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WHO GAVE THE ENTERTAINMENT
INTRODUCING THE PYTHON FAD.

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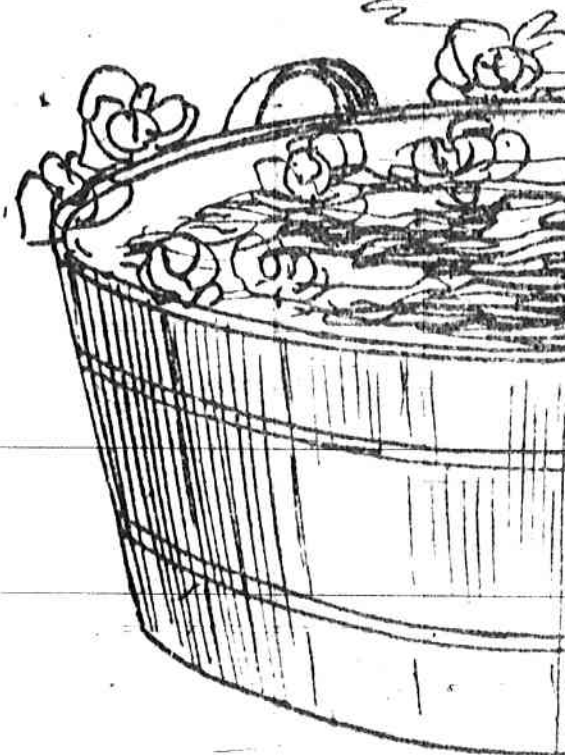
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Only the other day the annual Newport dispatch was sent out heralding the passing of the freak fetes from the scene of America's most active social activity. It was announced that gay Newport had undergone a wave of reform, that monkey dinners, bird suppers, dog luncheon and parrot concerts were to become a thing of the past, and that the more conservative older set of the colony of millionaires and society leaders had decided to take the reins away from the young bloods of the next season. During every Lenten lull this story is sent forth, but the younger set always lets the older folk indulge in their winter reform program and then does its own sweet will when the season opens. Although the reformers may have gained enough influence to slacken the pace for a time, it is a pretty good guess that the ambitious younger set will soon be striving to outdo some of its pre-Lenten suc-

cies. Society folk are like sheep—let one lead and the others will follow," once observed by Ward McAllister, for many years the acknowledged king of New York's "400" or "600" or whatever the number may be. McAllister's bit of wisdom was founded upon many successes in introducing fads that were quickly taken up as soon as he had given them the stamp of approval. But society is always wanting something new to interest it, and the fads can not come too rapidly. It is but natural that people constantly satiated with a round of social pleasures should go to what the public considers an undue extreme in seeking to break the monotony of their existence. And when once a brand new diversion is introduced there will be others designed to win more of the social applause, for social leaders are more ambitious than politicians. During the past winter the smoking fad became firmly established in society in New York, Chicago and other large cities. There were exceptions, of course, until the Lady Julia Duff, daughter of Lord Lonsdale and Miss Violet Vivian, one of the ladies of the household of Queen Alexandra, came across from England and expressed amazement that



"AND RIGHT INTO THE TUB THEY DASHED IN THEIR BATHING SUIT, WHILE ALL THE FASHIONABLE SOCIETY FOLK WATCHED."

Some Recent "Thrillers" to Arouse Enthusiasm of Guests at High Society.

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Dog Ballet at the Collier Dinner

It was not long after the cigarette smokers had won their battle, and the new year was well on its way, that high society's first "thriller" was announced. A dog ballet was the sensation provided by Robert J. Collier for his guests at a dinner at Sherry's. The real feature of the affair was not announced in the newspapers, and only the manager of Sherry's knew what a surprise Mr. Collier had in store for his guests. Apparently it was only a quiet little dinner party for some of society's celebrities. Among the guests were Mrs. Waldorf Astor, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Richard Harding Davis, Ethel Barrymore, Mark Twain and Mme. Nazimova, the Russian actress who has been all the rage since she came across. About midnight the weary but respectful waiters almost pricked up their ears, at least their eyes opened wide when several taxicabs unloaded the chorus girls and collie ballet from the "Top of the World" company at the entrance. In the center of Sherry's ballroom a stage had been erected whereon the performance was given. The prima ballerina from the Manhattan Opera House danced after the chorus and the dogs had entertained the party. Some of the women smoked. The guests voted Mr. Collier a capital host.

The scene changes to Baltimore, to a subscription dinner, a costume affair given by Mrs. Henry Claws Jr. whose father-in-law, Henry Claws Sr., head of the well-known New York banking firm, spent a portion of his boyhood at Ted City and where his father was an industrious pot-tery manufacturer. Long before the name of Claws had become a power in the financial world, it will be remembered that Mrs. Henry Claws Jr. as Miss Louisa Monte of Baltimore once jumped deep into matrimony and the depths of a Baltimore schedule of water on a cold winter day when, by crossing down on that regular day transportation was Henry last winter found it very good and they were returning from a ball, and about the first comparison he found was the dancing which they enjoyed in the evening and to come out to meet it was very good and a evening of about a million and I was up to late in the night and Mrs. Claws was given much in the evening to her friends.

She is a woman of the Baltimore House. The guests included the late of Baltimore with will several guests from New York. It was a most often in the the apartment was given from the apartment to the apartment and the Baltimore House was given from the apartment to the apartment.

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Live 15-foot python B. Eustis in Mrs. Waldo the Plaza, New York.

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Rain of snakes, but the Bachelors' Bal Masque "Monkey dinner" at Newport.

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But to return to the subscription dinner, the guests included the elite of Baltimore society, with several guests from New York. It was a novel affair in that the prominent men present were supposed to be physicians, and the well-known women were either suffering patients, requiring operations, or nurses to attend them.

It being a "medical dinner" naturally the stars were the big doctors. Two of national and in fact international reputation, were represented in "Dr. Bull," of patient medicine fame, and "Dr. Oiler."

Charles C. Murray, president of the Baltimore & Chesapeake Bay Railway, was "Dr. Bull," and Secretary of State H. Whitney Williams, the challenge and counter challenge, was "Dr. Oiler." Bull was made up to look like a

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Dog Baited at the College Dinner

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The name should be known to a considerable class of readers who have known Mrs. Henry Clow Jr. whose father-in-law Henry Clow Jr. head of the well-known New York banking firm acted a position of his employer at Ted City and where his father was an industrial property manufacturer. Long before the name of Clow had become a power in the financial world, it will be remembered that Mrs. Henry Clow Jr. as Miss Louise Morris of Baltimore, once jumped deep into notoriety and the depths of a Baltimore fountain of water on a cold winter day while in evening dress. On that occasion her companion was Harry Lehr, court jester at Newport, and they were returning from a ball. Lehr dared his fair companion to jump into the fountain which they happened to be passing and no sooner had he said it than there was a "swishing of skirts, a splash, and it was up to Lehr to make good his dare." The escapade was given space in the papers for days afterward.

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Oscar G. Murray, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, was "Dr. Bull," and Secretary of State N. Winslow Williams, the clubman and society favorite, was "Dr. Osler." Both were made up to "look the part."

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The first patient was the wife of a building contractor who reported that her husband had a cold in child bed and she had a severe cold after a consultation and slipped into the bath then while all the fashionable guests were complete, and to insure drowned the contents of a

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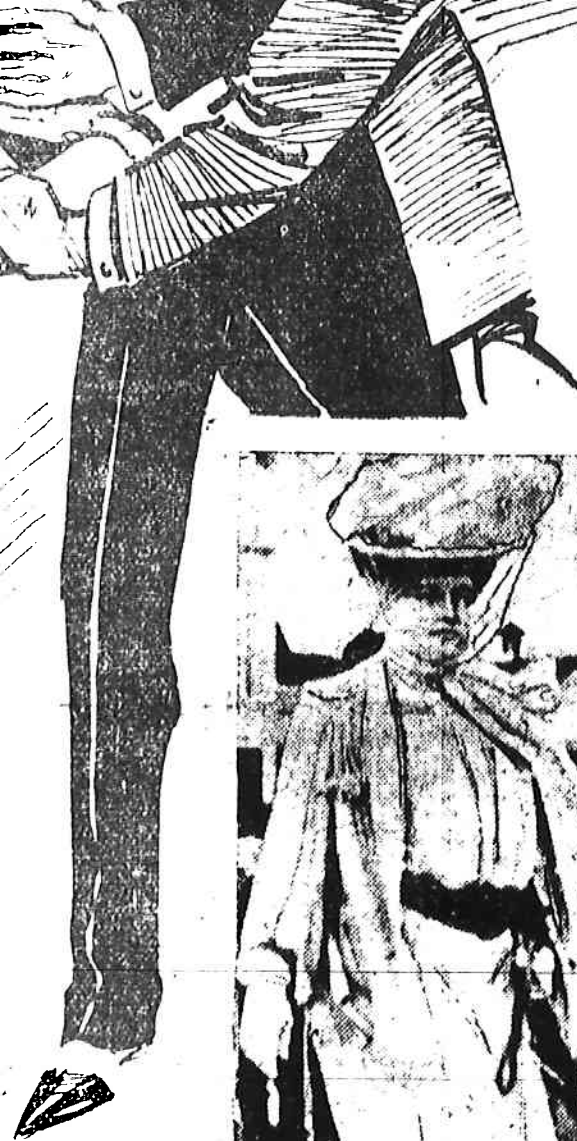
**Recent "Thrillers" Introduced
House Enthusiasm of Jaded
at High Society Functions**

ath luncheon, with guests in kimono costumes,
George baths, New York, given by Miss Nancy





MRS.
STUYVESANT
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"MONKEY
DINNER".



MRS.
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MRS. O.H.P. BELMONT, WHO GAVE THE "HORSE DANCE".

before. Lent decreed that society should turn to more serious the Turkish bath luncheon was introduced in New York by Lucy E. Sankey-Jones, who prides herself upon her originality in it. Twenty brave women, each the president of a New York society, went the ordeal provided by Miss Sankey-Jones at the Hotel George bathrooms.

All the ladies dived into separate little cubby holes, and after exclamations wafted back and forth over the tops of the partitions, they emerged, minus lots of things, and clad in sheets, which draped them severely, from top to toe—nearly revealing their "lines" with less seldom shown by lovely woman, even with her own sex.

"Dear, how funny you look! Why, I didn't know you!"

The ladies with long, flowing hair had it streaming down their faces, and some discreetly retained their puffs, though all else was snatched away. Modestly emerged from her dressing room.

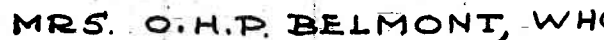
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When Mrs. James B. Eustis appeared in Mrs. Waldorf Astor's charity tableaux vivants at the Plaza, in New York, the other night, with a fifteen foot live python twined about her bare shoulders while posing as Salambo, she gave smart society a "thriller"—that has made her the envy of all her rivals for social favor. Mrs. Astor, who was one of the beautiful Langhorne sisters of Virginia, and is said to have been the real original of the famous "Gibson girl" pictures created by her sister's artist husband, Charles Dana Gibson, never does things by halves, and no money was spared to make her charity entertainment a success. However, even she had not counted on the sensational bit of realism that has made the tableaux the talk of the town.

Salambo was a Phoenician priestess who lived about 200 B. C., and a great black snake was the ruling genius of her house. The priestess wore it about her neck in worshipping the moon. As the result of a wager that she would not allow a real snake to be coiled about her Mrs. Eustis, who is as plucky as she is pretty, said that if any one would furnish her with a fangless serpent of any length or size she would agree to appear with the reptile just as the priestess of old really did. The snake was

Professional theatrical entertainment at home of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Newport.

The civil and conservative portion of Baltimore society has since been groping for months. There was talk of an investigation by the government of the Chicago Black Club, but nothing came of it. Mrs. Henry Oliver Jr. is charged with hypocrisy. Following the attack she takes her two children to South Wales, Maryland, and Mr. Oliver is supposed to be making out to the public that what he himself is doing there is justified during the struggle. The Chicago club seems to be about as ill-fated an anti-communist enterprise as there is. It is a curious thing that the anti-communist movement in Baltimore is so much more active in the North than in the South.



One machine reproduced the tippy, twisty effect one gets from riding a camel. An elaborate spanking machine made the bit "that mother used to make," and one champion flesh reducer induced the unsuspecting club matrons to lie full length on a sofa, face down. The sofa then moved back and forth over little rollers which came up and performed a sort of mechanical massage.

[illegible]

Pretty matron in bathing suit "dunked" in tub of water at ball given by Mrs. Henry Clews Jr., in Baltimore.

Coffee dog ballet at Robert J. Collier's dinner at Sherry's, New York.

Rain of snakes, butterflies, twenty-dollar bills and roses at the Bachelors' Bal Masque, Philadelphia.

"Monkey dinner" at home of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, at Newport.

"Horse dance" at home of O. H. P. Belmont, Newport.

Professional theatrical entertainment at home of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Newport.

white caps and "cute" little aprons. Nurse-like, they were valuable adjuncts in "assisting" the "doctors" in doing what was necessary for the comfort of the "patients."

The star patient was the beautiful Mrs. Bal. Parr, a Baltimore belle, who wore a bathing suit and whose case was diagnosed as typhoid fever. An improvised bathtub was brought in, and it was decided that the patient should have a cold bath.

Gayety ran high, and despite the patient's objections her "physicians," after a consultation, ordered that she be given a cold splash. And right into the tub they dashed the pretty matron in a bathing suit, while all the fashionable guests shrieked with delight. To make the treatment complete, and to insure that the bathing suit had become thoroughly drenched, the contents of siphon bottles were rained on the struggling victim.

Mrs. Henry Clews Jr. was supposed to be a patient addicted to drugs and recognized by the profession as difficult to treat. Her arm was bared and showed an excellent imitation of the little marks made by the needle.

The affair is described as the gayest revel that has taken place in Baltimore's exclusive social circles. All the participants are well known, being identified with either the Maryland Club, the Bachelors' Cotillon or the Elkridge Hunt Club.

The staid and conservative portion of Baltimore society has since been gasping for breath. There was talk of an investigation by the governors of the Elkridge Hunt Club, but nothing came of it. Mrs. Henry Clews Jr., to escape the notoriety following the affair, has taken her two children to Paris, where they will join Mr. Clews. She admitted wearing a bathing suit to the ball, but would not discuss anything that happened during the revelry. The charge that some of the guests imbibed too much champagne caused a storm in Baltimore society that has not yet subsided. At any rate, when the hilarity culminated in the bathing suit scene all the guests pretty well slipped away from the club house.

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Just before Lent decreed that society should turn to more serious thoughts the Turkish bath luncheon was introduced in New York by Miss Nancy E. Sankey-Jones, who prides herself upon her originality in all things. Twenty brave women, each the president of a New York club, underwent the ordeal provided by Miss Sankey-Jones at the Hotel Prince George bathrooms.

First, all the ladies dived into separate little cubby holes, and after many exclamations wafted back and forth over the tops of the partitions, reappeared, minus—lots of things, and clad in sheets, which draped them in classic severity, from top to toe—nearly—revealing their "lines" with a frankness seldom shown by lovely woman, even with her own sex.

"My dear, how funny you look! Why, I didn't know you!"

All the ladies with long, flowing hair had it streaming down their backs, but some discreetly retained their puffs, though all else was sacrificed, and exclamations of admiration and surprise greeted each lady as she modestly emerged from her dressing room.

The first part of the entertainment provided was the "Swedish movement" avoirdupois cure. Elaborate machinery, whose effect was as of trotting and galloping horses, whirling bicycles or rolling ships at sea, was turned upon the unprotected figures of the guests.

One machine reproduced the tippy, twisty effect one gets from riding a camel. An elaborate spanking machine made the hit "that mother used to make," and one champion flesh reducer induced the unsuspecting club matrons to lie full length on a sofa, face down. The sofa then moved back and forth over little rollers which came up and performed a sort of mechanical massage.

Then the Baths and Luncheon

After that the deluge. Hot room, steamroom, noodle bath, marble slab, plunge, swim and alcohol rub, and the guests were more than ready for luncheon.

The tables in the palmroom were decorated with Japanese vases and cherry blossoms and the guests were attired in charming Japanese kimono. The luncheon was served by dacha girls in Japanese costume.

No one was eligible to the luncheon who did not go into the bath. Then the guests donned kimono and had their pictures taken. There was a great bustle to get ready—stockings had to be slipped on behind curtains so that the photographer wouldn't see. Kimono had to be pinned a little more snugly and hair arranged just a bit more prettily.

Miss Sankey-Jones was sitting in a quiet place with kimono, with white gloves in her lap and a bunch of flowers in her hand. Her Japanese attendants were quite busy, with white hands and the same kimono.

A bell rang in the hall, with attendants going to the kitchen, and in a short time the waiters appeared. After that the guests sat down to the table. The room was very quiet, and the guests were very polite. The waiters were very attentive, and the food was very good. The guests were very happy, and the luncheon was very successful.

Then the Baths and Luncheon

After that the dinner, then soup, champagne, coffee, tea, and the guests were served in the Japanese style, and the guests were more than ready for luncheon.

The tables in the parlours were decorated with Japanese screens and cherry blossoms and the guests were seated in charming Japanese kimonos. The luncheon was served by Japanese girls in Japanese costume.

No one was eligible to the luncheon who did not go into the bath first. Then the guests donned kimonos and had their pictures taken. There was a great hustle to get ready—stockings had to be slipped on behind curtains so that the photographer wouldn't see. Kimonos had to be pinned a little more snugly and hair arranged just a bit more picturesquely.

Miss Sankey-Jones was attired in a pale blue silk kimono, with white flowers in her hair and a bunch of flowers at her throat. Her Japanese slippers were pale blue, with white beads, and she wore blue stockings.

A lecture on jiu jitsu, with illustrations given by the hostess, attired in a sheet, concluded the entertainment. After that the guests retired to the dressing rooms and went to sleep. The eve it was voted the greatest success and others are to follow. Among those present were Mme. Von Klenner, Baroness Von Ryners, Countess Von Boos, Miss Margaret Riley, Miss E. Frye Barker, Mrs. Sarah McDonald, Mrs. Arthur Alfred Brooks and Miss Josephine Clark.

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Salambo was a Phoenecian priestess who lived about 200 B. C., and a great black snake was the ruling genius of her house. The priestess wore it about her neck in worshipping the moon. As the result of a wager that she would not allow a real snake to be coiled about her Mrs. Eustis, who is as plucky as she is pretty, said that if any one would furnish her with a fangless serpent of any length or size she would agree to appear with the reptile just as the priestess of old really did. The snake was obtained from a menagerie and the comely young matron unflinchingly stuck to her word. Coming unheralded, a complete surprise to her friends and companions at the charity function, the fleeting picture of the society leader, posing before the rich red velvet curtains, in a white low-cut robe, with an undulating, blinking serpent draped over her bare shoulders and clinging in bold relief to the white fabric, has made Mrs. Eustis the heroine of smart society for the present. The hint has not been lost on originators of sensational social effects and they are planning to bring forth something which will overshadow the snake as a matter of feminine adornment.

And now they are asking "What next?" in staid old Philadelphia, which is still supposed to retain some of its oldtime Quaker dignity. Never before has Philadelphia known such a social season as that which closed with Lent. A war for supremacy between three of the city's debutantes brought on a series of costly balls, dinners and other functions that kept society in a giddy whirl for weeks. Several fortunes were lavished by the various social campaigns. The climax came on the eve of Lent, when the Bachelors' Ball, Manque, apex of all the social fun-making, was held. The ball was a riot of costly and beautiful costumes. The debutantes always have a surprise for their guests of life-exchange plans. Lent-year is now intense and gay. This year a contagious sale of stolen, once-burlesque gowns and EP will be on the shoulders of the fair guests. But don't be deceived—their faces were never the EP little more than a disguise, the genuine ones only a trifle, and the nation has noticed all with vindictive, scornful and unrelenting eyes since the first evening. The social circle has broken down, and the nation has noticed all with vindictive, scornful and unrelenting eyes since the first evening. The nation has noticed all with vindictive, scornful and unrelenting eyes since the first evening.

This report is based on the information received from the various sources mentioned in the preceding paragraph. It is not intended to be a complete and exhaustive statement of the facts, but rather a summary of the information available at the time of the report. The information is presented in the form of a narrative, and is not intended to be a formal report.

When Mrs. Belmont's daughter, the duchess of Marlborough, was married to the duke of Devonshire, she was the only woman of her rank who was married in the city of New York. The wedding was a grand affair, and it was the only one of the kind that has been held in the city since that time. The bride was the daughter of the late Mr. Belmont, and she was the only woman of her rank who was married in the city of New York. The wedding was a grand affair, and it was the only one of the kind that has been held in the city since that time.

Philadelphia was a Philadelphia woman who had been in the city for many years. She was a woman of great beauty and was the only woman of her rank who was married in the city of New York. The wedding was a grand affair, and it was the only one of the kind that has been held in the city since that time. The bride was the daughter of the late Mr. Belmont, and she was the only woman of her rank who was married in the city of New York. The wedding was a grand affair, and it was the only one of the kind that has been held in the city since that time.

And now they are asking "What next?" in staid old Philadelphia, which is still supposed to retain some of its oldtime Quaker dignity. Never before has Philadelphia known such a social season as that which closed with Lent. A war for supremacy between three of the city's debutantes brought on a series of costly balls, dances and other functions that kept society in a giddy whirl for weeks. Several fortunes were lavished in the various social campaigns. The climax came on the eve of Lent, when the Bachelors' Bal Masque, gayest of all the season's functions, was held. The ball was a riot of costly and beautiful costumes. The Bachelors always have a surprise for their guests at this exclusive event. Last year it was rabbits—real ones. This year a veritable rain of snakes, roses, butterflies, goblins and \$20 bills fell on the shoulders of the fair guests. But don't be alarmed—the butterflies were paper, the \$20 bills were illusions, the goblins were only make-believe, and the snakes that writhed on white shoulders, décolletage and abbreviated skirts were of the stage variety. The scene, when the snakes wriggled down from the darkened air was almost rapturous. All the women acted as though they thought they were real, even those who knew they weren't.

The present pace at which high society is going was set a good while ago at Newport. The famous "monkey dinner" at the home of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, at which Consul, a circus chimpanzee, was a guest of honor; the "horse dance" and dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont in honor of Mrs. Belmont's daughter, the duchess of Marlborough; Mrs. Herman Oelrich's "bar blanc," and the fad of hiring professional theatrical companies to give complete performances, started by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, are a few of the long list of "thrillers" which have added spice to fashionable life at Newport.

