

# DARING LEAP YEAR GAIETY IS ON! PORTLAND SOCIETY GIRLS SHOW BOYS THING OR TWO



**Cinderella's Ball.**  
First to Shatter  
Social Traditions,  
is Bold Conceit-Maids  
Aye, Budding Matrons Too, of '400"  
Set Take Sweet Revenge on Erring  
Swains—Society Reels With Stim-  
ulating Effect of Unconven-  
tional License.

## GIRLS' LEAP YEAR RIGHT TO PROPOSE. ESTABLISHED BY LAW

If anyone doubts that members of the fair sex have a perfect legal right, as well as conventional privilege, to take the initiative, and if it suits their fancy to propose marriage this year, read the following, which is an extract of the law, passed in Scotland and which, in the 15th century, was made part of the statutes of Genoa and Florence:

"It is statut and ordaint that during the reign of hir maist blisssit mageste for ilk yeare knowne as lepe yeare, ilk mayden ladye of bothe hight and lowe estait shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes, albeit he refuses to talk hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum and pundis or less, as his estait may be, except and awia gif he can make it appere that he is betroitht ane ither woman he then shall be free."

many telephone confabs and confer-positions. Leap Year should be Leap Year in all its effulgences.

And last, but not least, they would pay a few old scores—a few social grudges against lax swains! Had they been snubbed, they would themselves snub a few of the boys, some of whom are "boys" only by favor rather than by fact. The coin should be that of the social realm, good on its face value, and they would circulate it lavishly. So it was, too.

The Cinderellas knew what they were about. Their black and white party didn't just happen. It occurred. It was born in the blaze of reflection on the empty man-made days and evenings of the calendar, and it came into real, grown-up existence when girls seized the opportunity to take the initiative and did it with a vengeance.

Unfortunately then, the man who in the past had dined repeatedly at the sea tables and forgotten his party calls

Woe to him who in the worries of business forgot obligations!

Back to the woods for the lumbering dancer who soiled so many satin pumps!

Alas for the dozens of deserters, dance-outers, poor-memoried lads and the socially incorrect squadron, who, since the memory of maids and men runneth not to the contrary, have infested parties, hops, dinners and sadly regulated dances!

Alas for him who had failed to "measure up!"

And had you taken a peep into the carefully yet carelessly enclosed black and white ballroom you would have agreed they were a determined set of girls, running almost riot with their special privileges. They carried out, too, quite to the letter, their original pledges in costumes and courtesies. Strangely enough, the spirit of the occasion had been imparted to the languishing swains whom the society editors picturesquely dubbed "Prince Charmings." For they too became feasible in their frolicsome mood and donned all manner of weird and yes, almost exotic costumes. Chefs in immaculate white, monks, clowns and it seems one grew so bold as to be a Doctor Cook! All were there. Put to the test, they did their best, for oh,

what a rebuke was in store if the men failed to "measure up!"

The Cinderella's ball was one of good intentions, but it was destined to show the boys a thing or two. It did. There was a complaisance about the attitude of the exclusive ones who planned and executed it, that could not be denied. The "stircks" had been put aside. While the evening was yet young the maids were modest in their interplay, an interplay that was to grow saucy before the evening was over. But once the new spirit had pervaded the place, through the agency of one or two who were there to give the social elect a thrill, all "caught on."

As for costuming the maids drew from sources far and wide, approved and unapproved. The stage which has so frequently courted the trowns of society, was much used. The ballet was a saving grace. Characters of fiction and folly were corralled and when the dance was on in earnest it would not have been difficult to imagine the curtain of some gaudy theater had been lifted.

The sequel is that success so crowned their efforts that it is safe to take a wild guess that in the events to come, "small talk," modern diversions worn

threadbare by much and constant use, and the ordained dance, rest, refreshments, dance-again-and-then-go-home programme will be turned upside down and annihilated—at least for this year.

The first blush of the Leap Year gaudy was a "feeler." The affair was managed by the younger folks, and the older heads looked on almost with apprehension and awe. Impulses of youth are such treacherous things! The guiding hand of a judicial mother or father might be needed. Therefore, not a few of the heads of families looked on from the balcony with anxiety. But it was without need. The Portland girls, so the social censors inform us, showed in a flash that they knew where the line was to be drawn and how near the brink they might go without incurring actual danger. Besides, there were just enough of the younger matrons scattered through the playful throng to sound pianissimo here and call for fortissimo there. Furthermore it was quite exclusive and why worry, Sojourners from the East, the South and from close-at-hand San Francisco who were in the hotel on the eventful night looked on in amazement at the novelty. What had come over Portland? They all agreed Portland had awakened with a vivacity quite un-

looked for, and it must be confessed, quite unusual it was, too.

And none were more agreeably surprised than the score or more of beaux who were "included." It is actually recorded some of the girls did escort duty in its fullest way. Taxicabs and lulling limousines carried the boys to and fro. Dashing, debonair fellows dropped at their gates only realized they had had the tables turned on them when the motors crawled away.

And here's a secret! Not a few of those masculine dervishers who court the social muse and arouse her inspiration by their heroic deeds on the grid-iron, on the polo field or on the ice, and inspire reverence for their business sagacity, sought a little additional dancing instruction the week following the eventful Cinderella's ball. The why? It was merely that the entire dance being ladies' choice, not a few found their light-footed rivals much more in demand than those slow of pedal. There were no "wall flowers," but there were a few rank weeds there.

The girls were paying old scores. They won't admit it, because there are too few interesting boys as it is, and they can't all be set aside. But in a subtle way, full of suggestion, the oracle spoke.

It was just a woman's way.

That first of a series of dyed-in-the-wool Leap Year events carried its lesson and its warning. The Cinderellas (spare the word) of society hereabouts were wiser men when they had danced out the night. The Portland girl had shown them a thing or two about a social good time in her own offenseless way.

The event was brilliant; it was dashing; it was daring but it was decorous. Satisfaction smirked the countenances of the perpetrators and like a secret sect they only winked slyly when future events were up for discussion. And there are future events, you know!

For, bear in mind, what one set started, another is going to finish. The end is not yet. Portland shall know the significance of Leap Year.

Portland society came out of its shell, and stretching about, realized how proper original ideas could be.

Who knows but what Leap Year may yet dawn in all its startling glory. The old Scotch law in the 13th century gave woman a gay, albeit graced prerogative, which has been handed down. Now deny it!

## Hanging of Women.

THE sentence of Mrs. Warren to the electric chair seems to have started the question of hanging women and has North Carolina over her head. Several instances seem to have been cited where they have paid the death penalty. S. V. Laughinghouse was right about a woman having been hanged in Pitt.

L. W. Lawrence, an octogenarian, gave the facts in the matter. He was an eyewitness to the hanging. He gave the following story:

"Walt Hanrahan was a very large planter and landowner and owned a great number of slaves. To keep them at work he had a large piece of land near the present country home known as 'Hanrahan's Quarters' for the keeping of surplus slaves, or those for whom he had little to do. At that place they were employed in clearing land, cultivating it and making support if not money. The overseer was named Griffin. He had occasion to whip one of Mary's children, a boy. This so enraged Mary that while the whipping was being administered she picked up a large lightwood knot and gave the overseer such a blow from behind on his head that he died. Mary was tried for the murder, convicted and, with two negro men, was hanged here in Greenville."

About the close of the Revolutionary War a negro woman named Rose was publicly burned at the Courthouse for the murder of her mistress, John and Sibey Tyson, his wife or sister, lived on the north side of Contentnea Creek, about north of the present town of Farmville. They had two slaves, Shade and Rose. Sibey was very cruel to them. With the Rose murdered her. Rose was tried, convicted and burned at the Courthouse for the crime. Shade, being only an accomplice, was sold and sent away South—Greenville (N. C.) Correspondence to New York Sun.

Indirect Service.

Judge.

"Brown's house is like a vault."  
"Heating plant Brown put in is not good, but served its purpose."  
"How?"  
"Oh, when it gets too chilly, Brown and Mrs. B. get into a heated discussion."