

TO RAISE THE RENT

Orbits in the Rule of English Aristocrats in America.

Aggravation War Ahead—A Union in London of the Alien Landlords Who Rule Western Farmers by Back Renting.

That English aristocrats should rule large domains in the United States and rule them from London is at first a difficult thing to grasp. Not until it is borne in mind that peers and peeresses of Great Britain are large landed proprietors in our country—Viscount Scully alone owns three million acres in Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska—does the significance of absenteeism in landlords become apparent. But now the matter will be brought home to Americans more directly than it has ever been brought home yet, for there is shortly to be a union in London of the American land owning interests, and a series of drastic measures are scheduled, which, it is believed, will not only increase the annual rentals of the vast domain involved, but which

will greatly affect the destiny of the hundreds of thousands who dwell upon it. First of all, a list of the members of the aristocracy who own the lands in question will not be without interest. Such a list has never before been given in full. The greatest of the English holdings and the persons interested are these: The Texas Land Union (Syndicate No. 3)—1,000,000 acres. Investors: Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Earl Cadogan, H. C. Fitzroy Somerset (this is the Duke of Beaufort), William Alexander Leitch, Stephen Douglas-Hamilton, Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Rutland, Right Hon. J. Kay-Shuttleworth and Lord Esher Cadogan (said in walking to the queen). This syndicate owns whole counties in Texas, and tens of thousands of persons pay it rentals. Sir Edward Selig—2,000,000 acres. This is a syndicate which owns lands in Florida only. It includes the present Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady Lister-Kelke. Viscount Scully—3,000,000 acres. His lordship maintains an elaborate system of landlords. Syndicate No. 4—1,500,000 acres. This syndicate has all its holdings in Mississippi. It includes the marquis of Dalmeida, George Howard Cromwell, Viscount Chelmsford, Georgia, Viscountess Cross, Hon. Lady Hamilton (Gordon), Hon. Lady Blidulph, Marquis of Pembroke—1,500,000 acres. The marquis is William Montagu Bay, General all over Scotland as the most rent landlord. Philips, Marshall & Co., London—1,200,000 acres. This firm has the whole peacocks for its clients. The Anglo-American syndicate, London—150,000 acres. The funds of widowed peeresses are largely invested here. The lands are in the south and west.



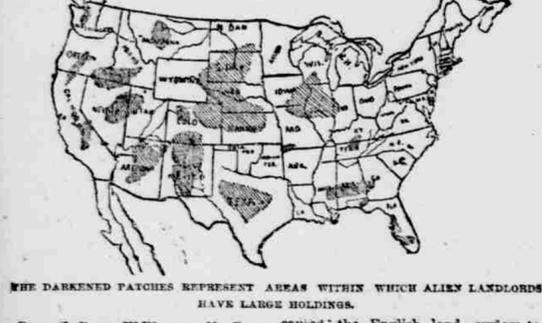
SOME OF OUR FOREIGN LANDLORDS

Allen land laws have occupied the attention of legislatures, and in Kansas and Nebraska the struggle for a time had a serious effect upon land securities of all kinds. Finally matters came to such a deplorable stage that a committee of the American tenantry was appointed to present a memorial to the London owners of land, setting forth the ruin that stared at the western farmers in the face as a result of the rack renting system that had been evolved out of the chaos. This memorial had a marked effect upon Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who insisted upon no more evictions of American farmers. It only aggravated the duke of Sutherland, who was then in sore need of funds, and he called his agents to collect the rents and send them over at all hazards.

Finding that mild measures availed nothing, the tenantry resorted to a more radical expedient. An association has been formed in Illinois, Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas to resist to the utmost the demands of the English landlords. The organization is a lively one and is the first really agrarian agitation in American history. The association works more secretly than the Holy Vehm Gerichte, but it has already induced legislation in a marked manner.

This is the development in the situation which, more than anything else, will greatly affect the destiny of the hundreds of thousands who dwell upon it.

THE DARKENED PATCHES REPRESENT AREAS WITHIN WHICH ALIEN LANDLORDS HAVE LARGE HOLDINGS.



Bryan H. Evans—700,000 acres. Mr. Evans resides in London. His lands are in Mississippi. The Duke of Sutherland—125,000 acres. This is the actress living, champagne bibbing and rack rent noblesman of police court fame. The British Land company—2,200,000 acres. This land is all in Kansas. William Whalley—310,000 acres. Mr. Whalley is the square of Persimmon, England. The Missouri Land company—300,000 acres. This operates a Missouri domain and has headquarters at Edinburgh. Robert Tennant—230,000 acres. This is all hermitic land. Mr. Tennant lives in London. Dundee Land company—247,000 acres. Lord Dundee—120,000 acres. Benjamin Newton, Liverpool—100,000 acres. Lord Houghton (in Florida)—50,000 acres. Lord Dunsany (in Colorado)—20,000 acres. English Land company (in California)—100,000 acres. English Land company (in Arkansas)—50,000 acres. Alexander Grant, London (in Kansas)—25,000 acres. Syndicate No. 6—110,000 acres. This syndicate includes the Earl of Vemian and the Earl of Lanholm. The land is in Wisconsin. M. Fitzhugh, of Texas—200,000 acres. The land is in West Virginia. Syndicate No. 1—50,000 acres. This is a Scotch concern and its land is in Florida.

It is claimed that fully twenty million acres of American land are thus owned by great land owners in England and Scotland. This does not include the Holland syndicate which owns nine million acres of grazing lands in western states, nor the German syndicate owning two million acres in various states.

For some time past it has been evident to the foreign land owners that concerted action on their part was essential to their interests. It is well known to those who have ever casually looked into the matter that foreign land owning has much impeded the development of the western commonwealths. These great land owners positively refuse to sell. They prefer to establish a system of agencies and

WHAT THE FEET SAY

Reading the Future by the Pedal, Extremities.

A Very Odd Dove Party—The Oracle of Fate Reveals the Meaning of Every Line and Angle on the Toes.



HE Welsh rarebit had disappeared; not a slice of toast nor a sign of cheese was left, only the chafing dish and a pile of plates to indicate that such a luxury had been partaken of. Eighteen women were chattering like magpies. The "dove" where this dove party was flung, was small, but full of books, cushions and cushions. How each beauty lolled, sat, stood, or perhaps perched herself with alarming recklessness on table, window-sill is easier imagined than described.

"Attention!" cried the hostess, and with difficulty something remotely reminding one of silence was secured. "The next thing on the programme is



SPENDTHRIFT—SENTIMENTAL.

to consult the oracle. Now, who will have her fortune told first?" Out of the buzzing, babbling and babel, sounded the clear voice of the queen of the party: "Oh, Kate, you must tell mine because you know I sail for England in three days. I must know my fate, but I tell you beforehand I will not take anything less than a lord or a—well, maybe a lieutenant."

"By your feet," proclaimed the oracle, "I will read your fortune from your bare feet." Ah! this queer dove party fell to cooing as if confronted with a lot of odd but delightful sorts of cats and oars.

Everybody disappeared into the nooks and corners of this bachelor-girl apartment to reappear a few minutes later draped in sheets, counterpanes and



"IN THIS LIES VANITY AND GREAT STRENGTH."

lace curtains. Spook like, with hidden faces they arranged themselves about the room and awaited their turn to be presented to the grand oracle of fate. "Come forth," the priestess cried, motioning to the nearest figure; "lift thy robe and show thy feet." The object moved, and as if foreplanned, the other sixteen bodies swayed back and forth and groaned dismally, ending with a wail that sent the cold chills running up and down the back bone.

Dainty feet they were, small rounded heels, pink toes and high insteps, but: "Ah me," sighed the oracle, "you are vain; you are fond of dress and your pride has made you suffer; you will spend your last penny for pretty things and sacrifice your health for an all-night dance." Walls came from the white wreaths and the unfortunate one sobbed bitterly. "Your little toe is pushed over by tight shoes until it overlaps the third toe. And the big toe has made a regular Cinderella out of the first toe and the joint stands up, showing your shoes have been too short. In this lies vanity and great courage."

The sob ceased and the wailing died away with a joyous "oh!" "From the top of the little toe to the first joint of the big toe there is great



VERY PROPER—A FLIRT.

width, signifying that you are fond of walking and athletic exercises, here you will enjoy good health. The pink coloring on the great toe joint declares to me that a secret enemy is now circling your throat. The draped listeners with one accord arose and made as if to kill an unseen thing, but a motion of the oracle's hand ordered them back to their former positions.

"The cords are distinctly defined, which tells me of great determination and that you will live to see your wishes fully realized. You will be lucky in love, married twice, and you will die the mother of seven children, for seven toe nails are sunken quite deep into the flesh. Now get thee to thy resting place." This was done amid ghostly gurglings from her sixteen companions.

The next foot had prominent ankle bones. "You are masculine to a certain degree in your tastes," pronounced the foot reader. "You like tailor-made suits, you wear the white shirt and four-in-hand tie." An audible giggle interrupted the oracle. "Your ankle is large, you come from a warlike family.

more grave than aristocratic; your heel is narrow and the hollow behind the ankle bone is exceedingly deep, indicating that your fortunes will be greatly inspired by matrimony." A howl of delight signified that the seeress had struck some fact. "Your foot is long, broad and rather flat; you will never get into so tight a place that you cannot get out with ease. I note, too, that you will enjoy better fortune in old age than in youth. As you press your foot down I see that the toes are elastic, and as you move the first, second and third together they display the cords to the ankle bone which denotes that you will be master of whatever you undertake and always put through your undertakings.

The interest became greater and the third foot was planted for inspection. "Your health is not good because there is a damp coldness about the flesh. The many blue veins that stand out so prominently mark you as very nervous and on the verge of prostration. Your work is mental, and by your toes clinging so closely together when you step with full force on the floor I know that your tastes are artistic and you were never meant to do physical labor. You will make a good wife for a rich man, but you have more sentiment than judgment and will be inclined to dress your children more in a dainty, pretty way than warmly and comfortably. The star on the big toe nail proclaims that you will be a mother before you are twenty-five." Yells of delight echoed through the room.

The next feet presented looked as soft and natural in outline as a child's. "You have a hobby," said the oracle, "and that hobby is your feet. You never wear ready-made shoes. You are not vain enough to wear pointed toes if they pinch your feet, but as they are broad and 'pudgy' I know you are scientific more than artistic, and the extreme care you have taken of your feet points to the fact that you possess perseverance to win where a thousand would fail. You will get the man you love and the tiny nail on the little toe sets the date at the age of thirty-one."

The next foot when placed upon the floor left a hollow sufficiently large beneath it to permit of the hand slipping under. "You are high-tempered; data greatly on anatomy; are inclined to be over-sensitive; consequently at times you are very unhappy without cause. You are high-strung, well-bred and are born to grace society. You will marry a man much older than yourself and travel in many lands." The draped figure that came next was timid and hesitated before exhibiting the foot. It was extremely long, slender, flat and with a well-turned pinkie.

Paris' love of the violet shows itself more strikingly in the evening gown. There the heavy white satins are brocaded in pale purples and hung with violet clusters, and trained with graceful vines. There, also, are the royal trimmings. At the magnificent receptions, also, one sees the altogether purple costume, toned, sometimes, with the soft and subtle fawn.

But the fancy will pass—in fact, is already passing. It is nothing but a

prelude of the enforced sorrow we shall soon begin to evidence. In Lent one renounces the wearing of blacks and grays and purples. Just now we refuse all other colors.

Along with the purple fancy comes another that suggests the priestly. Perhaps it is the introduction of women into the choir of the Established church that have planted in the feminine hearts this longing to wear a staid, perhaps it is only the deeply religious instinct with which the sex is accredited. Suffice it that the latest in bodies has always the semblance of a stole and one which sometimes falls far below the limits of the bodice, even over the skirt. The band scarcely resembles the state of the reverend functionaries, but once it has left the modiste's hands, it is embroidered and festooned and bordered in various fashions. There are passementeries bordering it, medallion and set designs in jet or pearl or gold upon it, lace laid over it, strings of pearls falling from it, and other trimmings of fur and velvet embellishing what was once a plain band of satin or other material. Sometimes trimming is laid upon the bodice, to give something of the stole effect. It may be small, set designs of passementerie laid in a long, narrow band down the front, or a row of the blouse; or it may be narrow lines of a braid or other trimming, or a lace insertion, finished with a deep lace ruffle that elongates the effect. Almost anything is legitimate. If it runs from neck to waistline in the back of the bodice; and if it falls below the waist-line, over the skirt, all the better.

Two new evening gowns illustrate this fancy. One has a set of stiff, straight velvet bows, endless, laid down the front of the bodice, which is carried below the belt in a long point. The bows are quite wide at the top of the corsage, but narrow as they descend; and the last one is the tiniest pair of loops that we could contrive. Each side of the bows are festoons of black tulle, draped from the shoulders, and this festoon effect is also carried out in the draped velvet puffs. Small velvet bows trim the shoulders. The whole effect is most graceful.

The other is a departure from the stole, and yet maintains the essential

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

GONE DAFT AGAIN

Styles in Dress and Coiffures for the Balance of Winter.

Poor Gotham, It Is Again Smitten with the Violet Craze—New Fancies Illustrated in Evening Gowns—Ways to Fix the Hair.

Poor Gotham! It has once more been smitten with the violet plague. The plague strikes it once or twice a year, and rages fiercely for a few weeks. A week ago violets were so plentiful that had a triumphal procession been unexpectedly organized and the people been moved to throw their trophies at the feet of the conqueror, they could easily have covered the pavements by casting down only the violets that were pinned in their breasts and bonnets. I looked far and wide this day week, and failed to find a woman in the whole gay throng that hadn't a violet somewhere. Many, very many of the men were similarly decorated.

But don't think they were all gentlemen. The distressing part of it all



TWO EVENING GOWNS.

that there wasn't one bunch in a dozen that gave forth perfume. The imitations were audaciously pinned on the coats of everyone, ornamented with fluttering ribbons of the same hue. It was wearisome to look at all the royal sham. Those few women that carried real blossoms were easily distinguishable. For the girl that wore the imitation was content with a very tawdry and cheap variety; and the eye turned from the glaring purple to the softer and more restful tints of the natural flower.

The milliners were overrun with violets and purchasers of them. Women took off their hats and laid the different hues upon their brows, to see whether they could be made charming in any way with the colors already thereon. Purple is an accommodating tint, and is never altogether incongruous. So many of the women stuck bunches of violets in their hats, right there in the shop, and rallied forth to join the march. It was curious to see them give each other quick glances—first up at the hat, then down at the bosom.

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THE UP TO DATE COIFFURE.

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Here's a pretty mess!

a fine subject for Pearline. Wash the child and everything on it, with Pearline. They'll come out absolutely pure and perfect, as far as cleanliness is concerned.



Pearline for bathing; Pearline for washing clothes; Pearline for washing everything that you'd put water to. Pearline is safe for the most delicate skin or most delicate fabric. Not only safe, but it makes a saving. There's no wearing rub, rub, rub, or tiresome scrub, scrub, scrub.

Send it Back in place of Pearline, be honest—Send it Back.



THE VALUE OF STAMPS.

Old Ones That Are Costly and New Ones That Will Be in Demand.

The great increase in the prices of the stamps of this country, as will be shown by the new stamp catalogue, has created a heavy demand for many of them, collectors being anxious to get what stamps they lay before the new prices go into effect. While some specimens remain at the old prices, others have doubled, the average increase on the adhesives being about twenty-five per cent.

It is expected that nine new stamps will be issued in China on November 17, that being the sixtieth anniversary of the empress dowager's birthday. It is understood that the stamps will take the place of the previous issue, and be of two sizes.

Five new stamps have been issued for use between Fez and Serron in Morocco, the values being five, ten, twenty-five and fifty centimes and one franc.

Mexico has issued four new varieties of envelopes, the four ten-centavos on white laid paper, and five and ten on white wove paper.

Until recently many collectors in this country were in the habit of buying United States stamps from England, where they could be purchased at much lower prices than here. Affairs have changed now, and fine specimens of the old issues of this country, and especially the rare department stamps, such as executive, justice, state and navy, will now bring higher prices in London than can be obtained in New York.

A new set of adhesive stamps is now templated for the Bahamas.

Stamp collecting has grown so much in favor lately that it is now a regular thing for many of the large daily papers to give weekly installments of stampmaster.

THE END OF A DUCHESS. Deserted at Her Death by All Whom She Had Loved.

Mme. d'Abrantes did not seek her hero Napoleon on his brief return from exile. Such a meeting would have been trying even to her "rare mental flexibility." She was in Rome during the Hundred Days, "surrounded," according to the Nouvelle Biographie Generale, "by artistic and literary friends."

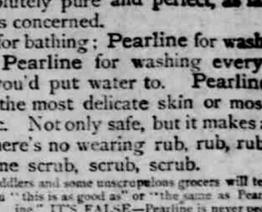
Few and meager, says Temple Bar, are the particulars which can now be gleaned of her later years; there are hardly any materials for bridging the gulf between the Parisian queen of society and the broken-down wreck of Chorley's lurid sketch.

The revolution of 1830 found her at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, whither the total loss of her fortune had compelled her to retire. She says that on the reappearance of the tri-color she was "saisie d'une de ces folies sans mesure qui revient de soi," but it is in no way alleviated her melancholy fate. From 1831 to 1835 her memoirs were in course of publication. She wrote some of her books and many stories and papers, some of which appeared in the Revue de Paris.

Mme. d'Abrantes, reduced to utter destitution, died at Chailiot on June 7, 1839, two days after being admitted to a small hospital, having been refused shelter in one of more pretensions without payment in advance. "Abandoned by all whom she loved," (which would seem to imply that her children had forsaken her), "but receiving the last consolations of religion from the hands of the archbishop of Paris."

WANTS THE OTHER HAIR.

Man wants but little hair below Of wealth a bright golden coin; But when he gets the horse and hound He wants the other hair.



A PRACTICAL REVERIE.

As she dreaming of ocean flowers Is she writing a poem on love? Is she building Spanish towers, Is she midst of arch bows? The sweet little innocent dear! Oh, no—she's only trying to invent a costume which will fit all her friends with wit easy and good.

He Was Elected. Politician—We've got to gain the vote of that old maid's club or all hope is lost.

Candidate—That's all right. Well, just address a polite circular to the different members asking if they are old enough to vote and stating if they will be able to cast a vote this election that we'd like to have it count for us.

Fate of a Spanish Princess. Although the princess of Wales has not yet received the throne, she is credited with some very queer notions.

When she travels a favorite white cat must always go with her, and another indispensable accompaniment is an assortment of little china animals, such as can be had in any toyshop. This latter necessity means no little trouble to her attendants, as she never permits her rooms to be dismantled until the last moment, and the packing of the fragile pets has been the means of losing more than one train. From St. Petersburg, by the way, comes the word that the late ear left his "dear sister-in-law, the princess of Wales," fifty thousand dollars as a mark of affection.

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