

British Wealth, Title And Fashion In "Its Shirt Sleeves" Turning Out War Munitions

How the Dignified Lord Norbury is Grinding at a Lathe, Lord Albemarle Making Soldiers' Boots, Lord Ashburnham Feeding a Furnace, Lady Curzon Sewing on Shirts, and the Duchess of Rutland Canning Food for the Fighters.

London, July 14. **P**ERHAPS the most astonishing transformation produced by the great war is that it has set the British nobility hard at work.

Many noble lords are, of course, fighting in the war, for that has always been the favorite occupation of a gentleman, but the necessities of the present conflict make a much higher demand upon the British upper classes than merely calling for a supply of officers. These classes at last realize that unless they not only provide an army but arm and equip it efficiently they will have no country left worth fighting for, and will spend the rest of their lives being kicked around by efficient Prussian officers.

As a consequence, wealthy noblemen who never did anything harder than shooting over their estates, are grinding away at shell cases and doing even rougher work if they have not sufficient skill to do that. Even women of title, many of them young and beautiful, accustomed hitherto to a life of luxury and admiration, have been performing the roughest kind of war labors.

The first nobleman to go to work on war munitions was the Earl of Norbury, one of the richest and most dignified noblemen of England. In the peerage he is described as William Brabazon Lindsey Graham-Toler, fourth Earl of Norbury, Baron Norwood, Baron Norbury and Viscount Glandine. Now he is a hand in a machine shop.

He was too old for military service and not trained to be an officer. Moreover, he realized that the need of war munitions in the British army was even greater than that of soldiers. He applied for the first useful job he could hear of, and obtained one in an aeroplane factory. He has been photographed working at a lathe and depositing his time check, showing that he is doing his duty like a regular workman without any nonsense or favoritism.

"The hours are 8 a. m. to 7 p. m., with half an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner," Lord Norbury told a correspondent of this newspaper.

"I am not altogether strange to the work," he explained. "I have run a lathe of my own for the last thirty-five years, and have been used to turning my hand to all kinds of mechanical jobs that wanted doing. I had intended at first to offer myself for shell work, but when an advertisement appeared asking for mechanics for an aeroplane factory I applied for a job and was taken on."

Lord Norbury is fifty-three years of age, but has the appearance and enthusiasm of a man half his age. "Though the hours are long, they will not mean much hardship for me," he said. "I like work, and am never happier than when I'm working at something."

Once when he was straying with some friends in the backwoods of Canada, he related, he put in no less than eighteen hours in one day on some pipe-fitting in the house.

The peer munition maker receives exactly the same treatment as the other workmen, and lodges in one room near the factory.

Many other members of the nobility, both men and women, were stirred to action by Lord Norbury's example and promptly sought work where they could be useful in supplying the army's needs.

The noble Earl of Albemarle is trying to make strong boots for the soldiers, having always had a gift for this kind of work. The equally noble Earl of Ashburnham found that the best job he could obtain was shovelling coal into a furnace where shells were being made.

The Duchess of Rutland, mother of the famous Manners girls, is making herself useful preparing little tins of pork and onions for the soldiers.

So grave has been the lack of war materials and munitions in England that many women have gone to work in the factories. The supply of ordinary working women was not sufficient for the purpose and many women of title and high social position have gone to work on such tasks as making uniforms and even making shells. They expect in this way not only to increase the war supplies, but to shame the men who have not been doing their utmost.

Among the spoiled darlings of society who have thus gone to work perhaps the most beautiful and picturesque is the Viscountess Curzon. She is the wife of Viscount Curzon, who is the eldest son of Earl Howe, and is only a very distant relation of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who married Miss Leiter, of Washington.

Lady Curzon is considered the most

perfect type of beauty from the racial standpoint in England. On this account she was chosen "Queen of Beauty" at the great pageant called "Shakespeare's England," organized by Lady Randolph Churchill in 1912. All the most beautiful women and handsome men in English society took part in this affair, representing the famous characters of Queen Elizabeth's time.

Again, she was selected "Queen of Beauty" at a reproduction of a mediaeval tournament of knights in armor, held later.

The Viscountess is very tall, nearly six feet, with exquisite golden hair and large blue eyes. Her figure is magnificent. Her complexion has the pink and white quality that is needed to perfect such a type of beauty.

Although so exquisitely graceful and beautiful, Lady Curzon is strong and muscular. She is a splendid horsewoman and good at nearly every sport. She is therefore well qualified to do the hardest kind of work on war materials.

But the great value of such a worker, of course, is to stir the men up to do their duty.

Lady Mary Charteris, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss, is another beautiful girl of the British who is working on war munitions.

The members of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild wear overalls and work all day making clothes for the soldiers in their hall in Church street, Chelsea. They also furnish bandages and other requisites for the surgical service.

These devoted needlewomen include the most fashionable women in English society. The committee in charge of the Chelsea branch includes Lady Mary Howard, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, Lady Riddell and the Countess Cadogan.

Thousands of girls have qualified themselves for such very hard and difficult work as shell making. These have to be finished on a lathe until they are within one five-thousandth of an inch of

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English Girls Working in an Ammunition Factory, Among Whom Are Many Women of Title and Position.

the required standard of size. In making the fuse of a shrapnel shell, one of the simplest shells made, one hundred different lathes are required.

Lord Kitchener has sent a telegram to Glasgow saying, "Tell the girls employed in Macgregor and Company's shops how highly I appreciate the good work they are doing in turning out shells and how much the country is indebted to them for their efforts."

Among these Glasgow girls are many women of good social position. Undoubtedly the women of England have astonished the country by their willingness to do the hardest kind of work and also share in the dangers and hardships of war itself. Those who have gone to the front have faced the storm of death-dealing projectiles with perfect calmness and bravery and in many cases have been killed.

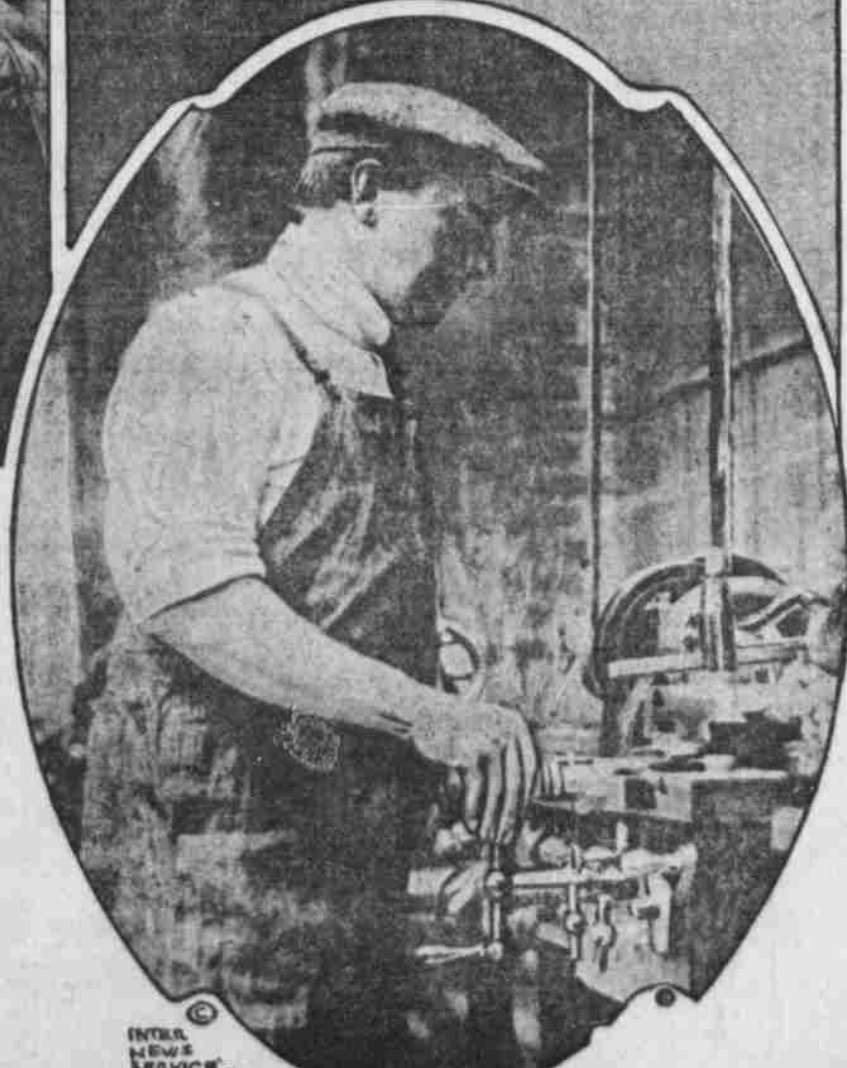
A Scotch doctor who went to the Belgian front with his wife early in the war, has written a remarkably interesting account of the brave conduct of the women there.

"We were in Ypres on November 1, the day after the most terrible battle in history, when 50,000 English out of 120,000 fell," he says. "For four months my wife has been living in Ferysse with two Englishwomen. Not one house in the town itself is left untouched by shell fire. The three women lived in a cellar for the first weeks. Then they moved into a partially demolished house. In early March a shell exploded in the kitchen and killed two of their soldier helpers. The women were at work in the next room. We have had opportunity for observing women in war, for we have seen several hundreds of them—nurses, helpers, chauffeurs, writers—un-

der varying degrees of strain and danger.

"The women whom I met in Belgium were all alike. They refused to take 'their place.' They were not interested in their personal welfare. There have been individual men, a few of them—English, French and Belgian, soldiers, chauffeurs and civilians—who have turned tail when the danger was acute. But the women we have watched are strangely lacking in fear."

"I want to see the shells burst," said a discontented lady at Dunkirk. She was weary of the peace and safety of a town twenty miles back from the front. Women suddenly saw their time had come to strip man of one more of his monopolies. For some thousand years he had been bragging of his carriage and bearing in battle."



The Wealthy Earl of Norbury Doing His Regular Day's Work at a Lathe in an Aeroplane Factory.