

# TITLES OF NOBILITY OWNED BY AMERICANS

### Not Rich Girls Who Married Them But Rich Yankees Who Acquired Them By Charity and Direct Purchase



MARQUIS MALONEY

### COUNTESS LEARY

BY JOHN ELPRETH WATKINS.  
THAT Americans hankering for titles of nobility can now obtain them without braving the perils of international marriage, and even without renouncing their citizenship here, appears not to be fully realized by the public. While the Constitution forbids any Federal officialholder's receiving a title from any "King, Prince or foreign state" without the consent of Congress—which never in the world would be given in the case of a title of nobility—citizens in private life can become Counts, Countesses, Marquises, Marchionesses and what not, ad libitum, provided they possess the eclat or the money, particularly the latter.

### Our Latest Marchioness.

Mrs. Hugh McLaughlin, the Brooklyn woman made a Marchioness the other day by the Pope, is the fifth American to have recently received a title of nobility from the Vatican. The title of Marchioness would have been conferred probably at the same time upon her husband, the late Hugh McLaughlin, who for many years was Democratic leader of Brooklyn. The fact that he began life as a ropemaker and later was a fishmonger would have had no effect with the present democratic Pope, whose brother is a letter-carrier and whose sister is the wife of a wine-shop keeper. Mr. McLaughlin became a rich promoter and was one of those who pushed through the scheme for the Brooklyn bridge. He was also one of the founders of St. Mary's Hospital in Brooklyn, where he aided the new-boys' home and subscribed generously toward the building of St. James' Cathedral, which he also presented with a marble altar costing \$10,000. The new Marchioness married him just after he left his position as master mechanic in the Brooklyn Navy Yard to become Register of Kings County. She was Ellen Keyes, of Newton, N. J., and before her conversion to Catholicism was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. Since her husband's death she has carried out his generous charities and recently when Bishop McInnell led a pilgrimage of Brooklynites to Rome he reported her generosity to the Pope, with the result that now, at the age of 73, she becomes a Marchioness and a member of the Papal Court.

### American Marquis Former Plumber.

Another American Marchioness is the wife of Martin Maloney, the Philadelphia man who is himself a Marquis, both of their titles having been conferred by the present Pope in reward for generous Catholic charities; and in this case also his Holiness showed his democracy, for Martin Maloney, who was born in Ireland, began life as a plumber and gasfitter. But in America a plumber is an autocrat, and Maloney is a much more formidable personage than ever a Marquis—and Mr. Maloney has not allowed his new title to turn his head. He does not publish it in the biographical gazettes which make note of him. When a young man he came to Scranton, Pa., where, after looking about him, he saw a chance to get rich, and not being the kind of man who lets the ice melt at his door before he gets up in the morning, he made himself a captain in the dust. Besides their home on Logan Square, Philadelphia, the Marquis and Marchioness Maloney maintain a marble palace modeled after the town hall of Dublin, and which they call Ballangarry, after the Marquis' birthplace in the Emerald Isle.

### Countess Leary a Settlement Worker

The title of countess was conferred upon Miss Annie Leary, of New York, by Pope Leo XIII shortly before his death. This investiture was also in recognition of her generous Catholic charities. Countess Leary is to New York's "Little Italy" what Jane Adams, of Hull House, is to the poor of Chicago. Appalled by the poverty of the 15,000 Italians congested in this neighborhood, she purchased for \$3,000 a six-story building right in the heart of it, renovated this property, later added some neighboring structures, and opened up classes in painting, in music, as well as a kindergarten. She is taking in hand the Italians of the second generation, and after she has worked them through her kindergarten, and primary courses she is going to institute a high school, and later a university, where degrees will be given in science, medicine, law and other branches of learning. Pope Leo also made a count of Reginald Henshaw Ward, formerly of New York, the great-grand-son of Astor.



MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESSE MALONEY

Ward, who was First Major General of the continental army during the Revolution, when Reginald Ward was still in his twenties he was a prosperous broker in Wall street, and his first foreign connection was when he became acting Roumanian consul in New York. Later he gave up his American interests and went to London, soon afterward receiving the title of count from the Vatican. In 1889 he married Miss Edith, daughter of Horatio Victor Newcomb, a New York capitalist, formerly of Louisville. In London Count Ward and his young wife were intimates of Mrs. Ronalds, the Countess Romney, Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Arthur Paget. Soon the count had heaped upon him decorations from many of the crowned heads of Europe. The King of Portugal decorated him with the grand cross of the Royal Order of Villa Vicosa and made him knight commander of the Order of Christ, while the King of Spain made him knight commander of the Royal and Distinguished Order of Carlos III, and he also got a coronation medal from Alfonso XIII. The Shah of Persia constituted him grand officer of the Imperial Order of the Lion and the Sun, and the King of Servia invested him with the title of grand officer of the Order of St. Sava and knight commander of the Order of Takovo. He also received a coronation medal from the King of Roumania, who now has him under commission in London as consul general. Besides all of these titles he is a member of our Order of the Cincinnati, the Military Order of Foreign Wars and the Society of Mayflower Descendants.

### Calls Himself "Lord of the Manor."

In the British "Who's Who" he calls himself "Lord of the Manor of North Scarle, Lincolnshire." He belongs to the Wellington Club, of Bath, and the Travelers' Club, of Paris; is an enthusiastic motorist, and maintains quite a fashionable establishment in Fulwell Park, Twickenham, London, in which city he conducts a brokerage business. His wife, who divorced him in 1903, shared generously in a strange illness which overhung her family for several generations. Her paternal grandfather married a Miss Reed on what was supposed to be her deathbed, but she regained her health and bore him several children. While she was suffering from a fit of insanity she threw her three little sons out of a window, and while two of them were thus killed, the third, Mrs. Ward's father, lived to succeed his father as president of the Louisville &

Nashville railroad. Before his death, however, his wife sued to have him declared incompetent to manage his estate, and after she lost her suit she lived abroad. The daughter, four months after divorcing Count Ward, married Nathaniel Gibbs Ingraham, who in a little more than a year sued her for failure to carry out an alleged anti-nuptial agreement to pay him \$1500 a year. This suit is said to have been settled out of court, and two years ago this unhappy lady died of consumption in Scotland.

### Young Westinghouse a Count.

It was lately reported that Mrs. George Westinghouse, wife of the albatross magnate, had bought for their only son, the Italian title of Count, under which he is presented at the courts of Europe, although not making use of it in this country. All of this is not at all improbable, since Italian nobles are of two kinds—those of ancient lineage, and others, who having bought estates, take the titles belonging to them. Overshadowing all of these cases, however, is that of Albert Kirby Fairfax, formerly of Prince George County, Maryland, who calls himself "twelfth Baron Fairfax of Cameron, in the peerage of Scotland," and who is spoken of as "Lord Fairfax" by his associates in the New York brokerage firm of which he is a partner. Indeed, this peerage is his by right of blood, he has for some years been received in English society as a lord and he is included in Whittaker's list of the peerage. Although his claims have never been questioned in England, the King, complying with a formality necessary for the legal use of the title, referred to the House of Lords a few weeks ago the petition "of Albert Kirby Fairfax, claiming to be Lord Fairfax of Cameron, in the peerage of Scotland, that His Majesty might cause his right to the title and dignity of Lord Fairfax of Cameron to be declared and established."

### Maryland May Sit in Lords.

But Baron Fairfax of Cameron, and likewise of Maryland, will not upon this confirmation of his title have a right to a seat in the House of Lords until he can be elected from Scotland in the same way that Lord Curzon was recently elected from Ireland. This young man, who celebrated his 28th birthday on the 23d of last month, is the son of Dr. John Contee Fairfax, a Maryland County doctor, who wore his beard Uncle Sam style, and who was notable for his democratic ways and abhor-

rence of titles. This unpretentious American, who died in 1903, is referred to in his son's biography as the "eleventh Baron," while the wife and mother, who is the daughter of Colonel Edmund Kirby, U. S. A., is listed as "Mary, Baroness Fairfax."

### All Americans are familiar with the story of the old Lord Fairfax, George Washington's friend and employer, who nearly broke his heart over Washington's disloyalty to King George, and who died upon his vast Virginia estate a few years after the revolution. This lord being a bachelor, his title went to his brother Robert, who had returned to England, and upon the latter's death it fell upon Bryan Fairfax, rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, Va., another brother. The house of lords recognized this clergyman's claim in 1800, but he never used it, nor has any of his descendants until the present time, although they were repeatedly invited, as peers, to attend important court functions, such as coronations and jubilees. But when Albert Kirby Fairfax, after his father's death, was invited to attend King Edward's coronation as a Scotch peer he got measured for his peer's robes and went. Being the first Fairfax who in recent generations has developed any great genius for making money, perhaps he considered particularly the business side of this honor, for since entering the British nobility he has built up a large and powerful European clientele for his firm. At any rate, he contemplates himself as a modest, unpretentious American citizen while in New York, and says he values the title because it is a family heirloom. Like the first Lord Fairfax who lived in America, he is a bachelor, and once the house of lords has put the pure peerage label on his six-peaked coronet gossip will be telling us whether the future Lady Fairfax is to be an American or an English girl.

### His elevation to the peerage will not vacate his American citizenship as long as he retains his brokerage office in Wall street or spends a reasonable part of his time in the United States. "Domicile is the basis of the State Department's ruling in such cases, affecting native-born Americans, whose remaining continuously abroad beyond a reasonable time creates the presumption of expatriation. In the case of a naturalized American, however, the question is not of policy, but of law, there being a definite statute, under which allegiance to an alien's native lands and state must be renounced before naturalization can be granted, ungranted, this young Marylander can continue to enjoy his dual personality as Lord of Cameron and Mr. Fairfax so long as he can raise

### sufficient steamship fares to make frequent visits to America.

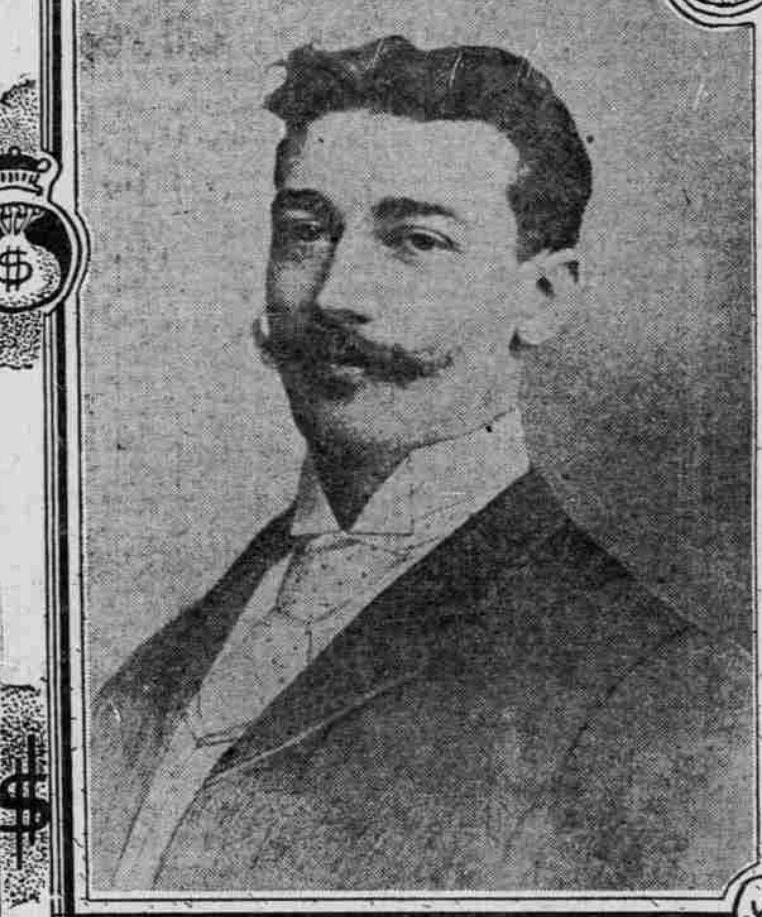
### "Lord Astor" the Next.

William Waldorf Astor has pulled every wire which might possibly lead him to the peerage, this since he expatriated himself here by becoming naturalized as a British citizen in 1896. He made good headway at first by managing to gain an entree into the most exclusive circles of both the nobility and royalty, but had hardly employed a year of his cherished British citizenship when he lost his temper, dismissed Sir Berkeley Milne from his house, whither he claimed, the latter had come uninvited. Sir Berkeley happened to be a chum of the King, who was then Prince of Wales, and thence arose the latter's quarrel with Mr. Astor, which was not patched up until within the past year. Then things began to look brighter again for Mr. Astor's coveted peerage and he got his son in the exclusive Life Guards Regiment, besides continuing, as all the while, to lavish his money upon British charities, and the coronet was said to be almost within his grasp, when this Spring he made the further blunder of presenting to an English museum the flag of our frigate Chesapeake, which was surrendered to the British during the war of 1812. Mr. Astor bought this flag, and his giving it to England has so angered Americans that the King is said to now withhold the former New Yorker's peerage for diplomatic reasons. Some hold that even if the King be willing Mr. Astor cannot become a peer because of a law passed during the reign of William III which deprives the crown of power to confer peerages upon naturalized aliens, a law enacted because that monarch was conferring too many English peerages upon Dutch republicans. Mr. Astor would not be thus disqualified, however, from becoming a baronet or a knight. British peerages were granted quite freely in exchange for campaign contributions during Queen Victoria's reign, and some of them cost their holders more than a million dollars, but King Edward has been reported to be averse to their being marketed in this way, and hence they have been somewhat scarce during his reign.

### Washington, D. C., July 4.

### Cleaning the House.

New York Sun.  
When mother starts to clean the house,  
So full each moment flies,  
She cannot wait till all are gone  
Upon the table lies.  
She says she can't afford the time  
To wash the dishes, and  
She cannot wait till all are gone  
Or she would fall behind.  
She knows not how the world will go  
Or what the changing views,  
She cannot waste the precious hours  
To read the morning news.  
But when she cleans the closets out  
In the morning's early glow,  
She reads the papers on the shelves  
Until the cows come home.



COUNT REGINALD WOOD

### Subtle Cloud Pictures in June

O H, glorious pageant of Summer, exceeding beauty of flower, sweet song of bird, bright radiance of June sunshine! Now is the flood tide of nature, her brief, but perfect hour. The year has dropped the swaddling bands of Spring and revels in the maturity of full-grown delight. There is a sound in the air, a peculiar murmur heard only in June in that day "so rare," so praised by painter and poet. The music of Summer is everywhere, in the pasting breeze, in the green bedgerow, in the broad-branched trees, in the grass blades, swaying merrily, in every little atom, all the myriad particles that together make the season perfect. It is not the August hum, the midsummer music which will soon be heard over the hay harvest in the valley or the berry gathering on the hillside. It is not loud enough for that, not so full of matronly pride, and does not tremble on the extreme edge of hearing. The branches wave and rustle, the flies buzz, the bee hum, the sap moves incessantly upward in tree or plant, the pollen drops from flower, the grass waves in acres and acres, all combining to make a chorus but delightful undertone of nature's own pure music.

### The Earth and the Sky.

The earth itself, rained on and warmed over and over again, sends up a faint resonance from under our passing footsteps, the fervor of the sunlight, descending in a tidal flood, falls on the strung harp of the moving sphere and over it all hangs the beautiful blue dome, gleaming with silvery clouds, like a great car, "trying to find if it be in tune." It is this exquisite undertone, heard and yet unheard, which brings the heart into sweet accord with itself, and all creation beside.

### The Sky has often been called a dome, and no other word seems so fitly associated with its blue mystery, and in these June days it comes down very close to earth and color, the June sky is the most notable object in nature. And it is surprising to remember that of all visible things, it is the commonest.

### Beauty the Fundamental Law.

The great vault covers sea and land, but of the three elements, sky is the only universal one. Ruskin says, somewhere, that the purpose of nature might have been served just as well if an ugly black rain cloud had now and then covered the heavens and discharged its contents upon the earth; but as if beauty were a primary matter, the whole scenery of the sky obeys a law of exquisite and perpetual change. This ceaseless variety of sky-forms and color, the June sky is little is known about them. It takes a remarkable display of color and outline to fix a place in memory. The most remarkable storms are soon forgotten and very few of us can display a half dozen sky scenes on the walls of our mental picture gallery.

### Changing of the Clouds.

Nothing in nature is so immaterial, so delicately changing, as the clouds. On warm Summer days they steal up from the horizon and melt away into the azure. It is impossible to tell where the tints begin or end. At other times the clouds are visibly suspended in great misty curtains between earth and heaven. The little child has the feeling in that old country ballad, "I long to lie, dear mother, On the cool and fragrant grass, With calm blue sky above, and And the shadowy clouds that pass." On these still June days, when great masses of soft vapor color the awful dome, the procession of figures is like a scene of enchantment. Stately animals stride past, broad-winged birds sail into the West, great chariots move slowly by, and turn into mighty giants as they near the horizon. Sometimes we see flocks of white sheep troop leisurely along into other pastures; tall towers and castles that rise out of shapelessness into graceful symmetry, only to dissolve like visions; nameless forms that rise, glide past and vanish into space, until change seems the law of the world, and permanence only a myth. When the sun has set, and this dissolving view of the vapors becomes a painted spectacle, the sky is leached with color, as the fancy has been with form. The dull gray cloud banks are strangely tinted, then fade grow into a warm suffusion, then fade

away until only a golden glow lingers on the horizon. The effect stays in memory long after the details of the picture are forgotten, like the haunting rhythm of some favorite poem, or the symphony of some grand old master, whose song comes from the heart.

### Messenger of Loveliness.

The most delicate of the cloud coloring is seen in the morning. The peep of the seabird and the iris of the dove's wing love to tint the dawn skies, while people are yet asleep. It is a wise thing, now and then, to rise before the sun, and see what messengers of loveliness he sends on in advance. The first gray streaks are full of prophecy. The faint amber, lilac and opaline hues that tinge the clouds mock all effort at description. When the car of Aurora, the dawn maiden, has moved forward on a yellow flame bars in the East, scattering fire-brands along the Northern and Southern horizons, and casts a lurid flood upon the opposite heights. Sometimes there is a wonderful conflict between the light and shade, the darkness battles with the oncoming dawn, and lingers in its stronghold even when the lanes of yellow light bristle thickly in the East.

### Play of Light and Color.

Certain localities furnish finer cloud pictures than others, certain seasons divide the glory of earth. With the glory of the sky, atmosphere, mountain and sea afford different conditions for the play of light and color. In the month of June the deep blue of the sky reflects the rainbow colors of flower and forest, and each fair day shows some new vision of beauty in the heavenly picture gallery. The poet sings the meaning of the clouds. They are the daughters of earth and water and nursing of the sky. After the soft rains of these long June days, when the pavilion of heaven is bare, the winds and sunbeams call them again to fill up the blue dome, and these laughing daughters of the mist come in their shining, fleecy garments. They pass through the pores of oceans and shores. They change, but they cannot die. And the June sky lingers forever in memory a gracious and unending vision of light and shade—E. A. Matthews in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### USING MACHINERY TO INDUCE SLEEP

"CALL it a sleep mill," said the manufacturer, as he led the way to his huge plant. He opened a door into a long room where two rows of girls were boxing instruments like electric fans, the wings of the fans being studded with small round mirrors. "Many insomniacs," he said, "can sleep at the window of an express train. The sight of the landscape rushing by them invariably brings on a refreshing nap. Well, this machine, with its whirl and glitter of revolving mirrors, acts on the eye and brain in the same soothing manner, and the insomniac whom a train ride helps, is invariably helped by this." "Here," he said, entering a smaller room, "we turn our slumber balls." A number of young men were rounding and polishing balls of bright metal, and he took one in his hand. "Fixed high above the head," he said, "so that it strains the eye to stare at it, the ball frequently brings sleep to insomniacs of a melancholic type." "In the next room we make a small machine for clamping the arteries leading to the brain. It is easy to adjust and it very considerably diminishes the flow of blood to the brain centers. To certain nervous, feverish insomniacs—actors, and so on—the clamp often brings sleep in a few minutes." "And here we make a very simple battery that while the patient lies in bed sends a mild current up and down his spine. The battery treatment usually succeeds best with female insomniacs." "We employ," he concluded, "500 hands here. It is a tribute, isn't it, to the hectic activity of our 20th century civilization, a great mill like this, devoted to the production of sleep for those who are too tired and nervous to rest naturally!"

### Treason and Reason.

Cleveland Leader.  
Archbishop Ryan once concluded a brilliant defence of the Irish cause when a listener shouted: "But the Irish are guilty of treason." "Perhaps," replied the Archbishop, "but please remember that what is treason elsewhere becomes reason in Ireland because of the absence."