



QUEEN AMELIA

SMALL HOPE for MANUEL



KING MANUEL

THERE is at least one broken royal heart in London at this moment. It is in the breast of former King Manuel of Portugal. His darling Gaby Deslys, the light-haired, fair-skinned, demure little French beauty whom he lifted to dizzy heights of fame and fortune by his patronage when he sat upon the throne of Portugal, will have nothing more to do with him.

Gaby is drawing a salary four times as large as that she received before Manuel's infatuation for her was public property. Two years ago she told me she was saving her money and when the right man came along she would marry him if he didn't have a cent. The right man has turned up. He is Harry Pilcer, Gaby's American dancing partner. She has denied it several times, but, despite all her laughing protestations, just about a year from the present date the two will be married and will retire to a small estate in France where Gaby declares she will be content the rest of her life to raise chickens.

But this story is not concerned, primarily, with Gaby Deslys. It is written to tell you about the latest troubles of a monarch in exile. Besides his broken heart Manuel has a broken ambition. At last he has lost all faith in the ultimate success of the valiant band of royalists who are plotting, planning and fighting on the frontier of Portugal. He has been forced to the conclusion that his stay in England will be a permanent one, barring a social revolution in the country over which he once ruled. He is making preparations to forsake the temporary abode in Richmond in which he took up his residence pending his return in triumph to Lisbon, and to take up permanent quarters in the most aristocratic flats in the whole world—Kensington Palace.

Manuel's pessimism is due to the report of his uncle, the Duke of Oporto, who, since the royal family has been running between England and the Spanish-Portuguese frontier carrying news and instructions between the boy king and those who are battling for his cause against the overwhelming odds of the Portuguese republican government. The duke, who is a well-meaning but ineffective sort of man, recently brought back from Spain proofs that Manuel's champions are indeed in a bad way—in fact, just about in their last gasp. Manuel has given the last penny that he can spare, Queen Amelia has made herself almost destitute by her sacrifices, while other sources of revenue have been sucked dry. The royalist soldiers, without pay, without food, without clothing, and practical outlaws with prices on their necks, look forward with concern to the coming of winter.

It is in these circumstances that King George has come forward with an offer of a suite of rooms in Kensington Palace for Manuel and his mother. The relations between the English king and Manuel are very close, and George knows, almost to the dollar, the dwindling resources of the exile. In Kensington Palace, although Manuel and his mother probably will not enjoy the luxurious surroundings that they have had at Richmond, they will have as neighbors in adjoining flats two members of the English royal family. The apartments in Kensington Palace are at the disposal of the crown, and in two of them King Edward installed his sisters, Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of Argyll.

Kensington Palace, in former years, was allowed to fall into neglect and the sanitary conditions were not of the best. Then many of the rooms were thrown open to the public, notably those associated with the early years of Queen Victoria, and, in consideration of this concession, the state bore the expenses of the upkeep of the buildings. With the coming of the two daughters of Queen Victoria, radical improvements were made in the furnishings, but even today it would be hard work to rent the several flats to any American accustomed to the comparative luxury of a \$100-a-month flat in New York.

With the flight of his hopes young Manuel will enter more fully than ever into the social life of England. There is still hope among his older relatives of marrying him to one of the English princesses. The first choice is Princess Alexandra of Fife, daughter and heir of the late Duke of Fife. Such a match would be more attractive to Manuel now than it was four years ago when it was first mooted, because the young Fife princess has since inherited the fat fortune of her father and would bring a welcome relief to the private pocketbook of the Portuguese monarch.

You will remember, probably, that Manuel came to England some three years ago looking for a wife. He spent some little time in the company of Patricia of Connaught and the Fife sisters. Subsequently he confided to Gaby Deslys his impressions of the three English princesses. Botted down they amounted to this: He was willing to consider Princess Patricia, but he understood that she did not view the match with favor, whereas the Fife girls were flat and uninteresting and he would not consider them for a single moment.

Of Queen Amelia it can be said that she is endeavoring to find consolation for all her troubles and disappointments in good works. In this she is following the example of the Duchess of Marlborough, and it was the American-born duchess who gave her the tip. Not long after the Portuguese queen had exchanged the Nees-



MILIE GABY DESLYS



KENSINGTON PALACE

dades Palace of Lisbon for a comparatively modest dwelling at Richmond, she and the duchess met. Between the two women, each well acquainted with the other's misfortunes, a mutual liking sprang up.

During their confab the duchess told her royal listener that trying to shoulder other people's troubles had enabled her to banish her own from her mind. Queen Amelia was rather struck with this idea and was not long in putting it into practice. Apparently, the duchess' scheme has made good. At any rate, the queen has given it a good trial, for hardly a week has passed that she has not visited a hospital, opened a bazaar or something of the sort. Quite recently she went to the Crystal Palace and, on behalf of the R. S. P. C. A., presented the prizes won by children for essays written on kindness to animals. She is a regular visitor at the Richmond hospital and the Roman Catholic hospital of Saint Elizabeth and Saint John in Saint John's Wood. During one of her visits she was taken to see the baby of the hospital, a pretty little girl six years old and a great pet with everybody. The queen kissed the child, and after talking to her for a little while, discovered that something was worrying her. So she asked the reason and found that a bunch of lilies that had been ordered from the florist for the baby to present to her had not arrived.

"Poor little mite," said the queen, "that's too bad. Never mind, if you will send them to me at Richmond, I will promise to wear them at dinner tonight."

LOUIS HYDE.

ON THE WAY TO LHASA

Just ten years ago a woman clothed in rags—dirty, tanned, almost black by exposure and at death's door with fatigue—staggered to the courtyard of the China Inland Mission house at Tachienlu, writes Ruth Neely in the Living Church. When strength enough for speech returned she told her story. It was Dr. Susie Carsons Rijnhart, the first woman missionary who ever penetrated the wilds of Tibet and returned to tell the story.

All the world knows the wonderful history of the woman's homeward journey of 1,500 miles, unprotected and alone, from the interior, near the outskirts of Lhasa, where she buried her baby beneath a stone on the mountain side and where her husband was later captured by hostile natives and murdered.

Since that time only one group of foreigners has penetrated interior Tibet. This was the band of Englishmen who reached and invaded the sacred city under the command of Colonel Younghusband. Since the unsuccessful ending of that expedition Lhasa and interior Tibet have again been closed to the outside world, a wonderful region whose mys-

as the holy of holies and as the impenetrable sanctuary of the mysterious east.

But it is not to remain so. When, in 1901, Dr. Rijnhart returned to her chosen field, northwest China, she took with her two missionaries of the Foreign Missionary society, Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Shelton. With them she established another mission in Tachienlu, of which Dr. Shelton and his wife took charge on the death of the famous woman missionary a year ago.

Later it was given over to other hands, for Dr. Shelton and his wife resolved to emulate the example of the Rijnharts, and if it be in human power they intend to penetrate interior Tibet and to establish a Christian mission in Lhasa, the very shrine of Buddha, where no foreigner has ever been permitted peacefully to enter and where none has ever dwelt.

With their baby girls, Doris, three years old and Dorothy, seven, the two missionaries set out from Tachienlu last fall on their arduous and dangerous journey. They have now arrived at Batang, about a month's journey from Lhasa whence they have sent to this country the most remarkable collection of Tibetan photographs ever secured. The mission station is near the monastery at Batang, which houses 3,000 lamas or Buddhist priests, and is one of the five great monasteries of Tibet.

The western theosophist's cherished ideal of this life, pure spirit and lofty contemplation, is hardly borne out by the description of the Buddhist lamas, as seen in every-day life, by the Sheltons. To begin with, like all Tibetans, they are inordinately dirty. The native of Tibet never bathes, nor is the lama an exception to this rule. They are covered with dirt and grease and exude an odor of rancid butter from the fumes of the butter lamps that fill the temples.

They are also infested with vermin which they may not even destroy, because to kill even the humblest of animals is contrary to the teachings of the Buddhist religion. The wonderful learning of the Buddhist lama is also said to be largely a product of western imagination. The worship consists largely in noisy incantations in the process of which guns are sometimes fired, bells ring and horns give forth deafening blasts.

The Tibetan woman may not be without beauty. It is impossible to tell, since she does not wash. Men and women dress much alike, in gowns of originally bright colored cloth, fastened about the waist by green and red sashes. The bloused waist portion is always used as the receptacle for the tea basin, whence it is handily drawn forth at the constantly recurring hospitality of tea drinking.

Women and men wear heavy top boots. They may be distinguished by the head dress. Both sexes braid the hair into innumerable plaits sometimes over 100. In some sections the plaits are fastened together with bright colored cloth or with a heavy felt band covered with silver ornaments, shells and beads. A turban with a white fur trim and a red tassel hanging from the pointed crown is often worn.

Women in the district of Lhasa wear for hair ornaments a silver halo set with turquoise—a most becoming head dress, other things being equal. The Tibetan damsel uses her braids in coquettish fashion, much as does our debutante her fan. If she is or wishes to appear confused she shakes the curtain of buttered locks over her face, forming a screen, through which she peers with artful artlessness. In some regions near remote hamlets the women are said to daub their faces with a greasy black cosmetic lest the lamas might be tempted by their beauty, a precaution which can hardly fail to impress the traveler as rather unnecessary.

Except the great caravan route, which is so thickly beset with spies that to travel it without meeting a military company sent out to turn the travelers back is impossible, the "roads" to Lhasa are narrow mountain passes, in some places only to be traversed by climbing single file or mounted on sure-footed yaks. It is through such narrow, precipitous passes that Dr. Shelton, his wife and little ones have so far made their way. If as they near Lhasa they should take the path traveled by Dr. Rijnhart and her husband and child they will pass a big boulder beneath which lie the remains of a year-old baby, the first white child ever in Tibet.

Doris and Dorothy Shelton, who have so far endured the journey very well, are the most remarkable pilgrims in the world. They are the youngest, and, if their parents accomplish the purpose to which they have consecrated their lives, Doris and Dorothy will one day romp and rollick in the somber shadows of Lhasa, the holiest city of all Asia, where the Dalai lama lives in his wonderful palace, a building whose immensity and ornamentation baffle description, where many of the houses are literally roofed with gold, and where the dead are dismembered, then left exposed on stone slabs to be devoured by vultures or by the hogs that rummage in the sacred streets.

Easy.

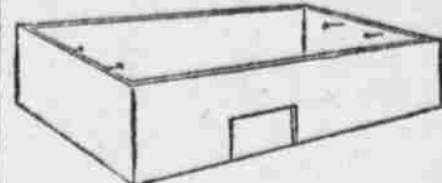
"What do you think is the best way to abate the smoke nuisance?"
"There is only one way to do that."
"What is it?"
"Buy good cigars."
"Grammar is a temperamental sort of study."
"How do you make that out?"
"Because it is so controlled by its mood."

DOULTRY

FATTEN CHICKS FOR MARKET

Arizona Woman Has Much Success With Coop Covered With Wire Netting—Ration Used.

I am having great success in fattening my overstock of chick cockerels for hotel and restaurant trade, writes Mrs. Almo of Roswell, N. M., in the Farmers' Mail and Breeze. My feeding coop shown in the drawing has a solid floor of matched boards, covered with an inch of road grit. The top is covered with poultry netting, over which a solid roof is hinged, which may be raised on warm days. The front and



Coop for Market Feeding.

west end are covered with wire netting. The roosts are in the west end of the coop. The feed drawer is covered with two-inch mesh wire netting and one feeding a week will do. I feed the following mixture for fattening: One quart each, alfalfa meal, corn chop and bran, and one pint meat scraps. This way of feeding saves both time and feed and I now make money where I lost money before with ordinary care. Besides my own stock, I buy chicks of the quick-growing breeds to fatten.

GERMAN EGG-LAYING TESTS

Results Given of Experiments Made to Determine Effect of Various Meat Meals on Poultry.

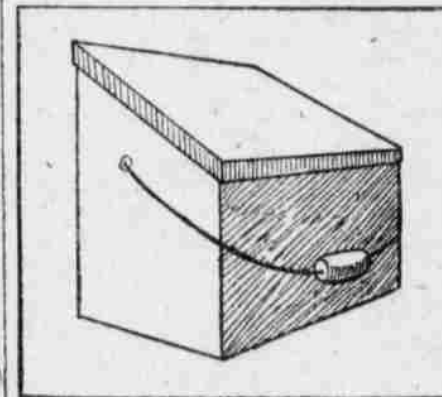
Tests were made a short time since in Germany to determine the effect of different meat meals on poultry. During these experiments it was found that the egg production ceased earlier than with normal hens. Fish meal was more favorable for egg production than meat meal. The eggs were of poorer flavor than normal eggs, and could not be preserved in the usual way.

The meat meal increased the intensity of the yellow color of the yolk. The flesh of the birds fed meat meal was normal as regards taste and odor, though slightly changed in color, melting point and fat, which were higher than normal, but lower than normal with fish meal. When fed sadar meal the flesh of the fowl had a rancid taste, and whenever fed should be free from fat as possible, tuberculosis beef did not cause tuberculosis in the hens.

FEED SUPPLY CAN IS USEFUL

Galvanized Receptacle, as Shown in Illustration, Affords Protection From Rodents.

Where one keeps much feed in the poultry house and wishes to protect it from rats and mice a can, such as is shown in the illustration, is the best device. This is made of galvanized iron 18 1/2 inches high at the back, 12 inches in front, 9 inches deep and 11 inches wide. It will hold 25 pounds of



A Feed Supply Can.

whole grain. There should be a heavy ball on each can, so that it may be carried easily, and to hang it up by. There should be at least one can for each poultry house. This avoids the necessity of carrying a measure of feed around when gathering the eggs

DOULTRY NOTES

Keep something in the grit box.

Poultry keeping is business of quick profits.

Suggestions of fall weather are reviving egg prices.

Plowing up runs and yards is a seasonable job any time.

All the milk they will consume is a help to the molting hens.

Corn makes fat and heat. Oats, wheat, bran and middlings make eggs.

Not a bit of decayed food of any kind ever ought to be given a hen or chick.

Too many birds in a house simply can not do so well as they would otherwise.

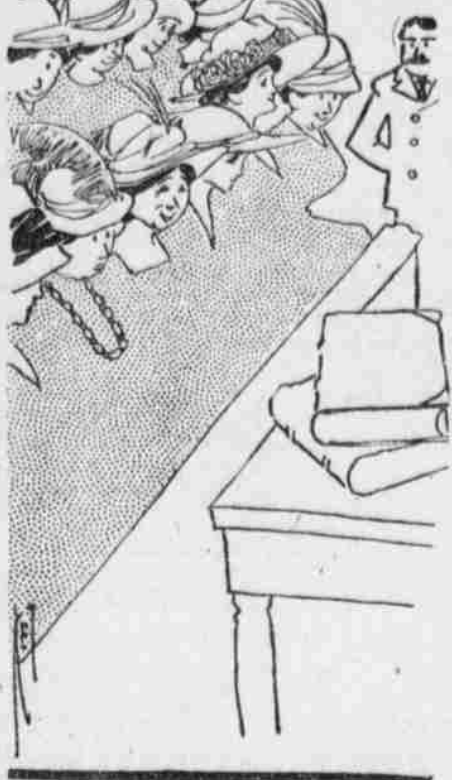
Before the roads get frozen, scrape up some dust for winter use. Put it in a dry place.

Ten hens that have room according to their strength will bring in more money than fifteen crowded.

When we get a good many chicks on hand there is a temptation to crowd them during the winter season

The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT



The ladies of the jury Gazed at the fair defendant, She saw their happy faces— Her hopes took the ascendant The witnesses were talking; The lawyers were objecting; A very pleasant verdict The lady was expecting.

The Judge advised the Jury About the testimony— The Judge was rather chipper, And dapper-like and tony. The jury and the bailiff Went to the jury quarters, And then came a bombardment From all their verbal mortars. "Did you see her old jacket?" "Well! Such a dowdy bonnet!" "Her collar had 'bargain' And 'out-of-date' upon it!" "Silk Petticoat? It wasn't!" "It's merely imitation!" "Her cheeks are badly painted— Look like conflagration!" "And that one ostrich feather! Now, don't it look wilty?" The twelve then said in chorus: "Of course, she must be guilty!" Then back into the courtroom They went, and then suggested They'd like to know the charges On which she was arraigned.

The Happy Man. Now see the man with his arms full of bundles.

You are always saying that you are sorry for the poor men that have to carry so many packages during the holiday shopping period; you argue that they are angry over it and that wrath is harbored within their hearts. Well, look at the man. See. He must have two dozen bundles of various kinds, piled so high he can hardly see over them. Is he scowling? Is he frowning? Is he inwardly raging? Not any. He smiles; he beams; he glows with joy.

O, well, of course he is happy because he sold the goods—but you needn't spoil the incident by calling attention to the fact.

New Field. The German, savant, notebook in hand, is hard at work on the dock of the vessel that is being loaded on the Mississippi.

"May we ask what you are doing?" we inquire politely. "Yes, sir," he answers, in choice German-comedian dialect, "I am the man who compiled the dictionary of profanity. I came here for rest, but have decided to at once prepare a large appendix."

Retort Medical. "Yes," asserted the actor, "I acknowledge that your operation has relieved my pain, but at the same time I must say that you are a regular butcher." "You may be right," said the physician, "for it seems that I have cured a ham."

What He Said. "Never," said the person of good advice to the delicately nurtured Boston youth, "never say 'I can't.'" "Indeed, sir," responded the intellectual lad; "I trust that my diction is not so open to criticism. If you will but be attentive to my conversation you will observe that I say 'caw'n't.'"

It Has To. "Remember, my boy," said the gentle sage, "that the worm will turn at last." "It has to, mister," answered the open-faced youth with the fishing pole over his shoulder. "It has to, or else it won't fit the hook."

Must Have Read It. Poet (at stamp window)—You have no reduced rates for manuscript? Clerk—No, sir. Poet—Well, I want stamps for this. Clerk—One way or round trip?

No Change. "When I first knew Milliyuns he was a chore boy watering horses and cows on the farm." "He's still working on the same line, only now he's watering stock in Wall Street."