THE WOMAN WHOSE JEWELS KEEP HER IN CONSTANT DREAD

The Trouble Her Pearls Give Mrs. Newhouse, Once Cook in Mining Camp

TO LIE awake at night, afraid that thieves might at any moment invade your chamber; to walk the streets, attend parties and horse races, all the while in a panic lest thugs should seize you; to feel compelled to hire detectives to watch and protect you—would you be willing to suffer such a nerve-racking existence to own the most costly collection of pearls in the world?

At the Ascot races, in England, in June, Mrs. Samuel Newhouse, of Denver, Col., and London, was told that she had been "marked" by thugs. She wore one of her costliest pearl necklaces—worth more than $100,000—and a panic seized her. She refused to move unless a strong bodyguard of men surrounded her. Even at that the thugs managed to start a stampede, and it was only by vigorous fistic fighting that Mrs. Newhouse's escorts were able to protect her.

One night, a short time later, while a guest at the country house of Lady Constance Gore, Mrs. Newhouse awoke, screaming. Burglars, she declared, had already forced the window of her bedroom. Since then she has lived in a state of terror, and detectives are employed to guard her.

From the wife of a miner in Colorado, her life a grind of cooking and washing dishes, Mrs. Newhouse has become one of the richest and most feted women in the world, the possessor of the costliest collection of pearls, an intimate friend of Mrs. George Keppel and an invited guest to King Edward's state balls at Buckingham Palace. Few women have enjoyed such a meteoric rise, just as there are few whose pearls are the envy of the women of two continents.

MRS. NEWHOUSE'S career has been spectacular. Its story seems more like fiction than an account of real life.

It was back in the early eighties that Samuel Newhouse, a young man who had worked as court clerk in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, went to Colorado to seek his fortune. There he met a young girl, black-eyed, beautiful, the daughter of a southern family that had moved to Denver.

They loved and wedded. The young man went out into the mountains to seek for gold. His young wife went with him and made her home in the rough mining camp, cooking, washing dishes and doing laundry work. Love made her labors light; she never complained.

"Just wait till we get rich," the hopeful young husband would say, "and then—"

Even in their dreams, probably, they never imagined so golden a future as later dawned for them.

When Mrs. Newhouse made her debut in New York society, the wife of a man worth $75,000,000, she had been preceded by the news that her husband had bought for her a necklace of pearls which a celebrated jewelry firm had been twenty years collecting—originally intended, it is said, for Mrs. William Astor. Mr. Newhouse bought it for $125,000. To the possessor of a single string necklace of such gems New York could not hold up the bars.

From the comparative quiet of Denver Mrs. Newhouse bloomed into the "400" of New York. Mrs. Orme Wilson became her champion and personal friend. With Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Newhouse went to London, and there met the members of the king's set. There Mrs. George Keppel—who is so near to the king—became her sponsor and champion.

ENVY OF ALL WOMEN

So successful socially was the little woman from Denver that she rented, in 1904, for her entertainments Princess Hatzfeldt's mansion in Berkeley square. Two years later she had her own mansion, one of the most beautiful in London, and entertained the smartest set, as well as giving lavish dances for the younger set. Invited to Buckingham Palace by the king, she met Queen Alexandra and danced with the prince of Wales.

Famed the world over as possessing some of the most wonderful pearls known, Mrs. Newhouse is the envy of the society women of nations. Pearls! There are necklaces, brooches, ropes of them, rings, pendants beyond number almost.

Doubtless, when Mrs. Newhouse puts about her slim throat the perfect string worth $125,000 she may remember the mountain on which she and her husband sat years ago, he holding her hands, she looking far away, pensive, tired with the day's work.

The sun was setting. It flecked the sky with gold, like their hopes, the realization of which, however, seemed so far away.

"Just wait till I make a strike," the man was saying, "and then—"

Visions rose of a beautiful mansion, lovely dresses, exquisite gems. "You shall have the finest pearl necklace in the world," he said. And he kept his promise.

Although she has risen to high peaks in society, Mrs. Newhouse still loves to talk of those lowly days of old—the days when she and her husband lived in a mountain cabin and she was a camp cook. She often declares that one of the happiest things of her life is that she has retained the friendship of all she knew in the days of poverty. Mrs. Newhouse has never endeavored to conceal her past. Instead, she chats of it with such charming frankness that all who hear her are delighted.

She may be sitting in a circle of friends in a London drawing room and some one may ask her to tell the story of her struggle. A merry laugh.

"Those were wonderful days, but days of hardships," she will say. "I was only 16 when I met my husband and we fell in love. Oh, terribly in love. So we were married.

"Sam wanted to go away to the mountains to pick gold. Would I go along? Of course I would. I did. But Sam advised me: 'These mountains don't shoot out ore; they don't pour it into your lap. You've got to dig for it; work hard for all you can get.'

"He told me he expected to be kept up in the mountains a long time and did not wish me to go. But I insisted. It was my duty to go. We rode for two days on a burro, over a terribly rough road. Thus we carried our clothing, provisions, mining tools up the mountain.

"We were both as happy as larks. We went on and on, until we got up to the top of the mountain. Think of it—we two alone up there above the clouds. How did we live? In a little hut of logs. Yes, just roughed it, you know. Oh, it was simple living. In the mornings Sam went out to dig and I stayed at home and worked. I was housekeeper, cook, laundress. Just a slip of a girl, too."

Of course, Mrs. Newhouse's friends listen eagerly. It is all so new, so strange. How did she like the life? Did she feel lonely? Mrs. Newhouse smiles when these questions are asked. Like the life? Those were her happiest days. Lonely? Never.

"Sam and I were as happy as any two young persons could be. I spent the days cooking, washing and ironing. It was a cozy, comfy cottage we lived in, and the cookstove was so near the dining table that I could reach over for the dishes without leaving my chair. Think of it—sitting together and eating bacon and eggs and venison Sam shot. Why, the best dinners I've eaten since do not compare with those."

The Newhouse Home in Salt Lake City.

Of course, you can imagine how Mrs. George Keppel's eyes gleamed, how the countess of Warwick listened with bated breath. It was like reading a Bret Harte story.

Then Mrs. Newhouse tells her friends how, when the day's work was done, she and Sam would go out in front of the cabin, sit down and watch the sunset. He would tell his black-eyed wife of the work at the mine, of the gold he had dug, and both, watching the sunset, would dream.

"I recollect how he used to say: 'Ida, you just mark what I tell you. One of these days you are going to have the loveliest dresses woman ever had, and diamonds and pearls and a fine house and horses.' And I would laugh and reply, 'All right, Sam.' But I didn't expect all that. No, indeed."

In those days the little wife endured all sorts of hardships. Once there was a terrible snowstorm on the mountain. The wind shrieked and the snow fell heavily. The night passed. When morning dawned, dull and gray, but little light penetrated the cabin. They were snowed in. Had not some friends remembered them, and hearing of the snowstorm, gone to their rescue, they might have perished. A tunnel was cut through the snow and the wife was carried down the mountain, overcome with cold.

But the husband dug gold. It accumulated. His fortune increased. How, some years later, he became associated with Barney Barnato in his South African enterprises, became the owner of more mines and made additional fortunes in New York and Denver real estate, is a story that has been told.

Of Mr. Newhouse's early life little is generally known. Before going West and meeting the girl who became his wife he held a court clerkship in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. He was born in Scranton, Pa., fifty-five years ago. He went to school in that town and graduated with an ambition to become a lawyer.

One of a family of ten children, of which he was the second, it was necessary for him to go to work. After studying law in the office of A. H. Winton, he entered the office of Judge Willard, where he received a salary as a clerk. Later he was appointed a court clerk. He was noted for his pleasant manners, his duty to his work, his excellent penmanship. All his earnings went for the support of the family.

He was 18 when the Leadville fever broke out. With a party of friends he went West. Among them were J. Ridgway Wright and Sylvanus Ayres. Opportunities for making a mining strike were not promising. So young Newhouse and his friends formed a partnership in a freight-hauling and delivery business at Leadville.

Meanwhile Newhouse studied mining. When, with a nice profit, the partners dissolved, young Newhouse struck out to make his fortune. Before that, he had fallen in love with the daughter of the woman who kept the boarding house where he stopped, and had married her.

Mrs. Newhouse tells some amusing stories of her life after wealth had come to them. Speaking of her first trip to Paris she said:

"I don't care about money as money at all. But I like pretty things, clothes and jewelry. Well, we went abroad together, and while I shopped in Paris, Sam went to London.

"My, what a delightful time I had ordering gowns! I bought them right and left. I did not trouble about prices. I imagined I had spent about $1500 for dresses and felt as though I had been extravagant. I wrote and told Sam. He sent me a check for $10,000 and said he thought I'd need it.

"Well, when the bills came I found the dresses had cost just that much."

Mrs. Newhouse is a handsome woman. She is slender and girlish and possesses the breezy cordiality of the West. Lacking in every affectation, she strikes one as absolutely genuine. She comes as a fresh breeze.

There is no mistaking her popularity in London. She has won the hearts of the rich patricians by her simplicity and charm. It is obvious to all that she and her husband are still lovers, just as truly as when they lived alone in the mountain hut. Mr. Newhouse delights to shower jewels upon his wife. If he hears of an extraordinary pearl he buys it and presents it to her.

Many of Mrs. Newhouse's friends believe that the attempted robberies were hoaxes merely designed to frighten the beautiful woman. She persists, however, that her jewels are in danger and now goes out wearing them only when guarded.

The Newhouses have a home in Denver. Most of their time, however, is spent in London. Mr. Newhouse is fond of the English country. And Mrs. Newhouse is a member of the king's set.

WHY are WOMEN so FREAKISH in LOVE?

The European Beauty who married a Prince of India

Miss Ella Clemons (Mrs. Howard Gould's sister) who wed a Chinaman

Mrs. Hori (Miss Helen Emery) whose marriage to a Japanese stirred the Pacific Coast

IT WAS not a new question aroused by the needless sacrifice of Elsie Sigel, the young New York victim of Chinese treachery, but a new outcropping of a problem as old as mankind—Why is woman's love so freakish?

There have been many Elsie Sigels, although the fate of few has been as cruel as hers. But for the tragedy that revealed her strange infatuation public attention would not have been directed so sharply to this puzzling problem of latter-day life.

"THE great need of Chinatown," said a free-lance missionary recently—he was speaking of New York's Chinatown, but his words apply to the yellow-race quarters of any city—"is to get the white women away from the Chinese and from the drugs.

"Able to take care of themselves are the Chinese. They are not often the aggressors; they are pampered by foolish, emotional, pleasure-loving women looking for sensations foreign to well-ordered, regular lives."

Fondness for novel sensations, strange experiences and the unconventional in life doubtless starts many toward the depths of oriental debauchery; but this has more to do with environment and action than with personality. The mystery is that women to whom oriental life, perhaps, does not appeal yield to the mysterious fascination of the oriental individual.

No doubt the fascination begins insidiously with most of them. Says the Rev. Dr. John W. Hill, of New York, speaking of Chinese missions as he has known them: "A young woman who has that sort of contact with the Chinese is attracted by the novelty of the experience. It is unlike anything she has ever known. She finds her pupil quiet, receptive, alluring, beguiling, hypnotic. There is hypnotism in his silence.

"He glides by still approach into her interest. In token of appreciation he brings her gifts—of silk, of odd wares, of images, of carvings in ivory. These are laid humbly at her feet. She feels herself on a pedestal. Drops wear away a stone. Gifts are heavier than trickling water, and the heart of a maiden is not as impervious as stone.

"She ceases to notice that his skin is yellow, that his eyes are almond-shaped, and she may no longer see that he wears a pigtail." Fascination is doing its baneful work.

So much for young girls. Ella Clemmons, sister of Mrs. Howard Gould, was not a young girl when she astonished and dismayed her friends a few years ago by becoming the wife of a San Francisco Chinaman.

"I am happy. Why shouldn't I be?" she is said to have remarked to a visitor soon after her marriage. "I have a good, kind husband. He works in a brick yard and receives $2 a day; so we have enough to be comfortable."

This from the sister of the woman who has been spending $40,000 a year for clothes alone, and who was recently awarded $100 a day by a New York judge.

Before Ella Clemmons decided to become Mrs. Sun Yue she had been for several years a resident in the Chinese section of Chinatown, and was generally understood to be conducting a sort of mission or uplift work among those people.

She endeavored, her friends said, to aid, especially, the women and children of the almond-eyed foreigners. She had the little ones come to her home, where she taught them. Their mothers also came to be instructed in English, in sewing, in household economy. But no one thought Ella Clemmons would wed one of the race so despised on the Pacific slope.

Only a few months ago the slope was deeply stirred by the marriage of Helen Emery, daughter of a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, to a young Japanese. While a number of uncomplimentary things were said about the bridegroom, it is probable that the prevailing antipathy to the Japs had much to do with adverse sentiment. Still, the question was asked generally, Why should this cultured American girl reject lovers of her own people to wed a man of the mikado's kingdom?

One of those to marry recently was Anita Delgado, a noted Spanish beauty, who captivated and married the maharajah of Kapurthala, a reigning prince of India. He is the native potentate of a large state in India, adjoining the British province of the Punjab, and is quite wealthy. The turban that crowns his swarthy forehead is incrusted with rubies and diamonds; his state robes are of gorgeously colored silk, enriched with pearls and diamonds.

Altogether, he is a very impesing sort of personage, although his features and manners are those of the full-blooded Indian. But perhaps she who was Anita Delgado does not mind that.