

DIANAS OF MODERN DAYS

American Women to Whom a Strenuous Form of Outdoor Sport Appeals



Photo by Benjamin
Mrs. Max Fleischmann of Cincinnati has hunted in Africa and in the Arctic



Mrs. J. W. M. Cardeza is a famous African Hunter



Mrs. Anna Morgan, the New York Heiress, Made a Record in the Rockies



Mrs. Philip Allen Clark has killed a bear in Colorado

IN COLORADO Miss Anna Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, the famous New York financier is known to hunters as "The Diana of the Peaks." Mrs. Max C. Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, has taken part in big game hunts in Africa and has shot polar bear in the frozen North. Mrs. J. W. M. Cardeza, of Philadelphia, has sought sport in the jungles of India and Africa, as well as in the wilds of Canada.

"In archaic art," authorities state, "Diana often appears as winged and grasping two lions or other wild animals."

No modern Diana, so far as known, has ever been photographed in the act of grasping living lions, but more than one has exercised her skill in marksmanship on the king of beasts. Not a few women of this generation have sought big game as boldly and as confidently as men.

Historic romance has given large place to gentle Priscilla, the Puritan maiden. Future annals of womanhood will undoubtedly accord as prominent a place to famous Dianans of modern times, antitheses of Priscilla in many ways and yet her successors in truly feminine graces.

MORE women may be numbered among the mighty hunters of the land than one would imagine. It is a time-honored jest to depict a woman as fainting at the sight of a mouse—what can we say of one who boldly shoots bears in the Rockies or lives in African jungles?

One of the most prominent of America's women hunters is Miss Anna Morgan, who, when she feels inclined, leaves the social engagements of New York and Newport and plunges into the wilderness of Colorado with all the daring of the dauntless.

The daughter of the great banker no more fears facing wildcats, lynxes, coyotes, mountain lions or even grizzlies than she dreads the scrutiny of the elite in the drawing room.

She is as much at home with the rifle in her hand as she is with her jeweled fan during a ball. Miss Morgan is a thorough sportswoman. With parties of friends, she has gone West and spent a month at a time in the wildest parts of the forests. Clad in a sweater, short skirts and rubber boots, the young woman has often ridden off on perilous trails, gun swung over her shoulder; or for hours has stood in trout streams waiting for a bite.

On one of her trips she went through 125 miles of the wildest country. During her stay in Colorado Miss Morgan usually lives under tents, eats her meals off tables of bark, and thoroughly enjoys roughing it.

In her father's palatial mansion, on Fifth avenue, New York, hang the heads of numerous deer and elk felled by the daughter in the West. On one trip Miss Morgan got one bear, two buck deer, 100 grouse and enough furs, it was said, to stock a stream.

In Colorado she is known to hunters as "The Diana of the Peaks." William Baxter is the veteran guide of those wilds. He was with Miss Morgan one day when she espied a deer. Across a little hill she saw the great horns of the majestic creature moving as he browsed. Baxter carried some weapons.

NOTHING DAUNTS MISS MORGAN

"My rifle—quick, Baxter," panted Miss Morgan, her eyes flashing.

In an instant she had cocked it, taking aim with the precision and coolness of a veteran. Bang! A cloud of smoke, which slowly cleared. Then a cry—"I've got him!" from Miss Morgan.

"Seems to me," commented Baxter, "that the Morgans must have a shooting gallery in their home, in New York. Mighty few young ladies can shoot as well as she does. And she's the pluckiest mountain climber I ever saw."

"Nothing ever upsets her. Why, she brought down her big seven-pronged buck at 300 yards on her first shot. She caught him plumb through the heart."

Few female Nimrods can boast of the experience of Mrs. Max C. Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, who has hunted polar bears 50 degrees 5 minutes north, and tigers and hippopotami in the jungles of interior Africa, right on the equator.

Mrs. Fleischmann is 26 years of age and strikingly handsome. Some time before her marriage, in December, 1905, Mr. Fleischmann said to her: "Where shall we take our honeymoon, dear?" "The West Indies would be charming," she replied. "True, and how about a trip to the North?" "To shoot polar bears?" She clasped her hands. "Delightful!" he announced. And it was.

Mr. Fleischmann was an experienced hunter and as the inheritor of a comfortable fortune was able to cruise the world in his yacht Hiawatha, journeying whithersoever he pleased.

eleven weeks were out of communication with civilization.

"We didn't suffer many hardships," said the fair huntress on her return. "It was cold, of course, but we had a splendid time. Hunting was good."

And it must have been, for she had shot and killed two polar bears, besides a number of seals, reindeer, blue foxes and many specimens of birds.

Her trip to the jungles of Africa on a lion-hunting expedition was even more exciting and perilous than her honeymoon North.

Starting from London, the party reached Mombasa in nineteen days, making their way into the interior of Africa on the Uganda Railway, which runs three trains a week. "The railroad is a most primitive affair," said Mr. Fleischmann, on his return. "Passengers who wish to sleep must provide their own bedding, which may be spread over leather benches, with which the cars are equipped."

The Americans equipped their caravan 333 miles inland, and pitched their first camp three miles from Nairobi. The party, which included Lord Learmouth, a friend of Mr. Fleischmann, was attended by forty-six porters, from different tribes. Most of the shooting was done along the Tana and Thika rivers. The party got "big game," including one lion, two lionesses, one giraffe, five rhinoceroses, two buffaloes, four zebras and more than 100 antelopes.

"Enjoy the trip!" declared the fair shot, when she got back. "Yes, indeed! We did rough it somewhat in the jungles, and certainly were grateful for our rubber bathtub. It was frightfully warm. We were right on the equator, but we had lots of fun."

FUN AT THE EQUATOR

Diana, according to classic chronicles, did not lead a more adventurous life!

Mrs. Fleischmann, however, is not the only American woman who goes tiger and lion hunting in the jungles of India or Africa as in the woods of Maine.

One of the richest women in Philadelphia, Mrs. Cardeza is said to spend annually more than \$100,000 for the expenses of her hunting trips. In the park surrounding her splendid home she maintained for a time a large collection of deer, elk, buffalo and other game.

Mrs. Cardeza is a thorough sportswoman, and, with her son, T. D. M. Cardeza, often goes to Canada, Colorado and Maine after big game. Several years ago

Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club who introduced Boss Saddle Riding in New York



Mrs. R. M. Hollingshead and Mrs. R. M. Bagley, New Jersey Dianans—The Bog of a Trip to Virginia

they went to India and intrepidly penetrated the jungles, felling tigers, lions and wild boars.

Withal, Mrs. Cardeza is a charming, gracious woman and a popular hostess. Tall and handsome, in her drawing room she appears like one of the French grand dames, possessing dignity and poise. On horseback she is the Diana of the chase. Her skill with the rifle equals that of the most trained huntsman.

When it comes to horsewomen, however, nearly everybody has heard of Mrs. Philip Allen Clark, of New York. As Miss Greta Pomeroy, champion of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, she won the laurels of the race before she was crowned with the roses of Cupid. It was Peter Fenelon Collier who once said to Miss Pomeroy: "What a stunning rider you would make," and offered to coach her. Miss Pomeroy was enthusiastic.

Before this, in 1894, Miss Pomeroy gained the reputation of being the best woman revolver shot in the United States, and, as a swimmer, had won many races along Balley's Beach at Newport. Besides this, she had felled great game in the West, and ranked first as the woman fencer of New York. In fact, her fame as a huntress of big game more than equaled her reputation as a rider. She, like Miss Morgan, has shot bears in the Rockies.

HUNTING AHEAD OF MATRIMONY

But when she got in a saddle, she found herself, as she laughingly declared. She rode constantly, following the fastest dogs, going the breathless pace of the Meadowbrook hounds, and hunted constantly in New Jersey, on Long Island and at Newport. She was soon in a class with Mrs. Ladenburg and Mrs. Kernochan.

After the announcement of the engagement of Miss Pomeroy to Philip Clark quite a time elapsed before the wedding in 1902. What was the matter?—friends asked. Then some one whispered: "She's waiting until she gains recognition as a leading cross-country rider." She gained the recognition—then married.

When, some seven or eight years ago, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., of the Meadowbrook Hunting Club, was asked why she rode astride, she replied, with a little exclamation of surprise:

"Why, because it's easier!" It will be remembered that when Mrs. Hitchcock, probably the most noted horsewoman of the country, braved conventions and ceased to ride side-saddle, society folk stood aghast. Society had become accustomed to the startling innovations of Newport—oh, yes!

LESS than three weeks ago, in Flatbush, New York, a man died to whose magnificent spirit the sympathy, the eager admiration of a people paid humanity's highest homage.

With the death of William K. Marsh, of hydrophobia, the whole nation, proud of the splendid example he furnished of the calmest and most unflinching courage, felt as it had never felt before the danger it constantly confronts in its intimate association with man's most faithful friend and ally among the beasts—the dog.

For once, in the light of that terrible yet heroic death scene in New York, the realization was forced home that rabies, the characteristic disease of the honest, loving, faithful dog, must be stamped out, though the stamping out involve the sacrifice of that most ancient companion and friend.

Killing of the dogs will not be needful; but muzzling of all of them, if the latest investigations of the government are to be heeded, is well nigh essential.

More startling than any other revelation of recent date, however, is the statement, made by physicians in different parts of the country and by experts of the national government, that hydrophobia is on the increase, and that it is an ever-present menace to humanity.

MR. MARSH, physician by training, inventor and manufacturer by occupation, already well-to-do and on the eve of an immense fortune from the exploitation of a new gas meter of his own devising, was called upon by one of the maids

in his residence to bind up a gash in the side of a pet bulldog. He did it, the animal meanwhile licking its benefactor's hand.

The inventor must have scratched, with his infected nails, a small scabrous rash upon his thigh, for his hand was free at the time of contact. The dog, acting strangely a few days after his ministrations, was killed upon the advice of a veterinarian.

Within six weeks Mr. Marsh felt the spasmodic contractions of the throat, which his medical studies warned him were suspicious symptoms. At the Pasteur Institute in New York his apprehensions were hopefully confirmed.

"We cannot help you," the experts had to say. "It is too late; the disease is already under way. You have but three days more of life."

Then the doomed man, in the prime of his vigor and strength, returned to his home, settled his affairs, and calmly, between the recurring agonies of hydrophobia, aided his physicians until the end was so near that, mercifully, they gave him opiates which could partially relieve his pain.

But a short time before a boy in another city passed away in equal agony, with equal fortitude pleading that his parents should not touch him lest they be infected. In Dublin, Iowa, Mrs. W. V. Latta, listening to her dying child's plea that she might kiss him, braved, without hesitation, the danger of hydrophobia that her mother-kiss might give him suffering, unknowing child-spirit the comfort that it craved.

These were heroisms, paralleled no one knows how often or how closely in the epidemic of rabies in Jacksonville, Fla., when three persons, out of a dozen bitten two years ago, died; or in epidemics of late in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Virginia and West Virginia.

The Spread of Rabies a Summer Warning

Chief Melvin, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, has this to say:

"Rabies, or hydrophobia, is known to be one of the most terrible diseases that afflict humanity. Wherever it is prevalent it causes constantly increasing anxiety, suffering and death to man and beast, with attendant financial loss; and these penalties are exacted notwithstanding the alleviation offered by treatment."

"Unfortunately we have indisputable evidence that the disease is increasing in the United States, and, although rabies is theoretically one of the most easily eradicated of all contagious diseases, there are, nevertheless, insurmountable difficulties to be contended with. All that is required to rid us of this scourge is the muzzling of all dogs for a few years. This has been amply proved by the experience of several European countries where the disease has been stamped out in this manner."

Dr. George H. Hart, of the same bureau, in a report issued recently, had this to say: "Rabies is one of the most important infectious diseases among domestic animals in the District of Columbia. Since 1903 positive cases have been forwarded to this laboratory for examination from Virginia, Maryland, Indian Territory, Indiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, New Jersey, Maine and Wisconsin. This is to show how widely distributed is the disease."

"In Pennsylvania," Dr. Hart continues, "rabies has existed for years. In 1906 hardly a county was free from it. In Norfolk, Va., the disease has prevailed extensively during the last five years, and many human beings have been bitten. The report then tells of outbreaks in various parts of the country."

"It will thus be seen," says Dr. Hart, "that rabies is all too prevalent throughout our country. It is constantly spreading and causing increased financial loss, human suffering and death year by year. There is abundant evidence to warrant the statement that no single state is free from the disease."

Dr. Wheeler, of the New York Pasteur Institute, advises the following procedure for persons bitten by dogs believed to have the rabies: "First, have the wound or wounds cauterized as soon as possible. "Take a complete course of treatment at one of the Pasteur Institutes. "The incubation period of the disease may last only thirteen days or it may last a year. The shortest incubation period on record is thirteen days and the longest a year. "If the disease reaches the second stage it is impossible to arrest its course. "The dog supposed to have the rabies should be taken to the Pasteur Institute or the Board of Health for observation."

