

The Social Leaders

By W. E. Hill

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The pitiless publicity. "I simply can't ever tell you what my new Cresco Double Reinforced Net Curtains have meant to me," writes Mrs. Holton Haensel-Hites, the social leader, in the testimonial to the manufacturers; "they have transformed my apartment into a bower of delight. (Signed) Grayce Haensel-Hites." Not even our shrinking first families can dodge the glare of publicity in these days.



The die hard. Mrs. Harrison Van Cheet Smythe belongs to the old order. No upstarts get in her drawing room unless they can trace their money back four generations.



The club leader. Mrs. Marian Mudbank, who has done so much for the little theater movement, the local humane society for furthering a movement to improve the looks of plain drug store clerks, and the Saturnalia club (chairman), has paused a moment in her participation in the Arabian Nights pageant to allow the society photographer to click off a few poses. Mrs. Mudbank had intended coming as Bellonia, goddess of loathing, but a young decorator who happened to be week-ending at Mudbank Marsh inspired her to go as Heloise to his Abelard.



The outdoor leaders. Just two lovely girls of the social register following up something of a sporting nature, with the sun in their eyes.



The week-end intelligentsia. Mildred's week-end parties are famous for their mental stimulus. Saturday evening Mildred will assemble her guests, put pencil and paper in their trembling hands, and announce firmly that everyone must think of a noun in not more than seven letters having to do with dray horses. The winner doesn't win anything. As a night cap Mildred will get out a question book and ask what general in the Civil war was called "Old Lovable."



The younger married set. Virgie is prime mover in one of those little suburban cliques. They are all very gay and, though well on toward 40, consider themselves the younger set and act just like the flaming youth—the kind of flaming youth you read about and seldom see.



Vie de Boheme. Mrs. Caroline Windshield loves the arts. She has salons every Sunday evening, and there's no telling what you will find around the apartment. Mrs. Windshield is talking to a young author. She has read all the reviews of his book. Says she: "What I feel about your work is its great sense of bigness, of latent vitality, and you are going to do even bigger things!"



What price grandeur! Mrs. Mattie Persimmons and her debutante daughter Lily, social leaders de luxe in the colored smart set, are lending haut ton and simple elegance to the annual ball of the Beau Premier Social club.



Say it with nobility. Two of Filmland's society queens being photographed for publicity purposes with a visiting duchess—none other than Maud, Duchess of Dust. Getting photographed with nobility is next best to marrying a prince, in Hollywood