DIANAS OF MODERN DAYS

American Women to Whom a Strenuous Form of Outdoor Sport Appeals

Photo by Benjamin.

Mrs. Max Fleischmann of Cincinnati Has Hunted in Africa and in the Arctic.

Mrs. J. W. M. Cardeza is a Famous African Hunter.

Mrs. Philip Allen Clark Has Killed Bear in Colorado.

Miss Anna Morgan, the New York Heiress, Made a Record in the Rockies.

Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club Who Introduced Cross Saddle Riding in New York.

Mrs. R. M. Hollingshead and Mrs. R. M. Bagley, New Jersey Dianas—The Bag of a Trip to Virginia.

In Colorado Miss Anna Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, the famous New York financier, is known to hunters as "The Diana of the Peaks." Mrs. Max C. Fleischman, of Cincinnati, has taken part in big game hunts in Africa and has shot polar bear in the frozen north. Mrs. J. W. M. Cardeza, of Philadelphia, has sought sport in the jungles of India and Africa, as well as in the wilds of Canada.

"In archaic art," authorities state, "Diana often appears as winged, and grasping two lions or other wild animals."

No modern Diana, so far as known, has ever been photographed in the act of grasping living lions, but more than one has exercised her skill in marksmanship on the king of the beasts. Not a few women of this generation have sought big game as boldly and as confidently as men.

Historic romance has given large place to gentle Priscilla, the Puritan maiden. Further annals of womanhood will undoubtedly accord as prominent a place to famous Dianas of modern times, antitheses of Priscilla in many ways and yet her successors in truly feminine graces.

More women may be numbered with the mighty hunters of the land than one would imagine. It is a time-honored jest to depict a woman as fainting at the sight of a mouse—what can we say of one who boldly shoots bears in the Rockies or lives in African jungles?

One of the most prominent of America's women hunters is Miss Anna Morgan, who, when she feels inclined, leaves the social engagements of New York and Newport and plunges into the wilderness of Colorado with all the daring of the doughtiest.

The daughter of the great banker no more fears facing wildcats, lynxes, coyotes, mountain lions or even grizzlies than she dreads the scrutiny of the elite in the drawing-room.

She is as much at home with the rifle in her hand as she is with her jeweled fan during a ball.

Miss Morgan is a thorough sportswoman. With parties of friends she has gone west and spent a month at a time in the wildest parts of the forests. Clad in a sweater, short skirts and rubber boots the young woman has often ridden off on perilous trails, gun swung over her shoulder, or for hours has stood in trout streams waiting for a bite.

On one of her trips she went through 125 miles of the wildest country. During her stay in Colorado Miss Morgan usually lives under tents, eats her meals off tables of bark and thoroughly enjoys roughing it.

In her father's palatial mansion, on Fifth avenue, New York, hang the heads of numerous deer and elk, felled by the daughter in the west. On one trip Miss Morgan got one bear, two buck deer, five grouse and enough trout, it is said, to stock a stream.

In Colorado she is known to hunters as "The Diana of the Peaks." William Baxter is the veteran guide of those wilds. He was with Miss Morgan one day when she espied a deer. Across a little hill she saw the great horns of the majestic creature moving as he browsed. Baxter carried some weapons.

"My rifle—quick, Baxter," panted Miss Morgan, her eyes flashing.

In an instant she had cocked it, taking aim with the precision and coolness of a veteran. Bang! A cloud of smoke, which slowly cleared. Then a cry—

"I've got him!" from Miss Morgan.

"Seems to me," commented Baxter, "that the Morgans must have a shooting gallery in their home, in New York. Mighty few young ladies can shoot as well as she does. And she's the pluckiest mountain climber I ever saw.

"Nothing ever upsets her. Why, she brought down her big seven-pronged buck at 300 yards on her first shot. She caught him plumb through the heart."

Few female Nimrods can boast of the experience of Mrs. Max C. Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, who has hunted polar bears eighty degrees five minutes north, and tigers and hippopotami in the jungles of interior Africa, right on the equator.

Mrs. Fleischmann is twenty-six years of age and strikingly handsome. Some time before her marriage, in December, 1905, Mr. Fleischmann said to her:

"Where shall we take our honey moon, dear?"

"The West Indies would be charming," she replied.

"True; and how about a trip to the north?"

"To shoot polar bears?" She clapped her hands. "Delightful!"

"It's a go!" he announced. And it was.

Mr. Fleischmann was an experienced hunter, and as the inheritor of a comfortable fortune was able to cruise the world in his yacht Hiawatha, journeying whithersoever he pleased.

When their friends learned they were going to the Arctic they shivered. A honeymoon poleward! Incredible!

With the coming of summer they sailed for Tromsoe, Norway, where a chartered ship awaited them. With the party were a number of friends. They set sail for Spitzbergen and the frozen north, and for eleven weeks were out of communication with civilization.

"We didn't suffer many handships," said the fair huntress on her return. "It was cold, of course, but we had a splendid time. Hunting was good."

And it must have been, for she had shot and killed two polar bears, besides a number of seals, reindeer, blue foxes, and many specimens of birds.

Her trip to the jungles of Africa on a lion-hunting expedition was even more exciting and perilous than her honeymoon north.

Starting from London, the party reached Mombassa in nineteen days, making their way into the interior of Africa on the Uganda railway, which runs three trains a week. "The railroad is a most primitive affair," said Mr. Fleischmann, on his return. "Passengers who wish to sleep must provide their own bedding, which may be spread over leather benches, with which the cars are equipped."

The Americans equipped their caravan 333 miles inland, and pitched their first camp three miles from Nairobi. The party, which included Lord Learmouth, a friend of Mr. Fleischman, was attended by forty-six porters, from different tribes. Most of the shooting was done along the Tana and Thika rivers. The party got "big game," including one lion, two lionnesses, one giraffe, five rhinoceroses, two buffaloes, four zebras and more than 100 antelopes.

"Enjoy the trip?" declared the fair shot, when she got back. "Yes, indeed? We did rough it somewhat in the jungles, and certainly were grateful for our rubber bathtub. It was frightfully warm. We were right on the equator, but we had lots of fun."

Diana, according to classic chronicles, did not lead a more adventurous life!

Mrs. Fleischmann, however, is not the only American woman who goes tiger and lion hunting in the jungles of the tropics. Mrs. J. W. M. Cardeza of Germantown, Philadelphia, is as much at home in the jungles of India or Africa, as in the woods of Maine.

One of the richest women in Philadelphia, Mrs. Cardeza is said to spend annually more than $100,000 for the expenses of her hunting trips. In the park surrounding her splendid home, she maintained for a time a large collection of deer, elk, buffalo and other game.

Mrs. Cardeza is a thorough sportswoman, and, with her son, T. D. M. Cardeza, often goes to Canada, Colorado and Maine, after big game. Several years ago they went to India and intrepidly penetrated the jungles, felling tigers, lions and wild boars.

Withal, Mrs. Cardeza is a charming, gracious woman and a popular hostess. Tall and handsome, in her drawing room she appears like one of the French grand dames, possessing dignity and poise. On horseback she is the Diana of the chase. Her skill with the rifle equals that of the most trained huntsman.

When it comes to horsewomen, however, nearly everybody has heard of Mrs. Philip Allen Clark, of New York. As Miss Greta Pomeroy, chum of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, she won laurels of the race before she was crowned with the roses of Cupid. It was Peter Fenelon Collier who once said to Miss Pomeroy: "What a stunning rider you would make," and offered to coach her. Miss Pomeroy was enthusiastic.

Before this, in 1894, Miss Pomeroy gained the reputation of being the best woman revolver shot in the United States, and, as a swimmer, had won many races along Bailey's Beach at Newport. Besides this, she has felled great game in the west, and ranked first as the woman fencer of New York. In fact, her fame as a huntress of big game more than equalled her reputation as a rider. She, like Miss Morgan, has shot bears in the Rockies.

But when she got into a saddle, she found herself, as she laughingly declared. She rode constantly, following the fastest dogs, going the breathless pace of the Meadowbrook hounds, and hunted constantly in New Jersey, on Long Island and at Newport. She was soon in a class with Mrs. Ladenhack and Mrs. Kerochan.

After the announcement of the engagement of Miss Pomeroy to Philip Clark quite a time elapsed before the wedding in 1902. What was the matter? friends asked. Then some one whispered: "She's waiting until she gains recognition as a leading cross-country rider." She gained the recognition—then married.

When, some seven or eight years ago, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, jr., of the Meadowbrook Hunting Club, was asked why she rode astride, she replied, with a little exclamation of surprise:

"Why, because it's easier!"

It will be remembered that when Mrs. Hitchcock, possibly the most noted horsewoman of the country, braved conventions and ceased to ride side-saddle, society folk stood aghast. Society had become accustomed to the startling innovations of Newport—oh, yes! but there were customs that had to be observed. One of these was the side-saddle.

"But just you wait and see," declared the fair horsewoman with a twinkle in her eye; "you'll find many more women doing likewise."

To-day among the fair members of the hunt clubs not a few wear bifurcated riding suits, and ride with all the ease and grace of men. At that time Mrs. Hitchcock said: "American girls will soon find out it is more comfortable, and the old side-saddle is deforming." To-day in every city there are young women who ride thus.

There are many daring cross-country riders besides Mrs. Hitchcock. Without fear, these women ride the most spirited horses, tearing over the country at a terrific pace, making dizzy jumps, and emulating all the Nimrods and Dianas of the ancients. Most of them are also proficient with the rifle and are expert at fencing and other sports.

When it comes to shooting small game, scores of American women excel many men. Into the wilds of Virginia, along the shores of the Chesapeake, and all through the west, they go after peasants, grouse, wild duck and other birds.

Two of the most expert shots are Mrs. R. M. Holingshead and Mrs. R. M. Bagley, of Camden, N.J., who, after trips to Virginia, return to their homes with record bags. They enjoy such outings to the utmost, and always have proofs of their prowess to show.

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DUTCH ANALYZE HEREDITY.

Scientific Aptitudes Descend to Son—Rarely to Daughters.

Paris, June 27.—According to a French review, two Dutch savants, Messrs. Heyman and Weiserman, after long and patient investigation, have just established a sort of scale by which to measure the transmissibility of hereditary powers and defects. They have been aided in their researches by more that 3,000 of their colleagues, who have carefully studied the character of all children who came within range of their professional attentions.

It appears that the facility of co-ordinating thoughts and expressing them rapidly is almost invariably inherited from the father. Over forty-five per cent. of the sons of scientists have the tastes and aptitudes of their fathers. As for girls, only fourteen per cent. inherit these desirable quantities. When it is the mother who occupies herself with scientific labors, the result is much more striking. One hundred per cent. of the boys inherit the qualities and not a single one of the girls. All those traits of character which donate good nature or sympathy, in the majority of cases are derived from the paternal influence. Criminal tendencies are also due to the father, likewise dementia, epilepsy and imbecility. Children inherit more readily from their mothers the love of games and their artistic capabilities. This is not true, however, of literary talent. The Dutch scientists gravely add that it is generally from the maternal side that children inherit their fondness for fine clothes and good looks.

CRAWLED TO SAFETY.

Riddled By Bullets Yet Escapes Death.

St. Petersburg, June 27.—The remarkable case of a man named Lust, who was sentenced to death for taking part in the revolt in the Baltic provinces in 1905, came before the appeal court of the senate.

Lust was taken out for execution, and twelve bullets from the rifles of the firing party passed through his body, which was left lying where it fell.

By a miracle the wounds were not mortal, and Lust crawled away after the firing party had left the place of execution. He found refuge in a hut in which lived an old woman, who nursed him back to health.

When, at last, he was able to leave the hut, he had the misfortune to be immediately recognized and re-arrested. The court of justice before which he was taken, sentenced him to two years' imprisonment, but in view of his experiences, decided to appeal to the emperor for a pardon. The senate appeal court, however, has refused to allow the presentation of the petition to the czar, and Lust, who is extremely weak and in a state of nervous exhaustion, will have to serve the sentence.

Nine terrorists were executed, yesterday, in the courtyard of the citadel. Since the new year, fifty-six executions have taken place there, and nineteen at Lodz.

These Painful Ailments.

Rheumatism, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, etc., are due to morbid, poisoned conditions of the blood. The poisons must be neutralized and expelled and the blood enriched in order to cure. Wade's Iron Tonic Pills (laxative) do the things necessary to cure and to cure thoroughly.

They are a great nerve strengthener and blood maker. In boxes, 25c., at Wade's drug store. Money back if not satisfactory.

To Keep Cool.

Washington, June 27.—Dr. Harve W. Wiley, food expert of the government, has a few simple rules for eating and drinking during the heated term. Here are his commandments:

Eat one-fourth less in summer than in winter.

Eat meat in moderation. Select the lighter meats.

Banish all alcoholic beverages.

Eat most largely of cooked fruits and vegetables.

Drink nothing below sixty degrees in temperature, and drink sparingly.

Be careful to seek the society of cheerful friends.

Practise moderation in open air exercise.

Don't fret; don't worry.

Servian Gypsies In London.

London, June 27.—A arty of Servian gypsies similar to those who caused so much trouble a year ago, have arrived in London, with the intention of making a prolonged tour of the United Kingdom. There are seventeen persons, who share three caravans. They have with them three performing bears and a monkey.

Scalp Diseases Cured.

Dandruff, scurf and other scalp eruptions of the scalp can be cured and the hair and scalp be restored to health and vigor by the use of Dr. Dawson's Hair Restorer. Restores gray hair to its natural color. In bottles, 50c. each, at Wade's drug store.

Sculptors Come To Blows.

Paris, June 27.—Two French sculptors, H. Carles and M. Barrgau, both of whom have made busts of the French president, came to blows outside the salon yesterday. M. Barreau laid in wait for M. Varles, whom he nearly stunned with a blow on the head, and M. Carles broke his stick over M. Barreau's back.

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