

Mrs. Lorillard Spencer^{OF} New York's "400"

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Next-Door Neighbor to Give Up Social Frivolities and Become a Missionary Among the Savages of the Philippines

MRS. LORILLARD SPENCER, one of the most beautiful and charming as well as one of the wealthiest women in the fashionable Newport colony, will close her lovely home on the harbor front and go to the Philippines as a missionary.

At present Mrs. Spencer's nearest neighbors are Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, mother of the "richest boy in the world," and Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt, the former wife of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. In the future her nearest neighbors will be the warlike, ferocious and ignorant Moros, many of whom live on tree tops on the island of Jolo.

Could any contrast be greater than that between Mrs. Spencer's present and future?

The members of New York and Newport society are still dazed with astonishment over her decision. Her only son, Lorillard, Jr., who married pretty Mary Sands, is aghast, but no one is able to make Mrs. Spencer change her plans.

"Think of the opera you will miss," say her friends, to no avail.

"Think of the loneliness of life away from all your friends," say the Junior Spencers, but to no avail.

"Think of the money you will spend on wretched, dirty savages," warn her financial advisers, but their warning, too, falls on stony ground.

No worldly consideration weighs with this high bred, brilliant woman, who might lead the Newport set if she wished, and who has long been a brilliant member of what Ward McAllister named the "400." Knowing her firm determination to go to the Philippines, it is interesting to discover her reasons for giving herself to such a mission; and equally interesting to see what she gives up.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Spencer was Carolina Berryman. Her parents were enormously wealthy, and her fortune far exceeded that of the man she married, the popular "Lardy" Spencer, a grandson of old Pierre Lorillard. Their combined fortunes placed them among the wealthiest members of the New York-Newport set. From the day of her marriage, which took place before her eighteenth birthday, Mrs. Spencer became an important factor in society. The Newport mansion, which had belonged to Mr. Spencer's father, fell to the bride and bridegroom, and their entertainments were lavish and delightful.

As time passed, the Spencers became more and more firmly entrenched socially. Their beautiful town house on Fifth avenue was a favorite place with the exclusive members of society, as was their Newport home. Their opera box always held the gayest parties. From a social viewpoint, Mrs. Spencer could desire nothing else.

Three years ago Mr. Spencer died, and his fortune was left unconditionally to his widow. This, with her own fortune, made Mrs. Spencer one of the richest widows in New York.

To fill in her period of mourning she took a companion and went for a trip around the world. On this trip she visited the Philippines. Because of her wealth and social position, she was entertained in as elaborate a fashion as the Manila and other posts could devise.

One day she expressed a desire to see the fierce Moros in their native islands. She was taken to the island of Jolo, which is the farthest south of all the Philippines. There she met Bishop Charles H. Brent, the Protestant Episcopal head of that wild diocese, and there she saw savagery at its worst. Generously she gave to the various missions, but she returned to New York overcome with the feeling that there was something more for her to do.

When the Newport season opened she threw herself into its gayeties. It seemed as though she wanted to test herself, as though she must see just how strong a hold the Philippines had on her imagination. But even at the gayest dance she would

have those savage Moros on her mind. The next Winter, when she gave opera parties, she was still thinking of what seemed to her the wretchedness of the natives on the island of Jolo.

Then a few weeks ago, during the great Episcopal Convention, held in New York, Mrs. Spencer was again brought in contact with Bishop Brent, and almost before she realized it she had announced her intention to go to Jolo and work as a missionary, paying all expenses for herself and a companion worker.

Society was properly staggered. Her son was dumfounded, but nothing could, and she frankly says that nothing can, sway her from her decision.

In the most savage corner of this barbarous island she will found and support a social mission. Every cent of expense will be borne by her. Her financial advisers and her friends say, "What a fearful waste of money." She says, "Not at all." That it is a greater waste of money to entertain society as she has done in the past. The amount of money which this

Mrs. Lorillard Spencer.
From Miniature by Amalia Kusner.



A Native Tree House.



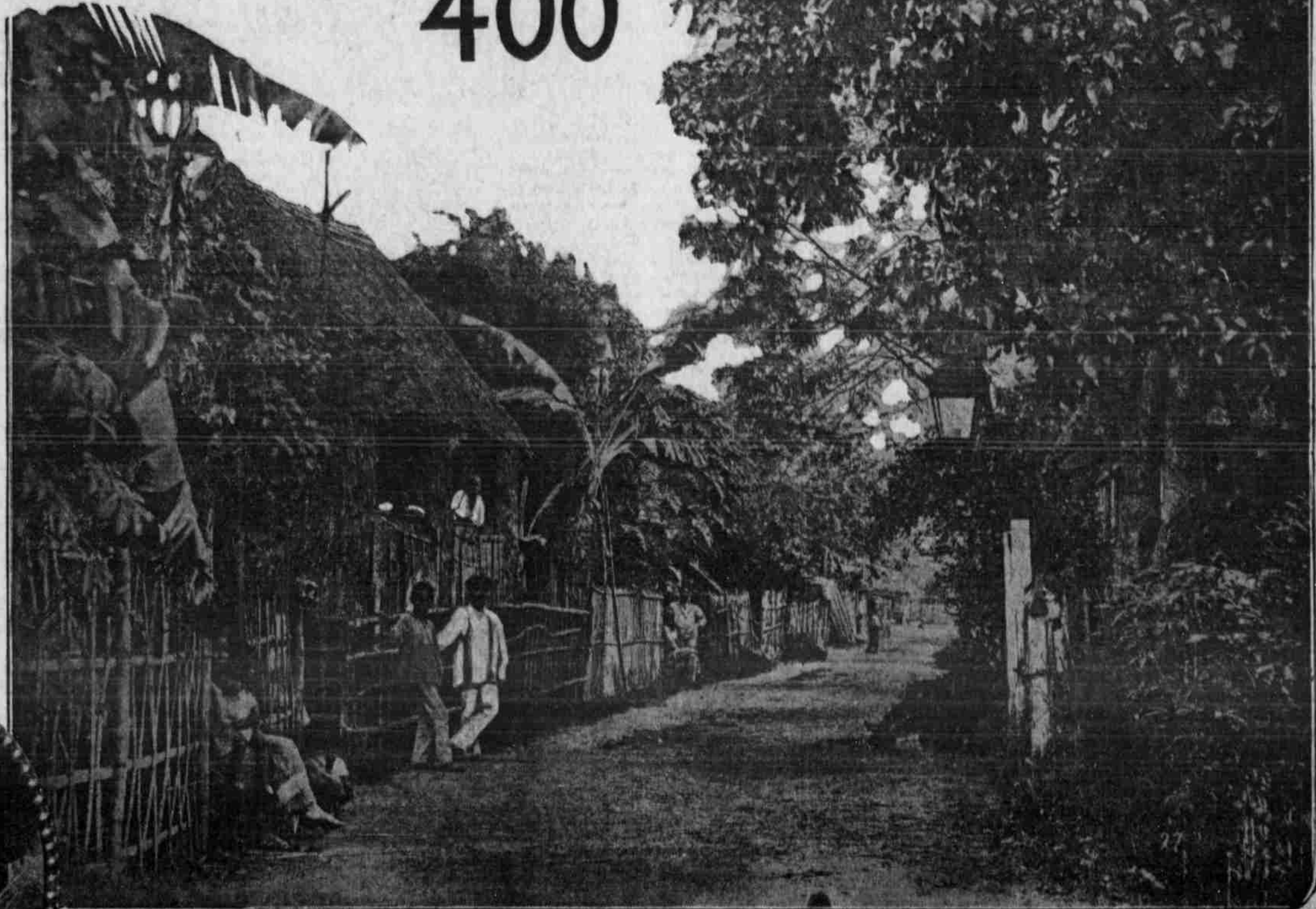
One of the Unconverted Natives

settlement will cost will be no greater than the annual expenses of her Newport house, her season in New York and her trips abroad.

Mrs. Spencer has figured everything out. Instead of leasing an opera box for the season, she will equip a hospital for the Moros. Instead of opening her Newport mansion and lavishing money on her friends, she will support a school where Moro children will be taught the three R's and habits of personal cleanliness. Instead of spending thousands of dollars on gorgeous clothes for herself, she will spend that money clothing the savages.

Did I not hope
That Penelope
Would be my fate;
Unless Hecate
Or something worse—
That she-cat Circe—
Got in her curse
And fired my shades
Plumb down to Hades.
But to proceed, Among the last
six lines—of Mr. Lang's, not mine—
I find these three:
So gladly from the songs of modern
speech,
Men turn and see the stars and feel
the breeze
Shrill wind beyond the close of
heavy flowers.
"Which gets my goat," as the Satyr
said to the Dryad. Nothing short of
a search warrant or a magazine editor
could get the meaning of that, in
my judgment. What is a shrill wind
beyond the close of heavy flowers?
What shrills the wind and closes
the heavy flowers? I am inclined
to think the late Andrew, who was
something else besides a poet, was
passing out a puzzle to the posterity
row.
I might adore
Fair Terpsichore.

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The Village Where Mrs. Lorillard Spencer Will Live Among the Wretched Natives.

Instead of cruising in Mediterranean waters on a perfectly equipped steam yacht, as in the days when her husband was living, this beautiful widow, who is still youthful in face and spirits, will cruise in and out among the southern islands in rude native canoes, facing danger every day of her life.

Danger? Yes. Not alone the passive danger of disease, engendered by the filth of the people and the heat of the islands, but the active dangers, due to the warlike characteristics of the Moros, the wild men of the hills, as they are sometimes called. When the United States took over the Philippines, it assumed charge of their more than 8,000,000 natives. Of these, more than 1,000,000 are Moro Mohammedans. They have caused the Government more anxiety than all the other 7,000,000 combined. They are divided in groups, each group dominated by fierce and lawless leaders. One group of 350,000 are the descendants of pirates and cannibals. It is this group that has been in constant rebellion, and has killed many Americans who have gone to them only to help them. And it is to this group and its civilization that Mrs. Spencer intends to devote her time and wealth!

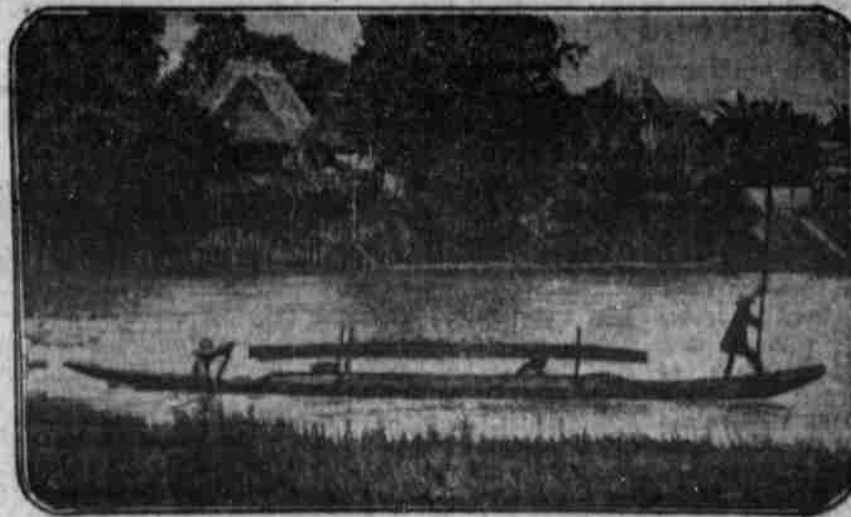
From the cultivated, high bred, ultra-refined social circles in which she has always moved, Mrs. Spencer will go to Jolo, where her companions will be either the hard working missionaries or the savages. From the unglazed windows of her mission but she will look out on dirty, unclad natives living in huts like great, unclean birds. What a contrast to the outlook from the wide windows of her Newport home! There she looks out upon the superb gardens of the Vanderbilt and Brown estates, or upon her own beautifully kept lawns.

The children of her Newport and New York neighbors have expensive tutors and governesses. They are taught all the graces of modern civil-

ization. Of the 300,000 children of her Moro neighbors, only 1,000 are receiving even the crudest education. The United States Government provides schools, under military rule, for these children, but naturally the Moro takes to schooling no quicker than to bathtub or soap.

Mrs. Spencer's aim is to teach the parents of these children the wisdom of sending them to school. But perhaps the greatest need in all this island is the social. In spite of their warlike aggressiveness and their prowess in treacherous war, these Moros are a sickly race. Hospitals must be established where the people can be cured of chronic ailments such as malaria, hookworm, black fever and other tropical diseases which come mainly from unhygienic habits.

A large share of Mrs. Spencer's fortune will be devoted to develop-



Boat Used by the Missionaries to Reach the Natives Far Up the Rivers in the Interior.



Native Hut—Mrs. Lorillard Spencer Will Carry the Teachings of Christianity in These Homes

ing such a hospital in the city of Jolo, where resides the Sultan of Sulu, head of the Mohammedan faith in the islands, the same Sultan who gave to the then Alice Roosevelt a pearl necklace. Jolo is the capital of the Sulu group of Moros, many of which are the so-called "Irreconcilables" of the Philippines.

They are perhaps the most barbarous of all the Moro groups. They are highly immoral, their women are little more than slaves. Unless intimidated by the presence of the United States soldiers, a husband will beat his wife whenever he feels like it. Among the subjects of the Sultan of Sulu are men and women who have never worn clothes, who fight and who live like wild animals.

It is among these unfortunate women that Mrs. Spencer hopes to do her greatest work. She plans to go into their homes, which are, in

most cases, wretched filthy huts of straw and mud, so indescribably unhygienic that words fail in the portraying of them. There are terrible Oriental diseases among the women, there are scarred and blind babies, crippled children. Among such as these, Mrs. Spencer will spread the gospel of cleanliness. The mothers will be taught how to care for their babies, nurses will be provided to attend these mothers in the wilderness. They will learn the efficacy of certain drugs in the prevention of blindness. These savage Moros kill blind babies. They are looked upon as something evil, and even those in authority over the groups order the speedy killing of these unfortunate babies.

What will happen when this brilliant product of a modern civilization meets this personally dirty, barbarous product of savagery? Will

the Sultan of Sulu shock the sensibilities of the former society leader, with his lack of clothes, his habits, his customs and his cruelty? Or will he be shocked at her temerity, her "immodesty" in attempting to meet him, a Mohammedan ruler, unveiled and garbed in what he believes to be indecent clothing?

There are many among Mrs. Spencer's friends who believe that her going personally to the Philippines is a sheer waste. Some students of economics would call her going a great economic waste. These friends and students believe that more good would be done by sending trained workers, paid from her great wealth. Their contention is that her culture, her beauty, her education will be of no great use in the taming of the Moro.

But Mrs. Spencer believes very differently.

A Poem That Offended a Poet

THE poetry editor of one of the New York publications recently selected one of Andrew Lang's poems, "The Odessey," to delight his readers. But Mr. W. J. Lampton, who is himself a poet, read the editor's poetry column and had something to say. This particular stanza especially attracted Mr. Lampton's eye:

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Aegean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again.

A poetry poet read this to me in rapturous tones, writes Mr. Lampton, and with bated breath, and when I asked him what the Dickens it meant

he said he didn't know; that it just swept him on. When I asked him what the "pale of Proserpine" was, and how far from the gardens of Circe it was located, and where were the gardens of Circe, he was stumped. Then I wanted to know how an island could forget the main, seeing that everybody in this country remembers the Maine—which is no joke—and why the low lutes of love should complain, in view of the fact that Circe wasn't a married lady and Proserpine didn't want to be; and how the shadows of wan lovers, or any other kind, could pine; and why one should be especially glad to know that brine was salt on his lips, when brine never is anything else but salt—except possibly in unusually saccharine verse—to all of my insistent queries he failed to reply, and gloried in his failure. When I asked him at last about the "large air," he merely threw his arms around like windmills and made no answer.

Next I asked him why "Proserpine" should be made to rhyme with "brine" and he said it was merely a

matter of pronunciation, and had nothing to do with the poetic feeling. I admitted the matter of pronunciation, but argued that as authorities, as well as poets, differed on that, and as poetry was sublimated euphony, why make a tri-syllable word of it and get a cacophonous result that was harsh to the ear. "Wine" to rhyme with "Proserpine!" Might I not as fitly have written:

To these alone,
Lost Persephone.
Of course, I might, for Persephone is the original Greek of it, and a poet who would make a rhyme like that ought to have his feet sawed off. The Latin of it is Proserpina, and it doesn't rhyme with hyena, either. He sat before me wagging his head and crooning the lines of Lang to himself ecstatically. But I kept right ahead, putting the plain facts up to him. Following Mr. Lang's pronunciation—he's dead and it isn't his fault that he isn't here to defend himself—I handed out this classic bit: