

A Modern Little Lord Fauntleroy's Fight for Millions

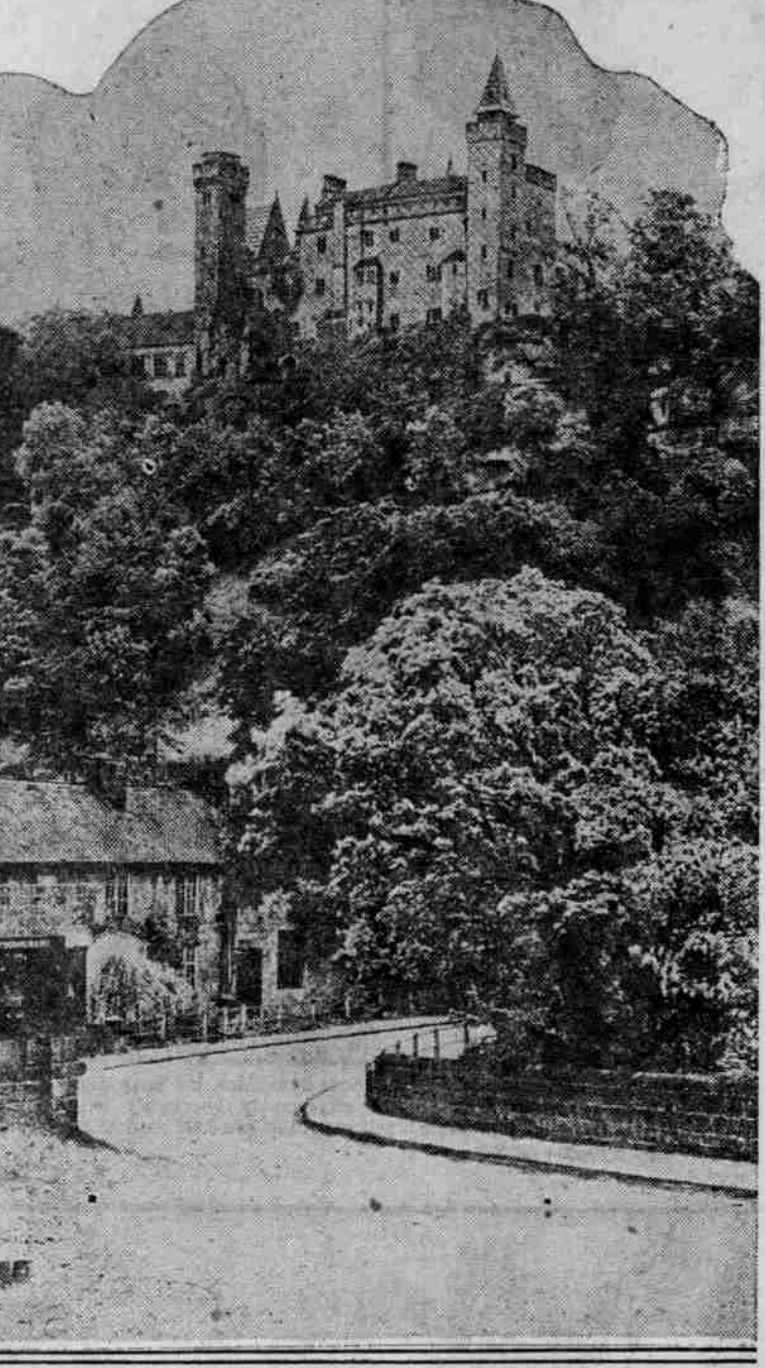
A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY has challenged the mightiest baronists in England in a fight for lands, castles and money that he considers his own by right of heritage. The fight is described as an action to get aside the will of the late earl of Shrewsbury, and the plaintiff is his grandson, the frail, comely infant who now bears the Shrewsbury title.

This spectacle has captured the interest of all England; each new twist in the litigation is being closely followed. This interest has been brought about not only by the ingratiating personality of the young earl himself but because the trial promises to develop many sensational details of the late earl's somewhat picturesque home life.

Persons familiar with Frances Hodgson Burnett's celebrated story have been calling the tiny nobleman the "Modern Little Lord Fauntleroy." This description was suggested by the similarity of situation as well as the personal likeness that the earl bears to the fictitious character. In Mrs. Burnett's story Lord Fauntleroy, the son of an American mother and an English father, found his title being challenged by an impostor. Meanwhile the old earl, his grandfather, despite the fact that he hated everything American, had been completely charmed by the little lord.

The late earl of Shrewsbury was similarly charmed by his grandson, the present plaintiff. But when he died his estate was left, not to him, but to a woman not related to him, a Miss Eleanor Whyte Hughes Brownlee, who has been named residuary legatee. The estate is valued at more than a million and a quarter dollars.

From certain quarters has come the suggestion that the late earl felt aggrieved at his daughter-in-law for marrying Richard Pennoyer, an American, following the death in France of her husband, the earl's son, who was killed in action. This, they say, may have influenced him to cut her son out of the will. This story is not generally credited in England.



"Alton Towers," the historic castle of the famous Shrewsbury estate.

This litigation has created more interest than any similar action brought within the last two years. Through the ancestors of the earl of Shrewsbury were given more to settling their differences with battle

Why England's Greatest Will Contest May Determine That the Boy Earl of Shrewsbury Was Disinherited Because His Mother Wed an American.

axes than by legal disputation, they always got action in one way or another.

The line goes back to 1442 and the men who have borne the Shrewsbury title have been among the greatest fighting men of England. One earl had the record of participating in more than forty victorious battles. Another, Sir Gilbert Talbot, before the formal history of the family begins, was lord chamberlain to King Edward III.

Later on an earl of Shrewsbury was asked to act as the jailer of Mary Queen of Scots, and to the 12th earl of Shrewsbury the reigning house of Windsor owes, according to history, its present possession of the British throne. It was to this earl that Queen Anne, on her deathbed, confided the staff of lord high steward of the realm, and he used his position, as soon as she breathed her last, to proclaim her cousin, the sovereign elector of Hanover, as king of Great Britain and Ireland, under the style of George I. He thereby secured the succession of the house of Hanover—now Windsor—to the British throne and frustrated the projected attempt of the exiled family of Stuart to recover the crown.

The family estate, for the most part, surrounds the historic home of the Shrewsburies in Staffordshire, known as Alton Towers. Kings and queens have been entertained there and the mightiest in the realm have been proud to be numbered among the earl of Shrewsbury's guests.

Some idea of this vast estate, to most of which the 7-year-old earl of Shrewsbury aspires, may be gained from a statement made by the earl during a court proceeding some years ago when his wife, from whom he had been separated, sued him for her allowance of £4000 a year. It appeared that the countess told the court that she and her daughter were not made welcome when they visited the towers, that the servants were unwilling to wait on her, and that her daughter, Lady Violet, had been compelled



The 7-year-old earl and his mother, Mrs. Richard E. Pennoyer, who married an American. Her first husband, Viscount Ingestre, was killed in France.

to go into the garden and dig potatoes for food.

The earl denied this was necessary and said there were plenty of servants to wait upon her. When asked what accommodations were put at her disposal, he replied that she had the use of about 45 of the 100 rooms in Alton Towers, the historic castle of the earl.

This was not the only time the earl and his wife were in the courts. Their conjugal life, from the time they eloped and were married, appears to have been one continuous wrangle. After they had been separated various actions were brought by the countess. At one time she was asking that the earl be restrained from selling the family plate, at another she demanded that the earl be required to keep up "her ladyship's garden," presumably where the potatoes Lady Violet dug were planted; at still another she alleged that the earl had failed to pay the income tax on her allowance.

They were separated in 1916. Some time later, Miss Brownlee, the defendant in the present litigation, came into the earl's life. She is described as a beautiful blonde who, like the earl, was interested in sporting events. Being a frequenter of race courses where the earl was an enthusiastic spectator and exhibitor, she got to know him rather well. When they were seen together the

event was laid to a common interest in sport.

The earl's interest in sporting events, however, was not confined to the track. He was extremely fond of every sort of sporting activity that involved horses. He allowed this interest to invade his business.

Being the first man in London to own a hansom cab he decided that he would be the first to commercialize cab service. So great was his enthusiasm for the hansom that he endeavored to run a de luxe service in London and Paris.

His cabs were luxuriously appointed and much sought after. They were the first rubber-tired ones seen in London and were the speediest and most comfortable vehicles of their time.

There was no mistaking the earl's cabs. They bore the imprint of the peerage in the shape of the linked letters, "S. and T." standing for "Shrewsbury and Talbot," painted on the sides. The reins were supported by metal work arranged in the form of a coronet and the "cabbies" always wore top hats and heavy box-cock coats. When his smart drivers struck for higher pay, however, their noble proprietor got sick of the whole business, closed it down and went in for the newer enterprises of motor cars. The late earl also had a passion

for coach driving, and for several seasons he ran the Greyhound coach daily from Buxton to Alton Towers.

When the earl and Miss Brownlee were seen together, as they frequently were, the event was laid to a common interest in sports.

When the earl's son, Viscount Ingestre, was killed in battle in 1915 it was naturally supposed that the viscount's son, the earl's grandson, would become his heir. The surprise was widespread, therefore, when at the old earl's death Miss Brownlee was named as residuary legatee, which means that when all expenses are paid off she gets the bulk of the estate.

Meanwhile Viscount Ingestre's widow married Mr. Pennoyer, who is from Oakland, Cal., and the nephew of Governor Sylvester Pennoyer of Oregon. At the time of the marriage Mr. Pennoyer was a member of the American embassy staff in London. Since then he has been connected with the American embassy in Lisbon, and at present is secretary of the American embassy in Berlin. The infant earl likes his stepfather, but for the purpose of his suit has been staying part of his time in England with his guardian, the marquis of Anglesley. His valiant fight for the millions of his grandfather makes him the most interesting infant in England.

LOVE-IN-A-MIST—THREADS OF OLD ROMANCE AND NEW

(Continued From Page 5.)

"You didn't expect him to meet you here?"

"No, at that inn," said Amelle doggedly.

They sat side by side in a rather dusty hired car and drove over excellent roads, with hardly a word between them.

Once Don Reynard asked carefully, "What shall you do if he isn't there when you arrive?"

"He will be. You don't know Arthur," said Amelle. She managed a tired little smile. "She felt like a dead lead driven by the wind, whipped and whirled, with no will of its own for resistance. 'He'll be there,' she repeated.

But he wasn't. In four strange days, that was the strangest thing of all. There wasn't even a letter or a telegram.

Amelle turned away from the desk of the inn, her dark eyes wide and startled, a chill starting at her finger tip.

"How funny," she said childishly to Don Reynard, waiting a little at one side to register. "He wasn't come—how funny!"

Don Reynard came forward quietly. He had an air of authority that an answer for the complete naturalness of the situation and silenced a faint question in the eyes of the clerk holding a pen in one hand, a blotter in the other.

"Probably delayed unexpectedly—a washout or something. Why don't you just register and have your things sent up," he suggested.

"There's sure to be word tomorrow. Most likely he'll be here himself before you get down to breakfast.

Amelle registered obediently. Don Reynard wrote his name at a discreet distance below hers upon the page.

"Miss Lawrence?" said the clerk tentatively.

"Miss Lawrence," said Don Reynard distinctly. "Is expecting to meet here a gentleman who is on his way up from Mexico. Will you be good enough to see that she gets any letters or telegrams, at once?"

"Why, it's Mr. Reynard, isn't it?" said the clerk suddenly, with a suggestion of relief. "How do you do, sir? You've been here before, haven't you?"

"Twice before," said Don Reynard, smiling.

of the foggiest, looked down into her wistfully lifted eyes, so that they lifted but briefly.

"I wish it would," murmured Amelle recklessly. But not quite loud enough for him to hear. He caught the sound but not the words. And she fled directly after.

She had one pretty gown in her bag, meant for the first evening, and Arthur's delectation—gray as a dove's wing—gray lace and gray chiffon. She put it on after a bath, and did her hair as she would never have done it for Arthur, cloudily soft and loose. Then she went down, with her heart rioting. Her little gray slipper feet just kissed the stairs.

Don Reynard was waiting for her near the desk; he came forward gravely. "This is good of you," he said. "I've got a table in the patio."

Amelle said to the observant clerk, "No mail for me, still?"

"Nothing, Miss Lawrence," said the clerk.

Then Amelle and Don Reynard went out into the patio, crossed the whispering fountain to the farther side, and sat down at a small white covered table with a jug of deep red roses in the middle of it.

Four walls of gray weathered stone rose on four sides of them, open to the sky. Bell tower and roof made lines of peaceful loveliness against the azure twilight overhead, wherein a moon hung, languid and honeyed.

Amelle, beginning to tremble, there were flags, great streaks of crimson and green and yellow hanging from upper ledges and upon dozens of little tables set about among palms and ferns, dozens of candles glimmered, shaken in a breeze that was delicately chill. No other light.

A woman's intonement hung about the place like a perfume. There were people at some of the little tables—not all. Semi-solitude added to the moon and the fountain and the candle-light.

"What a perfect, perfect place," sighed Amelle.

"Wait!" whispered Don Reynard. There was a trickle of notes from a guitar—somewhere above them. Amelle turned—against one wall a flash of carmine caught her eye. A balcony with a strip of scarlet cloth stretched on poles above it. Below the scarlet cloth a woman leaned out, singing. She was slim and dark and smiling. She wore a black lace mantilla on her heavy black hair and a big red rose behind one ear. Her face was powdered pearl white, her mouth curved and painted, her eyes stumberous. She sang like a bird or a child, throatily sweet, in a lilting gurgle of sound. Behind her, half in shadow, a man in velvet and tinsel thrummed a guitar. An Indian woman, two great plaits across her shoulders, sat by a great gold harp.

"What's that she's singing?" asked Amelle softly. The song hung in that cool enchanted dusk like a silver ribbon of sound. It was full of unassuaged desire and mournful ecstasy of longing.

Don Reynard told her, "La Colonia"—the Swaimy yellow." He put his hand over hers lightly for a moment, but his touch burned.

"I wouldn't give tonight for the rest of my life," he said. "This place and that song, and you. Life's not so uneven after all!"

yellow jacket like a foredoom's brought them their dinner. Amelle scarcely knew what she ate. The intimacy of that little table, with its red roses and flickering candle light, was too poignantly unreal. The guitar and the woman's voice, the seductive melancholy of the Spanish music, held her like a spell.

Above the coffee cups at last Don Reynard leaned over to force her look with his own. He had been gay and impersonal and charming for the most part. Now, all at once, he was quiet and terribly earnest.

"Amelle," he said, "tell me about him. I find I've got to know, after all. How did it happen? How long ago was it? Tell me everything."

So Amelle told him everything, at last. Beginning and ending with the honey locust.

Don Reynard was quieter than ever when she had done. His look of the Hidalgo deepened. Harlequin, out of the garden for good.

"Two years ago," he commented briefly. "Does he know how you've changed?"

"I've tried to tell him," said Amelle. She added stubbornly: "I still love him, of course."

"Of course," said Don Reynard, politely. And he added: "It's the sort of thing one's supposed to perjure one's self about—noblesse oblige!"

"What do you mean?" asked Amelle, beginning to tremble.

"Why, I mean," he said hotly, "that you don't love him now in the least—that your sense of honor is driving you."

"How do you know?"

"Don't ask me that! You don't really want me to tell you?"

"But I do. You have no right to say—How do you know?"

"Amelle," he said her name as no one else in the world had ever said it before, in the voice that her heart would remember—in Arthur's arms, "Amelle, I dare you to be honest. I dare you to tell me the truth as you'll tell it to yourself—too late to help either of us."

She said unsteadily: "I've known you three days."

"That doesn't matter. You haven't seen him in two years."

I've got to go through with it. Don't please don't ask me. I dare say I shall be happy."

"At least we needn't lie to each other about it, need we—in this one night—that's all we've got?" said Don Reynard gently. Almost too gently.

"You wonderful—cruel—honest—adorable girl!"

Amelle looked at his hands, shut hard on the edge of the table, and wanted more than anything else in the world to feel them crushing her own.

She stood up abruptly, and he followed. They hesitated beside the cool sibilance of the fountain. He looked back at her—stopped the heart in her breast for a moment with the dark passion of his eyes.

"It would be heaven together," he told her. "You won't listen?"

"I can't!" said Amelle, almost with a sob. And went on before him out of the dream shadow of the patio into the well lit comfort of the inn.

On the threshold, though, she turned, slipped her hand into his for the space of a long drawn breath.

"I've tried to tell him," said Amelle. She added stubbornly: "I still love him, of course."

"Of course," said Don Reynard, politely. And he added: "It's the sort of thing one's supposed to perjure one's self about—noblesse oblige!"

"What do you mean?" asked Amelle, beginning to tremble.

"Why, I mean," he said hotly, "that you don't love him now in the least—that your sense of honor is driving you."

"How do you know?"

"Don't ask me that! You don't really want me to tell you?"

"But I do. You have no right to say—How do you know?"

"Amelle," he said her name as no one else in the world had ever said it before, in the voice that her heart would remember—in Arthur's arms, "Amelle, I dare you to be honest. I dare you to tell me the truth as you'll tell it to yourself—too late to help either of us."

Arthur hoarsely, "Amelle—I've got something to tell you. I know it looks rotten. I—I know you can never explain it to you after my letters and all that—but the—the whole thing happened so suddenly."

Light, like a blinding, scorching flame struck Amelle breathless. She thrust, through his futile manderings.

"Don't bother to be ashamed about it. You're in love with some one else?"

Arthur set his elbows on his knees and wrung his hands together with almost a groan:

"I'm married to her, he burst out desperately. "She's waiting for me at a hotel—in Los Angeles. I came on down here—to see you—and explain. It's a rotten shame—you're taking this long trip for nothing."

Amelle began to laugh, softly, but with an exquisite helplessness. She laughed until the tears stood in her eyes.

"Look here," said Arthur, uneasily, "are you hysterical? Would you like me to call—another woman—or something?"

"You should have brought your wife along," said Amelle, still laughing. She was able to control herself presently, and wiped her eyes.

"Tell me about it, Arthur. I'll try to be calm. But you don't know—you'll never know—how terribly funny all this is!"

"I shouldn't exactly call it funny," said Arthur, between remorse and annoyance. "She—she—her mother was a Mexican. They're—ah—emotional, you know. Her mother kept the boarding house I lived in. I used to see something of her—not much. I—I really was faithful to you, Amelle, although a man has temptations."

"I remember. You wrote me that once," said Amelle, suddenly. "Stupid of me! I didn't think of the kind that married you."

Arthur showed disturbance, mental and perhaps moral. He went on doggedly.

"But if, as I wrote you—I had everything ready. I wired you to come, and then the night I was going to start, she—Juanita—broke down. She stopped me on the stairs and—well, she went all to pieces! She was going to shoot herself. You see, I had gotten people to talking about her."

"I see," said Amelle quickly. "Never mind, Arthur. I see! The whole sordid little story spread itself out before her. Arthur's decent simplicity—the, to any feminine eye, all too obvious emotional chicanery of Juanita. Juanita was dark, doubtless like the singer in the patio, powdered pearl white, with a soft scarlet mouth and a rose in her hair. Amelle felt suddenly tired and grown old. But Juanita would be shiny and fat at forty. The thought was warming.

"So we were married and I brought her up as far as Los Angeles, left her there at a hotel," Arthur was saying, "and came on here to see you. I wired to Blochwood, trying to stop you, but you had left. I can never tell you, Amelle, how—"

"It's frightfully embarrassing to have you apologize so much," said Amelle coldly. "I think you had better go back to her at once. Tell her I sent you. That I hope you will both

be happy—that everything is always for the best in this best of all worlds, and so on!"

"It's noble of you Amelle," said Arthur, reviving a little. After all, he had found Juanita's adoration rather thrilling. "What—what shall you do?"

"I think I shall go into the movies," said Amelle, a trifle maliciously. "First giving my story to all the big newspapers in Los Angeles. Juanita would be talked about then, wouldn't she?"

She had a hard time getting rid of him after that. But she saw him go at last, past the desk, out through the wide doorway of the inn, into the night, on his way to Juanita, who would, now, never again be talked about.

It was not until he had definitely gone that Amelle looked across the room, the long, pleasant low ceiling room, and saw Don Reynard, sitting with an idle pen in his hands at one of the writing desks. Apparently he had written all his letters or had not been able to write them at all. He looked back at Amelle's a long time, then got up and started across to her. Amelle met him near the desk.

"He's gone?" said Don Reynard briefly. "Where?"

"He's married," said Amelle, quite simply. "I'm jilted. She's waiting for him at a hotel in Los Angeles. Like some ridiculous movie, isn't it? I do seem to have wasted a noble frame of mind on him."

Don Reynard turned to her with an imperceptible but poignantly possessive touch, once more in the direction of the patio:

"There won't be a soul out there, now," he said. "Come and tell me everything. Are you sure you aren't traveling incognito, with a camera man in your pocket? This begins to sound rather like it." But once they were out of the light, shadowed by a jutting wall, he caught her recklessly close, stooped his dark head till Amelle shut her eyes with a little sobbing sigh of surrender.

"Kiss me!" he whispered, harlequin and Hidalgo, together. "Shall we spend our honeymoon here at the inn or is there another place you'd like better? Kiss me again!"

Love-in-a-Mist! It goes as well by another name. You may find the seed in small dusty packets, sometimes in small dusty flower shops, labeled quaintly—Devil in a Bush! (Copyright, 1922, by Fanny Heastip Lea.)

Farm Aid Is Appreciated
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Carrying back to the farm for practical use the result of the government research activities is receiving unprecedented support, according to the report of the secretary of agriculture. During the past fiscal year, the report states, approximately \$16,500,000 was available for this work from federal, state and community sources, of which \$5,800,000 was contributed by county government and farm organizations.

Some of the channels through which the extension work is carried on are detailed in the report as follows: Two thousand four hundred and twenty-five persons engaged in county work in approximately 2000 of the 2650 counties having enough agriculture to employ an agent. The

total number of the counties in the United States is about 3000.

Nine hundred and fifty persons engaged in home demonstration work in 725 counties.

Three hundred and fifty persons engaged in boys' and girls' club work.

Special extension workers in farm management and farm economics.

Special dairy extension workers. One thousand two hundred and sixty farmers' bulletins and 1927 technical and scientific bulletins, covering practically all phases of the department's work have been issued up to date.

Press service to approximately 17,000 publications, including newspapers, agricultural journals, trade and professional journals, church papers, magazines, etc.

Exhibits at agricultural exhibitions and fairs.

Motion pictures, which are furnished free for exhibition at various kinds of agricultural gatherings.

"In what might be called the field of service is included such work as the crop-reporting service, the market-news service, the weather service, and many others. These activities are neither research nor extension, strictly speaking, although their field is greatly extended by research and knowledge of the work is spread through the extension service. Other services, such as are connected with the forestry administration, for example, grow out of research and have certain phases of a regulatory nature, but are very largely protective to the interests involved."

Some of the important lines of service work are:

Weather forecasts, covering not only general conditions but having particular application to various specialized industries, agricultural and otherwise.

Crop reports, designed to afford equal opportunity to producers and buyers to judge of production and, therefore, of demand.

Market-news service, covering both staple and specialized crops.

Meat-inspection service, available alike to producer and distributor, by which the condition of fruits and vegetables and other food products is definitely fixed at the time of shipment or of arrival at destination.

Inspection service for the war finance corporation.

Inspection of certain food supplies for the army and the navy.

An office of development through which the discoveries of the research workers are made available to the industrial world.

Aid in improving the quality of their output to manufacturers using agricultural products as raw materials.

Good News Makes Wife Insane
COPENHAGEN.—A. Petersen, a musician at the Casino theater here, has just unexpectedly received a legacy from a relative who recently died in America, consisting of 12 large farms and 3,500,000 kroner in cash, amounting in all to about 10,000,000 kroner (about \$2,500,000). Petersen's wife was so overcome with the news that her mind was affected and she had to be taken to an insane asylum.