



JOE CHAMBERLAIN'S AMERICAN WIFE

HOW SHE INSPIRED HIM TO TAKE UP HIS GREAT FIGHT FOR PROTECTION

It is learned on absolute authority that Joseph Chamberlain's great fight for the establishment of a protective tariff in England is being made at the instigation of his wife, who incidentally is an American.

Mrs. Chamberlain has more than once played an important part in the politics of England, and now her husband has thrown his whole career in her hands. Chamberlain lay down his office as Colonial Secretary and stepped at once from the position of the foremost man in England to the status of a plain citizen in order to further the cause he had at heart—a cause inspired by his wife, who firmly believes that American methods of government and American internal policies will greatly benefit the English folk if adopted. Mr. Chamberlain is now speaking to the people, requesting their endorsement of the protective policy. Against him is arrayed Mr. Henry Asquith, M. P., one of the most powerful orators in England, but Mrs. Chamberlain is confident of success of her husband's cause.

Banquet to Americans.

Never before in the history of England have so many American women had under their influence posts of power and politics as they have today, and this is being felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. Mrs. Chamberlain now intends to fix this fact still more firmly in the minds of the Britishers, for she purpose soon to give an elaborate banquet to the Anglo-American women who have made themselves felt in British society.

There will be a gathering of wit and beauty that is likely to startle old John Bull, and make him realize that through the international marriages that have taken place, America is having quite an important influence on England's methods and perhaps her government. If the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, then America is fast forging to the front in the ruling of Great Britain. Before another century has passed it is safe to assume that the most important political posts in England will be filled by men whose interests or inclinations will lead them to regard Anglo-Americanism as of paramount importance.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Power.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, the daughter of Judge C. W. Endicott, of Boston, has more actual power today in some ways than Queen Alexandra herself. Chamberlain, unlike most English husbands, has taken his wife into partnership with him. Among those who know, it is a matter of course that if anyone wishes to "get at" the great statesman, he must first win the good graces of his wife.

Chamberlain consults Mrs. Chamberlain about almost every political move he intends to make. When he proposed recently going to South Africa, Mrs. Chamberlain insisted upon going with him for fear that, in a country which had just been torn by a disastrous war, her husband might meet with some "accident." It has even been rumored that had Mrs. Chamberlain not accompanied her husband, the "man who caused the war" might have fared badly among the Boers. Be this as it may, the fact remains that Mrs. Chamberlain exerts over her husband a wide and direct influence, greater, in fact, than that of any of his political advisers.

Mrs. Chamberlain has made the closest study of English politics since she came to this country, and it is often her judgment and tact that saves the recently resigned Colonial Secretary from many a bad "break."

Lady Curzon's Part.

Probably the one American woman who has acted the part of Queen in more magnificent style than even the Queen of England herself is Lady Curzon, the Vice-reine of India. As everyone knows, she was Miss May Victoria Lettice, of Chicago. For some time after her marriage to Lord Curzon, she was merely Mrs. George Nathaniel Curzon. For more



is greatly liked in England, and is one of the American women who is fond of home life. She has some beautiful dog pets, and has some interesting photographs of herself taken with some of these dogs. The only other American Marchioness is the Dowager Lady Anglessey, who was a Miss Emma King, of Georgia.

List of Countesses.

Among the Countesses comes first the Countess of Craven, who was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Biddley Martin, of New York. The Countess of Craven spends a good deal of her time in Scotland, and does not greatly care for London society.

Lady Essex, one of the greatest beauties who have become famous for their personal charms in England, was a Miss Adela Grant, of New York; while the Countess of Orford was once a Miss Corbin, also of New York. Lady Donoughmore is another very beautiful Countess who hails from America. She was Miss Elena Grace, daughter of M. P. Grace, of New York.

Lady Deerpark is another Countess from the American shore, who was once Miss Virginia Bonny, of California. Mrs. Countess of Stratford, is another very popular American Countess.

It is a rather singular thing that nearly all the American women who have married British titles are women of great beauty. No one can blame their husbands for falling in love with them; even if the immense fortune were entirely eliminated from the "inducements" which have made English Lords cross the seas for American brides.

American Baronesses, Too.

Among the Baronesses, we have Lady Vernon, Lady Halkett, Lady Abinger, Lady Newborough—all famous American beauties. Lady Arthur Butler, much talked about and most popular in English society, was Miss Helen Stager, daughter of a famous American Army officer.

One of the most beautiful American women in the peerage is Lady Grey-Egerton, formerly Miss May Cuyler, of New Jersey. Lady Naylor-Leyland was also a great beauty. She was Miss Jenny Chamberlain, of New York, and was considered one of the handsomest women ever seen in English society.

It is scarcely necessary to mention Lady Randolph Churchill, now Mrs. George Cornwallis West. She is so well known. Before her marriage to George Cornwallis West she exerted, perhaps, more influence in society and in politics than any other woman of her day.

Mrs. Paget's Influence.

Mrs. Arthur Paget, the daughter of Mrs. Paron Stevens, of New York, has also exerted a wide influence on English society, and is known on both sides of the Atlantic, and so is Lady Vernon Harcourt, daughter of Motley, the American historian.

As a matter of fact, it might be considered that English society has been practically run by Americans for the last ten years. What with Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain at the head of political affairs and the Duchess of Marlborough absolute leader of the "upper ten," no wonder English women are jealous.

English papers frequently speak of the American "invasion" as more or less of a joke. When, however, we consider the facts in the case, it is not possible that England may wake up some day and find itself thoroughly Americanized? With Verkes and Morgan owning the English railways and steamships, and the influence of women "behind the scenes," it looks as if England were already pretty well "surrounded by the enemy."

Nearly all of the ladies mentioned will be guests of Mrs. Chamberlain at her Anglo-American dinner, which is regarded as rather a master stroke of diplomacy on the part of the wife of the retired British Secretary. Mr. Chamberlain has largely to use American arguments in his address on protection, and American influence if wielded in a proper manner may have an important bearing on the issue.

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than six years, however, she has been a peeress.

The splendor of her reception in India during the recent Durbar have been described as quite on a par with anything ever accorded to Royalty. Lady Curzon was simply adored by the Indian Princes, and everyone who saw her at the Durbar said she looked more queenly than any of the conventional female nobility of Europe.

Lady Curzon wields a great influence wherever she goes, and has done more to reconcile English women to their fate than any other American who has "broken into" the peerage.

More Americanism.

The preference of the Duke of Roxburgh for an American bride has aroused an enormous amount of discussion in England among society women, who are all asking themselves why it is that the pick of the British peerage are looking for American women.

Many English women are beginning to imitate American methods and to order their houses "on the American plan." A number of well-known English women are sending their daughters to schools where "American methods" prevail, and even some of the most conservative English schools for women are importing American teachers, and doing other things to supply the demand for American systems of development.

Through introducing American methods into the schools for girls, and through their own manners, and homes, English women are taking steps against the importation of foreign (that is, American) wives by adopting the American woman's own ideas, and before very long, it is said, England will be able to produce some native women quite equal to the imported variety.

The only weak point in the system is that the home element lacks the colossal fortunes which usually accompany American girls. Of course, that, to be sure, is quite a drawback. But still, something must be done to stem the American invasion, and English women think that this can best be done by introducing everywhere American vogues; in other words, fighting Mephistopheles with his own pyrotechnics.

The coming upon the scene of the two



NON JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

INFLUENTIAL BRITISH WOMEN

To the left—Lady Grey-Egerton, daughter of Major J. Wayne Cuyler, U. S. A., one of the most beautiful women in London society.

To the right—Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, formerly Miss Endicott, of Boston. Marquis of Blandford (the taller). Lord Ivor Charles Spencer-Churchill. Anglo-American children in line for the House of Lords.

little sons of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough has added a new element to the British peerage. Before very long England will have some full-fledged American Lords—at least, Lords whose mothers are American, and whose bringing up has been wholly on the "American fashion."

The little sons of the Duchess of Marlborough—whose full titles are, respectively, the Marquis of Blandford and Lord Ivor Charles Spencer-Churchill—dress like little Americans, and all their games are more or less American. This is rather strange, as there is none who has been more exclusively English since coming to England than the Duchess of Marlborough, daughter of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, of New York.

Many Titles Captured.

To give an outline of the lives of each American woman who has gained a place for herself in English society would require pages. A brief resume, however, of the names of the leading ones might not be uninteresting. There are three American women who are real Duchesses. These are: Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, formerly Consuelo, daughter of Antonio Yanga del Valle, of Louisiana, whom she recently married Miss Helen Zimmerman, of Cincinnati; Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough, the daughter of an American naval officer, and the reigning Duchess of Marlborough, nee Consuelo Vanderbilt.

There are also quite a number of Marchionesses, Countesses and Baronesses among the American women who have married into British nobility. One of the great beauties of the English court is the Marchioness of Dufferin, formerly Miss Florence Davis, of New York.

The Marchioness of Dufferin has become quite Britishized, and has often said that she would not live in America again. She

ELIZABETH IN HER OREGON HOME

SURFEIT OF CHICKEN DINNERS EXERCISES A VERY DEPRESSING EFFECT UPON THE GRAHAMS

AMONG the Painted Firs: My Dear Nell—If ever again I should be so fortunate as to visit you, I shall beg that you instruct your chef to strike chicken from his menu during my stay. Ranch life has given us a positive loathing for that delicacy. I have eaten chickens broiled, baked, fried, fricasseed, pressed, hashed, pied, and every other way known to man or Mrs. Rorer.

At this distance from the markets fresh meat is an almost unattainable luxury. We have not yet learned how to cure our own, as is the custom in this land of the free and home of the brave; though Tom declares he must master the art another year or make up his mind to climb the golden stair.

He maintains that no man can keep up the necessary strength for farmwork on an exclusive fruit and vegetable diet; he must have meat of some kind, hence this slaughter of the innocents. When our fowls were first brought home and turned at large, looking them over with the fond pride of ownership, he boldly asserted the flock should be kept intact, and we would speedily build up a poultry industry equal to the Armour Pork Works. But rats and the dooming gods willed otherwise.

Not many weeks later Tom came in one day saying: "I think these worthy neighbor ranchman of ours sort of David Hayum'd us in this chicken deal; one-half of these fowls are scrubs, and I suspect the other half to be the commonest of commoners."

"You didn't suppose they were of the corned-beef, coal-of-arms kind, did you, Tom?"

"Not exactly; though that Plymouth Rock prevaricator said, 'These Rocks are hard to beat. They're from prize stock, and have got a mighty ch'ice strain in 'em.' I remember that Bert whispered, 'That ch'ice strain is out of sight, isn't it?' The other solemn Ananias said with deep emotion:

"Nor else I was plum out or feed I

wouldn't sell you nor nobody them silver-faced Wyandottes. They're purty nigh onto thoroughbreds."

I laughed; for as Tom, in reminiscent mood, related this, he quite unconsciously impersonated the regretful dealer, shaking his head and sighing over the parting from his thoroughbreds.

"Confronted by these facts, I have been looking them over critically today, and have set the seal of death upon 17 of the gawkiest, squawkiest ones."

I half believe, Nell, that he had reached this murderous conclusion through hunger. To be attained in those brief weeks the insight and judgment of a connoisseur, he must have been "holding up" in the night while his companions slept, and he is not given to that sort of thing. Pretending to believe in his infallibility, my suspicions were kept to myself; for after three months of breakfast bacon, 17 chickens looked "werry good to me."

"Just think of it, Tom! Chicken for the next 17 Sundays!"

"Sundays! Why, I thought we'd have one every day for a while."

"Mercy, no! You'd soon breathe them as you do bacon."

Captain Jinks was selected as the first victim to fall beneath the sacrificial blade, and the following Sunday his executioner presented him to me, headless and in full feather. I will tell you, Nell, in confidence, at the first mention of the doomed I dip't into the future, far as human eye could see.

In the way of work; and that instant decided upon Sunday as the one and only day for chicken; as Tom would then be about the house and might be induced to take a hand.

"The captain looks astonishingly fluffy, Tom, but I'll remove his feathers if you'll do the rest!"

"All right! Sail in!" When plucked,

staged and handed over to my assistant

he asked, with knife poised, "How will you have him, in the altogether or dismembered?" "Cut up, if that's what you mean."

After while he came in, set the pan on the table, asking, "How's that for high?" A swift glance showed that he had cut the thing up in the most outlandish fashion—purposely, I knew—to escape being called upon in the future.

"You haven't looked! Find out before I put this knife away."

"Forced to look, I found the breast sliced like fish, the two long, unjoined legs dangling from the back, a diagonal cut left the neck attached to one of the wings, while the other clung to a piece of the breast. Not daring to look his way, I said, 'It seems all right to me, Tom.'"

"Thanks, ma'am; glad to give satisfaction to our customers; that's what we're here for."

Though it looked grotesque when served, never was chicken eaten with keener relish. We were very enthusiastic; talked of the pleasures of a country home, where one could raise one's own chickens, and were not—as Tom said—"obliged to pay 60 cents for a black and blue cold-storage mummy, could go to our own yards and get a live one, without money and without price," both scoring allusion to the 40 cents paid for Captain Jinks, and to the fact of his having been fed for some weeks on recent wheat, hot maishes, cornbread, oil cake, flint grit, oyster shells and the various other dainties required by the up-to-date fowl.

On Wednesday, tempted by memories of the first, and the entreaties of the anti-vegetarian, the second one was cooked; the following Sunday the third was eaten with fair relish, but void of enthusiasm, fragments lasting well into the week. The third Sunday we began to think we really ought to have Bert and Mary come up. They were sent for and came, receiving the announcement of chicken for dinner with an unlooked-for calmness. Explained a little later, when we learned their flock also was undergoing the colling process, a dozen or two doomed to the headman's block, several of which had already fallen. Under existing conditions, co-operation seemed advisable; it was then arranged

that they should dine with us on Sunday, we with them on Wednesdays.

While our fowls may not be blue-blooded, there certainly is nothing small about them; and we usually left a larger well stocked with cold remains, on that fatal Wednesday, when duty called us to the relief of our neighbors.

To add to the horror of the situation, it was soon made manifest that guests were expected to take a few joints home with them—quite as if it were wedding cake, which they had a bad habit of forgetting. Many a time when well in the way home we have heard a shouting back of us and turned to see one or the other of the Stanhopes in hot pursuit, frantically waving a napkin-covered dish, which we hastened back to receive with feigned eagerness, and the most abject apologies for treacherous memories. Just as often, and ineffectually have they striven to elude our vigilance.

During these dark days, while an undercurrent of rebellion was felt, no hint of it was given until the eighteenth victim was served. At that dinner there was a revival of interest in the old story of the misadvised man who undertook to eat a quail each day for 40 days. None could remember how the story turned out, but it was unanimously agreed that he never did it. "But whether he did or didn't," Bert exclaimed, "I'll be hanged if I can stand another one of these game dinners. I'm done. I throw up my hands at the eighteenth." This cry of the vanquished touched every heart, was greeted with fervent applause, even the anti-vegetarian confessing that he had long been willing to ring off. After this out-spoken revolt of Bert, the social whirl ceased for a time, and hill society took a much-needed rest.

Later there came a Sunday when we were to have our first new potatoes and peas. We threw off our torpor. Such things should be seen and talked of in society. Society should be summoned. Invitations were hastily despatched. Society was aroused, was in a flutter, and would rally round us at 2 P. M. Then the prospective host said: "If only I had known of today's crush last night, I'd have captured Newman Noggs, and we

could have had a nice little surprise for our friends at dinner."

"Couldn't you catch him now, Tom?"

"I might; he's such a slow coach."

He came back without him, saying, "The gentleman seemed very shy and offish. I think his suspicions have been aroused by the mysterious disappearance of so many of his contemporaries. I'll have to shoot him."

"That's fine! Tom! Do you call that a light load? Every window in this house rattled."

"Didn't she roar! I was dumfounded myself. The load really was small. 'The punishment was made to fit the crime, and you may be sure it was heard by everybody in these hills.'"

I was just putting the "surprise" on to cook, when there came to the door a little boy who herds sheep near here, saying: "Here's a letter for you'n'."

Tom took the note and read:

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edward Stanhope regret the necessity of cancelling their Sunday dinner engagement with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Erwin Graham.

Both at present are suffering from a singular nausea, caused by recent strange explosive sounds that did "hurtle in the air" and make the hills to shake.

"You see, Tom, that Bert has taken the hint."

"Never mind, I'll soon fix him!" Turning the note over, he wrote:

The Stanhopes regret the sudden illness of the Stanhopes, and shall most deeply deplore their absence at dinner, when a brace of chickens will be served; which Mr. Thomas Erwin Graham was so fortunate as to bring down on the wing—about an hour ago.

"There! That will cure 'em quicker

than Swamp-Root," as he dispatched his messenger, "you'll see, they'll come a flyin'."

It failed to bring them even with the lure of new potatoes and peas; and the victims of their own rashness sat glum at dinner, oppressed by the mighty proportions of the late Mr. Noggs.

"You should have stopped at one pheasant, Tom—a brace, on the wing, was going a little too far, when neither of you have ever killed one."

"Yes, I'm afraid I drew it rather strong; but don't you ever tell."

I never did, though we often talked to them of the delicious wild flavor of the Mongolian pheasant, and to this day they are uncertain whether or not we had them.

Surfeited by Noggs, the feathered tribe remained undisturbed for three weeks. Then the "Elder Mr. Turveydrop" was slain, not that we coveted his flesh, but to get rid of him. He was a handsome bird, and he knew it, and so must needs show himself every day about the house, taking frequent turns across the porches, followed by three meek-looking members of his harem, peering into kettles and pans, deftly lifting the lids of covered ones, and if the contents appealed to him, having no hesitancy in helping himself and treating his followers.

Though disapproving of his porch parties, I could not but admire him strolling about on the hillside, stepping grandly at the head of his little cortege, pausing now and then to scratch up earthworms, eating, I noticed, all the nice, plump ones himself hastily summoning the ladies when a skinny came to the surface. At such times this modern master of department was at his best.

With many bows, beckonings and backstepping flourishes that quivering moral would be placed before his imbecile admirers. Then, the great and only, with folded wings and a conquering hero air, standing poised on one leg, would look down upon them in that same state of high-above-the-eyes his illustrious prototype was

went to assume when the Prince Regent was passing.

I thought sorrowfully of his gifts and graces and of the glint of his lustrous plumage, when brought to me fresh from the guillotine, and told Tom it seemed a pity to boil such beauty.

"Don't waste time in regrets, Elizabeth. Hurry and get him on to cook."

"Why? Do you think he is old?"

"Judging from his spurs, I should say that he crossed the plains with the first white settler and was no Spring chicken then, and that his was the first crow to herald the dawn where rolls the Oregon."

"Mercy! Too bad that we killed him! He might have been an object of interest at the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Something like that Wisconsin eagle at the World's Fair, and just think, Tom, how noted you might have become. Passing through the crowds people would have whispered to each other, 'There goes the old man who has that old rooster here.'"

"Old man! I think that for the word; but really I might have got my picture in the papers with the ancient Turveydrop perched on my wrist—like a falcon, but it's too late now. We always bungle and miss all the good chances."

I had just gone into the house with the first stricken when Bert appeared on the porch.

With joy I heard him say he couldn't come in, was going into the woods for dogwood blossoms. Tom then invited him and Mary to dinner, telling him we were to have wild strawberry shortcake (which was true). Though cheerfully accepting the invitation after starting away he stopped to call back, "Bless pardon, Mr. Graham, but may I ask, will there be chicken?"

"No sir; there will not. We haven't yet recovered from that old Daniel Boone you dished up for us last week."

"All right! Then! Society will be out in full dress."

"Tom, aren't you ashamed to tell such an outrageous falsehood?"

"Not at all. Don't you remember that controversy in the papers awhile back, 'Is a lie ever justifiable?' Many noted

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