



MRS GOULD AND MISS GLORIA

# THE GOULDS

## A STUDY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY.

By ELIZABETH MERIWETHER GILMER

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Before they were born I took every care of my own health and lived as much as possible in the open air. Before Edith was born I spent months on our yacht cruising around, as it was summer. In fact, she was born at sea. Then I have nursed my babies myself, except twice when illness rendered it impossible for me to do so. I do not believe in sterilized milk nor patent baby-foods. A baby is like a little puppy. If you want it to grow fine and strong and fat, you must give it the right start, and nothing has yet been discovered that takes the place of the food that nature intended for a child. "In raising my children my plan has been to bring them up to be simple and hardy. Not one of my children has



WE LEARN from the scientists of the census bureau and others who have made a study of that interesting but erratic bird, the stork, that its favorite habitat is in the of the poor rather than in the palaces of the rich, and that in no



GEORGE J. GOULD, JR.

other place in the world is it more seldom seen than along Fifth avenue.

The home of Mr. George J. Gould, however, is an exception to this rule. Seven times the domestic bird has visited and blessed that abode, each time leaving a baby so strong and lusty, so big and beautiful, that it fully justified the fond parents' declaration that it was the finest child ever born. Better still, the Gould children have grown up to be almost perfect specimens of physical health, and they are so intelligent and so natural and unaffected in character that it seems worth while to tell how this result has been accomplished, and how a wise father and mother have enabled their children to lead the simple life in the midst of millions and a luxury that makes that of the fabled Sybarites look like a makeshift with which one could get along if one had to.

When you want to dive to the heart of a mystery the French shrug their shoulders and spread out their hands, and say: "C'est la femme." If you desire to find the key to any family situation and know why the children of the household are what they are—vibrant or weakly, sturdy little men and women or flabby jellyfish, potential citizens of worth or mere cumberers of the ground—you must act as if the old French adage read: "C'est la mere."

It is the mother that counts where children are concerned, and so I sought out Mrs. George J. Gould, and asked her for her recipe for bringing up a family. I found her in her magnificent suite of apartments at the Plaza hotel, surrounded, like Cornelia, by her jewels. There was her daughter Marjorie, a lovely, slim slip of a girl, one of the debutantes and belles of the season, come in to tell of the delights of the ball of the night before. There was Edith, a sturdy little miss of seven, hanging upon her mother's shoulder. There was George, a shy lad of 12, poking his head in between the portieres from time to time. The other children were absent, and a motor was being sent to her school for Vivian, and another to Columbia university for Kingdon and Jay, for the day was bitter cold and snowy. Baby Gloria, who is only two and a half years old, was spending the winter at Georgian Court with her grandmother, and trinkets were being got ready to send to her there.

The room itself was a very temple of motherhood, for its empire tone had been rathlessly sacrificed before family affection and love of things homelike, and everywhere on walls and mantles and tables there were photographs of the children—Jay in tennis flannels when he won the championship of the world, Kingdon with his first mustache, marvelously like a young edition of the kaiser, Marjorie in her debutante gown, and baby pictures innumerable.

In the midst of all this evidence of a mother's brooding love sat Mrs. Gould, a radiant figure in trailing pale-blue silk, as young looking almost as her own daughter, and I thought that if I were an artist I should like to paint her as a triumphant modern Madonna, a woman to whom motherhood has brought nothing but joy, and whose children are her crown of happiness. She has had all that women crave, has this woman who is a darling of the gods. First she had success and fame, which she won by her own genius; then she was given love and marriage and enormous wealth and high social position. She has beauty that is still undimmed, but the best that life has given her is her children, and it is good to hear her say so.

"My acquaintances have sometimes pitted me," she said with a smile, "because I have had so many babies, but I have not one child too many. I have never had a child that I did not want, or that has not found a warm welcome waiting for it. I think that is one reason why my children have all been so strong and have had such serene dispositions.

"I have felt the responsibilities of motherhood, too, and have tried to give my children as good a start as possible by giving them sound bodies.



MISS VIVIAN GOULD



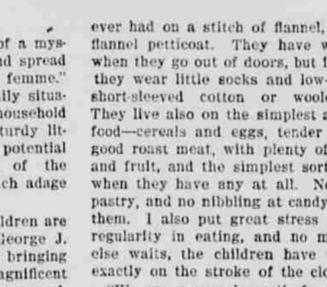
KINGDON GOULD

diversion for our children to encourage them in athletic sports. We have a polo-ground, and a riding-ring, and tennis and squash-courts, and the children have their ponies and ride and drive a great deal. The boys were particularly interested in polo, and Kingdon, my oldest son, at 15 was considered one of the best polo-players in the country. Jay was also a fine



MISS MARJORIE GOULD

THE MISSES EDITH AND GLORIA



ever had on a stitch of flannel, not even a flannel petticoat. They have warm wraps when they go out of doors, but in the house they wear little socks and low-necked and short-sleeved cotton or woolen clothes. They live also on the simplest and plainest food—cereals and eggs, tender steaks and good roast meat, with plenty of vegetables and fruit, and the simplest sort of dessert when they have any at all. No pies and pastry, and no nibbling at candy all day for them. I also put great stress on absolute regularity in eating, and no matter who else waits, the children have their meals exactly on the stroke of the clock.

"We are a very domestic family, and the children have their breakfast and lunch, which is really their dinner, with Mr. Gould and myself, but until they are 16 years old they have their supper at a little after six o'clock, and only have something very light to eat. They never come to dinner, unless upon their birthdays it is permitted as a great treat. Why, Marjorie never came to dinner regularly until last year, and she is still so attached to the nursery tea that when we are down at Georgian Court she often eats with the children by preference.

"Of course I have so many other duties that it is not possible for me to be always with my babies, and so I kept a trained nurse for each one until he or she was two and a half years old, and past the teething-time; but there is never a night, even to this day, that I do not go into each room the last thing before going to bed, and tuck the covers down with my own hands, good and tight around each child. And I have nursed every one of my children with my own hands when they were sick. I had trained nurses, of course, but I sat up with the sick child, too. When Marjorie had that fearful spell of scarlet fever in France the summer before last, and when it seemed utterly impossible for her to recover, her father and I never left her day or night for weeks. The doctors said that it was the most malignant case they ever saw, and that nothing but her marvelous strength pulled her through. They said that if she had been a French girl she certainly would have died.

"I believe that the chief thing about raising children up to be well and strong is to bring them up in the country where they can have plenty of fresh air and room for exercise, and freedom. It was for the benefit of our children that we went down to Lakewood and built Georgian Court. The second floor of the house is devised especially for the children, and the sunniest room in it is for the baby and the next sunniest for the ex-baby; and we always had great times and ceremonies when the reigning monarch had to give way for a new king or queen of the nursery and have his or her little belongings packed up and moved on. "Everything has been sacrificed for the good of the children. For ten years we lived at Georgian Court only in the winter, and took the babies every summer up to the quietest and dullest little place in the world in the Catskills, ten miles from anywhere.

"At Georgian Court we provided every sort of



MRS GOULD AND THE MISSES EDITH AND GLORIA

player, but after Kingdon went to Columbia the game was somewhat broken up; so as there was a fine professional tennis-player at Lakewood he took up tennis instead. It is a game that requires unusual strength and quickness of motion, but he soon became so expert at it that when he was 17 he won the American championship, and when he was 18 he carried off the English championship, which is, of course, the championship of the world.

"Neither Mr. Gould nor myself is an advocate of boarding-schools. We believe that the very best associations that children can have during the formative years of their lives are home associations, and that no guardianship is equal to the loving watchfulness of a father and mother. Therefore we have kept our children right in the home nest, and have had them educated by tutors and governesses.

"In educating the children we have tried to develop each one along the line of his or her own natural bent. For instance, Marjorie adores reading, particular poetry and romance. She is a good musician and, as I said, speaks four languages; but she does not care for what you might call the drudgery of study, and I have not afflicted her with it. But Vivian has a profound mind. She loves to study and to delve into deep subjects.

"I am very proud of my two big boys. They are clever, and they are strong, manly boys, and best of all, in a mother's eyes, they are good boys. Neither of them has ever caused me a moment's uneasiness or a single heart-pang. Kingdon is 21 and Jay is 20, and neither of them smokes or has ever tasted liquor. Not that I am a prohibitionist at all, or have ever tried especially to keep such things away from them, but they just have no desire for stimulants. And that, I take it, is about the best indication of their health and strength, as well as a vindication of my method of raising children, for after all, it's the healthy body that gives a healthy mind and healthy impulses, isn't it?"

# The New Broom

By Caroline Lockhart

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Mrs. Davis, with hair uncombed and sleeves of her mother-hubbard rolled up to the elbow, opened the front door and sniffed the morning air of the tenement district. She looked up and down the block to see who were out ahead of her. Mrs. Kate Farrell was sitting on her front stoop with her tongue wagging and her arms akimbo, while Mrs. Dora O'Reilly and Mrs. Sarah MacAvoy leaned on the brooms, with which they made a pretense of sweeping the pavement, and listened eagerly to what Mrs. Farrell was saying. They were discussing the rumor that Mrs. Davis was two months back with her rent.

"And her old man drawin' pay regular from the shipyards," said Mrs. MacAvoy.

"Good mornin', Mis' Davis. We was just sayin' how nice 'twas that yer husband has a stiddy job," she added, as Mrs. Davis approached.

"I knew yees was gabblin' about somebody," remarked Mrs. Davis, looking from one to the other suspiciously. But she could not long harbor dark thoughts, as she had news to tell.

"The sign 'rent is took off me house," she announced.

"Why, so 'tis! Who's movin' in?" came in a chorus.

Mrs. Skinner, who was coming towards the group from the rear of No. 911, pricked up her ears and broke into a trot.

"I ain't heard. But if it ain't nobody I take a likin' to—" and Mrs. Davis paused ominously.

It was not necessary to complete the sentence, as the neighborhood knew that no family had ever been

In that house, with never a stick of plush furniture passin' the door! The poorness of yees makes me blush for the name of the neighborhood," screamed Mrs. Davis tauntingly.

"The little there is was come by honest, which, from the looks of yees, couldn't be said o' yer own. If I'd seen ye first, I wouldn't 'a' took the house," was the quick retort.

"An' better 'twould be for the landlord to let his house stand vacant than to fill it with fly-be-nights," cried Mrs. Davis, accepting the gage of battle.

"Yer a garrottin' harpy," screeched the newcomer, trembling with excitement.

"Oh, she called me out o' me name," yelled Mrs. Davis. She grabbed her broom in rage.

"She called her out o' her name," came in tones of horror from the row along the fence.

As Mrs. Davis dashed into the yard she was met half-way by the newcomer. Both her hands also gripped a broom-handle. She was full of fight and there was no sign of fear in the glittering little eyes that watched every move of her opponent. Mrs. Davis brought her broom well back of her head in a full-arm swing, as if she were teeing off on the golf links, but the newcomer dodged. Mrs. Davis spun like a top with the impetus of her own blow. Before she could recover herself she got a crack on the back of her head that made her see stars. A second blow landed on her broad back and knocked her breathless. The wiry little woman whom she had scorned as an antagonist dashed around her like a hummingbird, jabbing here and there, varying the attack occasionally by a smash on Mrs. Davis' head that would have caved in an ordinary skull.

As she prodded and thumped she let out triumphant shrieks. "Oh, you would, would ye? No plush furniture, have I? I'm a fly-be-night, am I? Take that and that and that!"

Mrs. Davis was routed. She turned her broad back to the enemy and ran for her woodshed door.

"Give it to her! Give her another!" came from the spectators over the fence, who saw their own insults avenged and, like all man and woman-kind, were eager to join forces with the victor. The newcomer's broom sailed through the woodshed door after Mrs. Davis' retreating figure.

"Git up a pertition, sayin' she's a common scold an' a nuisance. We'll sign it," urged the row by the fence.

"I kin take care o' myself without a pertition," said the newcomer with dignity as she smoothed her rumpled hair. "And I'll thank yees' ter turn yer faces the other way, for they hurt me eyes."

After which she fell to washing windows and her house was the only tenement in the block in which a stroke of work was done that day.

### How His Constituents Feel.

Representative William S. Bennet of New York, is rapidly learning just where he stands with his constituents. For the purpose of acquiring that knowledge Mr. Bennet recently had printed a letter which he sent to the 60,000 citizens in his district. The letter says:

"The Sixty-first congress, to which I have been elected, as your representative from the Seventeenth congressional district, has begun its first session. You doubtless will be interested in measures which come before congress, and I shall always be glad to hear from you concerning them. If there is any way in which, as your representative, I can be of service to you please consider me at your command at any time."

The letter brought forth hundreds of responses, asking the representative to do all sorts of impossible things in the way of national legislation. There was one letter, however, which was safe and sane. The writer used the same sheet of paper as that on which Mr. Bennet communicated with him, and down in the corner he wrote:

"Come home. Bring all the other M. C.'s with you."

### Aisle of the Car in a Wreck.

A veteran railroad man gave a piece of valuable advice not long ago.

"If you ever get into a wreck," he said, "and have time to follow out this suggestion remember this: Always stand in the aisle. Most of the injuries that are suffered occur because the victim is crushed between the seats. If you are in the aisle you may be thrown forward and bruised a little, but there is much less chance of receiving serious hurts. It isn't always possible to get out of your seat before the crash comes, but if it is follow that advice."

### New Etiquette in Japan.

Japan is advancing by leaps and bounds. The latest thing is a class in "courtship" for girls. This has been made a part of the curriculum in all of the secondary schools for girls. The almond-eyed maidens are taught that should they be "so unfortunate as to fall in love before becoming engaged," they must conceal the fact, and above all remember that women must not propose. Also they are warned that well-bred girls do not exchange photographs with their admirers.



Made Her See Stars.

able to stay more than their allotted three months in the little house at the rear of the one occupied by Mrs. Davis. She was fat, pugnacious and had a flow of vituperative language that had made her the bully of the block. She was hated and feared, but no one ever opposed her more than once. It was reported that she thrashed Davis when the evenings were dull and time hung heavy on her hands.

"There's a movin'-wagon comin' up the street," said Mrs. Skinner, whose eyes were as good as her ears. The group rushed to the curbstone.

"It's comin' on this block, and there she is, settin' on the seat with the driver. Too stingy to pay car-fare, I suppose," said Mrs. MacAvoy.

"She ain't much to look at. No bigger'n a pint," sniffed Mrs. Skinner. "One of them putty-faced women with no heart in 'em. Give me a woman with spunk, says I."

"I'll take no back talk from the likes o' her," announced Mrs. Davis, gripping her broom as if she already saw herself routing this new entry.

"Yees all come in me back yard," said Mrs. Dora O'Reilly cordially, "and be lookin' over me fence. Yeess kin see what kind o' furniture goes in."

By the time the wagon backed up to the curbstone they were stationed at excellent points of observation, while Mrs. Davis stood in her woodshed door. The newcomer's lips came together in a thin, straight line when she saw the heads on the other side of the fence.

"Will yees look at that old scratched burrer and them pine chairs?" whispered Mrs. Kate Farrell, who owned no bureau.

"And them waxed flowers is way out o' date," giggled Mrs. Skinner. The newcomer looked out with blazing eyes and slammed her door.

"Ain't she the spiteful thing?" called Mrs. Davis. "Katie, love," as Katie came into the yard, "just take a look into the winder and see what she's doin'."

As Katie stood on tiptoe the door flew open and a bucket of water caught her full in the face.

"I'll thank yees to keep yer tykes t' home, an' noi be sayin' on yer betters," cried a shrill voice from the doorway.

"An' little enough there is to see