

Romantic Wooing of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt



The betrothal of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., and the young Count Laszlo Szechenyi of Budapest, Hungary (the marriage to take place on December 4), had the dash of an Anthony Hope romance about it. What's more, the young people, knowing all the facts of the case, must be laughing in their sleeves at the sensation caused by the vague rumors from Newport that found their way into print.

From what Austrian officials in this country say, the so-called sensation was quite a cut-and-dried affair. One of the richest of American girls had been formally betrothed in a Hun-darian castle weeks before, and on that occasion the details of the "American betrothal in October" had been arranged. Then a young Hun-darian nobleman had dropped quietly into Newport to play his part in the formalities.

The first surprise over, every one asked: "Who is Count Laszlo Szechenyi?" Therein lies the romance of the story. Only the last chapter properly belongs to the Anthony Hope school. The first of it might be a short story by William Dean Howells. On the other hand, the real romance is worthy of Gibbon or Sklenkiewicz. In it are the raids of a savage Asiatic people upon the nomads of the Russian steppes, the primeval forests of the Danube and the wild defiles of the Alps. There is also the pageantry of primitive war, the strains of wild music—of Slavonic harmonies embrodered in a web of national tragedy—music hardly suggested by the Hungarian orchestras of the cafes, but mirrored by Liszt and Paderewski, and visualized a few years ago in the latter's opera, "Manru."

Then there are the green fez, the flowing white robes of the Turk, the brown habit of the Christian missionary, the splendor of a Hapsburg court, and tyrannies that led a proud people to a rebellion that echoed around the world. And all finally ends in a basket phaeton on the Cliff Drive at Newport, with a young Hun-darian and an American heiress acknowledging to their friends that they are about to marry.

An Object of Interest.
New Yorkers have been watching Miss Vanderbilt with more than customary interest in the last three years. She is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the only one of her children unmarried. Her sister is Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney; her brothers, Cornelius, Jr., Alfred Gwynne and Reginald Vanderbilt. She is, too, one of the richest girls of her age in America, having come into a fortune of \$12,500,000 on her twenty-first birthday last August.

Miss Vanderbilt was introduced to society three years ago at a dance given by her mother in the great Vanderbilt house at Fifth avenue and fifty-seventh street. It was one of the events of the season. The house had not been opened for five years.

The chat of the drawing rooms connected Miss Vanderbilt's name again and again with those of young men who might be considered her suitors. Sometimes these reached the newspapers, sometimes not. One of the young men was Robert Walton Goelet.

Another mentioned more recently was one of the younger generation in the Gerard family. When any of these reports crept into print they were positively denied.

Then there were rumors that Miss Vanderbilt's trip abroad last summer had back of it a desire to put as many miles as possible of sea and railroad between herself and one of the more persistent suitors. Be that as it may, Mrs. Vanderbilt and Miss Gladys went to California early last spring with Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, then came east and sailed for Europe in April.

From time to time reports drifted to the effect of their summer pilgrimage. They were entertained in London by Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, then visited the ambassador at his country place, West Park. Later they were said to be at Carlsbad for the season. Then the messages had them cruising on European waters.

This went on until nearly the end of August. Miss Gladys was 21 on the 24th of that month. Mrs. Vanderbilt cabled an order to open The Breakers, her Newport home, and she and her daughter started for New York, arriving on Sept. 25.

When Mrs. Vanderbilt and Miss Gladys reappeared at Newport, their presence seemed to crystallize vague rumors that had been coming from Europe. The gist of these was that Miss Vanderbilt had fallen in love, in the good old way, with a foreign nobleman, and that, Vanderbilt-like, she would brook no opposition when she had decided to have her own way.

Nothing was to be learned of the nobleman's identity. There was not an inkling of what had actually happened to Miss Vanderbilt during her trip to Europe. Certain Austrian officials in this country are authority for the story. They say Miss Vanderbilt met Count Laszlo Szechenyi—they called it Sa-she-nye—in Salsburg, a continental watering place, and that they had fallen in love with each other in short order. The count's relatives were told of it and Miss Vanderbilt was invited to come in the mid-summer to the home of the Szechenyi family, in the district of Horpeck's, Hungary.

At a family gathering there, so the story runs, the young American heiress was formally betrothed under the laws of Austro-Hungary. Then Miss Vanderbilt resumed her journey.

Count Szechenyi's appearance in Newport started the rumors of Miss Vanderbilt's romance again with feverish persistence.

In the young nobleman who was Mrs. Vanderbilt's guest at The Breakers, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt's friends were told of it, a stately young man of 28, whose dark complexion suggested a Magyar origin. Many even thought he looked like young Robert Walton Goelet, with whom Miss Vanderbilt's name had already been associated. The chief difference was that the count wore a small black mustache with the ends turned up like the Emperor William's.

The engagement announced, every one is repeating:

"Who is Count Szechenyi?" His full name is Ladislaus Szechenyi von Sarvar and Felső-Videk. His family is one of the oldest in Austria-Hungary. Although a count by right,

the title does not mean more than an honor conferred on all men of his class, just as all the sons of the Szechenyi family are chamberlains in the imperial court of Austria-Hungary by birth, and the senior member holds a seat in the upper branch of the Hungarian parliament.

So far as lineage goes, probably none of the titled foreigners who have married American women can boast of a longer line of ancestors than Count Szechenyi. Besides his family tree, that of the duke of Marlborough, who married Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, is the veriest sapling. Count de Castellane, former husband of Miss Anna Gould, might compare with the Szechenyis in pride of birth, for his family is one of the oldest in France and their castle of Castellane has been in the family for many centuries.

The Szechenyi name, however, goes back fully 1,000 years. The story of the young man who is to marry Miss Vanderbilt began not later than 955. He comes of the Magyars—wild adventurers descendants of the ancient Scythians, who invaded Europe from Central Asia in the ninth century and overran Hungary and Transylvania.

The men of the Szechenyi family have borne the title of count for more than 300 years. Among the most celebrated of them was Count Nicholas Szechenyi, companion in arms of the famous Hungarian general, Zrinyi, who in the sixteenth century stood like a battlement between the encroachments of the Turks on the south and east and the kingdoms of western Europe.

Few episodes of mediaeval history are more romantic than the story of Zrinyi's defense of Sziget, a fortress on the Danube, withstanding for a month, and with 2,500 men, the onslaughts of the Sultan Solymán and 65,000 Turks. Zrinyi's fate has been made the theme of one of Theodore Koerner's most famous tragedies.

Another of the Szechenyis holding the rank of archbishop, was the mediator in bringing about the peace between Emperor Ferdinand and Roko-czy, by which the latter was recognized as legitimate prince of Transylvania.

Like their ancestors the wealth of the family lies in the ownership of land. The young count's father owned thousands of acres divided into scores of farms and forest preserves. As did their forefathers, the Szechenyis drew from these domains tribute of wheat, Turkish pepper, tobacco, hemp and grapes, and next to France, Hungary is the greatest wine-producing country in the world. According to Hungarian standards the Szechenyis are very rich and powerful.

When Miss Vanderbilt goes as a bride to Austro-Hungary she may well believe herself in that Ruritania which Anthony Hope has made the scene of so many adventures. Her new domains, now broken by the Carpathian mountains and the Alps, now reaching out toward the rivers in great grain fields or vineyards, will be a land of quaint customs, of traditional romance and of old world aristocracy in present-day surroundings. The great houses of Vienna and the imperial court will be open to her, and Vienna is one of the gayest of European cities. Budapest will offer her a social prestige little less alluring.

"How did you enjoy it?" asked the latter.

"It was fine," answered Mrs. Jenkins, "and we used the silver knives and forks to eat it with, too. My, but that chicken was good!"

Just one hour after the return of the dishes Mr. Dancer ran into the station looking for his basket. The station agent explained matters.

"Wasn't very hungry, anyway, today," he said. "Anyhow, I'm glad I didn't get it, 'cause I know it must've tasted mighty good to the Jenkinses. Oh, my wife's a good cook, Abel!"

"Bet the Jenkinses think so," he called back.

"That's what made the station agent, newscaster and alderman so happy to-day," said Mrs. Dancer when she came home.—Washington Post.

Making a Monkey of Him.
Reggy Sapp—Years, the young lady from Boston said I reminded her of a beautiful fower. Weally, don't you think I resemble a pansy?
Miss Tabasco—Yes, a chimpanzee.—Chicago News.

WEALTH BY BILLIONS

VALUE OF FARM PRODUCTS FOR THE YEAR 1907.

WHAT THE EARTH PRODUCES

Agriculturalists Have it in Their Power to Curtail the Operation of Trusts and Prevent Unequal Distribution of Money.

Farms of the United States in 1907 will produce more wealth than all the gold mines of the world have produced in 20 years. Conservative estimates place the value of all farm products at approximately \$7,000,000,000, or about \$200,000,000 more than their value in 1906. The farmer is the magician, the alchemist, that makes use of nature to enrich the world. The farmers' corn crops alone average a billion dollars a year, and all the other cereals another billion, with cotton, tobacco, hay and flax worth another billion, and the fruits, garden truck and animals a few billions more. Thus it can be seen that the farmer produces wealth greater than taken from it by the miners for its precious gems and minerals. There is no other foundation for the wealth and business of the world other than the land. Men cannot eat gold; the coal is only useful to him as a means of utilizing what the earth grows; there is nothing in the mineral world that will sustain life, or anything that is necessary unless mortals eat, drink and wear clothes. When there is abundance of agricultural productions, there are prosperous times, and a famine when the opposite occurs. The whole financial fabric, the entire commercial system, is dependent upon the farmer, and his work.

One billion dollars is an amount beyond the comprehension of the average man. The life of an individual is not sufficiently long to count it cent by cent should he work ten hours a day, from his tenth year until death. This is the average value of the corn crop alone that the farmers of the United States produce yearly.

One would believe that if only a small portion of the vast wealth, which the farmer produces could be only retained in the agricultural communities, there would be a class of rich men greater than in any commercial community. Yet statistics show that for the amount of wealth yearly produced, the farmers are retainers of only a small portion of it. The tendency is toward concentration of wealth in great financial centers. It is in these places, and by the control of this great wealth, that trusts are built up, and the machinery put in operation that systematically draws from the agricultural sections the great wealth produced. Farmers can, if they will, bring about a change by a simple adherence to the home trade principle; by patronage of local business institutions instead of the concerns in the large cities. D. M. CARR.

FOR THE HOME TOWN.

Be a "booster" for your home town. By patronizing other than local institutions you are using a boomerang that is likely to fly back and do you injury when you least expect it. No one can be an ideal citizen and talk and work against the interests of his home town. So long as you are a resident of a community, do your part towards assisting it to greater progress.

Those who are opposed to the evils of capital concentration, the building up of trusts that work against the interests of the masses, should consider the fact that any and every system of business that depletes a section of the country of the wealth it produces strengthens the system of business and financial concentration. One of the most baneful systems that at the present is working against the interests of the smaller cities and towns, and is the greatest medium of draining wealth from agricultural communities, is the mail-order plan of doing business. From some rural towns from 40 to 50 per cent of the trade goes to foreign concerns. If this trade were confined to the home town, its business would be doubled, employment given to twice as many people; the profits accruing from mercantile business would seek local investment, and within a few years the population of the town would be more than doubled, and all living within the district would be benefited.

Every kind and class of goods have a real value, and this value is based upon the cost of the raw material, the price of the labor in producing it, and the cost of distribution. Whenever there are big bargains offered in any line, and goods offered "below value," be careful and see that you are not getting an inferior article.

While the farmer may receive a dozen papers from the large cities, he invariably reads his local paper. It is to the interest of the farmer as well as the merchant that the latter use its columns freely to tell of the latest prices, goods freshly received, etc. The farmer wants to buy, and the merchant wants to sell, and the farmer will buy when and where he can save money. The merchant who lets his business go away from his town through lack of advertising rightly is not a very enterprising business man.

It is well to be on guard when dealing with itinerant agents, sellers of groceries, carriages, machinery, patent rights, etc. It is a pretty good idea to never take grab-bag chance when you wish to buy an article. See what you are purchasing before paying for it.

The Child's Skin.
The chief peculiarity about the treatment of skin disease in children is that the reaction to the remedies applied is more prompt than in adults, says a writer in the London Hospital. Moreover, since the risk of absorption is by no means inconsiderable, ointments and lotions containing powerful poisons, such as carbolic acid or mercury, should not be employed, unless well diluted, over large surfaces of the body. Certain cutaneous lesions also are

POOR GOODS, CHEAP PREMIUMS.

How Money is Sometimes Squandered in Patronizing Prize-Package Concerns.

The economical housewife is a blessing. She who will watch the pennies and dimes can greatly assist her husband in accumulating money for use during days of adversity. Quite often women through their anxiety to assist in saving, and not having a training along business lines, make foolish expenditures. How often do we find women in the country towns and districts engaged in buying soaps, spices, teas and coffees from some club-order concern with a view of getting cheap premiums that are offered with each lot of goods? There is no economy in this method. Women as well as men should remember that there is never anything of value given without an equitable compensation, and when purchased on the club plan the profits paid are generally enormous. You cannot get something for nothing. If you desire to purchase \$10 or \$20 worth of groceries, the best place to buy them is at some responsible grocery establishment in your own town. You can see what you are getting, and you know that the goods must be good or you can return them. When you get a premium with a lot of soaps or spices or extracts, you will find that while the goods may appear all right, there is a great chance of fraud that you little look for. The bars of soap will be of light weight, poorly dried, made of cheaper materials, and would be dear at your home store at half the price that you are compelled to pay for them. The spices will be half ground bark, and the extracts synthetic, never made from fruit flavors, but out of the dirty-looking coal-tar, a by-product of gas-manufacturing, and even the teas and coffees will be of the poorest kind and doctored up to look well. Then how about the premiums? You will find that they, too, are of the cheapest class, and could be purchased at the local store for half what they are represented to be worth. Women are only doing their duty in trying to assist their husbands, but they ought they waste money by patronizing premium and club concerns that operate from distant cities in small towns and rural communities.

CRIES OF THE SIREN.

Alluring Promise Made in Exaggerated Advertisements to Gain Trade.

"Don't be robbed." "Save the profits that your storekeeper makes," and many like catch phrases is the principal advertising stock of the concerns who claim to sell at "wholesale" prices direct to consumers. Their arguments appeal to women and men who have little knowledge of commercial methods. It is the appeal of selfishness that wins for the concerns who seek business among the residents of farming districts rather than any merit that the arguments presented may have.

There can be little doubt as to the mail-order way of doing business being a permanent fixture in the mercantile world. The fact cannot be disputed that in certain lines of goods which are offered as "leaders" lower prices are quoted than like goods are generally sold at in local stores. But the average price on all lines considered, the same goods could be sold at by the local merchant.

The business of the big mail-order concerns has been gained by extensive advertising and continuous aggressive work. It has been the spathy of the merchants in the country towns that has allowed these concerns to take trade from "under their very noses." Conditions that allow the steady drain of money from the agricultural districts and small towns to the big cities are to be deplored. There cannot be doubt as to the evils of the mail-order systems as a factor in the concentration of wealth in the great financial centers, and the resultant building up of trusts. For the past quarter of a century the trust evil has been constantly developing and keeping pace with it, is the mail-order system. Much like the leprosy, its progress is such that the evil has a firm foothold ere serious attention is paid to it. The cry of "Save the dealers' profits" is synonymous with "Kill the industries of your own town; help us bind the trust ties firmer about your own hands." Don't be a traitor to your home town, even though there is a promise of a small saving in cents and dollars. Do your part to head off the business concentration evil.

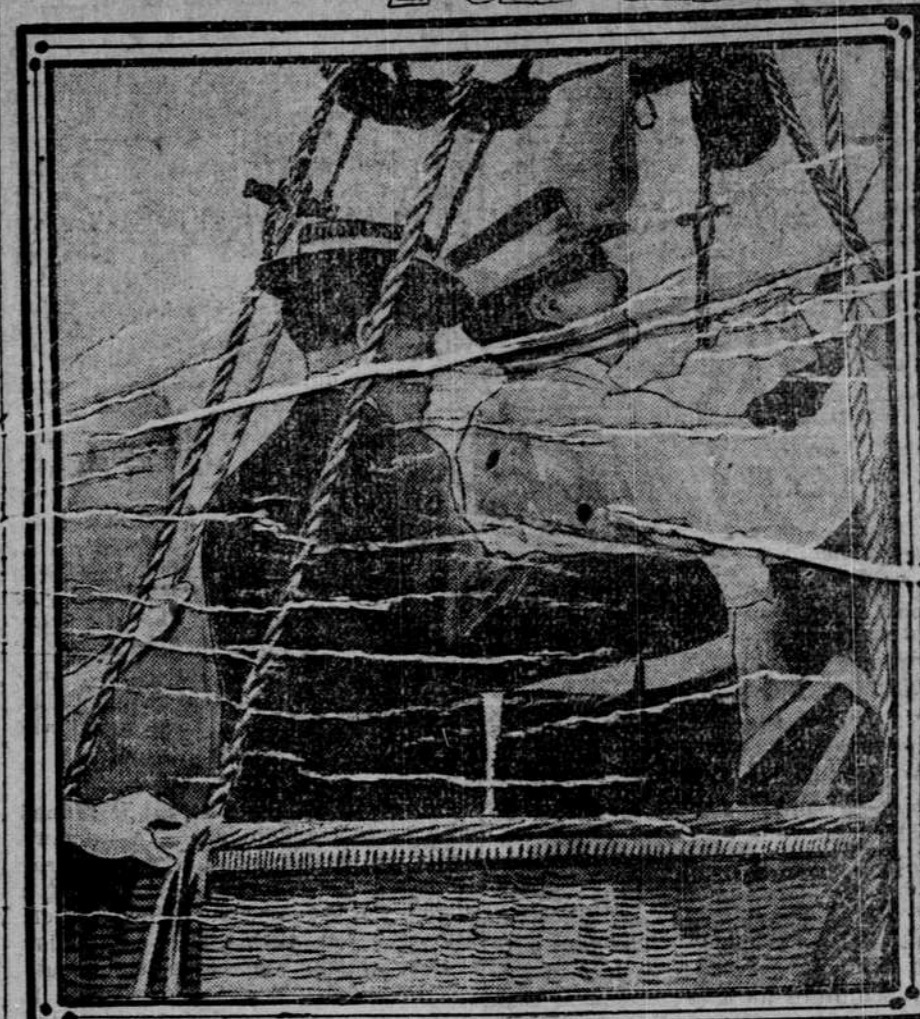
FREE TREATMENT.

A Method That Should Cure People of the Habit of Patronizing Quack Doctors.

It matters little how widespread through the press is the information as to frauds being operated in the country, there is always a field for the people who live by petty graft. One of the latest plans to defraud has recently been worked in a number of western states. Strangers, purporting to be agents of a free hospital, would approach a farmer, inquire as to his health, and promise him free treatment should he be ailing, claiming that the state medical department would furnish the medicine free. A lengthy statement of his complaint would be written and his signature secured. A few weeks later a note duly signed by the farmer would be presented to him by his home bank. This appears to be a flimsy scheme, but nevertheless more than a score of farmers in one Minnesota county were caught for from \$50 to \$200 each. Don't sign any contract or statement unless you are positive of its character.

transient, so that one is left with their results, notably the scratch-mark and the scab. The history of the mode of onset of an eruption, as given by an intelligent mother or nurse, is, therefore, of greater value than the statement of the patient himself, who might even be unaware of the existence of anything wrong with his skin. Blonde ladies are always under suspicion until they have proved their innocence.

BALLOON CORPS FOR ARMY



CAPTAIN C. DE F. CHANDLER AND J. C. MCGOY IN THE BASKET JUST BEFORE THE ASCENSION

The big European nations have set the pace and the United States is following. Aeronautics are occupying a large place in military operations. In Germany, France and England, and regular balloon corps have been added to the armies of those countries and hundreds of thousands of dollars expended in securing dirigible balloons of the most approved type.

With such advances being made in that direction it behoved Uncle Samuel to stir himself and provide equally effective means of protecting his land and his people, and so it has come to pass that a balloon corps has been added to our military equipment, and although we are somewhat behind European nations in tackling the problem of military aeronautics, our army is now working overtime in the effort to excel in this, the most modern branch of warfare. At the time the navy department is letting contracts for submarines, the war department is deep in the problem of selecting the best types of balloons. While the special army and navy board is discussing behind closed doors the use of balloons as a part of our coast defense system, actual ascensions are being made daily from various points in and around Washington by Capt. Charles De F. Chandler of the balloon division of the signal corps. His first ascension several days ago was witnessed by gaping thousands; subsequent ascensions were seen by undiminished crowds, but their gaps are fast disappearing. The novelty is wearing off. Military aeronautics is gradually taking its place in this country as a recognized and necessary branch of military science.

Congress will be called upon at the coming session to increase the appropriations for the purchase of balloons, and the chief signal office of the army is now considering plans for a dirigible balloon, to cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000, with a capacity of 50,000 cubic feet, equipped with two 120-horse power engines of foreign design, and a contract speed of 35 miles an hour under favorable atmospheric conditions. The hope is expressed, however, that this announcement will not move the unknown number of balloon cranks in this country to swamp the war department with descriptions of their contrivances. If it were left to the army to decide, the statistics would show that the number of balloon cranks in this country far exceeds any other class of cranks.

There are about a half-dozen balloons, all captive, now in the possession of the signal corps. The largest of these, which was recently purchased, is what is known as a "complete military captive balloon," with all appurtenances. It has a capacity of 300 cubic meters. An ordinary spherical balloon, with a capacity of 2,200 cubic meters, has also been bought recently. It will be filled with coal gas and used for preliminary instruction of officers and enlisted men of the signal corps in the elementary principles of aeronautics. On its trial trip this balloon made a successful journey from Washington to Harrisburg, a distance of 104 miles, in four and one-half hours. Balloon headquarters for the army will be at Fort Omaha, but instruction in military aeronautics will also be given at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., the course here being adapted to the respective needs of the three service schools. For the protection of the

Pacific coast balloon headquarters are to be established on Angel island, and the selection of an advantageous site on the Atlantic coast is now under consideration. In case the dirigible balloon of the type which the authorities are now considering is contracted for, it will, when completed, be sent to East Omaha and there tested. The officers of the signal corps are unwilling to give details regarding its main characteristics until it is completed; they are guarding them with all the care that the navy attempts to guard its battleship designs. But it is not, unlikely that, before congress appropriates very much money for balloons, its members will call for "persons and papers," and then the cat will be out of the bag.

There is no disposition to go too rapidly in the purchase of a dirigible balloon, for the reason that Capt. Chandler, who is to become one of the chief instructors in military aeronautics, is just now taking his first lessons in actual "ballooning." Army officers who are interested in the development of the balloon as an agent of warfare have encountered an obstacle in the disposition of the public to question the practicability of military aeronautics. This is probably because the American really knows very little about balloons. When it is remembered that as long ago as the siege of Paris the inhabitants of the French capital were enabled by means of balloons to communicate with the forces outside the walls, doubts about the utility of the balloon in time of war should vanish. More than 70 balloons during that memorable siege carried dozens of passengers, tons of mail and hundreds of carrier pigeons from the city to the troops outside, and in due time were returned to the besieged people with valuable information about the movements of the enemy.

In a recent communication to the war department from Europe, where he has been gathering valuable information on the subject of military aeronautics as practiced in continental armies, Lieut. Lahm sounds a note of warning: "We should not fail to appreciate the necessity of preparedness for war above the earth as well as on the earth, and when our next war comes we should not be found wanting in this particular branch of military science."

Germany is at the present time conducting very elaborate experiments in the use of balloons for military purposes, and this branch of military science has received attention in the annual maneuvers of the French army for the last six years. In the course to be given at Fort Omaha it is proposed to instruct the balloon division not only in the art of making ascensions, but in the quickest methods of inflating, of unpacking the balloon from the wagon, and of towing it, once it is inflated, until the opportune time for making the ascension arrives. In short, it will be the effort of Capt. Chandler, of Lieut. Lahm, and our other military aeronauts, to develop a regular form of balloon drills, and in time a drill book giving the various maneuvers of inflation, how to prepare for ascensions, how to handle the delicate appurtenances that make up the complete balloon outfit.

No great deeds are done without the doing of many little details.

Didn't Roost with the Chickens.
The homely forms of speech used by the country people with whom little Edith and her mother boarded this summer were frequently very puzzling to the child.

One evening the farmer's wife, in talking for a few minutes with Edith's mother, remarked that, as she was very tired that night, she believed she would "go to roost with the chickens."

When Edith's bedtime arrived a little later the youngster was nowhere to be found. After considerable search she was discovered sitting on a large stone near the chicken house, slyly watching the fowl as they came in one by one.

"Edith!" called her mother; "what are you doing there! I've been looking for you everywhere; it's time to go to bed."

"I know, mother," was the reply; "but they're nearly all in now, so she'll be here soon, I guess."

"Who are in and who will be there? What on earth are you talking about, child?" asked the mystified mother.

"Why," explained Edith, rather impatiently, "you know Mrs. — said she was going to roost with the chickens to-night and I'm waiting to see how she does it."

Living Up to Regulations.
A number of small North Delaware street girls had opened a lemonade stand at the edge of the curb. The drink was in a large glass pitcher, with sliced lemons floating appetizingly at the top. One small girl, with a red crayon, had lettered the word "artificial" and leaned it against the pitcher.

"What's that for?" inquired a passer by.

"Pure food law," said the girls in chorus.

"But why should you label it? Are not the water, the lemons, and the sugar pure?"

"Yes."
"Well, what's artificial about it?"
"The ice."—Indianapolis News.

A LOST LUNCH.

Alderman, Station Agent, Merchant and Poor Family Made Happy.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Jenkins, old residents of Bloomfield, enjoyed the best dinner recently they have had in many months—since Thanksgiving, in fact—while Thomas C. Dancer, the Glenwood avenue newsdealer, and his clerk, for whom the dinner was intended, had to be satisfied with free lunch.

It all happened because of a Sunday school excursion, too. The Methodist Episcopal church, the Watessing Methodist church, and the First Baptist church, all of Bloomfield, held a union outing recently at Cranberry lake.

Among the excursionists was Mrs. Dancer. Believing that her first duty lay in preparing for her husband's wants, she cooked a fine luncheon. There was roast chicken, bread and butter, stewed corn, potatoes au gratin, dill pickles, olives, coffee and a generous amount of blackberry pie, for "Tom," she thought, "just loves

blackberry pie. Far be it from me to go to gallivanting about on church picnics."

She took the basket down to the station, where Mr. Dancer met her. He put the basket on a bench in the station waiting room while he assisted his wife up the high steps. He then returned to his place of business and never thought of the basket again until lunch time.

"Abe! Doremus, the station agent, saw the basket, and decided that some one of the excursionists had forgotten her lunch. Alderman Frank N. Unanest came along. Doremus told the alderman of his find and asked what he had better do with it.

"Give it to some poor family," said the alderman, "and they can return the dishes to you. The contents might spoil before night."

Calling a porter, Doremus said: "Take this over to Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. Tell them to eat the contents and return the dishes."

Two hours after Mrs. Jenkins returned the dishes, cleanly washed, and thanked the station agent for his kindness.