

LOVE ROMANCES of the VANDERBILTS



William K. Vanderbilt.

NEW YORK—Julia Estelle French, one of the youngest descendants and heirs of old Commodore Vanderbilt, has eloped with a chauffeur of Newport, and has thereby once again revived interest in the long line of romance and scandal—romantic scandal or scandalous romance—that has accumulated from generation to generation around the name of Vanderbilt. It turns one's attention back to the days when Cornelius disinherited his son of the same name because he insisted on marrying for love a young woman eight years his elder. His son Alfred, who presumably married to suit him, and who inherited all of his money, is since divorced, while Cornelius is said never to have regretted his marriage. But this is but one of many anecdotes to be told of the love stories of this illustrious family.

Miss Wilson was an extremely rich young woman in her own right. Her two sisters had married Ogden Goelet and Sir Michael Herbert. But though old enough to marry, Miss Grace was not yet old enough to be a spinster. "She has not yet fallen in love," said her mother to the Prince of Wales, later King Edward, who had not settled in a home of her own. To the German emperor, to whom she was presented, Miss Wilson said, "I would gladly marry a foreigner, your majesty, but I could marry no one if I did not first fall in love."

Paul in love she did, with young Cornelius Vanderbilt. The match, because of the young woman's age, was bitterly opposed by the bridegroom's father, and the young man was practically turned out of the house. But nevertheless the young couple were quietly married. A year later old Cornelius died and disinherited his son of the same name "for disobedience to parental wishes."

"Wilson Comes to the Rescue." "My daughter, Grace, loves you," R. T. Wilson to the young Vanderbilt without a fortune, "and if your father hasn't left you with enough to support your family, I guess I've got enough for you both."

Young Cornelius went to work, and in the last few years has perfected enough valuable machinery more than to support his wife and family. Besides any such sums, he received \$5,000,000 as a gift from his brother Alfred, to whom the father left most of his fortune. So the old man did not

seldom sets off her own grounds. She goes frequently over her estate, and she drives out occasionally with her husband. When he exhibits his horses she usually travels to the shows with him, however remote they may be from her residence. She was seen frequently in Chicago, when he drove here. She went to New York to the debut and to the wedding of her sister-in-law, who was Gladys Vanderbilt. But she returned to her home immediately.

"I wouldn't live in New York for the world," she has said. She is the prettiest and the most democratic of all the three Vanderbut sisters-in-law. Mrs. Cornelius is the leader socially, and Mrs. Alfred was the most blonde and the most practical. She was the most economical and the least talkative. Mrs. Cornelius is the most brilliant, the stately, and the greatest society woman of them all.

Unhappy Romance of Consuelo. All of the Vanderbilt romances, however, are not confined to this one immediate family. The subject cannot be mentioned without a word about the unhappy marriage of Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, daughter of Willie K. Vanderbilt and the woman who is now Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. The papers gave a page to the description of the wedding. It was one of the largest society events ever known in the United States. Some of the headlines read, "Hands Go With Hearts," and the orchestra played "Oh, Perfect Love" during the ceremony.

When the new American duchess went for the first time to her new estate, the servants who had been in her husband's family through years turned out to give her a hearty greeting. The nobility of England received and loved her. She was soon famous for her entertainment and her charities. But there was no denying it—her marriage was not a success.

The duchess looked and was unhappy. Her father tried to adjust the difficulties of his daughter with her husband even while he was undergoing difficulties with his wife which led eventually to divorce. The king of England is said to have tried to bring the two together. But it could not be done. They are now living separately, with the two children in the custody of the duchess, except for a brief period every year.

When her father married Mrs. Ruthford in London, after obtaining his divorce more or less sensationally, the duchess attended the wedding, kissed him and wished him happiness. When her mother married Mr. Belmont, that most democratic of millionaires, she did the same. Nobody knows how she felt, however, while they were getting their divorce.

Differences in Taste Striking. Mrs. Vanderbilt was originally Miss Alva Smith of Alabama, and she was of restless and ambitious nature. Her husband's tastes were quiet. She said to her friends that he was provincial. This made some smile, since she came from Mobile and from New York. Mr. Belmont was of a temperament different from Mr. Vanderbilt's. He was vivacious and fond of pleasure. A divorce from Mrs. Belmont, who soon after became Mrs. George L. Rives, seemed to depress him not at all. He and Mrs. Vanderbilt became warm friends and even confidants.

This was while the woman was still married to Mr. Vanderbilt. He obligingly went to Europe. He lived in Paris the life of the fashionable bachelor. He drove in his liveried carriage with a woman of the demimonde. "How unlike Willie K.," exclaimed his wondering wife. Later she mentioned the woman's name in her suit. After that Mr. Vanderbilt dropped her. And the world then knew what "the game" had been.

Marie Vanderbilt Allen is said to have been baptized at birth in her mother's tears. It was not a good omen. Her mother died of a broken heart. She had several successors, none of them happy women. Marie grew up capricious, beautiful, fascinating as her father, and lacking like him character ballast. Her marriage with John Wilmerding was one of the memorable weddings of Grace church in New York, but it did not hold long. Her husband threw a plate of ice cream in her face in a burst of rage against her for her airy behavior. Mrs. Wilmerding for a time was kept in an asylum. After that she led a gay life in New York, and sank to the usual sordid life of the unfortunate.

The marriage of young Elliott Shepard was one of the same sort. He saw a pretty woman, fell in love with her, married, repented, and was divorced. There are others—so many that one cannot think of going into their ramifications. Perhaps they have no particular significance now. But still they will rise to mind on such a happy occasion as the one of few weeks past, when the young heir to all of this love and romance and money runs away with a chauffeur. Is all that has gone before in the way of unhappy marriages in the Vanderbilt family but a mere foreshadowing of what is yet to come? Maybe so—and then maybe not. The only happy marriages of the long history of the family are those that have been deemed unfortunate by the connection at the time they have taken place.

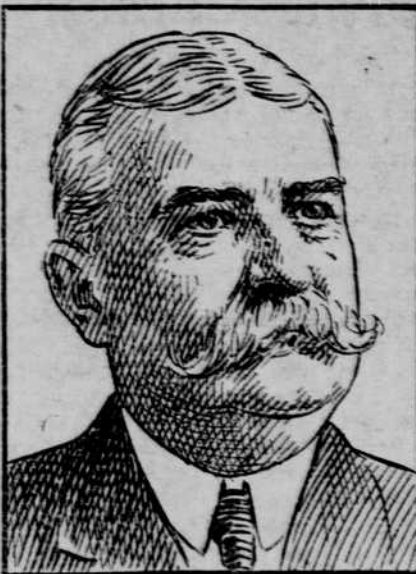
The preparation of the bread is a long and interesting part of the process. A special kind of bread is moistened and left to mold in a cave for about two months. It is then cut into small pieces, dried, ground and bolted. The powder thus obtained is scattered over the layers of curds as they are placed in the molds. This makes the bluish green streaks noticed in the cheese and helps to give Roquefort its aroma.

The caves perform an important part in the fabrication of this cheese. It is largely by maturing and mellowing in them that Roquefort cheese is celebrated throughout the world for its delicate flavor and peculiar aroma. These caves are excavations, some natural and some artificial, hollowed out in the side of the steep and rocky mountain which dominates the little village clinging to its slope.

After the cheese mells or ripens for about forty-five days in the cave, it is ready for shipment or to be placed in the refrigerating rooms, which are cooled by an ammoniac process operated by electric machinery.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

A STATEHOOD ENTHUSIAST



William H. Andrews.

William H. Andrews, known for years in Pennsylvania politics as "Bull," is highly elated over the admission of New Mexico along with Arizona, and is making no effort to conceal it. Andrews became a resident of the Territory some years ago, and has represented it in congress as Territorial delegate. He hopes to be a senator from the new state, in which he claims twenty-five years' residence.

"The happiest moment I have had since I took my home in New Mexico was at the White House when President Taft laid the pen aside that traced his signature on the bill giving the glorious old Territory statehood," said the rejoicing "Bull."

"I say it was the happiest moment I have had since I became a New Mexican because it ended a long, weary and at times discouraging struggle which I pursued first as an individual here for admission to the Union."

"For me that struggle was continuous for twenty-five years—seventeen in the Territory and eight here."

"Will New Mexico be a credit to the Union?" continued Mr. Andrews enthusiastically. "Will she shoulder the new responsibility now resting upon her with honor? My answer is: Watch her."

"In a few days," he said to a Washington reporter, "I'll go back to the old Territory and take with me the official message that the people out there have been waiting for years. That will be another pleasant duty."

"If old Scout Andrews—that's myself—never comes to Washington again, either in an official or private capacity, I will feel my labors here in behalf of New Mexico, considering the results, will have been enough for one man."

EDUCATOR WHO WAS OUSTED

Although only two months had elapsed since his first wife committed suicide, Prof. Charles W. Minard, principal of the Marquette school in Chicago, was secretly remarried to Mrs. Bessie Belenger, and the couple are now living on a Wisconsin farm belonging to the much-discussed school principal.

Minard has been formally suspended by the board of education. He was first called before the committee early in June, following the death of his wife, Mrs. Mattie R. Minard, who committed suicide June 1, during an unexplained absence of her husband. At that time the schoolmaster made an explanation and was retained in his position.

Among his associates, the school principal had a reputation for domestic perfection. His personal habits were described as ideal. He was never known to smoke, drink or gamble. From the outside, the life between the aged couple appeared as near a thing of perfect romance as the song of Darby and Joan. Everything indicated an untroubled old age and a tranquil ending.

Then came the explosion. Mrs. Minard committed suicide during a strange 24-hour absence of her husband. It is said now that he was with Mrs. Belenger. When he came back he refused to account definitely for his whereabouts. He seemed stricken with grief at his wife's death. It was a day before it was discovered that she had taken carbolic acid. The bottle from which Mrs. Minard drank the acid has never been found.

News of the marriage, coupled with reports of a long intimacy between the two, shed a new light on the dual character of every way from his former wife. Instead of being a woman of culture and education, her life has been filled with the hardness which comes from poverty. Left a widow with five children six years ago, she worked as a seamstress until last winter.

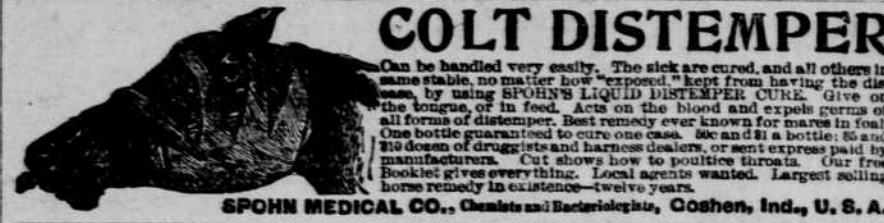
The former Mrs. Minard was as delicate and ethereal as an old miniature. She loved books even more than her husband, and for twenty-five years they made a practice of reading together every night. They had two children. Both died.

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Mr. Kline was the first blacksmith to resent the introduction of the premium system on the Harriman lines years ago and started the strike of blacksmiths. He conducted this fight victoriously. Mr. Kline is forty-eight years old, married and lives with his wife and family in Chicago. He has been a blacksmith for thirty years. He joined the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths and Helpers, which organization now numbers 20,000 members, in 1890. He was elected a member of the general executive board at the Buffalo convention of 1901 and his first active work was in the strike on the Union Pacific railroad, a Harriman line, in 1903 and 1904.

In the latter part of 1904 he was elected second vice-president at the St. Louis convention. In 1905 he was elected general president and editor and manager of their official journal. He was re-elected at the Milwaukee convention in 1907 with out opposition and again at the Pittsburg convention in 1909.

USE THE BEST FAULTLESS STARCH FOR LAUNDRY WORK FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN



GREAT TRUTH IN EPIGRAM

Few Words of the Late Edwin A. Abbey Contain a Whole Sermon to Misers.

"The late Edwin A. Abbey, the American painter who lived in London, was only comfortably off, where as he might have been rich."

"The speaker, a Chicago art dealer, had just returned from Europe. He continued: "I dined one evening with Abbey in his house in Chelsea, and after dinner we walked in the blue twilight on the Chelsea embankment."

"As we passed Old Swan House and Clock House, and the other superb residences that front the river, I reproached Abbey for his extravagance. "Why," I said, pointing toward Clock House, "if you had saved your money, you might be living in a palace like that today."

"But Abbey, with a laugh, rather got the better of me. He rattled off this epigram—and it's an epigram I'll always remember when I'm tempted to be parsimonious: "Some folks," he said, "are so busy putting something by for a rainy day that they get little or no good out of pleasant weather."

Qualified Player. Marion's mother was ill, and the aunt who took her place at the head of the household piled the children with unaccustomed and sometimes disliked articles of diet. One day, after being compelled to eat onions, Marion refused to say grace.

"Then you must sit at the table until you are ready to say it!" was the aunt's stern judgment. An hour or so later, when the brilliant sunshine and impatient calls of her comrades together comprised an irresistible appeal, Marion capitulated—thus: "Oh, Lord, make me thankful for having had to eat horrid old onions, if you can do it. But I know you can't."

A Trite Withered. In his native tongue no one could have made more graceful speeches than Monsieur Blanc, but when he essayed compliments in English he was not quite so successful. "Have I changed in the five years since we met in Paris?" asked the elderly woman who desired above all things to be thought younger, much younger, than she was.

"Madame," said the courtier, his hand on his heart, "you look like a rose of 20 years!"—Youth's Companion.

How to Find Fault. Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, and some time after the offense, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses; both parties are calmer and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.

Too many officeholders who pretend to be working for their country are merely working it. Friendship is the flower of a moment, and the fruit of time.—Kotzebue. It doesn't require a skillful driver to drive some men to drink.

A HIT What She Gained by Trying Again. A failure at first makes us esteem final success. A family in Minnesota that now enjoys Postum would never have known how good it is if the mother had been discouraged by the failure of her first attempt to prepare it. Her son tells the story: "We had never used Postum till last spring when father brought home a package one evening just to try it. We had heard from our neighbors, and in fact every one who used it, how well they liked it."

"Well, the next morning Mother brewed it about five minutes, just as she had been in the habit of doing with coffee without paying special attention to the directions printed on the package. It looked weak and didn't have a very promising color, but nevertheless father raised his cup with an air of expectancy. It certainly did give him a great surprise, but I'm afraid it wasn't a very pleasant one, for he put down his cup with a look of disgust."

"Mother wasn't discouraged though, and next morning gave it another trial, letting it stand on the stove till boiling began and then letting it boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, and this time we were all so pleased with it that we have used it ever since."

"Father was a confirmed dyspeptic and a cup of coffee was to him like poison. So he never drinks it any more, but drinks Postum regularly. He isn't troubled with dyspepsia now and is actually growing fat, and I'm sure Postum is the cause of it. All the children are allowed to drink it and they are perfect pictures of health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CHEESE LOVED OF EPICURES

Care That is Taken in the Production of the World-Famous Roquefort.

One who has never visited the village of Roquefort, in the department of Aveyron, France, can form no idea of the extent of that cheese industry whose product is known the world over from the name of the town where it is manufactured. No pains are spared to secure the best results. The kind and quality of the milk is important. It must be pure unskimmed sheep's milk, unadulterated with water or with any other milk. The green hills of the Aveyron, which furnish fine pastures for feeding the sheep, play no small part in the quality of the milk and the celebrity of Roquefort cheese.

In the Roquefort industry the cans and everything pertaining to the milk must be scrupulously clean. The dairies are in dry and airy spots, and the white-washed walls, cemented

floors, and screened windows all conduce to cleanliness. The dairy consists of three rooms, in the second of which a temperature of sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit is recorded by the thermometer the year round.

The milk is first heated to a temperature of over ninety degrees Fahrenheit and curdled by the addition of rennet. The curds pass through various processes of draining, salting, molding, etc., but to state this generally gives only a slight idea of the time and care necessary. From start to shipment it requires fifty to sixty days to turn out a satisfactory product. The various operations might be briefly stated as follows: (1) Treatment of the milk—skimming, heating, curdling, dividing the curds, draining, putting into molds and scattering with powder of stale bread crumbs, tasting, hardening; (2) treatment of cheese at factory—receiving and weighing, first and second salting, brushing, piercing and classifying, placing in caves, first turning, maturing in caves, second turning, second classifying, maturing continued, third and last turning before shipment.

FIGURE IN LABOR DISPUTE



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SWIFTEST GLOBE GIRDLER

The latest globe-trotter and the swiftest who has ever sought to girdle the world against time, Andre Jager-Schmidt, wound up his trip in Paris with a 'round-the-world record in 39 days and 18 hours. Jager-Schmidt is a newspaper man and one day was foolhardy enough to tell the editor-in-chief of his paper that the world could be girdled in 40 days. "Then go and do it," said the chief.

The young newspaper man made preparations for his 'round-the-world tour and completed his trip in less than 40 days. He landed at Cherbourg, France, and at once entered a waiting aeroplane and flew to the French metropolis. Among the noted cities he has visited are Moscow, Omsk, Irkutsk, Harbin, Vladivostok, Montreal and New York. After first leaving Paris, he did not sleep in a stationary bed with the exception of a few hours in Montreal and one night in New York. That was one of his complaints made in New York. Sleeping on trains and steamships is taxing on the nerves and does not give the satisfying rest the system craves. Jager-Schmidt is twenty-seven years old, tall, athletic and blonde and with the vivacious manner of his race.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in some cases, no matter how "run down" from having the disease, by using COLT'S LIQUID DISTEMPER. It kills the germs of the food, acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. See and try a bottle. It will do the most of distempers and barren foals, or sent express paid by registered letter. Col. J. W. Colt, 110 West 12th St., New York. Booklet given free. Local agents wanted. Largest selling house remedy in existence—over 25 years.

SPORN MEDICAL CO., Chemical and Bacteriological, Coshon, Ind., U. S. A.

DIARY OF A FLY-KILLER

Monday—My attention was called last night to a statement that house flies are bearers of disease and should be destroyed as soon as possible. I began my crusade against them this morning. It was a little discouraging, because there was only one fly in the house and it was quite agile. It escaped me. I broke two vases and a photograph frame.

Tuesday—I nearly killed three flies this afternoon, but the lamp got in the way. It was a \$7 lamp. Wednesday—I saw a fly on the outside of the fly screen and raised the screen so I could hit it. Seventeen flies flew in. I missed it.

Thursday—There was a sluggish-looking fly on the window with closed wings. I stole toward it cautiously, but it flew up just as I let the blow fall. Then I knew it wasn't a fly. It was a wasp. My nose began to swell at once.

Friday—My nose is a sight. Drat the flies.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Practical Illustration. To shorten a long Sunday afternoon for Fred, aged eight, his mother told him that he might illustrate the twenty-third Psalm in any way he chose. Quiet reigned for a time, as Fred, busy with pencil and pad, drew "shepherd" and "green pasture," "rod and staff." Then a silence ensued, followed by a noisy clatter which brought his mother to the room. Fred was busily arranging a train of cars, a toy gun, marbles, etc., on the table. "What are you doing, Fred?" "Why," he answered, "these are the presents of my enemies."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletchering* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

In Seclusion. "Is your mistress at home?" "Are you the manicule lady?" "No, indeed!" "Then she ain't at home, mum."

Stop the Pain. The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For further particulars write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Such a platitude of a world, in which all working horses can be well fed, and innumerable working men die starved.

Do you ever have Headache, Toothache, or Stomachache? Most people do. Hamlin's Wizard Oil is the best household remedy and liniment for these everyday troubles.

Blessed are the happiness-makers. Blessed are they who know how to shine on one's gloom with their cheer.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Many who used to smoke 10c cigars now buy Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Words are sometimes the result of thought, but too often they are not.

The Army of Constipation Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible for it. They not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

GAREY ACT land and water rights. Open to entry on Big Wood River Project in Southern annual installments. Also water supply guaranteed. IRRIGATION CO., Richmond, Idaho.

IRRIGATED FRUIT AND FLOWER FARM. No show or fee. Large house, stock, tools, etc. Everything goes. Ready now. BOX 11, BONITA, CALIF.