

SEEKING ENTRY IN BRADSTREET'S AS IN SOCIAL REGISTER

Wife of Gouverneur Morris, the Author, Ranks Among the Women Who Find a Business Career Fashionable as Well as Profitable

BY HANNAH MITCHELL.

BUSINESS is making inroads upon the routine of tea, dinners and dances that were once the life of the society woman. Bradstreet's may some day rival the social register. It has become fashionable to work for a living, or if the living be already well looked out for, to work for commercial gain.

Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, wife of the author and one of New York's most popular and energetic society women, is a rising star in the business world—Elsie Waterbury Morris, we should have said, since that is the way she signs herself in business.

Early last spring Mrs. Morris took charge of a beauty parlor and has proved herself already fully as capable in the executive chair as in the drawing room or on the golf course. From her little office in Princess house she is conducting a rapidly growing business and one which might well be the envy of many an ambitious and astute business man.

"I have always been interested in business and have wanted to try my hand at it," she said recently in reply to the "why" which no doubt has been asked from many sides. "I come of a family of business men, and is always seemed to me that I might be able to succeed in the business world. Now that my children are in school and do not need the attention and time I once gave them, I have my opportunity.

"I have a great deal of energy, which I have been obliged to utilize in sports because I could not embark

red lacquer chintz. Bottles of Venetian glass, rose, blue, green and amber, reflect the light and suggest the lotions and perfumes dear to women's hearts. French and American fashion magazines are scattered temptingly about for perusal while the customer awaits her appointment. Upon the walls are decorative panels. Upon a long table are attractive bottles and little jars filled with things that have such attractive names as "Petal Rouge," "Balsam," "Roseleaf" and the like. In chill weather there is always a fire of logs in the fireplace. In this room impatience and fruitfulness are impossible. The chairs, the fireplace, the soft colors command that you rest and smooth some of the lines out of your face before the attendant takes you for a treatment.

"You like it?" questioned Mrs. Morris, as eager as a little girl. "The effect of surroundings holds such an important place in psychology. Hurry and worry are beauty destroyers. And we want to create the right atmosphere here for relaxation.

"We believe that real beauty is within every woman. Let each recognize that and then follow scientific methods of correcting difficulties and bringing out her best points. We hope to bring out this real beauty in each woman who comes to us. Our methods are not those of spreading beauty from the outside, but of bringing it out from the inside.

"You know I have worked over the ideas Primrose House is carrying out for a long time. I have collected

and lending their names to committees no longer suffice for these women. They must be doing something that brings recognition, respect and compensation.

"Women also owe it to their children to make the most of everything they can do and be. I am always interested in children and eager to promote things that will be of help to them."

With her own children, two daughters, known familiarly as Patsy and Ray, Mrs. Morris is real comrade and friend. She has been their companion in the outdoor sports of which they are fond. The older daughter, fifteen, is a tennis player of promise. The younger daughter, while fond of outdoor sports, is interested in writing. In this she probably has the advantage.



—Charlotte Fairchild.

Mrs. Elsie Waterbury Morris is among the prominent women who find a business career fashionable besides being decidedly profitable.

the time for as many as formerly. But she believes that every business woman should have some outdoor exercise. Mrs. Morris is slight of figure, and on the day I called was wearing a sort of sand-colored Canton crepe suit with a brown hat and brown low shoes. Her eyes are dark; her face and hands soft in texture and tanned from the open air. She has a great deal of nervous energy and the faculty of infecting her hearer with enthusiasm for her work. Small wonder that the women who work at Primrose House seem so pleased with what they are doing!

The patrons, or rather patronesses, of Primrose House are for the most part society women. As we have said, many of them are Mrs. Morris' friends. But news of what the place has to offer has gone outside the little inner circle, and many other women, having come to see what it was like, have come back again and again. Business and professional women, among them a number of actresses, have made their visits there part of their routine week. In a word, patronizing Primrose House has been found practicable as well as smart.

The slogan of this super-beauty parlor is:

"Here Dwells Youth."

Its patrons or clients are not only taken care of during the process of their treatments; they receive a certain amount of instruction about how they themselves should take care of their hands and faces, the peculiarities of their complexions are pointed out to them. Only recently I watched one of the followers of Primrose House's instruction groom her face in her own home. It is safe to say that the old soap and wash-cloth methods are out of date so far as cleaning the feminine countenance is concerned.

Mrs. Morris has become so thoroughly a believer in the work she is doing that she surpasses in ambition others who have worked along the same line. The prediction and ambition for her work are interesting. Listen!

"I hope and believe that in the next ten years scientific care of the skin will be taught in schools as a part of the curriculum."

She is very serious about it, and who knows? It may be done.



Mrs. Morris is the companion and chum of her two daughters, Patsy and Ray, who are shown with her in both photographs on this page.

on a business career while my children were little. Now school takes their time and I have no little playmates.

"I chose a beauty parlor"—Primrose House may be conceded the proportions of an establishment—"because I believe that beauty is the thing women want most in the world. Giving people something they want is a sound business principle. But my choice of work rested on something deeper than that. I believe there is great contribution to be made in furthering the scientific care and development of personal appearance. You know, I am sure, and I know how much better work we do on days when we have the added confidence of looking well. Consciousness of a straggly appearance takes one's attention from her work and creates self-consciousness, kills concentration on the work at hand. This is true for the business woman, and it is just as true for the home woman. A slovenly mother has a bad effect on children.

"In Primrose House we are dealing with only one phase of this problem of appearance, but it seems to me our line is one of fundamentals. It is just as wrong for the modern woman to neglect her face and hands as it was a few years ago for her grandmother to neglect her teeth. If a woman neglects her complexion and is careless of her appearance, it represents nothing more or less than pure laziness. At the same time there are many things to be learned by the woman of the best intentions. And that is where we come in. We give them the best that science can give and emphasize the value of health and psychology as a basis for beauty."

As a matter of fact, Primrose House has put into practice the theories and desires of many society women. Among Mrs. Morris' friends before Primrose House was inaugurated it was agreed that in the matter of beauty parlors no one place suited. The beauty parlor was too often a place where temporary effects were gained through the use of unscrupulous cosmetics. In society women's homes personal maids are not as numerous as they used to be.

Eventually the question arose as to why not establish a beauty parlor which would answer the demands of these women. Mrs. Morris replied to it with Primrose House. The place itself cannot be passed over without some comment.

Primrose House, in the East Fifties, just off Fifth avenue, is a three-story house decorated on the outside in the yellow of its name. On the first floor is a tearoom. The window boxes on the tiny balconies of the second floor belong to the beauty parlor. The door inviting feminine Ponce de Leon is of red lacquer opening on the street. Up one flight of stairs and the pecker after youth and beauty finds herself in a reception room made for comfort and pleasing effect.

The house was once the home of Sothorn and Marlowe, and sitting into one of the deep-cushioned chairs it is easy to wonder whether the little platform in front of the windows might not have once been the scene of interesting bits of drama.

The curtains of the Tudor windows are of this reception-waiting room are of

beauty preparations from all over the world and put them into use here. My friends and I had many favorite preparations of our own recipe we'd found in Paris or the east; something a skin specialist had prescribed, something grandmother had used when she was a girl in Virginia or something an English maid had brought from Surrey. Now we have pooled all these, our favorite beauty secrets. We have had specialists work on them; test them and here they are."

Incidentally three of the chemists working on preparations for Primrose House, which are made by a New England firm, are former college professors from Boston neighborhood and their names are kept secret.

Graduate nurses are employed at Primrose House to give treatments of face, hands and arms. Their little workrooms are each separate; no half partitions which shut out sight, but do not cut off conversation. The little individual rooms are fresh and scientifically clean. Their coldly scientific aspect is modified by filmy dotted Swiss curtains, merry chintzes and little French prints on the wall. In each room there is a chart showing the muscles of the face.

The spirit of Mrs. Morris permeates the whole place. She is on the job every day and interested in every development. She knows the details of the shop by heart and is full of enthusiasm for every phase of the work. In reply to the question as to whether it was a paying business she exclaimed:

"From the day we opened it was a paying proposition. Besides doing a full business here in the house we are now doing a good mail order business. I had no idea when I started what a demand there would be for these things. I get orders from all over the world for our preparations. One just came today from Singapore. We get many orders from the middle west—orders for \$25 or \$30 worth of material at a writing. Some of the letters are badly worded and written. But the demand is greater than I dreamed would be."

"When I get these orders from women so far away I cannot help feeling that they are reaching out for something and that maybe by helping them to improve their appearance we are helping them more deeply. Women have reached the point where they want to express themselves; they want to do their part. Some of them do not know exactly what that is, but they are trying to find themselves. This groping has come in real earnest since the war. The war did women lots of good. Just as I feel it did me lots of harm. The home used to be the factory and the women in it the factory worker. That factory work had been transferred elsewhere before the war, but it was during the war that women realized it. Now women are getting out and offering a worth-while contribution to the world. They are no longer satisfied with a pat on the back for work well done. They want recognition and compensation."

In this proclamation Mrs. Morris was no doubt expressing herself and many of her friends. Charity work



—M. E. Hewitt Studio.

The house where Mrs. Morris conducts her business once belonged to Sothorn and Marlowe, and one can almost visualize a Romeo and Juliet scene here.

tags of heredity and undoubtedly will have the support of parents' interest.

Mrs. Morris herself is thoroughly an outdoor woman. She plays golf—

in tournaments—she swims, she rides and plays tennis. As a business-

woman she keeps up in some outdoor sports, although she does not have

MAJOR WILBRAHAM—BY HUGH WALPOLE

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prison' quick." He had liked the old boy, especially as he had given him half a crown.

The woman was another story. She was quiet and reserved, dressed in black, with a neat little black hat with a green feather in it. She had yellow fluffy hair and bright childish blue eyes and a simple, innocent expression. She spoke very softly and almost in a whisper. So far as I could discover she could see nothing odd in Wilbraham nor in anything that he had said. She was the one person in all the world who had understood him completely and found nothing out of the way in his talk.

She had liked him at once, she said. "I could see that he was kind," she added earnestly, as though to her that was the most important thing in all the world. No, his talk had not seemed odd to her. She had believed every word that he had said. Why not? You could not look at him and not believe what he said.

Of course it was true. And why not? What was there against it? It had been a great help for her what the gentleman had told her. Yes, and he had come to sleep with his head in her lap. . . . and she had stayed awake all night thinking . . . and he had waked up just in time to see the sun rise. Some sunrise that was, too.

That was a curious little fact that all three of them, even the battered pugilist, should have been so deeply struck by that sunrise. Wilbraham on the last day of his life, when he hovered between consciousness and unconsciousness, kept recalling it as though it had been a vision.

"The sun—and the trees suddenly green and bright like glittering swords. All shapes—swords, plowshares, elephants and camels—and the sky pale like ivory. See, now the sun is rushing up faster, faster than ever, to take us with him, up, up,

leaving the trees like green clouds beneath us—far, far beneath us—"

The woman said it was the finest sunrise she had ever seen.

He talked to her all the time about his plans. He was looking disheveled now and unshaven and dirty. She suggested that he should go back to his flat. No, he wished to waste no time. Who knew how long he had got? It might be only a day or two . . . He would go to Covent Garden and talk to the men there.

She was confused as to what happened after that. When they got to the market the carts were coming in and men were very busy.

She saw the gentleman speak to one of them very earnestly, but he was busy and pushed him aside. He spoke to another, who told him to clear out.

Then he jumped on to a box, and almost the last sight she had of him was his standing there in his soiled clothes, a streak of mud on his face, his arms outstretched and crying: "It's true! It's true! Stop just a moment—you must hear me."

Someone pushed him off the box. The pugilist rushed in then, cursing him and saying that the man was a gentleman and had given him half a crown, and then some hulking great fellow fought the pugilist and there was a regular melee. Wilbraham was in the middle of them, was knocked down and trampled upon. No one meant to hurt him, I think. They all seemed very sorry afterwards.

He died two days after being brought into the nursing home. He was very happy just before he died, pressed my hand and asked me to look after the girl. . . . "Isn't it wonderful," were his last words to me, "that it should be true after all!"

As to truth, who knows? Truth is a large order. This is true as far as Wilbraham goes, every word of it.

Beyond that? Well, it must be jolly to be so happy as Wilbraham was. This will seem a lying story to some, a silly and pointless story to others.

I wonder. . . . (Copyright, 1921, by the Chicago Tribune.)

Shellfish Produce Dye.

A shellfish exists on the Pacific coast of Costa Rica from which a specially fine purple color is obtained and used for dyeing silk threads. A report received by the United States department of commerce states the discovery of this natural dye came to light through an inquiry from Guatemala, where some silk thread imported from Costa Rica commands a good price.

The dyers, who apparently are limited to a few old persons, take the thread to the shore, where the shellfish abound, and dye there. The person who picks up a shell blows his breath upon it, whereupon a few drops of greenish liquor ooze out. This liquor is collected in an open clam shell or other small container. After a sufficient quantity has been collected, the thread is passed through it. The thread soon afterward, on exposure to sunlight, assumes a beautiful purple color, which is absolutely fast.

In ancient days it is believed this dye was called "Tyrian purple," and was even then so rare that it was reserved for royalty.

Child Hygiene Promoted.

NEW HAVEN.—At the American Child Hygiene association meeting the president, Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw of Albany, gave an historical review of the accomplishments that had been brought about through organized efforts, not only to reduce infant mortality, but also to promote the

health and welfare of older children. When the association was formed in 1909 very little organized work was being carried on in this country for child hygiene. In 1908 the bureau of child hygiene of New York city was established and in 1912 the children's bureau in Washington was formed. The early efforts for child hygiene work in this country were to secure a better milk supply; to carry on infant hygiene instruction in the homes through visiting nurses and to work through child welfare centers. Dr. Shaw pointed out the impetus given to child hygiene work in this country by the war and the children's year campaign. These concerted efforts had not only succeeded in reducing markedly the infant mortality rate but also in assuring children of all ages a better environment in which to live.

Dr. Richard A. Holt, general director of the association, in his report on the progress in child hygiene work in this country during the past year pointed out that although there had been a reactionary tendency along many lines that the interest in child hygiene work had still grown, better organization for parental service is being worked out in many places throughout the country; the care of the pre-school child is receiving special attention and a marked interest in nutrition and dental hygiene is manifest.

Open Door Believed Threatened.

SHANGHAI.—(By the Associated Press.)—A meeting of the British chambers of commerce in China passed a resolution on the Shantung controversy, saying:

"This conference is convinced that any settlement of the Shantung question leaving Japan in a privileged position in that province will constitute a negation of the policy of the open door and equal opportunity in China, to which the British government is committed."

Milk Check Sold Traveler as Railway Ticket.

Housewife, Acting as Agent, Lets Husband Offstage.

TICKLETON was a small and unimportant rural railway station, and the post of ticket agent was held by Mrs. Amanda Cripes, an energetic woman who had traveled in the light, and having little use for a separate office, Mrs. Cripes sold railway tickets when they were called for at her own house, where she kept her stock for safely in a bureau drawer.

Besides selling tickets, Mrs. Cripes "did for" a household of boarders and a shiftless husband. A ticket for town being required one day when the agent's hands were occupied with the mixing of biscuit dough, Mrs. Cripes requested her husband to act as her representative, and he obligingly complied. A little later he appeared in the kitchen with a troubled countenance.

"Mandy," he said anxiously, "was any of the town tickets blue?"

"No—all red," said Mandy.

"Well," continued Mr. Cripes, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow in a troubled way, "I sold Mrs. Jones a blue ticket, and then afterward I noticed some red tickets in the lower drawer, and—"

"Upon my soul! Upon my soul!" wailed Mrs. Cripes. "Do you mean to tell me that you have gone and sold her one of my milk tickets—the last one I had! You awful man! Now the train's gone and we can't get it back and milk's so high, too!"

Tomb of the Apostle John Found.

ATHENS.—Excavations at Ephesus have resulted in the discovery of considerable portions of the church of St. John the Evangelist, notably the crypt, which, according to tradition, is the tomb of the apostle John.