that are unusual as David Belasco is known as a theatrical manager.

At one dance Mrs. Hawkesworth arranges a shower of real butterflies that flit through the ballroom just at the appointed moment like a dream of fairyland. At another she has a yoke of flower-crowned oxen bring in the professional dancers. At another she has an arrangement like an enormous book, so that the professional entertainers seem to jump from the pages of a story as they appear.

"Where do you get all these ideas?" people are constantly asking Mrs. Hawkesworth, for they know she doesn't have time to travel far for them.

"It is simply a matter of concentration," she says. "If I want a new idea I just sit down and think and think and if I think long enough it comes. That is concentration, isn't it?"

But don't imagine that every clever widow suddenly thrown on her own resources could do the same. There aren't fifty women in New York who have energy enough. To prove this here is the schedule of just one of Mrs. Hawkesworth's days:

One of Her Busy Days.

She appears at her office at about ten in the morning. The chances are that she will begin work with her secretary over an itemized bill for an entertainment given the night before, for society women want very exact figures and are more apt to quibble over five dollars paid for a spotlight which they think ought to have been only four dollars and fifty cents than anyone else. Then comes a telephone message from a woman well known in society.

"Oh, Mrs. Hawkesworth," she says wearily. "I have been appointed chairman for the charity ball of such-and-such a league, and we want something original. I have tried to manage but it is quite beyond me. Will you come up to my house this afternoon and talk it over?"

Another telephone follows. It is from another society woman, known for the daring entertainments she gives. "Mrs. Hawkesworth," she says gayly, "I am giving dinner tomorrow and I want a moving-picture performance afterward. I haven't the least idea how to arrange for it and I just took a fancy to have it a moment ago."

Then, as Mrs. Hawkesworth is racking her brains thinking how she will go about it and is just setting out to a moving-picture establishment, the telephone rings again. This time it is a message from one her musical stars who has been taken ill the last minute and cannot keep an appointment.

As she hangs up the receiver from this call she is thinking whom she can get to take his place. She cannot wait to finish her work on the bills, although they must be posted that afternoon, for she must now hurry to the hotel in Fifty-seventh street where she has daily office hours in connection with her afternoon dances. Here she has a rehearsal for a special dance the week following. After that is over, she has to go to a florist's shop to make arrangements for some unusual dinner decorations and from there to interview one of the greatest singers she has secured for her next "Chanson Crinoline" about the costume she is to wear and the songs she is to sing. This takes till late afternoon and then she drops in at one of the hotels to see that the dancing is going on all right.

Mrs. Hawkesworth is very particular about these dances. That is one of the reasons why they have been so successful with the more conservative elements. Perhaps a society woman with the best of intentions has drawn out a cigarette case, or perhaps one of the devotees of the fox trot has been demonstrating some steps that might lead to criticism. In this event it is Mrs. Hawkesworth's duty to remonstrate with the offender so tactfully that she doesn't know she has been reproved.

Then, after a little rest and a hasty evening toilet, Mrs. Hawkesworth is whisked in a taxicab to the home of the society leader who is giving a big dinner that night. Mrs. Hawkesworth is never one of the party. In many cases the hostesses have suggested that she join in the festivities which she keeps in motion, but Mrs. Hawkesworth has no interest in the social side of the game she plays. She enters as noiselessly as the caterer or the florist, and is only known by the results of her labor.

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Does your back ache night and day, making work a burden and rest impossible? Do you suffer stabbing, darting pains when stooping or lifting? Most bad backs are due to hidden trouble in the kidneys and if the kidney secretions are scant or too frequent of passage, proof of kidney trouble is complete. Delay may pave the way to serious kidney ills. For bad backs and weak kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills—recommended the world over.

A Nebraska Case

C. T. Evans, Third St. and Third Corso, Nebraska City, Neb., says: "I was miserable with kidney complaint and finally had to go to bed where I remained for five months. I was unable to move hand or foot and my body was so itchy swollen. Three doctors failed and I gave up hope. Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills I used them and they restored me to good health."

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MR. ROUNDNER A DIPLOMAT

Anyone That Could Get Away With Excuse He Offered Is Deserving of the Name.

Mr. Roundner lay in the hospital with a broken leg and a bruised head. But they weren't worrying him most.

There in the morning paper was the whole story of one too many joy rides, chorus girls and all, starting from page 1.

His wife—he knew her too well. Even while he pictured the scene in the divorce court, she came in, stiff and cold and threatening, the telltale paper clutched in a trembling hand.

"Well?" she demanded accusingly. Then came his inspiration.

"Lucetta!" he whispered, reaching toward her, in spite of the pain his movements gave him. "I—I thought the automobile was a jitney bus, and before I discovered the difference, it whizzed away with me, and—"

She interrupted him with a wild cry.

"Oh, Jonathan! I knew you couldn't have done anything so absurd!"

Manlike, he forgave her.—Judge.

Gets Job; Dies First Day.

John J. Cullen had been out of work since January. Almost every day he had applied for work from the contractors building a bridge across the Passaic river between Belleville and Arlington, N. J.

An extra man was needed and the contractors put Cullen to work. Pleased at getting a job, he worked with zest until noon. As he was leaving the bridge for lunch he fell into the water a few feet from shore.

The water was shallow. Cullen rose to his feet and staggered to shore. Then he dropped again. When men reached him he was dead. He was thirty-five years old, and lived at 216 Cleveland avenue, Harrison.

Philip's Reason.

Teacher—Aren't you glad the circus days are coming, Philip?

Philip (with the spectacles)—Yes, teacher.

"I suppose you like to go to the circus, don't you?"

"Oh, no, teacher; I never go to the circus, but I like to see the circus poster about, so I can get a lot of large words for my compositions."

Probably every man on earth has rheumatism, dyspepsia or some other hobby.

Dragoljub Jelittich, age twelve, is a soldier in the Servian army.

JEW HAD THE LAST WORD

Youths Who Thought to Have Fun With Him Got Decidedly the Worst of the Transaction.

There is more than one way of making a retort without resorting to the vulgar "You're another."

A Jewish street-vender of spectacles was offering his wares when half a dozen saucy fellows stepped up.

"Keep still; we'll have some fun with him," said the spokesman of the party.

"Spectacles! Good vons!" called the vender.

"Dot vos goot," said the young man. "Now, what can you see through these glasses, Mr. Moses?"

"Anything vot you like," was the reply.

"Ish dot so? Well, we'll see about that." He took a pair of spectacles, put them on, and looked straight at the dealer. "Nonsense, Mr. Moses!" he exclaimed. "What have you been telling us? Nothing whatever can be seen through these glasses but blackguards," whereupon his companions laughed.

"Vot? Ish dot so?" exclaimed the vender, as if in alarm. He took the glasses, put them on hastily, and looked at the party. "My goodness!" he exclaimed, "dot ish so." The party moved on, but this time they were not laughing.

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Without a supply of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, or dissolved in the foot-bath. The Standard Remedy for the feet for 25 years. It gives instant relief to tired, aching feet, and prevents swollen, hot feet. One lady writes: "I enjoyed every minute of my stay at the Expositions, thanks to Allen's Foot-Ease in my shoes." Get it TODAY. Adv.

No Time.

Judge—Why don't you look for work?

Casey—Oh haven't the toime to waste in such unprofitable employment.—Judge.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

What He Wanted.

"I called to see if I could sell you a book."

"What do I want the book for?"

"For two dollars."

"But what made you think I wanted the book?"

"Why, two dollars."

Going Too Far.

"There is no way of conquering the overbearing and dictatorial attitude of a man," remarked the determined-looking woman.

"I thought your husband favored your ideas in most matters."

"He is a tyrant at heart. I asked him whether he thought women should be permitted to vote and he said he thought they should be compelled to do so."

Marital Diplomacy.

Plunger—I felt awfully sorry for a poor guy down at the exchange today. He lost five thousand on cotton and all the boys were guying him, and as he started off home they taunted him with the prediction that his wife would land on him roughly. The poor chap acted as though he felt pretty bad about it.

Mrs. Plunger (sympathetically)—Poor fellow! No doubt he used his best judgment, and if his wife turns on him because of his reverses she is not worthy to be called wife. But, who was the man?

Plunger—Why—er—it was me.—Woman's Home Companion.

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FROM EGYPT'S FAMOUS QUEEN

Colored Man's Explanation of How His Wife Acquired Her Somewhat Peculiar Name.

Dean Hermann Schneider of the college of engineering in the University of Cincinnati, who is helping the city of New York to organize the system of continuation schools and kindred activities, many years ago when he lived in Maryland engaged a colored man and his wife to help in the upkeep of the house and premises.

This part of the preliminary conversation Dean Schneider tells with gusto:

"What is your name?"

"Tom Burgee, sah."

"Married?"

"Oh, yes, sah."

"What's your wife's name?"

"My wife's name Clara-Peters."

"How can that be, if your name is Burgee?"

"Oh, that her first name; just her first name. All of her name Clara-Peters Burgee."

"What do you call her?"

"Clara-Peters."

"How did she get that name?"

"Well, sah, her old father, he was educated; he could read, and he terrible fond of readin' the Bible and Shakespeare, and sich books, and namin' his children a'ter folks he read about. So, when Clara-Peters was born, he just natchally name her Clara-Peters, a'ter that old queen of Egypt!"

Unperturbed.

"That poem of yours about spring had some hard lines to scan. The feet were difficult to manage."

"Well, in spring you must expect to have hard lines and take extra care about your feet."

If a man isn't married by the time he is thirty the women believe it is because he has been "crossed" in love.



Everyone Went to These Dances.

cafes. I will undertake to conduct afternoon dances in your hotel for you and guarantee success if you will let me have carte blanche. There must be no objectionable dancing and we must cater to the conservative element."

She named the commission at which she would undertake this work and told the manager of the hotel to let her know what he thought of the proposition when he thought it over. The hotel man decided at once, and before many days had passed one of the ball rooms on the twenty-fourth floor of this big hotel had been opened for afternoon dancing. The price of admission was a dollar and anyone who wished might attend.

Started Subscription Dances.

Soon other hotel managers, hearing of Mrs. Hawkesworth's success, came to her and asked her to do the same thing for them. There is a great deal to do in managing these dances besides providing music and a suitable floor, and they knew that it was better to pay Mrs. Hawkesworth a high commission than to experiment themselves. But Mrs. Hawkesworth wisely refused to duplicate her achievements.

She had another plan. While these public dances had gone—and are still going—wonderfully well, there were still some society people of New York who wanted something even more exclusive. They would dance in the afternoon at a hotel, they told Mrs. Hawkesworth, if the dances could be put on the subscription basis.

Hence Mrs. Hawkesworth opened a set of subscription afternoon dances at a hotel in New York, to which the

some of the biggest entertainers in the world and before nightfall she had drawn up contracts with Alma Gluck, Geraldine Farrar and Adeline Genee, all of whom happened to be in New York at that time. These contracts involved \$6,000, a sum which she could not possibly have paid if the next step in her program had not proved successful. This step was securing patrons.

Mrs. Hawkesworth called on a list of the most prominent society women of New York and asked them to subscribe to the new series of morning musicales she purposed giving at the Plaza hotel. They were to be different from other musicales, she assured them, and her assurance was convincing. The next thing to do was to make the musicales different. It was not enough to have Geraldine Farrar sing and Genee dance. That was no special treat to society folk. Mrs. Hawkesworth decided on having her performers dress in costume suited to the songs they sang. For her first performance she planned costumes and songs of the natterly style and so with the aid of the best costumers she could secure, her stars were dressed in the white curls and bouffant skirts of the period of Louis XV. That suggested the name of the series of entertainments, the "Chansons Crinolines"—a name which has played no little part in the subsequent success of these entertainments. Now the name "Chanson Crinoline" is known to society and musical folk all over the country.

Mrs. Hawkesworth has stuck to her idea of having the artists all in cos-

After Winter's Wear and Tear

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