

WOLF AT DOOR DRIVING BELLES OF MAYFAIR TO TAKE IN WASHING OR TEND LONDON SHOPS

Empty Family Purses and Desire to Do Constructive Work Felt Everywhere: Titled Women Enter "Trade" Daily

WHEN the wolf grows at the door of royalty even royalty must take in washing!

Because they are impoverished, noblewomen of Europe are fast developing into tradesladies.

Not all of them, of course, but a large enough number to be significant are running laundries, millinery shops and chicken farms for a livelihood.

One lady of title is a designer of fashionable garments, one manages a large estate, and a host of them have gone on the stage or leaped bravely into the movies.

It can't be because they are really poor—king's poverty is a beggar's competence—in the same sense that commoners may be poor. But titles are expensive luxuries. They cost a great deal more than do there food and drink.

Balls and magnificent parties demanded by European social life eat the fat out of the fattest purses.

Taxes on royal estates have drained Continental exchequers. The war, which robbed impartially both the rich and the poor, has left even titled families with little more than enough. Some families it has utterly ruined.

No wonder royalty is rearranging its sentiments regarding trade. No longer are titled folk fearful of soiling clean white hands in the busy marts of business. The knightly males have rolled in the mud of France. They have lived like beasts in holes; they have felt the force of the argument "work or you don't eat!"

And the noblewomen, too, have learned to know the work there is in the world to do. They have toiled in hot canteens, they have wrapped bandages, nursed the wounded, done a very necessary and difficult service in munition factories, driven motor lorries.

And they have come out of that period of war poorer in purse and certainly richer as social units. Some of them admit that butterflying about in the glitter and small-talk of the ballroom is not attractive to them now. They begin to think of service with a capital S. And while there is always a little buncombe about persons who think of service with a capital S, there seems to be no doubt that many of Europe's high-born women are shying at a resumption of the easy luxurious life.

Landed estates are being sold, not because landed estates are undesirable, but because money emphatically is not. Jewels are going, not because jewels are no longer fashionable, but because jewels can be converted into cold, convincing cash.

And, as has been said before, noblewomen are going to work!

And they are proving that they know how to make money. They bring to their businesses the taste and intelligence which is a heritage of their social class and compete successfully with established houses.

Is Washing for Former Friends of Ballroom

Comes the Countess Clonmel, wife of the seventh Earl of Clonmel, Rupert Charles Scott, and opens an extensive laundry in London. She calls it the White Elephant Laundry, and owns to patrons not only in England, but in Scotland and Ireland.

"Yes, I take in washing," admitted the countess. "And why not? It pays well, and it is interesting to watch the plant grow."

A leader in society before the war, the countess found herself busy in the midst of war service beginning with 1914. But after the signing of the armistice, time hung heavy on the countess' hands. She discovered that social activity, that pattering on the surface of a host of things, didn't satisfy her any longer. She felt the need for real labor; in the words of the not always politely spoken "Hairy Ape," she "didn't belong," but wanted to.

"I was talking with a friend one evening and expressed a wish that I might have something vital in life to keep me busy," explains the countess, "and my friend in jest said: 'Why not start a laundry?'"

"It did not seem so ridiculous to me, however—his suggestion. I had had my experience with laundries, their prices were exorbitant and they ruined most of the things they received."

"And while my mind played about the idea I gradually visualized a laundry where prices are reasonable and where collars and shirts and laces and other articles are not received into an oblation never to come forth whole again. And I saw an efficient force which took pride in the art of revivifying soiled wearing apparel; which took pride in returning to the right man or the right woman his or her own garment."

Titled Woman Admits Real Value of Publicity

And it wasn't long before the countess saw her dream materialize. Her laundry now is a paying business. It is geared with all modern improvements and most of the work is done well within view of the public in West End.

"I find that advertising of that sort is good for the business," says the countess. "For a time my friends, of course, were shocked. 'A countess taking in washing? Impossible!' they said. But I showed them it isn't impossible at all—and now they are accepting the inevitable."

And the countess' laundry is dis-

member. Her patrons have only commendation for the quality of handiwork for which her shop is becoming famous.

Lady Marjorie Dalrymple, member of the ancient Scottish House of Dalrymple, was fed up with social parading. One must lay her revelation to the war again. The war seemed to teach her that the most "enjoyable" joy came out of work—hard work, consistent work. She wanted of being only a pretty creature to hang gorgeous clothes

Experiment for Charity Opened Way to Business

For a long time Lady Bingham has been the leader in London fashions. She introduced the pumier dress in England. During the war she proved extremely industrious.

At the great fair in the Caledonian Market, at which British society and royalty sold trinkets of one sort or another for the benefit of wounded heroes, Lady Bingham conceived the idea of establishing a ladies' hat store. At the fair she directed sales in the hat booth.

Her shop is eminently progressive and profitable. Her clientele is the society of which she still is an honored

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distinctive in many ways—but in one way especially. Though all the laundry appliances that modern ingenuity has devised are in her plant she will not permit wash to go through machines. Only human hands touch the clothing during the process of cleansing, and consequently garments are no more ruined than they would be if they were washed on Mondays by the lady of the house herself.

Millinery shops are not so unusual

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DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH



BARONESS DE REUTER



COUNTESS OF CLONMEL formerly MISS RACHEL BERRIDGE



HON. MRS. JOHN FORTESCUE



LADY BINGHAM



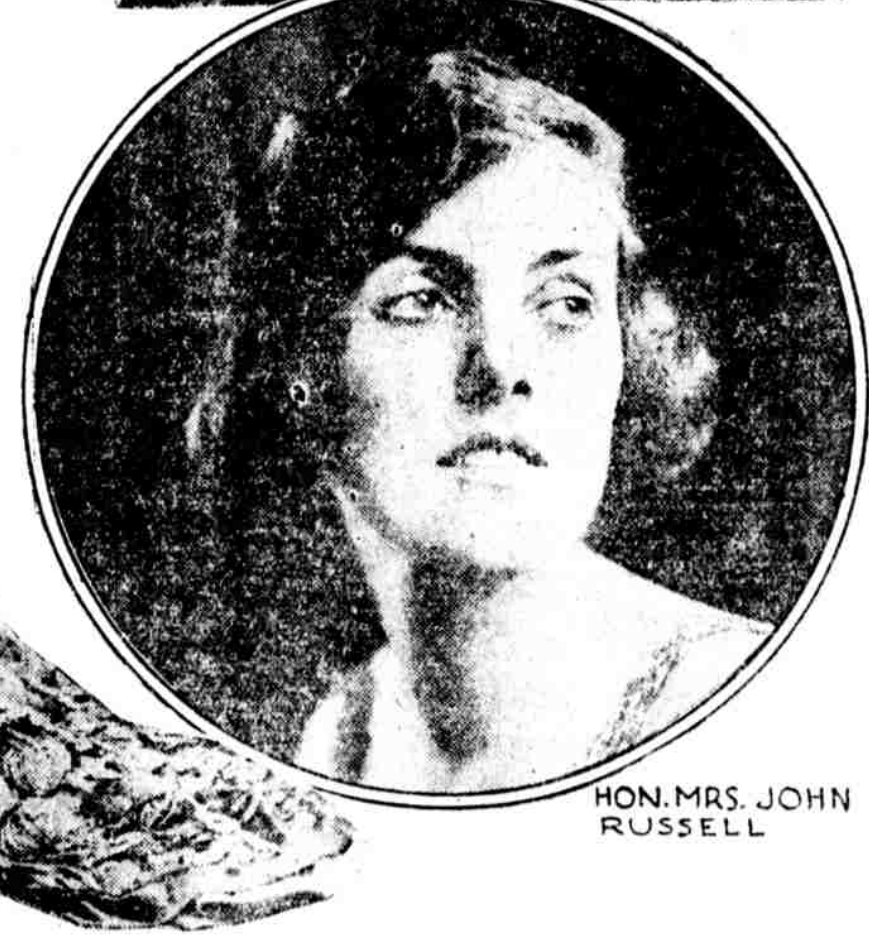
LADY MARJORIE DALRYMPLE

Countess Clonmel Runs a Laundry; Lady Dalrymple Has Her Hat Store—Some Are Mannequins, Others on Stage

my mother, Lady Menzies and Miss R. L. D. Broughton, in the south of France. My mother had several depots which will bring in much-needed resources. One entire floor of their home is



VISCOUNTESS MAIDSTONE formerly MISS MARGARETTA DREXEL



HON. MRS. JOHN RUSSELL

turned over to "Clint." Art treasures from all over the world are on view here and "Clint" advertises her wares and her business with the following clever doggerel:

*Clint will do what you want
As taste dictates and art inspires,
Her subtle, dainty color schemes
Light the lighting of your dreams.
She has Italian headpieces
All London cannot show their fellows
Danasko and cushions; silks from France,
Brooches of light, metallic glazes,
Brass arks she has, egyptian
Turk, Persian, Indian and Chinese;
Old carved beds from Portugal,
Old quilts to cover them withal;
Old English chairs, a joy to gaze,
Old Spanish shawls to grace your hair;
Old-fashioned cloaks, wraps, picture dresses
Such as adorned our ancestors;
Last, drawings from the royal collection.
All produced with such perfection
That 't is the most tasteful purchase
Such things were never seen till now.*

Mrs. Fortescue also sells gowns, and she has hit upon the extraordinary scheme of holding mannequin parades in front of her beautiful home at Hantswood. She designs garments herself, and is said to have become unusually expert. Her models are startling and vivid, and other dress designers bitterly deplore the fact that "Clint" is taking away from them much of their business, and charge her with taking unfair advantage over them by using the publicity her name and her amazing parade gives her.

They insist there is nothing unique in her designs.

But "Clint" need only laugh. She is earning her suit in spite of experienced competition.

Lady Susan Toanley, wife of the former British Minister to the Hague, who is said to have been the influence which caused Sir Mortimer Durand to business. Her husband, brother to the present Earl of Fortescue, has been since 1905, librarian at Windsor Castle. She is the author of a number of books.

"I have opened a shop for the sale of art treasures and gowns at Admiral's House, our home in Hantswood," said Mrs. Fortescue. "And while my husband devotes his attention to the making of his book, I can carry on a business

potatoes on the Duke's Blenheim estates.

She isn't a regular picker by any manner of means, but she has interested herself in the conduct of her husband's estates. She devotes a great portion of her time to the welfare of the tenants and workers.

Too, she has been making movies of the neighborhood for historical purposes.

The Duke of Marlborough, it will be remembered, married Consuelo Vanderbilt, daughter of William K. Vanderbilt, in 1895. They were divorced in 1921, after they had been separated several years. The Duke married Miss Deacon in June of the same year, after a period of difficulty with the Church of England, which refused to marry him. A civil marriage was performed, and after a time a minister was found willing to conduct the religious marriage.

Another noblewoman who is giving her personal attention to her husband's farms is Lady Marcia Black, sister of the Earl of Roden.

Waste of the Fathers Put Burdens on Sons

When Margarita Armstrong Drexel, of Philadelphia, married Guy Montagu George Fitz-Hutton, Viscount Maidstone, in 1910, she married a comparatively poor man. His father, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, possessed estates which were extensive, but down at the heels.

The wealth of the family had been squandered and it developed that the viscount was compelled to earn his livelihood at business. Lord Maidstone lived in bachelor apartments. He was poor, but of excellent reputation. His wife brought him a considerable amount of money. But members of this proud and ancient family of Maidstone find themselves forced to seek ways of earning an honest living.

The Baroness de Reuter, a French woman, has been compelled to work as a mannequin and recently she opened a fashionable dressmaking establishment of her own. Princess Magloff, sister-in-law of the Grand Duke Michael, once a woman of extraordinary wealth, was so impoverished by the war that she is forced to hire out as a mannequin. Other Russian women of title have been forced to follow her lead. A number are now stenographers and chorus women; two Hungarian women of royal family are governesses for families which were once not so rich as the governesses were themselves.

Lady Honeywood manages hotels. There are now four conducted under her personal supervision. The Hon. Gabrielle Borthwick owns a large garage. In conjunction with the garage she directs a fashionable school for women who desire instruction in the management and care of automobiles. Lady Henry Bentinck is an interior decorator of note.

And so the long list goes. There are, of course, many noblewomen who have gone in for art of one sort or another—painting, sculpture, interpretive dancing, the movies, the legitimate stage—and they have "come in" for all sorts of reasons. The most recent have entered the realm of money-making, however, because they needed the money, which, after all, is one of the best reasons.

It is said that so many members of the peerage have recently opened shops on the Continent and in England that it has come to be no longer a matter of even mild surprise to the peerage. Peers are learning to buy of peers without batting an eye.

The shops are taking on an atmosphere all their own. They are not elaborately arranged stores. They are simple in structure and embellishment. The clerks, not infrequently, are family butlers and maids, who are more shocked over the strange forty-stories situation than the peerage is itself. Old retainers look upon this apparent tragedy of riches with pain in their hearts; but they will loyally do duty in the very objectionable capacity of salesman or saleslady till the crack of dawn, or later if necessary.

Peers Do Not Scorn To Charge High Prices

The shops have the appearance of private shrines, to which the noblewoman invites her many friends. And since peers are the salesman and peerage the prospective purchaser, the prices are high.

And why shouldn't they be? It isn't often that a nobleman has had the chance to be waited on by a peerage. Besides, it is only a high price that will command the kind of poverty peers suffer.

Women everywhere are absorbed in working out their own salvation. They want careers as well as men do in America as well as in England.

In Chicago, for instance, there is a wealthy daughter of an owner of a large hotel who has established herself as both shopper for persons living in out-of-the-way places in the world. For persons who are not near book shops, she stages a series of book fairs, and buys them for her customers.

In New Orleans, a society woman has converted the old house of Paul Morphy, historic chess marvel, into a Spanish market, where the wealthy of the city dine under the palm trees and to soft strumming of music. Next door to the patio is a book store, conducted by another society woman, and next to the book store is a little Parisian novelty shop. And this shop, which deals in imported lingerie, is run by a third society woman.

Certainly the urge to branch out into business tingles in the very air. Women will not accept a life of purposeless activity. And poverty seems to be an immediate cause of the actual assumption of industrial responsibility.

When the coronet of the duchess or the countess represents no wealth at all—the social status is the wealth of the city—she may as well. Like ordinary folk, when their purse is empty, they roll up their metaphorical sleeves and get to work to fill it again.

And it looks as if a new kind of democracy were close at the heels of the world.