

Royal Relative Goes in For Trade

WIFE OF KING EDWARD'S COUSIN,
BECAUSE SHE WAS "HARD UP,"
OPENS "BEAUTY PARLORS."

LONDON, Jan. 24.—(Special Correspondence.)—No one knows just how many titled British women will buy their coronation robes and coronets with the money they make out of shopkeeping, but it is a fact that the number of peeresses in trade is increasing so steadily and rapidly that before long the ladyship who isn't interested in the inside of a counter will be only the exception that proves the rule, and we shall be hearing of the Countesses' Protective Trade Union, or something of the sort.

The latest member of the aristocracy to go into business stands closer to the throne than any of her titled predecessors in trade. If it hadn't been for a remarkable romance of which more hereafter—she would have been a Royal Highness; as it is she is simply Mrs. George Fitzgeorge. But romance or no romance, her husband is second cousin to the King by blood, for both of them are great-grandsons of George III, whom primarily England has to thank for the loss of the American colonies.

She Started Society.
Mrs. Fitzgeorge rather started her fashionable and exclusive section of society when she sent out cards.
They were even more startled to find that the house mentioned on fashionable Brook street—perhaps the very place where Mrs. Dombey took shelter from her titled relative after she fled from old Dombey—was given over to the paraphernalia of complexion-making and the latest appliances for diminishing double chins, filling in hollow cheeks and eradicating wrinkles. It would appear that this relative of royalty had found the fountain of perpetual youth for which old Ponce de Leon was looking when he discovered Florida.

After a good many vain efforts, an interview with the distinguished proprietress of the establishment was finally achieved. The house bears no outward visible sign of being given over to trade. The waiting room on the ground floor is impressive with tapestry hangings and fine antique furniture. Labeled servants guide you thence, at the appointed time, through a series of staircases and corridors to Madame's reception room, where gas tubes and bottles and face masks and other tools of trade are in evidence.

Mrs. Fitzgeorge is a gracious, handsome personage who talks business without affectation and strikes one as a thorough-going cosmopolitan woman of the world rather than one of the stiff, conventional type so often encountered in English society. She said that some horrible things had been gabled about her to the United States, and at first she was not inclined to talk much of her business, but on second thoughts it appeared to her that the various millionaires of this article might be attracted thereby, and business be thus promoted. So, millions of dollars, kindly note. It might not be worth while for any others to apply, for I judge that complexioners are not made over for nothing in the hands of Fitzgeorge.

The interview was brisk and singularly

frank. "I went into this business," said Mrs. Fitzgeorge, "not as a faddist nor from humanitarian motives, but simply and solely to make money. In consequence of my husband's failing health, my income became reduced and I looked for some means to supplement it. To put the matter concisely, we were hard up; and as we have three children to support and

tain a large part of his income from coal; the Duke of Fife, the King's son-in-law, does the same from directorships of public companies. Why, then, should I be precluded from earning a living in a capacity quite as honorable as either?"

"During the three weeks I have been engaged in business I have had as many as 60 clients and they are all delighted

over my assistants, who are Parisian experts in the art of treating the face."

"Is your clientele exclusively high-class?"

"Oh, yes, nothing but recognized society ladies."

"And it is also confined to your own sex?"

"I want it distinctly understood," said Mrs. Fitzgeorge, with emphasis, "that this is not a massage establishment. No man is ever allowed to enter the operating rooms. You know massage establishments in London have evil reputations, and I do not want my place to be even indirectly associated with such institutions."

"You expect to make a big thing out of your discovery?"

"I am very sanguine. Indeed, I may tell you that I have already a large number

only man living who ever called that venerable monarch "Vick," as she once mournfully observed, not long before her death. The Duke was born a month or two earlier than the Queen, but his father, the first Duke of Cambridge, was a younger son of George III than her father, the Duke of Kent; otherwise the bluff old Duke would have been King of England.

He was rather expected to come to the throne anyway, for Victoria was a delicate child, and this cousin of hers was next in line. By a similar twist of luck also the Duke only just escaped being

toria forgave him in time, and had him made Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, a position he held till the British public demanded fresher blood for the place, and Viscount Wolsley was put in power. The Duke will begin his 84th year next month, and is now almost helpless physically, but his mind is bright as a dollar, and he is still able to swear more vividly, picturesquely, vigorously and freely than any other man on record in the British Empire.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the signs on something like half a

had the ingenious idea of having English girls taught the art of embroidery as it is practiced in France. The girls produced such fine work and the demand for it grew so rapidly that it was soon necessary to open London headquarters where orders could be taken. Having made a complete success of the undertaking, however, and wishing to devote all her time to newer enterprises in the same line, the Countess has lately sold her lace business—or at any rate a part of it. She is now especially occupied with what she calls her "hotel," a sort of "home," at Reading, where she is having a new lot of ambitious young women trained for the lighter forms of farm work, such as butter-making, beekeeping, gardening and fruit-growing, all of which, she maintains, are certainly as profitable as the overcrowded callings of office work and domestic service. In the interest of her little colony Lady Warwick also publishes a bright little newspaper, which she edits herself, but she still finds time to reply to requests from all points of the compass to deliver addresses, preside over meetings, distribute prizes to bright boys and girls, and even lay corner stones.

Perhaps the most marked manifestation of Lady Warwick's real business capacity was her level-headed adjustment reorganization of her husband's business affairs. It was entirely owing to her suggestion and largely by her aid that her husband, the Earl of Warwick, turned himself into a limited liability company under the name of "The Warwick Estates, Limited," an action which has proved to have been exceedingly well advised. The brilliant Countess, who is one of the most beautiful women in England, is interested in half a dozen other schemes, some of them philanthropic, and some of them intended to contribute funds to her own pocket. She also writes magazine articles and accepts the checks with charming grace.

Earl's Daughter as Modiste.
Lady Rachel Byng, daughter of the Earl of Strafford, is another member of the British aristocracy who has the courage of her convictions, and puts her name on her shop front without false modesty. You can see it at 17 Hanover street, in the midst of the fashionable shopping quarter, "Rachel Byng, Modiste and Embroiderer." She attends to business in person and makes a comfortable income out of it. "Everything depends on how one does one's work," she said to an interviewer. "There must be strict attention to every detail, and nothing ought to be too small or insignificant for the gentleman business woman to be interested in." Lady Rachel makes a specialty of embroidered ribbon, and some of the finest work that comes from her shop is done by her own fingers. The Queen has bought some of it, and it is in great demand for fashionable wedding gowns.

Peers in trade are so plentiful now that they attract little attention. The Earl of Rosebery, once Premier of England, and likely to be again, sells milk; the Marquis of Londonderry, Postmaster-General, has his coronet and title on his coat of arms, and Lord Harrington owns a fruit stand in the yards of Charing Cross Railway Station. Lord Rosslyn has been in about every kind of business, and so has Viscount Mountmorres, who now owns a living as a wine merchant. Lord Innes and Lord Burlington are the greatest brewers in the kingdom—and so on through the list. Even the present Premier used to earn a precarious living as a newspaper writer. CURTIS BROWN.



COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

Mr. George Fitzgeorge
At Home
80, Brook Street.
Grosvenor Square.
Daily from
10 am to 6 pm

of applications from pupils who desire to learn my process. Of course, I am preparing to make arrangements to that end, but the business is so new and the success so rapid and complete that I have not had time to look around me sufficiently."

"Did Colonel Fitzgeorge acquiesce in your going into this business?"

"Yes, we preferred to work and be independent rather than an encumbrance on any one."

Mrs. Fitzgeorge spends only a small part of each day in attendance at her place of business, and gets about in society as usual the rest of the time, meeting her own complexions everywhere, and without a blush. She says if business keeps on booming as it has begun, she is going to open branch establishments in Paris and New York, and maybe also in Chicago.

A Royal Duke's Romance.

Mrs. Fitzgeorge has a name that is uncommonly interesting. Her husband, Colonel Fitzgeorge, is a son of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, own cousin of the late Queen Victoria, and the



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

King of Hanover. But the Duke himself put the crowning touch on his story of what might have been by throwing away all royal favor, rejecting all the right royal Princesses he might have wedded and breaking the stern law of royal blood in order to marry an actress named Miss Farebrother, who was noted neither for power nor beauty. Half the crowned heads of Europe tried to persuade him to throw her over. He could not give her his name or title, and he had to invent a name—Fitzgeorge—for their children. But he stuck to her through thick and thin up to the day of her death. Queen Vic-

dosen of the millinery and drapery shops on fashionable Bond street hide under assumed names the financial interests of as many Peeresses, or daughters of titled families. One of them, the dashing Countess of Warwick, came out boldly, as is her wont, and put "Countess of Warwick" in big letters over her shop front, and used to make a practice of being on the premises as much as possible. The shop was started for the sake of the fancy work done by the girls of the village of Easton. Finding new occupations for women is a pet pursuit of Lady Warwick's, and two or three years ago she

DOOLEY ON BEET SUGAR AND CUBA

HE MAKES SUNDRY INTERESTING REMARKS ABOUT FREEDOM AND EMPTY STOMACHS.

WHAT'S all this about Cuba an' th' Philippiens?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "What's beet sugar?"
"Th' trouble about Cuba is that she's free; th' trouble about beet sugar is we're not; an' th' trouble about th' Philippiens is th' Philippiens trouble," said Mr. Dooley. "As regards Cuba, she's like a woman that th' whole neighborhood helps to divorce fr'm a crool husband, but nevertheless a husband, an' a miserable home but a home, an' a small credit at th' grocery but a credit, an' th' white she goes into th' dress-makin' business, rayfuse to buy anything fr'm her because she's a divorced woman. We freed Cuba but we didn't free anything she proposes. It wasn't her fault. We didn't think. We expected that all ye had to do was to go down to Sandago with a kinetoscope an' strike th' shackles fr'm th' slave an' she'd be comfortable even if she had no other protection fr' her poor feet. We forgot about th' beet. Most iv us niver thought about th' beautiful but fragile flower called beet in connection with plex feet or plexed in its own life juice. We didn't know that upon th' beet hangs th' fate iv th' nation, th' hope iv th' future, th' permanence iv our insteochocions an' a lot iv other things akelly precious. Th' beet is th' naytional anthem an', be hevens, it looks as though it might be th' naytional motto before long."

"Well, Cuba got her freedom or something that wud look like th' same thing if she kept it out iv th' rain but somehow or another it didn't suit her entirely. A sort iv crayn' come over her that it was hard to tell fr'm th' same feelin' iv vacancy that she knew when she was oppressed be th' hated Casteel. Hunger, Hinnessy, is about th' same thing in a raypuble as in a dispoism. They're not much choice iv unhappiness between a hungry slave an' a hungry freeman. Cuba couldn't cuk or wear freedom. Ye can't make freedom into a stew an' ye can't cut a pair iv pants out iv it. It won't bile, fry, bake or fricassées. Ye can't take two pounds iv fresh creamery freedom, a pound iv north wind, a heap'n' taycupfull iv naytional aspirations an' a sprinklin' iv bars fr'm th' naytional air, mix well, cook over a hot fire an' serve straight fr'm th' stove; ye can't make a dish out iv that that wud nourish a tired freeman when he comes home after a hard day's wurk lookin' fr' a job. So Cuba comes to us an' says she: 'Ye done well by us,' she says. 'Ye give us freedom,' says she, 'an' more thin enough to go round,' she says, 'an' now, if ye please, we'd like to thrade a little iv th' back fr' a few groceries,' she says. 'We vill wear wan shackle fr' a ham,' says she, 'an' we'll put on a full raygalla iv ball an' chain an' yoke an' fetters an' come-along fr' a square meal,' says she."

"That's a reasonable enough an' bein' nature a gin'rous people when we don't think, we're about to help her distress with whatever we have cold in th' pantry whin th' thought iv th' beet crosses our minds. What will th' beet say, th' red, th' juicy, th' saccharine beet, th' beet iv our fathers, th' beet iv Plymouth Rock, beet iv th' Pilgrims' pride, sweet beet iv liberty, iv thee I sing? If we do anything fr' Cuba, down goes th'

beet an' with th' beet perishes our insteochocions. Th' constitution follows th' beet ex propria vigore, as Hogan says. Th' juice iv th' beet is th' life blood iv our nation. Whover touches a hair iv yon star-spangled beet, shoot him on th' spot. A bold beet industry, a country's pride, wan want destroyed can niver be supplied. Beet sugar an' liberty now! For ever, wan an' insparable—Dan'l Webster. Thank Gawd I-I also-am a beet—th' same. 'Gover'mint of th' beet, by th' beet an' fr' th' beet shall not perish fr'm th' earth.'—Abraham Lincoln. An' so, Hinnessy, we put th' pie back into th' ice-chest, where we keep our honor an' generosity an' lock th' dure an' Cuba goes home, free an' hopeless. I dye think so? Well, I don't. Be hevens, Hinnessy, I think th' time has come when we're got to say whether we're a nation iv beets. I am no seef, but I'd rather be bent under th' dispoism iv a Casteel thin under th' tyranny iv a beet. If I've got to be a slave, I'd rather be wan to a man, even a Spanish man, thin to a viggityble. If I'm goin' to be oppressed be a beet, let it be fr'm th' inside, not fr'm th' outside. I'll choose me master, Hinnessy, an' whin I do, 'twell not be that low-lyin', purple-complected, indistigible viggityble. I may bend me high head to th' egg-plant, th' potato, th' cabbage, th' squash, th' punkin, th' sparrow-grass, th' onion, th' spinach, th' rutabaga turnip, th' Fr-rinch pea or th' parsnip, but 'twill niver be said iv me that I was subjugated be a beet. No, sir. Better death. I'm goin' to begin a war fr' freedom. I'm goin' to strike th' shackles fr'm a slave an' I'm him. I'm goin' to organize a raygimint iv Rough Riders an' whin I stand on th' top iv San Joon hill with me sword in me hand an' me gleamin' spees on me nose, ye can mark th' end iv th' domination iv th' beet in th' Western wuruld. Fr', Hinnessy, I tell ye what, if th' things I hear fr' Washington is true, that other war iv freedom stopped before it was half done."

"An' what about th' Philippiens?" asked Mr. Hennessy.
"They're nawthin' to say about th' Philippiens," said Mr. Dooley, "except that th' trouble down there is all over."

"All over?"

"All over."

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THE SPELLING OF "CLARK."

No Authority Whatever for Using the Final "e."

New York Times.

In the Times Saturday review of books of the 4th inst., is a communication in regard to the proper spelling of the name of William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, wherein it is contended that it should be Clarke. This is based upon the spelling of the name in that way upon a monumental stone found on the Upper Missouri bearing the inscription "William Clarke, July 25, 1806."

The persistence with which this final "e" is used even by historians who should know better is unaccountable, as there is no legitimate authority for it whatever. Now, when the name is brought forward so conspicuously by the approach of the centennial of the Lewis and Clark ex-

ploration the occasion is opportune for the definite settlement of the question. I venture to say that no authentic instance can be shown in which either William Clark or his distinguished brother signed his name with the final "e." I have in my possession an authentic signature of George Rogers Clark, the elder brother, by 18 years, of Captain William Clark; also that of William Clark taken from a letter written by him at St. Charles, Mo.,

25 miles above the mouth of the Missouri River, dated May 21, 1804, a few days after the expedition started. In addition to these evidences I affirm that "Clark" was the proper spelling of the name in the antecedent generations. The father of these two distinguished men was John Clark, of Caroline County, Virginia. In 1788 he removed with his family to Louisville, Ky., and resided there until his death in 1799. During some years of his time he was clerk of the Town Board of Trustees, the records of which, kept and signed by him in a large bold hand in a bound folio, are in possession of Colonel R. T. Durrett, president of the Filson Club, Louisville. His signature there is always John Clark, without the "e." These facts should set at rest this mooted question.

J. STODDARD JOHNSTON,
New York, January 21, 1902.



THE BOBWHITE.

TO BE STOCKED WITH BOBWHITES

ENTERPRISING SPORTSMEN WILL SECURE SEVERAL HUNDRED EASTERN QUAIL FOR PORTLAND SUBURBS.

THE enterprising sportsmen of Portland have interested themselves in securing a few hundred Eastern Bob White quail, and will distribute them around the suburbs of town. Most of them will be placed on several tracts of land where they will have absolute protection from boys and unscrupulous hunters until they have a chance to multiply. These cheery little fellows will afford a great deal of pleasure to residents by their

presence, besides they will, if allowed to become sufficiently numerous, provide excellent sport for the gunner. As they will be scattered round the outer city limits, parents should exercise special care in cautioning their boys not to molest them in any way. The great danger that may be feared is trapping by the small boy. The law provides a severe penalty for trapping at any time, and no mercy will be shown any one interfering with them in any way. A great many people have interested themselves materially in getting these birds, and it may be expected that all will keep a very sharp lookout for their safety. They will multiply rapidly if given a chance.

A writer in Field and Stream says of them: "The number of eggs laid varies from 12 to 25; usually there are about 18. The Bob White is a sociable bird, and is generally found near a farmhouse, around the edge of a grain field, or in the stubble. As soon as the breeding season commences, about the middle of May, the male may be heard almost any morning, uttering his familiar cry of 'Bob White,' or 'Oh, Bob White,' or, as some prefer to translate it, 'More wet,' or 'No more wet.' This note is a clear whistle, the first one being low and the last of a higher pitch. It is a note very easily imitated, and I have frequently concealed myself in a clump of trees and kept up a spirited conversation, with him for some time. At last his curiosity gets excited, and he starts to investigate and see what other fellow is invading his domains. 'Bob White,' the call sounds nearer, then again nearer still. Then all is quiet for a few minutes, and I try in vain to obtain an answer. Suddenly, from the top of the tree against which I am leaning, comes his call, loud and clear."

"All my attempts to see from which direction he came have been in vain, but as soon as I leave the shelter of the trees and his watchful eye discerns me, he is off with a loud whirling of wings, very different from that on his arrival. He is always to be found near his mate when she is on the nest, cheering her with his song or bringing insects to her. As soon as the young are hatched they leave the nest and follow their mother in search of food, but just as they begin to get the use of their wings the male takes them in charge and leads them to the grain fields, while the female proceeds to raise another brood. Both broods remain together in one flock until the following Spring."

"At night they seek an open place on the ground, and, forming a circle with their heads outward, go to sleep. If disturbed, they fly as headed, in all directions. Their note when feeding in stubble is a single whistle, with a rising inflection at the end. This is generally repeated three times. Their call for reassembling after being disturbed consists of a soft whistle, which sounds like 'Cur-ee, cur-ee.' Their flight, which always starts with a loud whirling sound, is quite rapid, but always in a straight line or a gentle curve. They do not rise until almost stepped upon, and then fly directly away from you without separating much. A hunter who is a fair shot and has a good dog can secure nearly the whole flock. But how can one call it sport, or a man a sportsman, who would thus wilfully in a single hour wipe out of

existence a whole happy family of innocent and beautiful birds?"

The bobwhite (*colinus virginianus*) covers practically the Eastern United States and West in Idaho, Oregon, Kansas, Nebraska and Eastern Texas. It is gradually finding its way further west.

In the North and West they are known as quail, and in the South they are called partridge. The bird is about 12 inches in length; extent of wings, 15½ inches; length of tail, 2½ inches. Color, male—black cinnamon rufous, with all the feathers edged with dull yellow and barred with fine lines of black; primaries dusky; band of rich brown edged with black extending from the bill through the eye and down the side of the neck, where it is interspersed with few white feathers; the black edge extends across the breast in a broad band, ending abruptly against the white throat and shading into cinnamon mixed with white on the breast; under parts, white, slightly tinged with yellow, each feather being crossed by a V-shaped black bar; tail ashy gray with coverts cinnamon, barred with white and streaked with black; eyes brown; feet and legs brown, toment and bill black. Female: Similar to male, except that throat and band over the eye are buff instead of white, and the black markings of the male are replaced by dull brownish. The favorite nesting place of the bobwhite is on the ground in a clump of tall grass or weeds. It may be in the corner of some fence up against the side of a stump or a wall. Occasionally the nest is arched over with grass so as to form a tunnel, completely hiding the nest, but usually it is placed right out in the open, except as it is concealed by tall grass.

The Passage.
(George Cabot Lodge, in the Atlantic Monthly.)
Onward ever and onward ever, over the utmost verge of the earth.
With ever before us the perilous void, behind us the light of the earth.
With the wind of the wilderness fresh in our faces, the rain in our hair like a chaplet of light.
As the silent low light of the dawn, like a dewfall, is sifted and shed through the raiment of night.
And the air shall be smitten in sunder
Before us
With lightning and voices of thunder
In chorus.

We shall pass over desolate places, strange forest and measureless plain.
And the moon shall re-ent and the spaces of midnight be severed in twain;
Over meadows that murmur with fountains where rivers like serpents are curled.
We shall pass to the wall of the mountains crouched low on the edge of the world.
Till the last low ledge of the sea
Makes division,
Till the wild wide waste of the sea
Fills our vision.
We must journey in morning and midnight, we must travel in sorrow and mirth,
Onward ever and onward ever, over the utmost verge of the earth!

And the bonds of allegiance that fetter the spirit, the oaths of obedience sworn in the past,
Shall be words of the lesson of life we inherit, embraced, understood, superseded at last.
We are done with the gods of our old adoration, we acknowledge they served in their turn and were fair,
But we go, for behold! after long preparation what no man has dared to discover, we dare,
Till the body and soul and all time
Shall be blended.
Aspiration and virtue and crime
Comprehended.
We must forsake the sense and the spirit till we stand self-possessed of the whole—
Onward ever and onward ever, over the utmost verge of the Soul!