

AMERICAN PEERESSES WHO PLAY PART OF SAINT VALENTINE'S TO ENGLAND'S POOR.

LONDON, December 12, 1907.
OWHERE in Great Britain, from the Land's End to John o' Groats, as the saying goes, is good cheer likely to be more plentiful this Christmas than in an historic little village on the Tweed in which business happened to take me one day last week. Kelsio is its name, and when I got there I found only one theme of conversation in market place, inn and cottage alike, namely, the charity and gracious deeds of an American woman who seems to have gained such a hold on the affections of the people in the district surrounding her home as perhaps only one other of foreign birth, and she too an American, ever has succeeded in doing in England.



LADY BOUNTIFUL

Lady Bountiful, who is the heroine of a story by Miss Parson Steevens, is another American woman of title who is to the fore in London with good works at Christmas time. Mindful of her own recent sufferings, perhaps, she sent a goodly check to the secretary of the largest women's hospital in London the other day, with instructions that it was to be devoted entirely to providing dainties for the poorer patients, and her name is also to be found among the subscribers to the famous "Hamper Fund for Crippled Children," which was founded several years ago by the late Lord Mayor of London, W. P. Treloar.

The Salvation Army's Christmas fund, as well as that organized by the Poor Children's Yuletide Association, is among the many London charities to which the Duchess of Roxburgh is a generous contributor, though neither her name nor the amount of her donation ever is allowed to be made public. The Duchess's sister-in-law, Lady Alstead Innes-Craven, is another supporter of the last-named charity, which borrowed the idea of "Name Trees" from America and introduced it over here three years ago. One of its vice presidents, by the way, is Lady Naylor-Leyland, whose native place is Cleveland, Ohio.

Another Yuletide charity, the "Santa Claus Fund," of which Lady St. Heller is the chief organizer, numbers Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Adair and Mrs. John Mackay among its patrons; in fact, the name of hardly one of the more prominent American women in English society is absent from the list of those who devote a tithe of their plenty to providing Christmas cheer for the poor of this land.

There are, of course, many other American women who are doing good works in London, but the Duchess of Roxburgh is the only one who is doing it on a large scale. She is the only one who has the title of Duchess, and she is the only one who has the title of Duchess. She is the only one who has the title of Duchess. She is the only one who has the title of Duchess.

... (Continued text from the left column) ...

added, quite simply, "and if there was a question of paying public court to both ladies I am not at all sure that it would not be the Duchess of Roxburgh who would receive the greater affection in this part of the British dominions."

Probably that is just a bit of an exaggeration, but there seems to be uncommonly good reason for the sincere affection in which the duchess is held in the district around Floors. If you talk to any of the peasants and work people of the vicinity they will assure you in their own dour way that this American peeress is more Scotch than the Scotch themselves, that she is never so happy out of Floors, where, if her health permitted, she would spend the whole year round, and that never in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants was there a chateaufort of the historic pile on the brow of the hill who lived so much among the poor and did so much for them.

Since she has been at Floors, which is four years now, she has made it her business to see that there is not a cheerless or comfortable home in the neighborhood during Christmas time. Wisely she is not indiscriminate in her charity for eleven months of the year. From the first of December, however, to the end of the holidays she makes no inquiries, but gives lavishly in all directions during the period. Once, it is said, when the Bishop of London happened to be the guest of the Roxburghes at Floors the subject of indiscriminate charity and its results came up, when

the duchess frankly admitted that at Christmas time she never questioned that the Bishop promptly replied that he thought his wisdom, on the principle that in not exercising caution she might be giving to the unworthy what belonged to the deserving, but the duchess was unmoved.

"Then I must make that mistake," she replied. "The truth is, I should be miserable if I thought there was any one, however bad they might be, within measurable distance of me, unhappy during the season of peace and goodwill. I never shall be able to make up my mind to refuse, or, indeed, to inquire, during that time."

Each Christmas it is the duchess's custom to order some hundreds of hampers, which are filled with the season's fare, and these are distributed by her own factor (in England he would be called a steward), who is supposed to be acquainted with the name of every poor family for miles around. He is assisted by a large staff who spend all Christmas week in one of the cottages on the estate distributing the duchess's good things. She makes an occasional appearance on the scene herself. "I am told, and enters into animated discussions with these poor Celts, whose Scotch dialect it generally takes one bred and born among them to comprehend. To their amazement, however, their Lady Bountiful not only understands their language, but speaks it uncommonly well. If the "gillies" had a sense of humor they could not fail to be tickled by the pliancy of the slight American accent which is resonant in the Celtic dialect. It is said to be quite fascinating, and no one appreciates it more than the dour and masterful laird of Floors.

There are plenty of American women in English society who boast that they "cannot see a stitch." Not so the Duchess of Roxburgh, who, as clever with needles as any of the British princesses, goes before the holidays she and her friends at the castle are hard at work knitting various garments which are to find their way to poor homes in Scotland. Whether they like it or not, her grace of Roxburgh expects all her visitors at the castle to assist her at Christmas time. There are two of her sisters-in-law, I am told, who never can be induced to go to Floors at this time of the year, knowing, as they declare, that "May" will sweat them in the cause of charity worse than if they were East End seamstresses."

Not permit her to spend every Christmas in Scotland, but, in any case, her charity is distributed, and the school children have their tree. She will be at Floors through this Yuletide, however, and will entertain there a big house party. The weather at Christmas in Scotland is arctic, and though the palace is now heated by the American system, the climate nevertheless tries the duchess greatly, and the doctors order her to the south of France or elsewhere for the greater part of the winter.

Another American duchess who delights in spreading Christmas cheer among the needy on her husband's estate is the young wife of the Duke of Manchester. With three little ones of her own, the former Helen Zimmerman finds particular enjoyment in playing the part of Santa Claus to the poor children in the neighborhoods of Kylemore Castle and Tanderagee, and in no other part of Ireland, it is declared, do the youngsters of all ages find a more generous patroness. Last year, one of her friends tells me, the duchess, called "the Children's Duchess," as she is called, ordered the Duke of Manchester's steward had instructions to open double that sum for coals and blankets and creature comforts in the shape of food and drink to be sent "with her grace's best wishes" to the humble homes where they would be most appreciated.

At Coombe Abbey, Lord Craven's seat near Coventry, there is similar thought for the needy, but although in this case the actual benefactor of the poor folk on his lordship's 40,000 acres is the Countess of Craven (who formerly was Cornelia Bradley-Martin), the actual dispenser of the Christmas bounty is her little son, the future lord of the manor, Viscount Kingsland. For the last three years his small lordship (who is now nearly eleven) has been entrusted with the selection of the gifts not only for the other little lords and ladies who may be of the holiday party at Coombe Abbey, but for the poor children on the estate as well, and by him they are gratefully presented—those for the children of the tenantry at the schoolhouse a day or two before Christmas, and the more elaborate gifts from the Christmas tree which forms the center of the festivities at the castle on Christmas eve.

Lady Chylesmore, who was Elizabeth French of New York, is another American peeress who does big things in the cause of charity at Christmas time. Of all the fair representatives of her nation who go in for good works there is none more generous than she, and she is now nearly sixty years of age. She has been married since she was a child to a very rich man, and she has been married since she was a child to a very rich man, and she has been married since she was a child to a very rich man.

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

CHAPTER XXII
The tide was turning.
Mr. Cruden was in danger of losing the old prefix to his name. Perhaps for six months now one but Miss Barter had called him "Hedgehog." One day walking thoughtfully he stopped short, turned, and looked back at three men standing by the corner of a street. As he passed each of the three men bowed to him. They had done something very unusual, each of the three men bowed to him. They had done something very unusual, each of the three men bowed to him.

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the right column) ...

... (Continued text from the right column) ...

... (Continued text from the right column) ...

... (Continued text from the right column) ...

... (Continued text from the right column) ...

... (Continued text from the right column) ...

... (Continued text from the right column) ...



A CHRISTMAS TREAT FOR THE POOR OF LONDON GIVEN BY THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

HILL RISE.

(Continued from Sixth Page.)

In Bridge street. The dome of Selkirk was seen by these strangers from the railway carriage as they alighted; the dome of Selkirk was seen by these strangers from the railway carriage as they alighted; the dome of Selkirk was seen by these strangers from the railway carriage as they alighted.

... (Continued text from the left column) ...

... (Continued text from the left column) ...

... (Continued text from the left column) ...

big chair, and be promptly asked to get up therefrom.
"Why, there's no harm in it."
"No," said Mr. Dowling hastily, "no harm, of course. But suppose any one came in they might draw wrong conclusions from the same as I did you."

"Well, you are particular."
"One cannot be too particular. Sit down over there, please, and tell me what it is."

It was the rent for the quarter to be made up. Could Mr. Dowling, just for this once, help his struggling neighbors? "Fifteen pounds to make up. To you who are so rich, it may seem nothing at all, but we don't know where to get it—no more than the man in the moon. Rogers won't show us any mercy. Rogers is a professional business, and a well-known heavy footstep on the stairs."

... (Continued text from the left column) ...

She was quite sure it would be the best thing for Jack—although he might not at first believe it. She was quite sure it would be the best thing for Jack—although he might not at first believe it. She was quite sure it would be the best thing for Jack—although he might not at first believe it.

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the middle column) ...

... (Continued text from the right column) ...

... (Continued text from the right column) ...

... (Continued text from the right column) ...

... (Continued text from the right column) ...

Appropriate Bathing Places.

- From Life.
- Lame man—A limp lake.
- Deaf man—A sound.
- Blind man—A sea.
- Sick man—A well.
- Bare ball crank—A run.
- Fireman—A steam.
- Inebriate—A tank (or the falls).
- A crook—A drink.
- The decayed house—A gambler.
- Gambler—A pool.
- Pawnbroker—A pond.
- Shoemaker—A creek.
- Burglar—The breakers.
- The thief—A shanty.
- Messenger boy—The rapids.
- The czar—The surf.