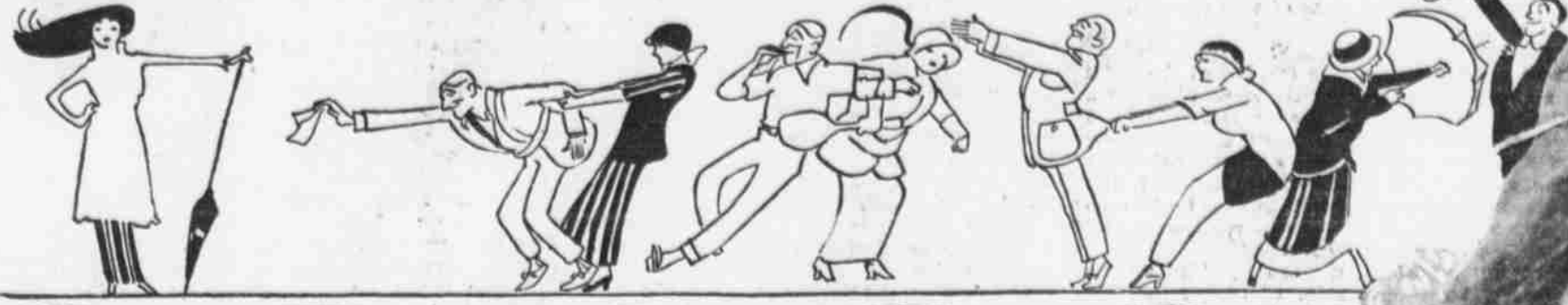


Too Beautiful for "The 400"



How the Ambitious Bruguieres Spent Millions to Get Into Newport and Lost Millions Getting Out When Perfectly Gorgeous Sister-in-Law Appeared

Newport, September 22.

IS IT possible for a woman to be too beautiful? Can pulchritude be a curse, rather than a blessing? Some brave person asked Mrs. Emile Bruguere, once of San Francisco, twice of New York and three or four times of Newport, but now of Paris, this question. And that handsome, dark-eyed mother or Louis le Grand, Pedar and Emil sighed and said:

"Yes, indeed. We as a family have been cursed by too great a beauty. It was not ours by birth; it married into the family, alas, and our sorrows have been many."

Which means that the Bruguere family have found that the rare and striking beauty possessed by Mrs. Pedar Bruguere has been a great drawback to their own social ambitions. It is a very interesting, a very moving tale, this tale of the Bruguieres, and how they almost won, then entirely lost Newport. They would have won hands down, had it not been for Mrs. Pedar's fatal beauty.

In their struggling journey from the Pacific Coast to the top of the Newport cliffs, they had many rebuffs, but being patient and more than willing to spend money like fifty-cents-a-gallon claret, they were well on the road to victory when—but let us begin at the beginning, and trace their rises and falls throughout these ten years.

Once upon a time, as all fairy stories about beautiful princesses and gallant princes begin, there arrived in Newport a most debonaire and gracious personage who introduced himself as Louis Bruguere, multi-millionaire of California. Newport was then, as ever, in need of good-looking, well-dowered bachelors, and Louis was taken to its breast. There were any number of unattached girls who needed husbands, and while being taken to its breast did not necessarily mean that Newport would accept him matrimonially, still it helped quite a lot.

In the beginning the matrons, Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Willie Carter that was, and Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, kept Louis to heel very cleverly. It was as though they wanted to test him out before handing him over to the "buds."

At this time Louis had no "family." He spoke regularly of his mother and his brothers and of his Western estates, but for two years he bloomed alone. Then, feeling that he was thoroughly a part of the Newport set, he announced that he intended to build a splendid mansion, bring his mother and brothers to Newport and become a really truly resident of the little State of Rhode Island.

Newport raised its eyes. "A mother? I did not know he had a mother. Did you?" asked one scandalized dame of another.

"No, I did not know it, but then, everybody does have mothers, my dear. Oh, yes, my dear, I knew that your charming Louis had a father, but he is dead."

Thus spoke Newport. And then it preserved a period of watchful waiting. It preserved it for some time. Louis le Grand, as Newport now called him, did not buy his land in a hurry. He proved that he had inherited some of the sagacity of his Dutch grandfather, from whom the Bruguere millions came.

While he was looking about, he imported his brother Emil, a bald headed person with dreamy eyes and a noble forehead.

Emil took himself seriously. "Yes," he whispered loudly in Newport's shell-pink ears; "I—er—I—er am a writer, a play writer, in fact. I've written—oh, many plays."

"Oh, have you?" gushed Newport. "I wonder if I have seen any of them."

(Business of looking bored on part of Emil.) "Oh, no; you have never seen any of them. They are delicate, ethereal creations, these children of my brain. I could not let them be produced before a vulgar, common crowd. They are only for the favored few. Perhaps you will let me read one to you?"

Newport stood Emil just one week, and then dropped him.

"We can stand you, Louis, but not your brother. He is too intellectual for us," said Newport.

Emil got even with Newport, however. Only, alas, in venting his ill-humor he almost cost Louis his foothold on Newport. A few months after that unfortunate visit to the proud city on the cliffs, Louis sent invitations to his very dear friends to attend a first night performance of Brother Emil's play, "Baroness Fiddlesticks."

The first four rows of the orchestra were filled with bejeweled Newport dames, and Harry Lehr and Louis le Grand and other men.

Horror! Nearly every speech held a gibe at some Newporter! Harry Lehr turned purple when he saw himself portrayed in a most life-like manner.

Mrs. Oliver Belmont fainted. Mrs. Astor had hysterics. It was pretty awful. Louis spent days explaining that the jokes were put in without Emil's knowledge, but no one believed him.

The next summer Louis did not buy his Newport estate! He went to Paris and stayed, waiting for Newport to forget.

Well, Newport did forget, mainly because Laura Swan, Elisha Dyer's step-daughter, was very much interested in Louis, and the Dyers thought it would be nice if Laura captured Louis. So after the Newport season closed Mrs. Dyer took Laura to Paris and intimated to Louis that Newport would receive him the next season. And it did. Louis arrived, more grand than ever, and finally, after examining every free inch of Newport land, he bought several acres out in Coddington Point. Miss Swan approved his purchase and helped him with the plans.

"The young Lochinvar from the West has captured the captive Laura," whispered Mrs. B—to Mrs. C—as they met at the Casino.

The house was built, and just ready to be furnished when the San Francisco fire bowled Louis over, and even Newport did not see how he could "come back." It grew cold to him, and Miss Swan became actually frigid. Gradually, however, Mother Bruguere realized on some properties which the fire had not

touched, and the beautiful house on the bay was partially furnished.

Louis gave jolly parties. He did know how to get people to enjoy themselves.

"I think it's lovely out here," lisped Mildred Sherman, who was then taking Laura Swan's place. "It's such fun not to have to be careful of the furniture!"

The big dining room and hall were almost bare, and were great places for dances and romps. But a house without furniture did not appeal to the William Watts Shermans for their daughter, and they did their best to keep the young Lochinvar on the other side of their front gate.

Newport decided, however, that Louis should be accepted. Was he not the owner of a million-dollar house? Was he not entertaining and handsome? "Very good; we will call Louis our very own," said the dames who control society's receiving station.

Everything did indeed look rosy for the Bruguieres! They had made Newport, for by this time Mrs. Bruguere, Louis's handsome mother, had come East and was living with him. And now in this scene of domestic and social bliss enters the lady who was too beautiful!

It was a notably gay season, and the gayety began



Louis le Grand Bruguere, Now Fighting with the French.



Lady Camoys, Who as Mildred Sherman Was One of the Many Girls Who Failed Louis le Grand.

early, Jimmie Van Alen came back from England. Alfred Vanderbilt was just happily divorced, William P. Burden was lightening his mourning and all Newport was ready to have the time of its life. The Bruguieres were in residence in their almost-furnished house, the Astors, Belmonts, Lehrs, Carters, Dyers et al. were also in residence. And then appeared the beautiful stranger. She was tall, sweet, bewitchingly beautiful and demurely lovely.

"Who is the new beauty?" asked Mrs. B—to Tommy T—

"A Mrs. Pedar Bruguere, Louis's sister-in-law. She is a ripping beauty, isn't she?"

Mrs. B— stiffened. "She is pretty, but I did not know that Louis had a sister-in-law. How did it happen?"

Tommy T— kept one pale eye on the new beauty as he explained to Mrs. B—. "You see, they did not realize that she was his sister-in-law! Sounds fishy? Just wait. She was Maryon Andrews, a great beauty. She married Pedar Bruguere, Louis's oldest brother, the first summer he came here! Pedar had already been divorced. That's why we never heard of him, I guess."

(Business of looking wise on Mrs. B—'s part.)

"Well, this beauty and Pedar lived together two years; then she left him, taking her baby son with her. Bruguere waited two years, then went to Reno, got a divorce and married again!"

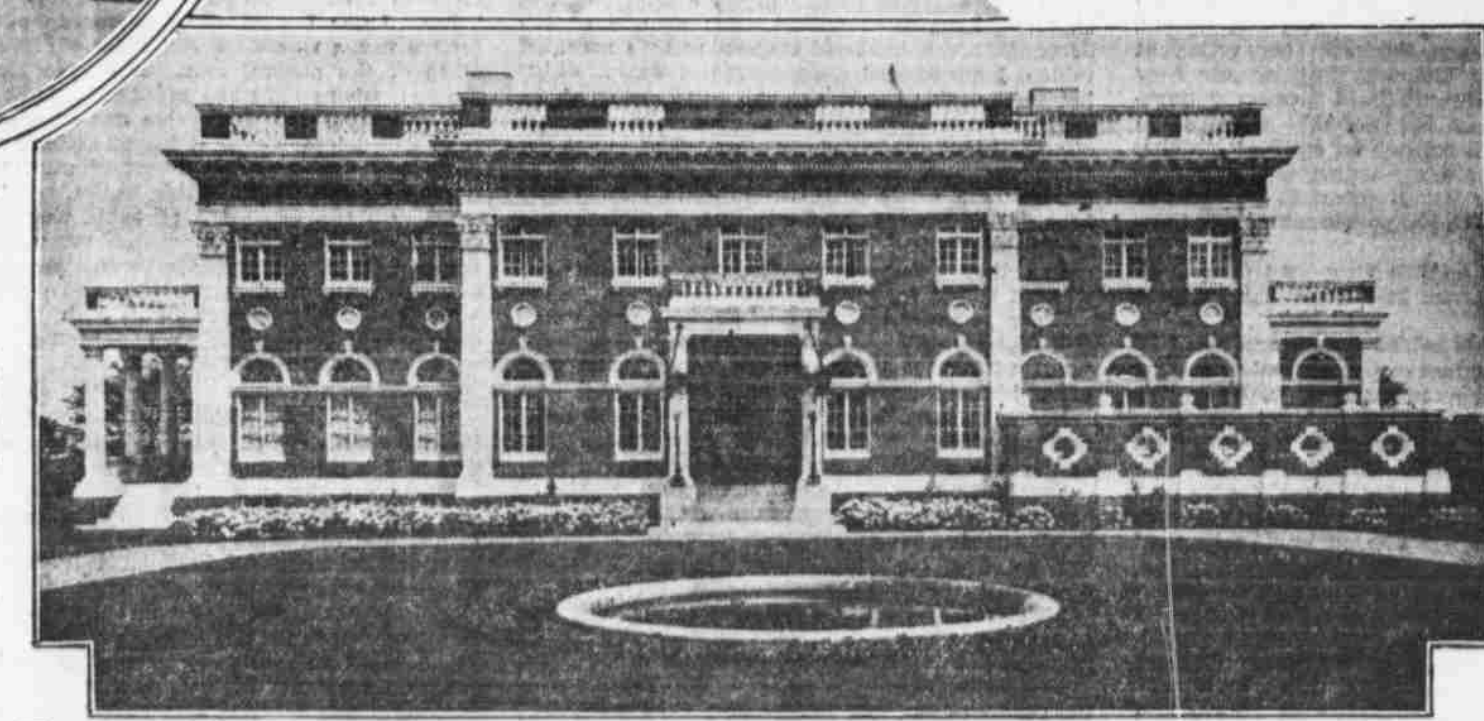
(Business of looking perfectly scandalized on Mrs. B—'s part.) Tommy continued: "Then the beauty fell in love with Stewart Denning, of New York, and married him. After several months she discovered that her marriage was not valid. She left Denning, retook the name of Bruguere and—well, here she is. And a beauty that Newport can't beat!"

And here Tommy slid off to fall at the beauty's feet, knocking over James J. Van Alen, Esquire, and several other "squires in his haste."

It was the last blow. The Bruguieres had been able to overcome everything but this! Newport dropped them completely when the beautiful Mrs. Pedar showed her success at drawing about her every eligible man! And many of the married ones, too.

She could not help it. Her beauty, her charm, her wit, placed her in a class by herself, and the other women simply had no chance at all.

Louis and his mother did their best to counteract their near-relative's fatal charm, but the curse was too



The Wonderful Bruguere "Cottage" at Newport That Cost a Half Million and Sold for \$290,000 After the Family Gave Up Their Social Campaign

Why Ice Is Probably Not to Blame for Much Disease.

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago science discovered that disease germs can stand very low temperatures, and that even freezing often fails to kill them. For this reason, it was suspected that the spread of many diseases might be due to the use of ice which had been made from polluted water and in which a large number of germs still survived. Most physicians felt that this suspicion was well founded, and advised the public against eating or drinking anything which had been in direct contact with ice, no matter how clean and pure it looked.

It turns out now, however, that ice is probably not so dangerous to our health as was for a long time thought. In fact, with all our fondness for iced food and drink, it is extremely doubtful if it has ever

been positively proved that an epidemic was caused by the germs in ice.

There are two kinds of ice—natural and artificial. A good deal of natural ice undoubtedly comes from ponds or rivers, which have been polluted by sewage or in other ways. But there are a number of reasons why ice made from such water is probably safe to use, so long as it looks clean and clear.

In the first place, bacteriologists have found that as water crystallizes into ice a large part of the bacteria and other foreign substances, the liquid originally contained are forced out. Although a freezing does not destroy all the germs that remain after this purifying process is completed, it does usually kill a very large percentage of them.

The third and most important factor in making ice safe for us to use is that of time. The longer the time which elapses between the infection of the water and its use as water or ice, the smaller the chance of the survival of germs. Germs which are not killed by the first chilling usually succumb after being kept at the freezing point for several weeks or months. This is why natural ice is collected and stored for several months before shipment, is to be preferred to the artificial, which is usually marketed soon after it is made.

But except for this machine-made ice when manufactured under sanitary conditions is quite as likely to be safe to use as the natural kind. In all the newer methods the impurities are automatically expelled, just as they are when a pond freezes.

By the "can" method, for example, cans of water are immersed in the freezing mixture. As the freezing proceeds, the impurities are forced toward the center. In another of the newer methods, large cans are used, and the cakes of ice are cut into smaller ones, eliminating the dirty core. By still another new "can" method, the impurities are expelled into about six inches of water kept liquid by agitation.

In the "plate" method, the water is contained in large tanks, on one side of which are pipes containing the freezing mixture. The water freezes next the pipes in plates about 11 inches thick, and the impurities are expelled into the water beyond.

To avoid all possibility of danger, everybody should insist on clean ice, handle it only with clean hands, and wash it carefully with pure water before using.

Mrs. Pedar Bruguere, Whose Beauty Balked the Social Plans of Her Family-in-Law

PHOTO BY LALLIE CHAMBERLAIN LONDON.

Jeep. Newport dropped "Castwood" and its inmates from its good books. "She takes every man away from us! Why, she doesn't even leave us Jimmie Parker" (aged eighty-five). The entire Bruguere family left Newport that Fall, went to Paris, and have never returned.

Even the present war has not driven them to this country. They would have made a new try at Newport last year, but investment went wrong, and they had to mortgage that lovely new house. In August being unable to keep up the interest on the mortgage, the place was sold under the hammer. This million-dollar mansion, filled (finally) with furniture that cost half a million, was sold for twenty thousand dollars, a \$15,000 loss than the mortgage!

Was there ever a greater debacle? A million-dollar house, hundreds of thousands spent in these years for entertaining, and all lost because Mrs. Bruguere was really too beautiful!

And now they're all back in that dear Paris!