

# NOBLE COUNT TO HAVE CHECK OR BRING SUIT

American Father-in-Law Seems  
to Be Up Against a Hard  
Business Proposition.

## COSTS MONEY TO HAVE DAUGHTER MARRY TITLE

Form of the Ante-Nuptial Settlement,  
Never Before Made Public, Discov-  
ered in the Case of Count Gulinelli,  
Who Married Miss Schweizer of  
New York—Their Life is Happy,  
but Papa Schweizer Has Stopped  
Paying the Annual Allowance and  
the Nobleman Threatens to Make  
Trouble.

**N**EW YORK.—All the Schweizers  
were delighted.  
Father beamed on everybody;  
mother went about her daily round  
of shopping and calls with ill-concealed  
satisfaction. And brother Albert  
shook hands with himself morning,  
noon and night.

And, of a verity, why not?  
Wasn't sister Blanche making the  
match of the season? To be sure!  
Here was Signor Conte Oberto Gio-  
acomo Giovanni Francesco Maria Gu-  
linelli, scion of an ancient Italian fam-  
ily of noble lineage, in love with Miss  
Schweizer and respectfully asking her  
hand in marriage of her dotting papa.

No moth-eaten title his; no encum-  
bered estate! No, indeed; the count  
had money of his own and a premier  
position in Italian financial and indus-  
trial circles. He had quite as much to  
offer as to ask; the alliance about to  
be arranged was advantageous from ev-  
ery American viewpoint, as papa  
Schweizer well could see.

**Denial of Romance.**  
Romance? Well, hardly. The mat-  
ter was far too important to allow  
one's heart to run away with one's  
head. No, indeed! Why, even the  
fetching bride-to-be owned up to that.  
"There is nothing romantic about  
our marriage," declared Miss Schwe-  
izer, perfectly frankly, and smiling  
archly as she said it. "It is prosaic,  
indeed. I met the count, we became  
engaged and we will be married—  
that's all!"

There's frankness for you. But it  
may be that Miss Schweizer was more  
romantic than she thought. Things  
weren't quite so commonplace as she  
tried to make them out, because some  
people really did see her fall into the  
handsome count's arms when he stepped  
off the steamer from Italy, to  
marry her here in 1902, soon after  
the death of his father and his suc-  
cession to the title and the estates.

But today—no, you're wrong, this  
particular international marriage did  
not turn out unhappily, as you well  
might have inferred from the matter-  
of-fact announcement of the smart and  
altogether level-headed bride of a de-  
cade ago—smart and level-headed yet  
No, indeed; the count proved himself  
to be a model of husbands and they  
are very, very happy in their villa near  
Bassano, Italy, where three beautiful  
little children have been born to them  
as pledges of their affection.

But not so fast.  
Before the marriage, which took  
place on January 20, 1902, there were  
certain little formalities which had to  
be attended to by Joseph Schweizer,  
the father-in-law-to-be of an Italian  
count, and Mrs. Ernestine Teresa  
Schweizer, his wife.

**Old World Custom.**  
Catch an American papa signing  
away half his estate for the benefit of  
a Yankee son-in-law? Not in a thou-  
sand years! But this was quite differ-  
ent, you see. Now, abroad, you know,  
they have a different way of arrang-  
ing marriages, and Americans, you  
understand, must humor the old world  
people just a little bit. And what dif-  
ference does a marriage settlement  
make, anyway, when you love your  
daughter; and didn't the Vanderbilts  
do the same when Miss Consuelo be-  
came the Duchess of Marlborough, and  
the Goulds when Miss Anna became  
the Countess de Castellane, and didn't  
hundreds of others? A fig for our nar-  
row-minded American customs about  
meum and teum and all that sort of  
thing!

Well, the upshot of it was the regu-  
lation visit of Papa and Mamma  
Schweizer to a lawyer's office in New  
York just as they would have gone to  
a notary's abroad to sign the agree-  
ment for the dot. Mr. Schweizer re-  
alized that it was merely a matter of  
form to suit the conventions of the  
Continent, and he gladly affixed his  
signature to the marriage settlement,  
as did his wife and his smiling son-in-  
law-to-be, the Count Gulinelli.

**Precious Document Signed.**  
"There it is in black and white,"  
said Mr. Schweizer rather proudly, as  
he gazed at the precious document  
which cemented the matrimonial alli-  
ance between his handsome daughter  
and the foreign nobleman.

And Mrs. Schweizer gave a little  
gasp of joy as she realized that she  
was now almost a mother-in-law of  
a nobleman, as indeed she really was  
just four days later.

No. 10 West Seventeenth street, the  
Schweizer home in New York, was  
decorated for the event, which was a



The Partners of the Marriage Settlement, Count Gulinelli and His Ameri-  
can Wife, nee Schweizer.

double wedding to suit the foreign  
idea—a civil ceremony by Justice Trux-  
ax of the supreme court and a religio-  
us ceremony at the Church of the  
Blessed Sacrament, the Rev. Father  
Matthew A. Taylor officiating. Only  
the family and intimate friends were  
present because of the recent death  
of the bridegroom's father, but just  
the same it was a jolly and very happy  
wedding party before the young  
couple set off to tour the west prior to  
their settling down in Europe.

And the visit to the lawyer and the  
document which the trio most concern-  
ed had signed? Oh, just an agree-  
ment by which Mr. Schweizer bound  
himself for life to pay over an annual  
marriage portion—in this case \$2,500  
a year on each and every January 20.  
Quite a nice little reminder every year  
of the wedding day!

**Just the Ordinary Thing.**  
And, furthermore, the proud papa of  
a real countess also bound himself to  
leave half his fortune to his daughter;  
or in event of her death, to her chil-  
dren and the count's. To seal the bar-  
gain Mrs. Schweizer gave pledge that  
she, too, would adhere to the promises  
of her husband in case of his death  
before hers.

"Nothing out of the ordinary," ex-  
plained the lawyers.  
Merely the commonplace marriage  
settlements customary abroad and  
quite the proper thing, even if the  
bride was an American girl. Every-  
body happy and quite satisfied and—  
"What a stunning bride she makes,"  
and "How handsome the Signor Conte  
is," and "Do you know, his lineage  
goes quite as far back as the Cru-  
sades!"

So they sailed away, with proud pa-  
pa waving a fond farewell on the dock,  
and mamma weeping happy tears,  
while brother Albert took care of the  
fruit and the flowers that went into  
the cabins of the count and his count-  
ess.

There was no remonstrating on the  
part of this wife—the bride of other  
days, wistful and unhappy because her  
husband had forgotten their wedding  
day. He couldn't possibly forget it.  
Just as regularly as the new calendar  
reached January 20, he was forcibly  
but happily reminded of it by a nice  
looking check for some twenty five  
hundred good Yankee dollars, all gar-  
nered in thrifty Ansonia, Conn., where  
the clocks come from. Mr. Schwe-  
izer, you see, is treasurer of the com-  
pany that makes them, and holds a  
big portion of the company's shares,  
besides—in fact, he is credited with a  
million or more for his fortune.

**Money Regularly Paid.**  
Mr. Schweizer was living up to the  
letter of the agreement. What if the  
Signor Conte didn't need the money?  
What if he had prospered himself quite  
nicely, thank you, and bade fair to dou-  
ble what he had inherited? Getting  
right down to business, \$2,500 is \$2-  
500 anywhere, and always comes in  
handy. Besides, the children were  
getting older and needed more and the  
Contessa had expensive social obliga-  
tions—but why argue the matter,  
wasn't it down in the marriage settle-  
ment in black and white?

Ten years flew by and, with the regu-  
larity of his own clocks, came Mr.  
Schweizer's annual \$2,500—regularly  
until a year ago when, of a sudden,  
payments ceased. There had been  
trouble in New York and Mrs. Schwe-  
izer was living in Paris now. And the  
countess had put a stoppage to her  
annual visits to her father on this  
side of the Atlantic.

What, no check on January 20!  
The Signor Conte wanted to know?  
No, not even the scratch of a pen! Oh,

very well, then to the advocate's. And  
Papa Schweizer found himself defend-  
ant in a suit for the amount due, \$2,500  
in all, up to January 20 last. He hur-  
ried around to his lawyer and demand-  
ed what to do. With him he brought  
the papers—yes, there was the sum-  
mons and complaint and in plain Eng-  
lish they referred to the marriage set-  
tlement of ten years and more ago and  
the promise that he wouldn't break his  
will.

**To Sue Papa-in-Law.**  
Papa Schweizer found, too, that the  
count and his American wife had as-  
signed their joint claim, to Attilio de  
Chico, who was suing in the Supreme  
Court of New York, and that the agree-  
ment entered into by the trio of inter-  
ested parties four days before the wed-  
ding was to be "Exhibit A."

Mr. Schweizer promptly denied ev-  
erything in his answer except that his  
daughter was married to the count.  
He offered to leave her \$25,000 and pay  
her half of \$2,500, or 6,250 francs a  
year, if they would drop the suit, send-  
ing around another agreement to that  
effect.

"Not for a moment will I consider  
that," declared Michael Schneider-  
mann, the Gulinelli's counsel, of No.  
44 Pine street, New York, when he re-  
ceived the new agreement for his clients  
to sign. "We are suing to test  
the validity of the marriage settle-  
ment, which holds under the New York  
law, no matter what happens. The  
marriage itself is sufficient considera-  
tion to make it binding. If this one is  
not, then all ante-nuptial contracts are  
void. It is the same sort of an agree-  
ment which all rich men make when  
their daughters marry foreigners. And  
the father cannot now abrogate it  
by will or in any other way. If it is  
valid, then he cannot relieve him-  
self of its obligations, and that is  
what we are suing to find out."

"We expect Mr. Schweizer to try to  
test the legality of the agreement, of  
course. He pleads that it is now an  
unnecessary drain upon him, especial-  
ly as his son-in-law is prosperous, but  
that is no concern of ours. He can-  
not set aside so lightly as this a formal  
ante-nuptial contract, regarded in  
law as among the most binding of docu-  
ments."

**Say He Must Settle.**  
"Death itself cannot abrogate such  
a contract, as many decisions already  
hold. The count married Miss Schwe-  
izer as he agreed to and now Mr.  
Schweizer must live up to the end of  
his bargain, just as he agreed to."

"We will win and then Mr. Schwe-  
izer cannot change his will. His daugh-  
ter must get her share of her father's  
estate, which is what we want. The  
count feels that his being well-to-do  
is no reason why the payments be dis-  
continued or his father-in-law's will  
be altered to his wife's disadvantage.  
The case is on the calendar for trial  
and the Count and Countess Gulinelli  
will be here to give their testimony."

"And then Mr. Schweizer will find  
out that he can't make a marriage set-  
tlement and then forget about it when  
he gets disgruntled. They don't do  
things that way abroad, and folks  
won't be allowed to do it here."

And so—unless Papa Schweizer re-  
lents—we shall soon see whether or  
not Yankee fathers must live up to  
marriage settlements just as foreign  
fathers have done.—New York Sunday  
World Magazine.

**Youthful Winner of High Honor.**  
The youngest winner of the Victoria  
cross was Drummer Wagner, of the  
Thirty-third Foot, at the assault on  
Magdala. He was then fourteen years  
old.

## TO ACCOMPANY MEAT

PREPARATIONS OF VEGETABLES  
THAT ARE FAVORITES.

Scalloped Tomatoes Will Always Be  
Enjoyed—Spaghetti in Real Ital-  
ian Style—Red Pepper Salad  
Is Excellent.

**Scalloped Tomatoes**—In the bottom  
of a buttered baking dish put a layer  
of tomatoes (peeled and cut in small  
slices); a sprinkling of sugar, salt and  
pepper; then a layer of chopped onion  
and green pepper. Add a few bits of  
butter, cover with bread crumbs, then  
another layer of tomatoes, etc., until  
the dish is filled, the top layer of fine  
bread crumbs covering the dish, and  
bake in a moderate oven about 45  
minutes to brown the top. Remove  
the cover ten minutes before the to-  
matoes are done.

**Spaghetti**—Spaghetti, Italian style,  
can be prepared with very little  
trouble in the following manner:

Put the spaghetti (without break-  
ing) into boiling salted water, boil  
rapidly uncovered from 30 to 40 min-  
utes. While it is cooking open a can  
of tomato soup, heat the contents in a  
saucepan, add a lump of butter, a good  
sprinkling of onion salt (or a spoonful  
of onion juice), a little celery salt and  
a dash of pepper. When the spaghetti  
is done, drain and cover with this  
sauce. Serve at the table with grated  
Parmesan cheese.

**Lentils**—Wash the lentils and soak  
them over night. Next morning drain,  
cover with boiling water and cook  
slowly one hour. Drain and press  
through a colander. Return to the  
saucepan, season with salt and pepper  
and add a good-sized lump of butter.  
Beat thoroughly over the fire until hot.  
The lentils should be of the consist-  
ency of mashed potatoes. Pour over  
each serving a tablespoonful of tomato  
sauce or chili sauce.

**Red Pepper Salad**—Wash, and cut  
the peppers in halves (lengthwise),  
removing the seeds. Cover with cold  
water and cook until tender, but not  
too soft. Cool and cut into strips.  
Serve on lettuce with French or Italian  
dressing.

**Aunt Selina Braddock's Cherry Pie.**

Line your pie tin with rich crust.  
Mix four tablespoonfuls of sugar with  
two of flour, and sprinkle a little more  
than half of it over the bottom of  
the crust. Have ready a pint of  
seeded cherries; put in half of them  
and sprinkle over them the remainder  
of the sugar and flour. Then put in  
rest of the cherries and juice and  
sprinkle with heaping tablespoonful  
of sugar. Wet the edges of the under  
crust, put on a thin top crust, cutting  
slits in the middle for escape of  
steam. Press the edges of paste to-  
gether and bake in a moderate oven  
for 20 minutes to half an hour.

**Roxbury Cake.**

One-half a cup of butter, one cup of  
sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of  
sour milk, four yolks of eggs, three  
cups of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls  
of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of  
cloves, grating of nutmeg, two tea-  
spoonfuls of soda, whites of four eggs,  
one cup of currants or nut meats.

Prepare in the usual manner, sift-  
ing the soda and spices into the flour  
and then sifting the whole together.  
The recipe makes three dozen small  
cakes.

**Scotch Muffins.**

One and one-half pints flour, one  
cupful honey, one-half teaspoonful salt,  
two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two  
tablespoonfuls butter, three eggs and  
a little over one-half pint milk or thin  
cream. Sift together flour, salt and  
powder; rub in butter, cold; add beat-  
en eggs, milk or thin cream and honey.  
Mix smoothly into batter as for pound  
cake; about one-half fill sponge cake  
tins, cold and fully greased, and bake  
in good steady oven seven or eight  
minutes.

**Good Substitute for Butter.**

An economical substitute for butter,  
especially for use in seasoning vege-  
tables, etc., is made by frying out ham,  
bacon or poultry fat, either raw or  
cooked, also the droppings from saus-  
ages, or the fat skimmed from soup  
or gravy, allowing to each half pint  
a small onion, a little thyme, a tea-  
spoonful of salt and a little pepper.  
Try out at a low temperature, strain  
through cheesecloth and keep in a  
cold place.

**Crust Wheat Meal.**

Put one pound of flour, a pinch of  
salt and a half teaspoon of baking  
powder into a basin. Mix them well,  
then rub into them six ounces of  
fresh butter. Work the mixture with  
a knife or fork into a paste by the ad-  
dition of half a pint of water. Roll it  
out once or twice and it will be ready  
for use. Sufficient one pound for a  
pudding large enough for three or four  
persons.

**Lemons for Pie.**

I find it a great help when grated  
lemons are needed for pie, instead of  
grating to cut in pieces and remove  
the seeds, then put through a food  
chopper, using the fine knife blade,  
writes a contributor to the Modern  
Priscilla. It is a saving of time. This  
can be applied to citron, figs and nuts  
for fruit cake.

**Broiled Salt Fish.**

Soak one-half pound salt fish, cut  
in one piece, one hour in lukewarm  
water. Drain, put in baking pan, dot  
over with one tablespoon butter, and  
bake about 15 minutes in a hot oven.



**A**T ONE period Ben MacDhui  
was held to be the highest  
hill in Great Britain, but with  
the advent of more accurate  
scientific methods in the de-  
termining of altitude it was forced to  
yield pride of place to Ben Nevis, the  
summit of which, dominating the At-  
lantic seaboard of Scotland, stands  
just over 4,400 feet above sea level.  
In reality Ben Nevis has a great su-  
periority in height over the first-men-  
tioned hill, for at its base it is no  
more than 100 feet above the waters  
of the Atlantic, whereas Ben Mac-  
Dhui takes its rise from the high  
ground of Mar at an elevation of  
quite 1,500 feet. It was early after-  
noon when we left Glen Nevis with  
the object of spending the night on  
the summit of the Ben. After a long  
spell of cold and misty conditions, an  
Atlantic anti-cyclone, which had some  
time been struggling to dominate our  
weather, at length gained the upper  
hand over a series of small depres-  
sions, and a succession of magnificent  
days was the result.

**Birches on Lower Slopes.**  
The walk up the lower slopes of  
Ben Nevis is comparatively uninter-  
esting, though we noted that up to  
the 1,500-foot level straggling birches  
clothed the hillside, and we were in-  
terested in comparing the limit of  
their growth with that attained by  
them on the Cairngorm hills. As we  
gained the upper reaches of the hill  
the stary saxifrage (*Saxifraga stel-  
laris*) and also *Saxifraga hypnoides*  
were common, and an occasional plant  
of the parsley fern (*Allosorus crispus*)  
protruded its delicate foliage from be-  
tween the rocks. For the last 1,000  
feet of the climb, however, vegetation  
was quite absent, hundreds of acres  
of volcanic "scree" covering the hill  
as far as the eye could reach. At  
an altitude of 4,000 feet the writer  
watched for some time a number of



LOOKING TOWARD ATLANTIC SEABOARD

ravens, apparently a brood of the  
present season accompanied by the  
parent birds. They were feeding on  
a spur of the hill, and as they rose  
gave an exhibition of soaring powers  
little inferior to those of the eagle  
himself. It was near sunset as we  
reached the summit cairn. Even with  
the summer half gone, the winter's  
snow still covered the plateau, in  
places to a depth of quite four feet,  
and cornices of snow projected over  
the giant precipices. Though the sun  
had already set in the glens below,  
the plateau was still bathed in its  
soft rays, the snowfields in its glow  
taking on a faint pinkish tinge, Arcti-  
c in its effect. Lower and lower  
sank the sun in the northwestern sky.  
Passing just above the tops of the  
Coolin hills in the Isle of Skye, and  
throwing out their jagged peaks in  
strong relief, it ultimately sank be-  
neath the horizon across the hills of  
Knofdart at exactly four minutes to  
nine. For a full three-quarters of an  
hour after this time its rays still shot  
high into the northern sky, and at  
no period of the night did the dull  
red afterglow disappear entirely from  
the horizon. A short time previously  
we had seen the light of the sun re-  
flected on the waters of the far At-  
lantic, and now the hills on the is-  
land of Rum—the home of heavy  
stags—stood out sharply. Near by  
we could make out a strip of the  
low-lying island of Elgg, and the He-  
brides, with their conical peaks,  
prominent among which was Hecla,  
brides, distinct on the horizon. To the  
east all was haze, save where a wan-  
ing moon struggled, just above the  
horizon, to pierce the mist with her  
silvery rays.

**Sea of Mist.**  
By dawn the entire face of the land-  
scape had changed. During the brief  
hours of darkness a pall of white mist,  
whose place of origin was the cold  
waters of the North sea, had crept  
silently and rapidly over the hundreds  
of miles of country dominated by the  
hilltop. From this vast sea of mist  
the tops of the highest hills stood  
clear and sharp in the morning air.

**Maybe.**

James L. Davenport, our eagle-eyed  
commissioner of pensions, is respon-  
sible for this story:

"Two lovers were sitting side by  
side in Battery Park, New York, one  
evening.

"I wonder," he whispered, as he  
glanced out across the beautiful bay  
and saw the Statue of Liberty in the  
shadowy gloom, "I wonder why they  
have their light so small?"

"Perhaps," replied the girl, as she  
blushed and tried to slip from his em-  
brace, "the smaller the light the great-  
er the shadow."