

THE BORROWER IN ENGLISH SOCIETY

Lady Angela Forbes Discloses Some Secrets

A RUB FOR THE SMART SET

Impecunious Hostesses Get Through a Season on Their Nerve and With Other People's Property—Some Who Spoil the Market

(There is no more interesting woman in the English aristocracy than Lady Angela Forbes. Sister of the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland and the equally beautiful Lady Warwick, and herself a member of the most exclusive set in London society, she is nevertheless delightfully unconventional and outspoken. She is a severe critic of the so-called English smart set and is especially bitter against the "new rich.") In the following article she tells of the growth of the society borrower, who has recently come into prominence in England.

(Times' Special Correspondence)

London, April 17.—A new system of getting through the expenses of the London season, which has lately come into vogue among those hard-uppish hostesses, threatens to replace the time-honored one of living on credit.

Several enterprising women have discovered that it is quite possible to get through the London season comfortably and pleasantly by the simple method of borrowing all one wants, from a furnished flat to a box at the opera. The only thing so far as I can judge, that the society borrower does not borrow is money; curiously enough it is apparently against her conventions to do so, but as she can borrow all that money can buy there, really is no necessity for her to do so.

I frankly confess I do not altogether understand how these borrowing operations are conducted, but so far as my knowledge goes the principle of the business is to "ask of those who can lend and you shall receive."

But there is no doubt a method of asking that must be mastered before one can hope to become a really successful borrower. I have one particularly successful borrower in my mind as I write, this season, she has secured a most delightful furnished flat in one of the nicest parts of Mayfair that was not long since advertised to let, as the owners were going abroad.

Now the owner, or rather the wife of the owner, happened to be a lady from whom I should feel rather nervous about borrowing such a thing as an umbrella if I happened to want one, but my friend apparently borrowed the flat, the letting value of which was certainly not less than six a week, for the season, without any difficulty.

"How on earth did you do it?" I asked her.

"I met her at Cairo," was the reply, "and we got rather friendly—her husband was not with her."

"Dearly I began to see the connection between the smiling woman at Cairo who were there in the absence of their husbands and the borrowing of their flat in London afterwards. But still the borrower I am speaking of could not and did not confine all her attentions to one person—she casts her net far and wide, and I am inclined to believe it is nothing more than sheer impudence and a certain personal and irresistible charm that enables her to fill it so well as she does.

She has a box at Covent Garden whenever she wishes; she has an electric brougham always at her disposal, and I know that most of the really beautiful jewelry she wears, like the opera box and brougham have been to use her own phrase, "negotiated"—which in plain language means borrowed.

There are, I am credibly informed, borrowers, however, who "spoil the market," so to speak.

For example, there are a wealthy banker and his wife who, since their only daughter's marriage, two or three years ago, spend very little of the season in London; they were known to be quite ready to lend their furnished house (and a very beautifully furnished house it was) to anyone who had sufficient impudence to ask them to do so.

Last season it was occupied by a borrower who left all her bills for house-keeping expenses, which included the cost of a series of most delightful and extremely recherché and expensive dinners, to be paid by the banker. He paid them, but he absolutely refused to lend his house again to anyone.

In many of these borrowing transactions no doubt the borrower gives some sort of "quid pro quo" to the lender.

Anyway there is a story of a very charming borrower who last season succeeded in borrowing a wealthy merchant's whole London establishment, lock, stock and barrel, including a couple of motor

cars and a well-trained staff of servants. The merchant was extremely rich and fat and rather dirty and given to the wearing of diamonds, and it pleased him to regard himself as a gallant. He had an office in the city, where the borrower I have mentioned went direct, when she saw his furnished house advertised to be let, instead of going to the agent. The merchant made some attempts to display his powers of gallantry, and then became rude, which was far less objectionable to his visitor. Then finally they got to business.

The borrower put it to the owner that he could, if he wished, advertise the fact that he had lent his house to "Lady _____" for the season, which to a man of his particular disposition and ambitions was an attractive proposition, and then went on to the borrower, "I don't mind asking you to dine with me once if you happen to be in town."

The merchant lent his house and accepted the dinner, and was very much annoyed because there was no one there but the borrower of his flat and her husband. He tried to negotiate for a second dinner without the husband, but this effort did not succeed.

The borrower, of course, if she is successful in her operation, is much more advantageously placed than the hard-uppish hostess who gets through the season on credit. The borrower has no bills to speak of, no creditors worth a moment's consideration. At the end of the season all she has to do is to give a little dinner to the people from whom she has borrowed. If they happen to be in London, and give them back all they have lent her with thanks. She need not, of course, do so in this formal manner but I mention it because I know of one of the most charming borrowers who did so last season and the recollection of that dinner lingers with me still.

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MASTER OF ETON SAYS HARE-COURISING WILL NOT BE DONE AWAY WITH

Criticism on Grounds of Cruelty and Ill Effect on the Rising Generation

(Times' Special Correspondence)

London, April 17.—Almost under the walls of Eton College, recently a hard-pressed hare, which the boys of the college had been hunting with a pack of hounds, maintained at the college for this purpose, two even the river with the pack close behind and a half a hundred boys yelling like fiends on the banks. It was in the act of swimming it a third time, when it was pulled under and killed amid the enthusiastic cheers of the young Etonians.

A similar triumph of the Eton hounds is likely to be remembered, was recalled by Lord Rosebery, in his recent book of reminiscences in these words: "One of the prettiest things I ever saw was a hare, very hard-pressed, that took to the water and swam right out into the middle with all the hounds after her, but she was unfortunately so beat that she was drowned from sheer exhaustion."

The latest incident has shocked humanitarians, and an infinitely signed petition was presented the other day, to Canon Lytton, the reverend headmaster of Eton College, begging him to do away with

the pastime of hare-hunting at Eton, on the ground that its effect is "to stimulate cruelty among the young." This, by the way, is by no means the first petition of the kind that has been laid before a "head" of the famous college with a similar object, others in the past having been signed by Herbert Spencer, Sir Frederick Treves, Sir A. Conan Doyle, the late Lord Wolesey and other famous men, but all without avail.

After due reflection, Canon Lytton has replied to the petition with a letter in which he declines to do away with the hounds. He asserts that far from there being an increase in cruelty among English boys, "many educators are not without a certain feeling that the young, is likely to goad it into undesirable forms of activity."

Canon Lytton is afraid, too, lest he may "create a schism" between fathers and sons if he does away with the Eton hounds. "There is the fact," says he, "that our boys come from homes where the instinct alluded to receives ample and incessant encouragement, so that, besides alienating the boys by legislation to them wholly unmitigable, the headmaster would alienate a great many parents, which is not nearly so important as the further fact that he would be doing his utmost to create a schism between fathers and sons."

The canon ends his letter by declaring that, "as far as possible, all cruelty has been banished" from the hunting and killing by the Eton boys.

Needless to say, his reply has called canon in who pays his compliments to the canon in no uncertain terms is Sir Philip Burne Jones, while among the reverend headmaster's critics are several old Eton-

ians. One of them, after recalling Lord Rosebery's "pretty sight," remarks: "That's my idea of how the youth of the nation should be brought up, and that's why I am in hearty sympathy with Canon Lytton's reasoning. Let aim go on as he is going, when he will run no risk of roping young Cole Blac- tones. The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it." "No, but the fence does." "Then," concluded the light of the law, "I think it is safe to say you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."

Another astirist remarks that, "after reading Canon Lytton's ingenious rhetoric," he "rejoices to think that there is a great future before Eton as a seminary for budding theologians."

SOUND ADVICE.
"A cat sits on my back fence every night, and he yowls and yowls and yowls. Now, I don't want to have any trouble

with neighbor Jones, but this thing has gone far enough, and I want you to tell me what to do." The young lawyer looked so solemn as an old sick owl, and said not a word. "I have a right to shoot the cat, haven't I?" "I would hardly say that," replied young Cole Blac- tones. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it." "No, but the fence does." "Then," concluded the light of the law, "I think it is safe to say you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."

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Let Us Test The Power of Advertising Today

By J. R. HAMILTON
Former Advertising Manager, Wanamaker's, Philadelphia
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WE ARE asking every man (and every woman too) who reads this paper to read this article on advertising.

Practically every business in Canada today believes in Advertising—believes that through advertising, better goods can be provided to the public at a lower price.

Most firms believe in honest advertising. And even the few that begin by doing dishonest advertising either become honest or become extinct.

Now we wish to make a test today of this advertising power. There are some twelve thousand of you people reading this paper now. All of you have your daily needs to supply. If those needs can be supplied better through advertising than without it, you above all people should know that fact.

Before this article was printed it was shown to every merchant in this city. They all know that a test is going to be made.

All of them who have merchandise sufficiently strong to base a test upon, have advertised that merchandise in the columns of this paper you are reading now.

Every one of these merchants knows from long observation that advertising can get the public once, but that only honest advertising can keep on getting you. Therefore it is fair to assume that the advertising in this paper today will stand the test of integrity.

You women and men of this city (and for that matter of every city) have come to know merchandise value pretty thoroughly.

Therefore this is what we wish you to do: Read over each advertisement in this paper today. Pick out the merchandise that you need, and when you go to the store to buy it, mention the fact that you have read the advertisement in this paper, and that you are now responding to it.

When you get that merchandise home we want you to judge the value of advertising by three things: First, by the service that you have secured in the store that advertised. Second, by the quality of merchandise that store has given you. And third, by the actual saving in money by which you have profited in answering that advertising and going to that store.

If the advertisers in this paper can render you better service and save you money, you certainly should be most eager to take advantage of it.

Try it out—all of you now and see how it works.

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Mr. Eggan's Letter.

"I have been taking Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey for the last 6 months and find it a grand tonic to build up a person who is run down as I was. I find it the best tonic a man can take for a run down condition."

JAMES EGGAN, Mgr. Merchants Distributing Association, 285 Dover St., Boston, Mass.

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WEAK MEN, WAKE UP! WHY DO YOU WAIT?

Are you satisfied to turn the grindstone for the other fellow all your life? Are you content to be a plodder all your days? There's nothing in it, and you know it. Then why not brace up and be a Man? Electricity as I apply it is working wonders in the world. I am making hustling, energetic men out of wrecks every day. In every walk of life you'll find these men—men whom I have saved from lives of wretchedness and despair—men who are making their mark in the world—men who are shooting the praises of my Dr. McLaughlin Belt—men who will tell you that their success in life dates from the time that they began the use of my great Electric Appliances—the only absolute safe and sure remedy for a weak man, a broken-down man.

My remedy is an honest remedy, a logical remedy, a time-tried remedy. You have seen my advertisements for over 20 years. If you have been on earth that long, and if you'll write to or consult some of the men and women who have used my appliance or are using it, they'll tell you that it does all that I claim for it and even more. Then why do you wait? What's the use in bewailing your fate? You know you are not the man you ought to be. I can help you with Electricity as applied according to my method more than all the Doctors and Drugs in Christendom. If it's fresh strength and energy you want, VIM and Vigor, that's what I can give you, and you'll be a long time getting anything like that out of drugs.

Let me treat your case in my own way. Let me apply a steady current of Galvanic Electricity to your weakened system with my Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt. Wear this appliance, night after night, for a few weeks and it will drive out all those pains and aches; it will restore energy and equilibrium to your nervous system; it will fill your body with fresh strength and energy; it will give you back the powers of Manhood and make you a Man among Men. Again I place before you more PROOFS:

Dear Sirs,—You will think I have forgotten you, but I have not. I wanted to be sure of what I would say about your belt, that is the reason I did not write before. I have worn the belt about three months, and it has done me lots of good. The pains in my back have gone. The varicocele has all disappeared. If I can do anything for your Belt I will, as I shall always recommend it.

T. J. SWEENEY, care of Seaman's Institute, St. John, N. B.

M. L. McLAUGHLIN, 237 Yonge St., Toronto, Can. Please send me your book, free.

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