

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

SOCIETY WOMEN
AND HARD TIMES.

Titled Dames Excluded from Court
Because They Earn Their
Own Bread.

COOKING AND DRESSMAKING.

Engaged in Many Honorable and In-
dustrial Occupations Despite the Ban
Of Snobbish Society.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, April 7.—Much used to be written about a few Englishwomen of title who had horrified aristocracy by going into business, in imitation of the famous linen shop opened in Bond street by the Countess of Warwick. But in the last two or three years—about the same length of time that high gambling for bridge has been a feature of fashionable London evenings—the number of women bearing distinguished old English names who have gone into business has become so great that society scarcely notices it any more.

There has never been another year since the South Sea Bubble burst that so many perennials, to say nothing of women of lesser title, have been plunging in stocks. One dowager countess, mother of the Earl of Roslyn, is in bankruptcy proceedings at this moment on account of unlucky speculations, and half a dozen others could be named who are known to be hanging by their eyelids on the edge of failure. Stock speculators by the dozen are getting introduced into exclusive circles in exchange for tips, and, on the other hand, several noted hostesses—one in particular—are known to keep afloat by aid of commissions from promoters on sales of shares to their friends. Owing partly to the gambling craze among fashionable women in London, partly to the general business depression here and partly to the steady increase of lavish expenditure in the race for social distinction, there has been no time in years when so many London society dames have been hard up and ready to sacrifice tradition and to rub elbows with the "common folk" in the daytime for the sake of keeping above them in the evening.

CUT OUT OF COURT.

According to all accounts, most of the ultra-fashionable millinery shops in Bond street and Regent street are owned in part at least, by women whose names appear two or three times a week in the previous society column of the Morning Post. An American countess is said to be a heavy shareholder in one of the largest drygoods stores in London, and another titled personage draws the whole of her enormous income from a brewery.

There is one bitter, bitter penalty that has to be paid by the aristocracy who goes in openly for trade—one that to a woman still trying to keep her place in society or to wriggle into a still higher position means a great deal. She is forbidden to court. As soon as she opens a shop the doors of her majesty's drawingroom are closed to her. The king and queen, theoretically, turn their backs upon her, and her name is never mentioned in the list of the "eligible at court."

A titled woman may be a doctor, writer or teacher of bridge; she may own a motor car or a puppy dog on commission—as do many of the titled ladies in these days for the sake of extra pocket money; she may even make lamp shades and bead necklaces and sell them privately to her friends, and out of her own pocket pay for the most palatial and ready to receive her. But let any trade be done boldly in a place of business, or let the would-be "eligible" marry a man in trade, and she is cut out of the list of the "eligible at court."

THE HONORABLE BONNET SHOP.

The Hon. Mrs. Archer Turnour is one of the best known of those society women whose enterprise has condemned them to view Buckingham Palace only from the outside in the future. Mrs. Turnour's husband is the brother of the present Earl of Winterton, and as the Earl has only one son, who is very delicate, it is not at all impossible that Mrs. Turnour's only son will some day be the Earl of Winterton. The Turnours are a great Sussex family which has its seat at Petworth and has provided the nation with many notable admirals and people of that sort. Mrs. Turnour's sister-in-law, the Countess of Winterton, is the sister to the high and mighty Countess of Buccleuch. At the present time the Hon. Mrs. Turnour's only son is a clerk in a bank, while his mother expends her taste on the second floor of No. 29 Bond street, where she has a blouse and a bonnet shop. Beside the brass plate announcing "The Hon. Mrs. Turnour" is placed at the front entrance, there is a large showcase some eight feet high, lit up with electric light which stands literally on the street.

Mrs. Dugdale of the Dugdales of North Wales, a famous and exclusive county family, has lost her right to stand court by preferring to take a cash interest in dairy produce, for it is she who supplies Eton and other public schools with their regular quotas of

whose husband is a cousin of the marquis of Bath, also places herself among the "ineligibles" because she makes and sells buttons. She has not an ordinary factory for this, her buttons being of a suitably aristocratic sort, exquisite pieces of embroidery worked with gold and silk threads, which cost a small fortune each. Mrs. Thynne was niece of James MacNeil Whistler.

"LUCILE."

Lady Duff Gordon, the wife of Sir Cosmo Duff Gordon, the fifth baronet of that name, is one of the most conspicuous of titled tradeswomen, although she is known to the outside world only as "Lucile," the dressmaker. She began her trading career in a very small way. After divorcing her first husband, who was the secretary of the Turf club, and finding her income reduced to \$5 a week, she not only felt compelled to make her own gowns, but sought to design and make some for her aristocratic friends. From doing every stitch herself she advanced to the point of taking a woman to help her at her private house. This led to the setting apart of a proper workroom, and as the "business" grew this clever dressmaker took what used to be the Arts club, in Hanover square, and is now moving into imposing premises at

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old Normans, they began wearing out the stairs so long ago." Battle Abbey by the way, was afterwards sold to Augustus Webster, and he has now given a lease of it for twenty-one years to M. Phipps of New York, and whose other daughter is the Countess of Donoughmore.

COLD AND HAUGHTY.

In accordance with what she believes to be due to her aristocratic lineage, Lady Leconfield is extremely cold and haughty. Most rigorously does she set her face against the widening of society, against the nouveau riche, and against the wealthy Jew element that makes its way almost everywhere else. She is fiercely opposed to that spirit which does not refuse to meet all sorts of wealth, nobility because they are friends of King Edward, and are taken up enthusiastically by all the king's followers and circle of intimates. At no time could Lady Leconfield be induced to receive Tom, Dick and Harry, and much less likely would she be to acknowledge the wives of Tom, Dick or Harry.

Lady Leconfield practices exclusiveness in every phase of her life. At their church at Petworth, the Leconfields have a "gallery pew," a sort of royal box, so that they do not mingle with the other worshippers, and there are but few among the most unblissful of the blue-blooded aristocracy who ever are honored by an invitation to enter their charmed circle at home. It is not impossible, by the way, that this may have had something to do with the very bad matches which have been made by Lady Leconfield's children.

However, no family, however censorious it may be, seems to lack its own private skeleton in the cupboard—the contemplation of which might be expected to lessen said family's hauteur, and Lady Leconfield's father-in-law was known to be the illegitimate son of the Earl of Egremont.

GREAT MAN ONCE.

This earl was a great man in the days of the Regency when the Prince Regent of England made Brighton a fashionable watering place and built the pavilion there. Lord Egremont, who was one of his boon companions, was a hard fighter, a hard drinker, and a great gambler, and although he had several children he was never married. To his son, whom he adopted, the earl gave the name of Wyndham, and Wyndham, M. P., who is brother-in-law to Lady Leconfield, is one of his grandsons. To Lady Leconfield's father-in-law, Lord Egremont, who was unable to leave him his name and title, left all his estates, all his money and the beautiful London house, No. 9, Chesterfield Gardens, where Lady Leconfield now lives, and which, built on the gardens of Chesterfield House, where lived the famous Lord Chesterfield of the "Letters."

The stately Duchess of Buccleuch, who may be described as second only to Lady Leconfield in exclusiveness, is her best known outside of society as mistress of the robes to Queen Alexandra, a post which she also held under the late Queen, Victoria. By no power could this gentlewoman be induced to mingle with what she would describe as the "riff-raff" of smart society. She disdains even to live either in Mayfair or Belgrave, but makes her home in exclusive grandeur at Montague House, Whitehall, where the windows look on to the bankment and the river Thames. Yet the duchess is quite up-to-date and progressive in other ways, for she has organized a dairy to sell fresh cream to London customers.

A LARGE FAMILY.

It is sometimes hinted that, in her exclusiveness, her grace makes a virtue of necessity, her family being so large that when all its aristocratic members have assembled at a ball or house-party

acknowledging a mere bow from scores of King Edward's constant friends, or from many of those who are intimately received by Queen Alexandra.

WHO THEY ARE.

One of the most particular of these haughty dames is Lady Leconfield, and the other is the Duchess of Buccleuch, and a third, although her husband's official position makes it quite impossible for her to be as rigidly exclusive as she would privately wish, is the latter's sister, the Marchioness of Lansdowne.

Lady Leconfield is a daughter of the famous Duchess of Cleveland of Battle Abbey, one of the most historic places in Great Britain, and she is sister to the Earl of Rosberry. Her father having died before coming into the earldom, Lady Leconfield was raised by royal warrant to the position of the daughter of an earl. Her mother died only about two years ago, and the story is told that when William Waldorf Astor went to Battle Abbey, he, noticing the stairs worn deeply by the tread of warriors throughout so many centuries, suggested that they might be replaced by new ones. "Yes," replied the duchess, "that is the worst of those

who have been here before me."

Twice a year, at the beginning of spring and autumn, Lady Duff Gordon invites to her dressmaking establishment a number of the titled ladies to see the latest modes she has designed, and her models, who are carefully chosen for beauty and carriage, parade up and down in and out of her salon in all the newest and chickest of the latest fashions.

One of the queerest features of Lady Duff Gordon's business is her practise of giving soubtful names to her creations—names that would offend a man's ears and kindle the wrath of a certain famous compounder of cocktails in New York used to be credited with giving to his blends. One of Lady Duff Gordon's most successful dresses was actually christened "A dear, dead desire," and a beautiful one that ran the scale from the deepest, fullest blue to the brightest orange, was called "The laughter of spring," was a massing of pale pinks, and another wonderful creation was "A little ripple on a moonlit sea."

Lady Duff Gordon frankly confesses that she far prefers to dress American women to any others. She says they have taste and they know when a gown is perfect and will leave it as it is. Besides which they know how to carry a gown as it should be carried and do not detract from the poetry of it. On the other hand, this titled dressmaker confesses that she has never seen a dress, any how perfectly delightful she is with it, and so on," says Lady Duff Gordon, "yet when I see her in a box at the opera or at a dinner party, that Englishwoman will have a look some edifying how of colored ribbon on it and marred the whole creation."

Lady Duff Gordon is the sister of Eleanor Glynn, who wrote the "Visits of Elsiebeth" and "The Reflections of Ambrosine," and who is famous also as a beauty crowned with a glory of red-gold hair. It was in her honor that Mr. Van Allen, returned to New York last July to prepare both at New York and at Newport for six weeks of entertaining on a marvelous scale. "You shall have the best time," says Mrs. Van Allen, "in America," were Mrs. Glynn, though the fulfillment of the promise was frustrated by renewed ill health contracted at the coronation durbar.

RUNS A RESTAURANT.

Among other traders who cannot be recognized at court are Lady Wilkinson, who has started a boarding house, and Lady Hampden, who has opened a number of dairies in London and given them the name of Glynde creameries, all her supplies coming from her dairies at Glynde in Sussex.

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(Continued on page 12.)

The Most Exclusive of English Hostesses

Three London Society Dames to Whose Drawing Rooms Not Wealth, Influence Nor Even the Friendship of Royalty Can Gain One the Entree—Don't Hesitate to Cut Friends of King and Queen.

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there is room for only a few outsiders. The Duchess of Buccleuch is, of course, a daughter of the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who was born in 1812, and who, in all probability, has more descendants living than any other woman in the world. During the war in South Africa, this remarkable old lady, who lives at Coates Castle, Sussex, had no less than 32 male descendants at the front.

The brilliant marriage of the daughters of the first Duke and Duchess of Abercorn are often commented upon in society, for one married the Earl of Lichfield, another the Duke of Buccleuch, another the Earl of Winterton, another the Marquis of Lansdowne, and another the Marquis of Blandford. The Marchioness of Blandford, however, got a divorce from her husband, who after-

tion that she was afterwards to be welcomed at court. This exception has since been made for everyone who goes through the divorce court as the injured party.

ONLY BLUEST BLOOD.

Though, on account of her husband's official position, she is now secretary for foreign affairs, Lady Lansdowne is hardly able to cut down her visiting list as she might otherwise wish, she is quite an exclusive hostess and debarra all but those whose blood is bluest or whose diplomatic and official positions demand her acknowledgment. Her town house is a stately mansion standing in its own grounds surrounded by a high wall and bounded on one side by Berkeley square, and on another by the gardens of Devonshire house from which it is divided by one of the quaintest of the surviving passages of old London, a passage with a flight of stone steps at one end, running from Curzon street to Hay Hill, and known as Lansdowne passage.

THE "UNDESIRABLE."

In these days when folks are pushing and anxious to "get there" the difficulty of maintaining an exclusiveness such as is practised by these exceptional hostesses of London is almost

beyond comprehension. There is great difficulty in defeating the tactics of "undesirables," as the following incident shows. A duchess who was giving a large reception was assailed by a man on behalf of a woman friend who was most anxious to obtain a card of invitation. But the duchess answered that she was sorry but that she really could not. On hearing this the ambitious one sent for her friend and explained that if she did not receive an invitation it would mean social ruin to her. "It is not that I want to go," she explained, "I am too ill to move, I could not go if I wanted to, but if only you can get an invitation for me I shall be satisfied." The man went to second time to the duchess and explained the circumstances, so that the duchess, on the promise that it was to be a mere invitation and not to be accepted, sent the card. On the evening, however, at the moment when the man was thanking his hostess for having been so kind as to grant his request, they both turned round to find the receiver of the invitation face to face.

KING IS TACTFUL.

As King Edward occasionally requests that his hostesses receive certain of his friends, the matter would be very difficult adjustment had he asked any one of these exclusive dames for an invitation she did not wish to grant. But the king is very tactful and does not seek to put his guests to the test, but secretly admires. One such rebuff may have been sufficient, for when as Prince of Wales he was once going to Austria to visit Count Festetics, in the list of the friends who would be with him figured the name of Baron Hirsch, whereupon the count not being a subject wrote back immediately that he was greatly grieved but he would be away from home and unable to receive the Prince of Wales. There are other friends of the king who not only are not received by the exclusive hostesses, but who are expelled from his acquaintance with financials of position and reputation.

Queen Alexandra also receives those who are not acknowledged by others, but she is not the current excuse for the queen's liberality in this subject being that as she is deaf she does not hear all that might be told and so in perfect ignorance welcomes those whom she would otherwise not wish to see.

A BRIGHT BOY.

Judge E. H. Gray, the chairman of the executive committee of the steel trust, used to live in the Illinois town of Wheaton.

"One day in Wheaton," Judge Gray said recently, "I took dinner with a clergyman and his family. The clergyman had an eight-year-old son called Joe, and Joe was a very bright boy."

"Look here, Joe," I said during the course of the dinner, "I have a question to ask you about your father."

"Joe looked gravely at me."

"All right, I'll answer your question," he said.

"Well," said I, "I want to know if your father doesn't preach the same sermon twice sometimes."

"Yes, I think he does," said Joe, "but the second time he always holds in different places from what he did the first time."

REAL ESTATE LIAR WANTED.

Hewitt—Orist has been converted.

Hewitt—Yes, and, having had a few real estate deals in mind before he expatriated, he has put his "E" in the paper: "Wanted—By a man who has just joined the church, a first-class liar to dispose of a number of lots which he had on hand at the time he was converted."—Town Topics.

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ACQUITTAL OF
A TITLED FIEND.

Arouses the Wrath of Germans
Who Don't Take Stock in
Prince's "Insanity."

CRUEL BEYOND EXPRESSION.

Officer Who Had an African Half-Breed
Butchered in Cold Blood—Inhuman
Even as a Child.

Special Correspondence.

BERLIN, April 5.—Cases have been few, of late, in which the result of a military court-martial in this country has satisfied the public but no such decision has called forth fiercer denunciation than that by which Prince Prosper von Arenberg, previously sentenced to death for a fiendishly cruel murder, has been acquitted on the ground of insanity and committed to the municipal hospital at Herzberge. The general feeling is that this titled assassin has got off as the result of "influence" and that the authorities once more have played straight into the hands of the socialists by giving a further jolt to the confidence of the masses in those who govern them.

It may be remembered that the murder for which German law now considers the prince irresponsible was committed nearly four years ago in one of Germany's southwest African colonies, whither the officer had gone with his regiment, the victim being a half-breed policeman named Kahn. The murderer was sent back to Germany for trial and it was the court-martial, then appointed to try him, which in September, 1900, sentenced the prisoner to death.

The aristocratic fiend immediately set to work in his behalf and the court-martial just closed was the result of three years' effort to have the original decision set aside.

A VICIOUS CHILD.

In one, would think, any ordinary court, the testimony as to criminal inclinations and general viciousness on the part of von Arenberg from his boyhood would have gone for nothing toward overbalancing the insanity plea. It was stated by witnesses that he used to attack his teachers; that he caught cats and after cutting off their feet set his dogs upon them, and two of his favorite pastimes as a small boy were said to consist of biting the tail of his dog and cutting the eyes from living fish.

So did the brutality of his character lessen when the young noble was graduated from a military training school to a lieutenant in the army. He was known as the "champion drinker" of his regiment and drunk or sober made a regular practise of beating and ill-treating his men. Like most bullies, too, he was a coward. Among the witnesses at both trials was the surgeon attached to the ship which carried the prince's regiment to Africa and the doctor described how the prince rushed on deck during a capful of wind, wearing only a thin belt and begging to be saved in case the ship should be wrecked.

At the military station he soon became known as "The Crazy Prince." According to the testimony of eye witnesses, Prince Prosper was on excellent terms with Kahn, the half-breed policeman, his subsequent victim, often drinking with him and treating him with a familiarity which disgusted his other acquaintances at the court.

ORDERED TO SHOOT.

One day, however, the prince, who had been away from the camp, returned declaring that the doctor had threatened his life, and that he afterward had made off intent on escaping into English territory. So von Arenberg, taking a detail of soldiers, started out to round up Kahn, the soldier having strict orders to shoot should the half-breed resist arrest. The policeman gave himself up at once, however, and after making prisoners of all Kahn's family, Prince Prosper as jury and judge examined him.

Denying all the accusations, the policeman declared his rights of appealing his case to the colonel of the regiment. Thus the "Crazy Prince" agreed promising to take him before the superior officer next day. Then, to all appearances, he became gracious again, allowing Kahn to sit about the campfire and to drink with him. Previously, however, the prince had ordered the soldiers to shoot Kahn if he tried to escape and when the policeman made no attempt to get away the cowardly officer tried various ways to make him leave the camp.

WITH HIS OWN HAND.

Finally, according to an eye witness, Kahn rose and walked away after the prince had spoken to him in English. Then the prince ordered a sentry to shoot him because he was trying to escape. At the second command to fire, the soldier shot Kahn in the leg, so enraging the prince that he ran up with drawn revolver and shot the native in the head.

Cursing violently, as he saw the wounded man still struggling on the ground, the prince thrust him over, and putting his foot on the still conscious native, ordered the sentry to thrust his bayonet into a spot indicated. Not daring to disobey, the soldier stabbed at the body, taking care, however, that the bayonet should not more than prick the skin. This caused the prince utterly to lose control of himself and seizing a ramrod from a soldier's gun, the officer thrust it into the wound made by the pistol ball, boring it in until the sharp metal penetrated Kahn's brain.

Among the last witnesses called were a brother lieutenant and the soldier of Prince Prosper's regiment who shot the policeman. Both testified that the prince was determined to have Kahn's handsome native wife but in spite of this and the other similar evidence a number of eminent professors and specialists called as experts, decided that the officer could not have been sane and recommended that he be judged irresponsible for his crime.