

HIGH LINKS IN A DUCAL MANSION

Eaton Hall Scene of Skylarking, Buffoonery and Joking That Would Be Regarded Vulgar in Low Life



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

was knocked down and smashed. "I am blessed if you won't have to pay for that," said Westminster, coming suddenly on the scene. Did his friends express contrition and regret and promise to be more careful? Not a bit of it. The whole crowd made a rush upon him, bound him, held a mock court martial upon him, and decreed that if he didn't say he was sorry for what he had said they would take him out into the park, tie him to a tree and snowball him. And the duke, seeing that the most sensible thing he could do was to treat the whole matter as a joke, said he was sorry and was released. He didn't venture on any further demonstrations, and for the rest of the evening was as merry as the merriest of them. And he laughed gaily when, later in the evening, at the suggestion of one of the titled "Hooligans," washing lines were stretched across the magnificent hall and ladies' garments, fished from their rooms, were hung upon them as though to dry.

A man of the party who protested that things were being carried a bit too far was locked in a bath room on Christmas morning and not permitted to leave it until luncheon, and then only after promising that he would "never again make such an use of himself as to give good advice." But the "goings on" this Christmas were mild compared with some of the scenes that have occurred on a society belle, for a wagger, danced in lights on the dinner table, after the dessert had made its appearance. She won her bet, but lost a husband by her performance, for her fiancé immediately broke his engagement with her.

One of the practical jokes played by the Westminster house party took the form of a bogus invitation, sent in the Duchess's name, to a certain well-known American woman who has not yet quite "arrived." But for the fact displayed by the Duchess it might have proved a most painful experience for its recipient. The invitation was sent the day before Christmas on the usual note-paper in the hurried and unconventional way that were she to receive an invitation, however late the hour, she would be sure to come.

A somewhat showy woman, lacking knowledge of savoir faire or indeed of the fitness of things, was as anticipated, she made a bee-line in her automobile to the Wilson girls, one of whom is now

her "guest" while her friends nudged and laughed. To this hour probably the American is under the impression that her invitation to the hall was an orthodox one. When, however, she had gotten to her room, her grace turned to her still grinning guests and said, "I will serve you all out for playing this trick on me; for I intend to keep her in the house for the same length of time that I have invited you." There were cries of "Outsider!" and "You dare!" but the duchess held her own.

A year or two ago there was a memorable ball at Grosvenor house, the town mansion of the Westminsters, and at about 3 a. m., as a man emerged on his way to his own house in Brook street, he saw a whole row of hansom cabs apparently waiting to be hired. On looking into each, however, he found that it was occupied by a couple, "chacun a chacune" complacently smoking cigarettes. The cabbies were sent into the servants' quarters to have drinks so as not to be in the way and the occupants of the vehicles smoked away to their hearts' content. The ring-leader of the performance made each man of the party fork out a sovereign for his smoke and that of his partner. Do all went well.

The Duchess of Westminster would not be her mother's daughter did she not glory in the practical joke. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, Mrs. Cornwallis West was the terror of every house or yacht into which she put her foot. Even the late Mr. Gladstone was not sacred from her larks. At a country house she attached to his night garments so that he could not get into them. Those who participated with her in the joke managed to keep Mrs. Gladstone talking downstairs after her husband had retired and the fun was what the great prime minister came out on the landing calling for Mrs. Gladstone, as he always did when in any difficulty. The lady had no sense of humor and her fury at what she considered an indignity to her husband was, it seems, the best part of the whole affair.

Lord Rocksavage Lord Cholmendelev's heir, has long been the Duchess of Westminster's right hand in her jokes. What she has forgotten he has thought of. Jack Churchill, Winston's younger brother, has also helped her considerably and so has her brother, George, who is married to Lady Randolph Churchill.

EATON HALL WHERE RIGIOUS HOUSE PARTIES ABB HELD.

mobile for Eaton Hall bringing with her her pet dog and leaving her maid to follow with her numerous trunks. She arrived about tea-time when high revels were being held. The footman announced her to a still more amazed hostess. The duchess, being more than half Irish, has intuition, and seemed suddenly to "tumble" to the fact that she, too, was being played upon. For in the kindest possible manner she went forward and welcomed



In a tale of old,
By a Redman told,
A nightingale sang his love;
While a rose so white,
In the moon's pale light,
'Gainst his pleading vainly strove.

In Manitou's plan,
So the legend ran,
The rose should know no love;
So in virgin white
She was then bedight
That she might no passion move.

But her lover came,
With his heart aflame,
And kissed her lips of snow;
And a soft pink blush
Did her fair face flush,
Which pictured affection's glow.

'Twas this tender way,
So the warriors say,
The pink of the rose was born;
The tint of her face
Is only the trace
Of a love that was forlorn.

For the bird, untrue,
Found a sweetheart new
That modestly hung her head;
While the first, in shame,
Though not to blame,
Became a fiery red.

Since then we can see,
(Great Spirit's decree),
That the cheeks of the maid may show
The beautiful flush
Of the white-rose blush
When her heart with love's aglow.

But an angry red
From her face is shed
When her ruthless roams away,
And distrust is born,
Like the rose's thorn,
To protect her from that day.

So the red wife's charm,
To guard against harm
From ghost or spirit's spite,
Is the wild-rose vine
With its thorny spine
And beautiful blossom bright.

Which around her babe,
On its board, is laid
By her anxious care and skill,
And bound with a thong
Of the deer-hide strong
To shield her pappoose from ill.



LONDON, Feb. 11.—Occasionally something gets into the papers which sheds an illuminating light on the manners and modes of life of some of the most exalted members of the British aristocracy. Of that nature was the recent nocturnal raid made by the Duke of Westminster's guests at Eaton hall on the country seat of the Marquis of Cholmendelev. The story of that mock burglary has been told all over America. My purpose in referring to it is to call attention to the contrast it suggests between the commonly accepted notion of how the members of a ducal house party conduct themselves and how they really behave. For the incident was typical of the diversions that take place at Eaton hall. Eaton hall is one of the most magnificent of the stately homes of England. It cost \$10,000,000 and it took 13 years to build it. Last year 20,000 visitors paid 25 cents each for the privilege of going over portions of it, and incidentally contributing to the support of certain local charities. As they wandered through its grand and sumptuous furnished halls and apartments many of them doubtless imagined that those who dwell amid such splendor must, perforce, be persons of culture and refinement, quite incapable in their daily life of anything approaching vulgarity.

In that assumption they were far wide of the mark. An income of something like \$2,000,000 a year, and nothing in the world to do but spend it, does not make for refinement and culture unless the gods have added to their other bounteous gifts a superior intellect and a superabundant sense of humor. Neither the duke nor the duchess possess either the adulatory flubdub that is printed all over the society papers.

IN THE PATH OF THE FLEET--Valparaiso as the Sailor Sees It--Scene of Many Historic Events--Truly Glorious Climate

By Orton E. Goodwin.

FROM Punta Arenas, a comparatively few hours' steamer will bring the fleet to Cape Horn at the western end of Magellan straits, and right here, when the battleships and cruisers begin to curtsy to the heavy Pacific swell, will good sea legs be needed. Northward, ho! is now the word to complete the third leg of the long voyage.

Rounding Cape Horn the scenery is magnificent indeed, yet the average sailor is not over-fond of approaching its shores, inhabited only by an inhospitable tribe of cannibals with a special predilection for sailors.

Practically no harbor of importance, save Talcahuano, port for Concepcion, lies to the south of Valparaiso, having a fine drydock for warships and being memorable in the Chilean war of independence as Talcahuano's chief claims to public notice. However, the harbor is all ports to the south of Chile is overshadowed by Valparaiso, possessing a magnificent view of the bay and the sound (friends), a harbor that is second only to San Francisco on the Pacific coast. Unlike San Francisco, for three months in the year Valparaiso harbor is a regular death trap, owing to the reason that its narrow entrance faces the sea and the terrific gales that during these months sweep down the coast, making the harbor at such times very unsafe; all the shipping that can, holding itself ready to leave at a moment's notice, in Valparaiso photos and still shown of the destruction wrought by the gales of 1893, when damage to the extent of several millions was effected ashore and afloat.

At Valparaiso.

On arrival at Valparaiso one's first overpowering wonder is why such a site should be chosen for a city, and one is forced to believe that the harbor is the only telling point in its favor. Presumably "cerros" or hills come down almost to the water line, and it is on their surface that by far the greater residential part of the city is situated. On the water level there is rarely more than four, whilst in some places one would know how the railroad going to Valparaiso's charming suburb, Vina del Mar, finds room to squeeze between hills and sea. Traveling facilities from this part of the "heights" are good—not indeed by the ordinary electric car, owing to the tremendous grades encountered, but by special "ascenders" or inclined railways. In some cases elevators are used to surmount the bluffs, but the writer never saw them in actual operation, his visit to the city being within a month of the disastrous earthquake of 1906. At such a time a city must be judged by reliable reports of its past glory, than by its actual condition after sustaining such a smashing blow. Yet even at that dark time Valparaiso was recognized in grand shape, and the general transportation facilities were almost as good as ever. The electric cars themselves are, after

the European fashion, "double-deckers"; incongruous as it may sound, but does not look, they are "rigged" by women conductors—as is also the case of another large Chilean port, Iquique. When the visitor has overcome his surprise enough to question his guides he will learn that they are a remembrance of the war with Peru during the course of that carry every able-bodied man and boy able to war a gun was rushed off to the frontier, thus leaving only women to do the work.

Women in Uniforms.

Attired in a suitable uniform, the women act so efficiently that no serious endeavor has since been made to change them.

Chileans are proud, too, of another remembrance, two fine bronze lions captured from Peru and erected in the municipal park for the benefit of future generations. These lions were unfortunately seriously damaged by the earthquake.

The majority of the more important buildings of Valparaiso can be seen within walking distance of the landing mole, where the passenger is landed by means of ships' boats or launches. One is immediately greeted by the fine monument on the Plaza Sotomayor, erected by Chile in memory of her fallen heroes in the war with Peru; indeed everywhere in Valparaiso are evidences that the Chilean soldiers of that war are still held in loving remembrance.

It comes somewhat startling to notice that almost everywhere in English understood and to see the names of well-known American firms over the portals of the leading wholesale firms. This being so, one expects to find foreign representatives and employes, yet such is rarely the case, almost invariably the resident head of the firm is a Chilean or else a foreigner of such long residence that he has become practically identified with the country.

We northern people are accustomed

to think of Valparaiso as suffering from almost tropical heat. Far to the contrary, the climate is mild and equable the summer, January to March, rarely reaching a too unpleasantly high temperature. To obtain the benefit of the milder climatic conditions the seat of government is moved from Santiago to Valparaiso during the summer months.

Attractive Scenes.

Practically every country in the world is identified with Valparaiso by sentiment—as well as by commerce—the United States does not lag behind in this respect. Americans in Valparaiso are only too pleased to take the visitor out to Punta Gruesa, a promontory a few miles from the city, site of one of the most protecting the harbor, and the scene of a naval engagement during the war of 1812.

This was the battle of Valparaiso, between the United States frigate *Cassidy* and the British frigates *Phoebe* and

Lady Chesterfield, were notorious as practical jokers at Eaton hall and elsewhere, but since they have been married they have sobered down.

Windmill Signalling.

Valuable for Military Purposes, the Dutch Government Has Found.

From the Windsor Magazine.

To the casual observer viewing a Dutch landscape there is nothing to arrest the attention in the fact that possibly one or more out of a dozen windmills in sight are to all appearances simply standing idle while the others continue their never-ending task.

If one watches the sails of the idle mills closely it may perhaps be noticed that they move slightly from time to time and then remain for a while at a differing angle. This is so the miller is in all probability engaged in holding a conversation with the proprietor of the other mill, which may be miles away, in fact possibly barely visible on the horizon.

Quite recently the Dutch government carried out a series of experiments in order to ascertain the value of windmill signalling for military purposes, and were surprised to find that communication could readily be established with far distant centers and that confidential messages could be sent from one mill to another and so forwarded throughout the length and breadth of Holland in an incredibly short time by means of secret codes known only to the millers themselves.

These codes have been handed down from generation to generation and jealously guarded from outsiders with all the intensity of conservatism for which the provincial Dutch are proverbial. Apart, however, from these secret codes, unknown only to the millers and local groups of mill owners, there exists a series of windmill signals with which every one of the inhabitants of the country districts is familiar.

At times, for instance, a mill may stop working suddenly and the miller be seen to come out and with the aid of a long pole with an iron hook at the end lift a gigantic boathook reach up and drag down the descending sail until the arm assumes a certain position. Every one knows immediately that some accident has happened to the wooden machinery of the mill and that the services of the local carpenter are required.

RED CROSS OF THE OCEAN--An Impression of a Life Boat Rescue

By Herbert Russell, in London Express.

URING a recent gale, whose record is writ large in havoc and the toll of human life, I found myself one of a considerable crowd of people congregated upon the Ramsgate pier-head. We hugged the lee of the little harbor watch-house, so as to get some shelter from the ceaseless showers of spray which burst in great steam-like volumes over the parapet of the pier.

The wind was pouring in a steady level rush of hurricane fury from out of the southwest. The olive-green seas flickering ghastly against the leaden sky of the heavens as they curled into foam, chased one another in a rapid, roaring tumble from beyond the vague ridge of the murky horizon.

The air was drenched with wet that stung the skin like a hail of darts, but whether this was rain, or "allah" from the whirling spray which velled the ocean in a scurrying mist, it was impossible to say.

A vessel was ashore on the Goodwin Sands. The Gull lightship had fired several times, and the Ramsgate tug and lifeboat had gone out. This was some five hours earlier in the day, not long after dawn. I had watched them depart—a scene to set the niles thrilling as they trumped out across the furious billows, amidst that they alternately vanished and reappeared, like the moon among gale-driven clouds.

Into the Horizon.

Then they disappeared into the narrow horizon, and nobody ashore knew anything further—what the wreck was, whether any of her people had been drowned, whether the lifeboat would be able to get alongside of her in the boiling cauldron of surf which would be playing upon the Goodwin in such weather.

And so we were waiting to see.

I was talking to a bronze-cheeked, blue-eyed old longshoreman, who in quavering notes, which he pitched into an occasional falsetto as he sought to make himself audible above the gale, was telling me some of his own experiences in the Ramsgate lifeboat.

Suddenly he broke away and peered hard into the palpitating seascape, folding his hands upon the bridge of his nose to protect his sight from the driving sllash.

"They've come!" he cried, with a quick gesture of excitement, leveling a rheumatic arm and crooked forefinger directly seawards.

The little crowd fell into silent postures of intent staring. That old longshoreman must have had gimlet-like eyes, for nobody uttered a sound for fully a minute—and you may know from experience what sixty seconds of suspense really means. To see them at once, a pair of shadows fitfully emerging from out of the fleeting haze, one bigger than the other, a considerable distance apart, and both careering in wild capers upon the warring waters.

"The tug and lifeboat—well, thank heaven, they've come anyhow!" exclaimed a burly young fisherman. "I allow as they've had a punishing they won't forget in a hurry."

to distinguish any details as yet. I asked what the red flag meant.

"Life saved," came the brief, significant reply.

The two smudges shaped themselves out of the storm grayness with considerable rapidity, for they were making a leading wind of the gale. First came the tug, a yellow-funnelled, paddle-wheeled vessel, pouring forth a low-whirling, sooty coil.

You got a very good idea of the anger of that run of sea by watching the antics of that laboring vessel. At one minute she would be poised with her forefoot slanting seawards and white cascades sluicing from under her high-racing paddle-wheels; then, amid a great fountain-like burst, she would swoop, diving into the crawling smother till nothing save her funnels, bridge, and mast was visible from the pier, and I regularly found myself catching my breath as I wondered whether she could possibly ever emerge again.

The life boat had sheered out onto the weather quarter of the tug. Her pale blue and white hull blending with the flickering crests of the surges would have been difficult of discernment, had she not been carrying a broad strip of dark red canvas, hoisted, I supposed, to steady her as she shot the quavering billows.

Unsinkable Boat.

As for her, had I not known that she was self-righting, unsinkable, and therefore proof against the ravages of the sea, I could regularly have sworn that every plunge into the hollows was her last. Her evanishment was as complete as that of a dipnet diving for brittle. Then came her buoyant upward flight, like a seagull skimming but the kias of the yeast—a dizzy spectacle of coming and going to stand and watch.

The two vessels were within three quarters of a mile of the east pier-head when I caught sight of a little square of scarlet hanging from the reefing masthead of the lifeboat.

"There's the red flag!" I cried.

"She's got 'em then, poor chaps!" ejaculated the old longshoreman.

A new and strangely stirring significance came into the wild picture of those two little vessels with these words. They were returning triumphant from their mission of salvation. One had come to a sailor to understand that nothing short of that noble craft, with her bulging air-boxes and cork-jacketed crew, could have crossed the boiling surf of the Goodwin and snatched away those ship-wrecked sailors in the teeth of death.

We could count 21 figures in the gleaming, sobbing boat as she swept round curtsying and scuttling, into the comparative smoothness of the harbor entrance. We know that her own crew numbered 13.

The tug went swirling alongside the pier to take up her berth as the lifeboat let go the hawser.

"Have you got them all?" roared the harbor master as the lifeboat went driving towards the landing steps.

"Every mother's son!" shouted the coxswain with a flourish of his arm.

And then we fell to cheering with one common irrepressible impulse, which was just about expressed by the old longshoreman when he exclaimed, in a voice husky with emotion: "I always says 'Bless that red red flag!'"

"Judge" Heffelfinger, the old-time football star, is talked of as one of the delegates-at-large from Minnesota at the Republican national convention. He is an ardent supporter of Taft for the presidency.



PART OF CITY OF VALPARAISO, FROM PHOTO TAKEN FROM FORETOP OF AMERICAN SHIP TENNESSEE TWO YEARS AGO.