

Such Hard Times for Titles!

If You Were a Countess, How Would You Like to Run a Laundry? That's What the Wife of the Earl of Clonmell Does—a Duke Makes His Home in a Garage and Others of the Nobility Are Frankly "In Trade"



Mrs. Gilbert Hamilton, the former American Mrs. Gould Brokaw, who now sells lingerie.

something. Social activities of various kinds have always occupied my time and during the war I was interested in many organizations. Recently I had lots of time on my hands—and needed to do something with it. I mentioned the matter to Gordon Selfridge and said, "I wish I had something to do."

"Well," he replied, "why not start a laundry?"

"That was about six months ago. Today my business is patronized by people not only in London but in the provinces, in Scotland and even in Ireland."

"My premises are just off Oxford street and almost any day in the week you will see a small crowd of people assembled outside watching my assistants at work."

Needless to say the countess had her discouragements. Outside of those friends who were shocked at her contemplating such a vulgar life work as operating a laundry, there were others who scoffed at the possibility of her ever making a go of it.

"You will have a white elephant on your hands," they said. The countess did not think so. But she had a sense of humor and a sporting feeling, so she defied her luck by calling her place "The White Elephant."

She has studied her business closely, understands the best methods of doing fine laundry work and supervises every detail of the work. Her friends now expect to see her make a fortune.

Though many noble families who have felt the pinch of poverty are not represented in the ranks of trade as yet, they are all distinctly aware that a new order of things has taken hold of the land and they are preparing to meet it. This state of mind is reflected in the cooking schools, which for the first time are being crowded with ladies of the aristocracy. In some cases they are taking lessons openly—in other cases they have hidden their identities. At first they were hopeless, but they soon learned to cook.

The American ambassador, it seems, was trying to have a lady presented, but when her connections were looked up it was found that her father manufactured shoes. The court attaches were shocked and pointed out to the American ambassador that tradespeople could not be admitted to court.

The ambassador conveyed the information to the rich American, who immediately and tearfully communicated with her father. This gentleman being a shrewd Yankee, cabled back, "Not selling shoes, fairly giving them away. See advertisement."

The daughter laid the telegram before the ambassador and he, in turn, apprised the court that the objectionable parent was really not a tradesperson at all, but a philanthropist. The daughter achieved her ambition.



UNDER the burden of decaying estates and tax-laden shares, the titled gentry of England are at last knowing the feel of calloused hands. Not only are the lords and ladies of the empire admitting trades people to their friendship; they are becoming trades people themselves.

The European explosion that made a woodchopper out of a king, turned a piano player into a prime minister and established an American widow as the first power behind the Grecian throne, is still backfiring madly through the fissures of British society.

A viscount sells bonds on commission.

A duke disposes of his abbey and starts housekeeping in a garage.

A duchess takes to the wash tub.

A social leader puts her needlework on the market.

A titled beauty acts for the movies.

In brief, fate has taken the British upper class and jerked it inside out. Time was when no gentleman could work in England. The very act or gesture of laboring for gain canceled one's claim to gentility. A former duke of Devonshire once remarked about Henry Cavendish, his scientific cousin: "He's not a gentleman. You see, he works." And this work was work of the mind, too.

What the present duke of Devonshire thinks about the activities of his present-day noble friends is not on record. But if he had the same feelings as his ancestor he would have ample opportunity for becoming scandalized.

Society Turns to Trade.

He would certainly not have to look far to see Lady Diana Duff-Cooper peering for the screen.

Or Lord Lyveden conducting pleasure tours.

Or the Lady Marjorie Dalrymple, a sister of the earl of Stair, running a glove establishment.

Or Lady Victoria Murray, a sister of the earl of Dunmore, doing the rough work on her farm.

Or the Hon. Mrs. John Fortescue designing picture frocks.

Or Lady Henry Bentinck exhibiting her delightful hand-painted furniture; the Hon. Mrs. John Russell, Lord Amphil's daughter, designing frocks at a Curzon-street studio; Mrs. C. F. Leyel heading the Green Wig establishment in Bond street; Lady Egerton directing the famous Paul Caret's in Orchard street, and Mrs. Harrison Mann managing the Willetts decorative establishment in Sloane square.

Or if these did not impress him he might take a look at a few more of his aristocratic associates, who, though not yet tarnished by trade, have been driven to sell their large estates and accommodate themselves to clerks' incomes.

For a while, perhaps, it may have been thought that the titled women who went to work were either faddists or women deficient in the proper pride. For a while, perhaps, the bulk of British society was inclined to sniff at this business of joining the ranks of labor. But whatever of condescension was once in their attitude has been thoroughly extracted by exploits in business performed by the countess of Clonmell, wife of the earl of Clonmell, who holds one of the oldest titles in Ireland, and Mrs. Gilbert Hamilton, formerly the wife of Gould Brokaw, the New York millionaire. The countess of Clonmell has opened a laundry and actually works in it; Mrs. Hamilton operates a lingerie establishment.

London society is still amazed at these two. But it forgets them, and what is better, patronizes them.

Mrs. Hamilton, who before her marriage to and divorce from Gould Brokaw was Miss Mary Blair, daughter of James A. Blair of New York, is one of the most beautiful and fascinating members of English society. She is the wife of Colonel Hamilton of the Grenadier Guards, who is the son of Lord Hamilton and the grandson of none other than the



The Countess of Clonmell Directing Work in Laundry She Recently Opened in London.

duke of Abercorn. Colonel Hamilton is a cousin of the duke of Devonshire, a cousin of the duke of Buccleugh, a nephew of Lady Lansdowne and kinsman of half the proud houses of British nobility. Among his relations is Viscount Lascelles, who is to marry Princess Mary. The American girl, therefore, had everything in the way of family connections to work against her actually opening up a shop.

During the war, however, she nursed American soldiers at Neuilly hospital, under the direction of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and also, in an earlier period, did war relief work of various kinds. Her friends often heard her say that she would never be the same woman—though somehow the desire to be making her own way, to be forgetting her own life, to be free from the safeguards ordinarily thrown around titled women, to be no longer under the spell of old conventions—was now stronger than any other desire.

As she was always known as a person of courage, it is not remarkable that she immediately went to work when she felt that her family finances needed it. There was no lack of people trying to dissuade her. Her friends and relatives all pointed out that the Hamilton fortune was

The Countess of Clonmell in the Days Before She Opened the "White Elephant" Laundry.

into business, did war work on a big scale, and like them, gained experience, she never would have under normal circumstances. When the health of her husband, the Earl, began to fall recently, and the family



Coat of Arms of the Earl of Clonmell.

PIES AND RIVAL BEAUX HELP RURAL SCHOOLS PAY BILLS

Well-auctioned Tid-Bit in Missouri May Bring as Much as \$15 or \$20 Into Treasury.

WHEN a district school board in Missouri finds itself shy of funds to put in a furnace, or start a library needed to bring the institution up to the approved school standard, there is an unfailing resource in an energetic and pretty young school teacher—a "pie supper." Some call 'em pie socials or pie receptions. It's all the same thing. Three pie suppers were advertised for the same night in one of the north Missouri papers this week, one in the Stone district, one at Fowell school and another at Ely school. "Everybody's invited—no charge for admission," so ran the announcements. But never make the mistake of going to such an event without your pocketbook or checkbook. If you do you'll simply be an uninteresting subject, a "wallflower," as loudly as a man from the country on Broadway. True, it costs you nothing to get in—not a penny! But once in, you're expected to take part in the proceedings, which means the bidding.

"Oh, well, that won't cost much—a pie is a pie. A quarter ought to let me out."

But pie socials don't sell for any such insignificant sum. You see, the girl who made the pie stands by the auctioneer while he is crying the sale. It would take an awfully contracted soul to bid only 25 cents for a pie when the pretty maker, in her best bib and tucker, was standing near, her blue eyes fixed steadily on the bidder. She'd feel that you weren't very anxious to eat that pie with her, which is the reward of successful sportsmanship at the auction.

The open reason for "pie raids" begins about the time autumn starts painting the forest and keeps on until the ready cash of the love-lorn youngsters is in the school treasury. There's no limit to what a pie may cost you. If the creator of the pie happens to be the belle of the neighborhood, her production may bring from \$15 to \$20. When the war cam-

paigned were on some pies brought more than that, and the Red Cross fared well.

The Grand View Consolidated High school, in northwest Marion county, liquidated in two months a \$400 debt for a new piano. The salesman had offered the school six months' time. He couldn't understand how the bill had been discounted so quickly.

"We sold pies," smiled the teacher. "But it would take a carload of pies to raise \$400," the salesman said.

"Not the way we sell 'em," explained the teacher.

When a country teacher wants to start something, she invites a lot of town boys out to her social. The fun comes when the town boys and the country boys get to bidding against each other.

The organization of a successful pie tea requires as much headwork as it does to run a county political convention and show the delegates how to vote. Having chosen her company of pie-makers, selected a date, and made arrangements for the boys to fill the lamps and sweep out the building, the teacher calls up the rural correspondent and tells him to get a good notice in the paper a week before. Then she calls up a young farmer and tells him the girl for whom he has a tender feeling is going to bake a pie for the social Friday night, and that she, as a friend, hopes he'll get that pie. Which means she wants him to come well heeled financially.

Next to the teacher who organizes the event is the auctioneer. A good deal of the success depends on him. During the war, when they were holding pie socials to help finance the Red Cross and Liberty bond issues, a German settler in North Charleston county developed a man of such good capacity that his services were called for in a great many sections of the state. At one affair this auctioneer would "em up to such a pitch that one man put up his hat.

JAN 1922

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