

# WOMEN OF ARMY AND THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE

Wives of Generals Bell and Edwards Chief Among Social Leaders at White House.

## GOLD LACE HAS GREAT HEYDAY

Presidential Affairs Made Gay Through Presence of Land and Sea Fighters of Nation.

Washington correspondence: When Mrs. Taft, in her official role as first lady of the land, surrounded herself with a coterie of the cleverest and brightest officers of the twin branches of the service, everybody in Washington society recognized that the era of the army and navy set had arrived. In brave array the military men form a moving background at Mrs. Taft's at home, and in their immaculate dress the officers of the land and sea forces are a splendid attribute at Mrs. Taft's fascinating garden parties.

At the White House entertainments scarcely has the line of guests passed until Mrs. Taft is surrounded by a group of officers and their wives, daughters and sweethearts, whose perfiduity and laughter instantly dissipate any indication of an oppressive or a "military" perfunctoriness.

Replacing Col. Bromwell, who with Mrs. Bromwell were dominant factors in the social life of the capital in the last administration, is Col. Spencer Cosby, whose career has been marked with distinction. Col. Cosby is the first of the administration bachelors to announce his engagement, and in the fall Miss Yvonne Shepard, daughter of Mrs. Charles R. Shepard of New York and Washington, will fall heir to the position vacated by the withdrawal of Mrs. Bromwell.

Miss Shepard is tall and svelte, her well-carried head is graced with quantities of silky, fair-brown hair, and her pretty complexion is set off by the taste Miss Shepard displays in the selection of the color of her gowns. She wears large hats, flower trimmed, and long, sweeping gowns, which accentuate the graceful slenderness of her figure.

As the wife of the President's aid and constant attendant, Miss Shepard will be thrown constantly in association with the White House family, and her address and social graces will be put to a severe test in the carrying of a role not less influential than difficult.

Gen. Bell's Wife a Power. As wife of the chief of staff, Mrs. J. Franklin Bell will have a high position in the full tide of the official season.

Not content with standing at the head of the serried ranks of armydom, Mrs. Bell is no less popular with the diplomatists as well as the congressional and president set. As a great friend of Mrs. Edson Bradley of New York, she is in touch with the smart life of the little coterie of the rich and important who come to Washington each winter to enjoy its season.

Gen. and Mrs. Bell last winter took possession of a commodious home at Fort Myer and there throughout the season Mrs. Bell challenged the admiration of society by the conduct of a series of delightful entertainments, her guests including the grizzled veterans who surround the chief of staff, the young officers eager for an opportunity to display their mettle, the debutantes, the foreign "guests" of the nation and the general every-day man and woman who goes in for Washington's social good times.

Associated with Mrs. Bell in the social life of the army set is Mrs. Wetherston, the attractive wife of Gen. Bell's first assistant, Mrs. Bell's sister, Mrs. Ernest Garlington, wife of Gen. Garlington, is another army matron whose power in society has to be reckoned with. Mrs. Garlington is a pretty, fair-haired woman, endowed with a liberal share of the good fellowship and good humor Mrs. Bell displays to such a marked degree.

In the childless home of the chief of staff Miss Sally Garlington, Mrs. Bell's jolly, good-natured and good-looking young niece, has a large and important role to carry. Miss Sally is a dancer who has won acclaim at the amateur dramatic productions which have been features of Washington's smart life for the last few years, while her skill as a horsewoman gives her a forward place in the gay little company of "parchasers" who gallop over the hills two or three times a week.

Mrs. Aleshire, wife of Gen. Aleshire, is one of the army matrons whose wit and poise count in the proper equipment of an army officer's wife. She is large and nice-looking, noticeable chiefly for the sweetness of her ex-

## WOMEN WHO LEAD IN MRS. TAFT'S SOCIAL LIFE.



Mrs. J. FRANKLIN BELL



Mrs. CLARENCE EDWARDS

pression and her general air of extreme good breeding. She is the mother of a debutante daughter, who has the distinction of being one of Miss Helen Taft's best chums.

Mrs. Edwards Wins Laurels. One of the handsome homes of the army set established in Washington is presided over by Mrs. Clarence Edwards, wife of Gen. Clarence Edwards, chum to the President and general good fellow. Gen. Edwards, who is one of the most generally liked officers of the service, has his honors to look to when it comes to a discussion of his wife's popularity. Everybody likes Mrs. Edwards and her place in the favor of the community waxed as the years increase.

In girlhood, as pretty and vivacious Bessie Porter, she made her first appearance in Washington, coming over to visit her great-aunt, Mrs. Saunders Irving, widow of Washington Irving's nephew. Mrs. Irving maintained a menage second only to the White House in point of social importance, its gentle mistress, who was an invalid, being one of the few women upon whom the wives of the Presidents felt it incumbent to leave cars.

Mrs. Edwards is a slender, delicate-looking woman, whose chief beauty lies in her sweetness of expression, her well-bred air and her lovable manners. She looks at life through two jolly, twinkling eyes and she has sympathy with everybody and with everything that lives, without regard to place or position. Her servants adore her and pay her the sovereign compliment of remaining in her service 150 decades or more.

A very great-granddaughter of the first white man that settled in the western part of New York, Mrs. Edwards' family, the Porters of Niagara, N. Y., held the original grant of the immense tract of land which included the falls until the taking over of the property by the State government.

Gen. Peter B. Porter, Mrs. Edwards' great-grandfather, served as secretary of war in the cabinet of President John Quincy Adams.

Gen. and Mrs. Edwards' daughter Bessie is a pretty little woman of 10 years, who is a champion of her father and the boon companion of her mother. The Edwards home is a reflex of the character of its owners. Beginning with the general's office on the first

## WASTED SYMPATHY.

The moving quality of the human voice in impassioned utterance, apart from the meaning of the words uttered, has been often exemplified. The startled clerk of whom the great actress, Mrs. Siddons, purchased calico was thrilled to the soul by the tragic intensity with which she demanded, in deep contralto, "Will it wash?"

Madame Modjeska, prosaically invited to a reception to oblige the company with a recitation, did so in her native tongue. She is a Pole, it will be remembered.

"At first," says Prof. Brander Matthews, in relating the story, "it seemed simple enough, apparently with some give and take of question and answer; then it became pathetic, and as she spoke the saddening words, the voice of the accomplished actress broke; there was almost a sob in her tones, and there were tears ready to fall from her eyes. But the audience present who understood Polish had to leave the room to restrain his laughter, because what she was delivering thus emotionally was the multiplication table."

Ernesto Rossi, the Italian tragedian, achieved an even greater triumph of manner over matter when, dining at a restaurant with some fellow actors, he accepted a wager that he could so read the bill of fare as to bring tears to their eyes. His noble voice, pathetic at soups, appealing among fish, frenzied with the roast, rising to agony at vegetables, sinking to heart-broken sobs and poignant whimpers in the enumeration of sweets and fruit, and fading finally at coffee to a dying sigh, was not to be resisted. Tears streamed down their cheeks, and Rossi won the wager.

The temperamental difference between a restrained and an emotional race brings about kindred effects through accident. A lady, waiting for a belated train, recently witnessed a most affecting parting between an aged father and his son, both Italians. The old man seemed in a frenzy of woe. He moaned, raved, lifted his clenched hands toward heaven, and shook them despairingly.

"Poor, poor souls!" she exclaimed, compassionately. "The young man going away to seek his fortune, and the old man left behind. I suppose he fears they may never meet again. A common tragedy, but it grips one's very heart."

"Cheer up!" briskly advised her companion, who understood Italian. "The young chap is only going to the next town to visit his married sister, and the venerable old party is worried because he's lent him his season ticket, and wishes now he hadn't promised to. He says he knows the boy will lose it, but anyway, if he does, he'll break his back with a broomstick when he gets home. That's all."

## MODERN LAND OF PROMISE.

### Hudson Bay Railway Will Open Up Great Possibilities.

The great development likely to result from the Hudson Bay Railway is suggested by Carl R. Loop, vice-consul-general at Winnipeg, who has sent to the department of commerce and labor information based on a report made

to the minister of railways at Ottawa. The engineers report having encountered 600 feet of logs immediately along the right of way, with the possibility of much more, along the tributary streams, and that there are huge areas of timber suitable for pulp wood and ties along the whole route. Rich agricultural lands were found along the Mississippi and Grass rivers as far as Split Lake and along both sides of the Nelson river to Hudson Bay.

The Nelson river is described as one of the greatest rivers of the world, as regards the actual volume of water discharged into the bay. Its total length is approximately 400 miles and its drainage area is tremendous. Its tributaries cover the whole of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, North Dakota and Ontario, west of the great lakes, while they also enter Montana and Minnesota.

Its discharge has been roughly estimated at five times that of the Ottawa river at the Chaudiere Falls, at Ottawa. Many soundings were taken over the greater part of its length, and depths of water were found from fifty to sixty feet, with a current not exceeding two to three miles an hour. Lake Winnipeg furnishes an extension of this water route to within twenty miles of the city of Winnipeg. From information obtainable it would seem that a canal might be built along the Nelson river which would enable ocean-going steamships to enter Lake Winnipeg, where a good channel, of a minimum depth of which is thirty-three feet, already exists to the south end of the lake. The amount of power which is available for development along the Nelson river is enormous and places the Hudson Bay Railway in a very favorable position to use electricity for the operation of its trains.

In touching on the harbor at Churchill, the report states that it seems to be the best natural harbor on the west coast of the bay, though the depths of water are not of the most desirable, the natural anchorage for vessels drawing twenty feet of water being rather restricted.

Port Nelson, which lies at the mouth of the Nelson river, seems to possess great possibilities, but would require further surveys to determine definitely its value as a port for the Hudson Bay route.

**The Burning Question.** A Baltimore teacher was trying to explain the meaning of the word "reperate."

"Charley," she said, "when night comes your father returns home tired and worn out, doesn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am," assented Charley.

"Then," continued the teacher, "it being night, and he being tired, what does he do?"

"That's what ma wants to know," said Charley.—*Success Magazine.*

**Should Be Carried Out.** "I wish you wouldn't be cross to that dear little dog of mine," said the wife. "The little fellow is just filled with good intentions."

"Well," replied the husband, grabbing the pup, "I just like to carry out good intentions!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**Nothing Dangerous About That.** Hewitt—Belays are dangerous. Jewett—Oh, I don't know. My wife received a letter this morning saying that her mother would have to postpone her visit.—*New York Press.*

**Armed for the Empire.** Dinks—I had no idea you were superstitious. Winks—I'm not. Dinks—But you were carrying a horseshoe when you entered the ball park yesterday. Winks—Oh, that was to have at the empire in case he got gay!—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The way to make a woman happy is to make her believe that she is making you unhappy.

## WHISTLER AT WEST POINT.

### Artist Was Not a Glaring Success as a Soldier.

It is stated in Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's recent "Life of James McNeill Whistler," in that part which relates to his brief West Point career, that the great American painter was not "soldierly in appearance, bearing or habit." But if he did not reach the required military standard, he was always able to get away all criticism. Several stories bear upon the record of his failure. In one case he was under examination in history.

"What!" said his examiner. "You do not know the date of the Battle of Bunker's Hill? Suppose you were to go out to dinner and the company began to talk to the Mexican War, and you, a West Point man, were asked the date of the battle, what would you do?"

"Do?" said Whistler. "Why, I should refuse to associate with people who could talk of such things at dinner."

He was called up for examination in chemistry, and given silicon to discuss. When requested to recite, he began:

"I am requested to discuss the subject of silicon. Silicon is a gas."

"That will do, Mr. Whistler," was the comment which ended his West Point career.

"If silicon had been a gas," said Whistler, after he had become famous, "I might have been a major-general."

Whistler's horsemanship is said to have been hardly better than his scholarship. According to General Webb, it was not wholly unusual for him at cavalry drill to go sliding over his horse's head. On such occasions Major Sackett, then in command, would call out:

"Mr. Whistler, aren't you a little ahead of the squad?"

According to Whistler's version to the Pennells, Major Sackett's remark was:

"Mr. Whistler, I am pleased to see you for once at the head of your class."

## THE CHINAMAN'S CONQUEST.

The Chinaman, being a gentleman, writes Will Irwin in "Pictures of Old Chinatown," gives himself forth but charily. The Americans of the Pacific Coast were a long time learning that the Chinese were an honest people, honest beyond our strictest ideas. The housekeeper reached admiration and understanding through a different channel. The Chinaman was an ideal servant.

The Chinese cook was a volunteer nurse; for him the nursery was the heart of the home. He was the confidant and fairy-teller of childhood. He passed on to the babies his own wonder tales of flowered princesses and golden dragons, taught them to patter in sing-song Cantonese, and saved his frugal nickels to buy them quaint little gifts; and as the better Southerner, despising the race, loves the individual nag through this very association of childhood, so the Californian came to love the Chinaman that he knew. In his ultimate belief, however, he outstripped the Southerner, for he came first to a tolerance of the race and then to an admiration.

The Chinaman's respect for a contract, written or spoken, made him observe every article of the servant's code. He delighted in "company," in the polite and parade of a household. Nothing pleased him more than to take the responsibility of a dinner or a reception upon himself, to plan confections for it, to have a hand in the decorations.

If his term lasted long enough, he became the gentle familiar, versed in the arts of friendship. Who more gracious than your Chinese cook or laundryman calling on Chinese New Year's, his hands full of lilies for the women of the family, his pockets full of nuts for the children?

Under kindness, he might blossom into a feudal retainer of the family, lingering on for years in voluntary slavery, truced only when the price of Chinese service having gone up, he made his just demand for a raise in pay. So, out of family life, both child and parent learned to appreciate and love the race.

## SHE'S AN ATHLETE AT 50.

### Woman Hermit-Vegetarian Beats Mountaineer in Long Climb.

As the last registered contestant left the foot of the trail Thursday morning on the second annual Mount Wilson race, the hundreds of spectators were started at the appearance of a woman, 50 years of age, garbed in skin-tight tights and wearing a crimson blouse; "daddy offset" with a baby-blue headgear of fluffy material which streamed down her back and dangled almost to her heels, the Los Angeles Examiner says.

Her name was ascertained to be Mrs. Marie A. Rhodes, a well-known character about the Santa Anita canyon, who lives as a hermit and thrives as a vegetarian. Mrs. Rhodes insisted that she be started up the trail after the regular participants and with the same formality.

After posing for her picture, she was sent away by the starter with the usual "formalities." She left the foot of the trail at 8:45 o'clock and negotiated the distance to the top in 2:05, beating out H. H. Waelser, of Pomona, who is regarded as an athlete of wide reputation. Judges at the summit asserted that she finished quite strong and in much better condition than many of the male contestants. After resting about ten minutes she started down the trail.

## Not at All.

"He isn't one who hides his light under a bushel," is he? "On the contrary. He thinks he's the whole electric light plant, and that the whole place would be dark if he shut down for a minute."—*Cleveland Leader.*

It takes a hustler to distinguish the difference between an ostentatious and a hindrance in his path.

## WOMEN AS GAMBLERS.

### High Society Dames Losing Their Interest in Bridge Whist.

It is doubtful if women ever should be permitted to play cards. Hardly a day passes without women gathering for cards in one or another of the big hotels of New York city. Sometimes big parties are in aid of certain charities; sometimes they are merely an item in the season's program of a women's club. Does one of them ever pass without talk of cheating? Not one. Every time women gather to play cards for slender vases or Japanese tea sets there is heated talk of the winning of the prizes by methods not exactly friendly. There are women undoubtedly who have a weakness for sharp practices at cards, but it is doubtful if they offend as much in this respect as men. When anything is regular crops in, however, they talk about it without fear or favor. In this way dissension and bitter quarrels arise, and it is doubtful if even a "booby" prize is awarded without the "winner" getting her share of gossip.

The wise woman is the one who lets cards severely alone, and that is just what some of them are doing. One of the most surprising things about society women recently has been their



SOCIETY WOMEN AT THE CARD TABLE.

loss of interest in bridge whist. For several years it seemed as if this game would become a permanent institution. Women played for high stakes at almost every opportunity, and they were at it morning, noon and night. In many Newport houses it was not an uncommon thing for the hostess to lead her guests straight from the breakfast table to the card table, and the afternoon receptions usually resolved themselves into bridge campaigns. There were many women who gambled themselves poor, in the sense that they lost all their pin money and their own incomes and were forced to go in humiliation to their husbands for more funds. There were other women who fattened financially on bridge. There was one prominent society matron who received an automobile as a gift from her husband and the next week parted with it to liquidate a bridge debt.

There is, however, little or no bridge gambling at present. Bridge is dead. After all, as the evidence shows, it was a fad. Society cannot stick to anything. It must have change. Society women are restless, nervous, always calling for something different, and so bridge whist has gone. Of course it will be played, but only occasionally, and never again will it be a wholesale thief of time and a maker of card sharps among women.—*Utica Globe.*

## ROUTING THE DESERT.

### Making the Waterless "Dry Valley" Section a Sea of Grass.

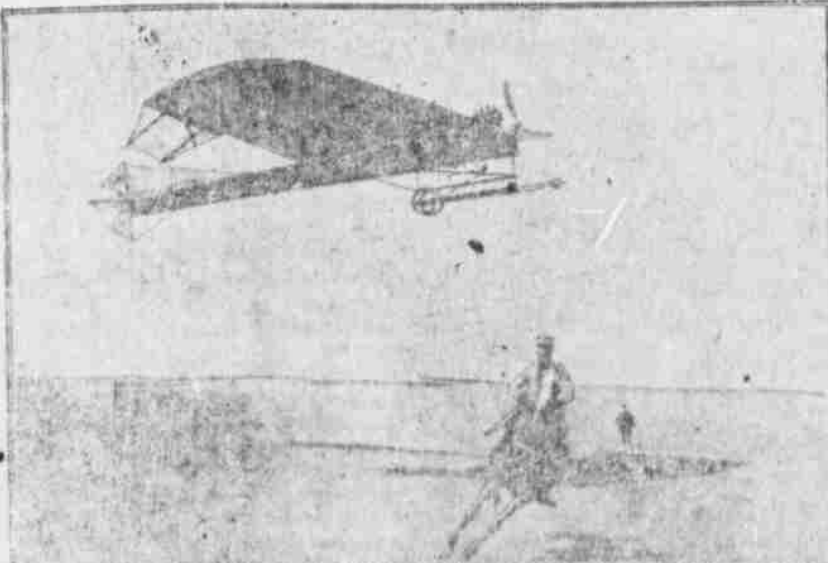
I first had a practical introduction into the secrets of dry farming in 1905, up to which time I had heard of the science as a schoolman's theory, says a writer in Collier's. Its most enthusiastic advocate in our vicinity was Dr. John A. Widtsoe, a graduate of Harvard University, who had filed on a tract of land in a desolate waterless section known as "Dog Valley." It was a basin surrounded by low hills in a parched country five miles from the nearest water, and so hopeless in the eyes of an ordinary irrigation farmer that when Widtsoe's plow were put to work he became the laughing-stock of two whole valleys. I accepted an invitation to a "plowing demonstration" on his farm and as we rode on horseback across the ten miles of sagebrush separating it from the nearest town I first sensed that some new force was at work within the

## KEEPING HIS WITS ABOUT HIM.



ST. LOUIS STAR.

## ARMIES AND THE AEROPLANE.



Remarkable Photograph Showing a Cavalry Horse Snying at the Approach of a Monoplane.