

# AMERICAN GIRLS who MARRY TITLES are NOT ALL UNAPPY

MANY STRIKING EXAMPLES, IN FRANCE AT LEAST, OF INTERNATIONAL MATCHES WHICH BROUGHT HAPPINESS THAT YEARS HAVE NOT ALTERED.

PARIS—Not all our girls who marry titles are unhappy. We hear of the shipwrecked, wasted millions and a fore girl drifting westward on a gilded craft; but the mass of the contented, doing vast good to America and Europe, pass unnoticed, declares a writer in the Washington Evening Star.

As to France, I know these girls are missionaries of the great American idea. Some get love; some fill empty hearts with worldly satisfactions, and all merit admiration. France's share of her \$300,000,000 may have healed old families; but the breezy push, the bright initiative, independence, energy and judgment with which they invigorate a sleepy aristocracy are equaled only by the splendid prestige they have given the United States abroad.

There are two dual families, for example, the Rochefoucauld and Uzes, called, respectively, "the premier dukes" and "premier barons" of the old regime. Is it a small thing that Miss Shonts becomes the sister-in-law of one, while Miss Mattie Elizabeth Mitchell is the duchess of the other?

One True Love Match.

Miss Mitchell may have brought the Duc de la Rochefoucauld but \$200,000. The duke—who, in old days, would have been nearest royalty, like the Norfolks in England—could have



La Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld and Son

married any heiress of his class. Instead, he chose Miss Mitchell, with her modest dot—a true love match.

For trade, he is captain of business. His private life is most passed at Montreal, his seat, where his lovely American duchess yields queenly influence. She is the friend of all girls who want to marry their true loves; of the country nobility; rich farmers' daughters; middle-class girls cursed with ambitious parents; peasant girls discouraged by small cash.

She has opened French eyes to American agricultural machinery; made known hygienic plumbing, the check system, social mixing, farmers' trolleys, Indian corn, bath tubs, outdoor life for girls above the peasant class. How can a high-hearted Oregon girl, become chief personage of several counties, not spread the idea of go ahead and trust to your strong arm?

She taught the duke to take his place. He was easy-going, lovable and army-located; for some years they held aloof from high Parisian society; but now they have a son, aged three; they set their preponderating place in the take of the Dowager Duchess d'Uzes, hunting the red deer with dogs and horses and the melancholy horn, like Francis de la Roche, his ancestor, godfather of Francis I., and consulting with five other seigneurs to change the director of the Paris grand opera by mere force of social influence.

Place for Duchesse de Chaulnes. Miss Shonts, as Duchesse de Chaulnes, has her place like this waiting for her in the Uzes set. Much depends on the woman. The emoluments are often worth the money. Indeed, there are American girls who have so valued the emoluments that they held to them after they divorced the man—and no hard feelings.

Such is the happy case of Miss Curtis of New York, first wife of the present Duc de Dino. The whole French aristocratic family mourned her when she quit. "You are still of us," they insisted. She still calls herself the marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord. Her noble daughter married a Roman Ruspoli, title princess of Poggio-Suasa; her four sons are bona fide Gotha nobility; and she has always been extremely happy.

When her divorced husband found he could not live without an American woman on the premises, his good old father kind of abdicated, so that, as

or not; but it does not prevent her from being glad she did it. There is no kick coming from the Princesses de Beaur and de Chalais.

Romance of Caroline Fraser. All but two of the American women I have mentioned are the happy mothers of young nobles of proud lineage. Could you find a more romantic case than that of Caroline Fraser and her issue? When the princely Murats—history makers—took refuge in Bordentown, N. J., Caroline was governess in the family. The heir married her—and stuck tight to her, always. She is dead several years since; but her children, keeping her blue eyes and corn-yellow hair, have married everywhere.

The most romantic of these American-mothered Murat men espoused the utterly romantic Circassian Princess Dateri, Zephita by name, lovely beyond words, daughter and sole heir of the sovereign house of Mingrelia—which land you can hunt in southern Russia. He is there, a king today, the boy from Bordentown.

Of all the French counts, none stand higher in history or society than the Chambruns. When Louis XV. created all those marquises, a Comte de Chambrun got one of the first, and the Chambruns always have had sense. They kept much of their land through the revolution; they had shifted a good lot of liquid cash of England, and at the restoration they were among the first to get a whack at the \$122,000,000 voted as compensation to the martyred nobility.

Chambrun's Good Sense. To prove that horse sense has not left the family, the Marquis de Chambrun snapped up an American girl, of the Rives-Nichols family of Virginia, when he was at Washington. Good! It worked. The family liked the innovation. "Go ahead," they said to the Comte de Chambrun, when he was old enough to marry; "find another like her!" What he found was Miss Longworth, Alice Roosevelt's sister-in-law.

The Chambruns are playing a most prominent part in the great effort to improve the social situation of the French working classes. At home, in their three chateaux, they are patriarchal masters of land as far as the eye can see. There are no wretched poor in their villages. Their farmers are the proud and prosperous masters of blood stock, newest agricultural machinery, silos, distilleries, grain mills, canning factories—and what do I know? The American girls who came to the Chambruns showed the way to the men, who profited intelligently and thankfully. No Chambrun has wasted a dollar of American money.

Founder of Musee Sociale. In Paris the head of the family—who divided his time between the



Comtesse de Chambrun

magnificent chateau of l'Emperey Carriers and the Musee Sociale—a was a great personage in several lights. He died a few years since. Socially a Paris leader, he found time to himself to make the Musee Sociale, where many American students have been welcomed to learn everything done in France in the line of university settlements, model houses, pure milk and all that sort of thing.

The funds of the Musee Sociale—in part American girls' money—have permitted several French socialists to visit the United States to study what we do in the same lines. Its director, Leopold Mabilleau, appointed by De Chambrun, gave one of the French lecture courses at Harvard.

I could thus go on for pages. For each American girl who has wasted love and fortune in undignified European title-buying, I can name you 15 others who, in France at least, have made love matches, reasonable bargains, settlements in life continuing happily and usefully.

Why belittle our girls who come here and marry, making the name of American a thing to be proud of, or their fortunes, by their adaptability? Became French Social Leader. Shall I speak of the Marquise de Ganay, who was a Miss Ridgeway of Philadelphia? She is now a grand-mother, with children and grandchildren married into great French families, a portentous, awful social leader? Or shall I mention the Baronette

wrong one? "I know," said Jake, bracing himself again; "but now I can get at the other handier."

"The Morning Tub." A few years ago a sister of mine called in to see an old lady who lived in a little cottage in Lincolnshire, and in the course of conversation happened to mention that she had a cold sponge-down every morning.

"Law, miss!" said the old lady, "and does your mother know?"

"Yes, certainly," and she quite approves.

"Well," said the old lady, "a washes me face every day, an' a washes mi neck once a week, but a' niver bin washed all over since a was a baby."

## AN INTERESTING CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT

Any Child Can Do It—The Result is Almost Like Magic—Useful, Too.

Anything in the nature of a chemical experiment is always interesting and usually educative. Here is a simple experiment which any child can perform and which is instructive in a very practical way: Get a bit of White Lead about the size of a pea, a piece of charcoal, a common candle in a candlestick, and a blow-pipe. Scoop out a little hollow in the charcoal to hold the White Lead, then light the candle, take the charcoal and lead in one hand and the blow-pipe in the other, with the large end of the blow-pipe between the lips, blow the flame of the candle steadily against the bit of White Lead on the charcoal and if the White Lead is pure it will presently resolve itself into little shining globules of metallic lead, under the intense heat of the blow-pipe, leaving no residue.

If, however, the White Lead is adulterated in the slightest degree, it will not wholly change into lead. So, it will be seen, that this experiment is not only an entertaining chemical demonstration, but also of practical use in the home. White Lead is the most important ingredient of paint. It should be bought pure and unadulterated and mixed with pure linseed oil. That is the best paint. The above easy experiment enables anyone to know whether the paint is the kind which will wear or not.

The National Lead Company guarantees that white lead taken from a package bearing their "Dutch Boy Painter" trade-mark will prove absolutely pure under the blow-pipe test; and to encourage people to make the test and prove the purity of paint before using it, they will send free a blow-pipe and a valuable booklet on paint to anyone writing them asking for Test Equipment. Address National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York City.

## BUT WAS IT THE SAME MELON?

Paper Carried by Darky Amounted Almost to Perpetual Permit.

"A negro just loves a watermelon," said Representative Johnson of South Carolina. "Strange, too, that when a policeman sees a negro with a melon at an unreasonable hour he has it right down that the darky has stolen that watermelon. I heard a story about a policeman who met a negro in the early hours of the morning, and he had a big melon on his shoulder.

"I see you have a melon there?" "Yes, sah," answered the darky. "I've got er melon; but I've fixed fer you, sah, and pulling out a paper he handed it to the officer, who read: 'This bearer of this O. K. He paid me ten cents for the melon, and he is a pillar in the church. James Elder.'"

## NEURALGIA

The real meaning of the word Neuralgia is nerve-pain, and any one who has suffered with the malady will not be so anxious to know of its nature as to hear of its antidote. Though scarcely recognized by the profession and people half a century ago, it is now one of the most common and painful ailments which afflict humanity.

The two great causes of Neuralgia are, Impoverishment of the Blood and Deficiency of Nerve Force; and the treatment of it is not so obscure as many would be led to suppose. The first thing is to relieve the pain, which is done more quickly and satisfactorily by ST. JACOBS OIL than by any other remedy known; the second object is to remove the cause, which is accomplished by the abundant use of nourishing food, of a nature to strengthen and give tone to both the muscular and nervous systems.

## NOR FIRE NOR WATER.

Secretary A. M. Downes of New York's department of fire, related at a dinner a fire story.

"At the end of the first act of a drama," he said, "a man leaped hurriedly to his feet.

"I heard an alarm of fire," he said. "I must go and see where it is."

"His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared.

"It wasn't fire," he said, on his return.

"Nor water, either," said his wife, coldly.

Don't Try Uncertain Recipes. It is entirely unnecessary to experiment with this, that and the other recipe. Get from your grocer, for 10 cents, a package of "OUR-PIE" Preparation—Lemon, Chocolate or Custard—for making pies that are sure to be good. Put up by D-Zerta Food Co., Rochester, N. Y.

## LANGUID AND WEAK.

A Condition Common with Kidney Trouble and Backache.

Mrs. Marie Siple, 416 Miller St., Helena, Mont., says: "Three years ago my back grew weak and lame and I could not stoop without a sharp pain. It was just as bad when I tried to get up from a chair. I was languid and listless and had much pain and trouble with the kidney secretions. This was my state when I began with Dean's Kidney Pills. They helped me from the first and four boxes made a complete, lasting cure."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Troploe's Earnings as an Author. As an author Anthony Troploe received \$500,000 during his lifetime.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, relieves all kinds of inflammation, cures whooping cough, croup, croup, croup, croup.

A man isn't absolutely a fool unless he can be fooled the same way twice.

## FOUR GIRLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Read What They Say.

Miss Lillian Ross, 630 East 84th Street, New York, writes: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured my irregularities, nervous suffering, and nervous headaches, after everything else had failed to help me, and I feel it a duty to let others know of it." Katharine Craig, 2335 Lafayette St., Denver, Col., writes: "Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am well, after suffering for months from nervous prostration."

Miss Marie Stoltzman, of Laurel, Ia., writes: "I was in a run-down condition, suffered from indigestion, and poor circulation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong."

Miss Ellen M. Olsen, of St. N. East St., Keokuk, Ia., writes: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of backache, side ache, and established my periods after the best local doctors had failed to help me."

## FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

160 FARMS Western FREE Acres—Canada

## Typical Farm Scene, Showing Stock Raising in WESTERN CANADA

Some of the choicest lands for grain growing, stock raising and mixed farming in the new districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta have recently been opened for settlement under the Revised Homestead Regulations.

Entry may now be made by proxy (on certain conditions) by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are thus now easily available in these great grain-growing, stock-raising and mixed farming sections.

There you will find beautiful climate, good neighbors, churches for family worship, schools for your children, good laws, splendid crops, and railroads convenient to market.

Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

W. V. BENNETT, Omaha, Nebraska, 801 New York Life Building.

## Money Making Possibilities

For the farmer, truck gardener, stockman and merchant were never better than they are today in the Dakotas and Montana along the new line to the Pacific Coast.

Mild climate; ample rainfall; productive soil; good crops; convenient markets; cheap fuel.

More stores, hotels and other industries are needed in the growing new towns on the new line of the

## Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

Trains are now operated on this new line to Lombard, Montana—92 miles east of Butte—with connections for Moore, Lewistown and other points in the Judith Basin. Daily service between St. Paul and Minneapolis and Miles City; daily except Sunday service beyond.

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## MATTER EASILY GOT AROUND.

A man with a waistcoat and diamond shirt stud that fairly screamed "Property!" at all within seeing distance blew into the public stenographer's office in a New York hotel.

"Say," he demanded, "can you write a letter to my girl?"

The stenographer assured him that she could.

## PIRATE'S SENSE OF CHIVALRY.

That even a Chinese pirate may have a strong idea of chivalry is proved by the following excerpt from an item in the North China Daily News: "The launch at once stopped when ordered to do so. The leader of the pirates was then heard to molest any one on board who voluntarily handed over his or her valuables. Among the passengers, however, were a father and son, the latter of whom,

it seemed, was a little too slow in obeying the pirate's order to hand over his money, with the result that he was shot. Upon hearing the shot the pirate chief, who was on deck, came down into the cabin and seeing the father of the unlucky young man lamenting over his son's death, addressed the old man and consoled with him on his son's unfortunate and 'undeserved' death. The chief finally brought out of his pocket a roll of \$50 and handed the sum to the old man as a solatium."

on the ponies and that I'm going to Narragansett Pier for two weeks, see?"

For a few seconds the typist's fingers flew. Suddenly she stopped.

"I can't for the life of me remember," she explained in a puzzled voice, "how to spell 'Narragansett.'"

The man behind the waistcoat tossed his cigar and scratched his head.

"N-a-r-r-a-g-a-n-s-e-t-oh, the dickens; cut it out. I'll go to Newport!"