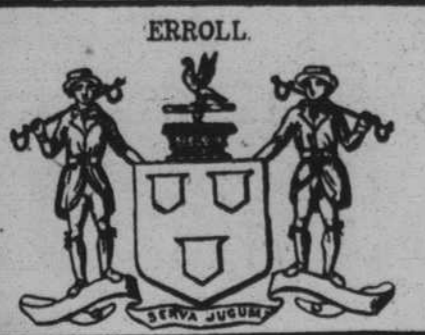


Why the Boy Earl Lost His Pretty Bride

The Countess and the Major Got Rid of Their Mates After the Latter's Little Jaunt to America



HIS CREST
Coat of Arms of the Earl's Family.

BOYISH NOBLEMAN
The Jolly Young Earl of Erroll, Married as Co-respondent in Major Cyril Ramsay-Hill's Divorce Suit, and Eventually Divorced by the Countess Erroll.

LONDON
DIVORCES of royal personage are no novelty in this city of the jaded mated. But the recent double-barreled action which blew to bits the separate romances of the jolly young Earl of Erroll and chic Mrs. Edith Mildred Ramsay-Hill is still reverberating through Mayfair. The ancestors of the Earl were kings of Scotland.

Society was frankly stunned when it learned that Major Cyril Ramsay-Hill, bluff army man, in suing his wife had named the Earl as co-respondent. The Major, much aggrieved, asked and was awarded \$15,000.

But this surprise was nothing to that felt when two months later the ex-wife Countess Erroll, formerly Lady Idina Gordon, sued her boyish maturing misconduct and naming Mrs. Ramsay-Hill.

P. S. She got the decree. This trace of matrimonial disasters seems, superficially at least, traceable to an unfortunate propensity on the part of fate to make neighbors of Mrs. Ramsay-Hill and the Earl. In Scotland of which, despite his youth, he is the premier peer, her estate adjoined his. Last Summer, when Mrs. Ramsay-Hill took the Aquitania for America, on the very same day she reached New York who should bound from the angplank of the Leviathan but the Earl? And on top of it all, by the most delightful (but portentous) of coinci-

dences the Earl's suite at the Ambassador Hotel snuggled right up against the suite of Mrs. Ramsay-Hill.

It was the latter fact, perhaps, that inspired a number of sizzling cablegrams from Great Britain to Erroll in which, it is said, he was urged to return home at once. "His Lordship's departure"—so commented the New York press of the period—"was hastened by a peremptory note from the British Embassy." Whether or not this was true, the blonde, beaming Scotsman didn't tarry long on American shores. Nor did Mrs. Ramsay-Hill.

Even then that old debbil coincidence was busy. For, purely by chance, each booked passage home on the Aquitania. Then when they reached London the divorce mill began grinding with unusual vigor.

The Ramsay-Hills' divorce, while startling, could be dismissed by society with a tolerant shrug. But when the very noble Errolls split up, no shoulder-gesture in the world could express the amazement that was experienced.

For the House of Erroll is rooted in the proudest and most profoundly patrician soil of Scotland and its members are expected not merely to comport themselves like moral citizens, but to uphold the lofty traditions to which they have been bred.

Yet, curiously enough, this is not the first time that the leading clans have figured spectacularly in the newspapers. There was, for example, gay old Lord Granville Gordon, a forebear of that Captain Charles Gordon to whom at one time the Earl of Erroll's wife was married. "Granny" Gordon, brother of "Teapo" Gordon, was a notable spender. Having run the bankruptcy gamut, he opened a gaming re-



sort which the police raided.

His brother, "Briggs" Gordon, was famous for his power of invective, while another, "Charlie," the Marquess of Huntley, fled from England to Albania when he was charged with fraud.

With this depressing background of nobility on the loose in mind, it is no wonder that the Countess Erroll preferred to go her own way via the divorce court. Being the sister of Lord de la Warr, she doubtless felt that she had her own family traditions to keep up, for this is an extremely important and aristocratic line. This did not prevent her from having the costs of the suit assessed against both her husband and Mrs. Ramsay-Hill. Especially noted for her fashionable frocks and the distinguished way she wears them, the Countess Erroll has been one of English society's most impressive feminine figures.

She became engaged to the Earl when he was the Honorable Josslyn

ENGAGED
Riviera Snapshot of the Countess of Erroll When She Was Lady Idina Gordon and He Was the Hon. Josslyn Hay During the Days of Their Betrothal.

Hay. Shortly thereafter through the sudden deaths of his grandfather and father, Josslyn became in succession Lord Kilmarnock and the Earl of Erroll. The marriage was the Countess' third.

She had become estranged from one of her husbands, the Captain Gordon already referred to, just before he married the beautiful Honoria Malcolm Johnstone Lumsden, member of an illustrious family. Tragedy tracked Honoria despite riches, charm, popularity, intellect and an undeniable fascination for the other sex.

Honoria, too, had been married thrice. The romantic first love of her girlhood, Reggie Fitzroy Johnstone, was slain in the Alsne campaign during the World War. Her second husband, James Lumsden, sponsored lavish social fetes in her honor and she became much the lady of fashion. But the couple gradually drifted apart and were divorced. Her third marriage, to Captain Gordon, appeared to be happy.

He was indeed a catch of whom any girl—no matter how proudly bred and aristocratically born—might be envious. Rich, suave, dashing, the Captain had been an honory attache at the British Embassy in Paris just be-

GAY "GRANNY"
Picturesque Old Photo of Lord Granville Gordon, Forebear of the Captain Gordon to Whom the Countess of Erroll was at One Time Married. "Granny" was Famous in His Day as a Spendthrift.

fore the war. Instantly attracted to one another, he and Honoria were married at Kenya, South Africa.

In an effort to shake off the depression engendered by her hectic existence in Mayfair's gilded, cocktail-drinking circles, Honoria had deserted Half Moon Street for the wilds. There, she fondly hoped, life would be "different." But even in Kenya there was the same hectic routine to be gone through—for in the Protectorate the Colonials did their best to ape sedulously the post-war manners and merrymaking of their kin "back home."

The Captain had been dispatched to Africa on what is technically described in Army circles as "detached service." He, too, was bored and lonely, and nothing could have been more natural than his infatuation with the lovely Honoria.

For several years the Captain and Honoria were far and away the most popular young married couple in Kenya. The surface current of their lives



SUING BEAUTY
The Lovely Countess of Erroll, Who Divorced Her Noble Husband, Charging Misconduct and Naming Mrs. Ramsay-Hill.

was without a ripple of discontent. They rode, shot game, played bridge—and were ideally happy.

But fate held an unlucky trump for them. Gordon was forced to return to London, in connection with some business matters relating to the management of his great estate in Aberdeenshire. Honoria unwillingly accompanied him—unwillingly because she dreaded being once again involved with the "charming people" of Mayfair whose sole occupation had seemed to her to be delicate and futile dissipation.

But she made the best of a bad situation, and, forcing a smile to her lips, nodded assent when her husband asked her to pack up and leave.

In London she complained of "nerves." One evening she excused herself from a dinner party in Mayfair, walked into her hostess' boudoir, pulled a little ivory-handled pistol from her bag and shot herself twice in the temple.

Open-Mindedness Plus Hard Work Paves Way to Success—Robertson



ANDREW W. ROBERTSON
Chairman of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.

ANDREW WELLS ROBERTSON, recently appointed chairman of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, has gained the forceful sobriquet of "The executive with no pet plans." He has, however, very crisply concrete ideas about public relations and the interrelationship of employer and employe, as set forth in the following paragraphs:

"Every business as an economic structure must be before all else successful. But every business is the product of the human beings who compose it and it cannot be greater than they. Few business institutions succeed in making a complete use of the brains that lie latent—and sometimes fallow—within the organization. It seems to me that this is the true, the acid test of realistic executive leadership.

"Unfortunately there is an unconscious but none the less regrettable tendency in business not only to fail to give credit to junior members of the organization for their personal contributions of constructive thought and effort, but actually to take it away from them.

"I have found invariably that there

is an unbelievable magic in frankly tendered credit and praise, freed from that insufferable air of patronage which tends to lessen the acknowledgment.

"My professional credo? I believe in putting responsibility upon employes; then giving them sufficient authority to carry out that responsibility. I want to sit across a desk with the men and women who make Westinghouse what it is today—last year's gross earnings were \$190,000,000—until I know them as individuals and understand their personal elements of strength, and find out how I can help them to develop along the line of their own talents, interests and capacities. Then, and then only, can I get the real picture, and attempt some of the things a chairman of the board ought to do.

"Other business essentials seem to me to be the calmness and the mellowing out of an impartial judgment. I try to do both the right and the generous thing; and if there is one thing more than another that strikes me as imperative, it is swift, decisive action. There is always a time to do a thing, and if you don't do it then, you might as well not do it at all.

"I have stressed the value of personal encouragement. Of course all men don't respond to it. In a progressive organization, one constantly searching for new and better methods, it is inevitable that occasionally there is a man who can't breast the tide. When such a situation arises, action must be taken. Sentimentalism must not be allowed to run wild. Rather than keep on applying the whip to a man, I let him go.

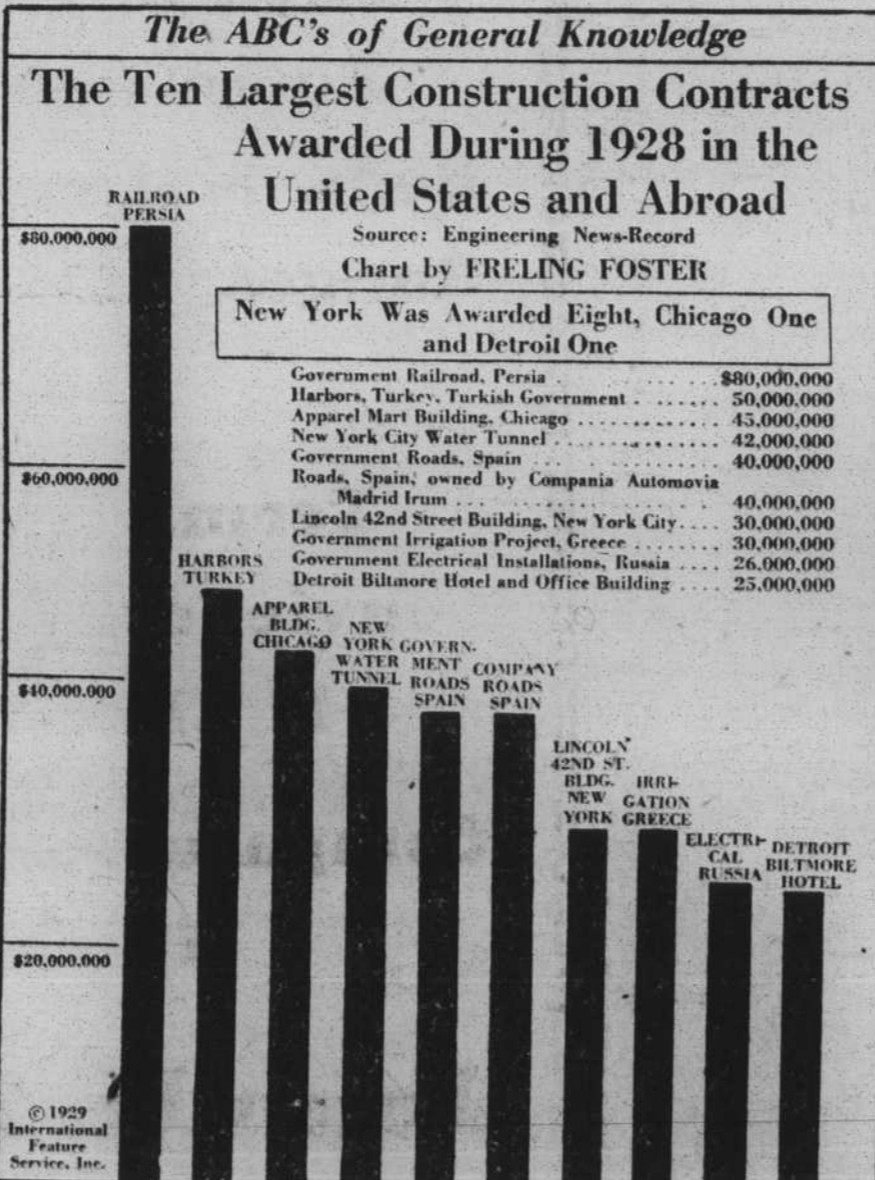
"There is one guide, one unflinching test. It is PROFITS.

"You think that sounds materialistic? It really isn't. The only really cheap things the world gets are those produced at a profit. Therefore, to do what seems to be a hard thing is sometimes inescapable. But one must have the courage to do it in the interest of the whole community, in the general social interest, in the interest of the great public that uses your products.

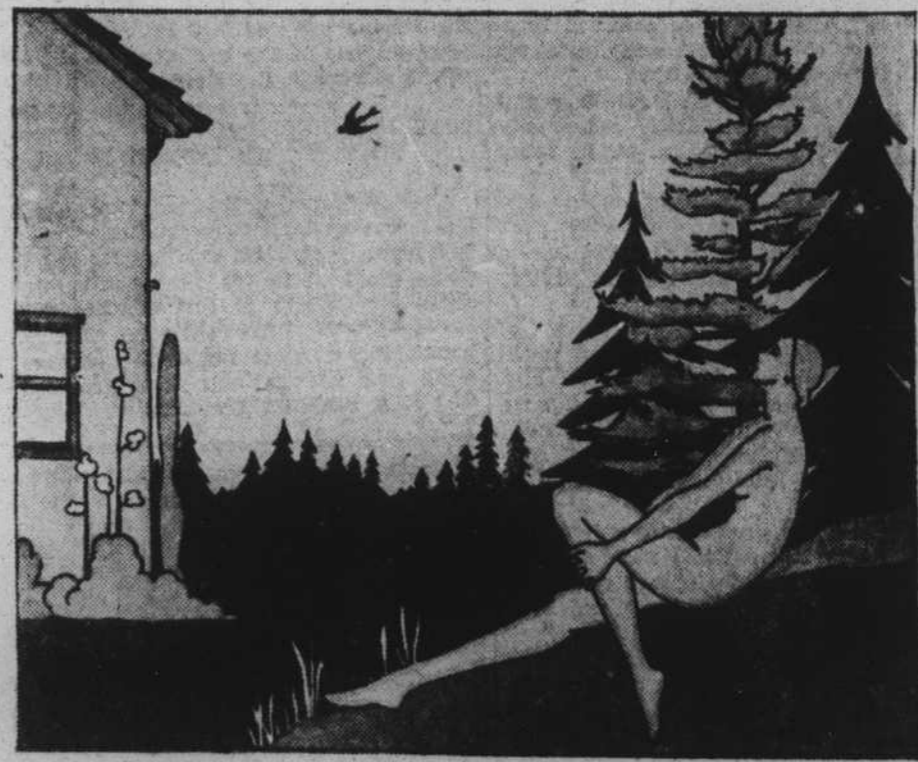
"Open-mindedness—that's the secret—combined with hard work. That is what leads to the discovery of new and better ways, and consequently to supplying the community, the world

with more things at less cost, thus enriching standards of living."

Mr. Robertson's first act upon assuming the chairmanship was to establish a generous pension fund for employes. This was supplemented by an attractive and eminently practicable savings fund plan which has already met with pronounced success. "He has not forgotten his own early struggles," remarked one of his colleagues, "and how it felt to be the under dog. It is because of this that today he gives the humblest of his employes the right and the chance to be heard."



By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet-Artist
Letter
(On the Riverbank)



"Shall I tell of the swallow that's building a nest in the caves?"

WITH you away
I count each day
And vaguely wonder what
to say
In the letter I write to you, dear,
Shall I tell you how I miss you,
How I am longing to kiss you,
How happy I'd be with you near?
Or shall I tell of the swallow
That's building a nest in the caves;
Of the chickadee singing from shel-
tering leaves
Of the plum-tree in the hollow?
If I relate
How I watch and wait

YOU will scarcely envy me.
So I'll say I am happy here,
That I wander over the lea
Sweet with the scent of the juniper
tree,
Content with the moon for company
And free from the thought of fear.
I'll tell
Of the delicate shell
I found on the shore this noon;
Of the nook in the forest cool
That slopes to the lip of a pool,
Where russet pine-needles form a bed
To soothe a weary and work-worn
head.
Will you weaken and come to me
soon?

