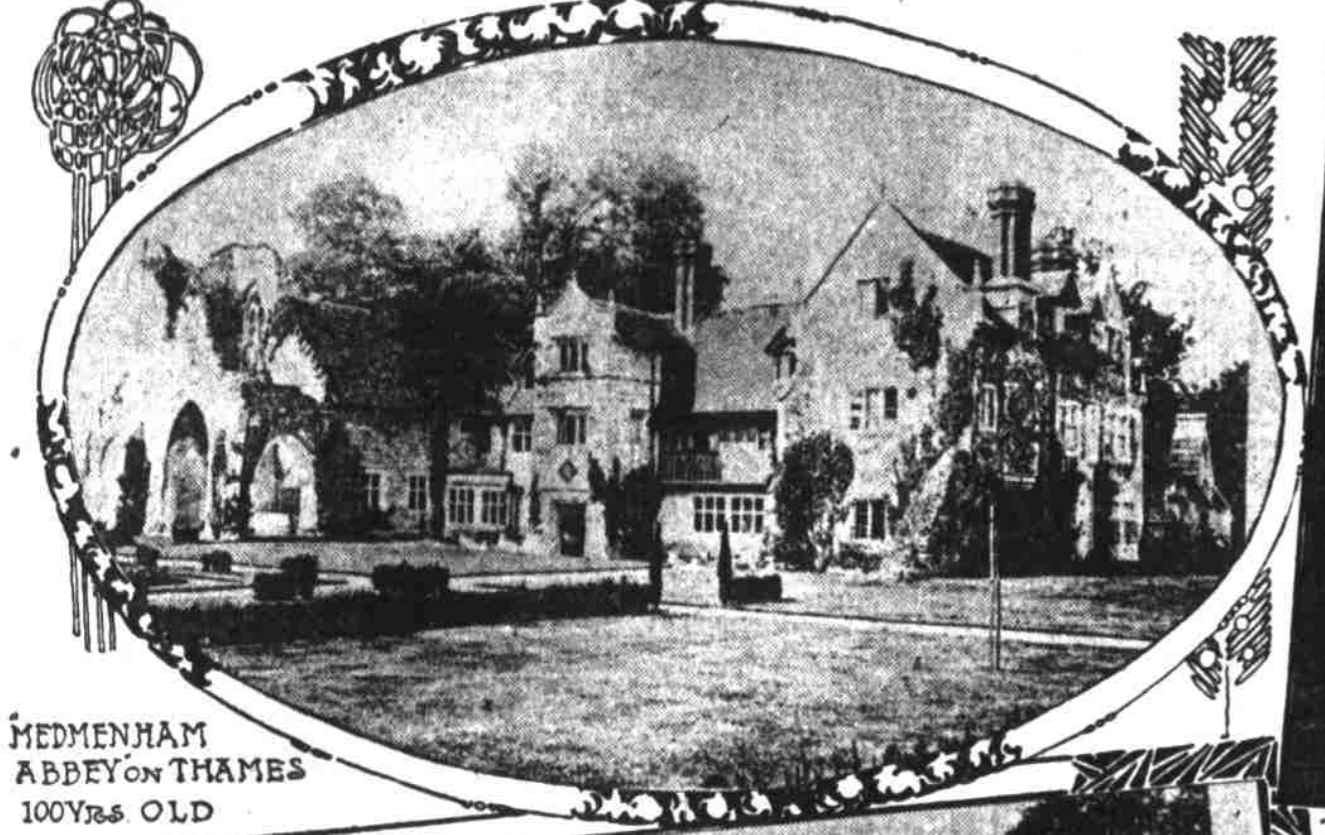


AMERICANS COMPLETE INVASION OF BRITAIN

Triumph of Almighty Dollar Is

Complete by Purchase of Historic Mansions Along Thames--Nearly a Million Spent by New Owners in Entertaining During This Season Alone--British Nobles Very Sore Over Events



MEDMENHAM ABBEY ON THAMES 100 YEARS OLD

By Hayden Church. (Copyright by Curtis Brown.)

ONDON—"The river has been Americanized." That is the cry that now is going up in England, and an uncommonly doleful one it is. For the "river" referred to is the Thames, and the Thames, or at least the fashionable part of it which lies between Richmond and Oxford, and includes Henley and royal Windsor, ever has been regarded as a sort of English "holy of holies." So now that wealthy Americans practically have taken possession of it lovers of the old order of things are disconsolate, and the trans-Atlantic conquest of England is regarded as complete.

Americans have "invaded" this sacred river district before, of course, but only as "single spies" in the persons of William Waldorf Astor, Mrs. Brown Potter and one or two others. Now, however, the "battalions" have arrived, and this summer, for the first time, the pick of the residences which fringe the banks of the classic stream from the point where it practically vanishes to that at which it becomes merely commercial, are in the hands of wealthy folk from "across the pond." It is the tale of Mayfair, of the English country houses and of the Scottish grouse-moors over again—but the Americanization of its beloved "river" is the bitterest pill which the English fashionable world yet has had to swallow.

Abbey the Last Straw.
And the capture of Medmenham abbey was the last straw. Until it was announced, recently, that the historic of all the Thames-side residences had been taken over by Henry Marsh, of New York, it is doubtful if any but the "house agents," as they are called here, realized how complete had become the American domination of the upper Thames. But the sight of the Stars and Stripes floating over the ancient headquarters of the "Hell Fire Club," added to the noise that was made in the newspapers over the acquisition of the famous "Riversdale" by George Kessler, made lovers of the fashionable "reaches" of the river begin to look about them. And on every side were the latest variety of American "invaders" in possession of the most desirable houses and the most pretentious "bungalows."

Now, with the river season at its height, the thing is complete. I do not propose to give anything like a full list of the Americans who have houses in the vicinity of Maidenhead, of Bourne End, and of Windsor, where the king's palace is situated; it will be sufficient to indicate a few of the best known of them. To begin with, then, we find "Amberley Cottage," one of the "richest" and renowned of river cottages, in the hands of Tyler Morse, of New York. Mrs. Adair is permanently located at what she now calls "Adair Place," near Windsor, while Mrs. Marshall Field and her sister-in-law are at Henley, with Mrs. Glasgow as their near neighbor. The Thaw family are established at "The Hermitage," Bourne End, which has been taken in the name of the Countess of Yarmouth. The Fosters, of Boston, are at "The Arches," Henley, while Mrs. Brown Potter's former home, Bray Lodge, has been sold to the Baroness May de Pallandt, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio. "Downe Place," Ascot, which belongs to Colonel Harford, is occupied by Mrs. Anthony Pexel, and I hear that for one week of the Ascot races the rental of this beautiful house was \$1,500.

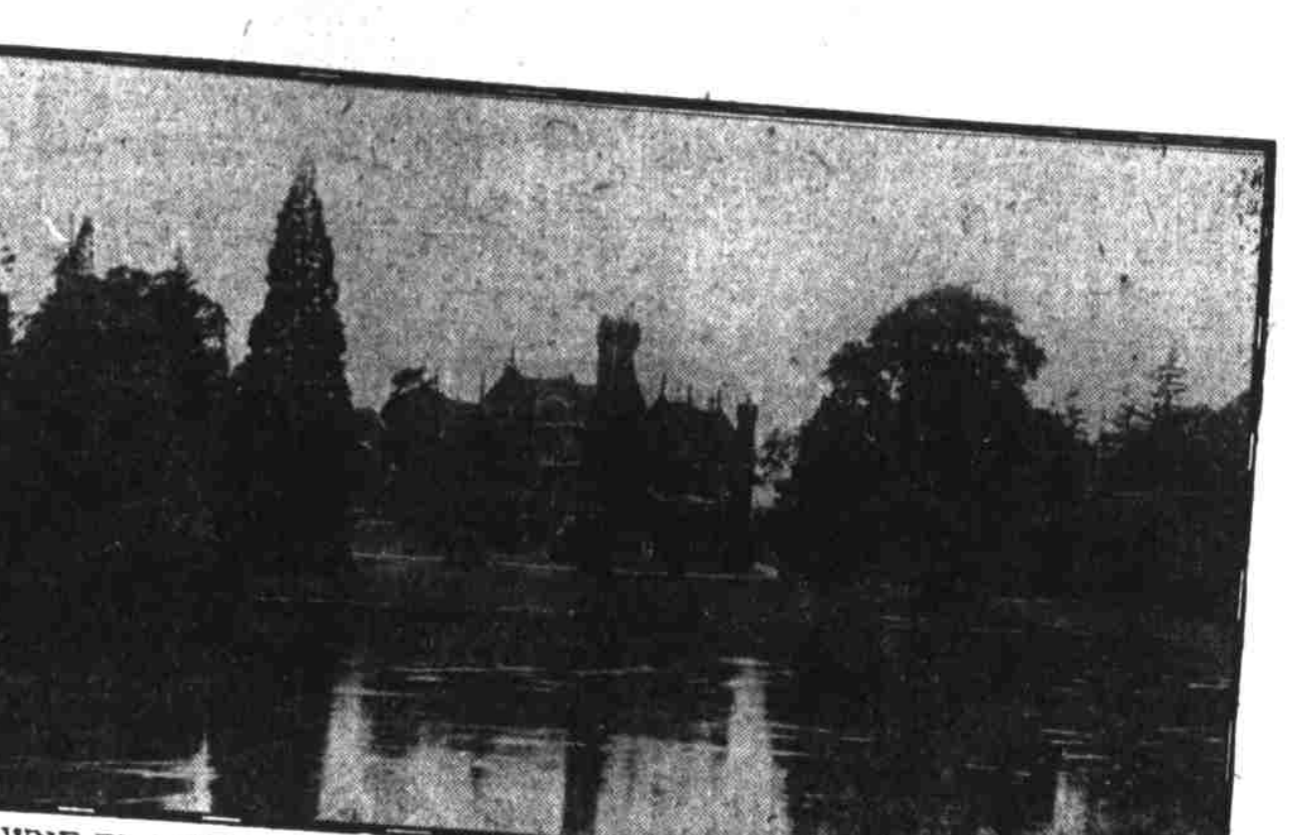
Principal Show Places Taken.
So the list might be continued for a good part of a newspaper column, did it seem desirable. It would include the names of A. H. Mellon, of Pittsburgh, who is established at Sunninghill park; Dr. Abbott Anderson, who has Bray Rise, and J. G. Clarke, who is resident at the Clock house, Maidenhead. Not to mention Pauline Chase, one of the luckiest of American actresses, who is chaperone of Littlecroft, near Maidenhead, and Camille Clifford, who one day will be Lady Aberdeen, and who is entertaining with her husband, at a bungalow just across the river. Rather a striking showing, is it not?



"DOWNE PLACE" ON THE THAMES

"NUNEHAM PARK HOUSE" ON THE THAMES
Chief of these always will be Cleveley, the great white house set like a pearl among the emerald woods, but, of course, its sale by the Duke of Westminster to William Waldorf Astor is the most ancient of ancient history. As if to accentuate American ascendancy in this year's river season, however, there has been more lavish entertaining at Cleveley recently than at any time since the stately seat passed into transatlantic hands. Young Waldorf Astor and his beautiful Kentucky wife have been having a succession of brilliant house parties there, prominent among the guests having been Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson.

King Visited Nuneham Park.
Bar Cleveley there is perhaps no finer seat on the banks of the Thames than Nuneham park and here again we find an American chateau, in the person of Mrs. Lewis Harcourt. I am not sure if I am right in saying that this is Mrs. Harcourt's first season as a "river hostess," though Nuneham park's former owner, Sir William Harcourt, died only two years ago, but certainly it had a brilliant beginning when King Edward himself expressed a wish to see the wonders of the seventeenth century mansion and incidentally get better acquainted with its mistress, and passed the week end with the first commissioner of works and his American wife. She, of course, is a daughter of the late Walter Burns, brother-in-law of J. Pierpont Morgan. Incidentally the former New York girl, who



"AMBERLEY COTTAGE" NEAR TAPLOW

Americanizing Old Palaces.
One would not care to bet on it, however, especially with such places as Medmenham Abbey and Bolney Court already under the stars and stripes. The former of these, which is situated just above Temple Lock, can be described without exaggeration as one of the most interesting piles in England. The best known of its recent owners was Herbert Oakley, who, when he died a few years ago, left it to his beautiful young widow. She later married Colonel Sir Douglas Dawson, King Edward's master of ceremonies, who lately has taken up the appointment of controller of the lord chamberlain's department, and it is Sir Douglas who has leased Medmenham Abbey to Mr. Marsh, the New Yorker.

Haunted House of the Thames.
Bolney Court, which the American Deacons are occupying this season, since time immemorial has taken premier position as the haunted house par excellence of the river. Of course every old house on the river is haunted or at least has the reputation of possessing a ghost of sorts. In olden days, as now, the river mansions were owned by nobility, and it frequently happened that when some noble wanted to get rid of a friend an invitation was extended to visit the river. Here in the house standing by the murmuring stream the visitor was done to death and the body easily got rid of by throwing it in the river. Here in the house standing by the murmuring stream the visitor was done to death and the body easily got rid of by throwing it in the river.



"NUNEHAM PARK HOUSE" ON THE THAMES

Haunted House of the Thames.
The abbey itself was built a matter of seven hundred years ago and housed for several centuries the Cistercian monks. In the days of the Georges the former monastery had become a residence and was owned by Sir Francis Dashwood, who gathered around him some of the wildest blades of London town. He established a mock order of Franciscans there, of which John Wilkes, of "Wilkes and Liberty" fame, was a member. Sir Francis was the grand prior. The doings of the order became so riotous that it and the abbey finally became known as the Hell Fire club. Though now in American hands it still is known to river habits by this lively name. When royalties and distinguished visitors to the country are taken for a river trip it has been usual to visit Medmenham as a stopping place for refreshments on the way up, the occupants of the old place acting as the hosts.

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AMERICAN PRISONERS BUILT CHURCH Were Among Those Captured in War of 1812 and Confined at Dartmoor--Church Gone to Decay--Money Needed to Repair It--Rector Appeals to Americans to Contribute

ONDON—Most of the American prisoners captured by England in the war of 1812 were confined in what was then a military prison on the bleak moor in Dartmoor. In Devon. Some of those prisoners helped build a church there. On that account the church possesses some claim to interest Americans. It has fallen into decay, and an effort is being made to raise the funds necessary to repair it. The rector, the Rev. George S. Thorpe of Bridestowe, Devon, thinks the fact that American prisoners in England were engaged on the construction of the church may move some Americans to contribute to its restoration. "I don't know whether any of them will feel like 'shelling out' on that account. But there is no doubt that they will be interested in the building of this church, which I have received from Mr. Thorpe.



The Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Dartmoor, Which Was Partly Built by American Prisoners Captured by England in the War of 1812.

Begun by Frenchmen.
The manner of its building is probably unparalleled, certainly so in England. It was in the early days of the nineteenth century, when the whole world was convulsed with war and bloodshed and England was solely pressed by its two wars with Napoleon and with America. The history of those wars concerns us only in its relation to the building of this church. Many of the French prisoners of war were removed for safety to a military prison formed at the village of Princetown. These French prisoners were allowed to build a church themselves. This church was begun in 1812, the French prisoners working at sixpence (12 cents) per day. They were paid quarterly, but if any of them escaped while employed on the quarters pay for all the gang was forfeited. The reason for this is obvious. It made each man a spy upon his neighbor, few being willing to run the risk of losing

their wages and thereby their power of purchasing additional comfort in food and luxuries. The fall of Paris and the liberation of the French prisoners after the first peace of Paris in 1814 found the church half finished. It was at this juncture that the connection of the church with Americans began. A month after the peace of Paris, 60 American prisoners of

war confined at Princetown, were allowed to take the place of the released French prisoners and on the same conditions as to pay, etc. These Americans continued to labor on the church until

some time after the war between America and England had been ended by the treaty of Ghent in Belgium, in December 1814. The work of building was actually stopped in April, 1815, when the discharged prisoners were sent home and the church was practically completed. It appears from the records that to American hands were due the roof and higher parts of walls and tower.

Neglect, Fire and Tempest.
Though thus unique in its origin, yet bravely for nigh on a hundred years it has borne the rigor of the Dartmoor climate, looking out unceasingly with its dark storm-beaten tower to the graves of those stranger exiles, but escaping not scatheless. Neglect and fire and tempest successively impaired its strength. Fallen into ruin and forsaken by the government in the late fifties, it was adopted by the parish of Lydford and reverently restored in the early sixties, only to feel the devastating influences of fire in 1868. Again restoration it gradually began to crumble and decay. In 1899, ostensibly to restore, but in reality to mutilate and mar. But days have since dawned for the historic building. Little by little the ravages of the restoration are being repaired, the obliterated porch replaced. This donation may be sent to the Rev. George S. Thorpe, M. A., Lydford rector, Bridestowe, Devon, England, and will be gratefully acknowledged by him.

THIS WOMAN WAS NOT A GENIUS--Caroline Prescott Says That Doing the Best One Can Is Better After All Than Being a Genius

By Carolyn Prescott.
THEY say that all geniuses are concealed; that modesty, one of the greatest of the virtues, is lamentably absent in the breasts of the great men and women who have achieved prominence. Gluck, Meyerbeer, Handel, Beethoven—nearly all musicians—were concealed. If not to say egotistical. Nearly every writer, actor, lecturer and public man, we are told, carries about with him an exaggerated opinion of his own importance.

How refreshing, then, it is to see some one who is perfectly content to be a "violet by the mossy brink," and unassumingly will to be on with the work that life points out, without exclaiming of their greatness to the whole world. Down in New Orleans not long ago died Madame Begue, 75 years old, who until six months before her death had been a cook—no, not ordinary, either, but a cook. Just a square from the statue of Jackson in the quaint old picturesque part of New Orleans stands a plain two-story dwelling, which was Madame Begue's home for the 75 years she lived upon this earth. On a corner near her home stand groups of Indians, who sell curios, and who for a copper penny will give a customer a broken-down, ordinary establishment.

Here, with the chimneys of the old Cathedral of St. Louis chiming in their ears, night and morning, Madame Begue and her husband kept a cook-shop for 40 years or more, and for 40 years she had been a cook. Madame Begue and her husband kept a cook-shop for 40 years or more, and for 40 years she had been a cook. Madame Begue and her husband kept a cook-shop for 40 years or more, and for 40 years she had been a cook.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

lover and many were the stolen meetings of the train beside the river bank for his daughter and had forbidden any meetings. Lady Elizabeth's absence being suspicious, one dark night she was followed, and seen to meet her lover. Her father and brothers rushed the man and killed him before her eyes. The body of Elizabeth was found in the river. Since then her ghost wanders through the grounds seeking to meet the lover of 300 years ago.

Trademen Rejoice.

Regarding "Riversdale," the beautiful place at Bourne End which George Kessler recently bought and has renamed "New York Lodge," many details have been published, so they need not be reprinted here. I am told, however, that this, one of the few river places that have been bought outright by Americans, cost the champagne man \$55,000, and he is said to be spending \$100,000 in remodeling, enlarging and furnishing it. It has only 20 bedrooms and is not quite large enough for the new owner's requirements. Incidentally British journalistic pens have been dipped in gall to write of the renaming of "Riversdale," and comment on the announcement that 2,000 electric lights will illuminate the grounds at night.

However, all this means business for British trademen, by whom, and by the Thames watermen, the invasion of the river by Americans is welcomed, though it be gall and wormwood to the exclusive English set. While the latter are wealthy, and spend money right and left, yet Americans are spending more money. It will easily approach \$100,000, the sum that the newcomers will spend there this season. Each bungalow or house is completely furnished when rented by the season, and this furnishing on the river means a proper equipment of boats such as canoe or punt, skiff and launch. The latter may be a steam, gasoline electric or motor launch, and every house of decent size has one of all sorts as well as the other boats. The cheapest kind of bungalow costs \$20 per week and the cheapest grand house is \$100 per week. In a bungalow one needs three indoor servants and one outdoor who attends to the garden, is engineer of the launch and perhaps chauffeur of the motor car. The houses served from half a dozen to two dozen servants or more, depending on their size. This, of course, runs into a lot of money.

Demand for River Homes.

The other day I went to see the head of a well-known firm of real estate agents at Maidenhead. They have branches everywhere along the river and handle most of the property so that it is to them that Americans rush if they want a house. It was this firm that sold George Kessler his house, that sold Mrs. Brown Potter's house, secured a tenant for Amberley and practically all the other houses mentioned.

The invasion of the river by Americans, said this authority, is sudden. They have come with a rush and had more requests for river places than are on the market. It is the first season that the Americans have come on the river in such numbers. Just in the middle of the season for we have scores of applications for houses and house-boats from August 1. We are finding, indeed, that many Americans who have just rented places for the season are so much in love with the gay river life that they have instructed us to buy them such a house as they like. Others again have already given us instructions to rent places for them—the same place if possible—next year.

"The Americans will spend an immense amount of money on the river. Many cannot get houses or take apartments at the river hotels.