GOING ABROAD FOR THEIR SOCIAL CAREERS

The Habit That is Becoming General With American Women of Wealth

MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN was being interviewed in London.

"Will you ever return to New York?" she was asked.

"One can never tell what may happen. But, really, I see no advantage in going to New York when all New York comes to London."

It was the last word upon her self-exile by the woman who, a dozen years ago, gave the fancy-dress ball at the Waldorf which made her the most-talked-of hostess in America.

Her struggle for social recognition ended, in triumphs unsurpassed by any American hostess of recent generations, she gave herself barely time to feel her position assured before she spurned it in her spring across the Atlantic, to seek fresh fields for conquering. And she's never coming back—never more.

Likewise scores, even hundreds, of American women, whom we have come to regard as equally nice ladies, have spurned, and are spurning, the land of liberty in fashion equally light, equally disdainful.

MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN vouchsafed an explanation, one all the more significant for the fact that she professed no such detestation of the land of her birth and her money as actuates William Waldorf Astor. Expatriate, but not renegade, is Mrs. Bradley Martin; and there, again, she typifies a numerous contingent of her sister-absentees.

"I haven't forgotten that I am an American; I always will be. But I am tremendously fond of England and the English. I have lived here so long that I feel more at home in London than I should in New York. America isn't 'home' any more for me.

"I am not an expatriate," she hastened to declare; the word blisters so long as one corpuscle runs red instead of blue. "But England is a delightful place to live in, and New York has a lot of things to learn from the people here.

"Consider the English country life, with its week-ends, the social arrangements and the ease with which things are done. Why, it is a positive joy. And there is no effort—at least, no effort apparent—in any social affair here; while in New York what a to-do they make over most things! Oh, I made it myself; I know whereof I speak.

"Then, the American woman is so successful here socially, as a rule. A woman with money, who is well bred, a woman with tact—and the majority of Americans have that—can get along in any society. Once you are in London society is a very simple thing—far simpler than is society in New York. This talk about American and English women being so different is all nonsense. Women are the same the world over. Our women are splendid-looking creatures, and they have excellent taste. They never had to leave New York to learn that either."

She might very well have assigned the reason for her preference for England as being her affection for daughter Cornelia, who married the Earl of Craven in 1893. The countess' American mother is now grandmother to quite an important candidate for the British peerage, the handsome little Viscount Uffington.

She has every excuse of domestic ties to allege. But she is candid, even in her open liking for the modified feudal pomp which attends her circuit at her estate in Scotland, Balmacara, where the small children line up along the east road and there the pipers greet her with the same favorite airs as Carnegie's pipers greet his awakening mornings at Skibo, and she bows in gracious majesty to her dependents in a style that has long been forbidding Great Britain of Queen Victoria.

As for Bradley Martin, the Albany clerk to whom she brought the millions of her father, Isaac Sherman, the enormously rich lumber merchant, he fades into modest retirement before the effulgence of her glory unless some formal affair compels his appearance. Then he dutifully dons the breeks and a hat.

It would seem as if those hopeful, encouraging words of Mrs. Bradley Martin had been the vade mecum of the new Mrs. Wade Chance, while she was preparing the trousseau that adorned her transmutation from the widowed estate of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger to the matrimonial happiness of Mrs. Wade Chance. Mrs. Chance does not impersonate imposing wealth. Means? Oh, yes, she has means, but such riches as Mrs. Bradley Martin implied are scarcely reputed to be hers, either in her own right or as available from her husband, although he is an associate of Spencer Trask in whose interests he went to London.

As "Julien Gordon," Mrs. Cruger identified herself with the intellectual and literary life of this country, and her social position was of the kind that many successful American hostesses now in London, long regarded with consuming envy. Her adventure there, the latest in the airy flight abroad, is in the nature of a rather novel enterprise, for she aims to establish a real salon where the intellectual world of London shall find itself at home.

The campaign—for the present a campaign of "sit down," as the Indians call it—is still to be actively instituted, for the Chances took lodgings in a private hotel in Curzon street until they could lease a residence suitable for the bride's new ambition. There is wealth enough to have warranted Mrs. Chance in considering the splendid Park lane mansion of Alfred Beit; but it was built for a bachelor, and the bedroom accommodations are inadequate for the menage of the Chances. As soon as the fit and suitable dwelling is found London is to be treated to the spectacle of an American woman essaying that most difficult feat, even for the grande dame born to the purple, the establishment of a salon.

Pretty nearly every woman who is inspired to emulation of English society in its native fogs has some reason that may serve as adequate excuse, but pretty nearly all of them are likely to subscribe in their heart of hearts to the simple sentiment that they like Europe better.

The widow of Marshall Field, grave with the burden of the education of her two boys, destined under their far-seeing father's will to be the two richest heirs in America, found it essential that she take them to England for their preliminary studies, young Marshall at Eton and his brother, Harry, at a school in Hertfordshire.

But it was not long before handsome Mrs. Marshall Field herself discovered that the place she had chosen for her modest retired residence where she could brood maternally over the training of her boys and their sister, Gwendolyn, was a hotbed for the small for a woman of her resources and possibilities. She took a large establishment in Carlton House Terrace, the pressing to the wealthy Americans who are finding "England a delightful place to live in."

Miss Mathilde Townsend

The game more than anything else is what draws and holds a woman like Mrs. Potter Palmer, who, against the serried forces of Chicago's newly cast-iron society, waged a campaign that lives in American social history with the diplomacies and triumphs of a Henry of Navarre in France. She conquered but carried the scar of an old wound inflicted by the Princess Eulalie, during the world's fair for nine years before she paid off her debt of vengeance.

Mrs. Palmer had achieved the domination of Chicago when Eulalie was quartered at the Palmer House in Chicago.

The princess was later her guest of honor in the palatial Lake Shore home of the Palmers. But when Eulalie learned that the Potter Palmer whose wife was her hostess was no other than the Palmer who ran the hotel there was a scene.

"I decline to associate as an equal with the wife of my landlord," announced the haughty princess, as she hastily quitted Mrs. Palmer's roof.

Mrs. Palmer has lived much abroad since then, and always that bitter wound rankled until she happened to be staying at one of the finest hotels of Lucerne, in Switzerland. Her cavalier was Don Carlos, the pretender to the throne of Spain, who, also happening to be in Lucerne, devoted himself to the wealthy American.

Came also the identical Princess Eulalie who had so wantonly wounded her, and, of all things, she chose that very hotel. A day and the princess learned of Mrs. Palmer's presence. The hotel managers received a summons to the presence of royalty.

"Send that American woman away!" was Eulalie's imperious behest.

But the manager was already the obedient slave of the wealthy American. He declined with thanks. Exit Princess Eulalie, while Mrs. Palmer smiled as her old scar ceased throbbing, and Don Carlos hastened to wait upon her, to show his most distinguished consideration.

It is the game—and they find it worth playing.

Mrs. George Law

Mrs. John G. Adair

Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr.

Mrs. Bradley Martin

Mrs. John W. Mackay

Mrs. Wade Chance, formerly Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger

and show her bare feet blazing, as to the pink tinted toes, with amethysts, emeralds, pearls and diamonds. And meanwhile her mother, possessed of a half dozen mansions throughout Europe, allowed New York city to levy on her residence there for unpaid taxes.

There, too, were the duchess of Manchester and Lady Newborough and the duchess of Roxburghe, formerly Miss Goelet, who came as Mary, Queen of Scots, in black velvet with large sleeves of white satin. Yet the emigres of that Adair ball served were relatively few.

The colony has grown enormously in size since then, and the gates are still widely open to newcomers, so only that they fulfil the requirements laid down by Mrs. Bradley Martin.

Such a candidate for England's pleasant lines of life is Miss Mathilde Townsend, daughter of the late William M. Scott, the railway magnate of Pennsylvania, whose appearance in Washington society brought into her train such suitors as the Duc d'Alba and handsome young Jerome Bonaparte.

But it is not England alone that draws them away. The continent holds so admired a beauty and heiress as Mrs. George Law, owner of many millions as the girl widow of George Law. She lives in quiet, elegant seclusion in Paris as much because she can be rich without being notorious in Europe as for any other reason.

Poor girl, she is so pretty, so lovely, so rich and so courted that the naughty newspapers simply wouldn't leave her in peace. They insisted on engaging her to French counts, Austrian princes, khedives from Egypt and maharajahs from Kapurthala until she was actually compelled to hire a repress agent at $2500 a year to keep her name out of print.

For some the life abroad means simply the taking of life's pleasures where they flow most smoothly. For others, even as it is for their fathers and sons in trade, it is the game, the great game of life, that attracts.

ENJOYS MINING MILLIONS

Age has now well nigh succeeded in Europe the presence and the beauties of Mrs. Mackay, widow of the western mining king and mother of the Princess Colonna.

A daughter married into practically royal splendor gave her ample reason for preferring Europe as her place of residence. But she did not find the continent fringed with open arms of welcome. Instantly, however, becoming in Great Britain under the patronage of King Edward and under a relatively moderate code of regard for all things American, Europe presented a different face to the era of the Mackays. Age and a dust of the early conflicts still rises in Europe, even at this late day, when she aims to make some new height or to retrieve some old discomfiture.

But the indomitable mother of a princess does not love the game. America has come to look on her, even as a daughter unfilial from the point of view of etiquette, and it would be more accurate to behold the staunch Mrs. Mackay on her way home that she may be to see a dozen Mrs. Chances emigrating. We shall be to see her ending grandly on the firing line, and from all indications we won't be disappointed.

Mrs. John G. Adair, daughter of General Wadsworth, who was killed in the battle of the Wilderness, and wife of a great Irish landowner who is also sheriff of Donegal, is another American who has found her lines in London's Curzon street most pleasant. Five years ago she gave one of those fancy dress balls which go so smoothly in England and raise such a to-do in New York.

It might have been called the roll of the emigres. A very, very pretty roll it was, too.

There was the admirable Princess Hatzfeldt, formerly Clara Huntington, the daughter of the late Collis P. Huntington, whose wealth was so much more than ample for the real part of a princess that she could afford to appear at the ball as Queen Esther

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The Various Owners of the Paris Gown

WHAT do very rich women do with their cast-off garments?

What becomes of the ball dresses of the woman who boasts that she is never seen in the same gown twice?

What of the dresses which go out of fashion in a season, and which, because of only occasional wear, are not worn out or even soiled?

What of these elaborate creations? What becomes of them?

How often have you not asked the question!

FIFTY THOUSAND, perhaps a hundred thousand dollars a year is spent by many society women for clothes. These they never wear out. Possibly a ball gown, after its first sensation, may never again be worn. "I wouldn't spoil the success of a dress by wearing it twice!" a well-known society leader once exclaimed.

Doubtless not many women throw aside their dresses after a single wearing. But during a season it is certain the queen of her set will not wear her gown more than a half dozen or a dozen times. And that would be unusual for many be-silked and diamonded ladies of fashion.

Something becomes of these clothes. Who is the fortunate recipient?

The secretary of a society woman, telling of the importunities for charity made upon the rich, says the number of letters from women asking for the cast-off garments of society women is amazing.

"Of course, they write for all sorts of things," she declared. "Some would like their babies sent to the country. Others have babies to be adopted. Old women would like to get into homes in which the rich lady is interested. Some, indeed, write and ask that food be supplied them; some for clothes. But perhaps the most curious letters are from women asking for the cast-off garments of the lady. And the number of these requests is surprising.

"Now this is really pathetic. Imagine the poor washwoman dressed in the elaborate ball gown of the rich woman! Or the spinster school teacher in the splendid princess dress! The people who write for these dresses would doubtless find them singularly inappropriate."

Then who gets the dresses?

"One society woman whom I know," declared a dressmaker on terms of intimacy with many prominent women, "gives many of her cast-off garments to a school teacher who was a chum of hers years ago at school. The teacher lives in a large city, and moves in refined and good society where she can well wear the charming dresses of her patron. She is a handsome woman and cuts quite a figure. But with her salary she could not very well clothe herself that way.

"Another woman makes a specialty of giving dresses to her maids, her masseuse and other women who do services for her. Now, she goes to a very swell massage establishment, where big tips are given. Some of her finest evening dresses are given to the girl who massages her face. Oh, she finds this quite profitable.

THOSE FEARFUL WRINKLES

"Listen! There is nothing so dreaded by your society woman as the wrinkle, the first suggestion of age. The appearance of the line or a suggestion of flabbiness strikes terror to their hearts. Bless them, youth is something they'd give most of their money to preserve.

"Then, do you think they'd hesitate at a ball dress, although as good as new? Never! Why, I know quite a number of young girl masseuses who dress in the height of fashion in the dresses of patrons.

"Of course, poor relatives come in for their share. There are few rich women who don't have poor relatives—that is, comparatively poor ones. There are often widows in the family with growing daughters. The widow may spend all she can afford to send the girls to school. And the trunks of dresses that come periodically are eagerly welcomed. Doubtless, some can be made over for the young women. Many are. And mother may wear some herself. Indeed, in many families the dresses are blessings.

"Many society woman send dresses to poorer relatives living in country towns. I recall spending a summer in a small town in Pennsylvania. One of the leading families of the place were relatives of a woman whose dresses I build. There I learned they cut a social swath that was wonderful. The women simply appalled the people by the splendor of their dresses. The town folk did not know they were the cast-off garments of the wife of the city cousin.

"Doubtless, you have met young women of the stage? You have wondered how the little chorus girl, who earns $15 or $20 a week, can dress in a $100—or a $200—gown. Well, she can't. That is, she doesn't pay that for the gowns. A number of chorus girls have patrons among rich women and get the dresses for nothing. Or they buy them from second-hand dealers.

"Oh, yes, there are some society women who sell their clothes. They get a small percentage of the original cost. They know nothing about the business, and the second-hand dealers get the best of the bargain. Many give the clothing to servants, who dispose of it so it comes into possession of the chorus ladies. Oh, in New York there are regular second-hand shops which make a specialty of these garments for the theatrical trade. And milady going to the theater looking down on the twinkling-toed ladies sees the dress in which she radiated last season.

"Why do society women sell their dresses? Listen, while I whisper. You'd be surprised at the number of rich women—or, rather, the wives of rich men—who must rake and scrape to get spending money.

"Oh, some of those old men are as mean as they can be. They almost make their wives account for the dollars they niggardly dole out. They like to see their wives well dressed, oh, yes, and the establishment run in first-class order. But it just goes against their grain to give out cold money.