Beauty, Riches, Romance—

Were They Ever Bunched More Lavishly Than in the Life of Mrs. Marshall Russell, the "Luckiest Girl in the World."

"Tom" Shevlin, the Football Hero Who Won Elizabeth Sherley's First Love.

Thomas Shevlin, Jr., Son of the Famous "Tom" and Elizabeth Sherley Shevlin.

Halmi's Famous Painting of Elizabeth Sherley, Who Became the Wife of "Tom" Shevlin, and Is Now Mrs. Marshall Russell.

BY GRACE THAYER.

WHEN Elizabeth Sherley Shevlin was married the other day to Marshall H. Russell, that part of Newport society known as the female contingent was a unit in proclaiming her the luckiest girl in America.

Yes, and there was practically the same unanimity among the male contingent that she was the prettiest.

Neither could have been far wrong. Both probably were right.

Every earthly thing that goes to make happiness in life she not only has had it—but her share has been the best and the most abundant.

Beauty? The painter and layman alike have paid her the tribute of acclaiming her as among the foremost of American beauties. When her first husband, Tom Shevlin, was chided by a friend for having too much self-esteem, his reply was:

"Why shouldn't I have? I married the handsomest girl in America."

Since the day that Elizabeth Sherley made her debut at her home in Louisville, the belle of Kentucky belles, she has been one of the most idolized figures in the exclusive social circles of the country. As accomplished as she was physically attractive, it was said of her that she had the wide, wide world to choose from whenever she cared to marry.

An exaggeration, no doubt, but her life shows that it wasn't a very great overstatement, at that, for the list of those who have wooed her includes representatives of nobility, the popular heroes, and men of multi-millions.

Romance? She has lived a dozen novels. Her life has been one romance after another. Glance for a moment at the bare outline.

It was in 1905. Yale was meeting her ancient foe, Harvard, on the football gridiron, and never was a game harder fought. The hero of that day was Tom Shevlin, one of the greatest ends that ever wore the blue. Following the game, the great end turned to one of his players and said:

"I've realized my first ambition today. I've contributed my share in having Yale beat Harvard. I've got one more ambition. To marry that pretty girl sitting over there in the box."

The "pretty girl over there" happened to be Elizabeth Sherley, then, as ever since, one of the reigning beauties of the South.

The gridiron hero wooed in football fashion, and she capitulated to her giant sweetheart, but things did not go as smoothly as they might have thereafter.

For one thing, an Army officer committed suicide shortly after the engagement was announced, and many who recalled his constant attentions to the Louisville beauty traced a connection.

Then, too, when Miss Sherley went to Baltimore for a visit, the "400" of that city, particularly the men, set about to entertain royally the distinguished beauty who had won the heart of Yale's idol. Shevlin, it is said, objected to the adulation bestowed upon her and strenuously protested. Miss Sherley decided her fiance was entirely too jealous-hearted, and broke off the engagement.

There followed romance after romance. Miss Sherley was reported engaged to the Marquis de Mores. Then it was reported she had accepted the proffered hand of Herbert M. Harriman.

During all that time, Shevlin, too, was having his share of adventure. In a rage he went to Europe. He returned, still smarting from the unhappy ending of his love affairs, and a little later it was announced that he would marry Vera Gilber' This love affair, like the subsequent ones of the beautiful Kentucky girl, failed to last, and Shevlin sought to obliterate from his mind the recollection of his great love by immersing himself in business. He spent two years at work in Minneapolis, but the flame could not be quenched, and so he sought again the hand of the pretty girl who sat in the box that historic day when he crashed through the Harvard line.

Miss Sherley, therefore, had the honor of winning her sweetheart twice. In January, 1909, they were re-engaged and the marriage followed a month later.

Beauty and romance—surely the preceding narrative will show she has had all these. But you could hardly call one the luckiest girl in America if she did not have riches! What of her wealth?

When Tom Shevlin died in December, 1915, he left his beautiful widow an estate valued at $3,000,000 and $1,500,000 in insurance. She became not one one of the most beautiful, but one of the richest widows in America.

Shortly after her husband's death she became ill. It looked as if fortune had frowned at last on "the luckiest girl in America."

But had it?

She was taken to the Roosevelt Hospital in New York, where she met the attending surgeon, Dr. James G. Russell.

Following her complete recovery she met, through him, his brother, Marshall H. Russell, of Winchester, Va., an investment broker. Another romance, leading to another happy consummation—the wedding a few days ago which aroused Newport finally to crown her not only as the most beautiful of the "400," as the men all say, nor one of the wealthiest, as the tax books show, nor one whose life has been replete with the most charming adventures. But also the luckiest, as the women will say.

Not all women—for some will wisely say that she could not be the luckiest without being the happiest, and how could she be happy without children?

She has two—Thomas, Jr., and Elizabeth—and nobody will ever convince her that they aren't the finest, smartest, prettiest tots in all this broad land—these children of "lucky" Elizabeth Sherley Shevlin!

It seems that Providence must have fought on her side, even to the extent of furnishing for future generations indisputable evidence that the present generation did not magnify her charms.

Court records as to wealth and the authentic written word as to her romances are ample to show there was no exaggeration on those scores as to her extraordinary life, and it also comes to pass that her fame as a beauty is safe from the onslaughts of time by reason of a truly remarkable painting by Halmi.

It is impossible, of course, to suggest in a black-and-white reproduction the wonderful rose-like quality of her complexion, as Halmi has done in his painting, but even the reproduction for newspaper purposes is sufficient to attest to her extraordinary physical charms.

Following is a summary of evidence in support of Mrs. Russell's title as "the luckiest girl in Ameria":

Beauty. Artists and laymen declare her to be one of the most attractive women of her time.

Riches. Her first husband left an estate of 3,000,000 and insurance valued at $1,500,000.

Domestic happiness. Has two fine children, one boy and one girl, both of them bright and in perfect health.

Romance. Saw "her hero" win the great football classic of the year and become a National football idol. Won his heart and hand, but she was showered with such adulation that her fiance became jealous and she broke off the engagement. Was reported engaged to the Marquis de Mores, then to one of the Harrimans, but her first love remained steadfast and after "her hero" had gone to Europe and had devoted two years to business, he came back to plead again for her love. Married. Had two children. Saw her husband make a trenmendous success in business. Had the satisfaction of seeing him leave business to go back to his alma mater, Yale, and coach his old team to a victory over Princeton, and a tie with Harvard, when it had seemed this was an impossible feat. Two years following her husband's death, when illness was added to her sorrow and fortune seemed no longer to smile upon her, she was taken to a hospital, which led to a meeting with another sweetheart, culminating in another romance, with every indication a prophecy that "they will live happily ever after."

Modern Poultry Culture

FEEDING TO BE DISCUSSED.

There are two general systems of feeding ground grains, commonly known as the "wet mash" and "dry mash" systems. The virtues of each are discussed in a subsequent article.

By ROBERT ARMSTRONG,
Writer and Expert Poultryman.

"THE supreme need of our nation is an abundance of foodstuffs. Without abundant food, alike for the armies and peoples now at war, the whole great enterprise upon which we have embarked will break down and fail. Upon the farmers of this country, therefore, in large measure, rest the fate of the war and the fate of the nations."

This extract from the President's memorable appeal to his countrymen is as vital, perhaps, as his great message to Congress wherein he declared: "The world must be made safe for democracy."

Never before in the history of America, if in the history of the world, has there been such a grave responsibility laid at the door of agriculture. We must avert a famine. No task has ever been inspired by a more worthy incentive. In consequence we are stirred to exert every ounce of energy and tax every resource to increase the food supply. Not the least of our resources is poultry raising.

The world's meat supply is probably the lowest of all food reserves. It is also the hardest to re-establish, because it requires the longest time. On this account poultry culture offers the greatest opportunity. No branch of live stock can be grown in less time than poultry and eggs. No kind of meat is more wholesome and sustaining. No other variety of stock is so widely grown under such varying circumstances. No phase of animal husbandry requires such a small investment to start, or responds so well to the care of inexperienced hands. Therefore, no greater opportunity is open to everyone with a small plot of ground to respond to the President's appeal than to raise a flock of fowls. It combines patriotism with profit, and is healthful and interesting at the same time.

Table Scraps Best Ration.

Notwithstanding that the value of the poultry products in this country amounts to almost $1,000,000,000 annually, which would seem to indicate that the greater part of this enormous output is produced by specialty farms operated on a large scale, it is a fact that the most important source of this supply lies in the small flock—flocks maintained in the backyards and on general farms as side lines. Incidentally, it should be borne in mind that the small flocks are the most profitable by far, because in most cases the products therefrom are in reality by-products.

It may seem discouraging to contemplate raising stock at a time like this in view of the high prices of grain. But this condition should not affect the keeper of a small flock. On every farm and in almost every household there is sufficient waste food and other products to maintain a small flock of fowls, if only a dozen hens. It is estimated that about $700,000,000 is dumped into American garbage cans every year. Think of it, almost $1,000,000,000 thrown away, for no reason except lack of intelligence, indifference, gross neglect, prodigality. Is it any wonder that we are looked upon as the most extravagant people on earth? Is there any reason why we should not be exhorted to economize? Economy in this case does not mean saving and hoarding, but conserving. Hoarding is the worst condition that can happen to us, since it makes for stagnation and lack of industry. Conservation, on the other hand, enables us to get the most from our efforts, and stimulates prosperity. That is what President Wilson meant when he enjoined us to "Correct our unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance."

Response Is Urged.

The easiest and most practical method of eliminating the waste that occurs in the garbage can is to feed it to a flock of chickens. Large acreage is not required. The opportunity is open to everyone with a backyard or small plot of ground. With a small amount of intelligent care fowls can be reared successfully in close confinement. All that is necessary is to give them sanitary quarters, fresh air, proper food, water and an opportunity to exercise.

What could be simpler than the above. Sanitary quarters is a matter of cleanliness; fresh air is abundant, and merely requires that it be given entrance to the poultry house without serious draft; water is equally abundant; proper food consists of a reasonable variety of nutriments—table scraps, a little grain and ground meals; the opportunity for exercise does not mean giving a flock access to a large field, nor yet a large yard, though these are best where feasible. Chickens can be made to exercise on the floor of their house, in deep litter, into which the scratch grains are thrown for this very purpose. Or, an automatic feeder can be installed, which is designed to induce exercise. Perhaps this is not so desirable as range in an orchard, but it is a good substitute, just as the indoor gymnasium is a good substitute for the man who wants to keep in physical trim and who has not the opportunity of the tennis court, baseball diamond, golf links and other outdoor sports.

In the foregoing paragraph we overlooked one other necessity—dirt, for dust baths, to enable the hens to clean themselves. This, too, is in abundance and easily procured. Or sifted coal ashes will answer the purpose nicely. Grit to grind the food in the gizzard, oyster shells to supply lime for the eggs, and a little charcoal to keep the digestive organs sweet, are the other essentials to be supplied in small quantities, and which may be procured at the supply houses at a cost that is negligible.

Table Scraps Not Garbage.

The idea of feeding garbage to a flock of chickens may intrude on the sensibilities of some, though it is deemed a common practice with pigs. The idea, however, is more apparent than real. We prefer to use the term "table scraps" anyhow, since there is a difference between the two. Celery tops and the tops of beets and other vegetables, the outer leaves of lettuce and cabbage, vegetable parings, stale bread, ends of meat, left-overs of cereals and sour milk are none the less edible because they are such. They have lost none of their value as food, except that they no longer appeal to the human taste. When fed to a flock of chickens they are greatly relished.

The fact that table scraps are a mixture of odds and ends gives them their chief virtue, which is a balanced ration. Properly fed, and by that we mean fed in a sweet wholesome condition, there is no better food in the world for poultry. Fowls fed on table scraps invariably do better than those given a single grain ration. The reason for this is perfectly plain: the fowl's system, like the human taste, requires variety. No one article of food will maintain health and vigor. For a small backyard flock the table scraps from the average household should supply half the food required. With the addition of a neighbor's table scraps, who, perhaps, is unable or unwilling to keep a flock of fowls, almost the entire bill-of-fare can be furnished.

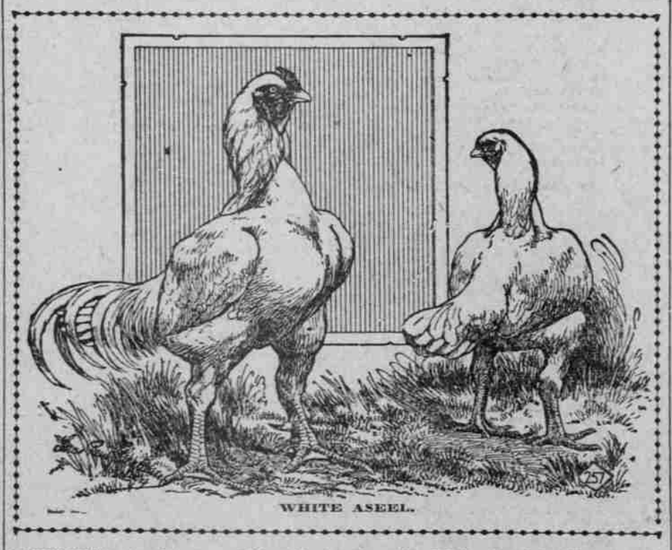
Pointers Given Beginners.

Experience has demonstrated that males in the pens reduce the total egg yield for the year. Furthermore, they are likely to impair the quality of the eggs, for infertile eggs keep better than fertile ones. Then, too, there is the cost of maintaining surplus males. At a time like this only the producers should be kept. Non-producers should be consigned to the "block" as meat. As soon as the breeding season is over, "swat the rooster." Keep only enough young cockerels for the next breeding time.

Remember, that a hen's temperature is 106½, and man's 98 3-5. Therefore it is plain that they should not be housed alike.

Too much sunshine is just as bad as not enough. If the yards are without natural shade, such as trees or shrubs, artificial shade must be provided. Boards, an old awning, canvas or burlap sacks can be improvised nicely.

Water is worth just as much as feed in egg production. The hen can't make an egg with either one alone. Moral: If the hen's food bill is worth $1.50 a year, that price, also, is the value of the water bill. Think this over; the egg is about 75 per cent water.



WHITE ASEEL.

THE White Aseel is one of the oldest races of fowls. Historians claim this is the fowl whose battles are alluded to in the "Institutes" of Mens, 1000 B. C. "Aseel" is an Arabic word meaning "high caste." The rulers of India bred this fowl for fighting, and to this day both sexes are extremely combative.

Aseels are known in black, black-red, white, gray, spangles, speckles and mottles, but the first three are generally accepted as the distinct varieties.

In 1850 or thereabouts the people of Cornwall, England, using the Black-Red Aseel and some of the local fowl, evolved the Dark Cornish. Others using the White Aseel in like manner produced White Cornish fowls. The latter, while partaking in a general way of the huge muscular formation of its Aseel progenitor, proved to be a most excellent table fowl.

Aseel fowls in America are bred only for ornamental purposes. They have never become popular here probably because the females are poor layers. Aseel fowls weigh five pounds for females and six pounds for males, and in this respect suffer in comparison with the Cornish fowls, their descendants, which run from six to eight pounds for the females and eight to 11 pounds for males.

BLISS LOOKS FAR AHEAD

Relief Committee Named for Possible American Prisoners.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—Major-General Tasker H. Bliss, acting chief of staff of the Army, recently issued through the Adjutant General's department formal annoucement of the establishment at Berne, Switzerland, of a central committee which will extend relief to American soldiers who may be captured in the war and sent to Germany as prisoners. General Bliss' formal announcement follows:

"The American Legation at Berne, Switzerland, has formed an organization at that place by direction of the Department of State to co-operate under instructions from that department with the Spanish Ambassador in Berlin, representing American interests in Germany, for the relief of Americans who are now or may be in the future detained as prisoners of war in Germany. This organization has been designated the 'American prisoners' central committee.' Address Berne, Switzerland.

"All members of the Army of the United States and all persons accompanying or serving therewith and subject to military jurisdiction should, in case of capture by German forces, communicate with that committee."

The labor of handling hollow tile has been lessened by the invention of an S-shaped tool, by which they are picked up and carried, instead of in the hands.