

ARE OUR WOMEN TOO EXTRAVAGANT?

Is Overspending on Their Part a Cause for Hard Times?



Mrs. Howard Gould



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Miss Giulia Morosini Mrs. Burke-Roche Batonyi

ARE the women of the United States engaged in a mad riot of extravagance? Are they leading the women of the earth in a wild pace of reckless money spending? Are the sermons preached about their excesses, are the books published of their extravagances, spending feats and the warnings of danger justified? Are the fair women of wealth infected with a spending mania?

The world has been told that Miss Giulia Morosini, of New York, spends \$200,000 a year for dress; that Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay bathes in a \$50,000 bathroom; that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., of \$50,000 garden-party fame, wears a new and costly cloak with every costly opera dress; that Mrs. Burke-Roche Batonyi was charged by her father with spending \$375 a day, of which \$50 was for flowers. These instances are typical of many less known cases of extravagance.

"Who can estimate what the women of America spend recklessly?" a writer asked recently, and added: "As well try to count the sands of the sea or the hairs on one's head."

Following items will give you an idea of what Mrs. Multi-Millionaire pays—or is supposed to pay—for her clothes:

- Blue cloth jacket and skirt, style of blue Francis model, \$150.
- Tan velvet suit, style of Claudine, from Douillet, \$180.
- Black taffeta and velvet soupie dress, style of Paquin's black point de France lace, \$120.
- White velvet, with gold and sable fur gown, \$410.
- Real lace dress over pink, high neck, transparent sleeves, ending at elbow, \$375.
- Blue tulle dress, style of Douillet's blue, \$210.
- Yellow radium silk-embroidered dress, style of beer yellow, embroidered with sheaves of wheat and silver fallon, real artique lace, orchid pattern, \$420.
- Blue topa Mignon blouse, \$10.
- Imported white flannel blouse, \$98.
- Blue white flannel blouse, \$10.
- Black spangled and jet dress, Callot waist, 7/8 Irish lace, large design, spangles on skirt, \$420.
- Blue chiffon velvet dress, \$210.
- Mauve taffeta and velvet dress, \$190.



Mrs. Clarence Mackay

the butler another staff, the chef a staff, etc. She pays her chef \$150 a month, a butler \$75. She is a good housekeeper—that is, her friends think so. "She sets a fine table"—with peaches at 14 apiece, strawberries at 50 cents each, grapes 10 cents apiece. For wines, food, etc., she may spend \$350 to entertain a few friends at dinner.

Mrs. Burke-Roche Batonyi was declared by her father a few years ago to be one of the most extravagant women alive. He said she spent \$375 a day, without any part of it going toward her maintenance, since she lived with him at no cost.

"Of course, I do," she said; "flowers alone cost me \$50." Her father declared that he gave her an allowance of \$60,000 a year, and that she regularly ran beyond it.

Mrs. Batonyi thinks anything less than a diamond collar for her spaniels decidedly unworthy. And speaking—or writing—of dogs, for blue-blooded animals, Miss Multi-Rich may spend thousands of dollars each year. She may pay \$1000 for a tiny mite of a Pomeranian. Or she may show horses, owning a dozen or more valued at \$5000 each. She may enjoy \$10,000 turnouts. Or, if she races, she will employ a trainer at \$10,000 a year and a jockey at \$5000.

And don't forget the social race. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish may give a colonial ball. It is the talk of society—

the most splendid success of the season! What is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. to do? Excel her, of course! What must she do but revive colonial dress for her footmen, three-cornered hats, powdered wigs, and all quite easy. But another leader does something extraordinary. What can Mrs. Vanderbilt do next? Why, bring a theatrical troupe to Newport and give a \$50,000 fete.

And so the merry-go-round goes round.

"In Boston there is an immense amount of wealth and luxury," writes Gertrude Atherton, "but there are traditions behind—a great deal of genuine cultivation, pursuit of art and literature, high American ideals, and the simplicity that characterizes well-bred people everywhere. In the language of one of the cleverest men in America, money in Boston does not 'stink,' but it does in New York.

"In Philadelphia, the South, San Francisco, money, although rated at its proper value, has never assumed the brutal importance that it has in New York. The millionaire society of the middle West may be vulgar or absurd, but it is in the main good-natured and generous; its principal defect is that it envies and imitates New York—that frigid manner and cool aloofness peculiar to those of the seven generations, the successful mask and lordly arrogance of those whose millions have become its bulwark. The real thing as it may be seen in England would only excite their

scorn, and, for the matter of that, it is little enough understood in New York."

In New York several "seasons" ago it was announced that one society matron spent \$100,000 for an opera dress and its equipment of gems.

Foreigners coming to this country stand amazed at the extravagance and dominance of the women. Dr. Emil Reich after a visit declared:

"The American woman is not womanly; she is not a woman. The whole of the United States government is under petticoat government. She commands the men. Men do not count in America. The last man that came to America was Christopher Columbus."

Exaggerated and distorted, of course, but that is the view of many foreigners.

SPeAKING upon this subject not long ago, Mrs. Hetty Green declared:

"The women of America have helped to make hard times. All they live for, all they care for is clothes—the latest shapes in hats, the newest fangled skirts. And they are none too particular how they get what they want or who pays for it.

"I am not saying the American women are not moral. But I do say that they do not care what price their husbands and fathers and brothers pay for the luxury and finery they demand. More men are driven to dishonesty by the white hand of the woman stuck all over with jewels than by their own love of horses, rich food and gay times."

Some time ago the wife of a New York millionaire selected a string of pearls at her husband's request. Without demur he paid \$285,000 for the gift.

Another millionaire, returning from Paris, brought \$55,000 worth of clothing with her. There was included \$12,000 worth of underclothing. There were \$5000 worth of parasols and many thousand dollars' worth of wraps. Evening dresses there were galore, costing from \$1000 to \$2000 apiece, not to speak of the silk stockings, lace lingerie, fairy frou-frous of adornment—all running into the thousands.

What does she spend for her clothes—the lady of wealth? It is difficult to tell. Shoes may average \$25 a pair. Hatspins, \$2000, \$3000, \$5000! Thras, \$50,000. Necklaces, exceeding \$100,000. Possibly every few weeks something in this line may strike her fancy!

REVELS IN LUXURY

Let us peep into her apartments. The walls are hung with tapestries and priceless brocades. Paintings costing many thousands are there, as well as rare urtic-a-brac and china, jeweled mirrors, manicure articles and other toilet articles worth a small fortune. And then the bathroom, a marvelous place, with the tub sunk in the marble floor—a small swimming pool. The fittings are of gold. Palms surround the room—warm in winter as a summer day.

But this is not all. We peep into the closets. There are 120 feet of deep clothes-presses, filled with thousands of dollars' worth of dresses, lingerie, hats, wraps, etc. Such a sight would, perhaps, deprive you of speech, madam, you, who spend less than \$100 a year for your dress.

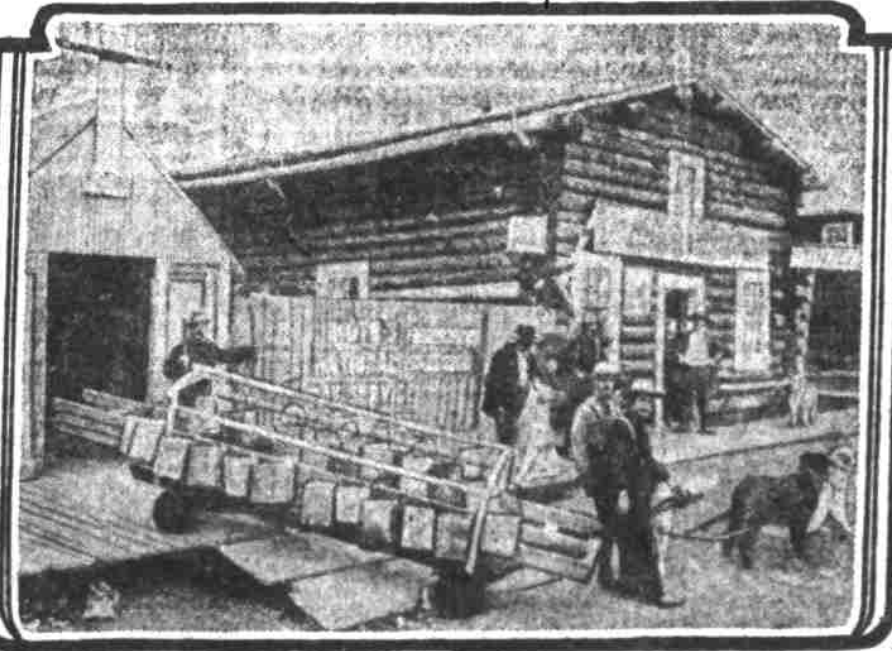
There is Miss Morosini, for instance, who wears a dress harmonizing in color with every vehicle she drives. Naturally she is the sensation at the Horse Show. She drives a tan horse in tan harness. Then, you may be sure, her costume is of tan. Or—the harness is pigskin, with blue satin rosettes and gold mountings. She wears pale blue silk trimmed with Irish lace. It has been stated that she spends \$200,000 a year for dress.

Have you ever been to the grand opera in New York? It is in New York that the women go to excess in dress. Last season Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., was the cynosure of all eyes. With every new opera dress she wore a cloak to match. One evening she would be seen wearing a gown of white satin, with a cloak of the same material lined with ermine. The next performance would see her in blue-green velvet, with a blue-green velvet cloak trimmed with chin-chilla.

Again she would come in white velvet, with trimming of pink roses. Her cloak would be a wonderful creation of brocade, with pink roses on a white surface. Mrs. Vanderbilt set a style. Can you imagine what others spent imitating her on cloaks alone?

About a year ago Mrs. Howard Gould is said to have contracted a debt of \$50,000 for jewels. When he received the bill, Mr. Gould declared he'd never pay it. Mrs. Gould is noted for her reckless expenditure on dress and some years ago, when she refused to pay a bill of \$2700, it was made public. The fol-

THE NEW ALASKA BANISHES DANCE HALLS



THE broad-shouldered man with the full beard and the nugget watch charm handed his eminently proper silk hat to the man at the dining-room door as he passed into the brilliantly lighted, richly furnished show apartment of one of New York's swell hotels. The dapper New Yorker who accompanied him smiled a superior smile, and observed, as he noted the kindling glance his companion vouchsafed the surroundings:

"Some different from your Alaska dance halls, eh?"

The quick resentment of the Alaskan could not have been exceeded by the New Yorker himself if

an Englishman had smiled superior in conceited London.

"Dance halls!" exclaimed the gold finder, in proud surprise. "We have comparatively few dance halls in Alaska now, at least, of the pioneer day kind. We have been past that stage for years—yes, a whole couple of years now. We talk about our gilded haunts of vice as complacently as you do—and there's more gilding to them than you fellows put on here. Why, we have our own home-grown celery and lettuce, our own fine wheat bread, our own potatoes julienne. If our summer would last only a little longer, we'd raise our own bananas and oranges."

Its facilities enhanced by limitless vistas of arable plains and vast areas of the most magnificent climate ever awaiting the advent of man, half a century elapsed before the crude pleasures of the camp were replaced by the ideas of an ordered civilization—and the uncouth, crude dance hall, that symbol and embodiment of the reckless frontier, in odd places, lingers yet for the pointing of morals by the scornful, more elegantly decorated East.

Nothing like that transformation has ever been known in the world's civilization. In the great West,

ported by the entire Scandinavian peninsula of Europe.

There are 10,000 miles of railroad already under construction, or definitely projected, a mileage greater than the combined Union Pacific, Northern Pacific and Erie systems. Enormous coal areas, such as will materially relieve the world of its dreaded coal famine, have been disclosed by the geological survey's searches, while iron and copper are making ready to dispute with the gold the pre-eminence to which they have attained in other states.

The fallacy of imagining that Alaska is wholly a land of snow and ice has been so sundered that it promises even greater riches in grain, while every measured acre of territory has the best possibilities of truck farms sufficient to acreage to supply the needs of any population which the growing industry of the territory may support.

The farmer is already there, at work. And it is the farmer, with his assured devotion to the soil, absorbing the barbarity, whose coming ends the roaming, wild joys of the reckless frontier life.

The dance hall, goal of those rough men who maintain only boys in discretion, is passing away. Alaska is about grown up.

A Rendezvous of the Pioneers

A Contributor to Mining Camp Joys

A Chief of Police of Dance Hall Days