



MISS JOHANNA AT LUNCHEON.—“And every time she poured she poured until the glass was brimful, and then she just wrapped her hand about it as if she was afraid some guilty drop would escape.”

But that is neither here nor there. When I left the Halsey street car it was only a step to Johanna's. The man at the door seemed to "recognize the profession," for he asked me right in.

And there was Johanna. But in such a hubbub! Elephants and zebras and men and sacred dromedaries "and other fallow deer," as the French writer said, all about her, and the smell of the earth and peanut shucks scattered everywhere. It wasn't the least bit of wonder to me that Johanna, poor soul—and I say soul advisedly—sat staring out of the window with her chin on her hand and her elbow on the window sill, looking just about as blue as a performer ever has time or a right to look.

I couldn't believe that it was because she was leaving Brooklyn, though there may be two opinions about that, too. So as Johanna didn't vouchsafe any explanation I assumed that it was because I was so atrociously behind time. And now that it's all over, I may say that I think she was hungry, and it had clouded her temper. And even that's no excuse, for she might have taken a bit of a brace, and staved off her hunger and been a shade more cheerful. It isn't as if Johanna didn't drink, at all, because she does. Of course, it's no discredit to her, because almost everybody—to use a slang phrase—"monkeys with the stuff" now and then.

One didn't need to be told that it was moving day with Johanna's company. People were busy packing odds and ends into boxes and tying up bundles, and there were big wagon loads of stuff all ready to go to the train. So we just had a sort of "picked-up lunch," and ate off any old thing. But the luncheon wasn't half bad at that, and as I had come more for the honor than to test the cookery, I didn't feel like finding fault.

Well, it was just about 1 o'clock when we sat down, and the table was spick and span as anything you ever saw—neat, but not gaudy, you know. There was a nice white tablecloth, and little serving cloths over that, and the silver, so to speak, was laid in a fashion that Francatelli couldn't have improved on. The china was mighty pretty. The flowered cup that I had just coveted the instant I saw it, but I thought I wouldn't ask her for it until she'd gotten into a little better humor. One thing that struck me as rather odd was that instead of our facing each other, directly, Johanna had her seat at my left, with only the corner between us. It made me feel just the least mite uncomfortable, because Johanna's family are not famous for even tempers, and as she had the bottle on her side of the table, and seemed partial to it, and as her hands were amazingly big and strong, and prehensile, and as she looked as cross as two silks, anyway, I was harassed by a fearful thought. My hair was done up loosely, and I was curly besides, and I didn't know what she might do if she should drink a little too much, or should take a sudden dislike to me.

And while I was thinking about that, and stretching my face into a society smile, and furtively edging out a little from Johanna, I heard a rattling noise, and looked around, and there was a photographer fixing his apparatus to "take us." A crowd of men were grouped back of him, watching the operation, and grinning as if they thought it was smart.

Then I looked around at Johanna. Goodness! The way she was looking at that man! I never saw such a look in a woman's eyes in my life. But, then, I've never been about where there were married couples very much. She was hopping mad. Before she had been only grumpy.

"Well, I declare," I said, "it does seem as if one couldn't go anywhere, nowadays without being followed by these photographers and newspaper men." I thought that was about the right thing to say, though really I know something then that gave me great respect for her. She didn't scold that man, nor sniff and glare at him for form's sake and then begin to attitude. She just got up, without a word, and left the table and went over to the dark and began walking up and down the floor.

She was mad, clear through. The photographer just waited. So did I. He knew Johanna was hungry. By and by she came back, but she kept her eye on that camera and the man who was attached to it. And she gave him a bad quarter of an hour. Just as he got his machine ready to catch her, she would turn her head from right to left, twenty times a minute, and wriggle her hands, and shift her shoulders. I could hear the camera man swearing piratically in an undertone, and the crowd laughed at him. He tried plate after plate, and every time he squeezed the air bulb that works the shutter, Johanna put her big black hand over her face, or turned her back, or did something else to balk him.

But all this time we were lurching along. There were bread and cake and cheese. They were all served (Chinese fashion, cut up in small pieces, you know, and my hostess only had to use her knife once or twice.

But when she did, she used it like a lady. She didn't eat with it. And I hoped then with all my heart that the photographer had succeeded in getting a good picture of Johanna feeding herself with her fork. I remember thinking what a good thing it would be to hang up in some hotel where I have stopped, to be studied by some other people I have lunched with.

She didn't rest her elbows on the table, after the table d'hôte fashion either. She was as dainty as could be, and as the meat went on, I could see that I had been right in supposing her hungry. The more she ate the better natured she grew, and by and by she seemed to forget about the photographer altogether. And Johanna's eyes, as the saying goes, "are not bigger than her stomach." She never takes more than she wants; and she eats with a relish, and stops when she's through.

But much as I liked her manners, I must say I couldn't approve of her costume. She hadn't dressed for dinner, at all. But it almost makes me tremble when I contemplate Johanna's fondness for port. I liked her port. I knew the wine pretty well. It was an old dry Sandeman. My grandfather used to be very partial to it, and it's prime good with cake. But, mercer, the old gentleman drank it as if it was a religion with him. Johanna is so mannish and so thirsty. The way she wrapped her little finger about that cork and wobbled it out, made me think directly of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and Hogarth's picture of Gin Lane.

And every time she poured, she poured until the glass was brim full, and then she just wrapped her hand about it as if she was afraid some guilty drop would escape. And how she threw it down! And how she smacked her lips after it, and looked longingly into the bottom of the glass, wondering, apparently, where it had all gone, and wishing there was more there.

Law Spiz! I do hope I'm no bigot about drinking. But with all my faults, I thank my stars I haven't Johanna's thirst. Of course she hasn't any hereditary gout now, but if she isn't laying up a legacy of aching great toes for her progeny, then port won't do what the books say it will.

When she had drained the last drop of her last glass, she set it down with a sigh and put the cork back in the bottle and pushed it from her with regret. A dish full of toothpicks was brought, and Johanna singled out one—only one. I wish you could have seen the deftness of those horrible fingers. Then she leaned back against the wall and picked her teeth solemnly. But I was glad to notice that she didn't hold her napkin up over her mouth, screen-fashion, during the operation. It is done, you know.

And then she smoked. The man brought her a cigarette in an amber and merschaum holder. As languidly as you please, she held it in her teeth and waited for a light.

Then she puffed away with vigor, and blew great clouds into the air, lolling back, meanwhile, like a man in a club window, I noticed that Johanna gets more and more mannish the more she drinks.

From time to time, as she smoked, she puckered up her lips and—would you believe it?—spat on the floor. I was sorry for that. I don't believe that adds any new womanhood to the new woman. But poor Johanna has been so much among men, and is so anxious to be in the van of feminine independence, that I suppose she has been led into doing that sort of thing against the dictates of her own good taste and feminine instinct.

For myself, I think there is such a thing as going too far, though, of course I didn't tell her so.

Well, after she had flushed smoking, she took another nip out of the port, and then wiped her lips neatly with her napkin. Then she rapped on the table. And, what do you think? They brought her all her toilet utensils, and—after luncheon—and you—she began dressing.

She scoured her white teeth, and then, holding a hand glass before her, as they say mermals do, she brushed her fuzzy hair. That wasn't all. Her valet—she even carries her mannishness to that extent—brought a box of powder and a puff, and the valet thing fairly plastered herself with it.

She was a sight! But she seemed to think she was pretty, and stared into the glass with vast admiration.

Johanna has a funny way of dressing. She puts on her hat first; and the way she scrutinized herself in the glass and shifted that red headgear until it was on straight was laughable. Then she pulled on her shoes and stockings, never saying a word to me all the time. It was just as well she didn't, for if I'd had to speak I'd have laughed outright, and then who knows what at would have happened?

She put on her dress, and then took a last look at herself in the glass, and such a picture as she was! Johanna—and I hate to speak ill of anybody—Johanna's a dowdy, and there's no doubt about it. Her mentor, Mr. Matthew McKay, has wrought wonders with her, but I'm afraid Johanna will never be a fashion plate—never!

She rose, and I rose. She intended, without doubt, to go out with me, but just then the hand began playing in the big tent. Johanna looked at me, and a sorry expression overspread her face. "Goodness!" she said, with tears in her voice. "I've got a performance at 2, and I forgot every blessed thing about it."

THE NEW WOMAN.

How a New Woman Took Luncheon with Big Johanna, the Simian Society Queen.



THERE are days that one never forgets. If I live to be a hundred I shall remember, vividly to my dying day, the afternoon I took luncheon with Johanna.

It seems a strange thing for a woman to do, but not half so strange as some things women will do before the world is very much older. My good old grandmother, I venture to say, would have fallen in a faint if she could have been there to see me sitting vis-a-vis with a great, platter-faced monkey as big as myself, and both of us eating and drinking away, with table manners which, it is no boast for either of us to say, would not be out of place at any well-regulated table.

But there are two sides to everything, and, on second thought, I think the grandmother of Johanna herself might have given away at least to some sort of mild shudder surprise at such a sight. I am morally certain the good old soul never dreamed of Johanna's getting into such society.

However that may be, I took luncheon with Johanna, and clicked glasses with her, and passed the cake, and we had a pretty good time of it altogether, in spite of the fact that there were no men at table.

Johanna had always been merely a monkey to me, a monkey who must, I reasoned, have a mighty smart press agent, to be able to get her picture and good press notices into all the papers all the time, and she so plain.

But we have changed all that. I have gotten all over begrudging her any good luck. In fact, I rather like Johanna. She isn't very pretty, but she's good, and I suppose she'd be kind to her mother, if she knew where the old lady was. It's strange how families do get separated. I know Johanna now.

Let me explain that. A man asked me one time if I knew the President.

"Very well, indeed," said I.

"How well do you know him?"

"Why, I don't know, exactly," I answered. "I had luncheon with him yesterday."

"Oh! then you really do know him," was the reply.

That happened some years ago, when I was quite a small girl, but it gave me a standard, a measure of what acquaintance really means. By that standard, you see, I am warranted in saying I know Johanna. She is on my calling list. I shall go to see her when she's in town, and I cherish a fond hope that her secretary will not forget to leave her cards on me.

It is only fair to say that I never expected to lunch with Johanna. The invitation came as a surprise—very much of a surprise, for Johanna had never seen me, even on the stage. But it's a kind of bid one doesn't get every day. In truth I am the first woman who ever did get one. So I went, and now I suppose I'm the newest woman up to the present date.

A HINDOO CYNIC HERE. He Said That Western Women Are Savages Because They Abuse Their Power.

Many women, and especially the mothers of the far West, are guessing as to whether they shall accept Bramcharian Bodhabhikshu, a white-robed and turbaned Hindoo visitor to the recent Woman's Congress in San Francisco, as a popular or unpopular representative. Although one of the most enlightened and intellectually superior citizens of the Orient who has ever visited this country, his alleged remarks on the character of Western women have raised an unlimited amount of discussion and society gossip among the residents of the Pacific coast.

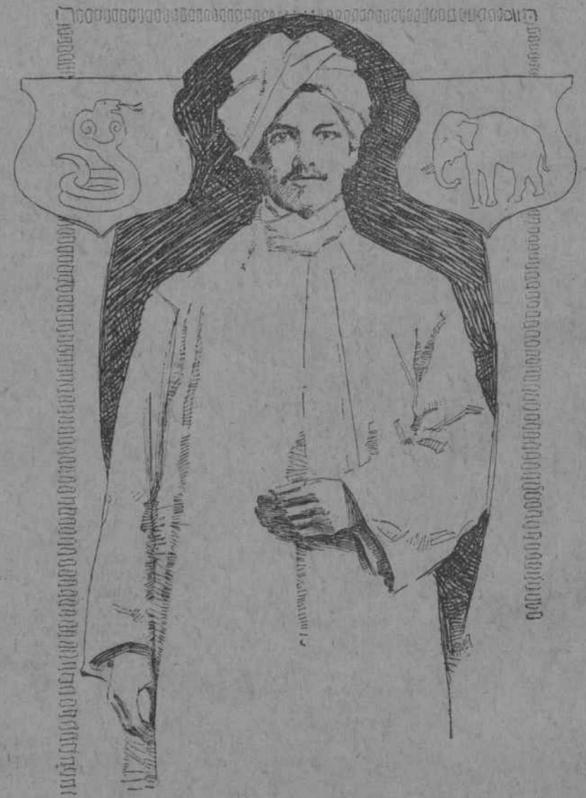
Bodhabhikshu is the supremely daring man who declared in effect that the women of the Western United States are savages. This brutal conclusion followed on a beautifully worded description of woman as the fine flower of civilization, and it was on account of this all the more cruel. If there is one thing on which the Western woman prides herself it is that she is civilized. She showed at least one quality when she treated Bodhabhikshu mercifully. She did not abuse her power in his case.

Bodhabhikshu is a picturesque character, yet a fine type of the Oriental mystic of which we hear much and see little. If his audience was one of dressmakers and milliners, his costume alone would make an interesting and entertaining study for them for an hour. While making a speech he is just as capable of holding an enlightened audience.

Robed in white, with a white turban, the dark-skinned Hindoo presented a striking picture when he arose to address the members at the fourth annual meeting of the Woman's Congress. His outer garment of pure white silk was draped so as to set off the long, lithic lines of his figure to the admiration of his audience. As a messenger from the cradle of Eastern civilization, he amazed his hearers with his fluent use of the English language and his logical arguments. However, it is to one of his logical conclusions that his hearers take exception, and, if properly quoted, the dandy representative will probably make a proper explanation.

He began his speech by expressing great satisfaction for the privilege of addressing such a representative body of Western women. Then he touched another sympathetic chord in the hearts of his audience by his pathetic reference to the mothers of his own land. His remarks were ended with the following tribute to the woman in general: "She is the heavenly flower stolen from Paradise to adorn the house; as a sister she is the ministering angel; as a wife she is the crowned queen; as a mother she is the goddess, noble and exalted, but when she abuses this great power she is the most dangerous creature on earth." It is to this last remark that nearly his whole audience took somewhat indignant exception.

The Bramcharian's conversation in private is ingenious, absolutely self-reliant and swift. He has a very lofty conception of life, which is at entire variance from the ideas of the Western Hemisphere, and with his careful study and training in science, in philosophy and our methods, he is capable to meet an argument on any basis with the result that he will usually convince his listeners that he speaks whereof he knows.



The Hindoo Who Says That All Western Women Are Savages.