

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

HALIFAX'S UPPER TEN.

THERE ARE ABOUT ONE HUNDRED OF THEM.

A List of That City's Society Ladies Compiled by Our Halifax Correspondent—The "Four Hundred" of Mr. Ward McAllister Are Not More Exclusive.

HALIFAX, Oct. 12.—Ward McAllister's "400" of New York is said to be an undoubted force in the American metropolis. People may ignore them, may scoff at them, and the theory may prove that they are of no account whatever. Yet there is a set, a social set, who are among the people, and yet try to be not of the people, whose claims to exclusiveness are, after all, recognized by most of the fellows. Their social superiority is denied in theory but acknowledged in practice. There is probably not a city or town in America, democratic America, from New York to Dartmouth, that has not also its social "400." It is natural to civilized man to classify in some such way, and argue against its absurdity we may, they all do so.

Halifax certainly has its exclusive social "400," though it hardly reaches the famous figures in point of numbers. There are people in Halifax who have assumed a position from which they think they can look down upon humbler mortals. They hedge themselves about in the effort to keep away from them the people whom they choose to say are not "in" with them, whom they "do not know."

When one comes to look into the qualities of those people anything particularly good, distinguishing them from others, is found lacking. They are not more refined, better educated or more accomplished. But they are "society" nevertheless, while everybody else is not. And people generally concede to them the character they assume. Too often they bow down and worship them, instead of expending their energies in praiseworthy attempts at self betterment or the improvement of the condition of less fortunate fellow mortals.

Then there is the class whom "society" calls "climbers," who spend all their spare energies trying to obtain recognition from the self-constituted and self-styled better class. There are many of them in Halifax. The efforts of these climbers are ridiculed for many years and then some of them drop out of sight in the race while a few attain their fancied goal.

Halifax "society" is exclusive and yet it is accessible, if you only know how to get there. You may run a kindergarten or boarding house and yet be in it, if you know how, and you may be cultivated and accomplished though possessed of much desire to penetrate within the charmed social circle, and yet ignominiously be refused admission.

The people who are in society are not the best in the community in the sense of real worth and intelligence. And they are not always our wealthiest people. They often are poor as church mice, keeping up an outward show, with little but cheek to back it up. There is more real poverty in society, or as much, as there is out of it. The shopkeepers can name scores of society ladies to whom their clerks have been ordered to refuse credit. Yet there is much wealth in the "society" of this city. The chronic poverty is generally the result of extravagance and moderate ambition. Instances of these social spendthrifts, who are as often women as men, could be given, starting with the wives of supreme court judges, for instance, who live far beyond their means, down the ladder to the wife, perhaps, of some lawyer or other who, poor though he be, is managing to float along on the edge of the social stream.

There is more hollowness in this social business than many of the people within the charmed circle would admit. Trace back for thirty years or perhaps only ten, and you will find many of those who lord it over their fellows in the social world of Halifax to be what they would now call "nothing at all." Their fathers were private soldiers, perhaps, or they were fresh from the obscurity of country homes. But, fortunate enough to make a little money and persevering enough to push, they reached a position from which they could give their children a shove which landed them among the so-called exclusive crowd.

The military in Halifax form a social standard which is lacking in many other cities. No matter how great a cad a man may be, if he is an officer, he is accepted almost anywhere here, and is lionized to his heart's content by crowds of silly women, while possibly a far better man in point of intelligence, manliness and real worth receives but scant recognition.

It is the women who in Halifax are responsible for much of this condition, which is found to a certain extent everywhere. The men are as the women are. While what has been said of the quality of Halifax society as a whole is true there are notable exceptions. It would be neither fair nor just to condemn all by wholesale. Some of those who really are our best people are "in society."

Apart from the military, who come and go with the mandates of the war office, Halifax has not a social "400," in point of numbers. The figures which would take in the exclusive and fashionable set must be reduced to less than 200, so that it is "Halifax's 200" which constitutes the "society" of this city by the sea.

To give an idea of who are actually in society here, PROGRESS has been at some pains to make up a list. It may be depended upon to be fairly accurate as representing the society women of the civilian section. A number of names might be marked with an asterisk as not being fully recognized by the demigods who set up or who strike down, but as these people would feel better if left out altogether than it designated in that way, they are included without that mark. PROGRESS is disposed to be "inclusive" rather than "exclusive."

The list is an enumeration of the society women of Halifax and comprehends about 120. The men who reign with them in the social world are not given because as a general rule they are members of the same families and it is unnecessary to name the husbands or brothers. Here are the married and unmarried women in alphabetical order, who are supreme in society:

Married Society Women.
Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. E. G. Kenny,
Mrs. C. J. P. Clarkson, Mrs. J. W. Longley,
Mrs. F. M. Cotton, Mrs. M. R. Morrow,
Mrs. A. E. Curren, Mrs. Geo. Morrow,
Mrs. Courtney, Mrs. James Morrow,
Mrs. E. P. Crawford, Mrs. Naile,
Mrs. Daly, Mrs. Over,
Mrs. Stairs Duffus, Mrs. J. Y. Payzant,
Mrs. Grouse Duffus, Mrs. L. G. Power,
Mrs. Wm. Duffus, Mrs. Edward Stayner,
Mrs. Dalziel, Mrs. J. C. Sawyer,
Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. C. J. Stewart,
Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. R. B. Seaton,
Mrs. W. B. Ferrie, Mrs. J. Wiseman Stairs,
Mrs. W. S. Fielding, Mrs. James Stairs,
Mrs. H. H. Fuller, Mrs. Edward Stairs,
Mrs. G. E. Franklyn, Mrs. Alfred Short,
Mrs. Wallace Graham, Mrs. John Tohin,
Mrs. Edwin Gilpin, Mrs. F. J. Tremaine,
Mrs. W. A. Henry, Mrs. Harry Troop,
Mrs. J. H. Harvey, Mrs. A. G. Troop,
Mrs. May Hart, Mrs. J. G. Troop,
Mrs. A. E. Jones, Mrs. Judge Townshend,
Mrs. Walter Jones, Mrs. Unacke,
Mrs. J. F. Kenney, Mrs. F. S. West,
Mrs. J. T. Wylie, Mrs. J. T. Wylie.

Unmarried Society Women.
Miss Hattie Albro, Miss Lucy McDonald,
Miss Bella Albro, Miss Ida Mitchell,
Miss Laura Almon, Miss Norton-Taylor,
Miss Abbott, Miss Noves,
Miss Nellie Abbott, Miss Odell,
Miss Winnie Burns, Miss Mary Oliver,
Miss Mary Bullock, The Misses Payne,
The Misses Colbourne, Miss Rieby,
Miss Cameron, Miss Maud Ritchie,
Miss Milla Cady, Miss Clara Slater,
Miss Mary Corbett, The Misses Staver,
Miss Mabel Courtney, Miss Ethel Stairs,
Miss Helen Courtney, Miss Ella Seaton,
Miss Belle Chipman, Miss Blanche Stubbing,
Miss Mary Daly, The Misses Storey,
Miss Ethel Dimock, The Misses Troop, (Dartmouth),
Miss Josie Delaney, Miss Tremaine,
Miss May Farrell, Miss Gladys Tremaine,
Miss Daisy Farrell, Miss Esie Twining,
Miss Mary Graham, Miss Grace Unacke,
Miss Henry, The Misses Worsley,
Miss Dolly Harvey, Miss Blanche Wiswell,
Miss Jones, Miss Flossie Wyde,
Miss Kenney, Miss Blanche Wickwire,
Miss Kate Kenney, The Misses Willis,
Miss Kinnear, Miss Jean West,
The Misses Keith, Miss Wood,
Miss Lyde, Miss Dot Lawson.

Mrs. Daly is the leader of society in Halifax, and a good leader she makes. She is the best entertainer who has occupied government house for many a long day. Hon. Mrs. Montgomery Moore shares the social leadership with Mrs. Daly. If the ability to trace one's ancestry far back in Halifax history is a condition of the right to social distinction there are four families at least who should be uppermost, and who, indeed, with their connections, are at the top. They are the Binneys (now almost extinct here), the Unackes, the Almons, and the Odells. Miss Beatrice Kinnear is an accomplished traveller who combines with good personal qualities the pleasant fact that she is a large heiress. The names which are given in the list from Dartmouth are said by "society" people to be the only ones of any "social standing" in the town across the water. Poor Dartmouth!

A Tale of the Royal Household.

As the queen has a number of pet bullfinches, whose clever tricks and pretty piping delight her majesty, it is forbidden to anyone to have a cat in the royal household, or, at any rate, anyone whose apartment is near the queen's. A late housekeeper at Buckingham palace was very partial to a certain tortoiseshell feline, and some busybody informed the late Sir John Cowell that this forbidden favorite reigned in the housekeeper's apartments. Sir John ordered the grimalkin's immediate extinction or removal beyond the royal policies. His admiring mistress did not, however, intend to part with her darling, and so next day packed him up in a basket, took train to Windsor, where the court then was, and desiring an audience—which was granted to such an old servant—she poured forth her grievance, and, opening the basket, out popped Master Tom. The queen was immensely amused, and gave willing sanction to the feline gentleman remaining a guest in her town palace, on condition that he was securely shut up on the very few days that her majesty's feathered favorites are at Buckingham palace.

Engine Driver and Professor.

Professor Morris, at the head of the Chemical Department of Cornell University, commenced work as a fireman on the New York Central Railroad. He was advanced to be engineer, and then made up his mind to get an education. He studied at night, fitting himself for Union College, procured books, and attended as far as possible lectures and recitations, running all the time with his locomotive. On the day of graduation he left the locomotive, put on his gown and cap, delivered his thesis, received his diploma, went back to his locomotive, and made his usual run.

HOW THE OLD LADY SANG

LIKE THE OLD LADY IN "THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN."

"I Pitched it Pretty Medium High, I Fetched a Lusty Tone; but Soon, Alas! I Found That I was Singing all Alone!"—Advice to Poor Singers.

When Judge Charles Levi Woodbury requested the assembled guests at a New Hampshire summer resort to unite in singing "The Star-Spanned Banner" on the Fourth of July, he remarked that it would add to the harmony of the occasion if those who knew how to sing would sing high, and those who didn't know how to sing would sing low. The general practice in congregational singing is the reverse of this.

There is a great deal of food for reflection in that small paragraph, half ludicrous as it seems, and Judge Woodbury's remark was probably the outcome of many sad experiences; a bitter cry against the injustice which inflicts needless suffering upon others. It was a turning of the worm as it were, and the poor judge, who doubtless possessed an ear for music and had endured many things at the hands of those who were not so gifted, is entitled to the gratitude of all musical people for the boldness and courage with which he drew attention to a very common and most annoying practice.

Who has not observed this peculiarity in any large assembly where the exercise of the vocal powers is required? Those who know how to use their voices and have some knowledge of music are almost invariably shy and diffident about joining in the exercises, while those who know less about the rules of harmony than they do about the Chinese language, seem possessed with a monomania for publishing their infirmity to everyone within earshot. How they murder the hymns at a prayer meeting, crush all the solemnity out of the doxology at a Sunday school convention, and commit treason every time they slaughter the national anthem at the conclusion of a concert, and all the time these well meaning sinners are shouting themselves hoarse, and arousing homicidal tendencies in their hearers, the cultivated musicians are either quite silent, or else singing modestly below their breath, and leaving their rivals in undisputed possession of the field.

I shall never forget a Christmas service I once attended, where the zeal of one devout but unmusical worshipper marred the proceedings to a most surprising extent. The choir, which was an unusually good one, though small in numbers, had rehearsed the famous "Gloria" in Mozart's Twelfth Mass for the occasion and brought that difficult piece of music to a state of perfection of which they were justly proud; they had been looking forward for weeks to the eventful morning when they would produce it, and they were naturally eager for the moment of their triumph, since the production of so beautiful a composition could not fail to create a very decided impression, but not at all the kind they had anticipated, for the unexpected happened on Christmas morning, as it has a way of doing, and it upset their arrangements very materially.

It happened that amongst the strangers within the gates, that morning, was a dear old body from the country, who had worked for many years amongst the ladies of the congregation, and who, though a strong baptist herself, always felt it her duty to attend the morning service at the episcopal church every Christmas day, as a sort of compliment to her patrons.

She always took the seat nearest to the pulpit that she could get, and she believed that everyone who attended worship should "lift up their voice, and help in the praise." She put her belief into rigid practice, and as she had a terrible voice, high, cracked, and wonderfully powerful for her years, her zeal was rather trying, especially as she knew no more about music than a frog. On the Sunday in question she was in her place as usual, and had managed to secure the topmost seat in the church, the one next the choir. She was in fine voice, and warbled cheerfully through the opening hymn, the canticles and psalms. Of course she did not know one of them and never struck the proper air once during the whole performance, but that did not trouble her in the least; and the choir bore it patiently, never imagining for a moment that she would try to help them out with the Gloria, or essay for the difficult role of a solo singer, without having practiced with the choir.

At last the important moment arrived, the singers stood up, the organist played the prelude, and amid a breathless stillness the choir took up the strain. For an instant the lady from the back settlements was silent, the strangeness of the music put her out slightly, but the next moment she had "ketched the tune" as she remarked afterwards, taken a good breath and plunged headlong into the fray.

It sounds incredible I know, but that dear old lady sang Mozart's Gloria from beginning to end, without ever pausing, except to take a fresh breath, and without ever having heard a note of it before. Of course she did not know the words, but that was a mere trifle, since she had not known the words of anything else she had been singing, but through the loud parts

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