

What Will Society Do Next?

How the Monkey Wedding and Other Frivolities at Palm Beach Shocked Dignified Mamas Who Want to Know if That Wasn't About the Limit.



Before being dressed for the wedding ceremony Pedro smoked several cigarettes.



Steven Whitney, Boston society man, made up as a buxom infant for the baby party given by Mr. and Mrs. George Leary Jr. at Palm Beach. Miss Virginia McDonough of Portland, Or., made a most charming nurse.



Interpretation by Miss Gladys Bowle of Brooklyn of a Hula Hula dancer on horseback.

A real monkey wedding—real live monkeys, bridesmaids, attendants, guests, everything in short but a genuine wedding ceremony—a "baby" party where some of the "juvenile" guests old enough to be grandparents, dispersed in attire that for frankness surely belonged to the nursery, have sent a shudder through some of the more staid representatives of our best society. They are wondering what is going to happen next.

These latest society frivolities staged at Palm Beach and other fashionable resorts recall the days of Harry Lehr, New York's cotillion leader, who introduced just such entertainments to awaken the richest and most influential of the "400" out of the lethargy into which they had fallen through a surfeit of the "same old things." He, too, "pulled the monkey stunt" and ran off several diversions that produced the desired effect. Everyone had a good time, social agreeableness was promoted, and even though the clergy denounced it because of the waste while the poor were suffering, those who believed in it continued it until war stalked abroad in Europe and, casting a shadow here, sobered even the gayest of the nation.

BY HELEN HOFFMAN.

putting on a pair of black silk knickerbockers. In the end, through the heroic efforts of his attendants, he was attired in an evening suit.

The wedding supper was served with great gravity and the principals acted their roles well, considering the excitement. It is true that they cracked nuts served them with their teeth and that the bride almost committed that most unpardonable of all social errors by drinking from the fingerbowl; but she was saved that faux pas by a watchful guest who quickly substituted a glass of water.

After the dinner the bride and groom shambled away to a corner darkened by the shade of a huge palm where they chattered for several minutes. Finally smoke was observed curling up over the palm. Investigation revealed Pedro on the lap of his "wife" enjoying a cigarette.

Before being dressed for the ceremony Pedro smoked several cigarettes.

As a denouement to the wedding

center of the tanbank arena was a huge circular table raised high enough to be on elbow level to a mounted man or woman. Notches large enough to fit a horse were cut at regular intervals about the rim. The guests rode their horses into these and then were served their dinners by waiters who climbed to the center of the table through a doorway to which ladders reached.

A Woman Dare-Devil.

Harry Lehr's equal as an entertainer of society was found in Miss Eleanor Sears of Boston and Newport. She is still active. But it requires physical courage to follow this young woman. She plays daring polo with men, she takes 100-mile walks on a wager. She sails her own yacht, and her reckless diving and swimming, and the courage she has displayed on more than one occasion by swimming to the rescue of a drowning fisherman and sailor, make her the personification of the strenuous.

Miss Sears has kept fashionable society of Back Bay, Boston, in a state of wonderment. They recall how she hitched her bob-sled to a trolley car

during a big snow storm and succeeded, though not meaning to, in tying up traffic for more than a half hour. She also caused a commotion by playing baseball on the Boston common with the Harvard team, and amazed her fashionable friends by leading a couple of thoroughbreds, which she had purchased out west, through the streets of Boston.

Society also recalls the bird banquet given to Governor R. Livingston Beekman of Rhode Island by the late Mrs. John Henry Hanan at Narragansett Pier. Over the tables a gilded net was raised to give the effect of dinner in a huge bird cage. Rare plants in profusion and singing birds carried out the tropical illusion. Thrushes, canaries, parrots and doves flitted among the guests and sang for their amusement with happy abandon. This pretty effect was carried out even to the favors presented to the women guests. These were small willow bird cages containing toy birds.

Unique, too, was the dog luncheon given by Mrs. Arthur L. Holland of New York, for her \$2000 Chinese dog. Dogs were invited guests.

VISIONS of that bacchanalian orgy recently held in Paris where society leaders in evening attire plunged into a great bath of champagne after a couple of entertaining women garbed less warmly than the beach girl of the most liberal community have alarmed society "mammae" since the latest burst of excess at Palm Beach, where a monkey wedding and "baby party" were held, the antics at which have caused much comment and more written criticism. The society matron is startled. She doesn't know what will be the next step. But the younger element, and, in fact, a great many of the older ones who are hand-in-glove with their juniors, don't seem to be losing sleep worrying over what their mammias think of it. They longed for such times and now that they have arrived they intend to go the limit, they say. And their parents are in a fit of terrible agitation. "Tied the knot." The Misses Marcella Smith, Vivian Tavandor and Hazel Hapeman were bridesmaids. C. F. Henry, Walter Young, Frank Knipp and O. Tendaor acted as ushers.

The "bride" was gowned in white satin and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. She was described by the guests as "most picturesque." But the bridegroom, who must have had ideas of his own concerning the proper attire for the occasion, wanted to appear in his native suit of hirsute material. He kicked and even squealed against

reputations were involved, and every- one was stirred.

Admirers of Rhodes went about saying if his name was struck off the list of privy councilors they would show Joe up, and admirers of Chamberlain were going to show some one else up, and a government committee was appointed to show everyone up. The secret history of this time will probably never be written.

Rhodes Said They Would Not Fight.

I never spoke to Cecil Rhodes, but I met him once at a party in 19, Downing street when Arthur Balfour was prime minister.

It was in 1903 when South Africa was in a state of suppressed turmoil. Alfred Milner, the then lord high commissioner, was writing letters from Cape Town warning us of the exact situation, but the government did not believe in these warnings.

Cecil Rhodes was a name that was famous all the world over. Men and women trembled before him. A phrase much in vogue at the time, "Think imperially," was attributed to him, also the poignant epigram quoted by the more enlightened tariff reformers that it was not the article

Cecil Rhodes, I took my host aside and asked him if "the man on the spot" — always a favorite with the stupid — had given him his views on South Africa.

Balfour—Yes, he doesn't think there is the slightest chance of war. He says not only that the Boers won't fight, but that they can't.

Thinking imperially made us confident that after an experience of 20 years in South Africa Rhodes must know his Boers, and we took comfort together.

I looked round me, but saw no one of interest, so I penetrated into the next room. There, for the first time, I saw the Burne-Jones legend of the Briar Rose hung on the ugly paneling put up to Disraeli in the Downing street dining room; but much more remarkable than this innovation was the circle of fashionable and crouching ladies at Rhodes' feet. He sat like a great bronze gong among them, and I had not the spirit to disturb their worship.

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In the next installment of her remarkable diary, Margot Asquith tells her first real love story, of which the dashing and interesting Peter Flower is the hero.

St. Lawrence River Open.

MONTREAL — The St. Lawrence river has had its earliest spring opening in 4 years. The government ice breaker Lady Grey began operations at Three Rivers March 29, soon smashing the great ice bridge that forms there every year. Within a few hours the river was free. Usually the river is not cleared before April 20.

reached for his bootlegs. A flare of flame, then another.

Five shots were left and Delaine fired them all at the two beasts which came at him in one, Beauty clinging grimly to the Bengal's throat, the tiger scrambling vaguely in a frenzy of blind terror. Straight on came Rajah—nor did it know that human flesh was before it. Then the impact, throwing Beauty far to one side. But the tiger's claw had found flesh. In blindness, that was enough.

Outside the arena a man and a girl struggled at the straps—cutting them. Then into the inclosure they fought their way, the girl driving the bloody-jawed Capetown and the frenzied Beauty before her, the man firing bullet after bullet into the brain of the blinded Rajah as he sought to compel the great beast to leave the crumpled thing on the ground beneath it, a man and a girl striving with all their strength to save the one who had sought their fate. A fourth bullet. A fifth. The tiger toppled. It fell. A swift movement. The man raised the limp body of Delaine in his arms. A leap, while a girl sped beside him, and they were without the gate. But the man they had carried forth had ceased to breathe.

Beauty had killed a murderer—nor was it for her poor, dumb mentality to distinguish between the human and the beast.

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INTIMATE DIARY OF MARGOT ASQUITH

(Continued From Page 3.)

first—a week or ten days before he was sentenced in Bow street—at Georgiana Lady Dudley's house and the night before he went to prison he dined a trois with my husband and me in Cavendish square.

(Editor's note—Georgiana Lady Dudley was a famous British beauty. Mrs. Asquith declares that crowds would stand along Rotten row to see her pass in her carriage. She was one of the women with whom Mrs. Asquith compared the present generation when she said that real feminine beauty was a thing of the past.)

Dr. Jim had great personal magnetism and could do what he liked with my sex. He was one of those men who if he had been a quack would have made a vast fortune as a doctor, a thought-reader, a faith healer or in any of these by-paths; but he was without quackery of any kind. I never thought him a fine judge of people, but here I may be wrong. If his brains had been as good as his nature he would have had a commanding position in any country. The reason that convinced me that they were not, was when he told us of the great scheme that had failed; which was to kidnap Kruger and carry him off in person. This somewhat jejune intention was frustrated, and Jameson was had up in the police courts. The responsibility of the Raid could not however be confined to Jameson. Both Cecil Rhodes and Chamberlain's

THE MOTHER - BY C. R. COOPER

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"You have a very good act—if that's what you mean."

"How's yours?" he asked it bluntly, and she looked straight into his eyes.

"You ought to know."

"It ain't going over, Alice."

"—?" But he did not catch the break in her voice. Instead he reached forward and caught her by the arm in a grasp intended for gentleness.

The big top, with its crowds and with a heavy shouldered man in glittering uniform waiting beside the arena gate, a new whip, leaden tipped and thicker than ever, lashing slowly before him, a revolver shoved into the top of each high seat.

The whip forced obedience as the animals took their positions on the turntable and allowed themselves to be swung about.

A snapping crack as the whip went out; the tiger, confused, had left its resting place and began to slink about the arena. It swerved as the last caught it, darted between the horse and the trainer, then behind him—while from high above, the eyes of Beauty became suddenly eager, suddenly alert and shifting.

The tiger had returned before her, writhing and snarling and fighting against the attacks of Delaine. Now he was near the horse, and the whip dropped to the ground as the trainer