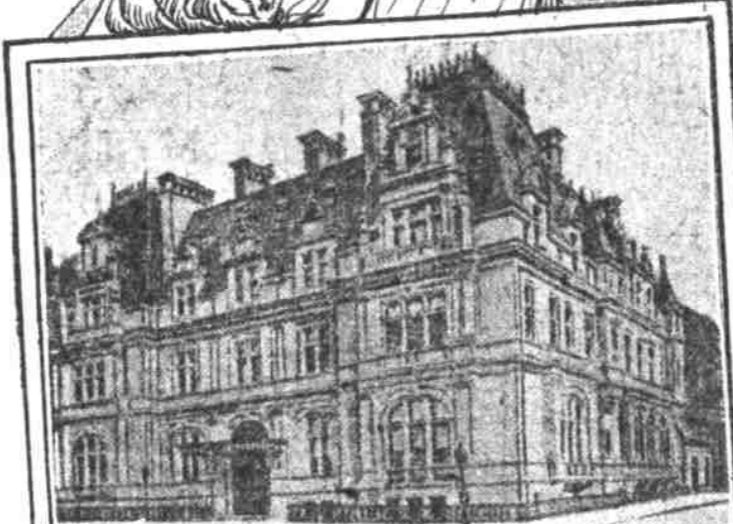


AMERICA'S ONE QUEEN WHO AWAITS CORONATION

The Social Inheritance That Has Fallen to Mrs. John Jacob Astor

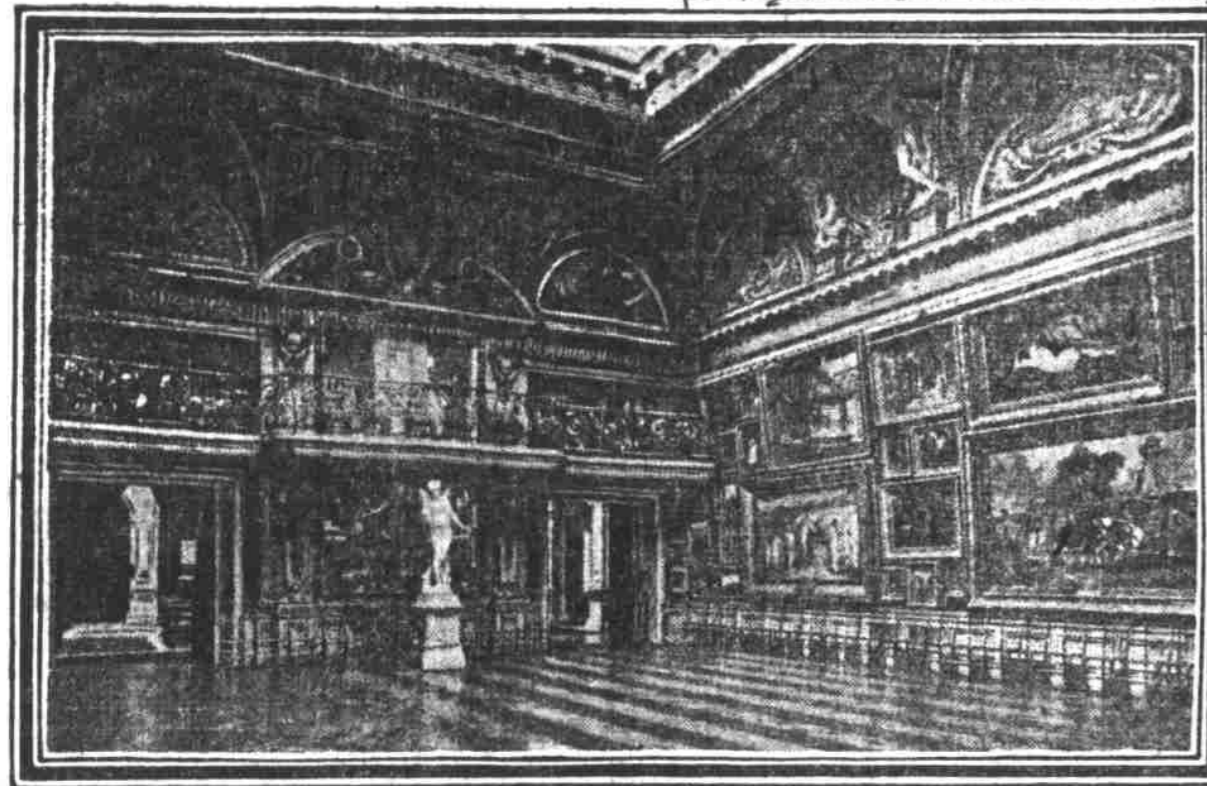


Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. Said to Aspire to Leadership



Mrs. J. J. Astor's New York Home; Headquarters of the Winter Campaign

AMERICAN society awaits anxiously, though decorously, the crowning of its new queen. Several weeks ago Mrs. William Astor died. There was, indeed, a social rule in republican America as powerful, in its way, as that of any crowned monarch. Mrs. William Astor was dead—and society faced the problem of a new reign. Who would succeed to the throne? For a quarter of a century Mrs. William Astor had held the reins of social government—and she had governed wisely and well. None was more willing to extend her hand to the worthy aspirant; none more frigid to the aspiring newly rich. Conservatives and liberals alike she led, and while her own entertainments were lacking in the spectacular,



Corner of the Famous Astor Ball Room—the Throne Room of Society.

she held the allegiance of the set which favored "monkey dinners" and ostentatious theatricals as firmly as she held that of the old guard of social exclusiveness.

It is now generally accepted that Mrs. Astor's successor is to be her brilliant and handsome daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who is regarded as being thoroughly qualified to wield the social scepter with all the graciousness and at the same time all the determination that marked the powerful regime just closed.

"The queen is dead! Long live the queen!"

VARIOUS factions in society some months ago were by no means agreed as to Mrs. William Astor's successor. There was a faction led by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish—a faction which favored less formal and stately functions than those given by the conservative leader. Another faction favored Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt as the new leader; still another, Mrs. Ogden Mills. The names of Mrs. Edmund Baylies, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and Mrs. Ogden Golet were also mentioned.

To lead a society such as that of New York and Newport one must possess unusual qualifications. One must have a grasp of affairs, a knowledge of people, wisdom surpassing that of most women, diplomacy equal to that of a statesman.

One must be a leader by nature, must be able to rectify feuds, prevent unpleasantness and untangle the knots which are bound to occur in such a tangle as society. Mrs. William Astor had been successful. She was a queenly woman, possessing the dignity of the grand dames of olden days. She was gracious and greatly loved. She disapproved the rise of the vulgar rich in society, yet, when she deemed it expedient, she lowered the bars.

FRONDED ON SNOBBISHNESS

Mrs. Astor heard of this, and frowned. It would never do, she said. Thereupon she sent out invitations for a grand ball. It was a splendid affair. When the guests arrived they found that nearly everybody in Newport was there. The bars had been let down. Mrs. Astor's entertainments were always enjoyable. They were stately, though never stiff or formal to a chilly degree. She frowned upon the introduction of ragtime stunts, minstrels, "monkey shows" and other features which bid for notoriety. When society began discussing the question of a successor she resolved itself upon the election of one who, as did Mrs. Astor, could rule over all factions, wisely and well, without antagonizing any coterie. Mrs. John Jacob Astor had never made known any aspiration for the throne of her mother-in-law. In fact, for several seasons she had spent most of her time in London, where, by reason of her wit and beauty, she became a leader, the lioness of the smart set, and captivated the king. Mrs. Astor was one of the most popular American women in London—a favorite of the king and queen. She was invited to the most exclusive functions, and numbered among her closest friends Mrs. Paget, Mrs. Adair, Mrs. Leslie, the Countess of Essex, the Duchess of Portland, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester and the Duchess of Marlborough. Few American women had ever so captivated foreign society. Why, then, should she not rule at home? The decision has been made, and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, when the period of family

mourning is over, will assume the crown of leadership and reign in the same throne room made brilliant by her mother-in-law for a quarter of a century. American society rejoices in a new queen. Mrs. Astor, it is said, was declared by King Edward to be the most interesting and fascinating American

woman he had ever met. He also called her the best advertisement worth ever had. He said she was original. He avowed his admiration for her ease, poise, self-possession, her wit and gift of quick repartee. Young Mrs. Astor—she is 25—is charming of manner and irresistibly charming. Seen at a ball, in one of the wonderful Paris creations which she is said never to wear twice, she is a figure never to be forgotten. Her hair is luxuriant, and the soft brown is sprinkled with silver—a curious contrast to the fresh, rosy, oval face, a face glowing with youth, with lips as red as roses, a face purely patrician in outline. Few women have been so favored by nature as Mrs. Astor. Few possess such eyes. They are large, brown, ingenious, deliciously wide open and frank. She can tell a story that will cause her hearers to laugh uproariously while she preserves an impeccable calm. She can send forth shafts of sarcasm and wit

with an expression of innocence and wonder. She is so artless, so gentle and yet so clever that many English folk openly declare that she surpasses Mrs. George Koppel, considered the most brilliant woman of the "king's set." Mrs. Astor confines herself to two styles of gowns. By day she wears tailored-made gowns and in the evening picture creations that float about her in a cloudlike way. Her hair is worn in softly falling waves. Her jewels always match her dress. It was she who, some years ago, started wearing the startlingly low-cut, high-heeled shoes in London. They became the vogue. Withal, Mrs. Astor is not ultra "smart" in her social views. Neither is she ultra conservative. Before going abroad last spring she gave a large dinner at her home in New York. There were 150 guests present. After

dining, the guests were led into the Astor ballroom. It was atted up as a theater. The seats were lined with bay and palms. The walls were hung with priceless paintings. With ferns and blooming japonicas the museum arch was outlined. A well-known theatrical company gave two one-act plays. A week thereafter a charming cotillon for the bestow. New York society knew that Mrs. Astor might be depended upon for royal entertainments. In London Mrs. Astor dazzled English society with her functions. She occupied Sir Archibald Edmondstone's beautiful mansion in Mayfair. There, in the spring of 1906, the king dined with her. This marked the beginning of her great social success. The Countess of Essex took her under her wing, and it was not long before the leaders of London society tried to outdo one another in entertaining the fair American. Among them were Mrs. Moreton Frewen, Mrs. George Cavendish-Bentinck and the Countess of Kilmore. Mrs. Astor's popularity was such that no function was deemed altogether successful if she was not present. Three or four invitations for an evening were not uncommon. Last season, when the great state ball was given at Buckingham palace in honor of the present king and queen of Denmark, Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Foster Palmer were especially honored by being placed on the list embracing "the diplomatic corps and other foreigners of distinction." On the general list were placed the names of the Waldorf Astors, Mrs. J. W. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burns and other well-known people.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the New Social Queen. (From the Painting by Prince Troubetzkoy)

Amazons on the Battlefield of Science



Dr. Clara Marshall, Dean of Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, Oldest of Its Kind

RECORDS of the medical profession are showing remarkable additions to the ranks of those who are waging wars for humanity on the battlefields of science. The modern Amazon has enlisted in the perpetual campaign, and her aid is proving more valuable against the invisible foes of the present than it was against the ferried soldiery of the past.

That the laboratory is a battlefield in the truest sense is at last realized by all who bear the burden of responsibility for the safety of the nations, from the prosaic health officers who are so anxiously seeking to proscribe the dangerous bacilli of tuberculosis to the great army surgeons who go in dread of the germs of typhoid. It has taken all the immeasurable years back to man's first human step from apedom to learn the truth that his most dreadful antagonists are neither the beasts of wood and field nor the more powerful foes he fears among his own kin.

So the wars, the great wars, of this era are being fought amid the profoundest peace, in the calm stillness of the laboratory, and among the most skillful of the fighters are to be found scores whose nature is woman's.

OLD-TIME wars demanded brute strength and comparatively small capacity for detail; campaigns against bacteria, as they are waged at present—as they must be waged throughout the whole future—are more than microscopic in their attention to minutiae. Where man's strength lay mainly in his coarseness, woman's has been in her delicacy; she is born to be the scintilla in contrast with the broadsword. And it is the scintilla of science that is needed now. That is the reason why so many young women

who graduate in medicine apparently fail to add proportionately to the physicians' signs one notices along a city's streets. The battlefields of science are sending forth such a tingling trumpet call to their responsive souls that they disregard the rich rewards of their profession's practice and choose a conflict often as inglorious as it is usually unprofitable. Several years ago an endeavor was made to trace the careers of graduates of the oldest medical school for women in the world, the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, whose dean, Dr. Clara Marshall, has seen the whole hard, cruel fight women have had to win for themselves a standing in the one profession for which, at least, nature would seem to have qualified them. Of 189 graduates who made reply out of 244 questioned, 23 then stated they were not engaged in active practice because of: Domestic duties, 8; philanthropic work, 1; ill health, 6; retired, 3; no reason assigned, 5. But there were 165 in active practice, and of that number 75 made mention of the money returns from their work. Four of them earned from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year, 10 earned less than \$1000 a year. The average annual income was \$2907.60. No male physician earning the average income of his profession will see, in a fair chance for \$2900 a year, any incentive for the abandonment of practice in favor of laboratory work. Yet every year brings to the research laboratories, especially those operated in connection with municipal health departments, an increasing number of women graduates in medicine. Every year, too, brings with it some instance of high honors bestowed upon some woman for distinguished service on the scientific battlefield. Thus, the University of Chicago has at work in



Women Pursuing Laboratory Work.

its department of biology, a sister of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, on whom, in November, the university conferred the degree of doctor of philosophy for original research in zoology. She held a fellowship at the university and is a member of the teaching faculty of St. Elizabeth's College, in New Jersey, to which, she returns this year.

In New York city the assistant director of the Board of Health is the distinguished bacteriologist, Dr. Anna W. Williams, who has made a study of hydrophobia which attracted attention throughout the scientific world. It was she who, with Dr. William H. Park, the chief bacteriologist, inaugurated the investigation into the epidemic of cerebrospinal meningitis, which brought about, ultimately, the discovery of the antitoxin by Dr. Simon Flexner and his associates of the Rockefeller Institute. The research laboratory of New York city holds no fewer than nine women experts, while seventeen of the most able laboratory experts are women, and twenty-five women are on the staff of medical inspectors. Science today is eagerly awaiting the final verdict upon the discovery of the bacillus of whooping cough, which has been the outcome of the bacteriological investigation conducted by Dr. Martha Wollstein, pathologist for a number of New York hospitals, including the Babies' Hospital, while, in Philadelphia, Dr. Mary E. Hamilton, until some years ago director of the chemical laboratory of the Woman's Medical College, has her own laboratory and is in charge of the United States government work of analysis of all meats and food products, as the government guard of the protection of nearly 2,000,000 people. It is not American women only who are enlisted in this modern war on the terms of peace. Any day will afford the visitor to the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania a sight of Miss Misao Aizawa, the daughter of a Japanese Congregational clergyman, and Miss Moto Nakagawa, the daughter of a Japanese planter, who are preparing for the lifework of the physician in their native land. China, South America, Russia, England, the yellow, black and white races—contribute their Amazons now to the battlefields of science.

FAVORED BY BRITISH QUEEN

Mrs. Astor has often been a guest at Goodwood and Ascot, and at the royal inclusions has been singled out by the queen for special favors. Lady Arthur Paget. Clothed in a gown of pearl gray satin, with the gray tulle corsage covered with bows of diamonds and pendants of colored jewels, she created such a furor that she felt compelled to withdraw. Even the king was unable to refrain from casting glances upon the dazzling figure. On another night she was summoned to the royal box, and for an hour chatted with the queen.

Thus from her conquests abroad Mrs. Astor returns to her country to the throne prepared for her. But in the meantime, during the period of family mourning, she remains uncrowned. The great ballroom, which extends across the rear of the houses occupied by the late Mrs. Astor and Colonel John Jacob Astor, remains closed. The throne is unoccupied.

New York society prophesies great things of the new reign. Its minor leaders talk of Mrs. Astor's undoubted qualifications—her charm of manner, her dignity and graciousness, her rare sense of diplomacy—characteristics which brought proud and haughty London to her feet. And they do not doubt that the woman who entertained King Edward has wealth in abundance. She will entertain in the splendid ballroom made famous by her husband's mother. She has a villa at Newport and a splendid home at Ferncliffe, near Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson.

At Ferncliffe there is a \$300,000 gymnasium. It boasts of the finest tennis court in the world. Both Mrs. Astor and her husband are tennis enthusiasts. There, it is expected, the new leader will entertain. There will be, doubtless, tournaments of all sorts. The guest chambers are gems of artistic decoration. There are all the comforts of a luxurious clubhouse. The building is of marble, the wood is heavily white-painted, the floors are of oak and mahogany, all the metal work is of the heaviest French gilt, the doorknobs and bathroom fixtures are of cut glass; all the plumbing is silver-plated. Mrs. Astor not only has made it a rule to retire at 11 o'clock at night whenever possible, but she also includes in exercise whenever she finds the opportunity. She is always dressed in white—simple but exquisite garments, made from French models. Among her friends are Muriel, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; the children of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. James de Forest, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John Hammond and Mr. and Mrs. William J. Scherfflin. Colonel and Mrs. Astor, of course, will not set foot on society until the period of mourning has passed. Until then Mrs. Astor, America's acknowledged queen, will await her formal coronation.