

DO WOMEN STILL HEAR THE CALL OF THE JUNGLE?



The Hair Dressing of a Hopi Indian Belle

Savage Instincts That Survive in the Sex, as Shown by the Feminine Taste in Music, Dress and Dancing

ONLY the other day or so it was that Oscar Hammerstein was barred off Russian territory. He was going to St. Petersburg to make a raid on the Slav dancers.

Only a year or so ago all the big cafes and hotels began to get Hungarian orchestras. If they did no more, they put red and braided uniforms on the orchestras they had and filled their programs with czardas and dances of the Czechs.

Only a decade ago it was that ragtime, that long overlooked descendant of the primitive negro air, became the rage.

The meaning of this? 'Twas to please the women. They set the fashions in cafes and at concerts. And to make their heartstrings throb, nothing succeeds like the barbaric.

The Slav dancers, the wild Hungarian strains, the fashions that rival the garb of the outright savage—these are what the women like the most. For several months the London halls have been crowded by the Russian dancers, as the American opera houses were last winter. It goes to show the sameness of the sex, wherever it is found.

Some scientists are cruel enough to assert that women are a step further back than men in the evolutionary scale. They point for proof to this well-known passion for the barbaric.

Maybe they are right. Maybe they are wrong. But still, it is only necessary to scan the feminine fashions in music, dress and the like to suspect that women still hear the call of the jungle.



Necklaces Affected by Hawaiian Dancers

If you were to dress an educated, cultured business man in a pink suit, put diamond buckles on his shoes, gold bands on his wrists, pearl chains on his neck and red plumes in his hair, it would not give him the slightest satisfaction. In fact, it would cause him the keenest sense of discomfort and folly.

His wife, however, reared under the same conditions, as carefully tutored and as sanely instructed, in the practical affairs of the world, would take the keenest pleasure in surveying this outfit in a pier-glass, and in the same fashion would relish the wildest melodies played upon the most primitive instruments, which might be almost distressing to the man who was not educated to the sensuous music of savagery or the orient.

The whole civilized world is reconciled to the jungle-tastes of women, and delights in it. Every one goes to Paris, primarily because the women of Paris are such superb brbarians, especially in dress and personal adornment.

We smile at the peaked bonnets and gaudy apparel of the dancers of Cambodia, yet there is never a woman that Paris does not produce something as extreme and ridiculous as these costumes, if one could only detach himself from the world long enough to realize it—the hat that covers one's eyes, the hat of huge plumes and a dozen colors, the turban-hat that is a direct theft from the orient. No man would think of adopting the colors and fantastic jewels which the men of Cambodia wear. They call them savages, but if their women should decide to take the costumes over as a whole, there would be little or no comment.

The hairdressing of the Hopi Indians of Arizona is a strange distortion of the natural lines of the head and may seem ridiculous to us; but the outrageous pompadours our girls used to wear, the still more fantastic array of puffs and things unfathomable to man which are just about out of fashion, the huge knots and twists on the neck, are just as barbarous.

CULTURE APES BARBARISM

The teeth and beads on the Hawaiians, the elaborate jewelry of the African woman, the hair of the Indian and the gaudiness of the Cambodians are paralleled by something equally barbarous in every feature with that which our cultured ladies wear.

Their music, their wild dances and all that is weird and near to the primitiveness of nature are pleasing to the feminine heart.

Perhaps it is to woman's credit that it is so. It may be that man's practical turn of mind, tending to eschew all that takes his memory back to the jungle days, is a tendency toward the elimination of all emotion and appreciation of beauty. It may be that woman, in acting the part of a benevolent link to old nature, keeps us in touch with the simple, natural, childlike appreciation of things which we should otherwise eventually lose.

Children, women and savages love color. Children, women and savages love wild music, minor melodies and plaintive old barbaric strains. It is just possible that it is not at all to man's credit that he lacks the appreciation of all these things. If men would also dress in gold, precious stones, fine colors and feathers, it might be discovered that with these things comes the happy, optimistic state of mind which is characteristic of children and savages.

There seems to be little enough primitive love of beauty, as the savages and children seem to have spirit left in the race when the external symbols of savagery are discarded. In southern Europe, where color, ornaments and folk songs are still prevalent, the race seems to breathe a lighter air.

There may be such a thing as getting too far from the jungle, and if this is true we have woman to thank that so many of the things which give the spirit and the jungle atmosphere are preserved for us.



Extremes in Bracelets as Worn by a Masai Nation



The Limit in Hats and Jewels, as May Be Seen in Cambodia

mode, whim, taste or whatever it may be has decreed that woman's hair is a thing to be distorted, buried under a weight of puffs, padded out with rats, switches and man only knows what.

The men of the jungles plait their hair and put it up in pompadours, too; but with the advance of civilization the man who does more than cut and smooth his hair into its natural place is considered absurd and barbarous.

All the array of necklaces, bracelets, tiaras and chains which custom concedes to the woman are no more than the relics of a long-forgotten savagery. And women take as much delight in decking out their persons with the most fanciful and extreme adornments as the savage man and woman in the simple

and childish jungle life.

It is perhaps because the women are not amenable to change so readily as men. Women are ever the last to give up a tradition, an old superstition. They cherish the things of the past, long after men have forgotten them, and believe in them when men have held them up to ridicule for generations.

In the primitive state man is as eager for ornament, is as fond of wild, weird music, takes the same delight in extravagant dances as woman. But as a race grows in culture and intelligence, man gradually substitutes the practical for the decorative. His tastes in the esthetic things of life become far simpler, and the old barbaric instincts seem totally foreign to his stoical nature.

American Girls Who Make Europe Stare

IS THERE, in the whole world, any pinnacle of bliss to which the American society girl most eagerly aspires?

Not the American woman, mind you, with an eye single to the marriage she hopes to make, although, if she be a woman, she can still be eligible to the happy heights of girlish dreams; but simply the girl, with the girl's longings, aspirations and innocent ambitions.

Before the great liners were merely maritime drawing rooms and boudoirs for American femininity hastening abroad, the question might not have been more difficult to answer, but its solution would have been circumscribed by boundaries.

Now, with the cables and the mails overburdened with material telling of the American heiress' social triumphs in Europe, it calls for as wide a variety of answers as there are girls and places for them to shine in. Yet there is one distinction that, most of all, is ever dear to the feminine soul—supremacy in beauty.

The longing of the American girl of this generation is to be acclaimed the belle, not of her own country only, but of Europe as well.

And this year two American beauties share the world honors, instead of one, as was the case while Miss Margaretta Drexel was still unwed.



Miss Edith Wayne



Miss Gebhard, Who Has Charmed New York, Paris and London

Miss Gebhard's latest portrait—these newly popular beauties seem always to be pursued by photographers with importunities—a triumph of the fast-for-ward pictures, where the right-paneled background shows off the figure to an advantage that entails no sacrifice of the fine details of the face. Almost classic in their outlines, with the thrilling eyes set in alluring shadow, her features display an exquisite regularity that is accounted the finest type of loveliness admired in England.

Her family have taken Lord Methuen's country seat, Corsham Court, in Wilt, and she rules there, like has been heralded afar and the great London weeklies are trying to "scoop" one another in the publication of any new photograph for which she has consented to pose.

OVER in the South Sea islands, where joyous savagery is still rampant, the big brown warrior and his little brown wife wear feathers, coral, beads, sharks' teeth and gaudy bits of cloth from tip to toe. The man's garments, such as they are, are as extravagant in color and cut as the woman's, and he seems to take as much delight in the showiness of his person as the vainest brown girl in the archipelago.

This is true of all savages. Our own Indians, with their warpaint and bright blankets, beads and feathers; our own English forefathers, with their blue smears of wood which Caesar gazed upon with astonishment; were all cheerful savages. In every civilized land men tend to rid themselves of the superfluous as they advance in intelligence, so that today a man's haircut on a dress occasion is almost lugubrious in its plainness.

But how about the women? Do they dispense with one bead, one bit of color which they wore in general extreme décollete of the South Seas in general vogue? No, a bit of it. They have lace instead of velvet, diamonds instead of sharks' teeth. They still have paint (ahem), and, since colored silks are more available generally, they simply wear more of them, and brighter at that.

THE SAVAGE IN MUSIC

And then in music you will find that the girls are rapturous over the modified music of the tomtom. They love the weird, sensuous strains of a savage melody; Hungarian, Bohemian, Indian, oriental music and dances send them into ecstasies. It would seem that the old barbaric tastes of our fathers survive in woman long after they are extinct in man.

Term it the call of the primitive, or what you like, woman has a strange fashion of mingling in her person the highest delicacy and culture of the present with the exotic tastes and customs of the most remote and shadowy past.

The man who could detach himself from modern civilization, as we call it for want of a better name, to see how barbarous the clothes, the hairdressing, the ulterior decorations really are. We get hardened to it all when we see it constantly; but the man who goes to the woods, and there, in touch with nature, believes that woman's hair, for instance, is a natural thing arranged in beautiful and natural styles, will be fairly paralyzed upon his return to find that

The crown of girlish loveliness worn by Miss Drexel until her marriage to Viscount Maitland has, however, passed to Miss Wayne, who gained it, in some fairy princess, by the right of her serene beauty, over the assembly of guests drawn from the vast acquaintance her people have in Paris and London, as well as New York. Meanwhile, her beauty's fame steadily and as if by right of inheritance, on the day of the Drexel wedding, it is her accession to the high place of honor among American belles which seems to have fixed indefinitely for the future the nature of the American society girl's aspiration.

Until the display of her charms in direct competition with those of the bride, world famous as Miss Drexel's had become, Miss Wayne was known on this side of the water simply as one of the very prettiest girls in Philadelphia society, who made her debut in November, 1907, when her close friend, Miss Drexel, was brought out.

It needed only her presence among the bridesmaids at the ceremony in England to set the cable-flashing news that she was the most beautiful American girl then in England. The first enthusiasm of the cable, when England came to study her at leisure, proved well founded.

rivalled the English beauties in their own specialties. Her eyes are liquid with the blue of the deep sea. Her hair, lashes and eyebrows, all black as midnight, serve as perfect contrast for the extraordinary whiteness of her complexion and the deep, almost brilliant red of her alluring lips. She had been like some rare and exquisite flower, blushing unseen until suddenly transplanted where the eyes of the world beheld her, and every one united in her praise.

When the cables were telling of her conquest, the demand in this country for her photograph was so eager and so sudden that her father's residence in Paoli echoed to the telephone bell. Once the coast answered it:

"Mr. Wayne" she rejoined. "How can I tell where to find him? He's out looking after the work on his farm here, and I'd have to hunt over the whole bit across for him."

There, of course, was the secret of the marvelous complexion that so fascinated British eyes—the same healthy, joyous girlhood lived in the open that every duchess and countess and the queen of the typical English belle.

Last year there was one American beauty reigning supreme in London's gateway-of-English-society—the year are two. In the years to come, with all society on this side of the ocean moving out to the country, there may be hundreds of American beauties whose charms will rival those of farm-bred Miss Wayne—whose aspirations must be for the Surrey district, which have come to her and Miss Gebhard, of New York.