SHE WHO WILL A DUCHESS BE

Miss May Goelet, Her Suitors and Her Millions and the Duke She'll Wed.

Still another American Duchess will be added to the brilliant group comprising the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, the present Duchess of the same title and the Duchess of Marlborough when Miss May Goelet early in November becomes the bride of Henry John Innes Ker, eighth Duke of Roxburghe. And the newest Duchess, even in a greater degree than several of the rest, has known from her first introduction to society the most brilliant phases of the world here and abroad.

Curiously enough, Miss Goelet made her tentative bow to society, as it were, at the wedding of her intimate friend, Consuelo Vanderbilt, to the Duke of Marlborough in November, 1895. The youthful heiress attracted attention then, although it was not predicted that she would also wear the strawberry leaf some day.

May Goelet's life has always been that of a twentieth century fairy princess, who in her present incarnation is the daughter of the very rich American. She has all the pleasures that any Princess of the bluest blood and the richest properties can enjoy, and she has had also freedom, which the other Princess may not have, however closely the lives of American girls may be modelled now after those of the titled women of Europe.

Miss Goelet, born to wealth and position, was brought up here among her nurses and governesses. Her younger brother and she are the only children of the late Ogden Goelet. When she was only 5 years old she went abroad with a retinue of valets, maids and companions such as Americans who travel much abroad had already begun to carry about with them.

That was twenty years ago. Before that time—in 1880—her father, who had always been devoted to yachting, joined the New York Yacht Club and built the Norseman. So the youthful Miss Goelet began to taste the luxury of yachting at a tender age. Her life then comprised the frequent journeys to Europe, where her father delighted to stay, sojourns at Newport in his palace there and periods of home life in the city house at 608 Fifth avenue. During these years she was preparing herself for such a high social destiny as the world said was inevitable.

Her mother was a Wilson, one of the daughters of R. T. Wilson, who came to New York with no large acquaintance in the early '70s and saw his oldest daughter, Mary, become the wife of the immensely rich Ogden Goelet in 1877, his second daughter, Belle, marry the present British Ambassador here, Sir Michael Henry Herbert, in 1888, and his youngest daughter, Grace, become, in 1896, the wife of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Goelet was not born a Wilson for nothing. So those who saw the dark-eyed, petite bridesmaid at the Marlborough wedding knew that although she was then only 17 her future was to be socially brilliant, even though they did not suspect that she was to be the bride of so desirable a Duke as Roxburghe.

Some Dukes have come to this country with nothing more than their titles to recommend them. But that was not the sort of a Duke for Miss Goelet.

With her French teachers and her music teachers, her riding teachers and her companion, she grew up to womanhood, secluded in her home as all girls of her social position are nowadays, with only the society of a few girl friends who took part in some of her studies. There was, of course, nothing like school for this little fairy princess of New York, Newport, London, Homburg and the Riviera.

Two years after the Marlborough wedding Ogden Goelet, always delicate, fell ill and died on his yacht at Cowes, and Miss Goelet's social career came temporarily to an end after a brief while in which she had enjoyed the best that this country and England have to offer the devotees of society. During the last few years of his life her father had begun to take a great interest in English society and passed quite as much time in London as he did in his own land. His career in England was the most brilliant socially that any American had known on the other side of the Atlantic, although it was probably eclipsed this summer by the triumphal progress of his relatives by marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, on the North Star.

Mr. Goelet's social success in Europe was aided greatly by his wife's charm. The most tightly closed doors were opened to the family. Mr. Goelet had offered an international cup for yacht racing in the Mediterranean, which, in 1894, was won at Cannes by the Prince of Wales's cutter Britannia. He entertained the Prince later on his chartered yacht, the Whyte Ladye, as she lay off Nice, and it was said then that the Prince, now King Edward VII., was to come here to Newport as the guest of the Goelets. It is a fact that decorators were one summer busy preparing a suite of apartments in Ochre Court at Newport which were said to be intended for the use of the royal visitor. But that project fell through, if it was ever seriously contemplated.

Mr. Goelet, however, entertained the future King at Wimborne House in London, which he had taken during the diamond jubilee, and in the two years that intervened between her introduction to society and, her father's death Miss Goelet met the most distinguished men and women in Continental and English life. Anglomania takes to London the noblemen of all the Continental countries who can afford to go there and are not too busy at home. Then the Diplomatic Corps includes many notabilities. Miss Goelet knew almost all of these men. Her intimate girl friends were Pauline Astor and the twin daughters of Mrs. Ogden Mills, who have lived in Europe almost as much as Miss Goelet.

In Newport, at Ochre Court, the beautiful house built by Mr. Goelet in imitation of a noted French château at the spacious town house on Fifth avenue, cruising in the Mediterranean, or in any English mansion which Mr. Goelet might lease for his home there, Miss Goelet passed two years of girlhood. Naturally a young woman of her charms did not escape offers of marriage. Her millions were then her father's, but the repute of his great wealth made her the bait of many titled fortune hunters.

One of the first of her suitors, like the last, was a Duke. This was the young Duke of Manchester, who has since married Miss Zimmerman of Ohio and seems likely, after all, to be wealthy in his own right, as the Dowager Duchess of Manchester recently inherited $1,000,000 from her brother. Then there were Prince Henri of Orleans, who was nearly allied to royalty, even though it be unthroned royalty; Prince Henry of Teck, brother of the present Princess of Wales; the Earl of Shaftesbury, who would have been a suitable match in point of years, as he is now only 34; Capt. Oswald Ames, said to be the handsomest as well as the tallest man in the British Army; Prince Hohenlohe of the German Chancellor's family, poor, though of the most aristocratic German descent; and Craig Wadsworth of Geneseo, the cotillon leader. All these men were in the army Miss Goelet met here and in Europe and whom rumor pronounced most devoted to her.

After a period of mourning Miss Goelet returned to society and several years passed with only stories of suitors, devoted admirers and contemplated engagements. But there were no engagements. Miss Goelet remained, to all appearances, as free from any preference as she ever had been. She was at Newport and Homburg, New York and London, travelling with her friends, the Mills twins or visiting at Cleveden with Pauline Astor—and there was no definite announcement of a forthcoming wedding. These were always tales of the suitors and there were not always pleasant. The story of Prince Hugo von Hohenlohe was one of these.

Capt. Ladislas de Porkony, once Military Attaché of the Austrian Embassy in London and Lucius O'Brien, an Irish solicitor in London, were in 1889 engaged in the business of arranging international marriages between penniless aristocrats and wealthy American women. Prince von Hohenlohe, according to the stories told by O'Brien, who drifted to this country, when the Prince was also here, promised these enterprising partners $10,000 as a commission if they could secure from Miss Goelet consideration of his offer of marriage. According to O'Brien, Von Hohenlohe's offer was laid before Mrs. Goelet through two women in London society. This letter, which the agent made public later, reveal the extent to which the negotiations progressed.

BELGRADE SQUARE (S. W.), Jan. 17, 1890.

DEAR SIR: I saw Mrs. Goelet yesterday and she begged me to say how flattered she felt at the proposal with regard to Prince Hohenlohe, but that her daughter was still very young, and, as she had never seen him, she must decline the proposal. Should they meet hereafter, it would be a different matter, but without any personal knowledge on either side the thing would be impossible.

Miss Goelet is a charming girl in every way, but is very English in her feelings and views, and dislikes the "marriage de convenance" system abroad extremely. I do not think she will ever marry unless she falls in love with a man. Yours very faithfully.

A few days after indicting this the writer of the letter learned that Von Hohenlohe was 50 years old and imparted that information to Mrs. Goelet, who at once informed her that the Prince need not make any further effort to press his suit, as he was beyond the age limit.

Undismayed by this apparently irretrievable disadvantage, the Prince, who had gone to London from Berlin after the negotiations began, persisted in his efforts to get an interview with Mrs. Goelet. But when he returned to Berlin he forgot to pay the agents and suit was brought against him in England. Part of the money was then paid. When further proceedings were threatened in Berlin a thrifty maiden aunt of Von Hohenlohe paid $500 to save the family reputation.

Prince von Hohenlohe denied categorically the story of the agents, saying that for him dealings with matrimonial go betweens were quite unnecessary. He came here in the spring of 1901 and took a place as clerk with Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co., to learn the banking business. During that summer he went to Newport as the guest of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, aunt of Miss Goelet, and was entertained by Mrs. Goelet.

Meantime, while the fairy princess had been enjoying the pleasures of the world, the great increase in the value of New York real estate was making her richer every day. Now her fortune is said to be, at a conservative estimate $20,000,000. Much of the increase to this large sum came during her own lifetime.

When she reached her twenty-first year she came into absolute possession of $500,000. Of her father's estate $10,000,000 is in trust, of which during her lifetime she receives about half the net income. She cannot use the principal. By her father's will she is to receive one-half the residuary estate of $30,000,000 on her twenty-fifth birthday. Among the properties in the trust established for her and her brother Robert were the Knickerbocker Theatre, the Imperial Hotel, the Gorham Building at Broadway and Nineteenth street, the Judge Building in Fifth avenue, the Kemble Building in Whitehall street and the San Carlo apartments in East Ninty-seventh street. Upon Mrs. Goelet's death the entire net income of this property goes to the two children. Upon the daughter's death her share in the fortune is to go to her children, if she leaves any, otherwise to her brother Robert.

This historic fortune—for the Goelet wealth began to accumulate when New York's mercantile interest was small indeed—descended to Robert and Ogden Goelet from their father Robert. He was the son of the eccentric Peter Goelet, who lived for so many years in the old-fashioned house at Nineteenth street and Broadway, keeping a cow tied in the spacious yard and a few brightly-colored pheasants strutting about in full view of the Broadway crowd.

The social importance of the family began with the present generation. Robert Goelet, father of Robert and Ogden, lived in Union Square, comfortably, but without luxury. His two sons went to Columbia College and their allowances were as meagre as many of the boys who had no property at all received. It was told of their father that, asked why his wife did not entertain more and help her husband to spend more of his great fortune, he replied

"Why should we? We have all that we want. We do all that we want for our own pleasure and even if we wanted to spend more money we wouldn't know how to do it."

As the fortune founded in a Hanover square hardware shop called "At the Sign of the Golden Key" and increased by shrewd investments in real estate continued to grow Ogden Goelet father of the future Duchess, when he was a young man just out of college, was looked upon as a fit match for any girl, although the Goelet family lived in a modest way that gave no intimation of how very wealthy they really were.

The story is that Miss Goelet made the acquaintance of the Duke of Roxburghe at Cliveden when she was on a visit to Miss Pauline Astor, to whom the young Scotchman was at that time very much devoted. Within a short time, however, he had become interested in Miss Goelet, and since last summer, when they first met, he has been a most devoted suitor. The courtship has been none the less ardent because no suspicion of the Duke's intentions reached the friends of the Goelets until the young man arrived at Newport a few weeks ago. Formal announcement of the engagement was postponed until it could be made simultaneously here and in Scotland.

Although poor, the Roxburghe family is far from penniless. The rent roll of the dukedom is said to be $250,000 yearly. Most of this is required to keep up the estates. The present Duchess is said to have done much during her lifetime to restore the family's exhausted finances, although it is improbable that she will do as much as will Miss Goelet with her millions.

Apart from the Duke's worldly possessions, he is the sort of a young man any girl even without millions might be very glad to marry. He is not handsome, but he is healthy and amiable. His devotion to sports has given him a sturdy, athletic figure. His mother was Lady of the Bedchamber and Mistress of the Robes to the late Queen Victoria, and she is a daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough and a sister of Lord Randolph Churchill.

The present Duke is the eighth holder of the title. He succeeded his father when only 16, and was selected by the Prince and Princess of Wales to accompany them on the journey they made as Duke and Duchess of York to the British colonies. He holds a commission in the Royal Horse Guards, for which he prepared at Sandhurst, after leaving Eton, instead of going to a university.

He saw service with the Guards in South Africa, and on one occasion there his bravery was especially commended. One of the troopers in his regiment had been wounded and fell from his horse. Roxburghe turned back and in the face of the enemy placed the wounded man on his own horse and carried him out of the reach of the enemy.

He was selected at the coronation to carry Queen Alexandra's crown. In fact, for a young man of 28, he has done as much as a Duke who has not great wealth or very unusual intellectual equipments could do. Being a Scotch Duke he sits in the House of Lords as Earl of Innes.

The marriage of American women to titled foreigners sometimes brings about curious changes in their social relations even with their own country women. In England, for instance, Miss Goelet will, after her wedding, be compelled to give precedence to the Duchess of Manchester, who was Miss Zimmerman of Cincinnati. In this country a Goelet never had to give place to a Zimmerman or to anybody else from Cincinnati. The Countess of Innes will even have to give precedence to the Countess of Yarmouth, who was Miss Thaw of Pittsburg. Did anybody ever hear of a Goelet of Newport having to give place to a Thaw of Pittsburg under any conditions? But that will have to happen now.

For all that, the Roxburghe dukedom in Scotland is as old and honorable as any in England. In 1837, John Ker acquired the estate of Auldtownburn. Under a charter from the house of Douglas, other lands were bestowed on his son. The barony of Auld Roxburghe was given to his grandson, Andrew Ker, and ever since then the Kers have been great lords of the lowlands, intermarrying with the Douglases, the Leslies, the Drummonds and other great Scottish families. Sir Andrew Ker in 1511 signed treaties with France and England and his son Walter met his death at Melrose while guarding James V.

In 1812 there was a dispute as to the title and many claimants to it. The House of Lords declared Sir James Innes Norcliffe the fifth Duke. One of them was a truckman of this city, named Louis Ker. His father, as long ago as 1830, had sent Hamilton Fish to England, where for five years he tried to win the title for the immigrant, and it was said then that the ties between the royal family and the man in possession were all that kept the Duke in his place.

SWALLOWED, ALL BUT HIS HEAD.

A Rochester Horse Which Was Nearest of Most Beasts to Making His Own Grave.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 5.—A valuable horse belonging to Dr. Henry S. Durand is being petted overmuch all on account of its narrow escape from death. Probably no horse was ever nearer extinction than this animal.

Dr. Durand has a farm in Irondequoit, where he keeps blooded stock. This particular horse escaped from the lot and eluded searchers until Deputy Sheriff Pollock and a local constable found a trace of him. They discovered tracks leading from the pasture, and followed them into a treacherous piece of ground, where neither dared to go without laying down boards on which to walk.

After penetrating the bog for 100 feet they came to a spot which showed signs of a struggle. Looking closer they saw the horse's ears projecting above the short weeds. Nothing else was visible except a crow, sitting squarely on top of the horse's head, and picking viciously at the animal's eyes.

The first thing was to drive the crow away, after which the men made an examination. The horse's chin rested on a small log, and this was all that had kept the marsh from swallowing up its prey altogether. So exhausted had the horse become that it did not seem able to make the least sound.

Planks were laid down, and holes were dug under the horse and ropes fastened. A team of horses was attached to a long line, and by this improvised first aid the horse was drawn out. Peculiarly enough, he did not seem any the worse for his experience, except that at first he did not seem able to use his hind legs at all.

BROOKLYN CAR CONDUCTORS.

As Compared, by a Manhattanite, With Their Brothers in Manhattan.

"After a visit to Brooklyn," said a Manhattanite, "I am inclined to think that the Brooklyn trolley car conductors are calmer and more patient and philosophical than their brothers in New York. It is, between them, as though the New York conductor felt that he had taken up the work of a conductor temporarily and all he wanted was to get through somehow and get his money. Now the Brooklyn trolley conductor acts like a man who has taken up the job as a regular calling, which he expects to follow, and therefore he pursues it in a cheerful spirit. He is not only polite to and patient with his passengers, but he seems to be able to do his work and at the same time get along easily, without fret or worry.

"Maybe I don't know enough about him to make me a judge, but I should say that the Brooklyn man is the real thing in the way of a trolley conductor."

Tipsy Hogs of a Temperance Speaker.

From the Columbus Dispatch.

CHARDON, Ohio, Aug. 28. Mrs. P. F. Downey, a temperance lecturer of near Burton, this county, thoughtlessly fed fermented fruit to three of her husband's hogs and in a short time they were so drunk that they could not stand up. She says she will use the incident as an illustration in her lectures hereafter.

A WOMAN YOU CAN'T DODGE.

SHE SERVES LEGAL PAPERS ON SLIPPERY DEBTORS

And Matches Their Cunning With Her Own Superior Foxiness—She Almost Got Married Once While Luring a Parson Into a Trap—Woman, Against Woman.

"Now really, I don't believe I had better say anything about this work. The process dodgers are so sharp already that it isn't wise to give them points that will make them sharper. Besides, this serving of legal papers as a business is one of the few uncrowded fields that offer a good living to a woman with her wits about her. Why parade the fact, and invite competition?"

She was small and brisk and rather good-looking. Only the snap in her grey eyes and the set of her chin gave a clue to the qualities that cause lawyers to call on her when they have papers to be handed to persons who are particularly clever at avoiding the society of the process server.

"But after all," she went on, "I'm not much afraid of competition. This is never likely to be an overworked field. I don't imagine there are many women who would fancy the business, and there are fewer still who could do it if they would.

"Papers are not usually given to a woman to serve until some man has tried and failed. We get the hardest cases, and have to possess ingenuity, the patience of Job, and, most of all, just plain nerve.

"Why, not long ago I sat on the stoop of a certain fine house up on the West Side for two days and a night to serve a paper on the head of the household, who was inside waiting for me to get tired and go away.

"I hired a boy to stay there with the document while I ate hasty meals at a nearby restaurant and snatched a little sleep in the small hours of the morning. But all the rest of the time I was the watchful sentinel. Plenty of people were curious as to my object in remaining there, and I told them freely. The policeman on the beat kept a protecting eye on me. I became the talk of the neighborhood.

"All this, of course, was not pleasant for the man inside. Every time he would look out of the window—I caught him at it several times—he would see me down on the lower step, a mute witness of his efforts to evade the law. Frequently the policeman or somebody else would be talking to me, and sometimes there would be a little group before the house. I shouldn't be surprised if this siege got on his nerves, or those of his wife. At any rate, just after dark on the second day he came out and took the paper. The lawyers had been trying for weeks to serve him. I got $50 for my patience.

"Not many cases, of course, are as tedious as this. I remember one that caused me a good deal of amusement. A parson was to be served. It seems that he had strayed outside the parish to dabble in real estate and had become involved in some way. The lawyers were anxious that the summons be served on him at once, but he didn't propose to have it served just then, and gave orders to his servant girl to let no one not known to her as being connected with his church get farther than the vestibule without first consulting him. Meanwhile he kept indoors, stepping out only on Sundays, when the service of papers is not legal.

"Several men had tried to reach him, giving various reasons for wanting to see him personally, but the foxy maid always left them standing in the vestibule and came back with word that she was sorry but Mr. Wilkins was not in, or was deeply engaged. It was at this stage of the affair that the paper was turned over to me.

"When I went to the house I had a young man with me. I didn't ask if Mr. Wilkins was in when the girl came to the door, but said in an embarassed kind of way, 'We—we would like to be married. Would you find out if Mr. Wilkins could marry us now?' It would be a shame, of course, to leave a timid young couple seeking marriage out in the cold vestibule. Moreover, there is nothing the average minister likes better than a marriage ceremony, and the girl appeared to know it.

"The scrutiny of suspicion faded from her eyes. 'Come in,' she said, with a smile. She went upstairs and was back in a minute with word that Mr. Wilkins would be right down. He came with outstretched hand and such a fatherly beam on his face that I felt it was really too bad to disappoint him and throw cold water on this fine sociable manner. But I was there for business.

"'Are you the Rev. Mr. Wilkins?'

"'Yes, yes, to be sure.'

"'Well then,' I said quickly, 'I want to hand you this summons.'

"'What, what, is this a trick?' he exclaimed, turning red in the face. 'It's an outrageous proceeding. It's highly improper. I'm very much surprised that a woman of your appearance should descend to such a thing.'

"'It was made necessary by your efforts to avoid service,' I answered. 'Good night.'

"This was a comparatively simple case. I've had some that have been much more difficult. Quite recently I got a summons to serve on one of the wariest process dodgers that I have ever met. Several men had failed to reach him when I was asked to take the paper.

"One trouble was that he was a comparative stranger in the city, and we couldn't get an accurate description of him. He was supposed to have a suite of rooms in a fashionable apartment house, but even of this we weren't sure. The janitor gave non-committal and unsatisfactory answers when asked if such a person lived in the house, and the hall and elevator boys denied flatly that they had ever heard of him. He had subsidized them all, you see.

"Why, one of the men process servers who had tried to get him by waiting till he came out actually had the right man, but the latter was so polite and plausible and good-natured in denying that he was Mr. So and So when the paper was held out to him that the process server lost confidence. He was hypnotized into feeling that he was making a mistake, and put the summons back into his pocket.

"When it was turned over to me I spent about two hours thinking up some scheme to catch him, and at last I hit upon one that seemed to give promise of success. I didn't go near the apartment house at first. I went instead to a drug store less than half a block away, taking with me the same young man who had posed as the prospective bridegroom.

"It was only a little after 9 o'clock in the morning, when there was little probability of Mr.—we'll call him Johnson—having gone out, he being something of a man of leisure. I had my assistant ring up the apartment house on the 'phone.

"'Will you please have Mr. Henry A. Johnson come down to the telephone as soon as possible?' he said to the hall boy who answered the call. 'This is very important.'

"'Hold the wire,' said the boy.

"'Now when he comes down,' I instructed my assistant, 'be sure to ask him if he is Mr. Johnson. If he says yes, ask him if he is Henry A. Johnson. When you get his answer, hang up the receiver.'

"Then I hurried around the corner, entered the apartment house, and asked if I might use the telephone.

"'Why, it's busy now,' said the boy, 'but you can if you wait a few minutes. I said I would. That was what I was there for. Well, when the elevator came down a little man with a pointed beard popped out of it and rushed over to the telephone.

"'Yes,' he said nervously when he had got the receiver to his ear. 'Yes, yes, that's my name. What is it?'

"This was enough. I knew the questions he was answering, so I stepped up to him. 'I beg your pardon,' I said, 'but that is my assistant asking you if you are Henry A. Johnson. There is really no use now in your denying that you are the gentleman, so I will just leave this summons with you.'

"He jumped up, pulling at his beard, and looking at me as if I was a ghost. 'I—I—' he began, stammeringly, but suddenly his manner changed. He smiled. 'You've given me a start,' he said, 'but I must say that you have worked this little game very cleverly. Allow me to congratulate you, and also to accept the paper. If I had my hat on I would take it off to you.'

"I could mention plenty of cases that have required finesse. Each one is different, of course, from others, and you have to devise a new plan to meet it. Just the other day a firm of lawyers gave me a paper that they had grown tired trying to serve. It was a summons for a man who conducts a large business, and would appear to be easy enough. But no one was admitted to the inner office till his errand was explicitly explained to a confidential clerk.

"The process-server who had the paper before it was given to me did get in, but, sitting face to face with the man he wanted, the latter informed him coolly that he was only the private secretary, that the man he was looking for had gone West for a stay of indefinite length. The lawyers knew better, and told me that it would be worth $50 to me to serve that paper immediately. I said that I would, and began to ask questions about him. One of the things I learned was that he had some property in the South that he was trying to sell. This suggested to me a way to reach him.

"Bright and early the next morning I was at his office, explaining to his confidential clerk across the little fence in the waiting room that I was from such and such a city in the South, and was thinking of buying some land for such and such a purpose. I even gave my words a touch of the Southern accent, not because it was particularly necessary, but merely because I'm acting when I'm doing these things, and I like to give the performance a sort of artistic finish.

"The clerk excused himself and returned in a moment, saying that as the representative of Mr. Jones he would be pleased to talk to me about the land if I would come in.

"'Is Mr. Jones here?' I asked.

"'Ye-e-s,' answered the clerk hesitatingly, 'but he's very busy, and will probably be engaged all morning.'

"'Now, that's too bad,' I exclaimed. 'I take the 1 o'clock train for Washington. I've had some business experience, and my rule is never to talk over a matter of this kind with anybody but a principal. But I may write to him. Good morning.'

"'Wait a moment, please,' said the clerk. He disappeared again, and came back in ten minutes, saying that Mr. Jones would see me. I served the paper and retreated without delay.

"In another case of mine the person to be served was a very elusive woman. The lawyers who had the case against her gave me the names of some friends of hers in a city near New York. I also learned that she was chummy with a dressmaker who occupied the parlor floor of the house in which she lived. Well, I went to that dressmaker and ordered a gown, and as the fittings proceeded I grew quite confidential with her. I said I had just come from ——, and had met some charming people there. I expected to see them later at the seashore, and so on. I mentioned their names, of course.

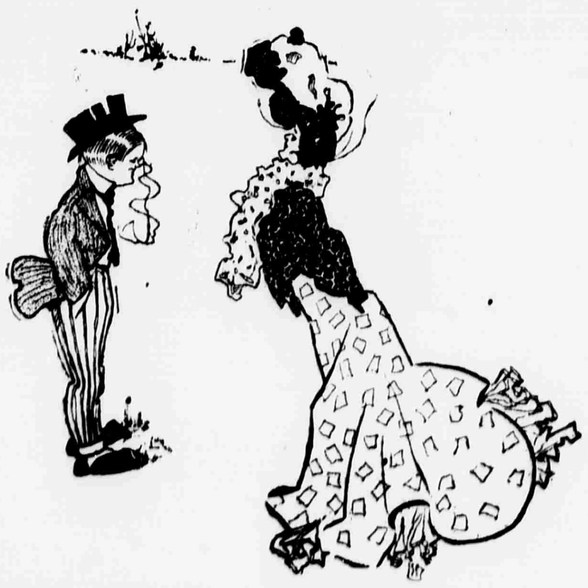
"'Why, how odd!' exclaimed the dressmaker. 'Those surely must be Mrs. Brown's friends. What a coincidence! The world is a small place, after all, isn't it? I must have you meet Mrs. Brown. You two will be glad to know each other. Now the very next time you come in I'll have her down.'

"'If you like,' I answered indifferently 'This is too easy,' is what I thought.

"After I had paid for my dress and had it sent home the dressmaker went upstairs to bring down Mrs. Brown for a sociable chat. She came, but the meeting with me did not seem to afford her the pleasure her friend had anticipated. In fact, she used language that wouldn't bear repeating. She had delayed a lawsuit because she had been so hard to serve, and the fee I received more than paid for that gown.

"Of course there is deception in all this. There is no denying that I feel like a hypocrite sometimes. But I am only fooling those who deserve to be fooled. They are trying to avoid the meeting of claims that are usually just, to get the better of the law, and it gives me pleasure to get the better of them. It is necessary work, and I take pride in being able to do it well."

PROOF ON THE FACE OF IT.



Fardie—I'd like women better if they weren't so fond of always contradicting.
Pauline—But they're so!

OUR TOBACCO CROP.

The Growing of Sumatra Tobacco in New England Now an Assured Success.

It has been conclusively proved at last that Sumatra leaf, which we have long been importing to the value of $6,000,000 a year on account of its superiority as a cigar wrapper, may be perfectly grownin the valley of the Connecticut River, in Connecticut and in the neighboring parts of Massachusetts.

It is necessary to grow the leaf under shade, which necessitates a very large expenditure for cloth and posts; but the ready market for this superior tobacco at high prices insures a large profit. A new industry has been introduced, and we may hereafter, as the growing of Sumatra tobacco increases, produce al of this leaf needed by our manufacturers and keep in the country the large sums of money heretofore expended for imported leaf.

The crop grown under shade in a Connecticut valley this year is only about 700 acres, but the product will be about 1,000,000 pounds of cured tobacco, or 800,000 pounds of baled tobacco, exclusive of trash. The total cost is put at $657.17 per acre; the average for the preceding year amounted to $416.019. The total value of the baled tobacco at $1.20 per pound, which was obtained last year at auction, will be $960,960. This will give a profit of $500,941, which will be a ver y fine return on the 700 acres cultivated. These figures are estimates based upon the crop of last year, but are certain to be approximately accurate.

The Department of Agriculture says that the industry has been successfully placed on a commercial basis and that there will be a considerable increase in the crop grown next year. We have domonstrated our ability to produce a leaf which is desired by our people and for which we have expended immense sums in the purchase of the foreign leaf. The demand for this product has always been greater than the supply, and prices have been maintained in a remarkable manner.

It may seem strange to the uninitiated that manufacturers can afford to pay such prices for wrapper leaf. The mystery is explained by the fact that the Sumatra leaf is very large, its wrapping qualities are enormous, there is little lost in weight of stems, other waste is inconsiderable and the leaf can be more easily worked by cigar-makers than any other wrapper. These are the reasons that make Sumatra leaf superior as a cigar wrapper.

Our manufacturers are saying that even at $3 a pound for our Connecticut grown Sumatra leaf, two pounds of it will wrap 1,000 cigars, the cost of the wrapper being, therefore, only about six-tenths of a cent. Even at this price the leaf may profitably be used on a five-cent cigar. There is so little waste in the leaf, it yields so well in the manufacture of cigars, the color is so uniform and the grading is so perfect that manufacturers find it actually cheaper to pay $3 a pound for such leaf than to buy ordinary domestic wrappers at an average of 20 cents a pound, or selected domestic wrappers at from 50 to 60 cents.

The Agricultural Department has been investigating the possibility of extending the Sumatra tobacco industry to other States. The investigations, thus far, do not indicate that results so successful as in the Connecticut Valley can be obtained in large areas elsewhere, though a fair measure of success has been met with on the narrow strip of gravelly loam bordering the Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania, and also to some extent near Janesville, Wis. The Department is of the opinion that the conditions essential for the raising of the high-grade of Sumatra tobacco are limited in extent.

The results of only two years' experimentation with Sumatra tobacco in our country are certainly most gratifying In fact, it is surprising that the economic outcome of the work done in so short a time has reached so high a figure.

It is not only that about 1,000,000 pounds of the tobacco have been grown in the Connecticut Valley this year, but the great value of the crop has also increased the value of land, has supplied a market for thousands of chestnut posts from the ridges adjoining the valley, which have been idle and unproductive for years, has given employment at good wages to large numbers of men and women and has made a market for millions of yards of cloth under which the plant has been thoroughly shielded from winds and the hotter rays of the sun.

ALWAYS THE SAME OLD TUNES

And That's Hard on the Restaurant Habitue—Jars on His Nerves.

There are some persons who, whatever they may think of the principles of the Musical Union, would hail with pleasure any triumph for it which would serve to keep music out of the restaurants. There is now hardly a single eating establishment of importance not provided with music of some kind. It may be a complete orchestra of twelve or fifteen instruments or it may be only two or three Italians twanging guitars. But the music seems nowadays as important as the napkins and other established necessities.

Music is a luxury which the proprietors would never provide unless it were profitable. But there are restaurant patrons who shudder at the first note. These are they who habitually eat in restaurants. To them music with their food has become a terror. But it can't be helped.

Delmonico's was the last establishment to hold out against music, just as it did against smoking in the dining room intended for ladies. After a while even Delmonico had to fall in line in both matters and there is music there nowadays, not only in the evenings, but, as in the other places, at luncheon also. One lone hotel has held out against the music and seems strong enough to maintain its stand. It has a large patronage which pays high prices, and it looks as if popular melodies will be barred there for some time to come.

They are the same old tunes, usually played three or four times every night. The restaurant with the largest orchestra prints a programme of about fourteen pieces. Sometimes it takes the players two hours to get through the first half of this, so great is the number of "requests" for the popular melodies of the hour. Night after night of such music is, of course, trying to the nerves of the persons who like to spend a good share of their time in those places. But they who go to a restaurant for an outing don't have nerves of that sort. And, after all, it is these whom the proprietor desires to attract.

AN OPEN WAY TO ROOSEVELT.

Two Men Who Got to the President Without Seeing a Secret Service Man.

The discussion as to whether there are guards enough about the President's home at Oyster Bay recalled to two men of this city the other day an incident of a year ago when they made a first trip to the summer capital of the nation.

They didn't drive over by the regular road from the village, but landed from a boat and then walked through the woods and across lots up to Sagamore Hill. Neither knew the way, but they assured each other that they'd know the Roosevelt domain by the presence of Secret Service men.

It occurred to them when they thought they were near the right place, though, that it wouldn't do any harm to inquire the way, so they walked across a field and up the steps to the back veranda of a fine-looking house. Not a Secret Service man was in sight around there. A man was sitting on the veranda.

"Can you tell us," asked one of the callers, "where President Roosevelt's house is?"

"This is President Roosevelt's house," replied the man on the porch, who happened to be Senator Burrows of Michigan.

And before the callers could recover from their astonishment the President himself appeared at a screen door opening on to the veranda, and said "Good morning, gentlemen."

This was a case of two strangers accidentally stumbling upon the President without even first seeing a private secretary, let alone a Secret Service man.

LITTLE MAIDS' PARTY DRESS.

EVEN THE SCHOOLGIRL'S OUTFIT IS NOW ELABORATE.

Great Variety of Pretty, Light, Simple Costumes for Young Folks' Dances—Must Be Just a Bit Decollete—Kindergartners' Frocks—Sailor Suits.

If judgment may be formed from the quantities of maiden millinery now occupying smart dressmakers, September is primarily a month for schoolgirls. Everywhere, in some form or other, their wardrobes are displayed, the boarding school outfit in many cases including such trifles as handkerchiefs and wash socks.

The existence of these details in such places is explained by the fact that they are made to match special bodices or costumes; Blouse waists in silk, linen or wool will have the white linen or silk stock and cuffs to be worn with them, embroidered in the color of the bodice. Delightful little handkerchiefs of fine linen show narrow borders and monograms in delicate colors, and others of French mull for more festive use are edged with laces in simple patterns. These are designed for the dances which mark most school openings, and which occur at intervals during the term.

As to the dance frocks themselves, never did maiden finery more charmingly preserve schoolgirl traditions while bending to the demand of a luxurious period. However rich the material of the evening gown, or large the amount of handwork expended upon it, a girlish simplicity is always striven for in the general effect. This is, in turn, emphasized by many details, such as wide ribbon sashes, ribbon bandeaux in the coiffure, and large bows on the slippers. A majority of these gala frocks are in virgin white.

The French models in evening gowns displayed by the outfitters for schoolgirls show more costumes in color than in white. But only the palest tints are employed—azures as faint as the sky of a perfect June day; pale corn, yellows and wild rose pinks.

With these tints, however—especially if the material admits of such splendor—will be employed the rich cream and dead white laces of the season. These form bertha effects of many sorts, skirt borders, insertions and sleeve falls. Only with such textures as organdies, Swiss and mousseline are the frailer wash laces considered in keeping, though Valenciennes insertions are sometimes used with dainty effect upon crêpes.

"Val" insertions, shaping huge bow knots, were the ornaments of one delightful little yellow crêpe frock, which, like almost all the evening ones seen, was cut out at the neck. A party frock for a girl between 12 and 16 may be high in the throat, but after 16 a girlish décolletage is proper. This never extends lower than the chest, and frequently a collarless guimpe will lessen the actual décolletage still more.

Pretty party sleeves for shapely arms are either in a puff or in the shape of a flounce fall, with the bottom edge cut square or in points or scallops. Sometimes the entire sleeve is made by a flounce of lace or embroidery, which will be matched by a skirt flounce and bertha fall of the same.

Innumerable gauzy fabrics are used for these dainty evening frocks, and satin slippers and suède gloves are supposed to match in color. One frock of white mousseline was delicately lined with graduating strips of black ribbon velvet, following the stripes of the material and thus shaping the trimming.

Many embroidered batistes are seen, as well as tucked and needle-worked chiffons, and plain and fancy nets of numberless sorts. These are decked in turn with plain and fancy ribbons, black velvet and lace. More elaborate costumes, such as are realized in satin, silk or lace, depend largely upon a rich lace bertha for effect. But, notwithstanding that the trend of fashion is toward elegant stuffs for even children, simpler textures make prettier evening frocks for schoolgirls. A plain fine Swiss, delicately tucked and trimmed with Val lace and pompadour ribbon, is the material of a charming gown for a girl of sixteen.

No ornamentation is better for these frocks than pompadour ribbons. Patterned with garlands, stripes, bouquets and single flowers, the pale blues and pinks lend themselves to youthful purposes, and when such ribbons are tied in the butterfly bows and ornamental knots of the moment they are even prettier. One bewitching frock of pale blue organdie was trimmed with narrow pink and blue pompadour ribbon, patterned with garlands.

Numbers of cheap laces may be found, and this is the season when summer textures fall greatly in price; these, in combination with Swiss, organdie or silk-spotted mousseline, will give smart frocks at a comparatively trifling cost.

A detached silk lining should accompany every dress of this fragile nature, as such materials require the background of silk for a good effect. Having the lining separate gives opportunity for the constant pressing they need.

Suitable and becoming accessories for these evening frocks must be included in the school wardrobe, and not the least of these is a neck chain of some sort. The long turquoise and coral beads are strikingly effective when wound several times around the throat in necklace fashion. The gold link chains of a thread-like fineness are also good, and for these there are round and oval lockets in chased gold and blue enamel.

Then a bracelet of some simple description will make the heart of its youthful wearer still lighter and add to her toilette; while her dance card must hang in a gilt frame. This may hang with her tiny spangled fan by a ribbon from her belt, or it may emerge from a silk bag which matches the costume, and is swung over the left arm by a wider ribbon.

Not even children of the kindergarten age are exempt from the need of festive garments, as afternoon dances are frequently given at the opening of their schools. So, even for the smallest fry party frocks and gallant Jack Tar dance suits may be bought ready made at the outfitters at prices so low as to astonish you. Sometimes the prices astonish the other way, but it is usually imported dearness, and nine times out of ten the delightfulness of the get-up atones for its expense.

For example, a party frock for a girl of six was of white silk tulle garlanded with tiny pink flowers. The full gathered skirt, being mounted over several similar ones, had a ballet-doll look, while the tiny sleeveless bodice was low and was held on the shoulders only by a band of the flowers. A wreath of the same kind of flowers, with narrow ribbon streamers, was provided for the head. A wrap for the costume was of pale pink gros grain trimmed with embroidered frills of the same.

Effective and comfortable dancing shoes for these small maids are satin ballet sandals whose narrow ribbons are wound about the ankle in genuine ballet fashion. The dancing footgear for boys of all ages is the patent leather pump, which will be worn during the winter with white stockings and sailor suits of white cloth. Nautical emblems in colored embroidery and silk ties will bedeck the suits, while the white socks will be clocked with color or back.

Of course, many children and large girls as well are unable to stand the exposure of a out-out bodice once the autumn winds have begun to blow. But for the smaller maids, the effect of a low cut is made by a white guimpe, and the same stylish pretension may be obtained for larger girls with white tuckers of varying widths. As long as white is next the face the dressy look is preserved. But a collarless tucker or guimpe will promote a more gala look than will one with a high stock.

In short, bare necks are the fashion, and because of this almost as many soft muffings are provided for the juvenile dancer as for the grown-up. Pretty shawls are seen in ice wools in white and baby pinks and blues whose fairy-like fineness renders them especially suitable to young folks. Roman scarfs in silk and wool are also worn, and there are pretty sewing silk squares with fringed borders which provide muffings of the right weight for the overheated moment near an open window.