



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



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 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: "Cherchez 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—virile 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: "Cherchez 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 their 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 ruthlessly 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 pitied 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



MISS MARJORIE GOULD



KINGDON GOULD



THE MISSES EDITH AND GLORIA



MRS GOULD AND THE MISSES EDITH AND GLORIA

ever had on a stitch of fannel, not even a fannel 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's 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

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

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 court 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?"

FOREST CONDITIONS IN FLORIDA



SHEDDING, OR LOG WAGON



CABBAGE PALMETTO

A PRELIMINARY investigation of the forest conditions of Florida was made during the past winter by the United States Forest Service in co-operation with the state. The report is now completed and has been submitted to the governor for his consideration. It is hoped that the legislature may be able to incorporate at least some of the recommendations into law in the near future.

Florida occupies a prominent position among the timber and turpentine producing states of the country. It has, at present, a greater per cent. of its land in forest than any other state. Some of the finest stands of longleaf pine in the south are contained within its borders. The development of the forest industries during the past few years has been phenomenal. While the agricultural development in certain parts of the state will make permanent use of immense areas of cut-over land, the bulk of lands now being cut over will not be needed for agricultural purposes for many years to come. In the meantime the timber producing possibilities of such lands are being destroyed by repeated fires, turpentine, and reckless lumbering. The opportunity to organize and adopt plans of forest management should not be delayed until the forest lands have all been cut over.

Many states have temporarily developed at the expense of their forest interests and have realized too late the disastrous effects of wasting their forest resources.

The report of the Forest Service Examiner in Florida lays particular stress on the importance of a strong forest policy for the state. There should be a commission of forestry to have general supervision of the forestry interests of the state and to appoint a state forester. It should be the duty of the state forester, under the direction of the commission, to advise private owners in reference to forest management, to bring to public attention the damage done by forest fires, to formulate and put into execution a firewarden system to protect the forests from fires, to encourage more conservative systems of lumbering and turpentine, to investigate tax and grazing problems, and in general promote a healthy interest in forest preservation in the state.

The forest fire problem in Florida, as in other southern states, was found to be a most serious hindrance to the perpetuation of the forests. The practice of burning over the ground annually destroys all possibility of a young growth of pine to take the place of the mature timber when it is cut. Moreover, fires injure the standing timber, especially where the trees have been boxed, and destroy the vegetable covering of the soil. It has been demonstrated that repeated fires decrease the value of the forest for grazing purposes.

In order to check the annual fire evil, the report proposes a forest fire law for Florida which shall make it unlawful and punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, for any individual or corporation to start fires on land not their own. The proposed law also makes every owner liable for damages resulting from the spread of fire from his own land to that of another. There are many other impor-

Extravagance.

"It takes a maid to be extravagant," said the woman of slender means. "My girl just exhibited to me with much pride something she had bought to send a girl friend for her birthday. It was a sublimated card, with a dove life size, made of paper that fluffed out when you pulled a string, all gay colors and cut out effects something like the old-fashioned valentines. She paid 50 cents for the thing and it probably will get smashed in the mails. Just think of the handkerchiefs, gloves, stockings, hat pins, collars and all manner of pretty useful things you can get for 50 cents. But the other girl probably will be delighted, so why should I worry?"

Traveled with Heavy Loads.

Up in Maine and New Brunswick the guides carry tremendous loads. But the "pieces" of the old fur trade, whether of furs or supplies, was about 50 pounds in weight. The man who could not pack three "pieces" on his tupline over the average portage ranked low around the campfire. A Chippewa has been known to carry a

tant features in the proposed law, such as the appointment of firewardens, the use of spark arresters on locomotives and engines, and posting of fire notices.

The report furthermore recommends the establishment of state forests from tax lands and by purchase, as has already been done by many states in the country.

The forests of Florida have lasted longer than in many states, perhaps because the state has been more generously endowed with valuable growth. The need of forest preservation has not been so apparent in the past, but those who understand the present conditions in Florida and in other states should be alive to the necessity of taking some action to cut wisely what forests remain, and provide for regeneration on lands that have already been d-nuded. The report explains the present situation in detail and points the way for a wiser consideration in the future.

The south, with 27 per cent. of the total area of the United States, contains about 42 per cent. of the total forest area of the country. The forest area by states is as follows: Alabama, 20,000,000 acres; Arkansas, 21,200,000; Florida, 20,000,000; Georgia, 22,500,000; Kentucky, 10,000,000; Louisiana, 16,500,000; Maryland, 2,200,000; Mississippi, 17,500,000; North Carolina, 19,600,000; South Carolina, 12,000,000; Tennessee, 15,000,000; Texas, 20,000,000; Virginia, 14,000,000; and West Virginia, 9,100,000.

The south, it will be seen, has still much of the virgin forest of the country. This forest must be used, of course, in order to meet the steadily expanding wants of the section. It must be used in such a manner, however, that the very most may be made from its annual cut, while at the same time this cut is being replaced by new growth. In this way its timber will remain a source of perpetual wealth.

The importance of forest conservation to southern interests is clearly understood by the people of the south. The future of the south is more nearly bound up in the plan of forest preservation, with its accompanying protection to watersheds, power-streams and wood-working industries, than is anything now before the people of that part of the country. Not only is the protection of the watersheds which will some day furnish the power to run all manufacturing establishments in the entire south, an important matter to the south, but the industries depending upon the forest products will also be benefited by the protection thrown about the remaining timbered area.

Poor Woman.

"I am so sorry for Mrs. Flitte," says the lady with the display of coral rings. "She is so unhappy since she came home from her summer trip. You know she left her husband at home all summer.

"Ah!" significantly breathes the lady with the two-dollar barette. "And did he carouse around and do things he shouldn't? These men!"

"That's why she's unhappy," explains the other lady. "He behaved himself and she was so in hopes she might have a chance to get a divorce this fall."—Life.

No Fears.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" asks the insistent reformer. Here you are day in and day out in a state of intoxication? You know what such dissipation leads to. Already you show the symptoms of a man who is on the verge of delirium tremens. And I understand that some weak girl is foolish enough to have accepted your proposal of marriage. I shudder for her, and for you!"

Just So.

A bald-headed man can talk as much about hereditary early baldness as a gray-haired woman about her grandmother turning gray at 18.

Our Languages.

Just a thought; there may be nothing in it. But the word doesn't seem to work right. Now a man may sit down for a minute. But he always sits up for all night.

Melrose Street

THE ONLOOKER

CLOTHES make the WOMAN...



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm not going anywhere, sir," she said.

"To-morrow I'm asked to a bridge and tea. And Saturday to the links. But none of these pleasures may be for me."

Continued the sighing mix. "On Sunday my friends in a touring car would scurry both here and there—I'd love to go whizzing both near and far. But haven't a thing to wear.

"I'm asked as a guest at a country place, I'm asked to the matinee, I'm asked to go out on an airship race. But here at home I stay. A friend of mine phoned just an hour ago. And asked me if I would care to join him at lunch, but I told him

"No."— I haven't a thing to wear.

"It's awful to think of the slaves we are to ribbons and furbelows. To think that the fashions may make or mar

One's pleasures, but goodness knows I'd hurt my defiance at all vain style. And all of its edicts dare. And face all my critics with scornful smile— But haven't a thing to wear.

"Why, I cannot go to the church at all— My dresses are out of date. I'm asked to go soon to a lovely ball. And weep at my sorry fate. I cannot go down to the deep blue sea. And bathe in its rippling fair. What is there left for a girl like me? I haven't a thing to wear!"

"Lecture on dress reform, my pretty maid." "I haven't a thing to wear," she said.



ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mrs. Tessie Truelove of Paw Paw, Mich., threw the scissors at a chicken one day recently and struck her husband in the strawberry patch. Perhaps this means the strawberry mark.

A Milford (O.) paper tells us that Henry Sigmore was held up by two footpads who hit him with a sandbag in the neighborhood of the pump station. We suppose Henry is using an artificial pumping system during his convalescence.

Mrs. Elijah Scottleby of Duluth advertises for a capable woman who has no objections to scrubbing the floors with a Chinaman. Mrs. Scottleby runs a small hotel, but that seems to be no reason for making a mop of the oriental.

Mr. William Hinkle of Peatsboro, Tenn., was putting a shirt over his head last Sunday, prior to going to



church, a pet dog belonging to the family rushed in and bit him eight times between the chignon and the front hair.

While Asabel Purlight of Danforth, Kan., was breaking a mule the animal grew fractious and kicked him through a window. Mr. Purlight will doubtless have the window protected by steel gratings hereafter, and keep away from it at that. When a mule begins reaching through windows to kick people it is high time that the brute was hopped.

COUNTY OF A THOUSAND KEYS

Monroe County, Florida, is All Islands and Everglades, and Very Interesting.

Monroe county is the most unique county in the state, if not in the United States. The larger portion of the county is made up of a group of islands, or, as they are called, keys, both on the east and west coasts. The only part of Monroe county on the

mainland is the Cape Sable country, the extreme southwest of the United States on the mainland.

The larger portion of this land is what is known as the Everglades, and but a limited number of acres are now under cultivation. In the vicinity of Cape Sable there are large bodies of rich alluvial land and a considerable quantity has been under cultivation for several years past.

All kinds of tropical and semi-tropical fruit trees grow luxuriantly on the keys and bear full crops of fruit each year. Every key is surrounded with water and the great portion of them have clean white sand beaches with bluffs varying in height above high water mark. — Jacksonville Times-Union.

Sugar a Valuable Tonic.

A medical journal gives particulars of experimental cases in which sugar was employed as a tonic and invigorant. One patient, subject to the most

violent headaches from hunger or lack of food, discovered that the pressure in the head was considerably relieved when a few lumps of sugar dipped in water were eaten very slowly. Further experiments are being made with a view to demonstrating the value of lump sugar as a luncheon where other food is not to be had. It would be a simple and easy matter (the write points out) to carry half a dozen pieces of sugar in one's pocket, to be indulged in with no other accompaniment but a glass of water.