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Mrs. Little in Her Favorite Opera, "Manon."



**UP LIKE A ROCKET**

*Why It Is Better to Drop Out of Newport Than It Is to Keep on Going Up*

**DOWN LIKE A STICK**

Mrs. Austen Gray, Whose Husband Has Had to Drop His Role of Cotillon Leader to Take a Position in a Department Store

Newport, May 20.

"WHAT," asked Katherine Elkins of the Duke of the Abruzzi during the heyday of their frost-nipped romance, "what impresses you most about Newport?"

"It is the city of exciting and perilous pyrotechnics," said the Prince.

"And what do you mean by that?" asked she.

"Everybody is going up all the time like rockets, and more or less of them keep coming down like sticks," answered he.

"There is something in what you say," said Miss Elkins, "but the metaphor is faulty. People can't keep on going up like rockets all the time—and there are scores here and there who have never fallen."

"Ah," replied Abruzzi. "But everyone of them runs the risk of falling. How else could it be in a society which is based primarily upon wealth and frivolity. A society that has no real traditions, no real caste; where everything is make-believe. It will take centuries to evolve a real aristocracy."

"You don't admire the pyrotechnics, then," said Miss Katherine, rather piqued.

"I admire the sticks," said the Duke. "I think they have all the best of it. They get down to real earth and actually get a chance to become something real."

All of which is apropos of the fact that Newport, taking stock now that the season is opening, of what pyrotechnic displays will be missing this year, has already marked off three that throw out clouds of golden sparks in their rush upward. And the first of these is Mrs. Julian Little, the most striking and spectacular blonde in the circus set. Miss Little began life as Fanny Jones, the fascinating daughter of the Lewis Quentin Joneses, of New York. She married Henry Spies Kip, a young millionaire whose family was as old as it was wealthy.

As Mrs. Kip she sparkled and sparkled with the showiest rockets of Newport. Then she decided to take a trip to Reno, and out she went. There she got rid of one husband and her six-year-old son, but acquired speedily the present Mr. Little. Mrs. Kip-Little received no alimony from Mr. Kip and Mr. Little isn't overburdened with wealth. Nevertheless the Littles reappeared at Newport and coruscated again with the mightiest. They've done it for the last three years, and now—

Bump!

"But I think you're unjust," said Miss Elkins to the Duke of the Abruzzi. "There are hosts of nice folk in Newport who haven't any money at all and yet they go everywhere."

"Shining by the light of the other rockets—and all their own powder gone," said the Duke. "I haven't a bit of respect for them. They're only real when they come down like a stick, bump—and become something real."

Mr. Little has gone into the Harlem Opera House Stock Company in New York. What will Mrs. Little do now they have sublet their Newport palace? Even if she has used all her power she doesn't have to leave Newport. She has two choices—to go on the New York stage with her husband or go to Paris and prepare to go on the stage this Winter in one of the light opera companies. The latter is what society thinks she will do.

"What do you think of the stage girls who have married rich men and are what you call rockets at Newport?" asked Miss Elkins of the Duke.

"I've a lot greater liking for the women who married rich men, lost it and then go on the stage," said the Duke. "They're being real at last, you know."

"Nevertheless," said Miss Elkins, "it's much harder to give up what you have not. It's one thing to sigh and say: 'I can't buy a fifth motor car this season,' and it is quite another to say: 'I must sell my one motor car this season.'"

"It is indeed," said the Duke; "it is the difference between Sparta and Sybaris. Between intelligent will and pulling luxuriousness!"

It is six-thirty in the apartment where the young Austen Grays are living. Mr. Gray is a son of Judge and Mrs. Clinton Gray, of Newport and New York. Mrs. Gray is the daughter of the very wealthy Charles Burnhams, of Rhode Island. They ran away and married against the will of the Burnhams six years ago. Mr. Gray was and continues to be a close and intimate

friend of Alfred and Reggie Vanderbilt; it was from the Vanderbilt home that the elopement occurred, by the way. After this hasty marriage the young Grays settled down to lead the same life that their friends did. Father Burnham came forward and made an allowance—at least he settled a certain amount on his daughter, and the young couple began spending it without realizing that it is impossible to spend your principal and have it, too.

They set up a New York establishment and spent their Summers in Newport. Mrs. Gray took part in all the pleasures of the colony, and life was one grand rocketing of gaily and extravagance. Austen was a favorite cotillon leader, and the day he thought of no new and charming figure was a day lost. They spent quite as much as Mrs. Kip-Little.

Bump!

"But after all we are society in the moulding," said Miss Elkins to her Duke. "The laws of two centuries from now are now being cast at this moment."

"There aren't any laws except the eternal laws," said the Duke. "You'll never have a real society until you recognize this. The moment you do you will have taken your first step, and your second step will be to cast aside all the laws you're now making."

"But there will always be one law," ventured Miss Elkins. "The law against work."

"Not at all," said the Duke. "You'll see then that it will not be that you do work—but the way you take your work."

But it is now six-thirty in the Gray's apartment. There is a stirring in the kitchen, another stirring in the blue and white bedroom sacred to the head of the family. There's a splashing in the bathroom. It is seven by the clock in the kitchen, and two sleepy-eyed people appear in the dining room; they are Mr. and Mrs. Austen Gray.

They sit down to the table and consume grape fruit and eggs and coffee. At seven-thirty Austen takes his new sailor hat and goes forth to his day's work. He has a job in one of the big department stores and his hours are from eight to six with an hour off for luncheon.

"How does it feel to lose your money?" asked a thoughtless friend of Mrs. Gray just before Austen began his apprenticeship at the department store.

"Just like a skyrocket that went up with a hurrah and came down with a bang," replied Mrs. Gray—and the bang hurts."

But here come the Newton Adamases. Who are they and what are they doing? To get their story we must drop in at one of the big shops and say that we want to see their latest French hats. We will be taken to a tall, gracious young goddess who will turn out to be Mrs. Adams. Mrs. Adams selling hats when a year ago she was voted the real leader of the youngest division in the Circus Set? Selling hats when a year ago she was giving dances for one and two hundred guests at the Casino, and when her presence at any entertainment was necessary to make it a success?

But yes! You see it happened thus. Mrs. Adams was Alice Potter, a daughter of Frank Potter, who was one of the most popular men of his day in New York as well as in Newport. After his death Alice was brought up by her aunt, a prominent Newport cottager, and when she fell in love with a poor but ambitious young lawyer, her aunt told her to marry him and be happy because all her money and the house in Newport would be hers anyway. And then Aunt Serena took to her bed and died, but on her death bed she insisted that Alice and Newton be married at once, and they were.

It was so romantic, and Alice proved a clever general; she became a leader

PHOTO BY CAMPBELL STUDIO N.Y.



Mrs. Newton Adams Who Would Rather Sell Hats in a Department Store Than Make Pink Satin Pin Cushions at Home.

in the colony, and Newton devoted himself to private theatricals and to working up a Newport practice. But alas, Aunt Serena's money gave out all of a sudden; it couldn't stand the strain of such a pace as these young people set. For it takes a big income, indeed, to hold any sort of leadership in Newport.

And so last Fall the Adamases found their fortune depleted, and nothing but work and economy staring them in the face.

As it takes time for even the most ambitious lawyer to work up a practice, and in the meantime one must eat, Mrs. Adams said to herself:

"I like hats! I should adore selling them; I will sell them," and straightway went down to a big department

Mrs. McCarty Little, Formerly Mrs. Spies Kip, Who Has Two Choices—To Go to a Mining Camp with Her Husband or to Go on the Stage by Way of Paris.

store and made them see that she could sell hats, and to-day she has the cream of the customers who want "Something different, do you know, from the ordinary hat, my dear."

S-s-s-ah! It is no secret to admit that this former golden butterfly more used to ballrooms than work-shops, has made good and that she is making money for her firm far beyond their expectations.

"How does it feel," she asks, "to leave my Newport friends and pleasures? Well, I simply had to do something, and I did not want to sit home and make boudoir caps and satin pin cushions for my friends who would only criticize them and perhaps forget to pay me, so I prefer to be insulted by strangers rather than by my friends and acquaintances and I get paid every week."

"Up in Newport," said the Duke, "I revise the Holy Writ for them. I say: 'From her who hath shall be taken all she hath; but to her who hath not shall be given mightily.'"

"Given what?" asked Miss Elkins.

"Courage, independence and reality," said the Duke. "I bow to the sticks! They have to work!"

## The Origin of "Show Me!"

SOME days ago a well-meaning critic of St. Louis informed the business men of that city that they had outgrown its stick-in-the-mud slogan "You'll have to show me," and that the first step of progress would be the selection of a less slow slogan. Many of those present protested that "show me" never was the property of St. Louis, yet they weren't sure from where it came, nor why. They could recall vaguely that it belonged to the State of Missouri, surely not to any one city.

The speaker's words appeared in the daily papers, and one gentleman, with a fondness for digging into the dust laden records of local history, appeared with the information that the challenge, "You'll have to show me," was a corruption of the name of a famous Indian chief of the Sioux tribe old Yumus Shome, who led the tribe which crossed the lowlands below the mouth of the Illinois, carrying their canoes on their heads from the Mississippi to the Missouri, and thus giving the name to the historical old French town, Portage des Sioux.

Yumus Shome, it is averred, is buried at Westport, Jackson County, Missouri, and his name—carelessly pronounced, "you mus' show me,"

has passed into the vernacular of the State.

That is a very probable story, and one that ought to hold belief, but alas, this is a practical age, and sooner or later some one is sure to come forward with proof that there was never such an existence, and such it was in this case, when another gentleman with a fondness for delving in the dust laden archives tried to show proof that there was no such chief as Yumus Shome. He contended that his were the true facts of the case, which came about in this way.

When Omaha first talked of holding a trans-Mississippi exposition, the newspapers in Kansas City indulged in a fusillade of sarcastic jibes. The idea of Omaha, the dead one, bestirring itself enough to get up a world's fair was too preposterous to be accepted as serious.

And so, when the fair became a fact and included among its days a Kansas City day, a huge delegation went up from the Kaw town, each wearing a button with the legend, "In from Missouri. You will have to show me." The expression caught the public fancy, and in a little time Missouri was known the world over as the "Show Me State." So it was Kansas City, not St. Louis, that started the stick-in-the-mud slogan.

