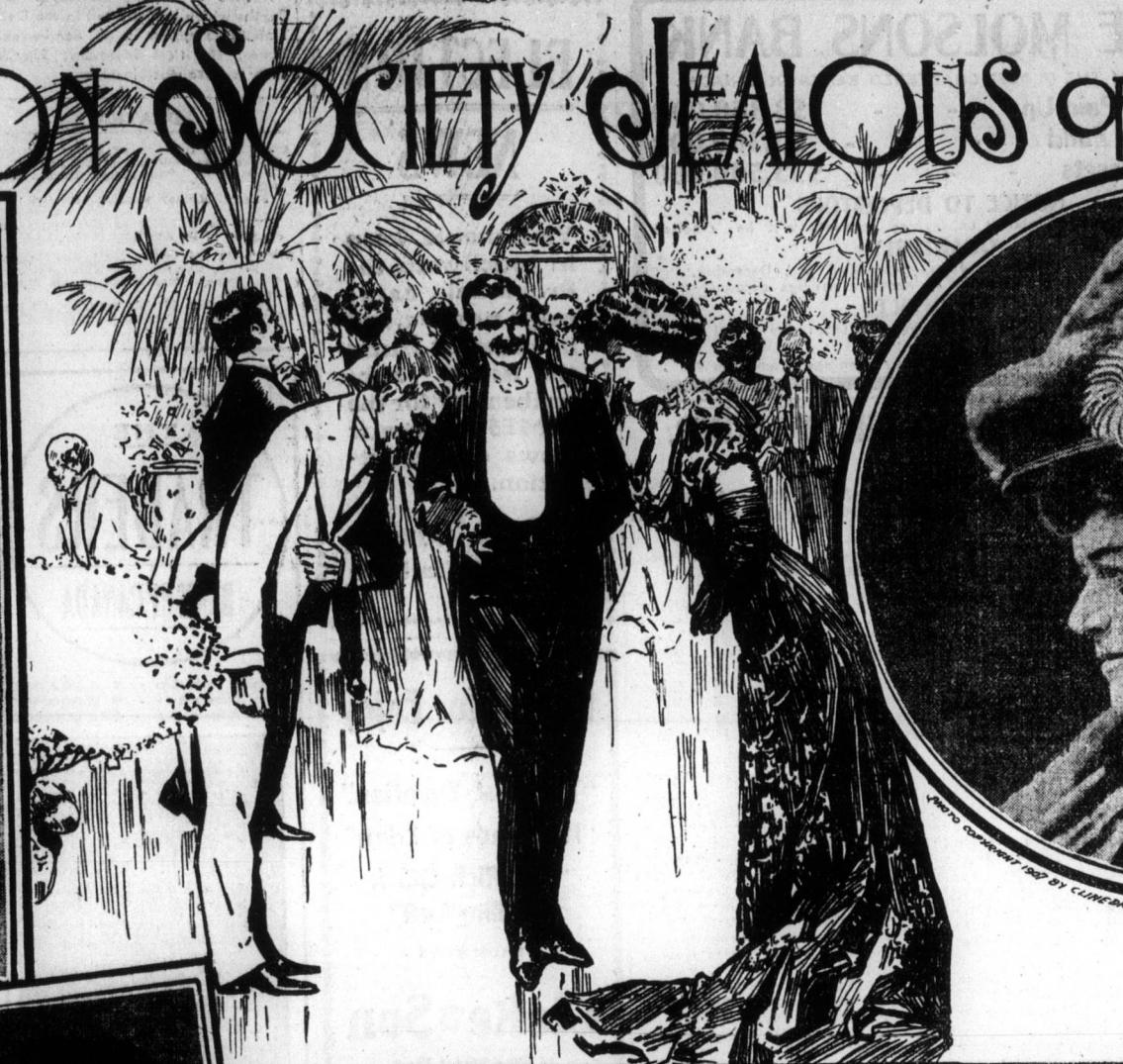


IS WASHINGTON SOCIETY JEALOUS OF HER?



Mrs. Meyer and Her Popular Daughter



Mrs. George Van Loe, Postmaster General

Mrs. Meyer's Brilliant Social Campaign the Talk of the Capital

WASHINGTON society—the official society of the national capital, at least—jealous of one of its foremost members? With the resumption of social gaieties after today this question, which formed the basis of many a choice bit of gossip during the winter, and which maintained its interest even through the quiet Lenten season, will doubtless be vested with a new importance, just as society itself has become resplendent in its new spring apparel.

Not only Mrs. Meyer, as the more frivolous term of the fashioning precincts of Dupont circle and the western hills, but all Washington has been impressed with the brilliant but exclusive social campaign and the regal leadership of Mrs. Meyer, wife of Postmaster General George von Loe-Meyer. And, it is generally whispered in capital circles, not a little jealousy and heartburning has been engendered thereby.

Mrs. Meyer has entertained on a scale that has been the wonder and despair of official Washington. Fresh from triumphs in two European courts, she has invested her functions with a splendor and an atmosphere of exclusiveness hitherto almost unknown in a republican capital.

It is said that at the Meyer house are entertained more distinguished house guests than at any residence in Washington, outside, of course, of the White House. And humanity has not progressed to the stage where secret envious and gnawing jealousies have been banished from the heart.



Postmaster General Meyer

more distinguished personages have been entertained in Washington than for a long time. And not the least interesting feature of the season was the pronounced rivalry that marked the rounds of fashionable functions. Except upon the occasion of his last visit, when he was said to be devoting himself almost entirely to the pleasant task of laying his heart and title at the feet of Miss Elkins, the Duke d'Abuzzi was regarded as almost the personal guest of the Meyers. This, perhaps, was but natural, as a strong friendship had been formed while the Americans were sojourning in the duke's own country. His preference for the Meyer entertainments excited general comment. It created a stir, too, in Boston, where the entire party went for a considerable stay. Then came to accept the hospitality of the Meyer home the Hon. Violet Vivian, who is officially connected with the household of Queen Alexandra of England. When she arrived in America some months ago this interesting daughter of the late Lord Vivian found herself occupying a prominent place in the minds of newspaper makers as the English authority on cigarette smoking among women.



Summer Home of the Meyers at Hamilton, Mass.

home, and attracted considerable attention at White House receptions. And her visit to the family of the postmaster general was generally regarded as another feather in the cap of Mrs. Meyer. In determining her social policy at Washington Mrs. Meyer but took the forefront in a movement that has been gradually changing the complexion of entertainments there for a number of years. Not "through one administration," but through several, the tendency has been increasing to break away from former simplicity and to "grandeurize," as one statesman expressed it, the functions of the official and fashionable world at the capital. There is little, now, of the old-fashioned, neighborly manner in which cabinet women, wives of senators, Supreme Court Justices and other prominent personages gathered in friendly fashion for an afternoon cup of tea and a pleasant quiet chat. Entertaining is done on a scale of lavishness that would have astounded the Washingtonian of twenty

years or so ago. Much of this is due, perhaps, to the fact that a number of wealthy families from various parts of the country have settled in Washington of late, and have added not only to the number, but to the brilliancy of the smart set. Every season witnesses a certain number of functions at the White House, and these are supplemented by cabinet dinners and other entertainments of the official set. Of late, it is said, rivalry among the cabinet women has become more pronounced, and a tendency to strain every nerve to excel has been marked. The chief event of the season in the life of a cabinet hostess, of course, is the dinner each gives in honor of the President and his wife. At these affairs the list of guests is published—rapidly becoming a thing of the past in public opinion given other events. Consequently, the presidential dinners afford scope for effectiveness and display worthy the efforts of the most inventive minds.

It is said that Postmaster General and Mrs. Meyer have dined the most brilliant assemblages that have gathered at a private residence during the season. At their board have gathered a number of the multi-millionaire contingent of New York, the bluest-blooded of New England aristocracy and several members of European nobility. Whose Mrs. Meyer arrived in Washington to take her place in the cabinet circle, she is said to have placed her official role on a strictly professional basis. What she might do as a hostess in her private capacity was quite another thing. It is stated that she promptly announced her determination not to recognize any form of official courtesies not strictly incumbent upon her, and that she would do no calling. This was applying the cold water treatment to enthusiasm, and while it did not find favor, perhaps, among the majority in the official set, her social prestige could not be disputed, and her invitations were eagerly accepted.

OF IMPOSING MIEEN
"In the receiving line at the White House," states a writer recently, "Mrs. Meyer rises to the occasion with proper and imposing hauteur, and all that the costume's art can do to supplement nature to the end of giving the air of the grande dame is evaded."
"She sweeps into place with a Junoesque staid and acknowledges greetings with icy mien and condescending dignity. In her own affairs she is exclusive and, while society responds to her bidding, her dinner lists are not published, except when official. Her telephone, according to the approved fashion of the day, is not listed; she has advanced to her resolution to keep society and officialdom at their proper distance."
Some of the cabinet women are very friendly with one another. Especially congenial and companionable to Mrs. Root, Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Metcalf seem to be each other. Mrs. Metcalf is one of the intimate friends of Mrs. Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt is next strong physically, and does not take as active a part in social life as do most of her contemporaries. However the popularity of Mrs. Meyer may be questioned in some quarters, that of her charming daughters cannot be.
Miss Julia Meyer is about 30 years old, and her sister, Miss Alice, two years her junior. With Miss Ethel Roosevelt and Miss Helen Taft, the Misses Meyer received confirmation last year from the late Bishop Henry Y. Satterlee, of Washington, in the presence of one of the most distinguished assemblages ever seen at St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church.
The pretty Meyer sisters follow the English custom of dressing alike, and for that reason have been taken abroad to both the strong arm of authority about Washington, and are expert cross-country riders.
Both have studied music under the best masters abroad, and both are gifted linguists.
Their mother is a keen lover of outdoor sports and delights especially in the chase. The Meyers usually spend the summer at the pleasant country seat at Hamilton, Mass., where they entertain as brilliantly as they do in Washington.

OF COURSE it is something out of the ordinary when an American woman—who is content to remain simply an American woman—can count among her intimate friends an empress and a queen.

And few American women can boast of having dined on their knees a future emperor and a future king, as Mrs. Meyer may boast. Mrs. Meyer is well fitted to set an ultra-fashionable pace in Washington. She and her husband belong to the exclusive Back Bay set of Boston, and are members of almost every pretentious social organization from there to Washington. When Mr. Meyer was appointed American ambassador to the court of Rome the couple were well qualified to maintain the requisite social position. Soon after taking up their residence there dispatches from the Italian capital had this to say:
"Rome has unqualified praise for a foreign woman who has been so successful in her mission. She has entered society here. Well bred, highly intellectual and with a cultured sympathy for music and art, she is of the type that appeals most strongly to the Latin heart."
Both Mr. and Mrs. Meyer became very popular with the royal family. The American ambassador was invited frequently to join the king's party in bear hunts, in rides over the Campagna and on yachting trips. The queen formed a strong friendship for Mrs. Meyer.

PERSONAL GUEST OF QUEEN

She was one of the few women invited time and again into the sacred precincts of the royal nursery, within the walls of which Helena was not a queen, but merely a woman and loving mother, completely wrapped up in her little son, the crown prince. She permitted the American woman and mother to make many snapshots of the future ruler of Italy.
The brilliant social successes of the Meyers were interrupted by the transfer of the ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg, where they soon won high regard. Mrs. Meyer became very friendly with the czarina and was frequently a guest of the empress in the latter's private apartments.
Their large means, of course, enabled the Meyers to entertain on a much more lavish scale than many representatives of America abroad are able to do. Their home was in the famous old Klimichal Palace, in the heart of aristocratic court circles, where nearly 100 servants, it is said, were required.
Speaking of the demands upon an ambassador's purse, Mrs. Meyer once remarked:
"Nothing counts abroad like lavish display. No talent, nor fitness, nor previous experience of a diplomat avails in the face of the magnificent establishment which other governments provide for their representatives abroad. The American representative, with his salary of \$17,500, must rent a palace, besides keeping the pace set by men who get \$25,000 and have a dwelling, servants and state equipages all given by their government.
Coming into Washington circles with such experience, backed by wealth and social prestige, there is little wonder that the wife of the postmaster general was able to make others, longer accustomed to the doings of officialdom, open their eyes.
It has been observed that during the last winter

When Baldheaded Men Become Deceivers.

HAS any one, casting the eye of mourning over the prodigious expanse of American humor, noticed a gaping void?

No; it is not the grave of the mother-in-law joke; the poor old lady is with us still. Nor is it the vacant lair of the tramp, that post-diluvian fossil whose progenitors used to lift spring lamb from the flocks of Abraham; he is still among us.

Now, once more! Right—it is the vacuum that tells where the ancient joke, sly Ye-Tonsorial-Artist-and-ye-Magic-Hair-Restorer, used to flourish and leave whole multitudes quivering with dumb rages.

It is gone, that hirsute horror, because mankind is passing beyond the stage of its application. It is not that Nature is giving man more hair; not that the Restorer is recording any unusual percentage of bull's-eyes. It is simply that man is taking to wigs.

Sigh no more, ladies; sigh no more; Men were deceivers ever.—Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE was as bald as a badger himself, and knew the gold brick value of wigs better than a modern imposture wearing a \$50 toupee. The high-browed William was going some as a stage manager as well as a common drudge of an author; and the old-time stage manager knew enough about wigs to shake Esau for the porridge and leave him naked as the babe unborn.

The baldheaded William is the same old deceiver that he was in baldness. William's time—only more so. He seems to have studied over the whole hair proposition during the last few years, with a sincere desire to grow a fresh crop and be the real thing in hair. If it lay in his scalp to do it—but with a stern resolve to make an impressive bluff at it anyway.
One wing of science has been swearing itself black in the face that nature, civilization, predigested foods and cigars are making mankind more baldheaded every minute. The other wing, which includes the wigmakers, who are not so much on science but are hards on hair, is offering two to one that nature is doing business at the same old stand, and is snatching just the same proportion of men baldheaded now as she did when Galen, Hippocrates and the smooth-skulled Roman Senate were arguing over the use of depilatories on the legs and rejuvenators on the bald spot.



And then there are the near-scientists, constituting 100 per cent of the English speaking population of the United States, who are positive they don't see so much baldness now as they used to when they were old enough to wonder whether they'd ever be as bald as dad when they should be able to raise a full set of whiskers.
Everybody is right except the scientists. There is less baldness apparent, because too many of us are wearing wigs to let the rest of us take notice.
If the dramatic William were alive again to inquire anxiously, "Has it come to this?" the toupee makers would respond, to a man:
"It has. Step right in and measure up for a new crop of genuine human hair, prepared by genuine members of the Human Hair Workers' Union, duly organized throughout the United States. Your job is easy alongside of what we did for John D. Rockefeller.

We'll give you the same terms we did him, \$75 per, and guarantee satisfaction."

It may be that John D.'s example was what set the toupee fashion going at the pace it is using now; so a little solid, reliable fact, from the lips of the man who toupee'd him, ought to be worth hearing.

A shining pate is an ever-present source of worry to many a man who could give the Apollo Belvedere the minus sign on baldness and still leave him in the class with the Sutherland sisters. Such a man might have started off, when young, with a head of as fluffy hair as ever made the fortune of the Circassian beauty when she married it with Milwaukee beer, to find himself, around 40, with little more than an eyelash to his head. It's feels conspicuous, and he is conspicuous. He catches colds in his head. Then, perhaps, he visits a toupee maker and asks the solemn question: "Can I be fitted with a wig that will make me look real?"

"Can he? The toupee man undertakes to give him head coverings that look as natural as life, and he does."

When you come right down to it, there is nothing very wonderful about the famous Rockefeller wig. It started in rather brown, generously sprinkled with gray about as his original crop would have looked if nature had been as generous to his head as she was to his pocket. He bought eight, at \$75 apiece, he has kept on buying them ever since, getting a little more gray for his money each time and turning back the old ones to the toupee man.

One can go through many walks of life and find emulators of Rockefeller, who say the same reasonable price for full wigs, or \$25 for the smaller toupees.

Let it be noted that there isn't a man, who can possibly afford to go to a good toupee maker, who is so foolish as to economize, as women do, by wearing a toupee made of "combs." "Live hair" hair cut right off the healthy head, is the only article that is fit to put upon the scalp.
All comings used now by so many women and treasured in bags as though they were priceless riches are, it is declared by authorities, dead, and poisonous to the healthy hair—that of the original owner as well as of anybody else—whether they are made into toupees, switches, rats or puffs.
A wife will put up with a baldheaded husband, and find pet names and tender thoughts for the fly-bitten spot he longs to hide. But a man will flee a bald-headed wife more hurriedly than he would flee the abomination of desolation.
Even his wife's tolerance of a shining pate, however, does not satisfy the disgruntled baldheaded man. As stated, more wigs, in proportion to population, are being worn now than ever. Many a man with a shock

of hirsute thatching is but a deceiver; his luxuriant locks are false.
Trade in human hair represents every strand the human head can grow, from the delicate, fair tresses of Swedish Brunhildes to the thick, black, wiry hair of John Chinaman. For false tresses are greatly in demand by women as well as by men.

Europe furnishes most of the hair. In Austria, Moravia, Sweden and Germany the trick of cutting off a goodly tress from the top of the head, just where its loss could be concealed by the massing of the remainder of the hair in a bun.
Then the buyers became suspected of alliances with socialists, because their calling gave them access to the treasury for the spread of the propaganda. European governments put a ban upon them that fairly crippled the hair trade. The buyers betook themselves to the sailing ports for immigrants, and found there many women who had previously sacrificed locks of hair with the crop freshly grown, for three years is usually sufficient to restore the original length.
To men and to the women about them the buyers gave cards of American hair firms, so that a considerable number of women brought their contributions to the total supply straight to the market on their heads in prime condition.
But in this country their hair, once cut, is never cut again. No money can make the American woman, native or adopted, sink to that level.
Cut hair—unwashed, uncleaned—comes in free of duty. But besides the honest, healthy tresses that are disposed of by the European peasant, there are the "combing" saved by her in a plastic bag and sold for 50 cents a pound to the itinerant buyer. They are usually imported after some necessary cleaning, and must pay a tariff as manufactured material. Like the coarse, Chinese hair, also combed, goods of this class go into the cheaper grades of braid and pompadour.
Very light, golden hair and silvery gray hair are the colors that bring the highest prices, and hair of unusual length always commands special consideration.
The cost of a good switch, and even the cost of an inferior one, is far from excessive, when the amount of labor and the quality of skill which are expended are considered. Thorough soap and water washing, soaking in olive oil to prevent "splitting," dry cleansing, or "mealings," in white and buckwheat flour to remove all oil, sorting through combs to grade in length, curling—once process after another must be gone through before the hair is ready to go into the switch, the part or the wig that is to be its permanent form.

SUBTERFUGUE NECESSARY

Hair dealers maintained traveling buyers who, lured to the necessity of accepting part of a head rest, as being better than none, devised the trick of cutting off a goodly tress from the top of the head, just where its loss could be concealed by the massing of the remainder of the hair in a bun.
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