

## The Latest Sorrows of Our American Duchess of Manchester



The American Duchess of Manchester Wearing Her Peeress's Robes and Coronet, and the Duke in His Ceremonial Robes.

**T**HE latest of a long series of cruel sorrows has just happened to our charming and admirable American Duchess of Manchester.

At an hour when she wishes to see her husband bravely fighting for his country on the field of battle, he is engaged in an unworthy struggle with creditors in New York.

There is too much reason to fear that her life will not be any happier than that of the Duchess of Marlborough or the great majority of American girls who, misled by the glamor of titles and castles and social privilege, have married foreign noblemen.

Everybody knows the miseries suffered by the lovely Duchess of Marlborough, who was slighted and insulted until she was forced to separate from her husband, much as she wished to preserve a united home for the sake of her children. But she, at least, has the consolation of knowing that her husband is now playing his part as a man by serving in the war, while the Duchess of Manchester has the unspeakable humiliation of hearing that her husband is dodging his creditors.

The Duke of Manchester, who is now thirty-eight years old, began his career as a scapegrace, and recent incidents suggest that he is returning to his early ways. The principles of heredity indicate that the outlook for the Duke is a bad one. His father was separated from his wife, also an American woman, and was constantly in the company of a notorious music hall singer named Bessie Bellwood. At last London was shocked by the spectacle of seeing the Duke called as a witness in a police court case in which Bessie was accused of hitting a cabman on the nose because he tried to collect a bill from His Grace of Manchester.

The present Duke was recklessly extravagant in his college days. He made presents to the objects of his admiration that were not justified by his means. His ancestral home, Kimbolton Castle, once occupied by Henry VIII's Queen Katharine of Arragon, was the scene of parties that must have shocked Her Majesty's ghost. By these ways the Duke acquired a collection of debts that led to his bankruptcy soon after his marriage.

His marriage in 1900 to Miss Helena Zimmerman, daughter of Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, was a surprise and a runaway affair. She was a young, pretty girl of simple, modest manners from the Middle West. From the day of his marriage the Duke appeared to undergo a magic transformation. He gave up all his bad habits and became a devoted husband. He began steadily paying off his debts with the help of his American father-in-law. Children arrived regularly and now he has four.

The late King Edward observed that Manchester was becoming a credit instead of a shocking example to the court and showed many attentions to the Duke and his American wife. On one occasion the Duchess had the rare distinction of entertaining the King of England and the King of Spain at the same time. The royal friendship to the Manchesters has been continued by the present King and Queen of England.

The Duke bought Kylemore Castle, in Galway, the most beautiful modern house and estate in Ireland. He started many local industries and improvements with the assistance of his American father-in-law. He received the appointment of Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, that entitles him to wear a magnificent and picturesque uniform of Tudor design and to command the Guards who stand about at certain royal functions.

It must not be supposed that progress on the path of virtue was absolutely continuous. Occasionally His Grace showed a tendency to excessively convivial habits and doubtful society. His habit of promising everything to everybody over a good bottle of wine naturally alarmed his friends. Early this year he made one of his numerous appearances in the London bankruptcy court.

Last Spring the Duke and Duchess arrived in New York for a visit. Soon after his arrival the Duke began very busily to promote a concern known as the International Educational League, with a capital of \$10,000,000. Its object was to furnish educational, religious, moral and instructive moving picture films for the young, to be shown at Sunday schools, ordinary schools and other educational institutions. Many of his friends thought that the Duke had not been specially trained for this kind of work, but, of course, they said that it was a very fine thing for him to do. Many prominent ministers were associated in the enterprise.

Then it became apparent that the Duke was not attending strictly to business. He rented a little bungalow at Premium Point, New Rochelle, which is quite a favorite residential neighborhood with New York brokers. There he entertained on Sundays and other days various luminaries of the White Light District, who kept the highly respectable neighbors awake with their mirth.

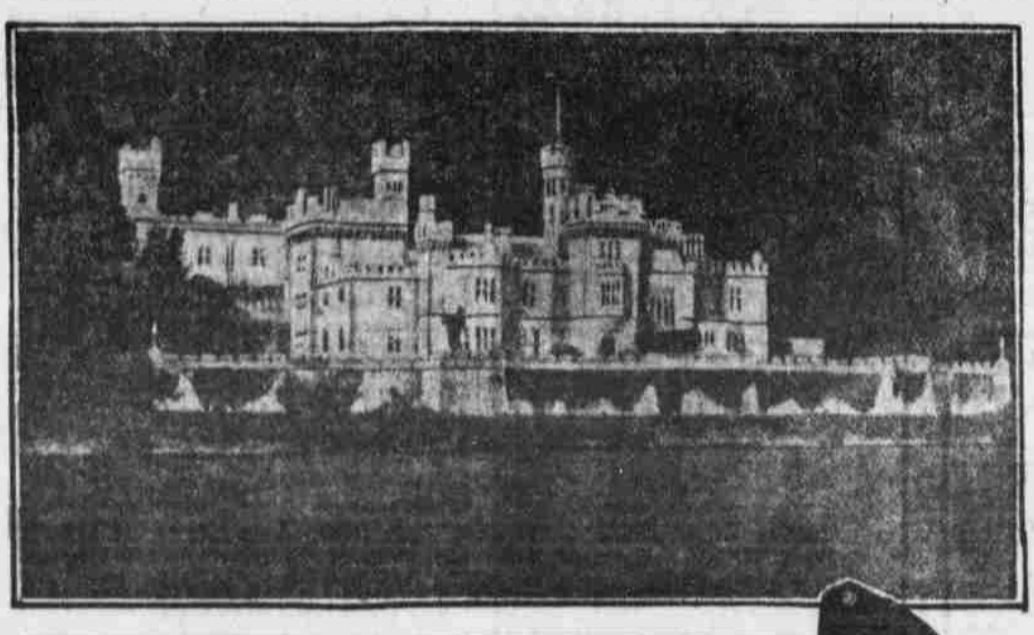
Late one Saturday night, a popular dancer, fresh from Summer triumphs at a New York roof garden, jumped off the dock. Excess of spirits made her think she could rival Annette Kellerman's diving performances, but she overrated her abilities and sunk to the bottom like a stone. The other revellers fished her up with some difficulty and revived her with sal volatile.

The Duchess went away to Europe. It is only reasonable to believe that she has lost patience with her noble husband.

*When She Wishes to See the Duke, Bravely Leading His Men to Battle, He Is Pursuing Unfortunate Business and Temperamental Ventures Far From Home*

Soon after her departure the European war broke out. Everybody, including the Duke's friends, expected that as a peer of England and a former army officer he would hasten to offer his services to his country. That an able-bodied young man with such a training should stay away is simply amazing. The Duke, however, furnished an explanation that was amusing as well as amazing.

"You see, old top," he said, "I am in a devilish awkward position. As Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard I am entitled to the rank and precedence of a major-general in the British army. But I am sure if I went back the government would not give me a position as a major-general in the active army. I can't take the



Kylemore Castle, the Handsomest Place in Ireland, Which the Duke Bought and Began to Develop, with His American Father-in-Law's Assistance.

Yeomen of the Guard to the war because they are all very old fellows. So, what can I do?"

Then word began to circulate that the Duke was hard up. It was said that he was not selling any stock in his highly moral, educational moving picture enterprise. It was even stated that he had lost \$2,000,000 of his own in the scheme. Creditors, people with big and little bills of all kinds began to hunt for him and could not find him in New York. One report said that he was suffering from nervous prostration in a quiet little retreat in Philadelphia. Another said that he had gone to Canada with a patriotic object.

His father-in-law, Eugene Zimmerman, laughed heartily at the idea that the Duke had lost much money.

"It is absurd to suppose that he lost \$2,000,000 in any sort of enterprise," said Mr. Zimmerman. "He didn't have it to lose. He didn't lose \$2,000, and I am doubtful if he lost \$200."

Various checks drawn by the Duke then began to attract attention. He had incurred a debt of \$700 for flowers from a Fifth avenue florist.

"After we chased the Duke for weeks," said the florist's attorney, "he paid us \$250 by check. Later he gave us another check for \$250. This check has been protested."

Another unsatisfactory check was one for \$250 sent to the Pullman Company in payment for a private car to Canada. These and other plebeian creditors had the audacity to charge that His Grace the Duke of Manchester, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard to His Majesty the King of England, was dodging them!

One of the Duke's New York society friends tried to explain matters.

"The Duke," said this man, "is a charming fellow, but he simply doesn't know the value of money. If a man proposes a likely scheme of any kind during a friendly evening the Duke will agree to back it for any amount. It never occurs to him to find out if his bank balance is large enough. He doesn't attend to little details like that. The merrier the company the more liberal his promises become. There are few things that he will refuse to a friend, and nothing that he will refuse to one of the fair sex."

In the meantime it is impossible to describe the misery and humiliation of his American wife in England, where all the haughty peeresses and high personages of English society must be reminding her that her husband is keeping away from the war and engaging in a game of hide-and-seek with vulgar American creditors.



The Duchess With Her Little Son, Lord Mandeville, the Heir to the Dukedom.



The Duke in His Army Uniform His Friends and Countrymen Think He Should Be Now Wearing on the Battlefield.

### Why We Can't Live Without Trophogen

**B**Y means of that invaluable little creature, the guinea pig, Professor Rutledge Rutherford, a physiologist of Chicago, has finally unearthed and identified a remarkable substance which he has named "trophogen" or "bitrophon," which means to produce nourishment and life. His experiments began with guinea pigs, were confirmed afterward upon mice, chickens, kittens and other animals, and there is not the slightest doubt that his great discovery will lead at once to the rewriting of all our knowledge upon foods and nutrition.

Trophogen is an all-sustaining nutriment that is absolutely essential to life. It is widely distributed in every known food, and without it—that is, by trying to nourish yourself on supposed foods that do not contain it—death quickly occurs. It occurs in albuminous—so-called protein—foods, and is the basis of all animal tissue.

Professor Rutherford and his pupils have also discovered that sugars, starches and carbohydrates generally have relatively little trophogen; and hence, in spite of their heat-producing power, no one could long survive on them alone. Furthermore, and startling to learn, is the fact that oils and fats intermixed with animal matter have absolutely no trophogen. They are therefore of no value as food if unaccompanied by other things.

Chemical preservatives, even when harmless in themselves, according to this revolutionary research, destroy trophogen, and are thus the worst enemies of civilized man. Even some canning processes rob the food of this life-giving principle, and the staler a food grows, no matter what its original contents, the less trophogen it retains.

Fresh foods are always full of trophogen, and hence are decidedly the best for all of us. This also explains why savage nations that obtain their diet from nature in its fresh, wild state are so hearty and full of health. Trophogen is manufactured by herbs, vegetables, plants and the botanical kingdom generally. It is retained and stored up by man and the other creatures, but the animal world cannot make it, and is therefore forever dependent upon the vegetable world.

There is a new chemical and dietetic science growing up around Professor Rutherford's marvelous triumph, and it is called "trophology." It is the newest of the sciences, and explains the origin, the nature, the cause and the results of eating various foods. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley and his cohorts taught that sugars and starches are dangerous foods in the Summer, in tropical countries and in hot weather. Yet few stop using them. Trophology explains this by showing that these elements contain no trophogen.

One of the important sources that hastened Professor Rutherford's discovery and by conviction that there was such an underlying food principle as trophogen was strengthened by findings in rice which caused the disease "beri beri." It was shown that polished rice and machine crushed wheat lacked an essential necessary to sustain health. It remained for Professor Rutherford to point out that it was trophogen. Even pigeons grow poorly and develop thin skulls if something is lacking in the foods they eat.

Trophogen is entirely different from a fat, a protein, a sugar, a starch or a salt. It more closely resembles fat than any other food constituent. It is more subtle food than any yet known. It required five years for Professor Rutherford to finally get his hands on it. Now he is able to isolate and identify it without trouble, and expects soon to develop a simple way of obtaining it without expense.