

AMERICAN SPLENDOR ECLIPSES DIPLOMATIC LONDON



Ambassador Reid's Brilliant Functions Startle the Staid English

It has remained for an American to teach the titled, aristocratic-born English families how to entertain with a lavishness heretofore unknown in the "tight little isle."

The teacher has been Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador to the Court of St. James. He has fairly dazzled London by the splendor of his entertainments and has set a pace which will be difficult to follow even by royalty.

In fact, even royalty despairs of emulating the splendor of the Reid functions. Were royalty left out of their social events, the settings could not by any means equal those provided by the gold of the American ambassador.

For the first time in the history of diplomatic London the Court of St. James is dazzled by the magnificence of the entertainments provided by the representative of the republic across the seas. For the first time the accredited representatives of other powers acknowledge the social supremacy of the man upholding the Stars and Stripes.

MANY Americans and more Englishmen are open to their criticism of Ambassador Reid's social splurge. They say that the atmosphere of the embassy is entirely opposed to that of American institutions.

Receiving a salary of \$17,500, Ambassador Reid is said to spend upward of \$300,000 a year to maintain the social position he has achieved at the embassy in London. The most magnificent residence in London, he pays anywhere from \$27,000 to \$40,000 annual rent—the exact amount is not known.

The place is kept in regal style; twenty liveried footmen receive the ambassador's guests; thirty other servants are required in the establishment.

For a single dinner—such as that at which the king is entertained—it is said Mr. Reid spends \$10,000. Why should a man receiving \$17,500 salary pay more than \$300,000 to shine conspicuously in the position to which his ambassadorship entitles him?

IS IT FOR HIS DAUGHTER?

Some persons say, "his daughter." Miss Jean Reid is a cultured and beautiful young woman—a typical American girl, breezy, bright, dashing, just the sort of girl to fascinate and captivate susceptible scions of English nobility.

Since her debut in London society there have been numerous rumors of engagements to various noblemen. But all of these rumors the young woman's father has taken pains to deny. "Marry an Englishman," says the ambassador. "No, indeed! My daughter is an American girl and will marry an American."

Undoubtedly Miss Reid has become one of the most popular young women among the younger social set of London—just as she became one of the most popular young women in New York's four hundred.

At the last two sessions of Congress many references were made to the style in which the United States embassy at London was maintained. The lavish magnificence and stately funkyness of the place seemed to many out of keeping with American ideals.

So great was the strain of social life upon him that after the Fourth of July reception Ambassador Reid suffered from nervous exhaustion. Shortly after the in-wall dance to Miss Reid on July 25 he retired to his country residence, West Park, for which he pays \$10,000 annual rental.

Despite their murmurs against the American ambassador's extreme ostentation, Londoners always flock to his dinners and receptions. Since he installed himself in Dorchester House it has been the scene of glittering social affairs, the Mecca of the lordliest of the lords and the stateliest of the ladies.

King Edward himself has been a frequent guest there, which meant that whatever was ordained at Dorchester House became the fashion in the kingdom. Think of it, an American setting the social pace for aristocratic England.

IN A SPLENDID MANSION

Besides the diplomatic corps, almost all the members of the nobility attend the affairs at Dorchester House. The dance given in honor of Miss Reid, before her return to New York, was one of the dazzling functions of the last London season.

So elaborate and costly are the affairs given by the ambassador that Dorchester House proves quite a fitting setting. Compared to it Buckingham Palace is a dull and dreary place, indeed.

At these receptions one is always certain to meet the most distinguished men of the empire as well as the leaders of the aristocracy. Reports from London are unanimous in declaring that the last season was the most brilliant in the social history of London, and that Ambassador Reid's dinners and receptions were the most elaborate of any given, not excepting those of the king.

Dorchester House was a happy selection by the ambassador. It occupies the most commanding position in London. Situated half way up Park Lane, at the apex of Park Lane, Dean street and South street, it is nearly opposite the Stanhope gate to Hyde Park, with its glowing beds of flowers and green trees. On Sunday all the fashionable folk of the city pass by on their



Dorchester House, London
Home of the Ambassador

PANCAST

promenade. Beautiful Italian sunken gardens extend in the rear of the mansion. There are also splendid tennis courts. The wonderful possibilities of Dorchester House have been utilized to good advantage by the ambassador.

Upon entering this palace one is dazzled by the splendor of the appointments. There is the great marble staircase, with which nothing in Buckingham Palace compares, and which cost \$150,000. There are six reception rooms, twelve sitting rooms, twenty-four bedrooms, dining rooms, a great banquet hall, smoking, music and billiard rooms, and two large libraries.

The reception rooms are so arranged that they can be thrown into one great hall room, where 1000 couples can dance freely. The collection of paintings in the house is said to be the finest private collection in London, and is insured at \$25,000,000. In the collection are representative works of Titian, Tintoretto, Van Dyke, Velasquez, Rubens, Murillo, Claude, Wouverman, Paul Veronese and Tenny.

No house in London can boast of such gorgeous tapestries and rare curios. There are marvelous china and wondrous creations in marble. The furniture is

massive and ornate. To fit up such a place the ambassador would have had to stand an outlay of many millions of dollars. And then it is doubtful if he could have equaled the rare taste and charm of effect achieved by those who fitted up Dorchester House.

The house belongs to Major George Lindsay Holford, one of King Edward's equerries. The major was unable to defray the expenses necessary for an occupancy of the house, so for many years it remained in the keeping of caretakers. Many rich Americans coveted the house, but the high rent asked frightened them.

Built in 1853 by Stayner Holford, the house itself is said to have cost \$300,000. It is one of the finest examples of architecture to be found in London. In the building, however, every effort was made to lend to the lavish splendor of the state rooms. The other apartments, compared to these, are rather commonplace. The house was fitted with ample accommodations for from fifty to seventy-five house guests.

Calvinism, a man of wealth and taste, and the wonderful collection of paintings, rare bric-a-brac, tapestries and furnishings was acquired by him only



Miss Jean Reid

after long years of diligent search. The grand salon of the house is one of the most ornate and sumptuous rooms of its kind in England.

At first, Ambassador Reid hesitated at the rental asked—some say it is \$27,500, others say it is not less than \$40,000. But he paid it—and started London.

To maintain the house in style Mr. Reid is compelled to employ more than thirty house servants, at a cost of about \$7500 a year. There are always on hand twenty liveried footmen, who receive the guests most obsequiously. This luxury costs the ambassador \$6000.

Besides his town house Mr. Reid has leased for a number of years West Park, the Bedfordshire home of the late Lord Cowper, at a cost of \$10,000. Here, again, at least thirty house servants are employed. Then there are gardeners, lodge keepers, stablemen, grooms and hall boys, who entail an expense of \$5000.

What Mr. Reid actually spends during the London social season can probably not be estimated. It is agreed that no diplomat in London spends nearly so much.

RICH AMERICANS ATTRACTED

Mr. Reid's equipages surpass in elegance those of royalty. He brought many of his horses from the United States. His coachman, William Brown, served in the same capacity for the American Ministers Lowell, Phelps and Lincoln and Ambassadors Bayard and Hay.

The standard which Mr. Reid has set for the United States ambassadorship could be maintained in the future only by a multi-millionaire. His predecessor, Joseph H. Choate, spent about \$50,000 annually, and his social career did not approach that of Mr. Reid's.

Last season Mr. Reid surpassed himself. His dinners were Lucullan and exceeded in original and daring elegance the banquets of the king. The floral decorations at the receptions and balls were fairly dazzling.

The richest Americans in London hovered about the Reids like moths about a candle. Through the Reids they were invited to the royal receptions. Then the less favored Americans averred that there was favoritism in the making of the lists for invitations.

The return of Miss Reid to this country has given a quietus to rumors of her engagement. Two years ago there was a report that she was engaged to marry Lord Brooke, son of the Earl of Warwick. Then came hints of a possible alliance with the Duke of Leinster, who was manifestly devoted to the young woman.



Mrs. Whitelaw Reid

Since the return of his wife and daughter to this country, Mr. Reid has been living at West Park. This is a beautiful place of 7000 acres. The mansion is as large as Dorchester House and is magnificently furnished. The house is built on the style of Hampton Court, and stands on a terrace surrounded by marble statuary. The grounds are wooded, and there is much good shooting. It is thirty-eight miles from London.

From this place Mr. Reid travels to London daily in his automobile.

It is said that Mr. Reid plans to entertain on even a more magnificent scale next season. Londoners say they cannot understand how this will be possible.

True American Spirit in College Songs



"PRINCETON," remarked President Hadley, of Yale, some time ago, "has the most of all college songs in 'Old Nassau'."

A student of the spirit and swing of college songs agrees with President Hadley. "No matter," he says, "what one's own academic antecedents may have been he cannot witness unmoved the sight of a thousand Princeton men, massed together on a football field at the moment when their side is losing, and all, as one man, uncovering while they thunder out undauntedly the strains of 'Old Nassau'."

This isn't the only college song, however, that has swing and spirit. In fact, it is noticeable that most of the American college songs that find favor and reach down from class to class are those that teach loyalty, the American spirit, and a healthy inspiration for the coming generations.

"THERE is something in the song 'Old Nassau,' which suggests the old covenant spirit," remarks a commentator. "It has a healthy swing and a true American spirit about it."

Here is the song:

Tune every heart and every voice,
Bid every organ draw,
Let all, with one accord, rejoice
In praise of old Nassau.

CHORUS.
In praise of old Nassau, my boys,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Let all who will give while they shall live
Three cheers for old Nassau!

Let music rule the fleeting hour—
Her mantle round us draw,
And thrill each heart with all her power
In praise of old Nassau.

No flower's fragrant would we twine,
To wither and decay,
Another throng shall breathe our song
In praise of old Nassau.

And when these walls in dust are laid,
With reverence and awe,
Another throng shall breathe our song
In praise of old Nassau.

Till then, with joy, our songs we'll bring
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing
Long live old Nassau.

Harvard, according to the commentator, ought to deplore its sterility in the field of song. He considers "Fair Harvard" as being lackadaisical. Its music is

the old Irish melody to which Thomas Moore wrote the verses, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," which is not considered robust enough for the sturdy college man of today.

The words teach a good lesson, however. Here they are:

Fair Harvard, thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
Be these festival rites from the age that is past
To the age that is waiting before.

O relic and type of our ancestors' worth,
That has long kept their memory warm,
First show of the wilderness' star of their night
Calm rises, thro' change and thro' storm.

To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth,
From the home of our infantile years,
When our fathers had warn'd and our mothers had
prayed.

And our sisters had blessed through their tears,
Thou, thou wert our parent, the nurse of our soul:
We were moulded to manhood by thee.

Till, freighted with treasure, thro' friendships and hopes,
Thou didst launch us on destiny's sea.

When as pilgrims we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thou shades are more soothing, thy silence more dear,
Than shades on less-privileged earth.

For the proud and the great in their beautiful prime,
Thro' thy precincts have musically trod,
As they kindled their spirits or despoiled the streams,
Thou hast kindled the torch of the god.

Farwell! Be thy destinies onward and bright,
To thy children the lesson still give,
With faith to think and with patience to bear
And for right ever bravely to live.

Let not the moon to thy silence at its side,
As the moon on truth's current glides by,
Be the herald of light and the bearer of love
Till the stock of the Parthenon die.

Here is the song of Yale that goes into after life with nearly all the students of that institution:

Bright college years, with pleasure rife,
The shortest, gladdest years of life,
How swiftly are ye sliding by!
Oh, why doth time so quickly fly?

The seasons come, the seasons go,
The earth is green or white with snow;
But time and change shall never avail
To break the friendships formed at Yale.

We all must leave this college home,
About the stormy world to roam;
But though the mighty ocean's side
Should us from dear old Yale divide,
He'll round the oak the ivy twine,
The clinging tendrils of its vines,
So are our hearts close bound to Yale
By ties of love that never shall fail.

In after life, should troubles rise
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,
Oh, bring to mind the memory's haze,
The happy, golden bygone days!
Oh, let us strive that ever we
May let these words our watchword be:
"For God, for country, and for Yale!"

And this is the song that spurs the ambition of the sons of the University of Pennsylvania:

Hail, Pennsylvania! Noble and strong,
To thee with loyal hearts we raise our song,
Swelling to heaven loud, our praises ring:
Hail, Pennsylvania! Of these we sing!

Majesty as a crown rests on thy brow;
Fris the Honor Glory, Love, before thee bow,
N'er can thy spirit die, thy walls decay,
Hail, Pennsylvania! For these we pray!

Hail, Pennsylvania! Guide of our youth,
Lead thou thy children on to light and truth;
Then, when death summons us, others shall praise,
Hail, Pennsylvania, thro' endless days!

The song of Johns Hopkins has a different swing. Here it is:

Come seniors, wise and learned; come, juniors, raise a cheer,
Come, "nobles" bold and cruel; come, freshmen, have no fear,
Come, all ye college classes, come, join with voices true,
Blue as follows:



Sing praise to dear old Hopkins, hurrah for Black and Blue!

CHORUS.
Rah for the Black, boys! Rah for the Blue, boys! Rah for Johnny Hopkins, rah!

We'll pour forth our praise to dear old Johns Hopkins:
Rah for Johnny Hopkins! Rah! Rah! Rah!

The four bright years of college, the shortest years of life,
The years so full of gladness, the years with pleasure rife,
Are gliding swiftly by, boys; our work will soon be through:

Then off will we recall, boys, the years "neath Black and Blue.

Even the girls of Vassar have a stirring song, running like this:

Vassar, we sing thy praises,
Thy beauty, thy power, thy fame;
Each loyal heart now raises
A cheer to thy endless name.

CHORUS.
Drink we our Alma Mater:
Hurrah for the Rose and the Gray!

Drink we our Alma Mater:
Hurrah for the Rose and the Gray!

From the far-off Pacific,
Florida and Japan,
He'll round the oak the ivy twine,
Gather all ye who can.—(Chorus.)

Who than our Alma Mater more noted?
Who than our Alma Mater more loved?
Than our Alma Mater more quoted?
For wit and enterprise?—(Chorus.)

For him who can afford it
Harvard in wealth may roll;
Yale in the field may lord it:
Princeton may kick the coal.—(Chorus.)

Here's a long life to Vassar!
Wave we her flag unfurled:
No more can we surpass her,
Queen of the college world.—(Chorus.)

The battery of Cornell is one that always stirs the blood of those who have passed into the various vocations of life from the Ithaca institution of learning. Here is the song:

Far above Cayuga's waters,
With its waves of blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Glorious to view.

CHORUS.
Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
Loud her praises tell:
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!
Hail, Cornell!

Far above the busy humming,
Of the bustling town,
Reared against the arch of heaven,
Looks the proudly down.—(Chorus.)

The University of Michigan extols the "Yellow and Blue" as follows:

Fine to the colors that float in the light:
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!
Yellow the stars as they ride through the night
And reel in a rollicking crew:
Yellow the fields where ripen the grain,
And yellow the moon on the harvest wane;
Hail, hail to the colors that float in the light!
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!

Blue are the billows that bow to the run
When yellow-roped morning is due:
Blue are the curtains that evening has spun
The slumbers of Phoebus to woo:
Blue are the blossoms to memory dear,
And blue is the sapphire and gleams like a tear,
Hail, hail to the ribbons that nature has spun,
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!

Here's to the college whose colors we wear!
Here's to the hearts that are true!
Here's to the maid of the golden hair
And eyes that are brimming with blue!
Garlands of bluebells and maize intertwine,
And hearts that are true and voices combine,
Hail, hail to the college whose colors we wear!
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!

A defiant note, and—if it may be said—something of irreverence for older institutions, pervades the battery of the University of Minnesota. For instance:

Old Yale may boast of heavy walls, and Princeton claim most classic halls;
For Harvard's noted men of pride, traditions old and notice wide.

We care not one iota,
For we love Minnesota,
The largest western college,
The pride of North Star knowledge;
Maroon and gold her banner;
Her sons will ever honor
And cheer for "U. of M."

There is something of jolly recklessness about the song that Amherst students love to send out in hearty chorus through halls and over campus. This is how it runs:

My college days must have an end
In a few days, in a few days;
Unless some chap has cash to lend,
So I'm going home.

CHORUS.
Farewell to Amherst beauties
In a few days, in a few days;
Farewell to college duties,
I'm going home.

My coat will let my elbows through,
In a few days, in a few days;
I'm sure I don't know what to do,
So I'm going home.—Chorus.

My purse has been so very light
These two days, these two days;
That nary a cent has blessed my sight,
So I'm going home.—Chorus.

More stately is the "Alma Mater" song of the University of Chicago, through which, however, runs the characteristic confidence of the West:

Tonight we gladly raise the praise
Of her who owns us as her sons;
Our loyal voices let us raise,
And bless her with our benisons,
Of all fair mothers, fairest she,
Most wise of all the wisest be,
Most true of all the true, say we,
Is our dear Alma Mater.

Her mighty learning we would tell,
The life is something more than lore;
She could not love her sons so well,
Loved she not truth and honor more,
We praise her breath of charity,
Her faith that truth shall make men free,
That life shall live eternally,
We praise our Alma Mater.

"The City White hath led the earth
But where the azure waters lie
A nobler city hath its birth,
The City Gray that n'er shall die.
For decades and centuries
Its battlemented towers shall rise
Beneath the hope-filled western skies,
Tis our dear Alma Mater.