FAMOUS STREET IN OLD LONDON; THE HOME OF THE CELEBRATED

Park Lane a Luxurious Higgledy-Piggledy—Camelfaro House, Where Princess Charlotte Spent Her Soon Ended Married Life, Stands at Its Head—Where Peel Was Wedded.

[By John O'London in T. P.'s Weekly.]

The place and the month join to produce a unique manifestation of London life. In late years Park Lane may have admitted the aristocracy of wealth to mingle with its aristocracy of blood, but the great park side road is still the place where on a midsummer afternoon you may find "all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave" to London. Across the road, between the flower-beds and the awnings, the carriages roll softly for hours—Mayfair emptying its ladies into the park, and the park gates returning them softly to Mayfair. But the note of this radiant traffic has changed; the total of motion in lighter, easier—less pompous than one has known it. Searching for the reason, one sees that the vehicular unit is now the victoria. Everywhere the victoria, single or double, without doors. This open shell of a carriage, so easily entered and quitted, is a symbol of "high life" as it is now lived, and a characteristic ornament of 1906.

A LUXURIOUS HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY.

Park Lane still suggests the end of the town. The great westward trend of fashion from the Strand and Bloomsbury and Soho was brought to a stand by the Park, and against that aerial barrier it still presses in vain. I have fancied sometimes that the enormous bay windows and sweeping balconies in Park Lane have been blown out like bubbles by the Goddess of Fashion, straining for space and occidental sanctity. And the long line of houses perfectly indicates that there has been a scramble for this ultimate foothold. Here we have not, as art and decorum would suggest, a stately line of great mansions facing the Royal demesne. Instead, we have a costly higgledy-piggledy, relying on later and auxiliary elegances for its effect. Of the facades before you, half are fronts and half are backs. The houses are of all shapes and sizes; some suggest small palaces and some glorified bathing machines. It is indeed the "far-flung line" of the great host whose taste in residence has always chased the sun with a panic fastidiousness. Let rearguards like Carlton Terrace be massive. On the other hand, the great Lane knows that the race is won, with the Park before it like an inviolable margin; and so up and down its length have run all the accessories of adornment; ivory paint, delicate balconies, censers of perfume, and awnings that respond to the flower-beds to which they slont. Beatific Lane!

CAMELFORD HOUSE.

And yet Park Lane is not all flowers and fashion. A distinguished humanity has trod its pavements, and great names are written on its walls. At the very top, almost hidden, and with its Oxford street entrance scarcely discoverable, stands Camelford House, the first London home of Princess Charlotte in her soon-ended married life. From one of its windows facing Hereford street (long ago rebuilt as Hereford Gardens) this beloved princess loked down, almost exactly 90 years ago, on three cavalcades which came to signify to her that her happiness and the nation's were one. From the Guildhall, from the House of Lords, and from the House of Commons the processions arrived in succession on a May afternoon. When another May came it brought to Marlborough House, now her home, the happiest prospects of motherhood. November ushered in the never-forgotten day when the nation mourned as one man the extinction of its dream. Strange that its grief was uttered best by the exiled poet whose statue now rises on the borders of Park Lane. It was in Venice that Byron forgot all his own agitations in lines of sweeping sadness:

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes; in the dust
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! How we did entrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our house, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherd's eyes—'twas but a meteor beam'd.

Today, in bricky seclusion, unnoticed by the eyes most accustomed to the neighborhood of the Marble Arch, stands Camelford House, where these hopes were born.

GREEN STREET.

Let us, then, walk down Park Lane, seeing in it far more than a name or a shibboleth. To it, as to every London street, belongs all that composes life. The first houses on your left as you walk down from Oxford street are of no great interest. The first turning is North Row, giving the front view of Camelford House. The next turning is Green street, where Horace Walpole sometimes supped with Miss Farren, whose marriage to the Earl of Derby aranslated her from Drury Lane to Park Lane. Down there, on the right, at No. 56, Sydney Smith died sixty-one years ago. Nearer, at the corner of Norfolk street, where Lord Ribblesdale now lives, was enacted the murder of Lord William Russell by his Swiss valet, Courvoisier. If you walk along this or any other offshoot of Park Lane it is probable that the interest of the side streets will prevent you ever reaching Piccadilly. To Park street, for example, Sir Walter Scott came to see the lady whom Byron called "Miss Diddle," the eccentric, literary, society-loving Lydia White, who kept her little ball rolling in Park street in spite of age and dropsy. But let us be faithful to the Lane.

UPPER GROSVENOR STREET.

The next important turning is Upper Brook street, where "Single-speech Hamilton" lived, and where he died a hundred and ten years ago. A dozen or more houses onward we are at Upper Grosvenor street. Near to this turning, in Park Lane itself, Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., has his home. The white house with green lattice shutters and garden railings to match them, at the corner of Upper Grosvenor street and Park Lane, was for thirty-three years the home of Lord Beaconsfield. There his wife died. A few yards along the street is the great screen in front of the Duke of Westminster's mansion, and in a line with it is the south side of Grosvenor Square. The change of name takes place at the house which was once the home of John Wilkes. On the same line of Grosvenor Square, eight doors beyond Wilkes' house, you stand before No. 44, where the Cato street conspirators were to have massacred the Earl of Harrowly and the Cabinet ministers of the day. The house used to be numbered 39.

WHERE PEEL WAS MARRIED.

Passing Mount street (once the home of Shelley's first wife, Harriet Westbrook, and now all rebuilt in shops and flats) and Aldford street, you come to South street, with Mr. Alford Beit's perfectly-equipped twentieth century house at its Park Lane corner. But South street has older memories. At No. 14, a big brick house with a shallow portico, Lord Melbourne lived when Prime Minister. We next come to the great ornament of Park Lane, Dorchester House, now the American embassy, and displaying over its fine entrance a sculptured American Eagle, whose brand-newness the London smoke will soon disguise. Now we are at the end of Great Stanhope street. The great corner house, facing Park Lane, was built for Mr. J. S. Barnato, the South African magnate, and it is now owned by Sir Edward Sassoon. In the drawing-room of a big black-bricked house, No. 12, Great Stanhope street, took place the marriage of Sir Robert Peel to Miss Julia Floyd. That mansion which seems to close the end of this street with its imposing wall and white drawn blinds is Chesterfield House, the hub of Mayfair. It was built by the great Lord Chesterfield, and there he wrote his famous letters to his disappointing son. The seven houses in Park Lane, next below Stanhope street, are really only the glorified backs of Seamore Place, and if you desire a topographical transformation scene just step a few yards along Pitt's Head Mews and ascend the narrow stone steps into Seamore Place, the scene of Lady Blessington's triumphs.

THE POETS' FOUNTAIN.

It is at this point that the Park Lane houses become most picturesque. The big house with the semi-circular bay portico, No. 24, is Lord Brassey's. No. 20, perhaps the narrowest house of its height in London, showing one bay from basement to roof, is the home of Lady Henry Somerset. The turning beyond is Hertford street, where Dr. Jenner's old house, No. 14, is marked by a tablet, and is appropriately occupied by a physician. Hertford street shares with Park Lane the facades of Londoherry House. Here, in the middle of the road, stands the fountain to the memories of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton. It is the work of W. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., and was erected in 1875 with funds from the estate of a Mrs. Brown, who had died intestate in Hertford street, and was known to have projected a fountain on this spot. Having started on high life, I may well end on highest literature.

WHEN LONG BREATHS HURT

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WARNED BY SEA BIRDS.

Sea birds soaring in from Mobile Bay sounded the first note of alarm and in true Paul Revere style warned the people of that stricken city of the approach of the coast storm that later brought such havoc to life and property. Through some inexplainable atmospheric condition these sea birds have advance knowledge of coming storms, and they invariably seek the shelter of the inland country. Not only do they look to their own safety, but they shriek loudly as they soar to cover and herald their note of warning to man and beast.

As early as Sunday night the people of Mobile had given recognition to the first flights of "Mother Cary's chickens," a rather timorous sea bird, which were coming in droves from the coast and passing Mobile in their early haste for shelter. Monday morning the more courageous seagulls began to follow in the path of the timid "Mother Cary's chickens," and later in the day whole flocks of pelicans brought up the rear of the procession that was headed to safety.

The shrill notes of these frightened birds could be plainly heard above the din and noise of the busy city, and in the outskirts their presence had been widely commented upon and accepted as a sure forerunner of the disaster that followed so soon after. The people had no further knowledge of the coming storm than that supplied by these aquatic birds, but that was assurance enough to satisfy all that a storm was invading the coast section and that it might take its course up the bay.

Throughout Monday the presence of the frightened birds from the coast was the feature of conversation. By Monday night there had been such a general storm discussion that the people of Mobile no longer doubted the storm's coming, but only speculated on the time of its arrival. The day and night of Monday had been a period of warning, and early Tuesday morning the first signs of the storm were visible. By Tuesday night Mobile was a stricken city, the extent of life and property loss still being a matter of much doubt, but sufficient to have it recorded as among the notable disasters of the year.

TALL, SLENDER AND SIMPLE

WILL BE THE TYPICAL GIRL OF THE COMING SEASON.

But Her Stature May Be Due to French or Cuban Heels, and Her Slimness Massage—Artistic Simplicity.

"Plans for the 1907 girl have been announced," said an artist's model, "and already the models are trying to conform to them.

"This being an artist's model isn't all it is cracked up to be. One year you are perfect; next year you are out of style; the third year you are hopelessly behind. You must keep up with the changes or you are no longer a model.

"Everyone remembers when the blue-eyed model was the style. She was of the sweet country girl type and everybody loved her.

"Then came a reaction, and the languid, long-eyed Spanish girl was the rage. All the models had to have oval faces and long eyes or there was no call for her. The little, dimpled ones were out of a job.

"Then came the rather masculine, Gibson girl period. Gibson's girls were not masculine by any means, but his imitators were, and the models had to wear mannish waists and comb their hair in the same style. It was awfully trying to make the change from one kind of girl to the other.

IDEAL OF 1907.

"And now comes the ideal of 1907. She will be different from the girl of any other year. She will be beautiful and she will sweep everything before her.

"Her first requisite will be manner. The minute you look at her you will see that she has repose.

"She can stand perfectly still without moving her feet about. Her hands can lie in her lap, and her feet can rest upon the ground. She will be a restful girl.

"The girl of 1907 is going to be very simple. Or she is going to look as though she were very simple.

"She must be absolutely perfect in the art of sweet simplicity. It is not a country girl simplicity, but an artistic simplicity.

"A typical girl of 1907 stood inside of a drawing-room the other day. Her hair was parted and allowed to ripple over her temples. Around her head were bound two great flat Dutch braids so heavy that they made a great halo around her brown brow.

"A great beautiful bow of ribbon crowned her head. The effect was too simple and too sweet for anything.

"The girl of 1907 will be very tall. She may have to resort to Cuban heels and to stretching exercises, and she may want to pile braids on top of her head and to wave her hair high. She will be tall and she will be slender.

"Living skeletons were the fashion last summer in London. They looked healthy and they acted as if happy, and while they were lean, yet they were not angular. To attain this meant art was combined with science.

MOULDING THE FORM.

"The best professional models are now taking a double set of lessons in massage. There are two kinds of massage. One kind develops and the other kind reduces. Women who are wide-awake are practicing both kinds.

"It costs a professional model something to live and keep her figure these days. She must have two sets of massage operators. She must have one masseuse who understands the art of pounding away the flesh, and another one who understands the art of putting it on.

"The masseuse who takes off the flesh is a big muscular woman. She exercises the muscles until the flesh is worn away.

"To take off flesh by rubbing is an art. The strokes must be swift and vigorous. It takes an expert to know how to stroke quickly and heavily so as to make the muscles do their work.

"Then for the development, and this is important. The woman who is thin in her arms must have them massaged. The strokes must be soft and regular and there must be a great deal of massage cream rubbed in.

"There is plenty of work for a good masseuse. The arms are too thin and the neck too scrawny in most women.

"The girl of 1907 will have a new figure. The artists are working upon it now, and one of the best pictures shown in London in the spring depicted this figure.

"London artists, as a rule, paint the ideal head, and the Paris artists paint the figure; but this season all united in getting up some pretty good specimens of the new girl.

"This new girl with the new figure has some sharply accentuated characteristics. Her shoulders are exceedingly broad.

"They are fully up to the requirements of a 40-inch bust measure. In fact, the girl of 1907 will wear a 38-inch waist or a 40, as she may prefer. Her shoulders will be broad enough for the latter.

A MANNISH FIGURE.

"But she will have little hips. Her waist will be very slender and her hips will be narrower than her shoulders. This gives her a handsome figure. It is the figure of a man, but it is very attractive in a girl.

"There are Greek statues that show this figure, and there is a New York sculptor who insists that his models shall have this characteristic. Their shoulders must be broader than their hips.

"Stand in front of the pier glass if you are a woman of discernment, and note if you have this peculiarity. Are your shoulders wider than your hips? If not, you must make yourself over, if you are going to be a girl of 1907.

"The artist model of 1907—for she sets the style for the girl of 1907—will be a brownish blonde. Her hair will be a medium brown, a dark straw color.

"It will not be pale blonde, nor will it be black. It will be a lovely medium brown with a great many blond lights in it. Hair of this kind is very pretty.

"Artists have stopped painting the canary haired girl, and they have stopped painting the black-haired girl.

"They have taken up the browns and most of the girls on exhibition have a medium brown hair with just the least bit of reddish gold in it. It is easy hair to get.

NO HAIR-BLEACHING.

"The girl of 1907 will not bleach, not by any means; but if the color of her hair doesn't suit her she will shampoo it. Then she will sun it and shake, and then she will wash it again.

"She will keep at it until she gets it the right color. Color is sometimes only a matter of a pinch of henna leaves or a very tiny bit of soda. You can make your hair bloom easily.

"There is a girl model who is now working upon her face. She has an almost hopeless task, for her face is pudgy and her hair is a deep mud brown.

"She was a beauty until her hair grew dark and she got fat. But she expects to get her looks all back—and she will.

"Her skin is by no means the clear skin of 1907, so she is busy bleaching it. To bleach your skin harmlessly, get some peroxide of hydrogen. Dabble it on your face and neck and leave it on five minutes.

"Wash it off, and after a few minutes put some cold cream on it. This will bleach your skin wonderfully.

"Then the true model, alive to her profession, is very careful of her eyes. She paints the brows every night with melted vaseline and keeps her sight strong.

NICE ARMS.

"She massages her forehead where the wrinkles come, and she rubs out the laughing wrinkles every night. It takes her two hours to get ready to go to bed.

"There are models who have not nice arms. The forearm may be bad. Ofter it is covered with down. And, where this occurs, the model is wise in her day and generation.

"Once a week she washes her arms with soap jelly and a special scrubbing brush. Then she goes over her arms with peroxide. This bleaches the hair upon them and makes the down inconspicuous.

"Frequently she adds a little ammonia to the water. Ammonia kills the constitution of the hair, and in time the arms will be smooth. This is one of the tricks of the artist's model.

"The girl of 1907 will have several other points which the models are studying and viewing with more or less dismay, and one of these is her style.

"Style is something few women can learn. They either have it or they have it not. How to be stylish is something few women can find out.

"Style consists largely in walking well. The woman who carries her arms badly will never have style. The woman who lets her chin sink into her throat will never have style.

"Style lies, also, in doing the hair becomingly and in making it frame the face, and the woman who does not do this will always be lacking in style. But these are only a few points that come under the heading of style.

"The woman of 1907 will be very well dressed, but she will not dress in black. Her complexion is too glowing.

"She will choose white or the colors that come pretty close to white—pale violet, light blue, delicate green and the softest of rose. She will bring out her own high lights if possible.

"The woman of 1907 will have small feet. Perhaps she will manage this by low vamps and high heels, but her feet will certainly look small.

"And she will have plump, little white hands, which she will keep white by daily bleachings. She will have other good points, but these are enough for a beginning.

"She will keep the woman who is going to imitate her busy for a long time. But there are no points in the woman of 1907 that cannot be attained by the ordinary woman."

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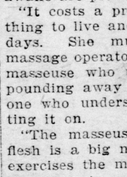

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