

"Going Away" in Westchester.

(SEE PAGE 16.)

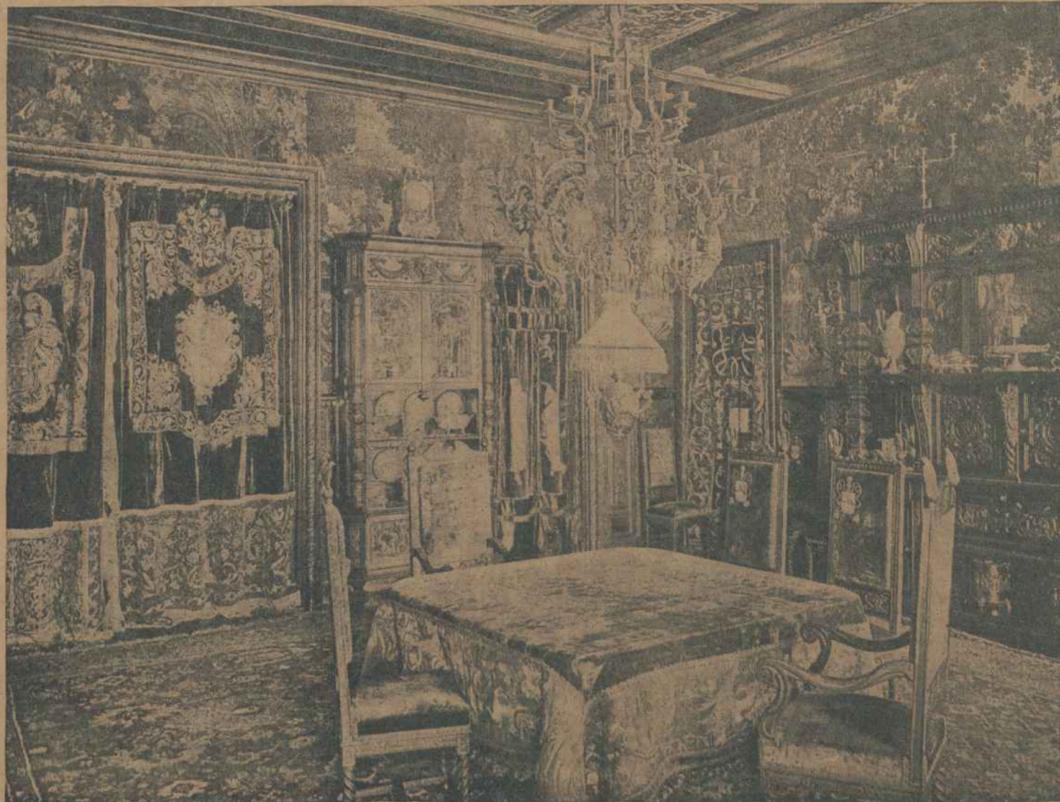
THE first meet of the Westchester hunt will take place this week. From then on the county in various sections will be the scene of the gathering of red-coated huntsmen.

William E. Iselin is now the master of the hounds. There is a pack of thirty dogs, and the kennels are at Quaker Ridge farm. This is six miles or so from New Rochelle station, and inland a bit.

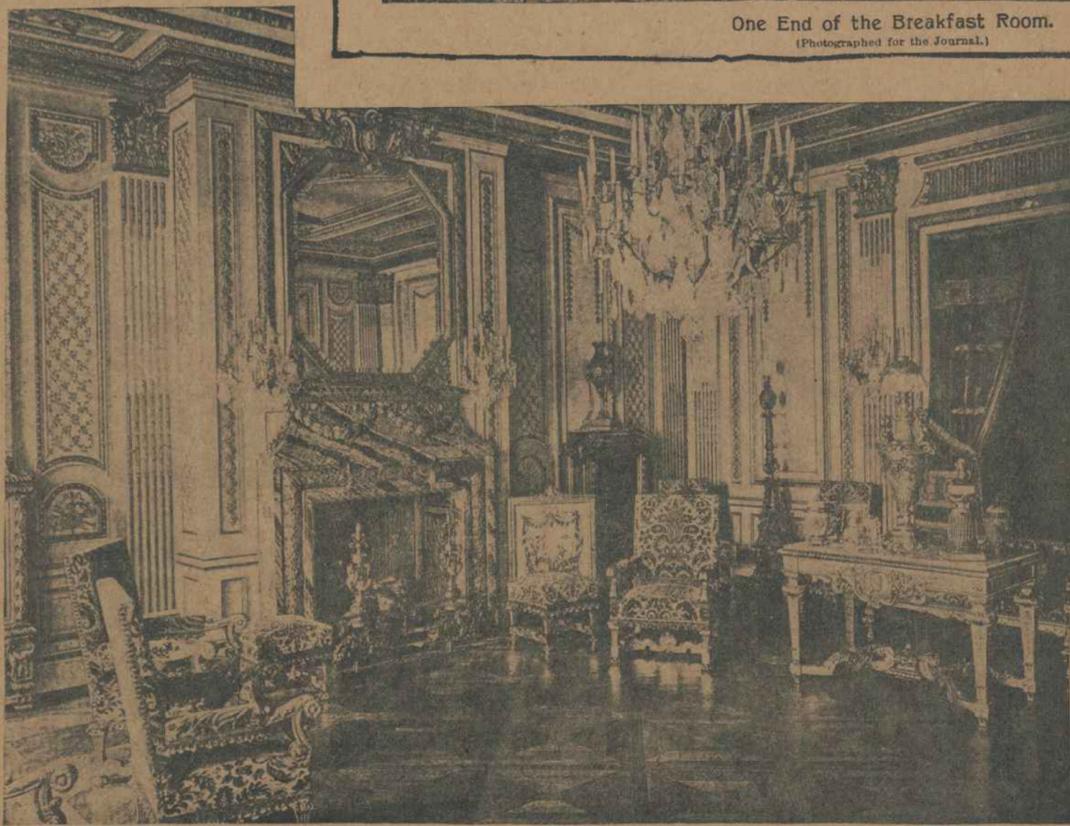
There are not apt to be as many covers at the breakfasts as those given at the meeting of the Hempstead set, or even of the Essex County

strong under the easy rule of her brother, Kala-kana, overturned Queen Liliuokalani's government simply holds now by force of arms. The natives would willingly go back to the days of the hula-hula dancing, the feasts of poi and the worship of Pele; but the merchants and the missionaries are too strong for them, despite the superior numbers of the natives. Your Kanaka is not a fighter, anyhow, nor has he been since his cannibal days in the long ago. He has accepted civilization because he belongs to an intelligent race appreciative of ease and luxury. He is not

some of the changes that are imminent down there a chance to find their discipline again. And here in Eastern United States these two



One End of the Breakfast Room. (Photographed for the Journal.)



A Corner in the Apartments of "Our" Duchess. (Photographed for the Journal.)

How "Our" Little Duchess Lives.

Spencer House, St. James's place, London, Oct. 5.

JUST fancy visiting a Duchess in a palace which has not the conveniences of a fifteen-dollar per month Harlem flat! And a cold-water flat at that! That is what happened to me last June when I went to London to see the Jubilee.

Of course, it seemed funny at first not to have bathrooms, gas or electric light, or steam heat, or registers; but I followed the wake of the Duchess, and truly I was surprised to find how completely she had dropped into the English mode of doing and thinking. But no wonder, for, from the Duke's point of view, he has but two great objects in life to achieve. The first is to make the Duchess forget as soon as possible that she was born in America, and the second to be Prime Minister of England. And as to the latter subject his greatest card is our Duchess Consuelo's money and fine social tact, for, despite her youth, she is one of the cleverest women I ever met, combining her mother's wonderful executive ability and social gifts, with her father's stability of character.

Few American girls work as hard for existence as the Duchess of Marlborough works to fill her position and social duties, for she feels that she has the calcium light eyes of two great critical monitors on her actions constantly—her husband and English society.

Her day begins about 8 in the morning, when she awakens in an old-fashioned canopied bed whose tapestried hangings were new in the days of good Queen Anne. Within easy reach hangs a bell cord by which she summons her own maid. Instantly there is brought into the adjoining dressing room by two strong-armed English dressing maids a bath tub, and such a bath tub! Can you imagine a circular sheet of hammered or repoussé silver, five feet in circumference, the design an arabesque of mermaids, Cupids and seaweed all linked together in a frolicsome scroll?

The cold water bath all in ten minutes, glowing like Arounce, the Duchess slips on a pink wool robe, while her second maid attends to manœuvring, and so dainty is Consuelo the ten pearly toe nails, as well as fingers, come in for their share of the manœurist's attention.

Maid No. 1, who is the most awe-inspiring personage in all the Duke's household, now appears again on the scene to dress in simple fashion the Duchess's beautiful dark hair, and while this is going on the Rahji, as the Duchess's East Indian personal attendant is nicknamed, sachems at the door, bringing on a curious Oriental tray the morning mail.

Usually the Duke and Duchess breakfast tete-a-tete in the morning room, upstairs which connects the Duke's with the Duchess's suite of apartments on the second floor, overlooking Green Park. In the old days this was evidently a corridor where sturdy retainers were wont to lounge in waiting. This room is now the most attractive in the palace, and here, it may be said, is the only home life—as Americans understand it—these two busy young people know in London.

At 10 a. m. the saddle horses are brought into the courtyard, and the Duchess, accompanied by a guest and groom, or perhaps the Duke, go for their morning constitutional in Hyde Park, rain or shine. The morning ride is never omitted, and the return is made at 11 o'clock, when she dresses in a smart morning gown for shopping and the thousand and one little affairs connected with the management of the household, which she talks over with the steward each day at high noon.

At 2 p. m. luncheon is served in the banquet hall, the head and second butler in attendance besides the waiters.

Three o'clock finds the Duchess gowned most becomingly for the drive in the park, which is followed by a round of visits, officiating at bazaars (in charity feature greatly affected by the British aristocracy during the fashionable season), receptions, musicales, tea at five o'clock, either at her own home or the house of an acquaintance. She is in her Paquin dinner gown at eight o'clock, presiding at the head of the table in the old banquet hall of Spencer House, which has been in possession of the Spencer-Churchill family (the Duke's family name) since before the days of the Restoration.

MARIA VAUGHAN VAN RENSSELAER.

Queen Kaiulani Or Plain Miss Cleghorn?

(SEE PAGE 9.)

A PRINCESS comes from over the water to claim a throne wrested from her by the advance of civilization and the necessities of commerce, that genius of the nineteenth century before which even the divine right of kings goes down.

Kaiulani, heir-apparent to the throne of Hawaii, is due in America on her twenty-second birthday—October 16. She is beautiful, accomplished, excellent in the arts of the European no less than in the grace of the Kanaka.

The dethroned queen of the islands—Liliuokalani—is here to meet her. The politicians are busy in the paradise of the Pacific. Diplomacy is over the islands where the careless sway of the Kamehamehas so long endured. The government that uprooted the monarchy is trying to make of the realm a territory of these United States; Japanese soldiers in the guise of immigrants are flocking into Honolulu, for the new risen power of the Orient has its eye on the mid-Pacific archipelago, and the men who conquered China may see in

women will meet to plan some way of averting destiny and deflecting the fate that will change their land of palms and volcano indolence and calm to a busy state of the great Republic.

What will they do?

Liliuokalani is old, gross. She is the true representative of Kanaka royalty, but there is nothing to inspire enthusiasm for her but the tradition of a dead dynasty. Romance is not dead. The ardency that cannot be inspired by a poor, old, throneless queen may be stirred by a tall, beautiful, graceful young princess. There is all the making of a romance of chivalry about the situation. Here is a princess crowded from the throne of her forefathers. She has all the virtues not only of our civilization but of her own people. All she needs is a proper knight to marshal her people and win back her throne for her. And the end of the romance? Well, of course, a personable young knight could claim the princess's hand and reign with her. That's the way the knightly tales always end.

But the knight must be no dilly-dallying fellow. His stroke must be given swiftly. Once the United States accepts the islands a whole crusade of knights would not give her throne to Kaiulani.

Until the last steps are taken, however, there is a chance. The Provisional Government that took charge of affairs when the foreigners, grown

in any sense a savage. Princess Kaiulani is fairer of complexion than many Spaniards, though her mother, Like-Like, another of Kala-kana's sisters, was of the oldest blood of the Sandwich Islands.

The right sort of a leader could find material enough in Hawaii to work with. The English there—Kaiulani is half English—hate the notion of the islands becoming part of the United States. The Japanese and Chinese dread it because of the restrictions on Mongolians enacted by our Government, and the natives, of course, wish their old rulers back.

The time is short now. The commission of United States Senators has gone to the islands to learn the true condition of affairs there, and when they report it will be too late. However, Kaiulani expects to go to the islands as soon as the conference with her aunt is over, and meantime we will have a chance to see what sort of a young lady this is who will become either a reigning queen or a plain American girl. If the latter is her fate she will be Miss Victoria Kaiulani Cleghorn, for her father is Hon. A. S. Cleghorn, an English gentleman, who was Governor of Oahu when Liliuokalani was Queen of Hawaii.

Hunt Club. Eugene Higgins gave once a breakfast at his Morristown place of 250 covers. There are not so many women who follow the hounds in the Westchester set, either. Possibly at the coming meet Miss Kate Cary, Miss Cooley, Miss Margaret F. Cooley and Miss Emmet may be the only women riders. These all have records, and are unsurpassed as cross-country riders by any women of the Long Island hunting set.

The meets and runs of the season will be all over Westchester County. Among the masculine members of the hunt sure to be to the fore are the Messrs. Frederic H. Allen, Nathaniel C. Royal, Howard Potter, E. Clarkson Potter, Delancey A. Kane, R. N. Potter, C. Oliver Iselin, Major Cooley, Alfred W. Cooley, Edmund Randolph, William Laimbeer and Charles T. Garland.

There will of course be a collection of very smart traps at the various meets. Among others sure to put in an appearance are Mrs. Frederic H. Allen, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Mrs. Paul G. Theband, Miss Marion Story, Mrs. James M. Waterbury and Mrs. William E. Iselin. Mrs. W. B. Duncan, Jr., and Mrs. E. Clarkson Potter are in deep mourning this season, and not likely to be in attendance.

