

AMERICAN WOMEN ARE CORRUPTING US



The Countess of Craven, an American Leader of the Fashionable Set.



The Duchess of Roxburgh, with Many American Millions to Spend.



Mrs. Bradley Martin a Lavish Spender.

across her corsage. Her dress was the most magnificent robe ever seen in the British court, its sleeves fairly filled with aiguillettes of diamonds. The countess arrived with her jewel-clad shoulders shielded by a wrap made of sixty royal Russian sables, and the fan she wielded, of vellum painted with cupids and doves mounted on sticks of gold, was once owned by the Empress Josephine. Although the king and queen received her specially and had her to supper with them privately, the royal indorsement could not repress the growing resentment against her unexampled grandeur.

England's Wail Over Growing Habits of Feminine Extravagance

LONDON, Great Britain generally, and Europe to a large extent, having reviewed the incriminating evidence against the American woman, are uniting upon a formidable indictment against her.

With one voice, and in accents of horror and dismay, the people of the Old World bring against her the serious accusation: "Madame, you are corrupting us all."

Extravagance, an extravagance that has penetrated to the sanest and most reliable of the treasured middle classes from the "terrible examples of wanton lavishness," is the kind of corruption laid at the door of American women.

"By the heedless display and waste of their superabundant wealth, on the one hand as the newly exalted wives of famous members of the nobility, and on the other by their reckless profusion as plain Americans visiting the Old World, they have set such a standard of reckless spending that neither the ordinarily rich gentleman can maintain his family on a scale now deemed suitable for his position nor the prosperous merchant and professional man indulge in luxuries which once seemed inexpensive pleasures." So runs the foreign indictment.

will go to Regent street, or Gehenna, but she will be sown in the latest fashion. Formerly, the middle-class girl or wife did not dream of provoking comparisons with the aristocracy, either in clothes or conduct, now, fed on the poisonous apple of knowledge that you need only look like money in order to be lady, they insist on hiring motor cars to go shopping for a package of complexion pills. It is very, very sad. Getting down to figures, one of the more enterprising journals of London undertook an investigation of precisely how much feminine extravagance has enhanced the cost of living to the virtuous middle classes. The middle classes were expected never to need so much as a warning against extravagance, because they were the backbone of the British nation and knew their place. Yet this is what it cost a simple stock broker and his wife for a "modest evening's pleasure": Their cab from Kensington to a restaurant cost 2 shillings 6 pence; tips to the cloakroom servants, 1 shilling 6 pence; dinner, with a bottle of champagne, one liqueur and the waiter's tip, 11 11s. 6d.; cab to the theater, 1s. 6d.; cloakroom tips, 1s.; two theater seats, 1 1s.; cab to restaurant, 1s. 6d.; light supper, with a small bottle of hock, 11s.; cab home, 3s. Total, 34 6d. There was 25s or so spent for an evening's pleasure, which, before the American social invasion, would have been enjoyed in its essentials for 3s at most.

DISSATISFACTION EVERYWHERE

Now, at four times the cost, it left the stock broker and his wife with the sensation that, while they had complied with the demands of "their position" by being seen in the best restaurant and the best stalls at the theater, they were still only half as luxurious in their enjoyment as a really well-to-do stock broker ought to be.

Afternoon teas, social functions, maintenance of motor cars, fashionable couturiers, all the costly frills and fads incident to social prom-



The Duchess of Marlborough, One of the First to See the British Tongue Wagging.

therefore, cast rather disparaging shadows upon the astounding evidences of wealth displayed by the latest American heiress who, in the ascending scale of transatlantic ostentation, has succeeded in dazzling the natives. She is the Countess Granard, until the middle of last January Miss Beatrice Mills, daughter of Mrs. Ogden Mills, of New York, and granddaughter of D. O. Mills.

Countess Granard, Formerly Miss Beatrice Mills, Whose Jewels Have Amazed the English Court.

ness without in the least attaining to the reality—have led the British press and public to look askance, for the first time since the rejoicing over the millions in imported American dowries commenced, at the American woman and her notorious luxury. The indictment is far from being an echo of last year's diatribes against the extravagance of her compatriots, voiced by Betty Green, who so recently indulged her own daughter in the luxury of a husband old enough to be the bride's father. It is the outcome of the new conditions of living inspired by the American woman abroad, and now suddenly realized by the people at large in all their ruinous coiffures. The uplifted hands of shocked economy have

All London has been in amazement over her imposing jewels, which include the diamond collar given as a wedding present by her aunt, Mrs. Whitlaw Reid; the magnificent diamond and pearl brooch from Colonel and Mrs. John Jacob Astor; the superb long chain of pearls and pearl clusters from Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, and the marvelous all-around tiara of pearls and diamonds, tipped with pear-shaped pearls and diamonds, from her mother. But all London has seized upon the occasion as one for deploring the additional example of expensive living which the Countess Granard provides.

Even the court circle, late in February, was impelled to find too much ostentation in the array of diamonds that hid pretty nearly all the lovely white neck when the new countess of Granard appeared in her marriage robe—in the jewels which, covering her corsage, made it glitter with the feet of a gorgeous courtesan, and the other ornaments that left her gown only a well-fitted setting for the prince's ransom she wore in jewelry.

She wore both her tiara and the diamond collar, while a band of superb emeralds and a half inches wide, the gift of Mrs. Maturin Livingstone, stretched

RICHEST ARE AGHAST

The countess of Craven herself has not been far behind her mother in impressing Great Britain with the idea that American wealth has been made to be spent in all that goes to make luxurious living. Her entertainments there, since her marriage, have left the richest of the nobility aghast at their costliness, and have served to make all the other women of the kingdom miserable, unless to the full extent of their family incomes and dangerously beyond they can show they know something, at least, about fashionable living.

The duchess of Marlborough, she who was Consuelo Vanderbilt, is another American whose jewels and lavish living, once the ecstatic admiration of all English society, are now deprecated rather than lauded for their splendor. Her whim has been pearl, voted startling in size and beauty, many of them said to have once belonged to Marie Antoinette. Last year, in an exceptionally fulsome adulation addressed to her in a London paper, her panegyrist remarked:

And you show your sense in the matter of these priceless ornaments, for you do not keep them out of sight in a bank or in an early bird's sale, and, like so many women, do not trust them to the tender mercies of paid dependents. No; you adopt the better way, and wear the pearls by day and night—even under your plain tailor-made gowns or simple cottons and muslins.

Most charming innovation, this of the duchess of Marlborough, until just now, when the bling of expensive jewel buying and wearing on the part of less wealthy Englishwomen has converted the American duchess' fondness for her pearls into a corrupting example.

The duchess of Roxburgh, who was Miss May Goelet, took to her husband a fortune estimated at between \$20,000,000 and \$25,000,000. It was the marvel of England when the duke of Roxburgh got hold of it; but a greater marvel followed when the generous young American bride gave enough of her millions to completely rehabilitate his residence and estates.

Perhaps of all the expenditures that have been made in the name of the American woman, this of May Goelet has been least criticized, and that chiefly because it represents permanent improvement and investment, where the money will do English people the most solid good, while restoring to ancient dignities a title the mass of the population is willing to hold in reverence.

New Zealand Bridge



IT IS not always that the inhabitants of a thinly populated district can have a bridge located at the most convenient point for them. At times, especially in the case of a long river, the only way to get across is by a long and narrow causeway, which is often very inconvenient. In the case of the new bridge at New Zealand, the people of the district call "wages" and regard as quite commonplace.

An Elephant as a Plowhorse



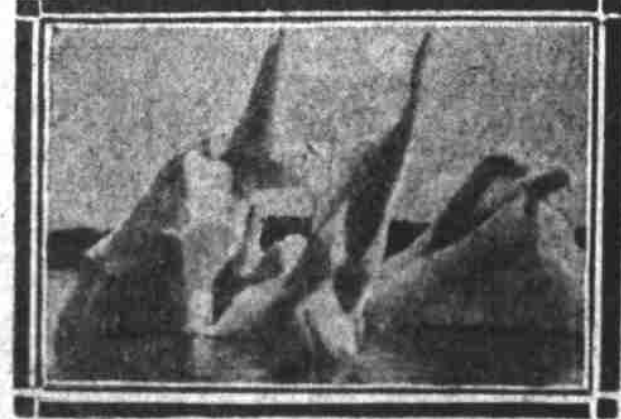
VISITORS to the southern countries of Asia have seen frequently elephants employed in many useful capacities. They are willing beasts of burden when properly treated, and their enormous strength enables them to do a vast amount of rough work. Recently, astonished residents of the country about Horley, England, have been amazed to see an elephant performing the duties of a plowhorse. The proprietor of a circus winters his animals on his farm at Horley, and makes his elephants help pay for their keep by pulling plows.

World's Highest Statue



ON THE dividing line between Chile and the Argentine Republic, in the very heart of the Andes, stands, in impressive solitude, the highest statue in the world—that is, the statue erected at the most lofty altitude. It is a colossal figure of Christ, and was placed there as a perpetual token of peace and good will between the two nations. The statue is of bronze, and was cast in the arsenal at Buenos Ayres from castings.

The Death of an Iceberg



WHEN an iceberg breaks away from its fellows in the northern seas and drifts southward to warmer waters it melts, sooner or later, the fate of dissolution. Many a winter passenger on transatlantic vessels has seen towering icebergs floating near the great ocean pathway, but comparatively few voyagers have witnessed the death hours, so to speak, of one of these majestic, forbidding mountains built up by the hands of the great king of the Arctic. It is curious what fantastic shapes the remnants of icebergs will resolve themselves into before giving up the frigid ghost.

Old Church in Norway



SOME of the most curious specimens of church architecture in the world may be found in Norway. At Borgund, for example, is a singular-looking edifice that was erected in 1150, or earlier. Antiquarians have never been able to determine the exact date. The Borgund church is built of logs, covered thickly with tar outside and inside. This coating perhaps accounts for the preservation of the building. When the doors are closed the interior is almost entirely in darkness, as light comes then only through small openings in the roof.