

AMERICANS WITH TITLES AND NEAR TO TITLES



Boston.—"Some titles are bad and some titles are worse, but there are no good titles," a sarcastic American father is said to have exclaimed apropos of the marriage of a relative to a foreign nobleman.

He was not altogether right, nor was he altogether wrong. The Old World is flooded with titles, good, bad and indifferent. The bad and the indifferent greatly outnumber the good. American girls have some of the good, possibly more of the bad, and, perhaps, still more of the indifferent.

There is a heraldic office in London that spends all its time straightening out the kinks in the peerage. With some 500 American women married to foreigners, duly handled as to their names, some of the freaks of aristocracy's rating are apropos.

In America it is self-evident—though some children disprove it—that a parent is superior to the child. Yet an American woman is on record to disprove the fact. The late widow of Isaac M. Singer married a soldier, Daniel Duc de Camposelle and later M. Paul Schöge, a plain Frenchman. But her daughter is Duchesse Decazes among the French aristocracy, and Duchesse de Glücksburg in the high lights of Denmark. If it isn't a case of daughter out-distancing the mother, it is the nearest approach to the condition.

Some of these daughters have become duchesses of England, princesses of Russia, duchesses of France, princesses of Italy, duchesses of Spain or Portugal, and still others have obtained titles of the Holy Roman Empire and papal titles by marriage. There are said to be about 500 of them all told, but how do they rank among each other? Where in the scale of high-sounding handles to matrimonially acquired surnames doth rank Lady Tennessee Claflin Cook, who is the widow of an English baronet, and who, through him, is Viscountess Montserrat in the peerage of Portugal? And why does not she employ the higher Portuguese title instead of the inferior English one?

Peculiarities of Peerages.

The truth is that peerages are now worthy of but half respect. Only two of them are really to be very seriously taken, the English and the dignities confined to the mediæval Teutonic families. And the latter of these is not open to American ambitions, as Miss Mary Wister Wheeler of Philadelphia discovered in 1890, when she was married to Count Maximilian Pappenheim, of that ilk, and learned, when Berlin heard of the event, that she could never be more than a morganatic wife.

Recently it transpired that English titles are not always exactly what they seem. It came out that one peerage was obtained by the typically American practice of contributing to a political campaign fund. It took \$1,250,000 in that case to make a baron of the United Kingdom, and at the same time \$150,000 was required to secure a knighthood that labors under the disadvantage of not being hereditary. Scandal aside, however, the British peerage is the best of its kind. An American girl looking for foreign honors can better realize her ambition in marrying a mere English baronet than by contracting half a

burg cab, a Prince Dolgoruki who is a stave-dore, or a Princess Galatin in a fourth-rate circus.

A Dolgoruki ancestor was once king of Russia, and the Galatin and Korkine families are among its most honorable and ancient. Occasionally a "zakhandy kniaz" has fallen so low that he is but a peasant, and thus minus the title of noble that is given to the educated subjects of the czar.

This Russian disregard of primogeniture observance, which does so much to keep the English peerage up to the standard, obtains also in Germany. Certain immunities and privileges, besides the satisfaction of defined precedence, make the English lord a marked and envied person. Most German and Prussian nobles are devoid of extra privilege, and their children all bear the titles of their fathers.

The house of Hatzfeldt is one of the fairly numerous exceptions. The heir of Prince Alfred, present head of one branch, is Prince Francis, whose wife was the adopted daughter of the late Collis P. Huntington. On the other hand, the late ambassador to Germany was only Count Hatzfeldt. His case was particularly interesting because he had a genuine love affair with an American woman, Miss Helen Moulton, of Albany. He married her in 1862, and was forced to separate from her by Prince Bismarck, who made it a rule never to allow a German diplomat to marry a foreigner. The separation lasted until Bismarck went out of power, when the two promptly re-married.

There is Lady Playfair, nee Miss Edith Russell, who visits Boston annually, and Miss Junserand, wife of the French ambassador at Washington, who was the daughter of George Richards, of Boston, who founded the banking firm of Monroe & Co., Paris. Lady Gilbert Carter, wife of the governor of Barbados, was Miss Gertrude Parker, of Boston.

The curiosities that have grown up around the matter of nobility would fill a volume. In England, where the heraldic office is more than it is elsewhere, the technicalities are best observed.

There is the matter of the courtesy title, for instance. There is Baron Willoughby d'Eresby, who is married to Miss Elrolse Breesse, of New York, and who isn't a baron at all. He is simply eldest son of the earl of Ancaster, who has more than one extra title that is inferior to his own of earl. His father has virtually loaned that of his barony to his eldest son until he shall succeed. So the eldest son of the duchess of Marlborough, who is known as the marquis of Blanford by the same courtesy.

Young American Mother of Peer.

She who was Miss Gertrude Violet Twining, of Halifax, is the youngest of American mothers of peers. It was in 1902 that she married the marquis of Donegal, she being 22 and he 89. Their son, now marquis, was born a year before his aged father's death. He is a marquis of the Irish peerage, which is quite distinct from that of Great Britain or Scotland. A peer of Great Britain sits in the house of lords because he is a peer. Duke, earl, marquis, viscount or baron, it makes no difference. But Ireland sends only a certain number, and Scotland a few more. The rest not sitting in the lords can stand for the commons.

But that is material for a book. England, it should be noted, is not overburdened with non-descript princes like some other countries. A prince there is a really and truly prince, son of royalty. A princess is just as real



di Aldone, di Burgio, di Contessa and di Trapetto, Roman noble, patrician of Pistoia, Venice and Genoa.

There are 200 dukes, 900 marquises and thousands of counts in Spain, according to a recent account. Legitimate Spanish nobility, or, better, aristocracy, is called the grandeeza, in English the grandees. It was instituted by Emperor Charles V. in 1520, so that Spain could be just like other countries in one respect.

They began a dozen in number; the legitimate members of the grandeeza now are 200, and after that the popular deluge that includes the butcher, the baker and perhaps the candlestick maker. The duke de Arcos, who was once Spanish ambassador at Washington and has just retired from the post at Rome, is a real Spanish nobleman,

and he married Miss Virginia Lowery, of Washington, when he was in the latter city.

A curious feature of the Spanish nobility is the manner of inheriting it. The dignities descend from father to son, but if there is no son the daughter takes the title, and it is conferred on her husband what time she marries.

Prince Owns Gambling House.

The prince of Monaco, who runs Monte Carlo, was married to Alice Heine, of New Orleans, and the present heir to the gambling receipts is her stepson, Prince Reched Bey Czaykowski is a Turkish diplomat, but not very important as a Turk. Miss Edith Collins, of New York, was the princess' maiden name.

Boston is not wonderfully well represented among the titled Americans abroad. Foremost, perhaps, among Boston girls of this description is the countess of Edia, who, on June 10, 1809, married the late king consort of Portugal, Ferdinand. She was Miss Elsie Hensler, and received the morganatic dignity of Countess Edia, which she still bears.

Then there is Lady Playfair, nee Miss Edith Russell, who visits Boston annually, and Miss Junserand, wife of the French ambassador at Washington, who was the daughter of George Richards, of Boston, who founded the banking firm of Monroe & Co., Paris. Lady Gilbert Carter, wife of the governor of Barbados, was Miss Gertrude Parker, of Boston.

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Long String of Honors.

Yet even persons with the plain name of John Smith will very likely admit that Don Francesco Rospioglio is quite a come-down from Prince Giuseppe Francesco Maria Filippo di Rospioglio-Gloeni, duca di Zagario, principe di Castiglione, marchese di Giuliana, conte di Chiusa, Barone di Valcorrente, Barone della Miraglia, Signor

KITTY COMES TO MY CASTLE

By PAUL CRESWICK.

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Everybody seems to be in town just now," said Kitty, as she helped me to a second cup of tea. "Have you heard that Nora Willis is engaged?"

"I sat down hurriedly upon the couch—close to my little malicious hostess. "Air!" I gasped. "Give me air—and another and stronger cup of tea! Without milk or sugar. You have broken my heart."

Kitty only laughed. "It was Egre-mont," said she, unfeelingly. "I sighed—with vigor. 'My best friend—that's what always happens. He was chortling all yesterday that he had news 'too good to be true.' And I wouldn't listen. Now I find it—"

"Too true to be good. All my castles in the clouds go tumbling." "You shouldn't have built them in the clouds," said Kitty, placidly. "It was ridiculous of you; and so damp. Give me rather a dear little cottage, wistaria-covered, on the good earth. With casement windows, and a big old-fashioned garden—full of sweet old-fashioned flowers."

"It would be lonely living there all alone," I suggested.

"I didn't say all alone," retorted Kitty. "One might find a twin soul."

"There's generally something fishy about twin souls," objected I. "I would sooner have more definite tenants for your cottage. If I might make a proposition—"

"A proposition?" interrupted Kitty. "That sounds like Euclid. Don't crowd me so, Reggie, or I shall get up."

"Talking about a cottage," I began, "reminds me of a rather queer story. At least, it isn't exactly a story—it's merely an episode. It deals with an odd man, a very even little girl, and a castle in the clouds."

"The opening is promising," remarked Kitty, smoothing out her skirts.

"The castle must first engage our attention," I said, carefully. "It was actually rather nice. It was in the country, and it had casement windows. I believe there were old-fashioned flowers in the garden—and roses. There may have been wistaria, but I'm not positively sure. The castle was semi-detached."

"How terribly prosaic! Semi-detached, Reggie—so that there were two lots of people, and two pianos going! I don't like this story."

"There were two lots of people," I agreed, "but not two pianos. And the people weren't exactly lots in either instance. One was the very even little girl who lived with her mother, and looked after her—and the roses. Folks called her Honesty; and her side of the castle was styled Honesty's Garden. On the other side of the close-trimmed hedge lived a man."

"Only a man?"

"A man, and his books, and his pipe, and one faithful retainer," I enumerated. "He was manifestly odd, and out of it. Nobody called to see him; and he didn't seem to mind. He went to town occasionally, and always came back laden with books. Nobody knew how he lived—nobody appeared to care. The faithful retainer kept the house tidy, and chastened the dog and the cat who also resided at the haven."

"Was that the name of the castle?"

"The name of the man's side of it," I corrected. "It was the oddest Haven you ever could dream of. I want you to go over this house with me, and tell me afterwards what you think of it. First, there was the strange old furniture—always smelling faintly of beeswax and tobacco smoke. Old presses covered with china and cut flint-glass decanters—"

"Empty, I trust?"

"Very often empty—sometimes full. I went on. "There was a grandfather's clock in the narrow hall, ticking off the seconds in leisurely fashion. In the dining-room a medley of ancient chairs, rush-bottomed, a beautiful oak table, black with age, a tattering oak dresser on which were arranged brass cooking-pans and candlesticks, and more china. There was a mirror opposite the window, reflecting in a tiny round frame the picture of the garden."

"Honesty's garden?"

"Part of both gardens. I imagine that, on occasion, the man could distinguish Honesty, as, with long apron and big gloves, she tended her roses and cared for them. Inside the casement windows were self-colored flax curtains, gathered back; but which one could draw along a brass rail. The walls were distempered in plain flat tints, and above the lintel of each door was lettered a homely proverb. Thus, in the hall over the front door—'That thou may'st injure no man, do as thou wilt; but serpent-like that none may injure thee.' In the dining-room—'Better a dinner of herbs and contentment therewith than a stalled ox and strife withal.' Then there were bookshelves ceiling-high everywhere. Full of books as odd as the man himself."

"Tell me," commanded Kitty. "Well, they were such a rum collection. Novels and sermons, cheek by jowl. Books with gay bindings, books with their backs broken; English, French, German, Latin; short and tall, fat and thin—pictured and plain. And everywhere the faint smell of tobacco and beeswax."

"Was the man young?"

"So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

To him that hath it shall be given (to get out of paying his taxes) but from him that hath not shall be taken (directly or indirectly) even that which he hath.—Puck.

"Youngish. He had a trick of stooping, and he wore very comfortable clothes. He seems to me to have been a dreamer. One might catch him peering, bareheaded, at the stars of night. Again, when glimpses of Honesty were reflected in his mirror, he would look up from his books and lay aside his pipe."

"And she?"

"I have been so concerned with the man," I apologized. "I must really try to explain Honesty. She was orderly and neat, and her house was sweet as a young maid's heart. She seemed to do things without any trouble. Her roses grew cleanly and freely, as though she had been a crack gardener. There never were such roses as Honesty's. A young fellow used to pass by each morning, and at length, taking his courage in both hands, he asked for a rose. She gave him one—the man in the Haven saw it all circling in his mirror."

"Of course!"

"He went into another room, where there was an ordinary glass, and he looked at himself critically. The scrutiny ended, he came back to his pipe and his books, and, like you, murmured 'Of course.' But, strange to relate, he discovered presently that he was reading his book upside down, and that his pipe had gone out!"

"So?"

"The castle in the clouds had vanished suddenly," said I. "He couldn't see it any more. It had become only a semi-detached, ugly cottage in a small, untidy, would-be country lane. He fancied he could hear the strident tones of an organ sounding in the very suburban village at the end of the street. Certainly, there was the whistling and puffing of a train near by. The day had become chill and overcast. 'Of course,' repeated the man to himself softly, 'of course—'

"Is that the end?" asked Kitty, restlessly.

"I don't know," said I, taking her hand again. "Tell me, Kit—is it the end? Did Honesty love him as he—the man so learnedly ignorant and unworthy—loved her? Was the castle ever built up again?"

"If he loved her," commenced Kitty, unceremoniously, "if, with all his strength, he truly loved her—I think the castle never fell down. I think that the man in the Haven went out of it, and walked in Honesty's garden; that after a while—oh, a very, very long while—he began to understand that when two people see alike they sometimes view the Happy Country, where in there are castles and rose gardens for everyone. I think—and her dear voice trembled—"that, perhaps, he had never seemed sincere. How could she tell?"

"She understood roses," I protested. "And roses have—hearts."

Kitty gave that dear little shrug of her shoulders which I knew so well; but this time I had her fingers fast, and she could not get away. Perhaps it was mean of me to permit her no chance of escape—but some good fairy whispered that this was the great hour of my life. I spoke as bravely as I might, though I felt that the words were awkward—not such as one would have chosen: "You are the world to me, Kit—don't you know it, dear? You must know it—love is not always blind. I see you, and you at ways, in that little mirror in my heart."

She lifted her glance to mine then, an earnest gaze. In her dearest eyes I saw myself plainly; and triumph swept through my soul.

Driven from Jail with Gun. Caldwell, N. J.—Charles Coleman had to be driven out of jail here at the point of a gun by a deputy warden. Coleman had just completed a three months' sentence and had become so attached to the daily routine of the jail that he hated to leave. He shed tears at the thought of being cast into the outside world without a home or a friend to go to. The prison officials felt sorry for the man, but could not keep him. "Never mind," the discharged prisoner said, "I won't be away long."

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No. 30 5:50 am
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No. 36 1:35 pm
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