

# The "Unhappy Rich" Pilloried by Its Own Pastor

**THE REVEREND HERBERT SHIPMAN**, rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, on Fifth Avenue, New York, delivered a sermon in Trinity Church, the ultra fashionable church of Newport, in which he deplored the unhappiness of the wealthy classes in this country, their discontent and unrest. Mr. Shipman is well able to discourse on this subject. He is a member of the exclusive Tuxedo and Newport sets, and is rector in one of the most fashionable churches in New York. This church has so many love affairs within its walls that it is called the Church of the Earthly Flirtations. He is the husband of one of the richest women in this part of the country, Mrs. Shipman being a daughter of the late Edson Bradley of Washington, D. C.

## Pity the Poor Rich—By Rev. HERBERT L. SHIPMAN.

**H**UMAN life has in it a very large element of pathos. We touch elbows with disappointed hopes, with discouragement, with fallen ideals, with tragedy, whenever we go where men and women are. And the mask, the brave front held before the world, only adds to the pathos of it.

I don't mean only and especially, however, the pathos of the poor and sick and unfortunate, of those we call life's failures.

I mean the pathos of so many of those we call the rich, the successful and the strong, whose riches and strength and successes have gained for them everything on earth except the one thing their hearts desire.

I mean the pathos, not of the bread-line, but of the automobile line; not of rags and tatters, but of silks and satins; not of hungry, starving bodies, but of hungry, starving souls.

There is pathos, God knows, in the darkness and dirt and degradation of what we call the "slums"; there is pathos, too, God knows—even if we do not know or see—in the well-dressed respectability of the streets, where "money talks," and talks so loud that no other voice is heard—pathos there, but not because of evil involved—I am not speaking about that—but because of the high ambitions that go down, the splendid hopes that are laid aside, the ideals that receive the stamp "not practical," and are stacked away forever; because of the eager eyes and hurrying feet that chase a rainbow beneath which lies the thing they want and never find; because of the young faces upon whose lines, at the beginning, is the splendid cry: "Life, life, and yet more life!"—and at the end, with the desire of their hearts still unsatisfied, the cry: "Money, money, and yet more money!"

There is pathos in the gripping, trembling fingers, in the eager, hungry eyes of those who, in the back room of a saloon or gambling den, play for stakes the losing of which may mean downright hunger. There is pathos, too, in the quiet orderliness of the gambling table surrounded by well-dressed, well-mannered men and women; pathos, not, I say again, for the evil of it only, but because when carried to excess, as it is carried to excess, it is so pathetic a commentary upon life, so pathetic an attempt to fill the emptiness of life, to get away from one's own self, so pathetic an attempt to make unreality take the place of a reality which has not been found, to make excitement or enjoyment persuade the heart, for a time at least, that it is satisfied.

There is pathos in the little dingy store, with its little bins, tawdry stock, before whose windows ragged children stand and gaze wistfully, where pennies are haggled over, a dime's worth is a "sale," and a dollar bill constitutes one a patron of importance. There is pathos, too, in the glittering shops along Fifth Avenue, where furnishings alone cost a fair-sized fortune and whose stock is valued by the million. Vanity of vanities, one might say, yes, vanity of vanities, emptiness of emptiness—but

behind the vanity, behind the emptiness, is the face of pathos—the longing for the thing that satisfies—for beauty, for youth to stay, for admiration, for something, for anything, upon which not the eye only, but the heart can rest content—even for a little while, content. In all of this there is pathos.

There is pathos in the pleasures, in the entertainments of our so-called higher classes, of those who stand at the other extreme of the social scale. I am not speaking of those new amusements; I am not speaking of them as pathetic, and that they often are—pathetic. It is pathetic to see men and women making of enjoyment a business—a business that is often a hardship; to see them wearing themselves out, body and soul, in their hunt for pleasure; it is pathetic to see them, as one does see them, pretend and make believe that "having a good time" is a fool's phrase that, like a fool's make-up, often hides a breaking heart—that this satisfies every want they have; it is pathetic when they want, even if they don't acknowledge it, to push to the surface, and they pile on more pleasures, more elaborate, more bizarre—to put it mildly—more highly spiced pleasures, to bring it under, to keep its voice out of their ears.

It is pathetic to see men and women trying to make excitement, doing more and more things, doing them at greater and greater speed, talking more broadly, laughing more loudly, drinking more freely, dancing more wildly, and shouting the while: "I am happy, and there is life, and I have no other want or wish." It is pathetic, I say, to see them trying to make this satisfy the want, the hunger in them—the want and hunger which, whenever they are still and think, cries out: "I am not satisfied, and you who are myself know that I am not satisfied."

Do you remember in that great parable of the boy who left his father's house to go into a far country in search of liberty and pleasure, what it was that brought him to himself and at last to his father's home again? It seems to me that the prodigal, lost soul of this society of ours, is at just such a turning point, just such a parting of the ways. What is all its feverish excitement about? Why is it rushing from this pleasure to that as if life depended on it? Why is it grasping at this thing or the other—almost anything will do—and trying to make it an end and object worth living for—and then throwing it away? Why is it trying to feed itself on every new so-called philosophy, every new cult and "ism" that comes along, pretending to be satisfied, and then hurrying to something else because it isn't satisfied. Why, in the midst of everything—if this world is all there is—everything to make life happy and contented, is there so much unhappiness, so much discontent, so much restlessness among those who should be happy and contented and entirely satisfied? You are doing things too little for your strength. You are playing with life, not using it. You are laughing and dancing and serving your little self, while a hundred men are calling for your strength.

Are you satisfied it should be so? We know that we are not.

## How Fashionable Society's Favorite Shepherd Shocked His Newport Audience by Declaring "The Automobile Line More Pathetic Than the Bread Line—Those in Silk More Pitiable Than Those in Rags"



"There was their favorite minister, one of them in fact, pillorying their follies and vices, their restless activities and their reckless rush for pleasure, just as mercilessly as any old Puritan father ever did with the wrongdoers of his time."

## Some Women to Whom Wealth Has Brought Only Unhappiness

**F**ASHIONABLE society in this country is not at all put to it to count the causes that led Mr. Shipman to make his attack on the "Unhappy Rich." It knows that he did not have to scratch deep to uncover scandals, sorrows and sins among the people with whom his parish and social life brings him in contact. The members of the Circus

Set of Newport, for instance, are sure that the wealth of many of their friends has brought only unhappiness to its owners. They cite instances of the great unrest which inspires its members, and tell in no uncertain tone, of rich women who are "poorer" than the very poor. All Summer Mr. Shipman has seen the excessive drinking he condemns, the gambling for high stakes, the "earthly flirtations" that are leading the participants to the divorce courts.

What happiness, for instance, has her wealth brought Mrs. Billy Leeds? Divorced from a poor man to marry a man of great wealth, who had in turn divorced his poor and unprogressive wife, what has she to fill her life and make her happy?

The spending of her wealth? She does spend it lavishly, she squanders yearly a fortune, to keep herself in the front of things socially in London, but of what use is it all? She wants above all things to be a power socially in New York, but not even her wealth has made this possible. In London she entertains in sumptuous style but the most exclusive women, those who are the real power socially do not attend her parties. She makes her home in London when not travelling in mad haste from one Continental port to another. She is never at rest, for when she rests she thinks and that she does not like to do. Is it when she is quiet that she thinks of the two divorces that were necessary to bring about her marriage to the Tin Plate King? Does she recall that he did not live long after his marriage to her and that he would probably have been just as happy for that short time with his first wife?

She is estranged from her family and her old friends, and her new friends are those who are such, because she is a woman of tremendous wealth. She is a bright and shining example of one of the "Poor Rich" whose lives are filled with pathos.

There is Mrs. Clarence Mackay, so well known in all parts of the United States and also in Europe. At the age of eighteen she was a brilliant beauty, of an exotic type, one who should have married only because she loved deeply and ardently. She married Clarry Mackay because he loved her and because he had an enormous fortune. Has Mrs. Mackay attained happiness? What has her wealth brought to her? She is today the most conspicuous example of the fact that wealth does not bring happiness.

She is living in Portland, Maine, apart from her family and friends. Her husband slipped out of the country last June, taking her three children with him. Lonely, tragically unhappy, this beautiful young matron then exiled herself, and the result of that exile? Well, a two years' residence in Portland entitles one to secure a divorce without the unpleasantness of proving a statu-

tory offense. Is Mrs. Mackay happy? Has the great wealth she married brought her happiness? Did she find happiness, even content, in her strenuous suffrage campaign '06, that added to her unrest, for it only gave her more chance to display her wealth and it was not many years after her marriage that the former Kitty Duer hated to see the things that her wealth could do for herself.

Is there any one, either rich or poor who is more pathetic than the "wealthy" Mrs. Mackay? She may not see her children for years, if their father keeps them in Europe, for she will have to make a continuous residence in Maine, in order to get a divorce.

Kitty Mackay never had a brother or sister, her father and mother are dead, she is utterly alone in the world. The things she wants, her large income settled on her by her husband cannot buy. Her oldest child, Kitty the second, is a beautiful girl of fourteen, the very image of herself, then there is blue-eyed Ellen and John, aged four, when she sees them again they may have entirely outgrown their remembrance of her. Can any one look at her and call her happy?

But right under the rector's eyes all summer has been another example of the pathos of wealth. When Elsie Whelan was called the most beautiful girl in Philadelphia, when she was making a sensation in Newport, she married Robert Goelet, one of the wealthiest bachelors in America. She made no secret of the fact that she was marrying him because her mother wanted her to, and because she had a yearning for the luxuries which the Goelet wealth would give her. It was an open secret that she was in love with another man, but he was of no social standing. Has that marriage brought her happiness?

From the beginning of her marriage Mrs. Goelet had all that wealth could buy, diamonds, motors, mansions in various parts of the world, an opera box, a steam yacht and all

the trifles that women of fortune demand. Was she happy as she sat in her opera box, her head weighed down with her diamond tiara? Was she happy as she sat at her dinner table in her million dollar mansion on Fifth Avenue, facing the man who gave her all this?

Was she happy living at Ochre Court, the superb Newport villa where she spent seven summers?

All this is in the past tense. She is now living apart from the author of her wealth. All summer Mr. Goelet has kept away from Newport, he has not seen his wife nor his two children for months. Mrs. Goelet is living in one of the smaller places far from the cliffs, and she says that she will remain in Newport all winter.

This statement means, so says the Circus Set, that the Goelet wealth has brought only unhappiness, that it has headed Elsie toward the divorce court. The laws of the State of Rhode Island are that a two years' residence gives one the right to sue for divorce and this is the reason given for Mrs. Goelet's decision.

In Newport also, right under the eye of the observing rector, lives Mrs. Herbert Harriman, who divorced her husband, Major Hall and then married Herbert Harriman, one of the well known family of "financiers and firms," as Newport describes them.

Is Mrs. Harriman happy? Did her divorce and subsequent marriage bring her happiness? Who knows the bitterness of the female heart when its possessor belongs to a race which is trained to hide its feelings?

Mrs. Harriman does not bewail her lot, she smiles bravely and constantly but she is only another one of Mr. Shipman's pathetic cases. She has no children, her present husband takes long tours throughout

the world without her and she spends most of her present life eating her heart out with sorrow. Last year Mr. Harriman went to South Africa for ten months, leaving his wife in New York, alone.

And yet Mrs. Harriman is a member of the Newport set, is looked upon by outsiders as a very lucky woman. May Brady-Hall-Harriman, to-day, would give all her wealth for an invitation to visit the Countess of Granard or Mrs. Ogden Mills in their English castles, but since her divorce and her marriage to Harriman she has not been welcomed by either Mrs. Mills or her daughter. To solace herself Mrs. Harriman has taken up bridge, she plays it masterfully and successfully, but what does her skill at the card-table mean? Not happiness but tragedy.

In the handsomest mansion on Bellevue Avenue lives a woman whose wealth can be counted by the many millions. Is she happy? Is Mrs. Edward Berwind one of the happy women of this world, or one of the most pathetic?

She has no children, she abhors the doings of the Circus Set, she has a husband whose soul yearns only to make the members of the Circus Set have a good time. Never were husband and wife at greater loggerheads, but she lives with dignity, accepting all things, and Newport and her husband know that she will not seek the divorce court but will bear her sorrows in silence.

Has the Berwind wealth brought happiness in its train?

But there are many other women who have paid in sorrow for their wealth. Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, one of the richest California heiresses, when she married the oldest son of William K. Vanderbilt thought that her road to happiness was plain before her. For three years she has lived apart from her husband refusing to get a divorce but not recognizing his existence at all. Her wealth could not keep her husband by her side, and his wealth could not give her the happiness she craved. It takes more than wealth to keep two people from the bitter quarrel which was a feature of the life of the young Vanderbilts.

Is Mrs. Vanderbilt happy as she lives in her great mansion on Long Island while her husband lives practically abroad all the time? Pathos! The wealthy sets throughout this country are as full of it as the rector of the Heavenly Rest claims. And he, like the members of the Circus Set who whisper this story over their tea cups, know that the surface has only been scratched in his sermon and this tale.



Mrs. Robert Goelet, Who Is Newport's Most Interesting Example of the Pathos of Great Wealth.



Mrs. Herbert Harriman, Whose Divorce from a Poor Man and Marriage to a Member of the Wealthy Harriman Family Have Not Brought Her Happiness.



Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Who Is the Most Conspicuous Example of the Fact That Great Wealth Does Not Always Bring Happiness.

## Artificial Clouds to Fight Frost

**T**HE first thought would be, when mention is made of making artificial clouds, that the purpose for such things would be to secure shade, but that is not the idea at all—artificial clouds are made as a preventive against frost.

This idea has really been taken up, and successful experiments made in the cold, mountainous regions of Europe, where people depend entirely upon certain crops and where sudden frosts are very likely to occur. The clouds are not made of vapor-

ized water, of course, but of smoke. However, it is such dense smoke and hangs so thickly over the territory where it is produced that it has every appearance of clouds.

The smoke clouds are produced by tar, resin or petroleum, according to the abundance of the particular product in the locality where it happens to be needed.

The success of the system is said to depend entirely on the promptitude of its application, in which case results are immediate.