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The  
469 Ultra-Fashionables  
of America







C. W. de Lyon Nichols

# The 469 Ultra-Fashionables of America

A SOCIAL  
GUIDE BOOK AND REGISTER  
TO DATE

BY

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*"The Ultra-Fashionable Peerage of America,"  
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BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

835 BROADWAY NEW YORK

1912

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## PREFACE

*The gentle or irate reader of these pages is forewarned not to expect from them a genealogical treatise. The subject in hand—National Society—is treated wholly from the standpoint of fashion; birth and hereditary rank being accounted accidents and not belonging to the essence of smartness. Furthermore, the system of distinctions employed in “The Ultra-Fashionables,” sweeps away as so much social undercrust more than ninety per cent. of the oldest families of the Republic. On the other hand, a truly American spirit pervading the work, evinces itself in the large measure of influence it assigns to the social talent of the individual as one of the main factors in insuring the highest social success.*

*Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught’s recent visit as guests of our Ambassador to the Court of St. James, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. Reid, at their town house in this city, did more in a practical way, towards helping to outline Who’s Who in ultra-fashionable New York than any nexus of social events since Mrs. Astor’s famous ball to the 600 in 1903, for which invitations to members of society in Washington and other cities were also included, thus creating a national ultra-fashionable set of 600.*

*The idea, however, of ushering in a new social*

dynasty can by no means be construed as a major or minor premise underlying the invitation lists of the various functions given by the Whitelaw Reids and Mrs. Ogden Mills in honor of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia. Discounting additions made for United States government and civic officials, the roll d'honneur for these entertainments, was in substance, closely similar to that of Mrs. Ogden Mills. A large proportion of the social personages heralded in the grand list of "The 300" in this work were guests at the aforesaid fetes to visiting Royalty. While this latter list of "The 300" is set forth in these pages as representative rather than as a numerical whole of Metropolitan ultra-smart society, the lists of the Ultra-Fashionables of the provincial cities are practically exhaustive.

"The Ultra-Fashionables of America" is, in a sense, a greatly altered second edition of the author's book, "The Ultra-Fashionable Peerage of America," which was published privately in 1904, and won the commendation of Mrs. Astor as a pen-picture of her coterie in American society, and at the other horn of the social dilemna, was quoted at some length by Henry George, Jr., in his work, "The Menace of Privilege." The former title, "Ultra-Fashionable Peerage," was liable to the misconception of meaning a display of American heraldry and pedigrees, instead of an anthology of the *fin fleur* of fashion.

THE AUTHOR

# The 469 Ultra-Fashionables of America

## CHAPTER I

### HOW TO BECOME ULTRA- FASHIONABLE

Newport, not the White House, is the supreme court of social appeals in the United States. Mrs. Ogden Mills, and not the wife of the President of the United States, is the first lady of the land in the realm of fashion. In Europe the pleasures of social life are the privileges of rank, which of course is founded upon the Brahmin caste of nobility.

In America, in ultra-fashionable society, rank has to be created and kept up by social functions, these amenities of necessity being extended to people already bearing the *imprimatur* of fashion, or meet for elevation to

the golden caste of Vere de Vere. One's family fixed one's social status under the old-time social regime in America. A European upper class finds in society in general and particularly in Summer migratory residence a relaxation, a surcease from care and worry. The ultra-fashionable American, on the contrary, finds in society a treadmill from which there is no shuffling out; the giving and attending of a round of social functions which cannot be neglected without imperilling, or, more often actually losing caste.

A good way to judge a faith is to have professed it and abandoned it. And society may well be viewed askant for a moment by one who at least in popular conception is the polar opposite to its spirit. I refer to a personage of world-wide repute, who, born in both the metropolitan and New England purple and in her youth a much-courted belle and heiress, forsook society's portals years ago, carving out for herself instead the career of the most eminent female financier, a name to conjure with by every great corporation in the world — Mrs. Hetty Howland Robinson Green.

Mrs. Green, while frankly avowing that "the social game is not worth the candle," regards the supremacy of Newport in American society simply as an axiom questioned only by the hopelessly provincial. "If I went to Newport," Mrs. Green says, "I would take a cottage and entertain. I would not stop at a place which is a cross between a boarding-house and a hotel and be a hanger-on. What I do, I do with my might. When I dress, I dress with my might. If I should choose to go dressed like a charwoman the rest of the time, that is my own affair; I certainly would not be and am not making an attempt and failing in it. When I gave a large dinner at the Plaza, a year or two ago, to pay off my daughter Sylvia's social debts, I ordered the best dinner the Plaza could cater, with the Tiffany gold dinner service and the 'pyramids of the Andes' for decorations. As for myself, I have had my fling at society in my day, along with our old neighbors in New York—the Rhinelanders, Jays, Grinnells, Aspinwalls, Langdons, Pells and Astors. Those were good, old, substantial families, different from the flashy new-rich people of to-day.

Besides, my father took me to Saratoga season after season, and in Boston society, I was well acquainted with the Thayers, the Sturgis, the Harrison Gray Otis and the Bates families. After my marriage to Mr. Green we saw a good deal of the English nobility in London, where we lived at the time we had financial interests with the Baring Brothers. But since that time I have had more serious matters than society to attend to—to keep the solemn charge my father made me on his deathbed, to increase the fortune he left me. Now I keep a good supply of mourning cards, with wide borders on, although Mr. Green has been dead for years, and whenever social invitations come for me I have my daughter enclose one of these mourning cards. If people are going to move in society nowadays they must keep hard at work over it and give social entertainments night and day.”

But to go more fully into the *minutiae* of how to become ultra-fashionable. A marriage outright into the smart set—such, for example, as the Livingston Beekman-Thomas, the Suffern Tailer-Brown, or the more recent Townsend Burden, Jr. - Sheedy, Burden-

Dows and Astor - Force matrimonial alliances—is far and away the surest method of effecting an entrance into it. But one's whole family must not be unloaded upon the smart set at one upheaval.

Since the death of Mrs. Astor, and from a complexity of causes, the power of money has asserted itself as never before in society's somewhat checkered history. Another expeditious scheme, then, for making a breach in society's walls of exclusiveness is by means of a business deal benefitting one or more members of the smart set—not a hard cash bargaining for social promotion, although men have been known to form business partnerships for this express object. But to illustrate from actual life: a short time ago a railroad transaction secured admission for a family of social aspirants into an influential section of the "magic circle." There are delicate ways of conveying the expression of one's social needs, and the ultra-smart are endowed with a fine sense of *noblesse oblige*, provided one is manipulating events so as to fill their purses. However, attractive personality and a measure of good breeding, and, above all, extraordinary tact,

must be assumed as a major premise in these somewhat blind financial tactics.

An annually increasing quota of candidates for metropolitan social honors, or rather adoption, is made up of rich—suddenly rich—Western or Pittsburg people. Such a family, we will premise, is about to establish itself in a New York City town house. If you are socially ambitious, do not set up your domicile on the upper west side, but fix your abode as near as possible to “Millionaires’ Row”—the Fifth Avenue court end of Central Park—not necessarily an unduly ostentatious house, which will egg everyone on to asking the dread question, “Who is Who?” but letting the show place come a few years later, after you are well placed socially. A grandiose house on a conspicuous thoroughfare, with no suitable guests to fill it, like the gigantic edifices of the Bank of Italy and Ministry of Finance in Rome, is an exclamation point strongly provocative of irony.

Apropos of living in apartments: To-day a Park Avenue apartment, located between Sixtieth and Seventy-second Streets, for example, is far more fashionable than a whole high-



stoop brownstone house of the last generation, with its gloomy and forbidding entrance, its morgue and sarcophagus drawing-room effects and its *gauche* appointments for entertaining. Lease a Park Avenue apartment, if you choose, or live at the Gotham, the St. Regis or the Ritz-Carlton in Winter, annexing, if you can, to your possessions a Long Island or Tuxedo country house, to be kept open through most of the cold months for week-ends.

At all events, your household gods, suitably enshrined, having taken technical advice on the furnishings on every point—for I once saw a *chaise lunge*, meant for use only in a lady's boudoir, foisted in upon the centre of a reception room by a social novice—employ a press agent; but be wary of too much publicity, for in the main the role of inglorious obscurity is the one you will need to play until you know the ropes better. At the same time, you can afford to pay the press agent well for having it inserted in the personal columns of a big daily which caters to fashionable folk, that you sail for Europe on such a date, or have returned from your country house for

the season; so that, at least, yourself or your social sponsors will not be hampered by persons protesting, "I have never heard of those people."

A special phase of newspaper publicity to be particularly wary of is that involved in allowing the women of your family to be enrolled as members of certain clubs and charities, and having their names bundled out in the third-class society columns of a certain Sunday paper, with lists of "detrimentals"\* of the first water, numbers of them turning out to be veritable millstones hung about the neck of social aspiration. A woman of fashion and a clubwoman are two mutually excluding entities — two totally distant creations of Almighty God, although the latter often tries to palm herself off for the former.

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\*A "detrimental" is a technical New York society term invented by Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, the novelist *par excellence* of American ultra-fashionable life. In this monograph a "detrimental" means a person of however excellent moral character or ability, who does not blend well socially with either the conservative Knickerbocker element, or the ultra-fashionables.

The old saying that it takes two generations to make a gentleman is being refuted every day, for American *men* are remarked not only for their facility in amassing fortunes, but in furnishing themselves with presentable manners on comparatively short notice. It is more particularly in *women* of plebeian birth that vulgarity is such an obstinate factor to eradicate. If your early training in drawing-room deportment has been defective or wholly lacking—and as likely as not it has—place yourself at once under a social mentor. Have her put the society intonation for a speaking voice into your throat; teach you easy deportment and carriage; how to enter and leave a drawing-room, and how to converse with the latest society badinage. To illustrate these points from the highest fashion and from the case of one who has had the advantages of birth: few society women have been as close students of Delsarte as Mrs. Burke-Roche. The art of fencing as an adjuvant to comely figures, for example, was extensively practiced during this last Newport season by Mrs. Oliver Gould Jennings, Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas (*nee* Blanche Oelrichs), Mrs. Reginald Van-

derbilt and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Jr. If women who have been for years well placed socially work so hard over themselves to be formed and cultivated on certain lines, it is doubly needful for an aspirant.

The next move for the social aspirant will be to cultivate the acquaintance of some fashionable woman whose finances are on the wane, but whose temperament requires the expenditure of large sums of money and who is, moreover, a walking American De Brett and Burke—in short, a running commentary as to knowing who are the people one can receive. Sedulously beware, however, of any society woman whose exchequer has become so depleted that she has acquired any notoriety as a social promoter, because then the game is all over save for the lampoons in public print at your social cost. Conceding that introductions may be sparingly given by a suitably chosen social promoter, her help will in a negative way be of much value in warding off “detrimentals,” thus saving you years of undoing and weeding out.

When one pauses to reflect upon the vast fund of energy, time and money annually ex-

pended in New York City by social aspirants in entertaining the wrong people—people who are positive dragons besetting the path of social progress, these foregoing monitions cannot be too often reiterated.

Form the acquaintance of an occasional visiting nobleman, if fully assured he is not an impostor, and stands well at his consulate and is likely to be received by families who might, perhaps, be made to fall in line, for furthering your campaign. Minister well to his gastronomic needs, for more than likely he has taken lodgings *sans* meals. But avoid making yourself unduly conspicuous in public print with such people of title, for should any one of them turn out to be a scapegrace, the satirical periodicals will show you up as a nobody caught in the *flagrante delictu* of snob-bishness and hanging on by the eyebrows.

If, on the other hand, a titled European is comfortably wealthy and *persona grata* at houses of the highest fashion, secure the honor of his presence, if only for a single night, as a guest for your opera box, no matter if he passes the greater part of the evening calling on friends outside in the “golden horseshoe,”

not being seen once in your loge between acts when the lights are turned on. Of course your social mentor has explained to you that there is no greater social reinforcement than the possession of a box at the opera. But be not over-sanguine, and do not waste undue time and effort over this highly accredited nobleman unless you have on the tapis a marriageable daughter with an ample dot, for in all probability he will flout you as soon as he has ascertained your exact social status.

The snubs, cuffs and slings of outrageous fortune you are experiencing on every hand may be perverting you into a woman hater and a cynic, when your youth and beauty are at their zenith; but keep up a bold front, steering clear of flamboyant toilettes, for a woman needs to be astonishingly well placed socially to dress like a cocotte. To lay aside all persiflage, many a social aspirant has handicapped herself by being habitually overdressed. To draw from life: A pretty and in some ways tactful postulant for social *entree* attended one Lenten morning a sewing guild of the great metropolitan Cathedral of St. John the Divine. In the presence of a bevy of social

leaders dressed in simple, sober tone, as befitted the season of penitence in a religious house, Mrs. Would-Be flounced in lavishly bejeweled and attired in an elaborate tailored costume of white broadcloth! The efforts of the influential social sponsor who accompanied Mrs. Would-Be were of course rendered of no avail, for upon their crossing the threshold of the guildroom a painfully suppressed smile went round as if by electric unison.

And above all, be philanthropic with your purse, although, perhaps, the heart responds but feebly. But let one of the special forms of your altruism be giving social functions, a goodly quota of the guests, until you are well placed, consisting of old Colonial and Knickerbocker families, who may never be able to return your hospitality in kind, but each of whom may know a few ultra-fashionables. Anent of philanthropy, conditions have changed a great deal since William D. Howells wrote his "Travels in Altruria," and fashionable charities as an adjuvant to social climbing, are growing more difficult to be worked, and the church still more intractable to be hoodwinked for these ends. The last



generation's perversion of a church into a *social club*, by means of which to effect an entrance into society, is wholly alien to twentieth century metropolitan trend of events. The newly rich are no longer marrying their daughters to clergymen, for supposed social position—in fact, the church and fashion are constantly drifting wider apart, much to the spiritual purification of the former.

A novelist of society, like Robert W. Chambers, despite his cleverness, depicts a social aspirant as donating a large cheque to the bishop, to further his social ascent, and its being the talk of the clubs. A *mondaine* such as Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, who is to-day and always has been an active factor in ultra-fashionable life at home and abroad, would not think of committing such an anachronism in one of her novels. The ultra-smart set frame of mind with reference to the church is set forth in caricature by Mrs. Wharton in *The House of Mirth*, when she cites Mrs. Trenor, the leader of fashion in her novel, and hostess of a week-end house party, as saying: "You know, we have to have the Bishop once a year. I always have had bad luck about the



Bishop's visits. Last year when he came Gus forgot all about his being here and brought home the Ned Wintons and the Farleys—five divorces and six sets of children between them!"

In the ultra-smart set, then in London, and in New York and Newport, what with Saturday night dances ending at three o'clock in the morning of the Lord's Day; what with Sunday motoring, country club lunching, golfing, yachting and bridge, the breach away from the church is deepening and widening every day. The clergy have almost disappeared from fashion's invitation lists, and are being remanded by its votaries to their rightful spiritual province—the functions of baptizing, burying and marrying them; provided the latter ceremony does not for statutory reasons have to be performed by a civil magistrate. One must not, however, form the perverse notion that there do not exist in the ultra-fashionable set whole groups of devout communicants of churches, as well as philanthropists.

The Episcopal Church and the Catholic Church are the churches of beautiful man-

ners, and if your birth has placed you under the ban of being a dissenter, cultivate Episcopal emotions and shuffle off the mortal coil of Presbyterianism on as short notice as possible. Affect the church with a hierarchy, if only for the subjective effect it will have upon your manners. Ralph Waldo Emerson said no truer thing in his *English Traits* than that "You can tell a dissenter by his manners!" You can divine that some women were not born in the church by their smile.

If one is blessed with young daughters, no matter what one's creed, hurry them away to a French convent for a while, for a convent is a school of respect, a nursery of beautiful manners, inculcating what always makes a young woman doubly attractive to mankind—the subjection of women. To see convent-bred manners in their flower and fruition, one really needs to know the delightful society of the continent of Europe. For your daughters' finishing choose the most fashionable metropolitan schools, entertaining your daughter's schoolmates, i. e., those from fashionable families, lavishly and often, for there is no more unerring entering wedge than thus winning

over their parents to your Napoleonic campaign of the social allied powers.

Do not, I beg of you, turn yourself and family into a national one-night stand theatre comique, by making the grand tour of hiring cottages at Newport, Lenox and the other modish resorts, before society has given the slightest recognition to your claims to be passed upon. Invoke the aid of old Father Neptune; secure a yacht, as sumptuous a one as you please, and, socially speaking, if your bark sink, 'tis to another sea. If ignored or snubbed at Newport, spread sail for Narragansett Pier or Bar Harbor, felicitating yourself that the social thud is not barbed with the added poignancy of one's having been a cottager in a place and not being received. Furthermore, there is no more acceptable mode of entertaining and of putting people under heavy obligations than the ownership of yachts and opera boxes.

During this, the period of your social reincarnation, go abroad early and stay late, stopping at Claridge's or the Ritz. What is a paltry two hundred and fifty dollars a day for a suite of rooms on the sixth floor of an hotel

in the heart of Mayfair, where kings and queens, emperors and princes of the royal blood of all nations have stayed? Or there is another suite on the second floor which a crown prince occupied at four hundred and fifty dollars a day. Contact with the great world of Europe will ennoble your manners, imparting an air of distinction and greater confidence in approaching the *fin fleur* of your own countrymen's society.

As your sojourn in England may be somewhat lengthy, you must have your own private carriages, and it is *infra dig* to be seen so often without crest or coat-of-arms on your panels during the crush in Bond Street at four o'clock. Then hie away down to the Royal College of Heralds in Queen Victoria Street, where one of your compatriots the other day paid the last of a series of fees, piling up to nearly two thousand dollars, for crest, motto and emblazoned coat-of-arms.

We will give you the credit of not trying to tamper with the Lord Chamberlain's office for the coveted bit of pasteboard which will admit one to the state balls and concerts at Buckingham Palace, for which as high as ten

thousand dollars has been paid a conniving peeress by an American Croesus. Besides a box for the royal opera at Covent Garden, with Lucullan feasts at the Ritz or Carlton afterwards, you may charter far in advance a commodious houseboat for the Cowes regatta, to say nothing of musicales to be given with grand opera artists, whose services command high in the thousands.

It is assumed that you have secured from the start for the London campaign the services of a high-class social promoter; such a personage, by judicious management, can be corralled from the ranks of the nobility, numbers of these bearers of titles among the women being *sub rosa* in some form of commission business. An English lady has not the same delicacy that an American society woman needing money has, for rendering social service for a financial consideration. Arrange with your social promoter to have a dinner given in your name at your hotel, in honor of an eminent peeress, with covers laid for no other Americans besides yourselves, and see that the event is given the widest exploiting it will warrant on both sides of the Atlantic.

In London society then, it is the smart court circle for which you are supposed to be aiming. A court presentation, while in itself almost indispensable, cannot give one open sesame into this charmed circle. After your English visiting list warrants it, you may elect to lease a country house, say, on the Thames. The barrister who draws up the agreement, the inventory taker, the butler, the footman, the coachman, the grooms, the stablemen, housemaids, parlor maids, the buttons—everyone fastens on you like a cavalcade of Neapolitan lazzaroni, to make an extra bit, and the plucking of the American golden goose makes the laughter long and loud in the servants' hall.

The management of the servants' hall alone in a large English country establishment requires the tact of an angel, the law of precedence being carried out just as punctiliously as with the titled guests above stairs. The kitchen sits in judgment of the drawing-room far more rigorously than if an English hostess were the mistress of the manse. Only skilled labor is possible to run such a house, for perfection of service is demanded by your exact-

ing British guests and no leniency is shown in case of mistakes. The country house which has fully forty bedrooms to be of any size in England, is run like a small hotel and costs so much to keep up—the food for the servants' quarters alone would suffice for several poor families—that the houseboat and motor launches for the river are reckoned among the minor expenses.

The more quiet and conservative guests are to be bidden for the midweek house parties; the gayer element, of which there are more men, often numbering forty or fifty people in all, are invited for the week-end. But ever and anon the American hostess who is a novice will find to her dismay that A sharp is amusing herself at the expense of B flat. Still be mindful of the reflection that every annoying feature of this British ordeal has its uses toward fitting one for an American social career, even if one meets few American ultra-fashionables, while performing these social labors of Hercules. Go to Paris every year to buy clothes; frequent occasionally some of the celebrated spas on the Continent frequented by royalty, stopping invariably at

hotels; lease houses only in London or in fashionable country home localities of England. If during your European sojourns you fall in with fashionable Americans, try by delicate and becoming advances to ingratiate yourself with them, leaving it entirely to them to take the initiative of keeping up the acquaintance on American soil. Sedulously avoid even the semblance of future building upon them, or banking upon the name. In your conversations with American ultra-fashionables, although the major part of *their* talk among themselves is about people, be wary of indulging in personalities yourself and keep to objective themes—the opera, the plays, the modes, anything—and hold yourself well in hand, never showing the slightest eagerness, if great names in society chance to drop from ultra-fashionable lips. Never deign to ask for introductions to those better placed socially.

During this, the trying-on time for your royal American progress, whether abroad or at home, you must accept with true Christian resignation the truth of the major premise that you yourself are not worth meeting, and accordingly as many of your dinners and musi-



cales as possible—you are to give musicales instead of receptions—must have as a social *pièce de resistance* a guest of honor. And as it will be an affront to the guest of honor, if those of her friends bidden do not grace your house with their presence, there you are with a number of smart people meshed in the toils of a very effectual form of polite coercion. The guest of honor subterfuge works equally well for a family which has held high position and is on the down grade socially. A debutante or lately betrothed young girl is the most suitable and unsuspecting guest of honor to subserve such an end.

As your Winters are to be passed in New York, where the real battle for social acceptancy has to be fought out—Newport will come much later—strictly avoid sending out cards for general reception days for the season, or for a series of any length of informal afternoons at home with music, for undesirable persons and social mountebanks are sure to take undue advantage of such loopholes. Be at home on Sunday afternoons to serve tea at five o'clock, from Horse Show time and the opening of the opera in November, until your

Spring exodus to Paris to buy clothes en route for the London season. Issue no cards for Sunday afternoons, having it given out that those of your friends whom you really desire to have come are bidden by verbal invitation, and that you receive only a few. Give no latitude to the bringing of extra guests without your explicit consent; in this respect be as arbitrary as if you were a classic Corinthian pillar of society. There are so many people whom it is a pleasure and an honor to receive, who have one or two acquaintances of practically no social standing, but bound to them by some tie of self interest, who will beg and importune them to be brought to the house of a wealthy social aspirant for self-seeking ends really not at all complimentary to the hostess.

Should it during your period of social probation be your good fortune—and your wealth will act as a lure—to receive an invitation to the church for a wedding in a really fashionable family, for which invitations have been sent out by the thousands, make a costly and artistic wedding present. For example, give a pair of handsome candelabra. Few wedding gifts, aside from cheques, which can be given

only by relatives or exceedingly old friends of a family, are more acceptable than candlesticks, which are always in fashion and can be disposed in such a variety of places and in cozy nooks about a house.

More than likely your munificent wedding gift will receive mention in the newspapers through the kind offices of society reporters whom your husband has treated to champagne galore, and one or two of whom have perhaps already shown their gallantry by inserting your name in their columns among lists of guests at smart entertainments, at which you were neither present in the body nor honored with an invitation. At all events, the general public, which is hot-headed, and some very conventional society matrons of high degree, who could not conceive of such a ruse, upon reading of your somewhat extravagant wedding gift will jump at the conclusion that you were of course bidden to the reception. Furthermore, from time to time, much coveted bits of pasteboard for other church weddings are more than likely to follow suite. This clever little strategem was resorted to at Newport by a family of long-suffering social pro-

bationers from Providence, who were invited to the church for the Oelrichs-Martin wedding, a few years ago, and to this day is yielding a good bonus in social per cents.

The classic Greek aphorism, "Know thyself," must in your case as often be reversed. The reverse side of the medal, "Know your people," must alike be your mental and social watchword. Many a social probationer possessed of the wealth of Ormus or of Ind seems to be devoid of a conception of the meaning of what is termed "family," or gentle birth, and the advantages accruing from such a high estate, granting that the composition of the structure of fashionable society is relatively two-thirds made up of wealth.

It is assumed then that you have all along been a close student of fashionable society and have perceived that there are only two sets in society with which a really ambitious person can afford to have anything to do—the smart set and its outward fringe and the old Colonial and Knickerbocker families. I speak advisedly of the latter, for should one finally not succeed in penetrating into the true ultra-smart inner circle, the defeat can be partially

cloaked by falling back upon the Knickerbockers. And their names at every stadium of the upward climb up society's toilsome hill will pose well in the newspapers along with those whom you perchance may be able to muster for your dinners and musicales. In general, whenever you receive a social thud from an ultra-fashionable, fly into the arms of a Knickerbocker.

Among Knickerbockers and Colonials there are of course varying degrees of fashionable validity, and I append herewith a partial list of those standing nearest the throne of ultra-smartness as an ideal goal to be aspired to, although in all probability one may have to rest content for a long time with the companionship of knights and ladies of much lower degree in the Knickerbocker peerage around one's festive board.

Of Van Rensselaers, the Alexander Van Rensselaers, to whom Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Miss Alice Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Van Rensselaer-Johnson and the Alexander Van Rensselaers, of Philadelphia, belong, are of premier importance. Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, nee Van Rensselaer, outranks the whole

clan Van Rensselaer as the apogee of fashion; besides being the annual much-feted guest of the Bradley-Martins and the Earl and Countess of Craven. But do not, I pray you, be hypnotized by the name Van Rensselaer; separate carefully the Van Rensselaer chaff from the Van Rensselaer wheat, and if need be rebuke the arrogance of the clan by a gentle reminder that the first Van Rensselaer patroon was a tradesman when he came to America.

Of the very wide ramifications of the Livingston family tree the Maturin and Goodhue Livingstons, Miss Laura Livingston and one or two of the young Robert Livingstons are almost the only bearers of that ancient patronymic who have kept up in the van of fashion to-day. The T. J. Oakley Rhinelanders are the only ultra-fashionable Rhinelanders, and the Herbert C. Pells, Miss Charlotte Pell and the Stephen H. P. Pells are keeping propped up the somewhat waning social renown of the numerous Pell clan of manorial escutcheons. The death of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic J. de Peyster relegated the de Peysters pretty much to the social background, although Mr. Dongan de Peyster is a bit in

evidence. The Gallatins — a time-honored name, which was beginning to fall into social desuetude—is again coming to be associated with ultra-fashionable life, and Mr. R. Horace Gallatin has lately purchased a villa at Newport. Of Hoffmans, a semi-obscure Dutch lineage in Colonial times and never until of late much identified with fashion, the Charles F. and Francis Burrall Hoffmans are the solitary representatives of their family decreed ultra-fashionable. Charles F. Hoffman is a relative of Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, and the alliance proved helpful as an entering wedge into Newport society. The Gardiners, of the Manor of Gardiner's Island, have for society chiefly a reminiscent interest. Mr. Robert B. Van Cortlandt is almost single-handed in his efforts to keep up the social fame of that grand old manor family.

The Winthrops, especially the Egerton L. Winthrops; the Lorillards, the Livingston-Beeckmans, the E. N. Tailers and the Suffern Tailers, the Newbold Morrisises, the Schermerhorns, would all prove helpful, provided you can only get the presentations, which is not an easy matter. If you cannot deal with these



principals, angle for their relations. Study the doings of society closely and which Knickerbockers are enjoying any vogue or lead up to any will be readily apparent. At all hazards it is only well-bred people whom you can afford to receive in your drawing-room, and Knickerbockers and Colonials usually are blessed with a fair complement of the social graces. On the other hand, it is amazing how certain parvenus acquire such presentable manners on comparatively short notice; but possess them they must, no matter how tedious or humbling the technical drill, if they would move in ultra-fashionable society. It is only exceedingly well placed old social celebrities who can have the temerity to violate the *convenances*.

Be wary and sly about it, but be willing to invest hundreds or a thousand dollars in having every nook and cranny of your own and your husband's pedigrees searched, and if you should light upon any presentable ancestry in this country—for Heaven's sake, don't go back to kings—you could confide the surprising discovery as old-time history, known for generations by your family, to an occa-



sional Knickerbocker acquaintance. But keep yourself well in hand and do not go to the extreme of running out to the Fourth Avenue shops and hanging the walls of your dining-room with counterfeit presentments of assumed "ancestors." Also do not unmuzzle yourself on the forefather claim to any member of the smart set, unless you are not loath to be made a laughing stock. In general, few conversational *faux pas* lay bare one's plebeian social origin more glaringly than harping on one's lineage on short acquaintance with a person, or under any circumstances, with an Englishman, to whom all Americans alike are commoners. Treasure in memory the incident of the enormously rich social aspirant from the West who begged Bishop Potter for introductions to several of Grace Church's most stiff-necked families, solely on the ground that her family "came over" with William the Conqueror.

"That is most interesting, Madame," rejoined the courtly Bishop. "And, perhaps, you have a *bar sinistre*, too, somewhere back in your family tree."

"A *bar sinistre* in our family; that is too

good to be true. I shall run right up to Dempsey & Carroll's and have them hunt up a *bar sinistre* for our family."

Give a wide berth to Lenox, for it is a mincing, conservative and somewhat provincial colony, more or less dominated by Boston ideas, and to most of whose members, although two-thirds of them live on estates, the genus social climber is as repellent as to the townsfolk of a strenuous, Puritan New England village. While the doors of Newport drawing-rooms readily swing wide open to such notable Lenox cottagers as the William Douglass Sloanes, the Bradhurst Osgood Fields, the Laniers, the Frank Sturgis, the Joseph Choates, the Newbold Morrises and a limited number of others, there is a goodly list of families moving in general society at Lenox not particularly significant for wealth, patrician lineage, or natural style, who would pass a tediously dull season were they to attempt Newport. The Charles Astor Bristeds owned cottages at both these resorts, but even they found their book of social engagements much fuller at Lenox than at Newport. To state the case from a somewhat different social

plane, one's being well received by general society at Lenox would be no guarantee of an enjoyable season at Newport, and it is Newport which is to be the acme of your social endeavors in America. Edith Wharton made a grave mistake when she sold Land's End at Newport and built the Mount at Lenox.

Pay your first visit to Newport at the time of the national tennis tournament, which commences about the middle of August, having secured in advance a suite of rooms at the Muenchinger-King Cottage. Do your entertaining mainly at Berger's, provided your guests do you credit in the public eye; otherwise, invite your friends *en famille* where you are stopping. Unless quite sure of your ground socially, do not tarry for the Newport Horse Show, the first week in September, for the boxes for the show, not being very numerous and glaringly in evidence, the question of Who's Who as to both the occupants and the callers at the boxes, is something drastic.

As to the art of entertaining, procure immediately a volume of Ralph Pulitzer's book, *New York Society on Parade*, written from the inside by one who knows both his smart

world and how to write. Aim also at originality and the freshest European modes, and do not omit your prayers to old Father Neptune. For instance, if your Winter social campaigns warrant in a measure your leasing a cottage at Newport, put your yacht in commission and have it given out that although you have hired a commodious villa, you are so much of a sea dog that you are going to live aboard your yacht more than half of the time. If dinner invitations do not come pouring in as fast as you like, take frequent little cruises of a day or two on your yacht, having mention made in the newspapers by your publicity agent every time you get on or off your aquatic social motor.

Suffer the horse, too, to help you along up the social hill of difficulty. Invest in a string of racehorses and be an exhibitor at the various fashionable horse shows, provided yourself or your husband have a genuine and unaffected love of the horse. See what wonders the equine god has sometimes wrought for blue ribbon social probationers. Somewhat in sequence of this thought, contrast the list of guests bidden to the Hastings-Benedict nup-

tials in the Presbyterian Church at Greenwich not many years ago, with the ultra-smart entourage in which the Thomas Hastings are now moving.

It must be borne in mind that if a social aspirant be a resident of any one of the provincial cities which have ultra-fashionable representation, such, for example, as Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Washington, similar lines of tactics as for New York City postulants obtain—above all, exerting oneself to affiliate with those denizens of these respective cities who have good social standing at Newport.

In fine, it is but a truism to reflect that the role of fifty per cent. of those now high and mighty in the national smart set has been essentially that of climbers. Not many years ago the family of a leading metropolitan specialist in medicine, people well placed socially, sent out cards for a debutante's reception for their handsome daughter. "Now, I give you *carte blanche* for flowers, music, caterers and everything else to make Clara's debut a notable one, but I have one favor to beg and I must be peremptory about it," *pater*.

*familias* insisted; "the So-and-So's must be invited."

"Impossible!" His aristocratic wife threw up her hands in despair. "Those girls dress abominably, and the man is so untutored he can't even pronounce Fifth Avenue; he calls it 'Fit' Avenue."

"But the man is a very lucrative patient of mine, with locomotor ataxia and he came around to my office this morning and told me he had read the notice of our reception in *The Herald*, and that his one ambition in life was for his family to get into society. And besides, you will give his wife the credit of doing a thinking part—of doing no talking at all. If a woman does not open her mouth, she certainly does not expose her crudity."

They were invited. Two of those "abominably dressed girls" are at the present hour queening it not only in American, but in international society; one of them the mother of a duchess prominent in the recent coronations, both allied to colossal fortunes of world-wide prestige, and one of them playing the hostess aboard her husband's yacht and at her own sweet will to the crowned heads of Europe.

## CHAPTER II

## WASHINGTON

The White House is powerless to create anyone ultra-fashionable. Unlike European courts, the White House and its immediate *entourage* stand in no integral relation to national society. Mrs. Grover Cleveland, a provincial beauty, it is true, enjoyed a certain wide-reaching vogue, but Astor Court had not at that time risen to its full ascendancy and, in fact, the late Mrs. William Astor was not acclaimed the leader of national society until 1902. At the opening of the twentieth century, and up to the time of her death, it was Mrs. Astor and not the wife of any one of the Presidents of the United States who was the most widely discussed American woman.

To-day, in the realm of *fashion*, it is Mrs. Ogden Mills who takes precedence before the wife of the President of the United States. It is the answers to the questions how such national social cynosures as Mrs. Ogden Mills,

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and the Elbridge T. Gerry's live, dress and pass their time which decree the *convenances* for the ultra-fashionable. The President and the members of his family, no matter what their birth, previous social condition or personal qualifications, in common with the diplomats accredited to the various powers, sustain a *quasi ex-officio* relation to the ultra-smart set, or at least, to a section of it, if they choose to accept its invitations. Under the Roosevelt administration, which was the most brilliant social one in many terms of office of the nation's chief executives, the White House was frequented by the Ogden Mills, the Cornelius Vanderbilts, the Stuyvesant Fishes; in fact, by more ultra-fashionables than during any Presidential regime prior or subsequent. The line of comparative criticism between the Roosevelt and Taft social order of events at the national capital, which may have been erroneously imputed to the Baroness Hengelmuller, the wife of the Austrian Ambassador, at all events savored strongly of the truth.

President Roosevelt, although by birth an



aristocrat, and himself and family much courted by the ultra-fashionable set, was not listed with it, for, on the other hand, he is a man of the people and it would have been distasteful to him to be explicitly aligned to the closest exclusion in the great republic. Miss Alice Roosevelt, the present Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, invariably represented the President's family at Newport. Possessed of the *savoir-faire* and graces of manner which should become a daughter of the White House, she was repeatedly the guest of the Ogden Mills and the Cornelius Vanderbilts at Newport.

Private levees at the White House have seldom been so vigilantly censored on moral grounds as under the Roosevelt and Taft administrations. And the former Miss Alice Roosevelt, in her father's Presidential term, carrying out the White House policy at Newport, administered a drastic and public snubbing to a spectacular leader of society there who was one of the chief figures in a mysterious and highly sensational scandal.

The Taft Presidential social regime, while not stamped with the ultra - fashionable

*imprimatur* of the Roosevelt era, is admirably conducted on official lines and practically above criticism from the standpoint of good, broad Americanism. Washington society at best is such a tangled congeries of political, social, not to say business interests, cosmopolitan in one aspect and almost as provincial as a New England village in another, and its more fashionable residents are so flitting and transient in their sojourn, that it is somewhat puzzling to a censor of ultra-fashionable conditions. Nevertheless, an ultra-fashionable set, irrespective of official life, exists at the national capital, and were our present Ambassador at the Court of St. James' to retire to Washington Mrs. Whitelaw Reid would at once be accorded the rank of its social leader. As to actual facts, in style of entertaining, the house and its appointments and in equipage, no one at the present hour is leading the ultra-fashionable life in Washington in better form than the Perry Belmonts, and their popularity as host and hostess is steadily augmenting.

Apropos of the John Hays Hammonds, their status in the ultra-fashionable set has

been for the most part official, in connection with the Coronation Ambassadorship, while in private life they had never been identified with it to any appreciable extent, Mrs. Hammond having previously been known more as a clubwoman than a society woman. The John Hays Hammonds were honored by the Whitelaw Reids by being included among their guests at one of the functions given their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught recently at their New York town house.

The John R. McLeans, with their open-house lunches at Friendship, and their vast town house, backed by as ample a fortune, have apparently never aimed at being distinctly ultra-smart, perhaps desiring above all else to be comfortable.

The Edward B. McLeans, their jewel caskets now enriched by the world-famous Hope and Star of the East diamonds, bid fair to do the spectacular social honors for both sides of their respective houses.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, during her several years' sojourn at the national capital, was known far and wide as "the first lady of

Washington," but she seems to have elected to live in Paris. But no matter what happens, Preston Gibson will never suffer Washington to stagnate.

## LIST OF WASHINGTON ULTRA-FASHIONABLES

### MRS. HENRY WHITE

- 1-2 *Former Ambassador and Mrs. Henry White.*
- 3-4 *Senator and Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore.*
- 5-6 *The Misses Wetmore.*
- 7-8 *Messrs. William S. K. and Roger Wetmore.*
- 9-10 *Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont.*
- 11-12 *Representative and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.*
- 13-14 *Mr. and Mrs. Preston Gibson.*
- 15-16 *Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. George Von L. Meyer.*
- 17-18 *The Misses Meyer.*
- 19 *Mrs. Charles A. Munn.*
- 20-21 *Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth.*
- 22-23 *Mr. and Mrs. James W. Wadsworth.*

- 24 *Miss Harriet Wadsworth.*  
25-26 *Mr. and Mrs. James W. Wadsworth,  
Junior.*  
27 *Mrs. Richard Townsend.*  
28 *Mrs. Lawrence Townsend.*  
29 *Miss Yvonne Townsend.*  
30 *Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend.*  
31-32 *Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. McLean.*  
33 *Mrs. Leiter.*  
34-35 *Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leiter.*  
36 *Miss Katherine Elkins.*  
37-38 *Mrs. William H. Draper.*  
39 *Miss Margaret Draper.*  
40 *Representative Hamilton Fish.*  
41 *Miss Rosalind Fish.*  
42 *Mr. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte.*  
43-44 *Mr. and Mrs. William Corcoran  
Eustis.*  
45-46 *Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Roosevelt.*  
47 *Mrs. Gammell Slater.*  
48-49 *Mr. and Mrs. Beekman Winthrop.*  
50 *Mr. Henry White, Jr.*

## CHAPTER III

## PHILADELPHIA

The national ultra-fashionable set offers little scope for men encased in stiff Colonial types of manners, with the aspirations of dukes and the fortunes of footmen. Paradox as it may seem at first blush, Philadelphia purports to be a decided vantage ground for a social aspirant to hail from, carefully taken statistics proving that within the past decade more candidates from the Quaker City have been received into the smart set at Newport than from any other city in America save the metropolis itself.

The Philadelphian prides himself upon being what he terms well born, which, of course, is a social adjuvant; still, birth and patrician breeding to the ultra-fashionable alike in New York and London are somewhat of the nature of accidents and do not necessarily belong to the essence of smartness. On the other hand, one may be enormously

rich, yet pre-eminently dowdy. There are scores of millionaires' families sequestered in the upper west side of New York City, for example, living in social obscurity! Granting all this, there must be a nucleus of very rich people to form a substrate for a twentieth century ultra-fashionable set, whether in England or in the United States, and such a centralization of social forces in both these countries is to deny to the fullest extent a *fait accompli*.

The most captious critic cannot lampoon Philadelphians for having customs without manners, as has often been averred of Bostonians. Still, Philadelphia society, with its historic old lumber rooms of Cadwaladers and Biddles, must not lose sight of the fact that wealth forms the principal ingredient entering into the composition of this big social trust, the national ultra-fashionable set, whose subjective aim is pleasure and whose objective one is to make a fine art of social life. But for enrollment on its roster one's manners must also be *comme il faut*, and this is patent from observing that some of the most opulent families on its waiting lists will not be

deemed acceptable without undergoing a tedious apprenticeship.

In cities like Philadelphia and Boston patrician lineage, or what is commonly termed "family," is much overrated as an asset for admission into ultra-smart society. Female beauty, with which the daughters of the Quaker City—not of Boston—have time out of mind been graced, is far more of a social coign of vantage than "family." Mrs. Joseph Widener, Mrs. Robert Goelet—who was a Whelan of Philadelphia—and Mrs. James F. Sullivan, all known to national society, alone have given a wide vogue to the pulchritude of Philadelphia women. And one of the pre-eminent belles of the present season in the City of Brotherly Love, whose social leader is Mrs. Craig Biddle, with Mrs. Van Rensselaer and Mrs. John Thompson Spencer as vice-regal aides, is Miss Leta Livingston Sullivan, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Francis Sullivan and niece of Mrs. James B. Clews and Mrs. Charles Emory Smith, of New York. Miss Sullivan is a lineal descendant of the Cavalier, Sergeant Francis Nicholls, proprietor of a ten-thousand-acre Colo-



nial grant in Connecticut, besides being a grandson of Sir George Bruce of Carnock and eldest brother of Sir Richard Nicholls, the first royal Governor of New York, who founded the Anglo-Saxon supremacy in that city. Among other members of the national ultra-fashionable set who trace their lineage back to Sergeant Francis Nicholls are Ogden Mills, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Ogden Livingston Mills, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Sr., Lorillard Spencer, Jr., Mrs. James B. Clews, Chauncey M. Depew, Mrs. Henry C. Phipps and the Countess Grannard.

LIST OF PHILADELPHIA ULTRA-FASHION-  
ABLES

MRS. CRAIG BIDDLE

- 1-2 *Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel.*  
 3-4 *Mr. and Mrs. Craig Biddle.*  
 5 *Mr. J. R. Barton Willing.*  
 6-7 *Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson Spen-  
 cer.*  
 8 *Mr. Willing Spencer.*

- 9-10 *Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer.*
- 11-12 *Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Widener.*
- 13-14 *Mr. and Mrs. George D. Widener.*
- 15 *Miss Eleanor Elkins Widener.*
- 16-17 *Mr. and Mrs. William E. Carter.*
- 18-19 *Mr. and Mrs. James Francis Sullivan.*
- 20-21 *The Misses Frances and Leta Livingston Sullivan.*
- 22-23 *Mr. and Mrs. Paul Denckla Mills.*
- 24 *Miss Julia Berwind.*
- 25-26 *Mr. and Mrs. George McFadden.*
- 27-28 *Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sands.*
- 29-30 *Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury (Mrs. Oliver Cromwell).*
- 31-32 *Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Dolan.*

## CHAPTER IV

## BALTIMORE

A Boston litterateur to whom I was once giving Baltimore society its meed of praise at a dinner, let fly the repartee that a huge terrapin ought to be chiseled out of granite and perched upon top of the Washington Monument in Baltimore. Baltimoreans, alike with fashionable folk out in San Francisco, are certainly past masters in the art of dining.

A far more hackneyed truism is it to recount that the Oriole City, time out of mind, has been graced with an entail of beautiful women without a break in the links. The three Caton beauties known at home and abroad as the American Graces at the Court of George IV., and each of whom married British noblemen, were scions of the house of Carrolls of Carrollton. At the period when the author was a student at the Johns Hopkins University, the Misses Emily and Virginia McTavish, kinswomen of the Duchess of Leeds, and the Carrolls of the Manor

shared with Miss Nannie Tiffany (now Mrs. Bradley-Jones) and Miss Florence McPheeters (Mrs. Padelford) the prestige of being the reigning belles of Baltimore.

Baltimore vies with the City of Brotherly Love in having been the birthplace of a roster of ultra-smart women pre-eminent as leaders of national society in New York and Newport. Among these social cynosures who sprang from this courtly cavalier stock may be cited Mrs. Townsend Burden, *nee* Moale, related to the Byrds, of Westover; Mrs. Elisha Dyer, who was Miss Sydney Turner, a granddaughter of the Bonaparte Pattersons; Miss Laura Patterson Swan, Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr., Mrs. Richard Irvin and Mrs. Lee Tailer, members of the old and fashionable Morris family; Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer, Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Mrs. James Henry Smith, Mrs. William E. Carter (Lucille Polk) and the Princess Braganza. The present Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt was Miss Margaret Emerson, of the Oriole City. Miss Lota Randolph Robinson, who passes much of her time in New York and Newport, a daughter of the John M. Robinsons, formerly of Baltimore,

is singled out as a typical belle of the ultra-smart set. Born in Virginia, a granddaughter of the Byrds, of Westover, and related to the Beverly Robinsons, Miss Lota Robinson is possessed of much of the epigrammatic wit of her intimate friend, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

The marriage of a daughter of the Alexander Browns, of Baltimore, to Mr. T. Suffern Tailer, of New York and Newport, one of the most fashionable and aristocratic beaux of society, will in time have the effect of increasing the Oriole City's ultra-fashionable representation at Newport, the Henry Barton Jacobs not having been particularly expansive in their efforts to launch their fellow-town-folk socially at the City by the Sea. It is high time then that the Alexander Browns, who have been exceedingly well received at Newport under the aegis of the Suffern Tailers, should stop hedging and playing coy over at Jamestown and Narragansett Pier, and should come forward and take a villa at Newport and let some of their old friends and neighbors from Baltimore share with them the "good thing" with which fortune has blessed them at Newport.

## LIST OF BALTIMORE ULTRA-FASHIONABLES

## MRS. HENRY BARTON JACOBS

*The Carrolls, of Carrollton, viz.:*

- 1-2 *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll.*  
 3-4 *Mr. and Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll.*  
 5 *Miss Suzanne Carroll.*  
 6-7 *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jerome Bonaparte.*  
 8 *Mr. Walter de Curzon Poultney.*  
 9 *Miss Lota Randolph Robinson.*  
 10 *Mr. Henry Walters.*  
 11-12 *Dr. and Mrs. Henry Barton Jacobs.*  
 13-14 *Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Brooks, Jr.,  
       née Cromwell.*  
 15-16 *Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Brown.*

## NORTH CAROLINA

- 1-2 *Mr. and Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt.*  
 3-4 *Mr. and Mrs. Beekman Lorillard.*

## SOUTH CAROLINA

- 1-2 *Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson.*

3-4 *Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Harriman.*

KENTUCKY

1 *Miss Tevis Camden.*

## CHAPTER V

## BOSTON

Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer, born Pauline Revere, is the acknowledged leader of Boston's ultra-fashionables; Mrs. Jack Gardner, of the musical and artistic element in that city of carefully weeded-out visiting lists. Bostonians are still devotees of their Brahmin caste of families, wealth having made less militant inroads upon conservatism than in either Philadelphia or Baltimore.

Boston's representation at Newport was falling several degrees below the ultra-smart cachet since the absence of the E. Rollins Morses, until the Nathaniel Thayers entered the lists of entertainers previous to their recent period of mourning. Mrs. Thayer is the mother of the Countess Moltke and of Mrs. Frederic Winthrop, and an aunt of Eugene Van Rensselaer Thayer, Jr., who married Miss Brooks, a daughter of the Mortimer Brooks, of New York and Newport.

Miss Susan Hargous Appleton, Boston's



most important débutante of the present season, with the exception of the Misses Hunnewell, is a niece of Mrs. George B. de Forest and of Mrs. Woodbury Kane, née Hargous, formerly a much-feted belle of New York and Newport. There are few American pedigrees the peer of that of the Boston Appletons. Mrs. George Von L. Meyer, formerly of Boston, who is listed with Washington ultra-fashionables, was born an Appleton.

Apropos of Boston women in general, I am rejoiced to know that each year it can be said less truthfully that Boston women pay more attention to the cosmos than to the cosmetics. The French philosopher Helvetius rightly said that into the mind of an accomplished coquette entered as many ideas and combinations of ideas as were needful for the mental outfit of an Aristotle or a Solon.

#### LIST OF BOSTON ULTRA-FASHIONABLES

MRS. NATHANIEL THAYER

1-2 *Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Van Rensselaer  
Thayer, Jr.*

- 3-4 *Mr. and Mrs. Prescott Lawrence.*  
5 *Miss Prescott Lawrence.*  
6 *Mrs. J. de Forest Danielson.*  
7-8 *Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Hunnewell.*  
9-10 *Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Thayer.*  
11-12 *Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Winthrop, née  
Thayer.*  
13 *Miss Eleanor Sears.*  
14-15 *Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson.*  
16-17 *Dr. and Mrs. William Appleton.*  
18 *Miss Susan Hargous Appleton.*  
19-20 *Mr. and Mrs. Lothrop Ames.*  
21-22 *Mr. and Mrs. Amor Hollingsworth.*  
23-24 *Mr. and Mrs. Frederic H. Prince.*  
25-26 *Mr. and Mrs. William Phillips, née  
Drayton.*  
27-28 *Mr. and Mrs. James Lowell Putnam.*

## CONNECTICUT

- 1-2-3 *Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Glover and  
Miss Helen Le Roy Glover, of  
Fairfield, Fairfield County.*

## CHAPTER VI

## PROVIDENCE

Nothing conspicuously ultra-smart save Elisha Dyer, Jr., and the William Watts Shermans ever came out of Providence. Providence society, although made up of eminently substantial people, has always been somewhat hampered by the homely traits of its forefathers, the Puritans of Providence plantations.

In marked contrast to the pioneers of Providence plantations, with their dyspeptic entail, early Colonial Newport was settled by those courtly old cavaliers, the Dyers, Sir Godfrey Marleybone, the Coddingtons, Eastons, Brinleys, Gardiners, Brentons, Cranstons and Coggeshalls. No less an authority than Colonel Asa Bird Gardiner, president of the Order of the Cincinnati of the State of Rhode Island, alleges that the Newport Colonial cavaliers lived in far more sumptuous style than the other royalist families scattered sparsely through New England.

Heredity is practically fate, hence this exceptional little discussion of the origin of the Providence species. For generations the dozen or two Providence families having villas at Newport have held a proud social position, but the rank and file of them, under the new regime since the death of Mrs. Astor, are looked upon as too conservative, and above all as too loath to part with their money. A few others from this staid Baptist Rhode Island City, who are too willing to invest in social display advertising at Newport, are finding their progress no more assured in consequence. When one takes a villa as near home as Newport to Providence, the question is at once raised, whose drawing-rooms does a family frequent in the home city?

During a decade or more it has been curious to note the Herculean patience manifested in the social evolution at Newport of a certain somewhat numerous family of long-suffering social aspirants from Providence. Highly respectable, and always having known nice people, but for the most part uninteresting, they have succeeded in performing the leger-demain of forming acquaintance with the

ultra-exclusive families of their own city mainly by way of Newport. Still they have never been able to effect the crossing of the threshold of an Astor, Vanderbilt, Ogden Mills or a Gerry.

## LIST OF PROVIDENCE ULTRA-FASHIONABLES

MRS. JOHN NICHOLAS BROWN

*The Goddards, of Hopeton House,  
i. e.:*

- 1-2 *Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard.*  
 3 *Mrs. William Goddard.*  
 4 *Mr. Robert H. I. Goddard, Jr.*  
 5-6 *Mr. and Mrs. William Gammell.*  
 7-8 *Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ives Gammell.*  
 9 *Mr. Robert H. Ives Gammell.*  
 10-11 *Mr. and Mrs. T. Shaw-Safe, née  
Gammell.*  
 12-13 *Mr. and Mrs. Harry Parsons Cross,  
née Gammell.*  
 14 *Mrs. John Nicholas Brown.*  
 15 *Mrs. Harold Brown.*

## CHAPTER VII

## SAN FRANCISCO

The California forty-niners, the Fairs, Floods, Haggins, Crockers, D. Ogden Millses, Mackays and their peers, at a time, too, when multi-millionaires of equal fortune were somewhat scarce in New York City, made up their minds that no matter how short some of their pedigrees were, they themselves would live long and well. Accordingly they set themselves to work to invent the cosmopolitan art of dining in America. And Mr. Ward McAllister, during his stay in San Francisco as a young man, acquired the whole gastronomic art of war of the forty-niners and came back and imparted what he knew to benighted New York, then in the throes of the mincing and pinched up Knickerbocker regime.

What ideas were lacking in the culinary art San Francisco imported direct from Paris, the delicious and prodigal supplies of vegetables and fruits of the Golden Gate lending

additional facilities for good living. Californians now domiciled in New York adhere to these delectable traditions, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and her sister, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., having evidently inherited the artistic *bon vivant* trend of their mother, the wife of the late Senator Fair, of San Francisco, whose entertainments were given on a scale of Oriental magnificence.

## SAN FRANCISCO ULTRA-FASHIONABLES

## MRS. WILLIAM H. CROCKER

- 1-2 *Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin, née Oelrichs.*
- 3-4 *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker.*
- 5 *Miss Jennie Crocker.*
- 6-7 *Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker.*
- 8 *Miss Crocker.*
- 9-10 *Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.*
- 11 *Mrs. Bruguere.*
- 12 *Mr. Louis Bruguere.*

## CHICAGO

Marvelous commercial focus that it is, with a strikingly handsome residential section besides, Chicago is far and away more "Western" in its ideas and prevailing type of natives than San Francisco. Chicago, which has been aptly yclept the "Windy City," for reasons both real and metaphorical, blusters with a pig-headed sort of social autonomy, which by no means affiliates well with the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere, the real axis about which all things revolve—New York.

## CHICAGO ULTRA-FASHIONABLES

## MRS. POTTER PALMER

- 1 *Mrs. Potter Palmer.*
- 2-3 *Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Jr.*
- 4 *Mrs. Marshall Field.*
- 5-6 *Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor.*
- 7 *Miss Chatfield-Taylor.*

## MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN

- 1-2 *Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Breitung.*



CINCINNATI

- I *Mrs. John J. Emery.*

GENESEO, NEW YORK

*The Wadsworth family.*

- I *James S. Wadsworth, Esq.*

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

- I-2 *The Rev. and Mrs. George Grenville  
Merrill, née Dresser.*

## CHAPTER VIII

## NEWPORT

Wealth and the highest fashion are focused at Newport to such a degree of tension that it has become as imperative for a social aspirant's claims to be passed upon by Newport as it was for a potentate of the era of Charlemagne to go to St. Peter's, Rome, for coronation!

Since the passing of Mrs. Astor, and from a complex of causes, the power of money has asserted itself as never before in the annals of Newport society. A steadily augmented little squad of society folk, both all-the-year-round residents of Newport and cottage owners from New York, some of whom were occasionally guests at Mrs. Astor's dinners and often at her balls, are now almost stricken from the guest lists of the ultra-smart dinners and dances.

Of these victims of social eclipse by the whirligig of time, a certain contingent quit the place altogether during the height of the

season. It is difficult to dispose of cottages of moderate pretensions unless needed to be torn down to enlarge adjoining estates, for people have a growing aversion to exposing themselves and their belongings to being overshadowed by the ultra-fashionables. On the other hand, the proportion of palatial villas being reared from season to season discounts the croaking of social pessimists, who would raise the hue and cry that Newport is on the decline.

Although fifty per cent. of the men, in common with their families, stand ready to pledge their fortunes and their sacred honor to the shibboleth of "class," many of them fret and fume over the distance of Newport from New York, and absent themselves a good share of the week, except in the hottest weather. However, as it is the women who really set the keynote of Newport, as well as of fashionable society in general, the record of a day's doings sort of index to what manner of life obtains of a Bellevue Avenue matron will serve as a at this the queen of American watering places. Coffee is often served at ten A. M., before rising—an hour earlier than when in town—

in order to allow time for a dip in the ocean between eleven and twelve o'clock, down at Bailey's bathing beach, which is controlled by a close corporation of cottagers. By the way, it was not until this season just past that sea bathing has become really fashionable among Newport cottagers. The latest *on dit* is the project of building not only a solarium for the bathers down at Bailey's, but of adding a miniature crystal palace of banqueting and ballrooms. It would be so convenient for a four o'clock A. M. dip in the surf, after the dances, and far more exclusive than the Casino at all times.

But to turn another leaf of our Bellevue Avenue diary. Breakfast, with two maids in attendance—one to assist with toilette and the other with the breakfast. If the grande dame chances to affect auburn hair and is one of the extremely few even of Newport's habitués who is in possession of the celebrated formula for producing Titianesque-hued locks, obtainable only under rare conditions in Paris, she will pass the better part of two days of each month in solitary confinement with her maid, going through this startling and lugubrious

“process.” The first application of the paste turns the hair a jet black! The second, which is spread over several hours later, transmutes it into a vivid copper green! The third and final poulticing, which is applied much later, turns the hair into a glossy auburn—the ideal shade, over which poets and painters have raved time out of mind.

But as this is not the day of the Titianesque ordeal for our Newport chatelaine, with its enforced seclusion, the same marvelously expert maid, who is in effect a beauty specialist, follows up the cold cream enameling and massaging of the night before with a roseate liquid beautifier, either *rouge vinaigre* or Imperial Venus tint, either of which, she flatters herself, will prove impervious to the ravages of sea bathing.

Ensnconced in her solarium boudoir, looking down toward the Cliff walk and the ocean, or in a shaded upper porch, with the same marine view, our queen of the mode glances at her morning’s mail and her book of engagements in the company of her social secretary, dictating replies, if they are urgently needed, though as much of the communication is car-

ried on by telephone as courtesy will allow. But what weighs on her mind is the list of dinner guests to be made out on the morrow and invitations to be sent for a banquet of a hundred people, with dancing afterward. An impending divorce scandal affords the complication. Under pretext to her lynx-eyed secretary, that she is peering far out into the ocean to descry an incoming yacht, provided she belong to that rampant minority of Newport hostesses who convey an erroneous impression of the resort and its morals to the general public, she mentally indulges in somewhat the following soliloquy:

“Mr. and Mrs. Blank are important on other lines than the moral ones. I might strike off Mrs. Blank’s name from my dinner and visiting lists, just as I did Mrs. X., who was divorced on the statutory grounds, and end by turning turtle and gushing ecstatically over her afterward, just because a dozen intimate friends are insisting that she and her husband are necessary adjuncts to society. Some of our foremost financiers and representative men have their affairs, yet they are cordially received everywhere, and in most cases the so-

ciety woman in the intrigue is welcomed to our drawing-rooms, provided she wields social power. In spite of this undercurrent of talk which has come to the surface in *Town Topics*, the Blanks are received everywhere. I will be loving and forgiving; the ignoring eye is the better, and I will not erase them from the list. In the face of all the hospitality we have just been accepting from them, the omission would be pointed. Besides, one would be hated by a whole group of their relatives and friends were any blacklisting attempted. As for that matter, nearly half of our families of first rate celebrity and any size have some sort of a *cause célèbre*—divorce or worse.”

Next in order, the housekeeper or maitre d’hotel is commanded to receive a few directions, perhaps, about the menu for a dinner to be given on Sunday evening, or criticisms to be passed on the marketing. A blasé society like that of Newport hankers after gastronomic novelties, and our hostess knows well that where the head of an establishment herself takes a personal interest, the best cuisine is almost always to be found. To live like the

Gerrys and Berwinds, for example, has become the Lucullan proverb of the day at Newport.

The golden strand of Bailey's bathing beach this morning is transformed into a veritable beauty show, with Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas, the former Blanche Oelrichs; Mrs. Oliver Gould Jennings, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Mrs. Burke-Roche, Mrs. Joseph Widener, Miss Angelica Brown, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Miss Lota Robinson, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Sr., Mrs. Henry Clews and Mrs. David Dows, the former Gwendolyn Burden, disporting themselves in the foreground.

After a refreshing dip in the ocean and a sunshiny dalliance on the beach at Bailey's, the chauffeur whirls his mistress and her maid back through Bellevue Avenue in time for the former to dress for a large luncheon party of women, followed by bridge, to be given at Berger's by a young matron actually stopping at a *pension*, who is thus paying off the social debts of the season, having received a thousand-dollar cheque from her father-in-law mainly for that debit and credit balancing of



the social ledger. It is only young couples who are the scions of families of stellar social prestige and great wealth who have the temerity to stop in *pensions* at Newport.

At the entrance to Berger's Milady fairly collides with a young man, who is crossing the threshold in company with a wealthy Italian nobleman of royal blood, a relative of more than one European monarch, who has just arrived and is destined to be the lion of the season. She gives a stony and flaunting cut to the young American, who is really of an eminent Southern family far outclassing the tradesfolk from whom she herself sprang. He is the young tenor who sang at her dinner the night before, and to whom her secretary has just mailed his cheque. He has been in her employ, and he must not be recognized in the presence of Society; he must be ignored along with the servants and the tradespeople.

His singing of the night before her guests went into raptures over. The young tenor had sung at a chamber concert at the Quirinal Palace at Rome; the Queen had congratulated him in person, and afterward bowed to

him on more than one occasion on her drives in the Pincio.

The bridge following the lunch of costly favors and floral garnitures is somewhat curtailed, nearly all the guests having pledged themselves either to take active part or patronize a garden fete to be given for charity on the lawn of one of society's foremost entertainers. Whenever the market has been bad and Wall Street depressed for a season or more, a whole crop of charity entertainments is sure to spring up at Newport. This form of altruism proves as much of a blessing to society in an "off" financial Summer as it does to the objects of its almsgiving, for it helps to save society from what is the sword of Damocles ever hanging over the American ultra-fashionable set—from being bored by itself.

Anent the oft-quoted prevalence of divorce at Newport. In proportion to the number of Summer cottagers, divorces are not more frequent than in other sections of the country, and other social strata, save among the middle class. It is the stellar prominence of certain of the Newport families in which the aid of the courts is invoked in conjugal infelicities

of the sort which blazons the fall from marital grace. In an instance like that at Newport last season of the remarriage of a divorced man, whose family had been munificent benefactors to the church for generations, it was in direct violation of ecclesiastical ethics both in the Church of England and in its offshoot, the American church, for the contracting parties to be censured by name from the pulpit or by interviews given out by bishops and other ecclesiastics to newspapers. Such a course of procedure simply has the effect of alienating the rich from the church, and the latter needs them when there is a cathedral to finish which will be a bulwark to the whole cause of Christianity, irrespective of creed, in America. Numbers of the clergy lose sight of the fact that the church was not primarily intended for saints, and that its mission is to inculcate by precept and example general principles which will guide the errant, instead of hammering at them by name in the presence of a whole nation.

As to alleged excess in drinking among society folk at Newport, it is far more prevalent and *public* in various sections of the

South; and it is the South, especially the far South, which is one of the most trenchant critics of Newport—largely through envy.

A foreword about social leadership at Newport. Few figments of the imagination bear less support from facts than the allegation that rivalry exists, for instance, between two such hostesses of international repute as Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. John R. Drexel. The arena of intense social ambitions has been in a measure transferred to the London season and its aftermath of following royalty down to the Continental spas.

With reference to the British nobility as contrasted somewhat with the American ultra-fashionable set, the main reason perhaps why it continues to exist in this reactionary era so given to the shattering of idols and building the sepulchres of the fathers, is its studied unobtrusiveness. The better specimens of this privileged class are simple and democratic from the serene consciousness of exalted social position, backed by generation upon generation of good breeding. I was once a guest at a lunch in London where the Duke of Norfolk and the Marquis of Ripon were the per-

sonages of honor. Each of these peers of the realm stood forth as an object lesson—an exponent of manners of noble simplicity.

To move then with acceptancy in the smart London court circle is to reach a plane of exaltation on the Parnassus of social aspiration higher than that of Newport, although the latter by no means always admits the valuation in the case of postulants for admission to its magic circle. If one has in London the *avant* heralding of being an Ogden Mills, a Vanderbilt, a Goelet, an Astor, a Pierpont Morgan, or a Belmont, for instance, the doors of its exclusive drawing-rooms swing open sesame. For Americans not dowered with international social and financial prestige, time, tact and, above all, ceaseless expenditures of money are requisite.

To the American social aspirant, however, it is somewhat comforting to be apprised that no mean proportion of titled English folk is privately engaged in some form of commission business. To one, Lord So-and-So has entrusted his entire cellar of grand old encrusted ports and '72 clarets, "which have never been disturbed by the family until this

hour." Another knows of a horse for sale that has "drawn the phaeton of a duchess from the Grosvenor Gate of Hyde Park over to Marble Arch. And the horse is worth, in consequence, at least a thousand dollars, even though he may have spavined hocks and be broken winded."

The London season comes dear to the social aspirant; but to come nearer home, the query is often put, of what would the average expenditures consist and what sum would they aggregate for a family to maintain a villa at Newport and move with *eclat* in its ultra-smart set? There is such a nexus of qualifying conditions that it would seem almost futile at first blush to essay an enumeration of particulars for such an induction. There are families well placed and moving in the ultra-exclusive set whose manner of living and equipage are positively humble in contrast to that of Mrs. Vanderbilt, the Ogden Mills, Colonel Astor, the Belmonts, Gerrys, Berwinds, Townsend Burdens, or Arthur Curtiss James. But it must be borne in mind that most of the mediocre spenders are related to some of the great houses, and bound by ties of well-

nigh inseparable intimacy to others. Of course, a lady cannot be seen walking on Bellevue Avenue any more than a member of the resident nobility can on the Corso in Rome.

Granting us our own major premise, however, we will attempt a bill of particulars for a family which has a measure of social entrée, but whose chief asset and claim to recognition will be the expenditure of money. More than a hundred thousand dollars could easily be dissipated from the first of July to the end of the Newport Horse Show, which ends the first week of September, not inclusive of the cost of keeping a yacht, which always enhances the success of a Summer social campaign. Suppose one making such a bid for social honors is to build a villa at Newport. With the defections of entertainers over to the London season, and as the resort is badly suffering from the lack of a fashionably appointed and eligibly situated Summer hotel, and two-thirds of the cottagers are opposed to it, the success of its Summer season is quite dependent upon additional villas being built on some of its large outlying acreage.

A show place, something altogether out of

the ordinary, which is destined to pique society's jaded visual sense, cannot be built and furnished for less than a million dollars, not inclusive of the grounds; e. g., the palatial Arthur Curtiss James establishment, whose doors have lately been thrown open to society at Newport. *In limine* then, your Newport season is annually going to cost more than \$50,000 for a roof over one's head, say, \$70,000, covering the interest on the money invested, taxes and repairs. For entertaining, living expenses, servants' wages, fuel, electric lighting, etc., \$25,000. For what new motor cars may be needed (nearly every member of one's family being supplied with one, aside from several for general use), chauffeurs' wages and incidentals, \$18,000 is a conservative estimate. Modistes, dressmakers and tailors' bills, dues to clubs and other personal expenditures of the family are of course not included in the above figures.

The Arthur Curtiss Jameses are destined to cut a wide swath in Newport society, and the housewarming of their magnificent villa at Brenton's Cove lately was attended by a notable assemblage of the elect, and they were also



included in the guest list of the Whitelaw Reids in this city in one of the series of fetes given in honor of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Still, like the John Hays Hammonds, of Washington, the Arthur Curtiss Jameses, as evinced by some of the guest lists of their dinners and house parties, have not yet arrived at an exactly scientific conception of Who's Who in ultra-fashionable America.

Speaking in general, one may be dowered with villas, Italian gardens, galleries of priceless paintings, yachts and pots of gold, but if the Ogden Mills cachet be lacking, one's Newport season, albeit enjoyable in certain ways, will be wanting in its highest distinction, and socially and at the same time very figuratively speaking, might be likened to a torso—the trunk of a statue with head and arms lopped off. Almost needless it is to reiterate that since the passing of Mrs. Astor, the acknowledged leader not only of Newport, but of American society in general—for there is a national ultra-fashionable set distributed by grace of New York and Newport through several of our provincial cities—is Mrs. Ogden Mills.

Devoid of aspirations for national social leadership, making no effort to blend the various social sets, her dances seldom outnumbering one hundred and fifty people and her dinners thirty or forty guests, Mrs. Mills is accorded this exalted prerogative by the tacit acclamation of the American ultra-fashionable world.

Born a Livingston of the Manor, of large and lucrative estates, Mrs. Mills is naturally guided somewhat by a predilection for patrician birth and breeding; still, of the older families moving in her circle, nearly all consist of those possessed of wealth enough to keep up fashionable.

Family and wealth, a powerful combine—a Gordian knot! The same categories apply to the Ogden Mills as well as to the Livingston side of the house, although the years of adversity which befell the earlier career of the late D. O. Mills and one or two of his more immediate forefathers, might seem to cloud the distinctness of the assertion somewhat. Known to few is it that Ogden Mills and his sister, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, wife of our present Ambassador to England, are lineal descendants of the early Colonial proprietor of the

Mills Lordship, Richard Mills, Esq., of Stratford, Connecticut. Richard Mills, Esq., who subsequently removed to Westchester County, New York, where the family became connected with the Pells and Ogdens, married while living in Connecticut the only daughter of the Cavalier, Sergeant Francis Nicholls, who had a proprietary grant under the Crown of more than ten thousand acres at Stratford, Connecticut, and was a grandson of Sir George Bruce, of Carnock, a scion of Robert Bruce. The British pedigree of Mrs. Richard Mills far eclipsed that of any Livingston who ever emigrated to our coasts. And her uncle, Sir Richard Nicholls, was the founder of the Anglo-Saxon supremacy in New York, besides naming both New York and Albany. Bishop Nicholls, of California, is a scion of this same lineage.

The Countess of Grannard, née Ogden Mills, can see the grand chateau of her royal house of Bruce forefathers still standing in the great park of Amptill, Bedfordshire, England, near the cross marking the site of the castle to which Catherine of Aragon repaired while her divorce from Henry VIII. was

pending. The same chateau now designated the Park House, with its forest of oaks, the most famous in Great Britain, is now occupied by Lady Ampthill, a former lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria.

## CHAPTER IX

## "THE 300"

## NEW YORK AND NEWPORT SOCIETY'S INNERMOST CIRCLE

## MRS. OGDEN MILLS

- 1-2 *Colonel and Mrs. John Jacob Astor.*  
3 *Mr. Vincent Astor.*  
4-5 *Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander.*  
6-7 *The Misses Alexander.*  
8-9 *Mr. and Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies.*  
10 *Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden.*  
11-12 *Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden.*  
13 *Mr. Williams P. Burden.*  
14-15 *Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Burden.*  
16 *Miss Evelyn Byrd Burden.*  
17 *Mrs. W. A. M. Burden.*  
18-19 *Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Burden,*  
*Junior.*  
20-21 *Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden,*

- 22 *Miss Angelica S. Brown.*  
23-24 *Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Berwind.*  
25-26 *Mr. and Mrs. R. Livingston Beeck-  
man.*  
27-28 *Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont.*  
29 *Mr. Raymond Belmont.*  
30-31 *Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Jr.*  
32 *Mrs. Frederic Bronson.*  
33-34 *Mr. and Mrs. Frederic O. Beach.*  
35-36 *Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Brooks.*  
37 *Mr. L. F. Holbrook Betts.*  
38-39 *Mr. and Mrs. Francis C. Bishop.*  
40-41 *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll.*  
42-43 *Mr. and Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll.*  
44 *Miss Suzanne Carroll.*  
45-46 *Mr. and Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting.*  
47 *Mr. James De Wolfe Cutting.*  
48 *Miss Elizabeth Cannon.*  
49-50 *Mr. and Mrs. J. Francis A. Clark.*  
51-52 *Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews.*  
53 *Mr. Henry Clews, Jr.*  
54-55 *Mr. and Mrs. James B. Clews.*  
56-57 *Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Collier.*  
58 *Mr. Rawlins Lowndes Cottenet.*  
59 *Mrs. Moses Taylor Campbell.*  
60 *Miss Caroline Duer.*

- 61-62 *Mr. and Mrs. David Dows, née Burden.*
- 63-64 *Mr. and Mrs. William Earl Dodge.*
- 65-66 *Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew.*
- 67-68 *Mr. and Mrs. George B. de Forest.*
- 69-70 *Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas.*
- 71-72 *Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer.*
- 73-74 *Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel.*
- 75 *Miss Alice Gordon Drexel.*
- 76-77 *Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., née Gould.*
- 78-79 *Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.*
- 80-81 *Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Jr.*
- 82-83 *Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen.*
- 84-85 *Mr. and Mrs. Paulding Fosdick.*
- 86 *Mr. Eliot Gregory.*
- 87-88 *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson.*
- 89-90 *Mr. and Mrs. R. Horace Gallatin.*
- 91-92 *Mr. and Mrs. F. Gray Griswold.*
- 93-94 *Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd C. Griscom.*
- 95 *Mrs. Goelet.*
- 96 *Mr. Robert Walton Goelet.*
- 97 *Mrs. Ogden Goelet.*
- 98-99 *Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet.*
- 100-101 *Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry.*

- 102-103 *The Misses Angelica and Mabel Gerry.*
- 104-105 *Mr. and Mrs. Robert Livingston Gerry.*
- 106-107 *Mr. and Mrs. Peter Goelet Gerry.*  
108 *Mrs. Richard Gambrill.*
- 109-110 *Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould.*
- 111-112 *Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence L. Gillespie.*
- 113-114 *Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Hoffman.*
- 115-116 *Mr. and Mrs. William Pierson Hamilton.*
- 117-118 *Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt.*
- 119-120 *Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Junior.*
- 121-122 *Mr. and Mrs. F. Grand d'Hauteville.*
- 123-124 *Miss Marion Hollins.*
- 125-126 *Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer.*
- 127-128 *Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Havemeyer.*
- 129-130 *Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman.*  
131 *Miss Carol Harriman.*
- 132-133 *Mr. and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman.*
- 134-135 *Mr. and Mrs. J. Arden Harriman.*



- 136-137 *Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hastings.*  
138 *Mr. D. Phoenix Ingraham.*  
139-140 *Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin.*  
141 *Mr. Adrian Iselin, Second.*  
142 *Mr. Adrian Iselin.*  
143-144 *The Misses Thérèse and Louise  
Iselin.*  
145-146 *Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Iselin.*  
147-148 *Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Iselin.*  
149-150 *Colonel and Mrs. William Jay.*  
151-152 *Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James.*  
153-154 *Mr. and Mrs. Oliver G. Jennings.*  
155-156 *Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones.*  
157 *Miss Sadie Jones.*  
158 *Mrs. James P. Kernochan.*  
159-160 *Mr. and Mrs. John Innes Kane.*  
161 *Mrs. Woodbury Kane.*  
162 *Mr. Pierre Lorillard.*  
163 *Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.*  
164 *Mr. Griswold Lorillard.*  
165 *Mrs. Maturin Livingston.*  
166-167 *Mr. and Mrs. Goodhue Livingston*  
168-169 *Mr. and Mrs. W. Goadby Loew.*  
170-171 *Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard*  
172 *Mr. Charles Lanier.*  
173-174 *Mr. and Mrs. James F. D. Lanier.*

- 175-176 *Mr. and Mrs. Philip M. Lydig.*  
177-178 *Mr. and Mrs. W. Starr Milles.*  
179 *Miss Starr Milles.*  
180 *Miss Muriel Morris.*  
181-182 *Mr. and Mrs. Levi P. Morton.*  
183 *Miss Morton.*  
184-185 *Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills.*  
186-187 *Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Livingston  
Mills.*  
188-189 *Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay.*  
190-191 *Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan.*  
192-193 *Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan,  
Junior.*  
194 *Mr. Frederic Townsend Martin.*  
195-196 *Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, Jr.*  
197 *Mr. Charles A. Munn.*  
198-199 *Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mortimer.*  
200-201 *Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mortimer.*  
202-203 *Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. McVickar.*  
204 *Mrs. Frederic Neilson.*  
205 *Mr. Alphonse de Navarro.*  
206 *Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs.*  
207-208 *Mr. and Mrs. Stephen D. Olin.*  
209-210 *Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer, née  
Webb.*  
211 *Mr. Howard Phipps.*

- 212-213 *Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Phipps.*  
214-215 *Mr. and Mrs. Francis Key Pendle-*  
*ton.*  
216-217 *Mr. and Mrs. James Brown Potter.*  
218 *General Horace Porter.*  
219-220 *Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson.*  
221-222 *Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.*  
223-224 *Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills Reid.*  
225-226 *Mr. and Mrs. George L. Rives.*  
227 *Miss Mildred Rives.*  
228 *Mr. Moncure Robinson.*  
229 *Miss Lota Robinson.*  
230-231 *Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Livingston*  
*Satterlee.*  
232 *Mrs. William Watts Sherman.*  
233-234 *Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stevens.*  
235 *Miss Anna Sands.*  
236-237 *Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer,*  
*Junior.*  
238 *Mr. Lispenard Stewart.*  
239 *Mr. W. Rhinelande Stewart, Jr.*  
240 *Miss Laura Patterson Swan.*  
241-242 *Mr. and Mrs. William Payne*  
*Thompson.*  
243-244 *Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. C. Taylor.*  
245-246 *Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer.*

- 247 *Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly.*  
248 *Miss Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly.*  
249-250 *Mr. and Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas.*  
251 *Mrs. Vanderbilt.*  
252-253 *Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vander-*  
*bilt.*  
254-255 *Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vander-*  
*bilt, Jr.*  
256 *Mr. Harold Stirling Vanderbilt.*  
257-258 *Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Van-*  
*derbilt.*  
259-260 *Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.*  
261-262 *Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt.*  
263 *Mrs. French Vanderbilt.*  
264-265 *Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt.*  
266 *Mr. James J. Van Alen.*  
267 *Miss Van Alen.*  
268 *Miss Alice Van Rensselaer.*  
269-270 *Dr. and Mrs. W. Seward Webb.*  
271-272 *Mr. and Mrs. James Watson Webb.*  
273-274 *Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Water-*  
*bury.*  
275-276 *Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Witherbee.*  
277 *Miss Witherbee.*  
278-279 *Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Warren.*

- 280-281 *Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Warren.*
- 282 *Miss Constance Warren.*
- 283 *Mr. Egerton L. Winthrop.*
- 284-285 *Mr. and Mrs. Egerton L. Winthrop, Jr.*
- 286 *Mr. Frederic Bronson Winthrop.*
- 287-288 *Mr. and Mrs. William Woodward.*
- 289 *Mr. Craig Wadsworth.*
- 290-291 *Mr. and Mrs. M. Orme Wilson.*
- 292-293 *Mr. and Mrs. M. Orme Wilson, Jr.*
- 294 *Mr. Richard Trornton Wilson.*
- 295-296 *Mr. and Mrs. J. Norman 'de R. Whitehouse.*
- 297-298 *Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.*
- 299-300 *Mr. and Mrs. Payne Whitney.*

## CHAPTER X

THE MISADVENTURES OF MRS.  
DETRIMENTAL—A SOCIAL  
CAREER

Mrs. Detrimental, a sort of female knight errant of social adventure—a somewhat prevalent type. Birthplace, Denver—a propitious social star to be born under. Father, a livery stable keeper—not so lucky an owner. Paternal grandmother, cook for Miners' camps—not a *bar sinistre* in Denver society. Mrs. Detrimental's mother with only a country district primary school training, secures a good education for her pretty daughter, who marries a boarder of theirs, a rough and ready son of the border, but who in the lapse of a decade proves to be a multi-millionaire, controlling mines eclipsing the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.

THE DETRIMENTALS START OUT FROM  
DENVER

As for society, Mr. Detrimental "wants none

of it," but shares heart and soul as a silent partner, his wife's and daughter's unquenchable ambitions. Mrs. Detrimental and her daughter accordingly, betake themselves to the metropolis for a couple of Winters establishing themselves in a showy house on Riverside Drive. They invest heavily in two charities and are soon bidden to dances and lunches by *soi disant* "social leaders" who lie in wait for Western *nouveaux riches*. Alas! by a collision of carriages, the smashing of automobiles, or some other accident, they fall in for a bit with a genuine woman of fashion of the *fin fleur* of the smart set. Mrs. Detrimental confides to her the social campaign projects which are giving her sleepless nights, quoting with elation and peculiar swelling of the throat as friends the names of Mrs. So-and-So, the aforesaid leaders of the "best society."

The smart woman takes the ground from under her feet by confronting her with the statement that the alleged "social leaders" quoted by her are themselves "detrimental." The woman of fashion quickly perceives that personally she can do nothing socially for Mrs. Detrimental but give advice, as a long

and tedious technical training is needed, and wisely tells her to pack her trunks for a Winter in Rome, this chancing to be an auspicious year—the Anno Santo or Holy Jubilee year. They sail in November, finding to their dismay only one passenger of the real American ultra-fashionable set on board the huge North German Lloyd steamer, and she refuses, not only by actions, but by words, to have anything to do with Mrs. and Miss Detrimental, although she is so hard pressed by *ennui* that she takes up with a pretty female purchasing agent from Wanamaker's millinery department and her companion, a sleek drummer, even sitting at a small table with them in the dining saloon, as they could levy no sort of social claim upon her.

Shortly before the steamer reaches port, the Detrimentials fall in with a young man of stranded exchequer who had lately dropped down and out of the smart set of New York and Newport for that obvious reason. They had often read his name in the newspapers as "among those present" and they wisely adopt him for a social cicerone, after proper inquiries, and stop at the Grand Hotel, Rome, by



his advice, dining him often, and receiving as recompense a few introductions to really smart Americans, who are held back from going down to Egypt for the Winter by rumors of the plague. Mrs. Detrimental and her daughter hire a pew in the American Episcopal Church in the Via Nazionale and give liberally besides to the rector in aid of the conversion of Catholics to Episcopalians and their own conversion to smartness, following this up with a dinner at the Grand Hotel in honor of the rector, for which he invites two-thirds of the guests and their social secretary the other third. The rector speaks a good word for them to their Ambassador to whom they brought no letters, and they receive one invitation to a reception of their country's supreme representative at the Piombini palace, their *point de resistance* on this occasion being, not their manners which were only tolerable, but their gowns—copies of their North German Lloyd's cynosure's.

A nobleman to whom Mrs. Detrimental's secretary had loaned money *sans-returns* years before, secures for them an introduction by means of which they become registered at the

Palestra, on the Quirinal Hill, Rome's exclusive Casino, and Miss Detrimental, who is pretty and fairly *chic*, is actually bidden to join the hunting set of Italian nobility and fashionable Americans scurrying out over the old Appian Way for a steeplechase. The Ambassador, a knowing man of the world, speedily divines the supreme aim and goal of Mrs. Detrimental's existence to be, not Rome, Paris, or London, but Newport, and accordingly recommends her, to secure the entree of the Tuesday receptions given by Hayward, the honorary Papal Chamberlain, at his sumptuous palace near St. Peter's, but offers not a hand to help.

Mrs. Detrimental now buys up, at an exorbitant price, some tickets to the Tribuna, out in the portico of St. Peter's, to range her party in juxtaposition to the Papal and other nobility, to witness the splendid ceremony of the opening of the Holy Door, thus placing a couple of smart Americans under heavy obligations by accepting them. Though themselves Protestant Episcopalians—since the date when Mrs. Detrimental conceived the idea of being born again smart—they now all

of a sudden exhibit a leaning toward the Church of Rome, at least as long as their conversation with the rector of the American College, who has secured them a presentation to the Pope, lasts, Mrs. Detrimental actually warming up, under the influence of Roman candles, to the extent of offering a donation to be applied to the purchase of rugs to be laid on the cold stone pavements of the students' cells. The upshot of this beneficence is that some Tuesday the Detrimentials find their feet treading the scarlet velvet carpetings of the courts and grand staircase of Bramante's masterpiece, the Palazzo Giraud, the palace of Honorary Papal Chamberlain Hayward, the social leader of English-speaking Catholics in Rome, at whose levees a chosen few wealthy American Episcopalians are in attendance. Toward the approach of Mardi Gras Mrs. Detrimental, at the instigation of her secretary, the social cicerone adverted to, manages to have it leak out that she will donate a princely sum of money to the King to have the carnival in the Corso restored that year—provided others will combine financial forces; she knows well enough they will not,

but Miss Detrimental's dot has become town-talk all the same.

But Mrs. Detrimental and her daughter are all the while actually *en route* for Newport, and already racking their brains to try to conjecture what proportion of those few smart Americans in Rome, whose Summer habitat is Newport and upon whom they are now lavishing money, will not by August be suffering from aphasia and every other sort of queer lapses of tongue and memory. Abandoning the saturnalia of their Roman triumphs at just the proper time, our heroine, her daughter and their suite of courier, French maid, male mentor and coach—now installed secretary at a fixed salary in reality, but made to pose as society man in public—take the train *de luxe* for Paris, quartering themselves at the Hotel Ritz.

The excitement over shopping at Paquin's, Doucet's and the millinery and jewelry shops along the Rue de la Paix acts as a rest cure for several days, after keeping up an enforced and precarious social position in the Eternal City, but they speedily find that the social triumphs of the Grand Hotel, Rome, are not

to be repeated, even on a small scale, at the Ritz. But to her joy, Mrs. Detrimental finally descries on the hotel register of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* the name of the American family of fashion whom she had entertained in Rome in her loge in the tribuna, at the opening of the Holy Door at St. Peter's, and afterward at a sumptuous lunch. And a moment or two later the grande dame herself passes them by, without cutting them, to be sure, but tactfully avoiding them and walking straight over to a woman who on inspection proved to be the beautiful Newport divorcée of highest fashion, who had repelled Mrs. Detrimental's every advance at self-introduction aboard the North German Lloyd steamer coming over. She was actually comparing notes with their new-made Roman acquaintance and staring dubiously!

There was a North American chill in the air of the Ritz, and our heroine, with her daughter and *avant courier*, the social secretary, was relieved enough to be driven up the Champs Elysee to the Elysee Palais Hotel for a cup of tea. About half an hour later, when they were all recovering from an attack of

incipient heart failure, their whilom Roman acquaintance was ushered into the palm-room, accompanied by a little group of ultra-fashionable folk. Mrs. Detrimental stepped forward and greeted her with effusion, but her "friend," while not manifesting actual displeasure, drew her aside and presented her, not to the smart people with whom she was talking, but to a Mrs. Van and Miss Van ——, old friends of her mother's from New York. Mrs. Detrimental's spirits rose at the sound of the name indicative of one of the oldest families of the metropolis, but the secretary, by a course of delicate but adroit questioning—his mother having been an old Knickerbocker—repressed that comfortable emotion. The Van ——'s did not belong to the fashionable branch of their family and did not even know any of the Gallatins, Pells, de Peysters, the Alexander Van Rensselaers, Rhinelanders, or, in fact, any of the group of New York's old patrician families, who had kept to the fore and stood nearest the throne of the ultra-smart set.

The two women were able to find partial relief for their emotions of vexation by cut-

ting dead as a doornail two of their "detrimental" friends of the upper west side, New York contingent, who suddenly arrived upon the scene of discomfiture ready to welcome them with open arms. But almost in the next carriage passed some Californians who knew all about them, and were voluble talkers, too. At the Ambassador's, to cap the climax, Mrs. Detrimental met with a rebuff from headquarters. It seems that two weeks later the President of France was to give a ball at the Elysee Palace, and our heroine, in the momentary absence of her social secretary, ventured to ask the Ambassador to secure three invitations for her, bolstering up her claims with the avowal that her family came over with William the Conqueror and was of the purest Norman blood.

"My good Madame, isn't it sufficient for any family to have started in all right with its own country?" the Ambassador tartly replied.

Safe in the seclusion of their carriage the social secretary delivers himself to Mrs. Detrimental, now wallowing in the abyss of chagrin and humiliation: "Pardon my plainness of speech, Madame, but that's what I'm

hired for. Don't I beg of you, ever trust yourself to talk on 'family' again to your dying day. It's only bundling out the old livery stable in Denver, your miner's cook of a grandmother, and every other ridiculous scrap of family history which you implored me to be on my guard against exposing. The very notice of our arrival, with the fulsome mention of the social attentions which we received in Rome, which I had inserted in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* just to humor you, is working mischief. Certain of those society people from the Grand Hotel, Rome, are at this very moment in Paris, and they have fallen in with knowing ones from the States, and they are beginning to analyze, and I'm afraid they will never stop analyzing. The odds are against us in Paris, which is anyhow so overrun with Western people that it seems like another Chicago. We must beat a retreat to London."

#### THE SHOWER OF GOLD IN LONDON.

In London Mrs. Detrimental and her suite put up at Claridge's. In Paris they had re-



ceived the cold shoulder, but had acquired experience. In London, however, the secretary managed to get them speedily presented to Lord and Lady Down-in-the-Heel, nobility of exalted station but crumbling fortunes. By an ingenious artifice Lord Down-in-the-Heel was led to manipulate a block of their own mining stock, which brought him in such a yield that he and his titled wife were ready to serve them to the queen's taste, Miss Detrimental being thus at once provided with a chaperone from the peerage. The policy of the Detrimentials was now to avoid their fellow-Americans for a while, until they should ingratiate themselves with the English nobility more thoroughly. They gave several dinners and theatre parties, with titled persons mostly for guests, until finally an American, one of the smartest representatives of Newport's smart set, asked for an introduction to them at the Italian opera, came and sat in their box at Covent Garden and made them promise that they would come and bring Mr. Detrimental and pay him a week-end visit at a fixed date in August at his Newport villa.

The telegraphic cables flashed across the

Atlantic to the States the accounts of Mrs. and Miss Detrimental's gowns and gems and of the titled personages who were their guests at the opera. But Mrs. Detrimental was now longing to achieve American triumphs on American soil.

### LORD AND LADY DOWN-IN-THE-HEEL.

Mrs. Detrimental was eager to lease Marble House, Newport, for July and August at the price of a king's ransom, but her secretary and social mentor, whose judgment had all along proven well-nigh infallible, frowned the proposition down in toto. "Do not commit yourself to taking a cottage at Newport until you are sure of your ground, Madame. Go to Newport in a yacht and stay on the yacht."

Mrs. Detrimental urges Lord and Lady Down-in-the-Heel to go over to the States with them, but they both obstinately refuse even to accept an invitation to Newport for August, if a yacht should be sent over expressly for them. *Sub rosa* they have heard a thing or two from the States by way of down on the Continent, and now that they have got

a breach or two in their castle walls repaired and Milady has acquired several changes of raiment which could no longer be termed dowdy, they are starting in to kick over the traces even in London, for people are beginning to chaff them about "Detrimental" money.

Mrs. Detrimental, nothing daunted, secures as lieutenants for the Newport August campaign two young unmarried noblemen of the British peerage, and her husband hires and puts into commission an elephantine yacht—the largest ever built on American soil. They arrive at the City by the Sea, to accept the invitation extended to them in London, and now formally renewed for a few days' visit at a villa of the *creme de la creme* of the ultra-smart set on Ochre Point. Invitations have been sent out for a formal dinner in their honor. The response is cordial and entire.

The dinner passes off joyously, neither Astors nor Vanderbilts present, to be sure, but others of the "quality" of almost equal *cachet*. But as soon as the men are left to their post prandial cigars, the women *en masse* turn their backs upon Mrs. and Miss Detrimental, who

are left to examine portfolios of water colors, photographic albums, or to study the movements of the heavenly bodies.

"Can't you see through it all? Mr. —, our host, has some property he wants to work off on the Detrimentials," one of the smart guests was afterward overheard whispering in the ladies' dressing-room.

"We are being paid off in our own coin," Miss Detrimental muttered to her mother. "Why under the canopy did you go into all that pilavering with those women, pretending we had been in the deepest mourning for more than five years before we went abroad, to try to patch up our not knowing certain people in society? Those women took in at a glance that we did not belong to their world. Anyhow, Dad could buy and sell out any half dozen of those families at the dinner," Miss Detrimental added, in a vain effort to cloak her discomfiture.

The Detrimentials have received a shouldering of more icy coldness than was ever dealt them in Paris, or even their own native habitat. For days afterward invitations came pouring in for the two noblemen, their guests, but none

for the hostesses. Even these members of the British peerage cannot stand the dénouement, as there is an undercurrent of ridicule at their own expense on the part of the flippant, and they beg Mr. Detrimental to have the yacht pull up anchor for Narragansett Pier, Long Branch, or even Coney Island. In the days of Auntie Paran Stevens' social exploiting, or of the first fancy dress ball given by the Willie K. Vanderbilts, the abstract fact of having two such members of the British peerage as Mrs. Detrimental's guests aboard one's yacht would have brought half of Newport to terms of capitulation. But times have changed. Certain members of the Newport smart set actually patronize noblemen sometimes nowadays.

Mr. Detrimental, deeply chagrined at his wife and daughter's defeat in Newport waters two years before, more than half the time in the interim having been passed by them abroad, now ordered a palatial yacht of his own built and again it lies at anchor in Newport harbor. This time Lord and Lady Down-in-the-Heel, who are more hard up than ever before, and have a goodly visiting list of New-

port cottages, have deigned to be guests of honor on the Detrimental yacht, Milord having consented to accept some sort of partnership in the head of the family's mines, and the husband of a pronounced Newport society leader a highly lucrative deal in the stock. A patent medicine cotillion is to be given aboard the yacht, with all sorts of patent nostrums doing little stunts, and with an extraordinary and most sensational vaudeville for a finale costing thousands of dollars.

The invitations are issued solely by Lord and Lady Down-in-the-Heel, aided somewhat by the smart Newport family who had made money in Mr. Detrimental's mine. The Detrimentals are the guests of their own guests that evening on board their own yacht.

#### IN AT THE DEATH.

Fewer than half of the three hundred invitations sent out by Lord and Lady Down-in-the-Heel and the cottage queen of the mode for the patent medicine cotillion on board the Detrimental yacht were accepted, the fact of

Lord Down-in-the-Heel's having come upon a Newport cottager for a loan of a hundred thousand dollars to keep bailiffs and sheriffs at bay on the other side not tending to swell the number of acceptances for this spectacular fete. Not an Astor, Ogden Mills or Vanderbilt was present, but a goodly number of their friends, especially of the younger set, honored the occasion, thinking the Detrimentials would be "great fun" and there would be plenty of Ruinart.

As for Mrs. Detrimental, the pleasure was never hers of meeting those goddesses enshrined in her heart as the chief end of existence to know—Mrs. Ogden Mills and her daughters, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and the Gerrys and Goelets, for a social honor of which she little dreamed was in store for her a few days later—she died at *Newport* and was laid away in an ultra-smart grave, with a glimpse of Marble House in the dim horizon!

But her daughter, Miss Detrimental, who never lost her head and whose life did not go out in fireworks, lived to compel all these social oligarchs to receive her by marrying one

of the most courted and powerfully connected men of the spectacular "150," having virtually settled upon him a couple of millions by ante-nuptial contract.

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